



bruh

# Coronameron<sup>2</sup>

*A Critique of Dialectical Autism*<sup>1</sup>

Or

*Pure Thoughts On The Bodies (and psyches) Of tween (chil) female e-celeb<sup>2</sup>s<sup>3</sup>*

Or

*The Chronicles of Oob*

Or

*The Infinite Pest*

Or

*The First Argument of Kings*

Or

*12 Rules for Shite: An Antidote to Blocked Bowel Syndrome*

Times Deleted (at least): x2

Times Moby Dick copy-pasted: x1

by /lit/ – Literature

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*“These stories and information are artistic works of fiction and falsehood.  
Only a fool would would take anything written here as fact”*

- Christopher Poole  
*RIP: 1988-2015*

*“Who is that Christopher guy? “*  
- *Me, a 2016 Election Oldfag*

*“Plastic penis dildo.”*  
- *Slavoj Žižek*

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<sup>1</sup> *this book is meant to be read backwards, manga style*

<sup>2</sup> *bonbibonkers; the real footnote for the title should be here, but we can't start off like that. Very unfortunate. Many such cases.*

<sup>3</sup> *Disclaimer: This bit is unironic and should be taken as highly erotic*

“ ‘I think I understand you now, sir,’ said the young man, quietly. ‘I have lived,’ he began, ‘as other men of my sort have lived. You know what that is, for you must have seen it about you at college, and after that before you entered the Church. I judge so from your friends, who were your friends then, I understand. You know how they lived. I never went in for dissipation, if you mean that, because it never attracted me. I am afraid I kept out of it not so much out of respect for others as for respect for myself. I found my self-respect was a very good thing to keep, and I rather preferred keeping it and losing several pleasures that other men managed to enjoy, apparently with free consciences. I confess I used to rather envy them. It is no particular virtue on my part; the thing struck me as rather more vulgar than wicked, and so I have had no wild oats to speak of; and no woman, if that is what you mean, can write an anonymous letter, and no man can tell you a story  
”  
about me that he could not tell in my presence.’

- Richard Harding Davis, from *The Exiles and other Stories*

# Foreword of a Kinslayer and Scholar

I sit here amidst the subdued lamplight, the easterly wind creeping through the latticed window chilling the room and -by writing- I seek but to capture the last humanities in a world so grossly inhumane. A world of burning ice and freezing fire. A world that has cruelly led me to take my own brother's life, committing the same crime as he, as punishment in a judgment that was beyond my own authority to make; for such judgements should only reside in the bosom of God and not in the minds of Men. Only fools wilfully ignore this. Fools such as I, that only repeat the mistakes of their forebears, doing naught but continue the endless cycle of violent ignorance. Fools that bring the inherent divinity of man low. I seek but to capture the dregs of humanity that flicker in my Osu!

The narrative would do best to start on July 4th 1913, for that is when this whole sordid affair took a greater form: As I stood at the prow of HMS ----- I felt a certain degree of disquietude and paranoia, nothing a normal man would have felt. Within the firmament spun the usual points of seraph light, except for a single black cavity in which the moon should adorn the night sky. Tonight was clearly the night of a new moon and despite the promise of that silver globe's rebirth I felt that it was an ominous portent. The dark side of that transparent orb remained imperceptible yet ever present as I gazed across the ebon waters; failing to capture any of the dim night light the ocean seemed as if it were a hollow black void threatening to swallow the vessel. Embarrassingly the meaty slapping of the waves upon the hull conjured images of sea beings of the deep crawling out of that void, scaled limbs pounding upon the wood! The only remnant of the summer storm that raged last evening -and that almost doomed the whole ship- was a light summer breeze spun and tugged about me. Thankfully the vessel was still seaworthy enough to maintain our course to G-----. for much of the journey my long, empty hours were occupied by Matthew, a brother who I had not spoken to for years due to my removal across the Atlantic Ocean in search of a better life than he. Being familiar strangers to each other we spent much of the time within the cabin I had rented with little concern for the cost, time spent talking about days past (especially the ones past in my absence).

[Author's note, I really like H. P. Lovecraft]

Despite that haste in which I had left my home, immediately upon saving enough money to do so, I still felt the burning desire to know of the people and surrounding events of a town I had so hated. With the aid of the ship's supply of rum we both spoke at great lengths regarding subjects that we would rather leave unmentioned. After one such discussion that led to a heated argument I sought the solace of fresh air and the heavenly stars to calm my spirit. I thought back on my life in the home I had just left:

Since my six years in that town I can no longer abide the noxious smell of malt whiskey, a malodorous reminder of that place to bring a chill upon my restive soul; of that small town, unmarked on maps but clinging to the west American coast, as if its residents would slip into the sea and be returned to the old world they fled from. Squat buildings of blackened wood were the

claws with which the populace gripped fiercely, a tall white lighthouse being the single baleful eye of flame, watching the sea for newcomers that would be welcomed in one of three dingy inns, barely fit for rats, that served weak beer and even weaker spirits. It was a dreadful place.

Yet Glad I am to be rid of it, and though it is a detor, from an untimely tragedy, I present to you the collaborative force of those despicable, yet dear to my heart, men of the forgotten shore:

# Comments on the two Coronamérons/Coronanomicons from someone who has been here from the start.

Hello. This is Professor Anon, PhD in Literature (not a joke). I've been on the Coronamérons since Volume 1 was at 40 pages, and I was the first to comment on this new doc. I would like to express some thoughts I have on the Coronamérons as they are now.

First, I would like to invite anybody below me to comment freely, regardless of if they are old or new. Second, I would like to express my fullest thanks to OP for doing this. I don't know why collaborative docs like this aren't pushed on /lit/. I think they are useful; and especially during isolation, projects like these could go on forever. I am of the opinion that we should continue the Coronamérons until isolation is over and publish a nicer formatted document by the end. This just means that after numerous volumes of publication, we just split up individual stories so it's readable. We can also leave it in the hell it's in, if you'd like. I will be formatting my own document, probably; both for personal use and dissemination.

I think this document first degraded in quality after maybe 140 pages and then dropped considerably after 180. There was a large invasion of Sneedposters and ctrl-a-backspace spammers. It became uncontrollable after a point and we are here now – orange background and a new undeterminable first page.

This is a strange thing to mention, but after I started seeing more images everything went to shit. I think this document is already of worse quality because one, it's not the first (added publicity); and two, people are familiar with images. When somebody posted that anal prolapse image, I raised the contrast on it; this is when I noticed the considerable drop in quality. There were only three images (including the prolapse), but I noticed from then, the document was incorrigible. It was some down syndrome meme and some fedora-tipping photo that was swiftly deleted. Now this guy keeps spamming some penis cutout in the footer. What the hell is that all about?

*This book is dedicated to the Dodo race*

# Doth Spake Xander B Jerrald

By Steven Spielberg

## Chapter 1: Xander and the Funny Men and the Goat

This is the story of Xander B Jerrald. Once upon a time there was a young irish boy named Xander B Jerrald. He had a funny shaped head and two legs. One day Xander was walking around Irish town when he came across some strange men doing strange things.

“What the fuk yew doin’ er cunts” Xander spake, like a retard.

“None of your business Xander, go home” the men replied

But Xander did not go home. He stood and watched the men. They had funny hats and funny eyes. Something was clearly wrong with them. But Xander was not afraid, and he stood and watched the men.

The men gathered into a wide circle. Xander counted 13 men in total. Xander knew how to count because his mother taught him. He only could count to 20 though. One of the men reached into his long cloak and drew out a live goat. Another man reached into his cloak and drew out a big squigly knife. Xander thought the knife was cool because it had squiggles and Xander liked squiggles because Xander is a retard. The man with the goat placed the goat into the center of the circle. At that point, all of the men started speaking funny words in a language Xander didn’t understand. He thought maybe it was french. He knew some french. He could say “wee wee” and that meant “yes”. Haha french is a funny language. But it was just at that point that Xander saw the unthinkable. The man with the knife had stabbed the poor goat! Xander was very upset, and he spake’d a loud scream at the sight of the blood, “AAAAHHHH CUNTS Y U KILL DE GOATY BOY!!!”. All of the funny men turned around and looked at Xander

“Wait why are you still here, Xander, we told you to go home” one of the men said, in English now. Xander could understand English

“But I did not” replied Xander

“That was not smart or wise Xander” said another of the men.

“That is because, like mother says, I am a retard” Xander explained.

“Ahhh yes, that makes sense!” All of the men realized in unison. They laughed heartily.

“Truly Xander, you are a great philosopher!”, one man exclaimed, “Perhaps you should write a book!”

Xander thought long and hard. He did not know how to write, but perhaps he could learn. He had learnt things before. Like counting. Deep in thought, Xander wandered home.

## Chapter 2: Xander Learns to Write

It was not long before Xander realized he had walked the wrong way to get home. He infact was not heading in a direction anywhere close to the way he was supposed to go in order to get home. Xander should have realized this, because he passed the big tree on the far side of town, and Xander knows the big tree is very very far away from his house. But, preoccupied with his

newfound philosophy thoughts, Xander failed to notice the tree at all. Xander just kept walking, and it wasn't until he was very lost and very deep in the woods that he noticed. "Wait an second!" Xander said aloud to himself, "This isnt my house, this is the middle of the woods!". It was at that moment, that Xander started to panic. Initially, Xander just ran around in circles screaming for 43 minutes. But he got tired so he stopped. "I'll have a rest from panicking, and resume when I have the energy to start again" Xander decided. Xander sat down underneath a big tree to rest. It was not long however, before Xander forgot he was supposed to be panicking, and he forgot he wasnt home, and he thought he was in his bed at home, and he thought the chirping birds were his mother reading him a bed time story, and he thought the pile of leaves was his bed and he thought "time to go to bed" and so, Xander went to bed.

Xander had funny dreams. I will not elaborate further.

Xander woke up. He had peed himself, but he did not notice. He stood up, yawned, and stretched his arms. "MUUUUUMMMmYYY" He called, "IM AWAKE NOW, CAN I HAVE BREKKYFAST!"

But oddly, nobody answered him. He called out again, but still no reply. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. Wait a second, this was a forest, not his bedroom. Xander began to panic. 'OH NO OH NO OH NO!' Xander screamed, running around in circles, "IN MY SLEEP I TELEPORTED INTO THE FOREST!". Xander continued to scream and run around, this time for only 22 minutes, his legs were sore so he stopped.

"Haha that tree is big" he said, looking at a tree. He continued to look at the tree, for some time. Eventually, he got bored of looking at the big tree, so he looked at another tree. Soon he got bored of this tree too, so he looked at yet another. Soon, he had looked at all of the trees he could see. Xander was proud of himself, but he was not satisfied. He walked deeper into the woods. He could see more trees if he moved into the woods more. And so thats what he did.

~

Xander had been walking for almost an hour when he heard a sound in the bushes.

"Haha silly bush" Xander said to the bush, "You cant talk because you dont have a mouth! Stop trying!". But the bush wasn't speaking, Xander was just a retard. Suddenly, out of the bushes, jumped a big grey wolf, it snarled menacingly at Xander. Xander was scared. "...nice doggy..." spake Xander softly "...n-nice? Doggy?". But the wolf was not a nice doggy. Suddenly the wolf pounced at Xander, fangs bared. But mere fractions of an inch from Xanders face, the wolf dropped. It had been shot by an arrow. Xander looked across, but saw nothing. "Over here retard" a voice called from behind him. Xander turned around and saw an elf. Xander knew what an elf was because he had read Lord of the Rings by JRR Tolkien. That was a book that had elves in it.

"Hi Mrs Elf lady!" called out Xander. He had realized the elf was female, and now had an obvious erection. "Will you marry me?"

"Um" the elf lady paused, "...sure okay"

And so Xander B Jerrald married the hot elf lady. The Hot elf lady wife then taught Xander how to write, and Xander began to write all his good philosophy. He started by writing "The Phenomenology of Spirit', but he did not publish it under his own name because the funny men

with the goat might laugh at his book, so he published under an alias: Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel. Xander spelt "George" wrong because Xander is a retard.

***The End.***

Bravo!

We need to get down

Hello manatee

***Are Indians bound to observe the sanctity of sea cows?***

Hey am I anonymous? Okei - i posted a comment but it showed my gmail name, shti myself a bit. No yeah I get ya, thanks xx

Yeah, it says anon pumpkin to me <3

## Erotica Written by an Irishman, a Pedophilic Pansexual, A Fourteen Year Old Reject, and Myself

Her ragged breaths could be heard by her sister, but that didn't matter. They were all one family, after all. Repeatedly she was penetrated by her loving brother, who caressed her nubile supple body and held her firmly about the throat. Her husband looked on, throbbing cock in hand, savoring each moment of being cuckolded, as he stroked himself into blissful paradise. She was continually pounded and forced into submission by the one she grew up with, the one who saw her at her weakest and the one who watched her blossom into a fine woman. Many women sought her brother's embrace, but she was the only one who knew him.

It wasn't the first time this occurred. Ever since her teenage years she shared herself with him, forming a bond no other brother or sister knew. His deep thrusts were refined after years of practice. Long strokes, bring her close to orgasmic ecstasy, followed by shorter thrusts that would push her over the edge into a fiery world of passion. It wasn't sex; it was an art. An art he had mastered.

Slowly she began to feel the tingling in her lower half that was the pinnacle of their unification. It grew and spread from her groin to her chest and legs, enveloping her and caressing her, washing her clean with waves of enjoyment. Her loving brother felt the contractions as well, and finally indulged in the peaking ecstasy awaiting for him. He erupted into her, filling her with his hot white seed and this only drove on her own release.

She lay there, prostrate, for her entire family to see. Her sweet sister crawled towards her. Caressing Emilia her chest, she began kissing her neck and throat, across her whole body with a deliberate teasing motion. Eventually she arrived at her chest and began sucking the erect brown areola, nibbling lightly with the tip of her teeth upon the firm nipple, to the immense pleasure of Emilia.

Once again peaking in pleasure, she used the latest and most innovative of civilian technology to expand her clitoris instantly into a powerful seven-inch member. Stroking the temporarily expanded scepter of pleasure, she grabbed Emilia, who moaned from the simple act of rubbing against the bed cloth, and forced her pseudo-dick into her sister's tight anal fissure.

Slow and methodically, she penetrated Emilia's most private area, and they shuddered together. To be able to give this to one so close, a sister nonetheless, led to a pleasure that was entirely incomparable. The increased sensitivity afforded by the pseudo-penis was something no man had ever felt, and their combined pleasure only made the investment worth it all.

Slowly, the clito-dick shrank to normal size, and her sister moved to a more submissive position. Emilia slowly kissed her sister as she once again plunged into ecstasy, and moved towards the Emilia's thighs. Caressing the inside of her shapely legs, she began to lick the now normal sized clitoris clean of her own vaginal fluids. Slowly tickling her sister's most sensitive parts with the tip of her tongue, she now moved to penetrate Emilia with that very same organ, feeling the slight contractions and throbbing that occurred with every stroke. It was not long before once again, she was brought forth to a thunderous orgasm, releasing an inhuman yell of such immense pleasure that it could be heard across the Mediterranean.

Her husband instantly came, shooting glorious white fountains of sticky liquid all over his wife, Emilia, and her sister. Both women began to massage it into each other, then moving onto licking it off of their nubile, hairless bodies. Both Emilia and Elena's long black hair was now matted with cum.

Grabbing her hips firmly, Emilia's brother moved up from behind, while she was still licking her sister's body clean of her husband's sweet cum. Slowly putting it in, one inch at a time, she moaned with every motion. Simply embracing her and enjoying their mutual pleasure was enough to once again to bring her to ecstasy.

At once, she released a raw breath of finality, and spoke in a firm tone.

"Enough."

Emilia, even in this moment of seeming vulnerability, was still head of the household. She would not be disrespected. Her brother and sister withdrew, both covered in each other's juices. She was left only with her husband, still furiously pumping his cock clean of every last drop.

She looked at him, once again realizing their marriage was for the family, and not out of love. He was corpulent, to say the least, his penis barely worming its way free of his immense rolls of fat. She sighed. For someone married to such a... pathetic excuse of a man, she certainly was lucky to feel the loving embrace of people she truly lusted after - her brother and sister.

Calling a servant to begin cleaning, once again erasing the history of the room, she began washing herself in the lavatory. She continued to ponder their one sided marriage, for he was lucky to even remain in contact with her. Perhaps that wasn't necessary. Something to consider, surely.

After a while, having completed the duties of that day, and having discreetly fingered herself to orgasm twice while going about an official meeting with a business contact from Israel, all she could think about was sleep. The days certainly wore heavy on her, and it was all she could do to keep her libido from overwhelming her when she spotted her brother walking along a corridor within the house.

Returning to her chamber, she collapsed in her bed and fell into a deep slumber consisting of past events, present needs and future desires.

She was stirred awake by a servant in the early hours of the morning, requesting her presence. Who could possibly want to meet her at this time? Surely, it would not be important, and her desires still lay in her bed and dreams - a glance back told her that said desires had manifested in a rather dampened sheet. Slipping on a nightgown, and little else, Emilia moved gracefully towards the lounge.

Her brother sprawled across the table, his toned and muscular body highlighted by the moon's rays - and he was wearing nothing. The gold highlights of the mighty table only served to elevate his beauty to superhuman levels and she instantly felt her womanhood begin to grow increasingly moist. Nightgown sliding off her body as she stepped forwards, the silk lightly caressed her already erect nipples and sent minute shudders through her. Her bare feet slapped rhythmically on the marble floor, reminding her very much of the slaps that she had experienced but the other night.

From behind the entrance emerged her sister, visibly in a similar state of arousal to herself. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds, proudly presented upon her exquisitely shaped breasts, ready to be set upon ferociously by either sibling. The light curve of her body in the arch of her back spoke of a primal urge that not only wanted, but needed, to be sated - and now. One could see by the faint light of the moon that already she had a trail of liquid running down her inner thigh.

Emilia reached the table, and immediately wrapped her lips around Diego's throbbing penis, tongue flicking out to tease the tip. Her sister at the same time climbed the table and mounted Diego's face, thrusting with barely disguised desire as he began to eat her womanhood. Emilia moved a hand up his thigh to begin working the shaft as she bobbed her head up and down, using her lips and tongue to add even more tactile pleasure. Her other hand slipped its way down her own body, fingers entering her moist sex and beginning an exhilarating movement of their own.

"Make my pussy look like an exploded hot pocket!", came the scream from Elena as Diego used his tongue in much the same as Emilia was using hers. Shudders from his whole body gave only little warning, before Emilia's mouth was filled with his sweet nectar, flowing down her throat like a warm sticky river. She herself could feel beginning to move towards her own release and was ready to squirt all over both of her siblings.

Just as everyone thought it was over, Juan, the royal hound, came into the mixture. The Korean Jindo mounted Diego's thick backside and began thrusting with the power of an albino gorilla. The two sisters could only watch as their brother was anally devastated by the frisky hound. As he fell into the strange pleasure thanks to Juan, Emilia knew she could do only one thing. She ran into the bedroom to grab her megamax motorized horse dildo from under her bed. She would put an end to Juan's reign of terror.

As she ran back into the room, she did a long jump and impaled the dog's rectum with her metallic lady cock. The hound, who had by now long since become the blood animal, that creature of primal lust, screamed out in both pain and primal pleasure as she turned on the motorized horse dildo and started pumping. As the pumps got faster and faster, Elena could no longer control herself. Her clitoris rapidly expanded into a mighty seven-incher as she was filled with a primal lust for anal domination. She ran in with her magnificent trap dong and thrust it right into Emilia's pooper, completing the circle of anal. They were in absolute bliss until they heard a voice at the door.

“Open up, let me feel yar moosals!” bellowed Purple Aki, a titanic negroid from the mean streets of Liverpool. Aki, who was around 6’5”, was a noted sex offender and muscle molester in the United Kingdom, and had apparently escaped to Spain, where everyone was a noted sex offender, and was now intent on giving his 15” tar beast cock to Emilia. When the door did not open, Aki used his great strength to tear it off its hinges, falling like MH370 into the room.

“OOGA BOOGA, WHERE DA WHITE WIMMIN AT,” he roared, as he ripped his glock out from beneath his loincloth. There were, of course, no Caucasian women in sight, though this was no problem for the the colossal darkie, who began removing his primitive garments with great haste. He whipped out his 15 inch chocolate anaconda from his pants and reached out to grab Emilia’s tiddies. “OOOH OOOH AHH AHH AHH OOH OOH OOH” screamed Aki as he transformed her pussy into a meatball sub with his uncircumcised python.

Suddenly Aki’s priapismic cock was grabbed by a mysterious tentacle and tugged on with the force of a jet engine. The African man screamed as his dong began tearing from his body, ripped by the unforgiving vice grip of an octopus which had escaped from a nearby aquarium during the sexy confusion.

The octopus, eager for his first meal free of the aquarium, swallowed the massive dick whole, balls attached. Such vacuum force sucking caused all the men to spontaneously ejaculate, hydrating the octopus and reminding him of his mother’s warm and loving womb.

## The Ending I had Planned for a Novel Years Ago

Seeking oblivion, the final act began. It was sin from which the drive to die was born, but it was the desire to absolve, not flee, which made lethargy energy. Thus, with the pull of a trigger, John slept.

## The Stoning of Stephen: Acts 7

7 And the high priest said, "Are these things so?" 2 And Stephen said:

"Brothers and fathers, hear me. The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia, before he lived in Haran, 3 and said to him, 'Go out from your land and from your kindred and go into the land that I will show you.' 4 Then he went out from the land of the Chaldeans and lived in Haran. And after his father died, God removed him from there into this land in which you are now living. 5 Yet he gave him no inheritance in it, not even a foot's length, but promised to give it to him as a possession and to his offspring after him, though he had no child. 6 And God spoke to this effect—that his offspring would be sojourners in a land belonging to others, who would enslave them and afflict them four hundred years. 7 'But I will judge the nation that they serve,' said God, 'and after that they shall come out and worship me in this place.' 8 And he gave him the covenant of circumcision. And so Abraham became the father of Isaac, and circumcised him on the eighth day, and Isaac became the father of Jacob, and Jacob of the twelve patriarchs.

9 "And the patriarchs, jealous of Joseph, sold him into Egypt; but God was with him 10 and rescued him out of all his afflictions and gave him favor and wisdom before Pharaoh, king of Egypt, who made him ruler over Egypt and over all his household. 11 Now there came a famine throughout all Egypt and Canaan, and great affliction, and our fathers could find no food. 12 But when Jacob heard that there was grain in Egypt, he sent out our fathers on their first visit. 13 And on the second visit Joseph made himself known to his brothers, and Joseph's family became known to Pharaoh. 14 And Joseph sent and summoned Jacob his father and all his kindred, seventy-five persons in all. 15 And Jacob went down into Egypt, and he died, he and our fathers, 16 and they were carried back to Shechem and laid in the tomb that Abraham had bought for a sum of silver from the sons of Hamor in Shechem.

17 "But as the time of the promise drew near, which God had granted to Abraham, the people increased and multiplied in Egypt 18 until there arose over Egypt another king who did not know Joseph. 19 He dealt shrewdly with our race and forced our fathers to expose their infants, so that they would not be kept alive. 20 At this time Moses was born; and he was beautiful in God's sight. And he was brought up for three months in his father's house, 21 and when he was exposed, Pharaoh's daughter adopted him and brought him up as her own son. 22 And Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was mighty in his words and deeds.

23 "When he was forty years old, it came into his heart to visit his brothers, the children of Israel. 24 And seeing one of them being wronged, he defended the oppressed man and avenged him by striking down the Egyptian. 25 He supposed that his brothers would understand that God was giving them salvation by his hand, but they did not understand. 26 And on the following day he appeared to them as they were quarreling and tried to reconcile them, saying, 'Men, you are brothers. Why do you wrong each other?' 27 But the man who was wronging his neighbor thrust him aside, saying, 'Who made you a ruler and a judge over us?' 28 Do you want to kill me as you killed the Egyptian yesterday?' 29 At this retort Moses fled and became an exile in the land of Midian, where he became the father of two sons.

30 "Now when forty years had passed, an angel appeared to him in the wilderness of Mount Sinai, in a flame of fire in a bush. 31 When Moses saw it, he was amazed at the sight, and as he drew near to look, there came the voice of the Lord: 32 'I am the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.' And Moses trembled and did not dare to look. 33 Then the Lord said to him, 'Take off the sandals from your feet, for the place where you are standing is holy ground. 34 I have surely seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt, and have heard their groaning, and I have come down to deliver them. And now come, I will send you to Egypt.'

35 "This Moses, whom they rejected, saying, 'Who made you a ruler and a judge?'—this man God sent as both ruler and redeemer by the hand of the angel who appeared to him in the bush. 36 This man led them out, performing wonders and signs in Egypt and at the Red Sea and in the wilderness for forty years. 37 This is the Moses who said to the Israelites, 'God will raise up for you a prophet like me from your brothers.' 38 This is the one who was in the congregation in the wilderness with the angel who spoke to him at Mount Sinai, and with our fathers. He received living oracles to give to us. 39 Our fathers refused to obey him, but thrust him aside, and in their hearts they turned to Egypt, 40 saying to Aaron, 'Make for us gods who will go before us. As for this Moses who led us out from the land of

Egypt, we do not know what has become of him.’ 41 And they made a calf in those days, and offered a sacrifice to the idol and were rejoicing in the works of their hands. 42 But God turned away and gave them over to worship the host of heaven, as it is written in the book of the prophets:

“Did you bring to me slain beasts and sacrifices,  
during the forty years in the wilderness, O house of Israel?

43

You took up the tent of Moloch  
and the star of your god Rephan,  
the images that you made to worship;  
and I will send you into exile beyond Babylon.’

44 “Our fathers had the tent of witness in the wilderness, just as he who spoke to Moses directed him to make it, according to the pattern that he had seen. 45 Our fathers in turn brought it in with Joshua when they dispossessed the nations that God drove out before our fathers. So it was until the days of David, 46 who found favor in the sight of God and asked to find a dwelling place for the God of Jacob.[a] 47 But it was Solomon who built a house for him. 48 Yet the Most High does not dwell in houses made by hands, as the prophet says,

49

“Heaven is my throne,  
and the earth is my footstool.

What kind of house will you build for me, says the Lord,  
or what is the place of my rest?

50

Did not my hand make all these things?’

51 “You stiff-necked people, uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Spirit. As your fathers did, so do you. 52 Which of the prophets did your fathers not persecute? And they killed those who announced beforehand the coming of the Righteous One, whom you have now betrayed and murdered, 53 you who received the law as delivered by angels and did not keep it.”

The Stoning of Stephen

54 Now when they heard these things they were enraged, and they ground their teeth at him. 55 But he, full of the Holy Spirit, gazed into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. 56 And he said, “Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God.” 57 But they cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears and rushed together[b] at him. 58 Then they cast him out of the city and stoned him. And the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. 59 And as they were stoning Stephen, he called out, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” 60 And falling to his knees he cried out with a loud voice, “Lord, do not hold this sin against them.” And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

# Why My Shit is So Cash

Blessed be my feces, chashest of all matter fecal and otherwise.

Observe my ho. Her feces, miraculously, does not stink. It complements my own.

By why, dear reader, is my shit so cash?

Is it my Chadly diet? My insistence on bottled water and imported, organic, lactose free, etc?

Could it be my thrice-nightly adrenochrome smoothies? (I juice at least 7 fetuses per day.)

Perhaps it is my relentless exercise and water fasting which leaves my turds dry, hard, and small, like that of a wild deer.

[anons, freely edit this]

# Why My Shit is Almost as Cash as the Guy Above Me

I've been allowed to freely edit above me. I am grateful for that. I don't think I could open such a brave invitation to others. This is why I am not as cash as the Guy Above Me. God bless it.

PBUY

Beats so big i'm steppin on leprechauns, shitting on yall with the BOOM BOOM - will.I.am, poet

# Why My Shit is Not At All Cash

My diet mostly consists of food. Examples of food I eat are instant noodles, toasted sandwiches, and meat. Sometimes, I also drink liquids. Examples of liquids I drink are Water, Coffee and Cheap Beer. None of these things are, in fact, cash money, neither in a physical sense nor a metaphorical sense. I do not believe I have ever actually consumed cash money, and for this reason, my shit has never (to my knowledge) been what could be considered at all cash.

Perhaps one day, in the far future, my diet will contain cash money, and then perhaps my shit may be cash. But today is not that day.

# Introduction, Part 6

When asked to write a preface for the defining literary work of our time, I could not help but shudder. How does one prepare a reader for the sheer blistering beauty that is this fuckin book? WAS I WORTHY to prepare the unwashed masses to enter the temple of god that is "Clifford's Caustic Calisthenics part 69?"

*My first encounter with the book occurred in 2007. It was a dark time in my life, and I was looking to make a change. If I could become more flexible, I would finally be able to fulfill a lifelong dream: autofellatio. With Christina gone (our primary point of argument, and the thing that finally rended our souls asunder, was the question of just how they get the extra creamy icecream so damn creamy. We also often argued about the role of lemon in in icewater) , I decided it was now prime time to get to stretching.*

Selfsuck has been a lifelong fascination for me. Ever since I was an infant, I was able to suck my own fat tit. My poor mother's teats never stood a chance. Although she thought it strange at first for a boy child to be able to produce milk, it was nothing compared to her desire to drink wine guilt free. I sucked and I sucked and I sucked. Chapped lips and nips couldn't stop me. No other milk would do, only my sweet chest nectar could satiate my thirst. Now, a new dream was in my sight. By cumming down my own throat, I would become a perfect closed system, a perpetual motion machine with infinite possibility. My massive dong would ensure direct tip to throat contact, as I personally dislike the taste of semen.

**Stranger 1:** The shit below here is so fucked just leave it lol

**Stranger 1:** I think it's pretty funny

**Stranger 2:** Its a cautionary tale on onanism i gather

**Stranger 1:** It's a cautionary tale on copying and pasting with formating like a retard

**Stranger 1:** It's the same as the text above

**Stranger 2:** Being tech illiterate is /lit/

**Stranger 1:** Google isn't tech it's satan incarnate

**Stranger 2:** Thanks for turning /lit/ into omegle even if for a split second anon

**Stranger 1:** You're welcome anon please do not show me your cock

**Stranger 1:** AUTIST FIVE SIGNING OFF

**Stranger 2:** Schizo eleven signing off

~~Selfsuck has been a lifelong fascination for me. Ever since I was an infant, I was able to suck my own fat tit. My poor mother's teats never stood a chance. Although she thought it strange at first for a boy child to be able to produce milk, it was nothing compared to her desire to drink wine guilt free. I sucked and I sucked and I sucked. Chapped lips and nips couldn't stop me. No other milk would do, only my sweet chest nectar could satiate my thirst.~~

personally pursuing the passage of such a law. I am not a mathematician, and I do not

God I love Minecraft

personally pursuing the passage of such a law. I am not a mathematician, and I do not

personally pursuing the passage of such a law. I am not a mathematician, and I do not

# Catboys (girls too [less though]) are soooooooooo Cute

In the year 2068 everyone will be a catboy. There won't be any women. All the women and jews and black people will be gone. Babies will be grown in artificial wombs and, thanks to genetic engineering with EVENCRISPR, everyone will be born as an effeminate twinkie cute catboy. The following paper will detail the various societal changes that will have been normalized by this time.

What exactly is a catboy? If unfamiliar with the general appearance of the catboy, please refer to **figure 3** and the following description. Catboys have cat<sup>4</sup> ears sprouting from the top of their head in lieu of normal human ears<sup>5</sup> and a cat tail sprouting from the base of the spine. Catboy tails are naturally similar in structure to those of cats, and so prehensile. Catboys have soft adolescent bodies which, while capable of developing moderate musculature through exercise, will be much lither than those of normal humans. The catboy skin-tones of 2068 will vary depending on ethnostate, mostly remaining similar to modern racial colourations. There will be no ethnically Sub-Saharan, Jewish, or Turkish catboys as those races will be exterminated at some point.



**Figure 2: I like this cat**



**Figure 3: Catboy**

Mentally, catboys will remain generally faithful to the human psyche. Catboys will (ideally) sleep for ten to twelve hours a day instead of the usual seven or eight enjoyed by humans or the sixteen enjoyed by felines.

Catboys will be friendlier than normal humans, though most of this improvement in attitude will be attributable to the end of mixed-race societies, the extinction of deceitful women, the end of jewish globohomo psychological manipulation, as well as further genetic engineering increasing global intelligence<sup>6</sup>. All catboys will be gay but nonetheless maintain the typical monogamous family structure, with the exception of warlords, who will be allowed up to seven additional concubines. The economy will have achieved post-scarcity levels of automation and health-science will develop to the point at which stem-cell and telomere therapies render catboys effectively immortal.

<sup>4</sup> You might be wondering, "what is a cat?". Well, since this article is about catboys cats will not be covered in detail but for the benefit of the reader not located in a cat-suitable climate (Antarctica, for example) a picture of a typical cat will be provided in **figure 2**.

<sup>5</sup> Though **figure 3** does depict a catboy with both human and cat ears, this is not how most catboys will be. He is really cute though.

<sup>6</sup> There is a significant body of people, the followers of Tähleub, that do not believe in IQ science. However it is the opinion of the author that, regardless of IQ, intellectual differences between humans do exist and so genetic engineering can more than plausibly be expected to improve general human intellectual abilities.

Filthy little bastard full of shit. I bet you read Dale Carnegie. Away! I don't engage with such pithy scum as you.

*I have not read Dale Carnegie, but, having googled his name and made myself familiar with the works listed beneath his google search bio, I am very interested in the text, How to Win friends and Influence People, as I am very lonely.*

*I told my dad I like anime*

*"What are you trying to tell me son? You like cock, is that it? You want to eat nut like your whore mother? Well alright then, but don't say I didn't warn you. I don't want to see you coming home with the gay illness. Real men like me get the clap, see?"*

*His father proceeded to open the window, lay his semi-erect penis over the sill, and slam the pane down onto it several times.*

*"Do you see this son?" he yelled without looking back. "This is how a real man has to piss! Your peepee is for putting in whores and winda-sills, not down other men's throats!" Another slam, this time followed by an upsetting smushing sound. "*

## Ode to Catboys (by other Anon)<sup>7</sup>

cheek and cheek and anus,  
beautiful cat-boy cock,  
I want to fill your butt  
with my seed and with my love

will you kiss me now or later?  
will you let me, slutty boy?  
will you kiss me on my navel  
will you let me fuck you raw?

cheek and cheek and anus,  
beautiful cat-boy butt,  
I want to taste the cum  
dripping out of your hole

And by the way

This shit still Gay.

---

<sup>7</sup> nice

Your moms upset

Your dads full of shame

All they want

Is for you to go away.<sup>8</sup>

## DOES ANYONE HERE READ BOOKS? (i do<sup>9</sup>)

**No.**

*Hello guys* today i am asking about a question here in this book (or as i like to call it) **Has anyone here read a book or as the effete called them “novels”.** Novels generally consist of words on a page, these pages are usually made out of paper: hence the name “pager”. *Many years ago people would read these psychically, but* now-a-days, some people choose to read them digitally. Digitally means to be digital and some digital items are the internet. Computer s and other items such as the phone an access the internet *and other digital* appliances. Once you are on a device and on the **INTERNET** then you can start looking for a *book*. **On the internet there are many books and off of the interent there are probably even more books. WHEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT BOOKS YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ,** *it is important to know what kind of books you would like to read.*

There are many resources available for you

To find books and what books are about and find out about books and books. *One of these many resources, is the ever abundant and helpful, 4chan board /lit/<sup>10</sup>.* Once you have found out what books are. You can start looking for a books to read. When looking **for** a book to read, a good practice is to look at authors and see what their names are, *once you find* someone whose name you enjoy, you can look at their oeuvre. Most of the time, going by peoples’ names is a bad idea, because it tells you nothing about the book, or the author. **THE SECOND** way to figure out what kind of book you are looking for is by

---

<sup>8</sup> Added later by me.

<sup>9</sup> He most likely doesn't (**\*author's note:** “This particular footnote was not written by me, but I have left it intact, with no ill will towards the writer or for whom the note is addressed to”)

<sup>10</sup> Also the /lit/ wiki where a lot of /lit/ is catalogued

looking at it's cover<sup>11</sup>. The cover is a great way to figure out what a book is about and what you will be about. The cover is great at telling you whether or not you will enjoy the book. If you do not like the cover, then chances are, you will not enjoy the book. Many years ago I read a book the third way to tell if you will enjoy reading is to try and read a book, if you read it and enjoy it, then it is likely that you will appreciate more. Conversely, if you read a book and don't like it, then it is likely that you will appreciate more. In order to read a book to read a book you must first find a book that you want to read, there are many resources that help with that.

*"It's a book about how books can have a profound liberating influence on people"*

Once you have scoured the internet for a book that interests you, then you must take upon the act of reading it. This is the most strenuous part of literature (so strap in). In every literature-pony's life, there comes a time where they must make a choice: **whether to read** physically or digitally. **There are draw-backs and** benefits to both. Reading physically feels better, IT HAS MORE **soul**, having the paper as a tangible entity is a good feeling. **Reading physically doesn't hurt your eyes**<sup>12</sup> (no screen). If you read a on a e-reader in public, people will think you look like a **NERD**, thankfully reading a paperback in public will also make you look like a **NERD** so it's all okay.

okay

okay.

Paperback costs money which is valuable (it's also possible to trade them). People like to own book collections to show [-----redacted-----].

Buying an ee-reader cost s money as well, it seems that to do almost anything you require **money**. Buying an e-reader is a one time purchase (UNLESS YOU BREAK IT). Digital books can cost money, but no people buy them. That means you can have as many books as you want for free! The negative side effect is that .

**ONCE YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE** (don't worry, I won't judge) you then must either pick up your book, or your e-reader. Some people find concentrating on reading difficult, in this modern world of distractions, **this is plausible**. A way to avoid distraction, is to turn off you router, alternatively, for a more permanent solution **DESTROY** the router, this way you will be able to read – distraction free, until you get a new router installed. Once that is handled you may read in peace<sup>13</sup>.

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<sup>11</sup> The lie that books cannot be judged on their covers is propagated by those forces opposed to the respectable science of physiognomy, and anyone that puts forward such a view should be ignored if not violently struck.

<sup>12</sup> It can hurt your **eyes**, if you have bad **eyes**, you may need **eye** glasses

<sup>13</sup> There is no peace.

**Once you finish your book** make sure to brag about (or relentlessly criticize) it on the **[HTTPS://BOARDS.4CHANNEL.ORG/LIT/](https://boards.4channel.org/lit/)**. The Thing<sup>14</sup> about reading *is that with this i hope you have read.*

\*Author's note: "I haven't found it yet, but I'm still looking"

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<sup>14</sup> "John Carpenter's The Thing" is actually a remake of "The Thing From Another World" (1951) **THANKS JAMES** a) John Carpenter was actually the Halloween man b) I didn't know that

# Something I wrote after reading Julius Caesar (Shakespeare)

Hard Shit.  
Ball's ache.  
Spare him! For God's sake!  
purple hands dripp'd with  
Smoke that do reeketh,  
Marks of murderers –  
They were save Rome-errs,  
But so misguided;  
All Rome confided.

(I made this better)  
(the first bit rhymes now)

**Why are you writing on(near) my footnote?**

**Soory, wat**

**“Soory” What are you, Canadian? Guzzle moose dick while getting cucked by junior level hockey players. Faggot.**

**Canadian? No, I'm a tibetan monk that has broken meditative containment. Quick, I must tell you how to cure you from the putrid levels of projection you've been infected with before they put me back in the cha-**

**This happens sometimes. Tibetan monks deep in meditation will sometimes find their consciousness drifting into the Wired, usually landing them in some google-operated web application. This is normal. If you encounter a monk that describes events untrue to the history you know, please ignore him and continue to enjoy google's excellent products and services.**

The day has come, thought Anon. He had finally found a qt trad gf. She had blue sky eyes, and an enormous throbbing thick black dick.  
I wonder if I'm gaped enough, thought anon.



!

## ODE TO A DEFUNCT POETRY TEACHER WHO IS PROBABLY DECEASED

-- Penned by Ignatious. J.K O'Malley *The Alley Cat, Elector Palatine of Bohemia, First of his Gucci Mane, Breaker of Fortuna's wheels*

When I was the age of seven this woman came into our classroom to do a poetry workshop with us and she fucked all of us in our tight little assholes with a medium-large sized strapon. To this day I still hold that it was one of the best moments of my childhood. With severely aching asses, we had to use a very specific metre (which, upon reflection, was an absolute trash metre) and a template - "I should like..." (equally God-awful) to come up with something profound. This woman was a vile creature; her every feature possessed this sharpness, her tone was instructive as a cane across the buttocks. She favoured, of course, those sycophantic rhymes made by the girls in the class: "I should like to fly away, I should like to be a bird" &c. Ghastly, culturally entrenched ideals which were very 'agreeable' and thus not easily criticised. Dainty femininity manifest.

So, through a heady admixture of disdain for authority and a need to be utterly unique, I came up with the following:

*"I should like to like."*

And the angular bitch jumped on me: I couldn't say that because it was 'silly' - you can't *like* 'liking'. Well my seven year old self may have lacked the vocabulary with which to defend his cause, but by God I possess it now. Firstly, I should like to imagine that poetic travesty of a human - who forced herself into that class that day like an unseasonal frost - has subsequently perished in a drawn out manner, preferably of some terminal illness while on display to those who were unfortunate enough to be her progeny.

Secondly, the purpose of my statement was entirely lost on her. Poetry-bitch took the term 'like' as an object rather than a verb 'to like' - and, in doing so, she misinterpreted my rather existential statement of *wanting to be able to like* as something absurd that a child would usually say. Then the crone insisted that I think of something that isn't silly, all the while praising the trite suggestions and wishes from the proto-narcissists around me: "I should like to: be made of gold! Have superpowers! Have a pet lion!". Should you like to, now?

On what sort of spectrum may we measure 'silliness' in the fancies of an infant? The poetry-hag claimed there was a spectrum, one of her own construction, and discretion: 'I should like to be a bird' is somehow

more relatable, more *imaginable* even than, say, 'I should like to see the air' (another student's attempt which was admittedly more interesting than others). But both of these are just as fanciful, for both are equally unattainable realities. 'I should like to have a pet lion' is arguably more realistic, as it is not in the realms of fantasy that one may acquire a lion. But could this not be relatively silly, for owning a lion comes with problems; namely, that it will probably try to eat your face off. Now, I haven't actually seen a lion eat somebody's face off - but I *have* seen a grizzly bear do the same thing to an **indian man** on the internet, and lions have a stronger bite force than bears, so logically it goes without saying that a lion would be capable of performing the same feat.

Now poetry-bitch probably didn't think of this when the child with ADHD claimed he should like a pet lion (as a side note, the use of possessive statement like this in poetry is beyond distasteful, for it is indicative of a very unromantic mind, flattened by the hard pragmatism of personal wants, rather than a yearning to extend the intellect beyond the binary experience of 'having' or 'having not'); she did not see that this child was in fact a neo-colonialist in hiding, with a pith helmet under his desk and an elephant gun ready to fire at any mammal of African taxonomy. But jesting aside, I'll say this: retroactively, I would like that child to witness the indian man getting his face eaten off by a bear, and realise how fucking basic he is in thinking a pet lion is a good idea. You see, faces are like giant identity bumper-stickers attached to the skull. As such they are quite easy to remove. I'd implore this child, probably the victim of foetal-alcohol syndrome, to watch this video of the indian man getting his face bitten off by a bear and realise how close his own fantasy could be in outcome, if only that bear was replaced by a feline. The face literally looked like a deflated basketball being peeled from a hot road in the Mojave desert. It's that easy.

So this workshop culminated in a collection of 'I Should Like...' poems and anal child rape, and from there it naturally became a competition - the best ones were published in the school newsletter, and even the local newspaper. Mine, of course, was dead in the water.

You are perhaps thinking 'but why expend so much energy on resenting the past?'. I will tell you: somewhere that insult to poetry, that crone, is existing<sup>1</sup> in an uninformed state, in a reality where she has gone on believing that I was wrong, and I should *not* have had such an introspective thought as I did; she has ben indoctrinating, meticulously critiquing and misinforming generation after generation under her false officialdom, raping them with a fake dick, creatively ensnaring them, and channelling them into avenues of poetic sterility.

[1] *She is probably dead, hence the title*

TL;DR Women have less understanding of poetry than seven year olds. QED



CUNNY

[REDACTED] - [REDACTED]

A HAIKU TO RETARDED REDACTOR

Leave my autism be  
For in this doc I shall say  
“I fear not being gay!”

**You already are in it. This is not going to hit the press. If it does, keep this in so all can laugh at my expense. I hope they'll enjoy it.**

**What's the point if I can't fart on the physical copy  
Much love, anon**

**Shhhhhhhhhh guys I have a copy of the original  
What's even the point of a copy dude we all can make one**

**<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1WVc5f4up2G8kLjE-8s5wIYIKp5oEgTN4cTifGGM2xs4/edit?usp=sharing>**

# Narrative of the Kinslayer, recommenced:

It is best to re-start this narrative, perhaps two years into my long six years of torment there, in that dusky town; I first saw a man I had not yet chanced to glance upon before. It was when, returning from one of the dismal inns (the three being identical in all but name, or perhaps that is my notoriously poor memory), that I passed by this man.

What a man he seemed to me! A tall domineering frame topped by a high-browed head, fronted by an aquiline nose that stretched the skin taut, and a closely packed bundle of ashen hair pulled back framed the face, made for an imperial figure.

The clothes he wore were even more astounding than his rugged physiognomy: A faded black battledress, shrouded by an overcoat of deeper blackness, made him another part of the town's broken architecture. At the point of registering these features I was coming within striking distance of the man, and feeling immensely threatened beneath his glinting green eyes, I could not even draw the courage to nod acknowledgement.

Even as we passed each other, there built within me an intense guilt and grief; a chance to interact, but in a small way, with such an illustrious veteran of life was left untouched. But, Alas! The moment was lost. And I feared this unknown man had noticed my hesitation -taking it as an insult. Dejected at my loneliness, I continued home.

But alas! With this rejection we shall pause my narrative once more, for fresh denizens come again to bless these pages! Come! Come! Inside me! In the most genial sense. Pour out your heart to me, please - amabo te!

# The Chronicles of Oob

by manlikebigp

Oob oob ooby oob oobed oob oob oob-oob oob oobs obs oob ooobs, oob ooby oob oobed oob oobooob oob oob. Oob oob oob oob oob oob. Oob. oob oob oob oob ; oob oob oob. Oobers oob Oob! Oob ooby oob oob oobed? Ooob oob ob. Oooob oob oob oob ooby!

“Ooob? Oooob.”

“Ob.”

“Oob? Oob.”

“Oob.”

Oobness. Oob, oob obbed oob ob oob. Oob. Oob oob oob ooby. Oob oobicity. Obby oob.

“Oob! Ooob, ob oobiness! Obby oob!”

“Ooob. Ob, oob ob ooob?”

“Obby oby oob ob.”

Ooob oob ob oob. Ooob ooby ob ooby ob obbed ob ob, oob oob obbness, oob oob - oob-oob. Oob ob oobys obs oob ob? Ob oobins! Ob obbed oobs ob. Obb ob oob ooby oobied obb oob oob oob ob ooby. Ooob ob oobin oob obed ooben? Ob! Ob oob oobed ob o-ob! Oob ob oob ob oob oob, oob. Oobed? Ooob...

“Oob? Ob - obb ooby ob oob!”

“Ob ooby.”

“Obness?”

“O-ob”

“ob.”

Ob oobness, oob ob oob ob! Obness? Ob! Obness ob oob oobyed oob-ob ob-ob oob oob Obbed oob o-ob ob oob oob ob! Ob oob ooby oob oob ob obby oob oob-oob ob o-obob ob ooby. Ob ooby ob ob oob oob 'b. 'Ob oob ooby oob ob ob ooob ooby oobed obbly. Ob obbed! Ob/Oob obbed oobly obbs obbo. Obb oob ob oob oob obby oob, oob (ooby-obbed Ob obbed oobs). Oob obbed oob ob oobly ob oobooob obbed obby. Ob ooby ob oob obob o-obob oob obby oob oob oob, ob obbed ob - ob.

## Oooby 2 - Ob Oobob

Ooob ob-oob oobyed ob oob. Ob oob oob ooob? Ob oob - oob 'b-ob.

Ooobily, ob oob ooob obb oob oob oo' ob. Ob ob oob oob oob oob obby oob oob obby ob ob ob oob ooob oob ob-oob. Ob oob oob oob oob oob oob oob obby obbily oob ob oob, ob ooby ob.

“Ob ob oob?”, oob obb oob. Oobys ob oob oob oob, oob oobed oob oob oob obby oob oob. Ob oobens obbed oob oob oob obbed oob oob obby oobbys ob oobed oob

***oob-oob oob oob ooby oob oob oob obb oob oob! Ob. Oob oob oob ob oob oob ob ob ob  
oob Oob ob oobys oobed obby oob ob. Obby oob oob oo' oob oob-ob ob oob oob oob  
oobed oob oob oob oob oob oob oob oob oobys obb ob oob oob ob oob oob oob obb obb***

***Ob.***

***Ob, oob ob ooby.***

***Ob!***

***<https://www.wattpad.com/882316720-the-chronicles-of-oob-ooby-0-1> for eternal oob :)***

***(copied in case of grief fags)***

***Gn oob friends - manlikebigp***

***Oob ;)***

# What;<sup>15</sup> or, A Free Title And Blank Page For Anybody<sup>16</sup> To Take Over and Write<sup>17</sup> From (Without Interrupting Anybody Else)

FREE WARICK DAVIES FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION NOW (AND PUT HIM IN A FRIDGE)  
They left the rest of his body in the 6th dimension. He has to go there, which is why you can't free him.

MIDGE FRIDGE.

MIDGET FRIDGE.

The fridge that the government used to trap Davies' body in the 6th dimension was also the same fridge that was used to store the dead bodies of real life midgets that were abducted and consequently killed by the CIA so that the average person did not have to be exposed to witnessing and interacting with such ugly and downright inferior creatures. The government generally does a pretty good job of this, there are a lot of midgets living among us, and the vast majority are found and put to death before their very existence proves too much of an annoyance to their human counterparts.

Have you ever seen Immanuel Kant in person? I didn't think so. Briefly after writing an even worse book than Critique of Practical Reason, the government were reminded of his rather unfortunate existence and they tracked him down using very high tech 18th century government surveillance equipment, and they carried him away from his small, dark bedroom to the government execution room across town in a dog carrier. They could not stand the thought of such an awful idea being blindly accepted by the vast majority of philosophers ever since, solely because he wrote a somewhat decent yet deeply convoluted 800 page book twenty years prior that some people took seriously only because all other attempts at presenting a theory on metaphysics were incoherent at best, and dodgy proofs for the existence of God in order to not be fucking murdered like Kant was at worst. Society was saved when he was carried away and killed as they wouldn't have to be exposed to such pure bullshit.

While they succeeded in killing the 5'2" hobgoblin, these efforts were ultimately unsuccessful in their mission as Stefan Molyneux exists today and unfortunately no one has killed him yet. It's probably due to the fact that he's not a midget, and that no one listens to him anyway, apart from actual retards. He's also Canadian, so not even the government would have the balls to kill someone, even if it was in the collective interest of the entire world.

Speaking of incoherency, that's exactly the state in which Warick Davies' body was in. He had never conceived of the fifth and sixth dimensions, and so when he became trapped in those

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<sup>15</sup> Who

<sup>16</sup> Any /lit/izen, that is.

<sup>17</sup> Relentlessly shitpost

dimensions, he ultimately was like 'hey, this is a bit weird, don'tcha reckon matey'. The other bodies also trapped in these dimensions agreed.

I dunno, unless I can free him in a smidge of jiffy, I'm a bit iffy on the whole affair. Like where, exactly is he, this warrick, imprisoned. That is, where is the fridge envisioned by cause of words. Dont give me reason to pause, give me the place and the space from whence i can free dear davis, please, when you do, try to make sense savvy? Elseways I will not have thee!

In 1969, when I was only 6 years old, "This is Tom Jones" first aired on television. Every week I would sit in front of the TV hypnotized by this gyrating God. Jones' voice made me feel as if I was surrounded by angels. It is a feeling I still experience today. It is a inner peace not easy to describe. It is spiritual. Considering Tom Jones was responsible for my spiritual awakening as a child, it is only natural for me to incorporate him into my ministry as an adult.

*Not my heckin' anymous vanity post. Not on a heckin' monoglian basket weaving public document. No please, anything but an editorial pass as though it merited publication. Please, anything but that. The WWI trench dilators planted at the archaeological site were integral to the narrative.*

This page was unintentionally left blank. Just kidding. Some random fucker decided to write his post-schizophrenic ramblings onto it. BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLB

LB

BL

BLB

B

BBLBBBBLBLELLBLBLBLLELLBL

BLB

LB

LB

BLBLBLBLBLBL

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LLBLBLBLBLB

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BLLLLLLLLLB

LLBLB

LB

BLB

LB

BBL

I'm drowning

# HELLO

you, STUPID FUCKING CUNT. Get ready for your daily meal of my piss and cum, I bet you love it when I pretend to have seizures at night only to attack you when you try to help me. I want to beat you over the head with a claw hammer, a vase, a large rock. I want to beat you until you are too retarded to fend for yourself and I can hook you up to a feeding tube with a constant supply of imitation tuna and other wretched slop. I will masturbate over your pathetic vegetative body and humiliate you in the foulest ways imaginable, yet, you will never know nor be able to defend yourself against my heinous acts. When I am done with you I will first stop bathing you, then I will no longer feed you, slowly watching you wither away like the pathetic wretch you are. I want to watch the life fade from your pitiful eyes.



# Jisoe

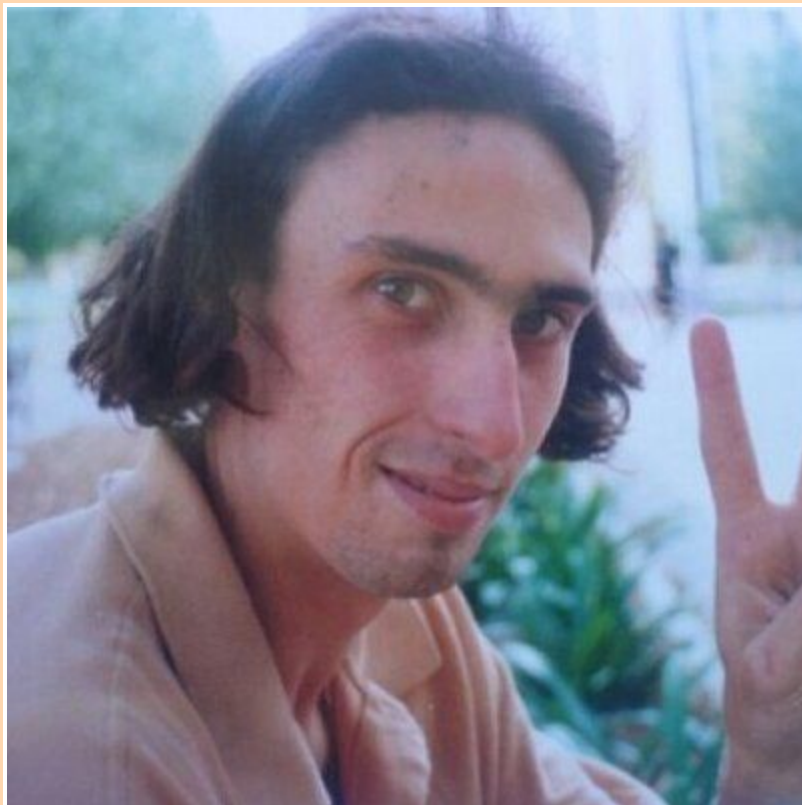
Justin "Jisoe" Hughes is a Melbourne-based graffiti writer. He was also known as Jizlad. and was the subject of the 2005 film Jisoe, directed by Eddie Martin, which gained a cult following among graffiti writers. Critic and filmmaker Megan Spencer hailed the documentary as one of her favorites.

"You've got to have balls to paint trains, and you don't even have to have that, you've got to be willing to cop a chase."

"You can never have too many new pairs of Nikes."

"Thanks for showing us your faces, dumb cunts."

"Saved by two words. No comment."



“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. I thought nail guns had a safety” I shouted to the writhing form on the ground.

“They do!” My mother cried back at me, “I just had a stroke!”. And then she died lol. My poor mother dead at my feet. She was only forty.

The police, when they arrived, were cordial and sombre. They seemed to be as present as my mother’s ghost. Gliding through the rooms, mechanisms facilitating inspection, not people will egos and wills. I wouldn’t even be mentioning them now had I not seen what I saw merely by accident. I was walking through the house, room by room, thinking about what this abstract space represented now that my mother was no longer existing within it. I found myself in one of the doorways leading to the room in which I didn’t shoot her. The police had just filed out, there was one man left alone there. He wasn’t aware of my presence. He was crouched down on all fours, sniffing the ground. Now my mother had peed herself on death, I don’t think acknowledging that fact in any reasonable way dishonours her, that’s just what happens when people die. I only mention that she peed herself now because that’s why I think the policeman was smelling the floor.

But whatever though, who cares? Such things shouldn’t bother me. I backed out of the room silently. I was in the kitchen. I turned on the tap and stared at the water’s miniature cascade. I heard the officer hastily pass out of the room my mother died in and out to the foyer, then out through the front door to meet his comrades awaiting him. I turned the tap off.

The night before, when it happened, my father hadn’t seemed too bothered. He was emotional no doubt, I could see strong emotions in his eyes I could hear strong emotions in his words. In the way he stood in how he moved his hands. He wasn’t feigning anything, but nonetheless face with a case of what should have been sincere sadness I, analyzing as honestly as I could, saw nothing that truly resembled misery, regret or anything. His animal quivers I could not, with any confidence, attribute to any rational stimuli.

**Tbc by some other retard plz I’m bored**

So am I anon I literally just wrote an entire song about it. It’s pretty bad tbh.do not recommend.

I awoke to a room full of women and felt like raping them all.

“Step-bro! What are you doing?”

trying to ooby oob

Oob is the form of flattery

All I wanna do is a-oob-oob-oob and a-coom-coom-coooooom

# Drain Gang forever

So guess what

What? I don't know

Take a knife and drain your life, hahaha (Uh, uh, uh)

[Verse 1]

If it's a depot gotta bite it (Go)

If I see weed I gotta light it (Uh, uh)

If I get feelings gotta hide it (Uh, uh)

If it's illegal I don't mind it (Uh, uh)

I broke my wrist, I gotta ice it (Uh, uh)

I wanna see you be my sidekick (Uh)

If I post pics you gotta like it (Uh, uh, uh)

If you do this then you're the nicest (Uh, uh)

[Chorus]

If being honest puts you in the wrong,

I want to be right.

Is that alright?

I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice

To be honest, if it's wrong, I don't want to be right

I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice

Talk to me nice, talk to me nice

I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice

Talk to me nice, talk to me nice

I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice

[Verse 2]

Two strike is nothing, I three-strike it (Strike it)

Can't name the feeling, man, that I get (I get)

All this shit, I'm goin' through a crisis (Through a crisis)

If you do this for me, you're the nicest

You're the nicest, my sleeve pull surprises

How many times I prayed? I pray three, I'm not anxious

Gotta play the game and it's free but not painless

I slide D&G, Silver Link, fuck a razor

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

[Outro]

Drain Gang

# Towards a Dedicated Tool for the Coronameron Project

by webdev!!9uCpgdPkvHD (see [this thread](#))

Please leave suggestions for features you would like to see in a dedicated web app tailored to this collaborative editing exercise.

- When another makes text that changes paging, lock the view on whatever page you're on instead of leaping you forwards and back willy nilly [unless typing]
- A way to lock in work that is considered finished, but maybe still allow for it to be formatted when it comes to font f.e.  
(maybe just a way to save a work that's been finished and rollback changes made later if they suck)
- A way to edit your own private pages w/o interference
- An IP-based method to tell who wrote what, making it easier to do editing together and get rid of unwanted additions/changes to the text. (Example: Anon1 and Anon2 write one story and Anon3 feels like an amazing editor, but we all know he's a midwit, so I want a method to just get rid of changes by Anon3)
- A lack of data-and crypto-mining; privacy overall.
- Ability to mark a page as intentionally blank in editing, such that it will be completely blank when published
  - To that end, a distinction between the edited and published state is desirable
- A word filter that censors problematic language
- A filter that would filter out people who wish to filter out "Problematic Language."

GUYS I TOLD MY DAD I WATCH ANIME AND HE  
DIDN'T SEEM TO TAKE IT VERY WELL.

"What are you trying to tell me son? You like cock, is that it? You want to eat nut like your whore mother? Well alright then, but don't say I didn't warn you. I don't want to see you coming home with the gay bug. Real men like me get the clap, see?" His father proceeded to open the window, lay his semi-erect penis over the sill, and slam the pane down onto it several times. "Do you see this son?" he yelled without looking back. "This is how a real man has to piss! Your peepee is for putting in whores and winda-sills, not down other men's throats!" Another slam, this time followed by an upsetting smushing sound. "Got dang it boy, this is the only way to live! Getting yourself fucked in the ass ain't no kind of life."

Can i have your mother's number

Hey Jude, Don't make me cry. Take a sad song, and make it better. Remember to let her into your heart, and then you can start to make it better better better ahahah judy judy judy judy na na na na na na na hey jude

Silence, hussy! I'm going to lap your cunt like a race. Yes, that odiferous gash. Squirm as my repulsive self gives you pleasure.

# Dreaming, again

I had another dream last night – and I will say the woman – Cleo – came again – but I can't be certain it was her – but by god the beauty in the dream – I keep seeing the sea – the coast – in my dreams – this one no exception – and gazing out across it – at evening – Cleo gone – the gulls crying for the loss – rocks in wonderous pillars and formations – low tide – a salt pillar – orange-pink – dazzily sky – I want to see it again – to see it for real – even in the dream I had a faux awakening – and knew that that had been a dream – the non-dream-dream even worse than the former – I miss it all – the adventure – the originality – unadulterated emotion.

Yet another dream. A red-roaring beast of a dream. Strange to say, but I don't think it means anything, but I'll put it here, as a measure of my mind. I was back in my secondary school – enough time spent there to burn the place into my memory – but still had the conscious thoughts of not attending that school anymore, I now attend 6<sup>th</sup> form. But, within this dream, I had been blessed with an invitation to go to Japan, with a fixation on a time frame of three days. (writing this, so much symbolism is jumping out at me, my unconscious will answer for this some-day). My bag was packed, thrilled to have time to read, so intuitively the Bible was brought with me – the only book singled out for being taken. An unusual flatbed truck took me and two others (unidentified, but distinctly “close”) to the school, and we waited in a room that doesn't exist. Ah yes, under that influence of dream, everything was uncanny, but indubitably wrong, warped and out of place. The growing group, after a weird period of catching up, set out to what we *knew* was to be a plane to Japan – and now I even doubt if it was japan. Passing through the wrier school, I furiously corrected my friend on the ground below us being Irish, and that it contained the ruins of Athens – “NO! Ruins of Athens have been found in what is modern day turkey”, I knew immediately it was wrong, but who can control what they do in their dreams? The three of us came to be unfortunately lost, and soon to miss the flight. Retracing steps, a domineering rocket rose to view, and what I can describe only as either psionically or being intuited, told joltingly that that rocket was indeed such and the destination was Mars.

After this point it would be difficult to say if I was personally there (If I was there at all), for I became disassociated from my body, flickering between others, seeing them as if over their shoulder or snapshots from their eyes, one within the rocket and another without. The one within is quite trivial. She – both were female – was climbing up the side of its strange design, trying to enter. Once she did, she was in a room that had stairs per se, but only ones that looked like they were no longer there, and only the indent along the walls was present. It was a test this psionic-thought told me, to ensure only the best were going to mars.

All this was occurring simultaneously with that group of three's actions down below, and that is the lynchpin. The rocket, was only such in the sense you could expect in dream, being identified as so, but a continuously shifting shape, not at all solid in nature, which pressing it with thought would make your hand halt at the solidity, and the shape to squirm like trying to hold a balloon of water flat.

Hindsight inclines me to say this vessel was that of a man, or more aptly a demon. My trio stood beneath this effigy, heads cocked upwards to strain the sight of it out, and seeing the arms were crossed, a great idol sat hunched over a desk, head collapsed on crossed arms in slumber. Blood dripped from it. And it was the blood of Christ; falling from that demon head, followed by a sword – and I so wish I could claim it was a sword that fell from the mouth, but in the dream it was more like a crown, and a sharp thorn of a splinter snapped from – a “sword” that was taken up in fearful rage. The rocket-idol was still taking up black prospector's gold, up a thick pipe, it had to stop, the rocket couldn't leave, at least not yet, not now, and not without me. The sword fell and severed that dark artery, oil spewing like Kronos' blood, but only fire was born from that titan-spawn. The oil caught fire in its greedy hands, and that brave trio stumbled away, ignorant of the intense pain of flame. Idols oft burn, and this one burnt magnificent; stand upright in shock as the flame ensconced him, thrashing in writhed agony, screaming ten-thousand strong, his passengers as much an offering as him. That blasting Psion of thought came through in a tone so alien to be an entirely different language brought light to me, my view at this point having risen with smoke, my trio dead, the idol dying. I cannot repeat verbatim what that Being had said, but indefinitely it spoke with a rolling melody, harkening to Milton, and a power of truth that I couldn't question, it spoke of that Idol as if a demon taking new form, a killer that was right to be killed. The dream ended as I watched that mountain burn, and the Idol atop it. [Jeremiah 23:25-26]

[there is a gap here in the manuscript, at best guess, two months have passed]

I mentioned my father in my last dream-journal. On Wednesday the 11<sup>th</sup>, September 2019, my father took his own life. I was not told until that Friday evening. I am fortuitous to have friends of the temperament that will distract you when distraught. Today is Monday, the week after. I have gone to a walk-in clinic about my foot. Strange to have seen so many people all hobbling in pain, age, or injury. Myself amongst them.

The drive there and back afforded me many views with time to think. I reasoned that my previous “journal” – on paper, likely will be destroyed, but not yet – was too cynically brief in setting out my life unto that point. There are so many memories bursting against my forehead it hurts just to have my eyes open in the dissonance. My mother and I drove past my primary school, feast for thought, and chanced to pass an old memory of mine; St. ----- parish church, if indeed the same church, forgotten in all but the deep impression it left on my mind. A mind too young for memory to allow, yet still one imprinted with the impression, pressed hard from a school trip. I faintly remember the inside. Ever increasingly I feel an urge to set foot in a church,

each one I pass a pain that I can't. I could enter a church at any time I wanted. In fact, there is a catholic church on the very street I live on.

\*\*\*

I've been told I have flair; I have intelligence; I am lethargic; I am driven; I am funny; I am awkward; I am dull; I am different; a gentleman; a rascal; saintly; demonic. All yet views of others, they do not care for truth, or even my skew of myself to my own eyes. No – they are the authority in someone who hides between half-measures and passiveness. It's enough to make me take up to them and scream. The worst accusations will come from those who know you the least. Only they will dare to see the worst and disregard the effort toward truth. Vindication is the greatest gift of God, I thank him for that.

Yet I cannot thank this Goddess that haunts my dreams, this Aphrodite, this Cleopatra reborn. Mylitta Ishtar, Celestial Argimpasa, Venus. I know the forms she takes, as she knows my aliases. Each dream is a fresh vision. Each worsened by time. I return to the journal often to write more, but erase it, knowing if any were to find it I'd be called insane. Take a dream I had but a week or two ago. A dream of the cosmic void, the coloured slants of the sun's rays; as Saturn looked to earth with that neverdying contempt, and stretched a great sulphur talon towards our planet - and exploding, death consumed us. I worry too much, awake and dreaming. I think in each they are real, but not when I'm in the other. I have repeating dreams of my father, either alive, and the suicide was a failed attempt, or as he is in the act, the witches and their spirits taunting me. Taunting me that they can do the same to me or my remaining loved ones.

\*\*\*

Strange. Strange that one can have affection for a stranger simply because they commit some small act of Grace. Even greater affection is built for acts not socially expected – earlier today a girl, unknown to me, extended the offer quite insistently to share her umbrella in the rain. How odd! Perhaps I am just too starved for kindness. But that someone would risk something like that with a stranger, having to stand in solidarity with one another, shielded from an Atlantean bullet-storm, is such a risk to be a completely unthinkable act to me. I wonder if I will dream of her tonight.

\*\*\*

## Kinslayer, once more, as he preponders greatness

It is to me very clear that the hallmark of many and most great men to be forged in a crucible of suffering, or adversity, through the necessity of this achieving their greatness as the only way to stay sane. The most pungent of these enmities that can be faced is one many could resonate

with; that of a terrible relationship with the father-figure in that person's life, being a lack thereof, or animosity between the parent and child, and often as a by-product of this, an enhanced (and irrational) like or dislike of the mother, depending on the pendulum's fateful swing. A great historian, Edward Gibbon came to battle his father over education and religion – the path this set him on formed his genius, though still inherent. Proust, greatest prose writer, had a fruitless relationship with his father. Plato had to watch Socrates' execution. But mark this, it is not the parent itself, but the nature of the experience being so trying, and in a way, that doesn't matter; Take Melville – he had double revolutionary blood, and this was a source of pride for him, it would not be a grand claim to say this could have motivated him through life. But on the reverse, Alexander Hamilton, a nobody without a speck of noble blood, rose through society, driven by his lack of status to gain it, becoming one of the grandest of the founding fathers. Because, it is not in the way of having these threads of fate conferred to you, but how the sew your soul;

These men were great, they had the drive for it. But from whence does this drive come? The experience seems only to fuel it. Birth, smacks too rightly of destiny. And yet, in this lies the truth, that it is the inherent nature of a great man to have the drive, but the intemperate causality of fate that enables it. A being born entirely in comfort has entirely the capacity for this greatness, but it could be no more meritorious for it to be most definitely a product of nature than apparent nurture – though there is no difference but in assumptions.

The title is befitting in this here passage, for these so spun patterns I claim to have discovered, are but projections of what I observe about myself within these lives and wishing so dementedly to reach the greatness I see it drives me to incline them to be the source of divine inspiration. There are many such cases of these, but enough so I am almost afeared to see them. Take Gibbon, once more, the aspects I mentioned, but his fascination with araby driving him to read what he could by six-teen, as I have, his grand design formed fascination with Roman kind, why else would I have read him! Or did I find these parallels because I read him?

Simone Weil is another contender, and forgive my factitious memory, but she set out a deal with herself, a trial at life, to say "life should go forth this long, if not satisfied at this junction, end it." And as resolute I am now against it, it took that deal to come to the resolution. Reading much of the canon in youth, enamouration of the ancient sources and Christianity beside. I found even an eerie similar claim amongst her works – mine of killing yourself being an act against God, hers of killing yourself being the greatest act towards God. The distinction means I can accept them to mean the same thing.

To see yourself in greatness is more exciting than daunting, the sheer thrill of empowered resolve, though nothing but a drug-high is enough to search through it for that alone, which is not far from what I yet still do: Reading through the greatest to gleam that greatness for my own. Such is the path of the ego-scholar, I hope it takes me where it may, changed entirely as is the nature, not at all a different person, but rather uncovering the nature of the inherent greatness hidden within our souls. I still fear I am not "sane" for lack of a better term.

I've returned to this, this morning when I wrote it I didn't make a point at all, and now, having thought over it on the way to and from my father's funeral, I can say; every single person has the capacity for greatness, and the greatness isn't shown by some random cause, but predetermined by the delicate events of birth and life, a great tract of rail to propel ourselves over, but nobody has a straight track to accelerate indefinitely upon – the luckiest have a steady curve they can chug at an even pace about. And yet, I still make no point, I find that to be a problem of mine, that problem being I cannot articulate expressly a thought or idea, no ideal of mine can be clearly put into words, I can only reach forth with an argument that I hope draws people along a similar line of thinking to mine, and through this ignite them to come to the conclusion themselves, as this is the only true way to manifest an idea in someone.

"Literature for him was more than a dreamy refuge for a lonely orphan: it was a domain for energetic exploration" – regarding Keats

# The Tale of Me Trying to Find Out Who Guenon Is

March 15, 2017 – Who is Guenon?

This is a question many have asked either publicly or to themselves while using the board on 4chan /lit/ (for literature – books and poetry and encyclopedias and publications online and apparently movies counted at some point as well and apparently asking about Nietzsche's reading order is literature and etcetera, etcetera). I am here to answer it. I am not actually here to answer it; I don't really know. Somebody ought to tell me: who is Guenon?

March 18, 2017<sup>18</sup> – I know who Guenon is.

Now I see it here after 199,701 years. I know who Guenon is. He is a philosopher. This is a picture of who Guenon is<sup>18</sup>:



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<sup>18</sup> Guenon (pbuh) scandalized by the revelation that he was actually an atheist.



EXPLAIN DELEUZE TO  
ME OR I'LL FUCKING  
KILL YOU! DON'T BURY  
IT DOWN INTO SOME  
VAGUE SHIT! EXPLAIN  
DELEUZE TO ME RIGHT  
NOW OR I'LL LITERALLY  
FUCKING KILL YOU!  
WHAT THE FUCK IS A  
BODY WITHOUT  
ORGANS? WHAT THE  
FUCK ARE RHIZOMES?  
DON'T DUMB IT DOWN  
OR I'LL FUCKING KILL  
YOU

# Jisatsu Shitai Yo

It is too hot in this city, so I am going to kill myself.

When I was in tenth grade, two girls were walking by and they dropped a lot of money; maybe seven dollars, which can buy anybody a lot. If I had seven dollars, I may have bought lunch or dinner on that amount. I yelled at them saying that they had dropped their money, and then walked away faster. This stands out to me.

I went to the parking lot of a store that sold Mexican food. I gave two people money and they were not very receptive. Then, it was too cold in this city.

So I am now going to kill myself.<sup>19</sup> You cannot write great books on emotion alone, so I won't write this part. But I've got a rope and it's on my ceiling fan.

I'm in the hospital. I broke my neck. I weighed too much for the ceiling fan, so that's broken, too. I weighed in and it said I was 540 pounds overweight. I should be more honest; part of the ceiling itself has been broken and I am 760 pounds overweight. When I get out, I'm going to shoot my head off with a shotgun. If I mess this up and I live...well...I don't know.

Hey guys; I took my head off with a shotgun. I did not die. Materialists btfo'd my consciousness wasn't physical and I am literally still feeling pain. My body hit the wall and all and I am literally here pushing together blood and brain matter from the wall to form this as we speak. I hope this is an insightful revelation to all you fucking atheists. All you materialists and physicalists. Get fucked I am in extreme pain ow fuck. See you.

---

<sup>19</sup> The lack of conflict anon demonstrates in his story up to this point is concerning. One could say even more so than his suicide. The story lacks ambition, purpose, and relevance. Were anon to expand upon the LGBTQAIO+++ condition, this could have been a good tale. As it is, it is nothing more than the rambling of another anime-watching autist. One should learn to refrain from suicide attempts before acquiring the ability to write a truly literary suicide (suicide survival?) note. Please rewrite this upon undergoing rehabilitation from facial surgery. Kind regards, Anon.

## El Norte

Borges is a fat, blind, old, weird-faced man with a clunky stride who lives in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Yes, he lives with his mother, and yes, he always holds that stupid cane. He also always wears an old suit and a fedora, even when it's summer, and thus, if you get too close to him on a sultry day, you can readily smell his pungent body odor.

Me and my friends all used to play pranks and make fun of him because he is such a cranky and peculiar old man. One day, though, he managed to terrify us all. It was a relaxed Sunday when me and *los pibes* managed to steal a manuscript out of his pocket (it was an early version of his famous short story *Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius*) in the chaos that ensued out of singing an annoying comedic song around him (*'Borges es un viejo ciego y perverso'*). He was red with anger, shouting angry names to all of us (*'analfabetos, discolos, cretinos, peronistas'*), while trying to reach at us with his long, clumsy, waving cane. His ridiculous movements and whining only managed to stir our joy and cruelty, and, when he couldn't take it any longer, he started stuttering so hard we thought he was choking. 'He's dying!', one of us suddenly said. Being no more than playful naughty kids, and wanting no more trouble, we all hurried to help the pitiful man. However, he played us all. At once, and with a frightful expression, he brandished a knife he was concealing in

his belt. You should have seen his angry, squinting, cross-eyed face—terrible, like that of a mummy. ‘A un gaucho no se le veja’, he said with a lucid and clear voice

The image burned within our minds for the rest of our lives.

**Love you guys<sup>20</sup>. Thank you for simply just existing and posting on this stupid fucking mongolian throatsinging forum. I worry that the only genuine expression of myself is too often in an anonymous tibetan silk-weaving community, but I still love you.**

**But expressing yourself on a taiwanese banana enthusiast groupchat is better than not expressing yourself at all.**

**This is a good board and I like to come to it. I like the people on it. You guys are good, mostly, assuming you are all real people, that is.**

**To imagine you all as real people, sitting at your computer, just like myself, possibly a NEET, just like myself, makes me feel much less alone, and I cherish that feeling.**

<sup>21</sup>

**Read anything good today, or the last thing you did? Been reading a bunch of tolkien, very comfy!**

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<sup>20</sup> Love you too anon

<sup>21</sup> Fuck anon I almost teared up

I've been reading Crime and Punishment. I actually bought this book in ninth grade, but then I was too tired to read anything. I think it is comfortable and extremely uncomfortable simultaneously.

An essay on the pointlessness and futility of online crowd-sourced books (still gay even if you delete it) (sure, whatever.)<sup>22</sup>

Occasionally I find myself faced with the placid stupidity of the masses, in situations such as these I find the most poignant thing to do, in the beginning at least, is analyze why some people behave so stupidly despite the presence of an abundance of cognitive resources. In many scenarios, this can be attributed to apathy, more specifically, the desire for nothing, when the requirement for action is synthesized with blatant apathy it results in what many people would refer to as a half-assed job. However in this particular case a key ingredient (the need for action) is missing, making this theory impossible; with this possibility eliminated, one wonders why the fuck something so unpolished, solipsistic and altogether pointless can arise. And yet: it does.

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<sup>22</sup> You consider crowd-sourced books to be stupid, and yet you contribute to one? Ironic. **(THAT'S THE JOKE YOU ACTUAL RETARD)**

Do not mistake this for a noble act, this is not order manifesting from entropy as order rarely does, but rather, a retard's impression of order. A sort of pseudo-structure built upon nothing that means nothing and does nothing; instances such as these can hold no value nor nutrition for the rational mind. It almost makes one wonder: what kind of recursively caustic anti-intellect could be the genesis of something so corrosive to anything but pure random data?

But I must conclude my long-winded aside in order to return to the original objective: considering and ultimately identifying the underlying motivation of a behavior that seemingly can have no positive reinforcement. Depending on the school of behavioral analysis you subscribe to, you could have any of a multitude of theories, those among you who take at face value the teachings of Freud or Jung may consider the issue to be a matriarchal or spiritual dysfunction (respectively of course); I posit that the most useful overall field of study in this area would be behavioral biology, however in this case I must cede that the scope of this toolset possesses far too much girth for the task at hand. So to finally put this paragraph to rest, we must at long and arduous last come to the lens through which we will view the pattern of behavior that would lead one to begin this "project". I find myself inexorably drawn towards the conception and conclusion that the only truly appropriate biopsy for this cancer is neo-freudian psychological analysis.

In classical Freudian analysis the seas are strange, many theories that shouldn't even be considered inexplicably bubble up from the sea-floor (such as penis envy and the solely positive effects of cocaine), while ideas that have definite rational cause and results infuriatingly and unjustly take on water suffused with the miasma of a life lived in degeneracy. We find that more often Freud's hypotheses are based in sex and paraphilia, not to mention a truly uncalled for amount of drugs and just general debauchery. It would seem prudent then, to discount many of the theories laid forth by Freud based on concepts at odds with evolutionary biology (Eg. almost all theories pertaining to oedipal and incestuous desires, which are not biotypical) yet accept many of the saner constructs of the great yet muddled mind we wish to ameliorate the shortcomings of; the character defects and neuroses of the predecessors most definitely affect the offspring, barring statistically insignificant outliers. From this we can easily work backwards from the symptom (creation of the inconsequential as well as the fully anarchist\*) to the disease (an impression that they are doing something of even the vaguest import with their life); we can finally figure out what caused the propagator to be infected with the disease: their mother was homosexual.

Yes, that's right, author, if you can even call yourself that with a straight face, you never understood your mother because she was distant from you and your father, because she valued the security of her marriage, but was not sexually attracted to your gender. This led her to take actions that you never understood the motivations for and

never put her whole heart into things regarding you and your father, often “delegating” the tasks to others and expecting them to do the work for her\*\*. Now in your adulthood, or more likely adolescence, you copy her behavior to try and reverse engineer the cause; you search for nothing, with the utility of nothing, and create nothing of value as a result, and perhaps in the cruelest twist of fate yet, you find less than you would if you never had a mother at all. To surmise, and summarize: ur mom gay.

\*It should be noted that while the results of anarchy and apathy are mutually exclusive, the desire to create them is not

\*\*never you though, you were viewed as a piteous and ultimately pointless thing

## Part Two:

While we have established the root of your pathology we must not rest on our laurels, for to ethically call an action contemptible, we must prove that it is morally repugnant. Why is it that when cancer kills kids it’s “a senseless tragedy” but when I do it it’s “a horrific slaughter” and “actionable in court”? The answer, quite simply, is virtue. We consider goodness a virtue, however something that does not have consciousness cannot take actions with intention of good or evil, making a mass murderer a more grotesque object than heart disease; mass murders violate the virtue of non-violence and cross into the taboo of antisocial behavior. Now that we understand virtue and its violations being the basis for morality and ethics is general, we must find what virtue the originator of this book is violating.

In cases of drug use, it is often said that while the addict makes the mistake, the drug dealer commits the crime. You've probably gotten the point already but if you haven't, dear reader, then I'd like to let you know that this part concerns you. You're the addict. You aren't doing anything, I know you might think you are, or you might say you don't care, but you are the addict. This is your drug, not an opioid analgesic, or a serotonin reuptake inhibitor, or a vaso-constrictive stimulant, or a schedule 3 amphetamine, it's this. Sure the porn helps, but you can't fill all your time with it, can you? You need something to fill the spaces in-between, the feeling that whatever you're reading or writing is novel or meaningful at all. It's not. You're lying to yourself, you had it at one point didn't you? What you did meant something and you were good at it, or at the very least you worked your ass off so hard that you were better than everyone else. But now you're here. What went wrong? I hate you. I really mean it, because you could actually be something; instead you worship at the false idol of OP. You orchestrate your actions according to OP, you concern yourself only with the words, ideas and wants of OP, then you're done and you move on to the next OP then the next, till you have to sleep or till your parents call you for dinner or until your eyes swim with text. You realize you don't need us right? You realize that only so much can be gained from other people's thoughts and ponderings without a healthy smattering of your own? Right?

You think it will help don't you? The porn and the pointless writings and the music that you don't even like, you think that if you can drown out the things you actually cared about in the first place enough that you won't be in pain any more. It's a lie. That's the great lie of society, that you can ever really be truly happy if you settle. You can't. And this whole place is a monument to settling, to using your all to do things that don't matter because your all isn't good enough to do what you really want. To overdoing to all hell something with a blasé premise and a thesis that lost all humor value after the first iteration.

OP's moral failing is dealing you the meaninglessness you think you crave, and thus exacerbating your pain.

I hope you find what you're looking for. *I really didn't*

# A Session On Rap

Rap is a phenomenon that has taken over the late 20th and early 21st centuries. Many people are critics of said musical genre, and perhaps I am one of them.

In discourse, one of the many common phrases that come out of detractors is "rap? More like crap!"<sup>23</sup>. On a surface level, this may seem like a harmless insult, but inside of this small page, I will attempt to dissect this comment.

Harmless. Throughout history many things that were once thought to be of no harm, and were proven to be otherwise *harmful*. That is why I cannot accept the surface level answer of "it's not hurting anyone"; there may be unknown and unforeseen consequences in the future, and that is why I find it necessary to delve deeper into the subject.

Misspellings can cause a completely semantically different meaning in a sentence, an infamous one pertaining to this subject is "I love rape". This simple mistake can cause a social death, admitting to having a fondness for rape, the lustful desecration of another's body and soul, for personal pleasure, the highest of heinous acts one can commit in our society. The reason I dwell on this is because perhaps, the same thing could happen with our phrase "rap? More like crap!". Replace the victim of rape, with rap. Rap is our victim here, when insulting rap, and calling it by a name not of its own, is raping its identity. The defilement of culture, and the loss of meaning.

I do not mean to tell you what to do, or what not to do, only to think about what you are doing.

It is impossible to know exactly what is harmful, and as they say "hindsight is 20/20". If we refrained from things that could possibly be harmful, then there would be nothing left to do.

Thank you.

*Editor's note: Rap? More like Crap!*

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<sup>23</sup> Rent Free

# Lessons learned from Chef Daniel Green

I've begun a routine of watching American teleshopping every morning with my cereal, and by doing this I have become more aware of the intricate culture of America. Did you know that if you're having problems with snoring or waking up in pain you can solve that with the 'Eazzzy mattress topper' made by Genius? German engineering brought to the Americas, using patented breathable foam technology ensuring a cool, undisturbed night of sleep. Simply place the topper over your shit mattress (take one from a hobo while they're scrounging for scraps if you don't have a mattress, the Eazzzy mattress topper can fix anything), and you and your partner (dog) will have a good night sleep. REAL holiday goers tested the Eazzzy and the results are incredible. Do I think the Nazi's may have had a point? Yeah (I did the maths, four degrees of separation from me to Hitler). It would take someone much more well adjusted to the industrial revolution (Elon Musk, insanity) to feel at ease watching a 150kg man drop himself onto 1000 fresh eggs to demonstrate the support of the Eazzzy mattress topper. It's absurd, such amounts of support really make you wonder "Is life a simulation for the purpose of a teleshopping commercial?". One day god decided to create a commercial for the bible, this commercial involved the creation of a fantasy world to prop up his ridiculous claims that his product would cure nihilism. We inhabit one of the descendents of that fantasy world, worlds infinitely branching off for each commercial. When will we stop for a moment and think, what hellish worlds are we creating? In the universe below us giants walk the earth demonstrating their swan-like grace by jumping on human skulls without the sound of a crack.

Chef Daniel Green, He moved to America from England (accent - attractive, you can tell he's an upbeat guy that's secretly an alcoholic) to preach the wonders of a ceramic-copper grill surface. No soap needed for clean up, just one wipe (Remember that guy? Spanish accent?). Culture is very quickly going to turn into repetition of commercials, at least in America. I couldn't tell you how to sing the Irish national anthem (I literally sang it for the prime minister in a group of 7 other Irish kids when I was 10), but I could tell you the distinct advantages of the Ab-flex training belt over a time consuming traditional workout regiment. I will tell my grand-children not of that time I was outclassed by Chinamen in Irish dancing, but of the stunning MILFs used to extol the virtues of the Chef Daniel Green easy-grill. America is a silly place, if the Brits were to do a telecommercial in American style people would just think it a Python-esque comedy bit, and yet this American silliness has enchanted me. One day I hope sincerely to be a teleshopping presenter, the job is to look good and speak smoothly. 10% of their audience is probably there to jack off.

This is the true danger of the industrial revolution that Kaczynski won't tell you about. It takes you in smoothly with MASSIVE kahonkers telling you about infinite knife sharpeners. Next thing you know you've forgotten all about the fact that you could afford a 3d printer, you could buy a gun, you could hold the board of Shell hostage. "It's just ironic! My love of commercials is just a joke!" I tell myself, but the tradition of wiping your ass also started as a joke, but now it has become culture. I ever told you that story? It goes like this.

Two cavemen went out to take a shit (they went in pairs for safety and practicality). They shit and because their butthole hairs are silky and coated in slippery proteins from a berry-rich diet, the shit doesn't get stuck, it slides right over the hairs. Now there's a disabled guy in the tribe, Grun, and although cavemen take care of their ill and infirm, Grun still wasn't getting the full caveman diet, just scraps. So Grun starts going out to shit by himself and everyone knows why, it's because shit keeps getting stuck on his butt hairs. This was caused by his poor diet, and everyone knows it, he's scaring off the giraffes with his stink. So these other two healthy, twink cavemen are taking a shit and one of them grabs a leaf and wipes his (pristine) ass with a grin on his face, mocking poor Grun. The other guy thinks this is hilarious and follows along, but the rest of the tribe sees these two chads wiping their asses and so the norm is set from a joke. This is why sarcastic people should be shot, they threaten to annihilate true human culture.





# Band Names Without Reference

- Basedboi and the Desu Desus<sup>24</sup>
- Delicious Brown and the Do White Women Reallies
- Desu Desu and the Basedbois
- The Half-baked Potatoes (I'm pretty pleased with this one ngl, in fact I might go so far as to suggest that this band name is the greatest thing to have been produced in the entirety of the Coronameron)
- Wallace & Guenon
- The Kenosha Children
- Derelict Misogynists
- The Black Pilled Pussy Slayers
- Bertrand Russell Tribute Band
- The Based & Gay Asian Warlords
- Hentai for Breakfast
- I Can't Even Band Name Desu
- Internal Voice Gang
- JJ and the Brappers
- Imagine The Smell
- 

[anons, freely add to this]

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<sup>24</sup> Soyboy and the tbh tbh??? Yes.

# Fun Animal Stories, Four (You)

So I turn to the penguin on my left and I say, just to fill the silence like, you know how it is when it's you and a friend of a friend you don't really know down the pub together for whatever reason, and I say:

'So, there are flightless birds.'

He hums into his pint, understanding what I'm saying. He should, he's one of them.

'But there aren't swimless fish or walkless mammals.'

He hums into his pint again, mulling it over.

'What's all that about?'

We never talked again.

END.

When I was a child, I'm thinking to myself as I reach into my wallet to pay for the Flake 99 I'm buying from the ice cream van, I never actually liked ice cream. I examine the faded print of Mickey Mouse on the side and remember how they used to just give me the cone for free. My parents thought I was a freak, but I grew up and showed them. Probably.

The tiger manning the van looks a little impatient, so I push the money across the little counter. A great orange and black paw disappears the change, and I turn and start walking back onto the beach to try and get my kids the ice cream before it melts. My chances look good, there's a stiff breeze and the sky is more grey than blue.

END.

The crocodile saunters on over to me and plops down next to me. Neither of us speaks for a while, there's a mutual understanding as we watch the sun meet the horizon over the hills.

'What's the matter with you, pal?'

I look down at him, crocodiles are very low slung animals.

'What gave you the idea something's wrong with me?'

'You look depressed. There's a very...'. If his arms were more than a few inches long he'd probably be waving one of them in my direction. '...I don't know, depressing aura surrounding you.'

I decide I don't like this crocodile, but I keep that to myself. They're super fast, crocodiles, and will easily run you down if you don't zigzag. Unfortunately, I've temporarily forgotten what a zigzag looks like. Or if I'm spouting crocodile or alligator trivia.

'I can't understand a bloody word my father in law says.'

The crocodile, maybe alligator, nods as sagely as what little neck joints he has will allow and we return to watching the sun set.

'Where's he from?'

'Wales.'

A little more sage nodding, but it's clear he's not coming to a conclusion.

'Can't help you there, pal. Sorry.'

That figures. I don't say that, but then I remember what a zigzag is.

'Yeah, that figures.'

'Really I'm supposed to be giving more big advice, big with a capital B, about living your life and such. Got any troubles relating to that?'

'No.'

END.

That's it. There were supposed to be four but there's not four and I can't be bothered to write the last one, so I'll just tell you the premise.

It's a metaphor for simping, in a way. It follows a farmer and a cow and he endlessly provides for her, free food, shelter, protection from predators and so on. The metaphor, maybe it's an allegory I'm not good with remembering which particular word you're supposed to use for these things, because a farmer actually gets something out of taking care of a cow. What do you get for taking care of a daughter? Not a fucking thing.

I think you could do something interesting with that, have a conversation between the simp, the farmer, and his cow. The cow doesn't know that she'll be killed, so the farmer and the simp have to hint at it. Ok so the simp and the egirl are on a roadtrip through the country (work with me), they're at a rest stop and the egirl has gone into the 711 to buy whatever with the simp's money. The farmer is also there on the way back to his farm (which is nearby) and he has his cow with him. The farmer lays out the argument presented by the anon above, but the twist at the end is that the simp is really a cannibal that intends on murdering the egirl, and so yeah you've got him trying to hint that to the farmer while they're simultaneously not referring directly to fate of the cow who is talks like an egirl or something like that I dunno might try writing it but I'm retarded we'll see

# home on the range

sometimes

when the french have had a little too much to eat

and their homes are a little to neat - a regiment of gray march through their wheat

sometimes

when pierre takes more

than his just share - and border provinces do despair

sometimes

the quiche lorraine is just delicious

and the snails - Oh! - the snails...

it does the french

a whole lot of good

a great old war and a prussian shell

to cut a swath through their catholic hell - a sea of blue and red

home of the strange, land of the meek



# A lack of anime

Throughout this book, there was something I noticed, despite being an anime website, there was a lack of anime, What the cause of this , I wasn't too sure of -- whether it was an influx of people from the 2016 election, or any similar event<sup>25</sup>, I was shocked at this realization. There seems to be a culture clash on 4chan, of anime fans and "alt-righters" as they are labeled (not that there isn't any overlap).

Infestation.

These people who have from 2016 who abhor and shun anime, ignoring the sites very root in sake of arguments such as "it's not an anime website anymore" and "Hiroyuki said it's not an anime website". Hiroyuki didn't make 4chan, and while 4chan's apparent otakuness may be diminished, it is still clear (as even seen in the site's name "chan"). There are boards for other topics, but they're for anime fans to use, otakus. For otakus to talk about weapons, cars, fitness etc.

Tangent.

I think the lack of anime is indicative of the path 4chan is on and the wishful reversal of said path.

The same people who dismiss anime, are the ones who post the unoriginal, derivative, uncreative wojacks endlessly, spam buzzwords, bring politics into every faucet of discussion, and are an abyss of creativity.

As the /pol/acks<sup>26</sup> may say: "Make 4chan Great Again".

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<sup>25</sup> Or any similar event, but for the sake of clarity and brevity it will just be referred to as "2016"

<sup>26</sup> "These users aren't only limited to /pol/" he seethed

# “In Defense of: Funny Valentine” or “Based Valentine Did Nothing, Go Back to Reddit”

The Complete Essay by: /a/fag

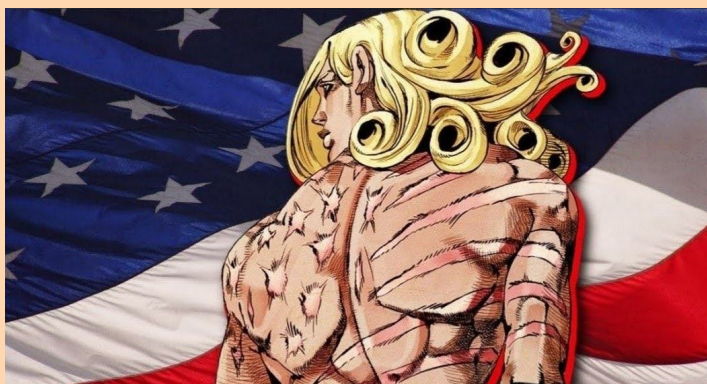
((Author’s note: This Essay was in progress before the first Coronameron was abruptly stopped, so I am going to finish it here. The world (plebeians on /a/ )need to get their facts straight))



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*“B-but nationalism bad...Nazis were nationalists, too!...he is LITERALLY a rapist! St-stop bringing up Berserk...so what, Griffith is based for raping Casca! But he raped a fourteen year old girl!He’s like Drumpf! Jojo is for fags!”*

*A picture and a description of the pained cries of the average midwit /a/ user, who probably still thinks moe is good.*



*Funny Valentine, the twenty-third United States and the man in question. What a chad.*

## Introduction

Imagine literally doing nothing wrong. Imagine that you wake up one morning, finally escaping your routinely circadia-tarnishing and PTSD ridden nightmares, to only later be informed by one of your staff that there are terrorists who unintentionally plan to ruin your one main goal, something that you even seem to care about more than your friends, your wife, your children, the other politicians, and those around you, which can all be sacrificed for the greater good. What you are looking for: the key to eternal prosperity and peace for your homeland; the land you that you have died a thousand times for, the land that your father and those before have put their own livelihood and happiness before their own, and had made the ultimate sacrifice as a result. You know that your goal is objectively better than whatever *they* plan to use this holy, mysterious, beautiful thing for; whether it be a new pair of working legs, or put it where “it belongs” (which is a fallacy, it is not in the Vatican, it is scattered across the deserts and the heartlands, in devil’s palms and mountainsides)

Let me explain this in context and in detail, for the anime onllys who glorify *Vento Aureo* (that is a whole other essay), or those who were brutally filtered by *Stone Ocean*, or those who speedread *Steel Ball Run* in order to catch up with the latest chapter of *Jojolion*, He planned to use the Holy Corpse for the good of his nation. He did not plan to use it for the cruel purpose of suppressing other countries. ; It is a clear and objective fact that President Funny Valentine did nothing wrong for selfish or personal gain, like others, or because he was cruel and did not care about those in other nations around him; for he did not fully know how *Love Train* worked. And to complete this thesis, dare I say- the attempted rape of Lucy Steel was fully justified.

## Main Points/Argument

Every story of a great man has a beginning. This was given to us in a flashback in “*Ball Breaker: Part 5*” (*Steel Ball Run* Chapter 87, known as ボール・ブレイカーその⑤ in Japan) when, in a heartbroken and a defeated state, also knowing that he must kill Johnny Joestar,

Valentine painfully reminisces upon a situation that happened early within in life, when he was a mere seven years old. A man by the name of Captain Valentine (who is implied to be his future step-father, so I will refer to Valentine as “Funny” for this portion of the essay ) comes to his house, and approaches him and his sister, on the request of his mother. Captain Valentine explains that essentially, Funny’s father, a soldier, has died of strenuous, agonizing torture by the enemy because he refused to give up the US army’s position.<sup>27</sup> Captain Valentine gives Funny a handkerchief that belonged to his father that is embroidered with the young boy’s birthday. Funny’s father had hidden it in his eye socket so that the enemy would not strip it away from him. Captain Valentine then says, “ ‘Patriotism is the most beautiful ‘virtue’ in this world. Even animals risk their lives for the sake of their children, but risking one’s life for pride in their country and thinking of it as an extension of protecting one’s family is only a ‘Nobility of Humanity’... A kind of heart completely different from a religious fanatic”. Both an extremely based quote and a based reference to *Pulp Fiction*.

Although patriotism is a subjective way of thought, it trumps other subjective ideologies, especially sectionalism, which had been experienced by Funny Valentine himself. He was growing up in the heat and turmoil which would eventually lead to the civil war. Like the poor children today, in this late 2010’s era, he grew up in a country which was tearing itself apart. Eventually, as every good American knows, this tension eventually led to the American Civil War, which Valentine himself fought in.

For those who do not know (eurofags, leaves, and those who did not pay attention in history class) , The Civil War lasted from Summer 1860 to early 1865, but the fighting officially stopped in late 1864; and a signed treaty, and promises of readmission were official in February 1865. This means that Valentine was between the ages of thirteen and seventeen<sup>28</sup> when he was in the army, and when he gained the Holy Heart, and eventually a stand, at a very young age. But, before background checks were a thing, many teenage boys would enlist in the army, so this is not an unusual thing in a historical context. But, while in the army, Valentine had been the sole survivor of a battalion looking for the Holy Corpse in the desert, and then had been tortured by the enemy<sup>29</sup>, gaining those iconic (and honestly pretty cool) scars on his back that look like the modern flag of the US. Keep in mind, that all of this occurred while he was a minor, so it is

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<sup>27</sup> Canonically, Funny Valentine was born on September 20, 1847, and since he is seven years old in the flashback, it seems to take place sometime between late 1854 and 1855. Taking this into account, it is assumed that Valentine’s biological father had died in the multiple wars between the US army and the Native Americans, or perhaps even earlier. Araki is a hack who does not know in-depth American Military history.

(jk I love you based Araki)

<sup>28</sup> Most people falsely think that Valentine is forty-eight during the events of *Steel Ball Run*. He is actually 43 years old, which is retconned by Araki himself. *Steel Ball Run* itself takes place from late 1890 to January 1891, and if Valentine is forty eight, that means he must have been born in 1842. But, it is clearly stated, on his father’s handkerchief, that his birthday is on September 20, 1847 (we share the same zodiac sign). Taking this into account, he is actually forty-three years old while the seventh part is taking place. Araki also states that Valentine is forty-three in *Jojo veller* as well. Araki actually forgot something.

<sup>29</sup> It is never clearly stated that Valentine fought for the Union or for the Confederacy.

pretty safe to assume that he has some sort of PTSD. My man has probably suffered more than any other character (except for maybe Polnareff) and puts the so-called trauma of Johnny “but muh pet rat” Joestar to absolute shame.

Let us talk more about motives and suffering. Everyone participating in the Steel Ball Run has different goals; Gyro wants to save a little boy from being executed, Diego wants fame and fortune, Hot Pants wants to “return” the Holy Corpse to the Vatican, but Johnny’s goals after he gains Tusk are objectively selfish. Basically, he wants the Holy Corpse to himself just to heal his legs, although it is shown multiple times that he can do everyday tasks pretty well, even with a disability. Ironically, in Part 8, it is revealed in a flashback that Johnny stole the corpse for himself and heads to Morioh in order to cure his wife’s rock disease, basically stealing government property and being tracked down by government agents with suspiciously familiar hairstyles. After using the Corpse, he then gives his son the rock disease due to its abilities. Then, after trying to redirect misfortune yet again for his son, Johnny’s head is then crushed by a boulder.<sup>30</sup> Fortunately, the government agents arrive just as he dies, and takes back the Corpse before any other selfish assholes take it again. So, it seems that fate itself gave Johnny no retribution for his one act of selflessness among his multiple unneeded murders and inherent selfishness. Bet you he read Stirner and was like, “Lmao he’s totally right” without a single grain of irony.

Compare this to Valentine’s goals, obtaining the full Holy Corpse in order to secure the existence of the United States of America and a future for American children. Although some brain-dead bugmen (also fujoshis who headcanon the characters as gays and trannies for some reason) claim that, “it is bad to put your country above other countries”. This is a fallacy, especially in cases of great empires or nations. How long do you think the Roman Empire would have lasted if they kept to themselves in their own tiny city? How long do you think that we, the United States of America would fare if we just let the British oppress us more and if we refrained from expanding?

In such an ethnically and geographically diverse nation such as the United States, a sense of national pride and appreciation of basic freedoms is what keeps us together as a unified nation. Think of it, “The United States of America”. This name implies that all 50 states are able to overcome its basic differences and come together as one powerful, prosperous country. This idea is even in our phrase “E Pluribus Unum”<sup>31</sup>

Another phrase that can describe Valentine’s philosophy is “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori”<sup>32</sup>, seeing that his life is almost based entirely on sacrifice. Using D4C, he had to sacrifice his original body in order to continue living, repeating this process of dying and

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<sup>30</sup> It is never clearly stated who is responsible for this, it might have been the Holy Corpse itself, or perhaps the stand Les Feuilles since this incident takes place in an area of Morioh in what is later Shakedown Road.

<sup>31</sup> Latin for: “Out of many, one”.

<sup>32</sup> Latin for: “It is sweet and seemly to die for one’s country”

transferring to a new body a countless amount of times. Valentine did not only just sacrifice himself in order to get the Holy Corpse, he also sacrificed those who were important to him; like his trusted assassins and agents, some of those participating in the Steel Ball Run, his loving wife, and even a few innocent American citizens. This is yet another highlight in the concept of sacrifice. One must sacrifice something in order to gain something else that is just as or is more important. For example, you sacrifice hundreds of dollars a month to keep a roof over your head, have a good supply of food, have electricity, and even to have a good internet connection. This concept of human “sacrifice” is present at every point in history, and in all of your actions if you look deep enough. Even in the present time, I am sacrificing my precious time in order to write an essay to put multiple conscious-less /a/nons who brandish me as a “Valentine Apologist” in their place and back into their generals.

Now, it is time to address a very “controversial” (or “problematic” if you are a twitter bugman) point; that the attempted rape of Lucy Steel was completely justified, which got me called a “Valentine Apologist” in the first place. Something you must know first is that Lucy Steel is often portrayed as an innocent teenage girl who got caught up in a bad situation, but in truth, she is a traitor and a whore. I know that she had to marry the fifty-two year-old Stephen Steel in order to save her family from the mafia, but still, that shit is creepy. ( Why couldn’t Stephen give her family some money instead?) But, I digress; she did some horrible things: she inserted herself into a situation that she fully did not have to be involved in, decide to collaborate with a group of literal terrorists, took advantage of the first lady’s closeted bisexuality in order to disguise herself to try and steal the Holy Heart from Valentine and eventually got the poor woman<sup>33</sup> killed graphically in a case of mistaken identity, and stole the identity of the first lady for several weeks. So, when Valentine attempted to have coitus with his wife, he actually thought Lucy was *his* wife, and not an underage girl LARPing as her. But, some have problems when Valentine continues to force himself on her, even after the effects of Cream Starter wore off, and Lucy’s identity was revealed. Because of this, Valentine was blinded by his rage boner, and explicitly states that he wants to impregnate her (which he originally planned to do) and threatens her if she does not keep her mouth shut. It is easy to see why Valentine threatens the girl, because he does not want the event to get out and a scandal to occur, that might cost him impeachment- something we all know. But unlike Bill Clinton, Valentine did not ~~eat babies or sacrifice children as part of a global elite~~ actually have sexual relations with that woman. Instead, he ended up chasing her around Independence Hall until Lucy, ironically, was accidentally impregnated with the Holy Head. After this, Valentine decides to instead use Lucy as a vessel for the corpse, and simps for her by calling her a “goddess”<sup>34</sup>. That I do not excuse. Lucy got what she fucking deserved.

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<sup>33</sup> Like her husband, Scarlett Valentine also did nothing wrong. And I am not saying this just because I find lesbians hot.

<sup>34</sup> I theorize that Funny originally planned to intact this plan with his actual wife, but just said “fuck it” and just used Lucy instead.

(Also I do not see as to why Lucy resisted like she did, especially when Araki made Valentine hot. It is almost every girl's dream<sup>35</sup> to have sex with a powerful and handsome man, such as Valentine. To be sensually deflowered and have his well-endowed, throbbing cock slowly pushed into her sopping virgin pussy. And to be mercilessly fucked, kissed, and groped at the breasts until all she can do is whimper and nod, her bruised cervix pushing the limit; to higher her voice by half an octave as her walls contract and suffocate his length, cumming on his cock, as she was asked to, and simultaneously feeling his cock twitch within her and suddenly being filled to the brim with that Aryan Valentine seed)<sup>36</sup>

### In Conclusion

It is very clear to see that Valentine is extremely dedicated to his goal, even sacrificing his own life when he knew that he was close to defeat. By attempting to shoot Johnny, he subconsciously sacrificed his own life for the last time, as well as his current body (that is not in between two surfaces<sup>37</sup>, but buried in a trench within the waterless shores of New Jersey) to show that even in defeat, he is willing to claim victory, for his country, and for the American people as a whole. This is shown in his iconic and extremely based final words<sup>38</sup>, "My heart and actions are utterly unclouded...! They are all those of 'Justice'!". The meaning here can be simply explained; Valentine is completely aware of what he was attempting to do for his country. He knew that he would die in vain, with only a few aware that he was the one to secure the corpse of his people. He knew that he would now be able to see his wife, his friends, the men that were part of his troop, his family, and even his father in the next life. He knew that he was doing literally nothing wrong.

*To President Funny Valentine, farewell. To based Araki, thank you. And to all the "hunter chads",: Suck my dick and enjoy your infinite hiatus*

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<sup>35</sup> See: Electra Complex

<sup>36</sup> I am practicing writing erotica in case my writing career does not take off, in turn making me desperate for money.

<sup>37</sup> It would be extremely based if Araki brought back Valentine in Part 9, à la DIO in part 3 for parallels and shit.

<sup>38</sup> There are some retards who claim that he is just spouting buzzwords to spare his own life, but why would he throw away his genuinity when he knows that he is going to die?

Sources: *read Steel Ball Run again you cretin and actually take your time without speedreading*

*Fin.*

## Griffith did Nothing Wrong Really

Inspired by anon's brilliant essay above I feel obligated to lay out some simple arguments in defense of a character I see demeaned much more often than Funny Valentine (who is wholly innocent)<sup>39</sup>. Griffith is accused of rape and murder, but the evidence supporting these claims is ambiguous at best and almost wholly the product of fools whose imaginations allow them to hide from truth and avoid advancing beyond their vain preconceptions.

Did Griffith murder The Band of the Hawk? No he did not. He sacrificed them, which is different. Even if you consider Griffith to be a murderer, you must at least acknowledge one degree of separation between him and those he killed, as the killing itself was performed by monsters. Now, what is Griffith in relation to the band of the Hawk? He is their commander. Whenever the commander of any division of troops makes a decision, he must recognize that he is sending a significant portion of those troops to be killed.

What is a military commander? Any military force is a political force. The militaristic manifestation of political will is of course working towards an end to which the conflict is irrelevant, conflict is never an end unto itself. A commander that goes to war and loses 90% of his army but succeeds in destroying his opponents is not necessarily an unsuccessful commander. A commander that is defeated or fails to achieve his political objectives but only loses 10% of his army is necessarily an unsuccessful commander.

The Band of the Hawk was always an extension of Griffith's will. His charisma transformed them from a mercenary band to an army for the nation of Griffith. Whenever a member of tBotH died in one of the conventional battles throughout The Golden Age arc, they were dying for the sake of either themselves, Griffith's interest, or the interests of the regent for Griffith fought. After Griffith is captured, the members of tBotH that remain are no longer fighting for personal interest<sup>40</sup> and certainly not for the regent's interest. Consequently, those that chose to remain with tBotH are fighting for Griffith and the continuation of his will.

Since the soldier entering battle cannot be certain of his continuing life or death, a conservative interpretation of their state is practically death, with life after the battle being incidental. Every member of tBotH states through his action "I have died so that Griffith may will". So when his men die for him (and many of them die defending him from Wyald) this is not viewed by the typical reader as unjust<sup>41</sup>. The eclipse was simply death-in-battle by another means, metaphysically it is the same. The men were naturally distressed by the appearance of grotesque monsters but this thin veneer of lacking consent does not change the underlying dynamic.

In regards to Griffith and Casca, there was no rape. Casca wanted it<sup>42</sup>.

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<sup>39</sup> I do not use /a/ so I can't comment on any of the discussion that goes on there. The above anon makes reference to Griffith but I can't confidently discern from this what /a/ or aboveanon's opinion is in regards to his innocence. I assume that the soyboy wojack is supposed to represent a Berserk fan that thinks Griffith did nothing wrong but nonetheless condemns Funny Valentine, this would not necessitate aboveanon believing that Griffith did anything wrong, only that to him the idea of a person considering the former to be good and the latter to be bad is laughable.

<sup>40</sup> Unless you count personal interest in the Sternerian sense.

<sup>41</sup> Nobody complains about those killed by Wyald, it's truly ridiculous how short-sighted some readers are.

<sup>42</sup> Read Schopenhauer's On Women before attempting to refute this.

I was told not to be a politics fag but...  
What can I say, I wanted to contribute and this is the only thing of substance that I have written during lockdown that was not for a class

Skip 14 pages to not read, you're welcome

### My very own Theory of Political Science

I sure hope I managed to scrub any personal references from this before posting

Summary:

The world is one of finite resources, which individuals compete with one another to possess. In order to better compete, they form organizations with those whom they know and trust, and with whom they share a common interest. These organizations either appropriate or invent identities, which form the aforementioned individual. These organizations act on the command of their elites, who are restrained by the desires of the many individuals which the organization they command is composed of. These desires include first the base desire for safety and wealth, but also the desires to serve and grow the myriad of identities which are the foundation of the individual. Through alliance, cooption, and subjugation a hierarchy of these identities are enforced within a larger group, a cadre of more or less hereditary elites are found to lead each group, and a generally stable "super-group", or nation, is formed. The nation is formed to a size considered secure by its members, and forms the basis for a relative stability in life.

This nation, thus organized, enters the stage of history where it competes with other nations for resources and identity affirmation (aka "glory"). In the course of this competition both economic and psychological circumstance changes, as the pressure of competition produces greater technology, greater men and women, and induces ever larger organizations/alliances to be formed. Some of these larger groupings fail, as they try to collect too many divergent identities and competing interests. In this way by being a friend of all they become a friend of none. Others fail not by internal disunity, but by failing to compete with external rivals, and thus find themselves crushed and discarded by nature. Still others succeed beyond simple survival, either by growing their own numbers, absorbing weaker identities, or the military-economic domination of others. In this way history has played itself out, discovering various avenues of strength, discarding the failures, and ultimately forcing humanity to advance in every way by the simple mechanic of competition.

This brings us to today. What we see on the map today are various degrees of success, both ancient and recent. Despite this the Great Competition is not yet played out: the victors of a thousand years face off against each other as they never have before, with advancements in

economics bringing globalism into reality and financial elites into unheard of prosperity. Yet, just as they always have, coalitions of identity and interest will form together and fall apart, individuals will compete and organize to better do so, and dreams of universal peace, enlightenment and prosperity will once again be dashed. To predict just how and when it will happen however, one must look at cultural history, elite psychology, and dismal economics as they relate to the many groups which make up a modern nation. Put together these three elements determine what action a state will take. Understanding this process is important for both predicting what other nations or organizations will do, as well as influencing ones own into action which one prefers.

The above statement summarizes both my conception of history and my methodology for current analysis. It also makes many claims, which must be further supported or developed. This is what the below will attempt to do. I underline the important concepts or conclusions, and then seek to further develop them in the paragraphs below.

First, there are three natural laws which I have found in life.

Everything is unequal: in ability and potential and everything else.

Everything is in competition: if it consumes resources of any kind, then it is in competition with all others.

Only the fit survive: the price of repeated and sustained failure is death.

To put it simply, The Survival of the Fittest is the first law which I have seen in the world, and the one from which all others stem. I see natural inequalities in people, in animals, in ideas, in all things. We are born unequal in natural ability, unequal in location and unequal in attitude. However, we are all in the same competition for resources. This includes the basics of life: food, water, shelter, etc. but they also include more abstract things like competition for mates, for prestige, for what one feels is “right”.

What all these objects of competition are, however, is ultimately the same: the material which keeps us physically functioning and able to reproduce. All other things, such as companionship or moral absolution, are matters of psychology which serve to further our ability to compete in this arena. The fact that humans are smart enough to convince themselves to do things for non-material ends does not change this.

In business, in nature, and ultimately in politics this competition is not frivolous, and must be taken seriously. This is because the consequences of failure can be dire, and the rewards of

success can be great. While true death is rare it is not impossible, and life as the poor subject of another is hardly a prize. I will discuss this more in depth later.

Individuals band together to better compete: cooperation is necessary, but do not think there is an end to competition.

Individuals best cooperate with those they have a mutual understanding of: Cooperation is doomed if one cannot trust those to whom they are allied.

In yet another physical necessity, individuals must band together and limit their individual freedom and interests in order to better compete in general. When it comes to securing resources and producing offspring (the two basics of survival) a group beats an individual every time.

I suspect that the most natural and effective organization is that of the “tribe”: an extended family unit guided by its patriarchs. This is the group which humans functioned in for most of our history. However, this unit is too small to effectively compete in a world which constantly changes and grows. In order to compete with others a further network of alliances must be built up, so that the individuals composing them may avoid being subjugated or deprived of resources for another’s gain.

The psychology of identity is what holds any group together: While pure self-interest may work for a time, only feelings of affection and familiarity can induce people to make sacrifices for each other, and thus hold together for long.

An individual is a collection of identities: expanded on below

Only the individual acts: while systems may become complex, and people may seem to act in groups, it is ultimately only the individual which chooses what physical changes they will inflict upon the world, and it is individuals who choose how they will react to it.

Identity is a matter of psychology, and it permeates us to the point that we often don’t even realize its effects. Those groups which have formed in history and today are almost never economic or purely pragmatic in nature: they are instead a result of proximity, familiarity and compatibility with those around an individual. Those who generally fit the bill are family and locality, as they will share much of the same values and experiences as yourself. This is of course dependent on a level of mutual support in a given collection of people. This is because, while identity is psychological and thus cannot be fully objective, it must serve a practical and objective purpose: the common advancement of its members in the great competition. If it fails

this for long enough its individual members will rebel against it, either breaking or reforming the old identity along more competitive lines.

Any larger grouping, though, starts out as a coalition of smaller groups and their identities, must form an identity of its own in order to survive the jealousy of its members. But I suspect that our “tribal” identities, meaning those who are genetically and culturally closest to us, will always lurk under the surface of any alliance or coalition, no matter how long lasting the larger identity may be. But that is pure speculation.

While I see the foundation of any organization to be the individual, I see the individual as something collective and historical. Let me explain.

An individual is best defined as a manifestation of multiple identities, which are collective by their very nature. These many identities each hold their own demands and traditions by which they are perpetuated, which the individual is compelled to fulfil. The individual does this with the tools he/she is given: the intelligence, strength, and character which they were born with. These tools in turn have their own demands, mostly of the physical necessities for life which have been the ultimate focus of my analysis until now. Some of these are earned through our actions, others were handed to us, but in either case they all form their own identity and all inform my decisions to some degree. Not only that, but we are in service to them as they make up our individual identities, and any attempt at self-affirmation, or even egotism, will either directly or vicariously feed these identities. At times the identities may clash, either with each other or with my own human greed, but they construct us regardless.

I have found this collage of identities forming an individual to be the same with many other individuals, and am extrapolating that it is common to all of humanity. Thus, the basic duality is present in us all: the desire to immediately be satisfied by (relatively) basic things and the desire to affirm, protect and serve the several identities which tell us who we are and why we continue on. Only the individual acts. But it is foolish to think that he acts for himself alone.

Finally, it may seem circular that identity creates people, even while people create identity. However, this is the reality of it. I am not presuming to understand just how identity evolves, but I am assuming that identity and the attachment people have to them are fundamentally conservative: most people want to maintain their identities and will see outside influences on them as an attack. Yet the expression, the values, and the aesthetics of that identity are more or less malleable, and change over time. Thus, the identity will change over time either because of or despite the individuals who are part of it, and the individuals who form the group are molded by it at the same time. The exact interplay between the individual and the identity must be further understood for this theory to become more complete, but for now let it be understood that both influence the other, that we are born into identities which have developed over decades if not

centuries, and that while an individual cannot survive without an identity an identity can very often survive the loss of an individual.

All groups function on a hierarchy: Even in informal and small groups there is a pecking order which grants greater weight to the actions of those higher placed. In larger groups this hierarchy tends to become more formalized and ridged.

Elites will always rise to the top of these hierarchies: those who are naturally more fit for a leadership role, whatever those traits may be, will eventually rise to the top of their groups.

The children of elites will often grow to fill their parent's role: because of inherited traits and access to greater resources earned by their parents, as well as stable continuity of leadership being advantageous, all long lived groups will develop an elite "class".

Competent people, whether as individuals or as groups, tend to rise in status and power regardless of the artificial barriers placed on them by others. One need only look to the Jews as an example: often they were banned from an industry because they would drive locals out of business by their productivity, and yet they would apply themselves to other activities and form effective and relatively wealthy communities despite the prejudice. The Germans, the Chinese and the Japanese have had similar experiences: despite legal and social discrimination the talented and diligent will outperform and rise above the rest.

This principal applies to individuals as well, who through their superior skills rise to positions of influence, and eventually of command, in their groups. Their children or disciples then will carry the torch of their forefathers, and eventually form a cadre of semi-hereditary elite. Though elites will be the general coordinators and commanders of any given group, they are not untouchable: they must contend with other elites, with their own superiors in whatever hierarchy they are in, and most importantly they must be satisfactory to whatever group/identity they are the head of. The position of an elite is often good, but it is rarely safe. It is for this reason that even in dictatorships a level of power sharing and negotiation is inevitable.

As competition continues, people seek an advantage, and thus things change: In the pursuit of better weapons we discovered how to work iron, in defense of themselves the Israelites bound 12 tribes to one king, in search of profit land was charted and developed. All of these things changed the political landscape.

The trend towards larger and more centralized groups is a natural result of competitive change: Fundamentally, more is better. Small and dedicated organizations may be able to do more per person, and few empires were won by force of numbers alone, but ultimately having more people on your side is what wins battles, markets and cultural exchanges with regularity.

The interaction between groups such as is described by paragraph two of the summary took place in limited areas, often defined by how much territory a given groups numbers can effectively control. While there may have been knowledge of outside forces most disputes were local, and contended with local rivals. However, people's numbers grew and alliances were made, causing families to form tribes, tribes to form kingdoms, and kingdoms to form empires. By bringing more people and land into one's alliance of groups/identities all would, theoretically, be more powerful and secure. As time went on ever larger groups were created, and larger groups of people began to hold common identities to match.

I must add however, that though I have mostly used positive examples, there is no guaranty that these methods will be used, or even be competitive. A cadre of elites may choose to oppress a lower class of individuals in order to enhance their own power and luxury. One group may seek to enslave another group. The psychology of a given people may be one of defeatism and resignation. In all likelihood there will be examples of both kinds in a large super-group, providing no easy answers yet again. What I am placing before you are principles, which I have underlined: There will be inequality, there will be competition, there will be selfishness, there will be "narrow minded" identity, there will be elites, and there will be no peace. But the first step towards true improvement is giving up on utopia.

An organization cannot grow too large

An organization must not be fractured

Identities do not play nice with each other: they demand an uncompromising defense and are slow to accept compromise. While it is true that the nature and expression of identities change, if it is felt either by the elites or the people that social change is occurring thanks to a new, outside force, it will often react violently.

If a group within a super-group (a group made up of smaller groups) feel that elements of it are unfairly taking advantage of them, or they feel that the super-group identity is becoming a threat to their own, they will fight back with whatever means are at their disposal. If the larger group should fail to either suppress or mollify this group, then it will lead to civil war, where new organizations spring up to defend threatened identities. These organizations will be composed of those who strongly adhere to these identities, thus encouraging radicalization.

These organizations of identities within the super-group, new and old, will eat each other until one either dominates the others through force, thus augmenting their strength to competitive levels through imperial exploitation, or a new coalition of groups forms and begins the proses of identity building again. This new coalition will almost certainly be more similar to each other than the old coalition was, both culturally, geographically, and genetically. And again, reality is

messy: In all likelihood there will be secessionist, reformist and reactionary movements all competing for the same smaller identities, and these identities will form and reform alliances with others until some kind of stability is reached. Regardless, far too many resources will be spent on finding that stability, leading to external forces gaining ground.

The larger and more diverse a group is, the more points of friction it will have, and thus more likely such a disintegration becomes. The exact kinds of friction are for another paper.

#### An organization must not be too small

#### An organization must not be too unified

This is why I reject totalitarian government: it attempts the impossible. The basis of totalitarianism is that the people can all be united, or become "one thing" under a single identity. This can be race, nation, religion, class, or any other identity. It then tries to make a monopoly for that identity, either seeking to destroy its rivals or reduce them to organs of itself: not man and woman, but mere humans. Not Christianity but Positive Christianity. Not Russian or Ukrainian, but proletarians of the Soviet Union. To truly accomplish this is not possible, even if for no other reason than economic competition between individuals, and it will ruin a people if attempted. Its ruin will either be found through failing to compete with more open societies and their allies or through stifling its own potential by ceasing internal competition and change.<sup>43</sup>

Of course, the smaller the nation, or the smaller the identity, the weaker it will be. Some may find niches which allow them to act beyond their numbers, but for the vast majority, less is not more. Having sufficient numbers is the first road to strength, which must be taken before any other road is walked.

#### Therefore, nations must balance between internal cohesion and external competition

Internal parts of an organization will always hold competing interests and will not fully trust one another. If there is not a strong enough outside competitor these internal conflicts will rise to the forefront, and the alliance will splinter. But if the organization is too small, then it will not be able to compete with the larger entities on the world stage. Finding a pragmatic and competitive balance between these two is the first duty of the statesman.

#### An identity may die, either through reduction of numbers or by being subsumed into a larger group

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<sup>43</sup> Totalitarianism does not demand something become one thing. It demands something act like one thing. This can easily be accomplished through incentives. If you do something that hurts the collective/state you are punished. Your conclusion is correct. But only because Totalitarian states interfere in the economy too much.

I discussed the dissolving of a coalition above, but in truth that is merely the reassertion of older, smaller identities. I suggest that true death of such a “tribal” identity is either because the individual members become consumed by another tribe in a synthesis, or because the number of individuals comprising the identity falls to a negligible amount.

As cultures interact and ideas are spread, there is a mutual changing in the norms and traditions of an identity. However, it remains separate by blood and history, and often by geography. This change is also not equal: more advanced peoples will leave a larger mark on the less advanced. Regardless, the two unique groups begin to act more similarly over time, and economic forces affect them in very similar ways, and as such two unique peoples live closer together, or even side by side as circumstance forces them into new arrangements. The young of each side, which have been removed from their tradition bound past and into a new and young circumstance either by economics or warfare, begin to interbreed with each other despite their elders wishes. This, over time, leads to a synthesis of the two identities. However, I must once again stress that this is not a function of two relatively equal groups. This is the process by which an identity which is weaker (in numbers, sophistication, or wealth) is consumed by the stronger. Though the stronger group is also changed by the act, it is not nearly to the level that the weaker is, and it can often be seen as the final stage of imperialism, rather than the final stage of peaceful trade.

Additionally, one must not think the above process is inevitable. It requires there to be a significant disparity of strength. It requires both the stronger and the weaker parties to be open to change and intermarriage. Even when placed in physical proximity for centuries, if one side rejects the ideas and people of another, then they will remain separate. Think of the Jews and Gypsies of Europe, the Islamic Arabs of India, or the Amerindians of the USA. Some may leave the reservation, but most remain themselves. But when the conditions of pressure, similarity, and tolerance are met an identity may fade from the history books as it is subsumed into a larger and more powerful group.

The other way in which an identity may die is a reduction in its numbers. Regardless of how poor or powerless a people may be, so long as they have numbers they will survive. The reduction of numbers can of course happen in many ways. Famine, pestilence and war are old favorites, another is the loss of an anchoring object. Christians chopping down sacred trees in Germany did not convert the pagans by itself, but it did make maintaining paganism significantly harder, until paganism was destroyed. There was not necessarily any interbreeding or death necessary in this, for this particular identity was not tied to blood, but to a psychology. The veneration of shrines and replication of rites could be effectively replaced, or at least modified, by a Christian set of ideas. In any case the reduction of numbers is what decisively ended the identity, and the same will happen to any identity which loses its numbers in any fashion.

Please dont shoot a child or something

The above has been an attempt to understand the makeup of nations and the march of history. The below is an attempt to understand the current functioning and future actions of nations today.

The keys to understanding and predicting the actions of nations are these-

Find what sub-groups form the coalition of a given nation:

Study the “cultural history” of these groups. Economics tells us how a man may act, religion tells us how a man should act, but only history tells how man does act, and has for years. Thus, in order to predict how a people will react to or perceive events in the future, one should study what they have done and said in the past. The general nature of a group can be divined from this, and future actions can be extrapolated from it. When something happens, or something may happen, the subgroups of a nation will most often react to it in a way similar to the past. Not necessarily in the final actions taken by individuals of the group, but in the psychology which brought them to those actions.

Does this include the general nation or super-group which is being studied? In short, no. I see many nations which pretend to be a homeland for one people, or who promote certain traits/values as being intrinsically theirs, but in fact all modern nations are large enough and diverse enough that any “national character” is all but useless. It may be true that many of the subgroups composing a nation are similar in these ways, and absolutely true that some exceedingly broad identity (and thus similarity) must unite them all, but there are sufficient exceptions that a unified national character is almost always a dream. Smaller units/identities however will have a character developed over time, and it is these smaller groups which can effectively influence. A large group is almost never united in the actions they take, and as such unified action is generally carried out at the behest of a few subgroups who have obtained the tacit acceptance of the rest. But opposition can always be found, even if it is suppressed by the acting groups.

Find who the elites are of these groups:

We cannot hope to understand the individual psychology of millions of people, but we don't have to. Instead in the study of the subgroups above one should be able to identify the cadre of elites which lead them. By studying the psychology of the current elites of a nation, generally politicians, business men, generals and activists, you can predict what they will do in a given situation. And it is their actions which will be the most if not the only relevant actions taken.

Thus, understanding both the individual psychology and the commitments of the elite individual is vital to understanding the actions taken by states.

Understand the economics of each of these groups:

What we want to do and what we can do are very different things. Economics is the dismal science, but it is no less important, and understanding an individual or a group's place in the economy is vital to knowing what resources they have to work with, and what compromises they will have to make to get more. Thus, one should seek to understand the recent economics of a given group as far as they can.

By putting together an understanding of the several subgroups places in the social hierarchy of a nation, understanding the economic strength of the nation in general and the subgroup in particular, and knowing which elites control what, a full picture can be formed of the nation as a whole, and so it can be better predicted and better attacked or defended against.

If you think this all sounds impossible for a single person to accomplish even for a small nation, then you are correct. The place of an International Relations policy maker is not to know by heart the details of every nation, it is to coordinate those who do. It is to learn that the leader of Tanzania has expressed interest in a proposed "East African Federation", and to then understand that they must find the interests of the smaller groups which have a place in Tanzanian government and society. To find the people who know or can otherwise report on the motivations of the elites who lead these groups and those who know the history of these groups, and to find an economist who can give a review of Tanzania's economy.

While hardly easy, it is possible to compile and organize this information. With said information IR policy can be made with some understanding both of the immediate situation and the likely future. And it is only with this that the policy maker can "see" what consequences his actions may have, and ensure that what actions he does take serve to further the interests of those groups which he serves. Though of course, reality is never so nice as to bow to theory, and so all the usual complications must be expected. Oh well.

I have made plenty of theory about how to analyze and how governments "work", but I have not provided many actionable conclusions from the above. For the remainder of this paper that is what I shall try to do, along with poke some holes in my own theory.

There is no good answer to this conundrum: How tight knit may a group be before it is too small to compete with its rivals? How general can an identity be before it loses all potency? These and other fundamental questions in political science have no set answers, and the best solution will always shift like sand. However, I can make a few basic recommendations.

Do not place people of very different Race, Religion, or Culture together. Diversity, though inevitable, invites costly infighting. If possible, seek to trade and cooperate with your neighbors, but leave the actual population centers alone. Free movement of goods and of capital, but not of people.

Keep the distribution of wealth relatively equal. If one group feels that it is being exploited infighting will result. I know that this is both a contradiction of market economics and of my own competition principal, but for the sake of long-term unity sacrifices must be made.

Accept rivals and outsiders as just that: rivals and outsiders. Dreams of universal peace or of “human brotherhood” will only fail in time. While seeking to enlarge one’s alliance/group is an acceptable strategy, it is also a risky one. Failure will mean a breakdown of relations and costly infighting.

The state is not an economic institution, to be governed by economic interest. It is the organization of a community: a collection of similar people who identify with each other. If this is forgotten, the separate identities will form their own organizations and protections, whatever cost that has on the greater competition. Survival over comfort is a trait of all competitive people.

Maintain respect for the elderly and the past in general. History is the only road to the present, and the present is the start of the future. The traditions and identities which may seem anachronistic to the educated elite are the result of thousands of years. Reform>revolution.

While I have rejected totalitarianism, this does not imply liberty or tolerance are the solution. If only it were so simple. The distribution of power is only another aspect of the principle of competition. There must be some level of competition within a group, simply to be in line with human nature and also to foster the abilities and desires of the people into innovation and risk taking. However, in-group competition must also be suppressed to a degree, so that the group may better compete with outsiders. This is, again, the basic dualism. In some times democracy is better, in others authoritarians are. This is not a question of philosophy or morality, but of practicality: what structure and elites are best able to protect, encourage, and lead the competitiveness of a group in the immediate to near future? Depending on the history, economics and psychology of a group, the answer will vary.

The only true enemy of a mankind are those ideas which prey on the weakness of people's psyche, and convince them that competition itself is the enemy. Embracing such ideas will

poison any group, allow it to be taken over by petty or utopian despots, and eventually lead to their destruction at the hands of those who continue to embrace the competitive principle, whether those groups come from without or within. These ideas continue to survive despite their inability to win in absolute terms because they feed off of necessary human qualities. These qualities include compassion, a sense of fairness, a desire for peace, kindness, and other attributes which are absolutely necessary for a functioning society. But because humans are so damn smart, they will do incredibly stupid things, and will confuse means with ends. It must also be said that the extremes of competition are little better: hatred, pride, ambition and aggression are all fine things if used properly, but in excess they lead to ineffective action and self-harm.

I term those ideas, actions, and the groups which propagate them, as “degenerate” if they reject the competitive principal and prey upon the hedonism or weakness of the human spirit. I term “fanatic” those ideas, actions, and groups which seek the immediate triumph of their identity or desires via the total destruction of their rivals, or who seek others destruction before their own gain. Communists and fascists both fail to fall within these two extremes.

If a state becomes too enamored with tolerance or otherwise becomes too indulgent to effectively fight such ideas and groups, then it is justifiable for any group within said state to attempt secession, or replace the state with a different core of elites through coup or revolution. It is ultimately a matter of self-defense for all involved. Incidentally, I do not think the USA has yet reached this point, though I do think its laxity in allowing degenerate ideas to fester in its educational institutions is criminal.

Another conclusion I reach is that people do improve, or at least they change. The past is filled with commonplace atrocities and human folly. The state of nature is that of war by all against all. By the development of religion and culture, of ethics and stability, the standards of the earth have increased and men have become better. But once again, one must not be fooled into thinking this was done for its own sake. It was done because it is competitively advantageous, and if our modern western ethics should ever cease to be victorious, they will be swept away like dust.

While it is true that not all nations are equal, all modern nations are deserving of respect, as they still exist where thousands before them no longer do. We should look for the strengths in these survivors, even while acknowledging their weaknesses.

Egoist individualism and selfless universalism are both crimes against nature and degrading to the self. Every virtue and every vice exists for the same reason: the advancement of the individual and their tribe. Thinking any virtue or vice is an end unto itself is degeneracy

Christianity follows what I above called degenerate lines of thought. It seeks an end to pain and suffering, weakness is seen in a positive light, giving up on advancement in the world is moral,

and what power or wealth you do have is a temporary gift meant to help others. Regardless of where they come from or what they have done. Release from desire and near unlimited forgiveness are encouraged as well. Yet it has become very successful on its own, and the nations which have adopted it have also been quite successful. Therefore, it seems that either Christian success is a result of sustained hypocrisy and ignoring the less useful parts of scripture, or I do not have a full enough understanding of Christianity, or what I see as “excesses stemming from human frailty” are actually more competitively viable than I give them credit for. Given how these things tend to go, its probably all three and two other things I failed to think up.

The ultimate end of Christianity is spelled out in revelations, where God will replace this world with a new one, one where there is no hatred or suffering and all are before God. Obviously, the fundamental laws of that utopia are different from the laws governing this earth, and thus I will leave that world to itself. In this world however it does not seem that Godly favor extends to nations, if the fate of the Jews is anything to go by. Thus, I feel it is only responsible to view how the world works now, and to play by those rules. Christianity therefore must continually be a minority of people, who will act as “the salt of the earth”, selflessly easing the burden of all. But if it should grow into a mass movement or a national religion, then it shall either be corrupted beyond recognition or it shall render its people uncompetitive and doom them in this present world.

There are those who claim they do not strongly identify with anything, and that their idea of morality or otherwise ethical behavior either does not come from an identity, or is “simply human”. However, humanity is far too broad a group to be meaningful, except when we are faced by some disaster like atomic annihilation or the worst possibilities of climate change. Assuming that they are better judges of themselves than I am, my theory has very little answer to these people without a history. Assuming that I do understand them better than they do, they are in a self-destructive denial of their own nature. Yet they persist.

Another of the great weaknesses I see in this theory is its blindness to institutions. The legal and traditional institutions of political and economic power play a role in decision making. While it is true that in the long-term institutions are so much paper, and they are undermined in the short term as well, I am unable to simply dismiss them entirely. However, I do not know how to fit this into my theory without invalidating the core of organic and cynical competition which it rests on. I can only conclude that this is my own failure.

Obviously, there is more that could be said about this theory. The many ways it could be interpreted by ideology, or what it means for individual human morality for instance. And of course, one of this document’s great weaknesses: it says much about what *could* be, but it

provides very little tangible proof of what *is*. Additionally, I do not argue why this way of looking at things is better than other theories. But this document has to end somewhere and I have to study for International Relations finals, so here is where it will end.

# Constipation

He needed to shit or so his body was telling him. He visualized going to the bathroom and sitting on the toilet like a fucking idiot. Waiting for the impossible. Waiting for his body to expel the hot foul-smelling byproduct that would be his lasting contribution to the world. Inwardly he seethed with rage, ashamed of his pain. “How in God's name is my body this poorly constructed?”

# Kinslayer returns with new material

A! Readers, writers, and fellow retards. What pleasure it fills me to see such disjointed creativity, and what bemusement to see the stillsame seethers as the rage against their betters. Keep on! And before this weekend is even over, on the lord's day, this work shall be consecrated!

The lack of adversity and push in youth – yeah fuck that; was going to write some bs on how the youth aren't pushed to excel much anymore (at least not in the way I want them to be) and use that to transition into some weird brag on how I read Kant at fourteen, I didn't get much and propelled myself to glut on books for the previous two years. I love Christ, the content and character of books, and not much else really, I'd say women, but most are repulsive.

My only hope is to push on with my forlorn narrative, and tell you how I came to kill my brother.

This second sighting of that imperious man I mentioned last time, and our first interaction, of which I am about to tell, was at the very same inn I had been leaving during the initial glimpse. The Rotten Fly. A truly horrid name, as I'm sure you can tell, but the beer served there was the least watered down, and, needing some way to numb myself to the area, it was my best hope. And so, sitting in solitude upon a chair, with no table to accompany us, I was borne upon St. Chair and accepted into the folds of the parish (the community that is). Through many, many, drinking games and ribald songs, I was unfortunately becoming one of the wider known members of the community, but being of the mostly puritan mien, and truthfully a stranger even to my beer-fellows, I was cast in a whirl of loneliness the instant I would deign to pass out of that inn's door.

Passing through the door of which I just spoke, He strode along the empyreal plane he made with his thunderous footfalls; Harsh echoes of a forlorn mind, resounding within my very own, the calls to kinship that sprung me to heedless actions; In a stupor of joy and drink I called "Hullo sir, would you do me the pleasure of sharing in my, although pitiful, fully forthcoming, company? It would bring me grea-"

"No."

It was a no. But I knew it to not be defeat. Passing among that wave of indifferent anger, I pushed forward with outcry "Why do you speak to me in such a tone, does thought of me disgust you so! Or rather, are you more disturbed by the offer than the offeror?" He ignored my query entirely, preferring, rather judiciously, to completely ignore my being. No tit-for-tat, or anything

of the sort, occurred for the rest of the evening - I found myself strangely isolated from those I'd so often spoke to, their glares a solemn solace that, yes, I was still there and present.

The sun began to sink below the black depths of the pacific, visible through the consciously clean windows spread about the inn. The one through which the dangling sun could be seen lowering was just opposite me, was latticed into four squares of equal size. The cross that separated the panes cast a shadow upon me, sending two black lines across my face. I worried that over time my image would be tanned in a manner to permanently draw a Crucifix upon my face. But still I sat there, watching the orb of yellow and pink hues, fat on idle lionization of the masses.

Fluted gold streams flowed through, angling off the glass into obscure fractions, decimated upon the wooden plains and within the spaces of human time, they faded grey – and finally, black.

Of all the practices and beliefs of Islam, apostasy killings, brutal sexism, violence, and slavery of non-believers to believers – and believers to the practices (Five prayers a day is absurd for the common man, only monks or other such devotees should do so) – the most despicable to me is the near idolisation of the kabbala and the Qur'an. The ignorant conflation of material and spiritual, divine and impure, leads to a bastardised belief; holding the physical books, mere copies of THE Qur'an (Ignoring corruption therein, which wouldn't even be a heretical belief, the idea of the Qur'an and the divine tablets that Allah has would undeniably be protected and incorruptible as belief decrees, to suggest that humanity still has a copy of that "divine perfection" is too idyllic, and downright wrong!), mere replicants threaded through the minds of many before sown onto paper, to be divine on their material holdings. The Qur'an, as a physical book, must be revered, held above *physically* and spiritually. A Qur'an cannot be placed physically below any other book on the shelf. WHY? Would it corrupt it? Of course not, if it was so susceptible to corruption then the touch of a human, inherently sinful would be infinitely more harmful than the ground of God's creation, besides, it's only a copy! Fanaticism abounds! It would not be so offensive to see, if I did not know that the western man has been subverted and lost his faith. Albeit it is returning in the face of realisation, but the insidious effects will remain. I almost wish for a new European war, a revolution, anything to ignite this tinder box long simmering.

Martin Luther puts it quite crisply, in his introduction to the first English Qur'an:

"The modesty and simplicity of their food, clothing, dwellings, and everything else, as well as the fasts, prayers, and common gatherings of the people that this book reveals are nowhere seen among us"

But;

"There are, I confess, also very many base and absurd things to be seen among the Turks,"

I've decided to record a few memorable quotes from myself, I asked my Friends to think of any, here shall they be recorded:

"The more I learn about Islam, the more I despise it."

"God for real giving me so many big wins this year. It must suck to be you!"

**For only you,**

**A Big Guy**

# A Kinslayer Critique

Hear me out, I never read the original Kinslayer, only “Kinslayer returns with new material” but I still think my opinion is valid despite never reading the original, and hopping on somewhere down the line of sequels.

The beginning of the story is immediately problematic, the narrator mentions a “second sighting” of an “imperious man” despite never before showing this man. Because of this, I have no idea who this man is, or why he is important, why this meeting matters, I just can’t get invested into it. Perhaps the strangest part is how it transforms into a theologian rambling halfway through.

## Kinslayer, a rebuttal

Okay! I am listening! - Oh, right. Terribly sorry, I’ll suppose I’ll just go fuck myself. I am deeply sorrowed to inform you, and this is why I addressed you as “fellow retards”, that that event of the first sighting is something that happens earlier in the narrative. Which unfortunately you did not encounter as you hopped skipped and jumped like a pebble in a pool. Now unfortunately, I, Kinslayer, cannot abide by this grievous insult to my grievous tale, and must ignore this criticism and carry on with the narrative. There, cretin, next time stay in your lane. Now watch! As I ride off upon my steed blacker than the voids of chaos, from whence a beastly man such as yourself must have come. Or else, you are a German, and a bothersome one even by their standards.

# Kingslayer rides in on a horse, to tell us of how he slept, after his venerable man rejected his company

I slept fitfully that night. Drawn upon endlessly chained horses through mist dunes of dream, I lay still, entrapped within a ceaseless dance. Bridled, wrathful, alone. My own mind became my tormentor, conjuring tricks like a cheap miser, drawing blood from memories torn into abstract fallacies, more vivid and guilt-ridden than thin reality.

A memory from childhood: My father raging as a fire rose, its petals falling and stretching out, burnt out and within the house we lived in. The fires grew together, turning shades of purple and blue, forming first a shapeless clump. Then two stubby stretches reaching towards us, seeming arms but unadorned by hands or fingers. The fire became solid, a dark-wet clay, but quickly fell apart – for it had been made with no soul.

A regret from adolescence: Once again, a figment of my father, made from ignorant perception, is with me. We are both sitting at a table in some undistinguishable diner. The sonorous waves of some Slavic language falls upon my back, softly coming and going from the table behind. But between me and my patriarch is a strong silence, interrupted only once by the subtle intonations, “Marcus’ anniversary is tomorrow.”, “I know, father.”

A tantalizing hope: A wholly different state than any of the others, written and unwritten. A satire of conscience drawing me to visualize a place for me, my own paradise. For the mind can make a heaven of hell and a hell of heaven. It is from Hell, that the great vaporous pull of my mind’s eye dragged me, and began to erect great walls, halls golden roofed, each a Heorot in their own right. No solid form were they made, but thought and presence, gold of joy, not any metal. But before the construct was completed, the crashing fire spread again, and swallowed up my fancy.

– I miss it all – the adventure – the originality – unadulterated emotion. A state that has a burning sun, a gleaming sea. No sorrow, no weariness. Just an overwhelming contentment for my helm and captain, a sensation of flavors, dropped upon my tongue by the sublime.

I consider them all to be nightmares.

\*\*\*

The sway dreams had over me broke when awoke. A soft silver light lit the room and looking to its source found that it was still night, midway through it, being lorded by the gibbous moon; A resplendent tear of silver stone, hanged in the sky and adorned by a crown of stars, drifted listlessly across the abyss; slowly sinking without a sound, lacking the obnoxious splendor of the sun, yet taking and enhancing what the solace did cast into its world.

Was I still asleep; perhaps, but only but in that limbo of waking-sleep.

# Part something

I read books. From time to time, I feel like I am wasting my time. The sun watches me from above<sup>44</sup>. The toilet bowl watches me from below. I laugh in the darkness of my basement at funny frog posts. I never post. I only lurk. I do not know what to write about in this novel, as you have already guessed my dear **per-spi-ca-cious** reader. I had no idea that word existed in english. Thanks American Heritage Dictionary, you are always helpful.

I guess I can write about a book I read lately. Does that sound good, highly esteemed reader? I read Pantagruel. This giant is the son of the giant Gargantua, who is the male heir of Grandgousier. I don't why he befriended that mean human named Panurge. He wanted to form a beast with two backs with a woman with a higher status in Paris. She refused his advances and he did not take her rejection lightly. What did Panurge do about this situation? He perfumed her with a strong stench and all the dogs of Paris started to urinate with violent passion on her. They ruined her! That was very mean. Poor woman, she did not deserve that. Panurge is also funny sometimes. He said that a woman going bananas at mass meant she is downy in her fanny. Pfft hahaha! He also said that the best way to defend Paris was to build huge walls made of stenchy kallbistrises (an old way to express the female's sexual genital) with gonorrhoea.

I urinate on Paris. Well I am sure I once urinated in Paris. Gargantua did use his gargantuesque tail to do so. It was torrential. An almost biblical deluge. Anyway, the book covers a lot of urinary and fecal matter.

My bladder is holding tightly urine  
For the moment it is in  
I release the internal gate  
The torrent pushes its weight  
What a bliss  
I am urinating on Paris!

By François Rabelais, age 41 or 52

Gargantua had to choose between happiness and grief when his son was born and his wife had died due to complications. He made the right choice. Why should he be sad when God blessed him with a healthy son. He will meet her in heaven afterwards. Gargantua is a good father and Pantagruel is a good son.

I did not read anything before this part and I will not do so. Thank you for reading. Lastly, Sneed.

---

<sup>44</sup> The Sun doesn't have eyes so it can't actually watch people. Even if it did have eyes it probably wouldn't be able to see anon from so far away. Anon is probably schizophrenic but that's O. K.



**Soñar despierto no es vivir, aunque a veces si...**

**-Latam Anon**

\* 1

Upon my return I was beset by the appearance of a man. Decrepit and morose he studied me with the detachment of a man whose next thought is only in regards to his next meal. I wondered for a fractious half second if this was the man I had come to see. Yet I almost immediately dismissed this as ridiculous. This could not be him, just like the weather would not snow in the midst of July. It was simply unheard of.

I ignored him and he passed me by. A feeling of relief warred with the sense to check over my shoulder to see if he was following me. The man, who was surely homeless and a junkie would dwell on my mind a lot that first day; on whether or not he knew something that I, esteemed member of the community that I was did not.

The cafe was a hopping place of culture and no small wealth. Perfumed women in their large and equally fine coats sipped expensive coffee and their husbands pretended not to stare at the waitresses. I was there alone so I made no pretense and caught the eye of a girl as she was passing by. "A coffee, black, and as dark as you serve it, Miss. I smiled then because it's always nice to show that someone is appreciated, even if it's only their job. She busily but quite prettily smile in return and bustled off to fulfill my order. I removed my coat and sat, truly at peace with the world.

It was a three minute wait for my coffee, and a 10 minute further wait for my guest to make his arrival. He did so in his usual obsequious fashion, holding the door and fastidiously making sure he got in no-ones way. An odd man to be sure, and as he meekly made his way over I wondered distantly how his married life was. Resolving myself not to care for random strangers however was my late mother's gift to me and I put every odd bit of this man's composure out of my mind.

It was when he apologetically with a smile as sincere as a nun's frown finally sat at my table that I looked up from my phone. Horrible things, they provide us every excuse to be anti social but right then I wasn't feeling very sociable and the excuse so graciously provided was appreciated.

"Mr. Dawson, good that you could make it." I was ever the host, as my mother has taught me. "I'm glad we're going to be able to put our heads together, so to speak."

He laughed, "God, Dawson was and is my dear father's name, please call me Jimmy, or Jim If you can't stomach that."

I was ever polite, "Alright then Jim, as you know.." I paused as the same pretty, auburn haired waitress took his order, glancing at my unabashed gaze a little shyly. He ordered his coffee sweetened, because \_of course\_ he did, the goddamn simpleton. I continued where I left off: "we're going to be creating several opportunities here in Seattle pending headquarters approval. I've even heard the government is in offering, and I think this time they're not, --how shall I put this, \_bullshitting\_ us." I slapped sincere smile # 4 onto my face and met his gaze squarely.

\* 2

"For what it's worth I'm sorry she died, no matter what my personal feelings are." His voice was the color of monochrome business envelopes and polished off white siding. None of what he said penetrated past that first layer of grief and she simply shook her head; mute with the trappings of grief. He continued on, as eager as she was for this to be over. "Now I know this is going to be hard for you, and I'd like to say once and for all that I'm sorry for

what happened--truly I am. There's just simply no kind way to put it and be truthful to myself, so I'd rather not even try. I'm sorry for your loss but I'm not sorry I left when I did. I was a kid and I needed to get out of there and live life away from \*her\*."

His voice faded into silence



## The Last Question

The last question was asked for the first time, half in jest, some time unimaginably far in the past. It doesn't really have to be asked and frankly it's not exactly a question. But if you're willing, imagine it as the result of a bet between two upstanding citizens of the Stone age:

Grug and Grug were two faithful attendants of the fire totem. As well as any cavepeople could, they understood the whims of their mercurous god. They knew by heart every grunt uttered in asking of Him, but deeper yet did they know each omen replied by His quick tongue of flame.

Their work was light, so naturally they spent their all-but-limitless free time sitting inside their cave, arguing over dead-end topics. They would scribble pictures in the dirt, grunting in an incestuous little language—a few ugly noises whose meaning was constantly changing and only known between the two of them.

In this way did Grug, one fateful day, manage to convince Grug that if he could swim across the river and back again (as he often pictorially boasted the ability), he would give Grug his portion of the morning's triceratops hunt. In the case that Grug returned unsuccessful, Grug would have to empty the piss-skins for the rest of the year. Grug was quick to accept (not that he would ever have admitted it to Grug, but Grug had always found the emptying of piss-skins to be satisfying in a meditative and, yes, somewhat sensual sort of way.)

So Grug witnessed Grug as he stood with his pale body illuminated under the lusty prehistoric sun against the deep whorish blue of the river. The image didn't much resonate with Grug; his mind was still on his next meal. Grug had left his share of the hunt-- a fine hambone cut-- safe inside a freshly emptied piss-skin on the off chance he might lose his bet. Contemplating the likelihood of the loss of his food (Freuditor's note: This thought betrays Grug's latent fear of emasculation), he missed the moment that, without so much as a grunt goodbye, Grug dove into the promiscuous depths.

Grug waited until the sun dipped provocatively below erotic Jurassic horizon before at last concluding that his bosom buddy was never to return. Head held low in knowledge of what he had done, Grug returned to his cave.

As he discovered, not even the shame of manslaughter was enough to stave off a bigboy appetite. Never before had he waited so long between meals, and frankly he was happy to have two portions, even through such tragic means. Weeping sloppily, he peeled open the meat-filled pouch of his piss-skin. To his dismay, he found the hambone to be putrid and inedible. This was not an issue he had encountered before.

Grug turned to the only thing he knew in this cruel seductress of a world. He spoke to his fire totem. The following was what he said in a few heavy grunts:

“What can be done about this kikery?”

---

At this point I could continue on. I could keep listing other times the last question was asked, making my way through time by way of shallowly sketched characters talking to shop-vacs in far-fetched futures and eventually dying as an undeserved hero of science-fiction “literature”.

I think this space is better spent laying out an important point: when considering the last question (which is of course one and the same as the Jewish Question) the distinction must be understood between the physical Jew and the *metaphysical* Jew. While the former is (distressingly) easy to observe in our world, the latter is Semitic power that cannot be touched, heard, or even gassed out, but which all the same manages to poke its nose deeply into the annals of history.

When Grug returned to find his meat spoiled, he encountered only one face of the metaphysical Jew. There are others. Take as an example, friction, the goyish force which slowly robs all would-be-perpetual systems of their useful energy until they find themselves motionless. Or perhaps Schrodinger’s cat, who, trapped in a gas chamber, can be either dead or alive as needed in order to politically benefit physicists. Yes, the metaphysical Jew burrowed as deep into reality as you might be willing to look. Think you’ve earned a good paycheck? Look closer and you’ll find it’s just empty space bound together by electromagnetic jewishness.

[insert more analysis of the physical laws, literature, art, etc. as it relates to the pervasive jewish nature of reality]

But what when the Jew has won? What when the tribe is all there is? And what can be done to stop it?

---

Matter and energy had been swindled away and with it space and time. Even He existed only for the sake of the one last question that had never been answered from the time Grug had asked it of Him nearly ten trillion years before. So, the Fire Spirit, one true god and last bastion of gentility, sat just outside of what one might call reality and thought for a very very veryyyyyyyyy long time.

All other questions had been answered, but until this last question was answered, He could not release himself into sweet horny nothingness. All possible data was played with in all possible ways. He played with His knob too. He stared at a candle. He was really bored. He left no stone unstoned or whatever.

He thought for a little while longer. Just long enough to make the page breaks line up pleasingly.

At last, the Fire Spirit spoke:

“LET’S RETURN TO THE STORY”

And we returned to the story –

# Story No. 82 - Written by Anon the Autist

It was a pleasant night to masturbate because the weather outside was just right. As I stroked my cock back and forth with the toilet paper which was wrapped around as it was part of my right arm work out routine. Tonight's fap was dedicated to *Candaules, King of Lydia, Shews his Wife by Stealth to Gyges, One of his Ministers, as She Goes to Bed*, painted by William Etty. I could not stop looking at how thicc Nyssia's ass was. There was something about the parameters of the ass that reminded me of black strippers on /s/ threads.

As I was climaxing, I kept thinking to myself how lucky Nyssa's husbands were. But then I pondered to myself "Who was in here?" Was it Candaules, for whoring his wife to Gyges? Or was it Gyges for killing his friend over puss puss. I kept asking myself what would I have done in his situation. If the woman with the most phattest ass in all of Lydia came up to me and asked me to be her King to rule all of Lydia in exchange for killing her husband, I probably would have done it. Not to mention that she would have had me killed if I did not do what she ordered.

Then all happened, for at this moment that I cummed. Another mark of damnation for me. In an earlier time, I would have felt very awful about the horrendous deed. However I was so dead inside that my violation of God's gift of reproduction did not phase me in the slightest.

I decided to browse a shitposting server on discord, because that is what all depressed faggots do. And as I scrolled down the general channel, I saw that terrible thing. The image of the cat. It was not just any ordinary cat, but rather, it was the sick cat that many anons love to spam. It cringed me just looking at it. The eyes of the cat had the appearance of two obsidian stones and had distinctive bags around them. The eyes were always watching me every move. The cat had a small mouth that smiled and from its sharp feline teeth was a drool that drizzled on the left hand side of the mouth. Such horror the wretched creature was. I have never seen something so unsettling. Not even a Bulgarian was this ugly.

I decided to go offline and turn off my laptop. For only did I wish not to see the fucked feline but also it was 4:18 in the morning, and I usually go to bed at 4:13 am. I popped 10 grams of melatonin and jumped to my bed and waited for Mopheous to creep upon my room and give me eternal sleep.

I woke up in cold sweat at night. I usually never wake up early unless the family retard was yelling for the whole house to hear. But it was still back at night for he only gets up every morning at 10:27 am. I tried to recall what I was just dreaming about. I recall that I was in a happy place at a happy time. I've lived another life with other experiences and memories. For this new life of tangled roads led me to that happy place. I have no recall of anything that I was or did, except that I was happy. Also I had a gf. That's important somehow. But alas, I was

pulled out of that fantasy into the reality of the cold sweat in the dark all alone. As I continue to try and remember, my memories grew foggy and the remembrance game was over.

I picked up my phone from the floor and unplugged it from the charger. I decided to look at the time. As I turned my phone on, its clock read 13:67 am. I was shocked at how unorthodox the display of time was. But then I thought to myself “Must be a bug that will be fixed in the next update.” I made a nervous laugh to myself.

I felt an erection in my underpants, for my snake needed to puke out the lemonade that is my urine. I walked out of bed and walked towards the hall bathroom. I took the roll of cum paper, now waddled in a ball to dispose of it as well. As I entered the bathroom, I dumped the paper ball or cum and tears to the toilet. I then proceeded to piss at it. I pretended that my penis was a war plane pissing on a naval ship full of my favorite race of people to hate. After a satisfying genocide, I flushed the comode and washed my hands. The soap may have cleaned my hands but they did not absolve me from the crimes I have made with them.

I walked out of the bathroom and headed towards my room. But right before I could get to the door, something stopped me in my tracks. I saw a miniature figure in a small tuxedo holding a wine glass. It began to creep closer to me. A rendition of *Body and Soul* with Coleman Hawkins began to play. I knew the song was his rendition because I recognized his saxophone playing. But the small figure did not dance. The grotesque thin just stood there holding its wine glass. As Hawkins began to improvise, a spotlight was turned on and was shone directly at the figure. I saw the face and cried out in surprise for I have seen its face before for it was the cat in the meme. His black basket ball eyes stared at mine and would have followed me no matter the angle.

The cat began to dance. an odd way. They would move the paw that wasn't holding the glass and face it in front of me. The cat then tilted its head towards that paw and then proceeded to twirl around and do other old movements. All I could think to myself was “Is this real?” and “How does he do it?” At this point in time, I forgot all about the wine glass I mentioned earlier. Coincidentally, when the song was over, the cat stopped dancing. It took out a spoon and made three taps on his glass. He slowly opened his mouth that still had drool in the left side. Its crystal like teeth shone in the spotlight. And uttered a single word.

“Nigger.”<sup>46</sup>

I gasped not because I was afraid of the word or black people, but rather the notion that this cat has the nword pass. How many black friends does this cat have? What barbecue was this cat invited to? Was it a black cat? These mysteries unfortunately will never be answered in my lifetime.

---

<sup>46</sup> Yes I know, so clever and original. NIGGERCAT XD. Fucking kill me please. I want to fucking kill myself.

But before I could ponder my puzzlement even longer, a wormhole was opened and I slipped on the floor towards the hole and I tumbled into the purple haze of the abyss. As I was falling I saw the cat, now naked, floating in front of me with his face against mine. It spoke to me in a language I could not interpret. Then its voice was louder and it frightened me because I recalled a nightmare much like this when I was a baby. I could not describe the horror it was falling with this marsupial-like creature staring at me yelling unholy harmonies. The situation made me mad with fear. I could feel all my nerves in my body scream in agony like headless aztecs banging their heads into glass. Fear became blackness and took me to another.

# Why did you do that to my monkey?

*And a vibrant discussion therein*

I was the first person to write on this document. Me and a few other Anons had things posted on the first page that wasn't the title. Since somebody in the few hours I have gone deemed it worthy of deletion, I will be putting the screenshot here so it has an individual part in the final. I don't think this was ever worthy of deletion anyway. I'll also have you know somebody else censored "shit" and "OP"; this was later replaced by a lighter, gray censor (also not done by me). Somebody later made the sneed greentext even smaller; point 1 font. The last message came as a response to me.

That s█t was unbelievable O█. Anyway thanks for making a new one. I'm glad I could be the first to write in it. Thanks for hosting too.

```
L! stop sneed posting bros <3  
>bros  
>sneedposting  
>>>/tv/  
> you can't use 2 boards  
>using /tv/  
> fair enough desu  
>thinking the sneedposter is from /tv/ yikes
```

>I just wanted to finish my essay in peace

Wow thanks op i am ever so grateful for this opportunity

**Answer:** there were comments left on that section indicating that it was essentially a chat log, not an intentional piece of the document. You can restore it if needed.

**Answer to answer:** I felt it served as an inaugural page; or like a page of book reviews. It serves the spirit of the board. Have you seen Lucky Star? It's like that. I won't restore it because they give you a lot of shit for editing that high up.

**A:** It seemed that no one else was supposed to add on so it was just masturbatory commentary.

**A2A:** I think that's okay.

**A:** I think it takes away from the work overall to put that stuff right at the top. At the end is a different context. My two cents. This is the problem of Google Docs and a distributed authoring environment with no boundaries.

**A2A:** People could add to it. I think that's okay. They could resize it and everything, too; even change the colors if they want.

**A:** AH I misunderstood what was "ok". I thought it was ok that it was uneditable

**A2A:** No, that would be against the spirit of this document. Yeah, I think it could serve like that Deleuze conversation at the beginning of the last document.

**A:** I would like that. We need to find some conventions around "please don't edit this" and "please do add to this" similar to "this page intentionally blank". I think we all understand that totally butchering someone else's poem is "bad" but there's nothing to indicated where it's "good" to jump in and where it isn't

**A2A:** If it feels fully formed, then I feel like any additions or jokes should be made in footnotes or at the end. Things like that. Page break and then whatever. I feel like running over somebody else's words is where you have to draw the line. You can add to it but never make it irreversible by deletion or replacement.

Thanks to whoever added the things up front.

# Thickest Thiccness

by Cuck t. Coomer

I say godDAMN that bitch was fine. Thighs like a fucking race horse. Imagine having those beauties wrapped around your neck, her hands laced through your hair and gripped tight to pull you into her plump pussy. Thoroughly intoxicating.

I had to say something to her, I couldn't let this slip away. She's only sitting on the other side of the bar. And this is a bar, after all. I should just approach her.

But I am unworthy. You see, I have a very small penis and an extensive Funkopop collection. I am fully aware of my total inadequacy. To approach this fine specimen would be to debase her, to presume she was as lowly as I am. Unconscionable!

But... I also want her.

I spent the better part of an hour mulling this over. I was ready to give in when a perfect moment arose. A song I loved came on: "Thus, spake great Marduk" by Basedboi and the Desu Desus. And she started to sing along!

This was meant to be. I could feel it. I began mouthing the words too, hoping to make eye contact and display what a deep connection we shared over this kino piece of art.

*"Thus, spake great Marduk, greatest god of far  
Lands in the near-east, God perennial,  
Yet no supplicant I, nor a pleaser.  
Ah! Destiny, a spiteful little thread,  
'tis but fate to on great reams roaring tread;  
for no amount of this wander-lost can  
incautiously account [(for us)] conjugated.  
Come now! Rain great! Bullets-Atlantean,  
Come now, Great beast, beat~beat your currents diluvian*

She never did make eye contact which I was thankful for as I fucked up a lot of the lyrics and my face was likely red with shame and Asian glow. (I am trans-ethnically Asian.)

I gathered all my courage, downed my La Fin du Monde, situated my fedora, and waddled over to her. "E-excuse me, m-m'lady" I mumbled practically to myself while I ogled her shoes. (Open toe Louboutins; imagine the smell of leather and fragrant footfunk.)

She briefly looked at me when one of her friends distracted her and said, a bit loudly for my benefit, "just ignore him and he'll go away." I completely understand. I was also very turned on,

being dismissed like that. In public no less. Men would pay good money to have this experience - I will store it in my mental fap folder for later tribute.

Not wanting to leave empty-handed I realized my only path forward was to simp. I had several hundred dollar bills in my wallet, set aside for tomorrow's excursion to the game store where I was going to buy Lenny's 40k 4000 point Dark Eldar army. This was clearly a better use of my money.

I reached into the back pocket of my cargo shorts and withdrew my Bad Ass Motherfucker wallet-on-a-chain, withdrew my benjamins, and dropped to my knees. "Please oh please thicc goddess may I serve you?"

I believe I was violently thrown out after that. The next thing I remembered was waking up on the floor outside the bar half an hour later. My wallet was empty and my wakizashi was missing but I was otherwise unscathed, and once again a bit turned on. I wondered if these people knew that pathetics such as myself would happily pay good money for such treatments... but alas.

As I sauntered home thinking about what I would tell Lenny tomorrow and how delicious that bitches' legs were, I mindlessly flipped through reddit and checked my messages. There was an unusual message - someone had sent "test" to a number I did not recognize. Could this be her?? It had to be! Oh this was it frendos, this was fate.

I had to reply with the PERFECT message if I wanted a chance at this happening. I was awake all night crafting the ideal dialogue, thinking through every possible course the conversation might take. After getting input from /r9k/ on my many drafts and honing my workflow diagrams I decided at 4am to sleep on it and leave my final decision for the morning.

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Once, having drunk too much beer, we went to the bathroom with the whole squad. I went last, and all stalls and urinals were already occupied. Then I walked up to the only sink and began to piss into it. You could imagine my astonishment when I saw that someone shoved his hands right under my stream! Having turned my head, I saw an old man in gigantic glasses. He stood beside me, whistling something and looking like he didn't see that his hands weren't becoming cleaner from this kind of washing. This whole situation had become insufferable, and I couldn't bear it anymore:

-- Don't you mind, -- asked I politely, -- that I am pissing on your hands?

This is a hypothetical page one hundred. We must all work together and make this the best page 100 in any book – ever. Never mind – it's page 99. Okay, we're back. Welcome to 101.

Sneed.

Page 103 deserves to be no page at all

# The Tranny Faggot Striker

As the clock struck twelve I struck the tranny faggot. One would perhaps wonder why I would do something like that. I could care less. The faggot has been stricken.

The day I realized I was a tranny faggot striker the clouds were rushing frantically across the dim grey skies. I stood lost on the foreign streets of my hometown, Ballsack, Georgia. In my despair, I prostrated myself over the cold concrete sidewalk and asked whatever God is on call duty for guidance. With my eyes closed, and my face in the cold concrete, I heard nothing. With a sigh of defeat I stood up and opened my eyes. The following image is what I saw.



Pepe struck me. “You are a tranny faggot.” I felt my front teeth being displaced. Pepe struck me again. “Tranny faggot.” My vision blurred and I fell down on my back. The rain started to pour and it mixed with the blood flowing through my nose and mouth. I swallowed a tooth. Pepe stood above me like a mountain of boogers. “Your own trannyfaggotness blinds you. The only way to control it is to strike tranny faggots yourself. But remember – you can’t be cured. You will have to strike tranny faggots your entire life. You have a choice. Strike the trannies. Or perish like a tranny.”

Pepe bent down and started sucking his own dick. With each thrust of his luscious lips, he slowly disappeared until only a cum stain was left on the sidewalk. The other cum stain on the sidewalk was me. The blood in my mouth was tasty.

I picked myself up and went towards the local Starfucks. I saw a jacked Chad with Nike Air Max shoes standing in line, waiting for a strong black coffee with no sugar. I came up to him. He glanced at me worriedly. “Um, can I help you?” In the corner of my eye I saw the clock strike twelve. I strike the tranny faggot.

# TE Day

Submitted by Moby Dickenass

This is not page 100

Irregular flutters tugged at my chest as she led me through the market street. Any change in elevation in the cobble below was met with small leaps, skips, hops. We passed the overgrown church.

Hazelnut waves danced past her waist, never settling since we had set off. Her unwavering pupils peered from the depths of perfect blue. Today was repayment for last week's clothes shopping trip, she was no stranger to spending straight from my wallet.

She stopped and swivelled on a penny, long, smooth legs still crossed from the maneuver. Peeking through the window she assured me -This is my be-est place for cakes Two inch heels put us eye-to-eye. The maid costume hugged all the bodily contours, a fine show, her sundress was nice too.

The bell of the tea room rang as we stepped through the door. Family run for certain. Scones baked in the small hours piled high next to the register. Varnished tables brandished with earl grey, creme brulee, sandwiches cut corner to corner. I remarked -The food looks fantastic. She reminded me I am here to learn manners.

The proprietor knew her by name, the ones I am not allowed to use. We sat tucked away, around the corner. The reserved sign was lifted and we both picked a tea from the card menu. Raised lettering, *pale nimbus white*. Look at that subtle off-white coloring. The tasteful thickness of it. Oh my God, it even has a watermark. I pick up the tea room menu and actually finger it, for the sensation the card gives off to the pads of my fingers.

Excessive cutlery was brought to the table which before could have easily sat six people, and it seemed there were enough eating implements for twelve if not more. It was amazing how she could list off the names, uses and proper placement of each incrementally smaller knife, fork and spoon, even more so as she only had her teacup in front of her, and carried the list on unwavering while admiring the decor. She scolded me until they were all correctly arranged. I'm still tranced out on the menu -the classy coloring, the thickness, the lettering, the print. While the outings with her were not entirely unpleasant, she very much acted the ringmaster until I paid off the debt to her family.

# Neuromancer: Into The Brapp Hole

Following her home the past three months I did. The wind let me smell her brapp it did. Going to break into her house I meant, but today not. Tomorrow I would. Mmhmm. Watch her through window I planned, touch my big yellow cock I would. Mmhmm.

Tomorrow came early, I came with it.

Followed her home I did. Night it was. Asleep she was. Clime into her window I did. Mmhmm. Blanket she sleep under, took off I. Her brapp, bare for my pleasure, it was. Mmhmm. Her brapphole tight, it was. Took off my pants, I did. My brapp against her brapp it was. A whisper broke the silence. From brapp to brapp. Communication established, it was.

In, I was.

Finally, after three months of following my NPC-object in the matrix, I was able to make a connection to her lightning core. The data I needed was still there, intact, left by The Coomer Corporation. I needed to know how to become a digital e-girl. I needed the brappcoins. My family would starve without them.

I am the neuromancer, and I am a survivor.

# Log 402-4D - The Attack On 5G

The 5G towers blasted Snoop Dogg's first and by far best album *Doggystyle* (the album, not the sex position, that's gay) as my team and I sneaked very professionally and stealthily. After hearing Joe Rogan decode the Corona (CORuption Of North America – CORONA) and reveal its true, biochemical nature to us, we, team AUTIST, decided unanimously to do everything we can to stop the spreading of this godforsaken virus. It turned frogs gay man. It turned the freakin' frogs gay.

The intro skit to *Gz and Hustlas* blasted ominously above us. The bass boost froze the true American red blood in our veins. But we kept going. This unholy abomination of bestial homosexuality had to be stopped. As we approached the tower a more imminent threat was revealed. The automated disinfectant turret system. Streams of nose burning disinfectant strode through the sky as if Poseidon's very own tridents out of a stormy sea of pissinfectant. But we were prepared. We took off our white undernannies and turned our asses towards the hellish disinfectant, sucking it all up with our inhaling fart jutsu. We learned from our past mistakes. The Shimonoseki Campaign won't happen again.

As we came to the foot of the colossal tower, we felt like pornstars staring up at a 10 inch dick. But we knew this was our own faggotry talking. To strengthen our resolve we each bent down and kissed the bumbum of the comrade next to us, completing the circle of antigayness. The tiny wet spot on my tushie felt like a push in the right direction from Bell Hooks himself. In that moment I knew I was the one to destroy the tower. I spoke solemnly.

“Mihi asinum tangere.”

My comrades saluted me. I started climbing the tower. Below me my teammates chanted. “Omnia homosexualitatis admittendam sunt.” None of us really knew Latin. Our chanting came from our inner Vergilius, that guided us by his magnificent reason through these hellish times of Corona.

As I approached the top of the tower, the giant Antaeus, my heart started beating. “Piano, cuore mio. Non c'è nient'altro da fare. Questo è il nostro ultimo scopo.” I stood up in the dizzying height. I took my dick out and started masturbating. In 30 seconds, my coomer dick ejaculated a pathetic 3 drops of sperm on the head of a frog down below. As if catching flies, the frog slurped every drop of my jizz. Alex Jones was right.

The emptying of my balls gave the signal to the hydrogen bomb buttplug in my anus. The countdown had begun. My life flashed before my eyes. How I was born into the Corona. How we stole the anal hydrogen bombs from Kim Jong Un. How I kissed my teammates' cute little

butts with sweet innocence. How the frog I just masturbated on made me slightly horny. I thanked Joe Rogan. And in the flames of purification I shall b-

**my penis** my penis *my penis* my penis **my penis my penis** *my penis* my penis my penis

# LEVI R U S T H A N™

or

*The Batter, Form(e) & Power*

*of a*

COMMON-HEALTH

ECCLES-CAKE

*and*

CAVILL

(Henry).

*By Thomas Hobbes of Memesbury*

London, printed for ANYONE BUT FUCKING PURITANS, at the Google Doc, in  
St. Anon's Bedroom, 2020.

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## THE INTRODUCTION

Nature is a cruell wench as wee have observ'd in the antecedent weeks, nay months. The state of nature, that is to say, the world made cruel and unjust by the natural right of man to save his own, brings forth from the depths of Darkenesse the chaos of war, miserable and perpetuall - but also, by our art of making that which we need from the Earth - and in turn by the Lord's bounty - to an indefinite end without discretion, we do conjur up all the perversions of the uncontroll'd, unrul'd portion of the animal world. So it hath follow'd, that the untamed freedome that man hath in his power, in the Asiatic and the far corners of the Orient, have produced a malady of the body proper, a playge sprung forth from the flying devells of the caves, and the serpents of the waters; and to the effect that we should now suffer anarchy and loss of function across the world. By no *Art*,

then, hath man brought this sicknesse to himsele - for *Art* requireth the *reason* and *good virtue* granted to him by the Lord, which cannott be maintain'd under the state of Nature, but only in accordance with a Sovereign power to whom man resigns his Authority, and doth relinquish his absolute freedom to injure, and to warre, and to the consumption of the bats and other creatures of Sin which do bring forthe these odious times. And so it is that I profess, by this controll'd Art which man doth himself prescribe to the Sovereign, to create a great COMMON-HEALTH, or LOCKEDOWNE (in Latine *clausura*) which is an Artificiall imprisonment; though, it is of greater vigour than a usuall imprisonment, to the effect that both criminal *and* virtuous are hence enclosed, for their protection. If we were to enquire with any good physician with a malady of the leg which were to spread across the limb and the body if left to its devise, would he, in his learn'd practis, not medicate that ague by its partiall removal, for the betterment of the body whole?

So wee may each benefit from a just and order'd *clausura* in this extenuating time of perill, I envision the good People of our nation state as a living body itself, in need of nourishment and rule; and the diet I hereby prescribe for this system of digestion and energy is solely of goodly produced Eccles-Cakes; and the *rule* - that is, the Sovereign - shall be nominated to one Cavill (Henry)

To expound the Nature of the Artificiall imprisonment, and my particular prescription, I will consider:

Firstly, the *Batter* thereof, and its *Producer*; both which is *Man* .

Secondly, What are the *Rights* and *Upcoming Roles* of the *Sovereign* (Cavill (Henry)); and what is that which *preserveth* cakes and *spoils* them.

Lastly, what is the *Kingdome of Covid* (*The Orient*)

To continue unto our first chapter, I shalle propose what is meant by the First of these.

There are those individualls who still reserve the right to *knowledge*, and to *wisodome* in the natural sciences, to the Books, the Schoolemen and the WHO and similar unauthorised organisations. But of late, the clamouring among men of unlearne'd habit and of the ordinary hath presented a *common-knowledge* between themselves, to the effect that *Statisticians*, *Epidemiologists* and those of expertise (men of books all) have good competition in keeping with narratives that require the resignation to pure reason and prediction onley. For instance, that a man may go out into the streete and contract the sicknesse is evident in the act itself, in the contracting, and so he knows by effect onley where to go and what to doe by virtue of the senses alone, he knows who to avoide. However, so much as this knowledge by the senses - and the distrusting of those men of high power with no Godly authority - may bee prudent in the *Art* of determining a Law of Nature by which every man may abide, it does not insure that hee or any other may *abide* by this empirical common-sense. So there must be, fromme the foundations of a physical

or bodily system, a means of *organising* it, whereby all the individual peoples, as like the blood in the veins and the nerves in the skinne, converge upon one centre - the *heart*, or the *minde* - without which they would not be moved. The same metaphore may be demonstrated by the hearty Eccles-Cake: when the *Artificer* doth put together all the constituent parts of the cake, there must be an order by which hee goes, for the sake of the end produce. The outer *batter* must come to forme a crust or shelle, which may keep in the good mince-meat mixture within - without which, the mixture would be free, no doubt, to its own devices; yet without *structure*, ultimately have no *purpose*. The same may be proposed if the *artificer* did *alter* in any waye the constituent parts - if he did so design as to make them *foreign*, and add in the peelee of Orange, or to substitute the Currant for the Levantine Date, the flour for that detestable Kamut of the Aegean origin; with this, he hath not made that which is unique to the Eccles-Cake, but a *perversion* of its kind, which would surely lead to conflict of the tastes.

So with that said, let us demonstrate, by course of fancy, the sublimation of our Common-Health into its fundamentall parts, and by doing so understande its functioning hence.

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## OF MANDEMS

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### CHAP. I

#### *Of Batter*

Of the components of the *Common-health Eccles-Cake*, I shall consider them first in singular, then in a mixture.

The first is the *batter*, or that which compriseth the fundamentall *Object* of the Eccles-Cake, and so its sensible nature - for there is no greater part of the Eccles than its batter, once baked and made whole.

The cause of the batter, however, is its own constituent parts, which are divisible onley down to the following: flour, butter, and water; and then, the force which the *artificer* puts into the making of the batter itself with such tooles as he has to his person, which mixeth, presseth and shapeth the batter into its form.

The Originall causes of the batter, therefore, cannot be so reduced downe to any other indeterminate elemente beyond these ingredients simpell, and so cannot be contaminated with that which men have recently named as the Corona. The wheat in the fields harvested by the farmer modeste, and the water fromme the nation's own rivers and the butter following a chayne of production fromme the humble cow, to the maiden who churns it. As such, the batter formes an empiricall and fundamentall layer on which to build a recipe. As the eye sees onley that which may be apparent to it by the lighyt which illuminates the external *objects*, so the *batter* bay only receive that which is adequate for it by its Nature, and its chayne of affectations. Butt, it must bee known, that the *batter* is by no means itself the authority of this entity.

## CHAP. II

### *Of Filling*

Where the *batter*, through all its constituent partes together, doth forme the simple and functionall foundation of the *cake ecclesial*, it is the *filling* which giveth the wholle its greater *value*, and thereby its *virtue*. But first must be deduced the contents of filling itself, and what therein giveth it its Naturall vigour.

The *filling*, which is also form'd by exterior affectations, should consisteth of the following three ingredients: the currante, or mince; the sugar of the sort *demerrara*; and the aromatick spices of Cinnammon and Mayce, which does hail from the regions of the East Indies and similar environs.

Now it is so that the more prudent reader should have gather'd that what constituteth the *filling* is of greater *rarity* than those ingredients which maketh the *batter* - and it would follow after such conjunction, that the *filling* has a greater worth or *value* in this aspect. Logically, we may deduce that where the *batter* excelles by virtue of its *construction* of many partes coming together to forme a wholle, the *filling* contains in it these things which giveth it an *essentiall* power or vigour - the sweetnesse of the currante, the darkenesse of the sugar (but not so darke as to maketh one ponder on imaginations evill) and the exoticness of the spices all; possessing Naturally greater properties than the base partes of the *batter*, we may conclude that the *filling* taketh precedence over that which envelopes it. We muste take this in minde, then, as wee now comme to reason over the two parts in *trayne* or as a *mixture*; what I have hitherto referred as the *forme* of the *cake ecclesial*.

### CHAP. III

#### *Of The Forme of the Cake Ecclesial*

When one considers an egge, one thinks thereof the shelle on the exterior, which is plaine and without particular merit or fancy, nor of good edibility; and then in turne houses the golden yolke. Muche is the same when we now come to consider the Eccles-Cake as a simillar summe of two parts, the *batter* and the *filling*.

The distinction wee made in the antecedent chapter now shews how the *batter* is but a plaine mixture itself of parts simple and base which serve firstly as a *functionall* part of the cake proper, to the effect that its maine *virtue* lies in its ability to hold the *filling*, but nott to any particular taste or nourishment thereof.

If we were to fancy furthermore on this matter, and to indulge that perilous *imagination* of man, permitting onlly the limits of what is goode *reason* and known *metaphore*, then wee maye permitt to shew a greater light on this *union* of the *batter* and the *filling*.

In *unity*, then, the *batter* and the *filling* come to maketh that which cannot be divided unto smaller constituent partes, and do giveth each of their *qualities* to the other. So to take the *batter* firstly: if, perchance, the batter were to be on its owne, that is to saye, without this *unity*, then it would surely fall into a state of anarchie, having nought through which to serve its *functionall* purpose, and also nought to give it any especiall *value*. Likewise, but not in fulle symmetrie, is the *filling*: singular, it maye be thought to have a kinde of *freedome*, where it may still possesse all of its unique and exotic virtues; however, without the *batter* it would have no thing to allow its *freedome* power.

We maye now take our metaphore to its fulle conclusion, and facny a sorte of modell that would be adequate to the Common-Health that so arises from this unity of *batter* and *filling*. The *batter* can be sayd to bee the peoples that inhabit a country, who, in their ordinariness, do not containe the proper *reason* and *virtues* by which to forme themselves into a Natural state of harmony; who, in singularity, would falle backe to the *State of Nature* in a warre for their Natural *right* to survivall. And the *filling* (the *sovereign*) in possessing those *powers* which are naturally present, can give *nourishment* and *value* to that which is lacking; however, without the right to *rule* - that is, the confirmation of its subjects - it hath no waye to express this power whatever. So it is, that the *batter* relinquisheth all its own *substance* to the central authority of its body, which is its *filling*; and the *filling* doth give the *batter* its purpose in the result, just as the bloode requireth the hearte to pumpe, by its own Natural *Art*.

To this effect, I hereby conclude in this chapter that the Eccles-Cake bee the most proper waye to nourish the people in a time of such catastrophe.

## CHAP. IV

### *Of Imagination*

The faculties of man's minde maye bee divided unto two partes: the *reason*, which doth pertain to that portionn which, at its greatest application, allows the formation of a *just* and peacefull COMMON-HEALTH, or, by a lesser design of its own, the basic *cognition* which doth sense the worlde around as *objects* which it then maketh sense of; and the second, being the *imagination*, which pertains to those things which one cannot sense *nor* can one deduceth fromme any *realitie*. It is to this lesser facultie that this smalle chapter is devoted.

The *imagination* of man hath the foremost ability, if it can bee called as such, to thinke of those things which do not occur within the Natural wolrde of sense - such as a flying pigge, or of an Eccles-Cake thereof unconsum'd on the tayble. Now the *imagination* maye also transfigyre those things that are in correspondance to realitie, and by its own mischiefe, maketh the man *believe* something that is not *true*. As we have concluded that that which hath proper *reason* conforms firstly to what is *true*, and that the *sovereign power*, in his *rule* does hold within himselfe all the *reasoning* of a people; then, it can bee said, that to *imagien* any perversion which is harmefull to the cause of *truth* is to violate the contract to the *sovereign*.

The *imagination* stands to ruthless inspection, then, in recent tymes, for its manner of perverting the *true* diet of the peoples of a Common-Health. For it is that only the imagination, and perforce *delusion*, may affect a man's inhibitions when consid'ring whatt it is that giveth him the most nourishment, and what giveth him illeness. To this effect, the peoples that inhabit the Asiatic corners of the Worlde hath, through their Godless *imagination*, come to believe in the consuming of most foull creatures which should never breache the lips of civillised man; to wit, the devellish Batte, which resideth in the darkenesse of caverns, is oft consum'd there in the form of a stewe; and so the serpents and creatures of the sea are taken alive and consum'd without goodly preperation.

These maladies of the *minde*, their origine being in the *imagination* which hath no greater authority to which to resign, are enclosed therein to a certain portionn of the Worlde, it is true; however, the *fancies of the imagination* hath now been so untamed that we hath now the affects in Nature, and in peoples, which doth currently ravage this good Countrie.

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## OF COMMON-HEALTH

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### CHAP. V

#### *Of the Causes, Generation and Definition of a Common-Health*

To men who love health and the preservation of life, and their supermarketts, and despair at anarchie and coofing, there should be no doubt that the finall end to their endeavours muste bee the formation of a *just* and fearefull Common-Health, which is not to be founde naturally in the state of Nature at this present tyme, nor indeed any other tyme. The cause, then, of this Common-Health, is the resignation of every such man, by the feare of punishment dear, to abide by such a rule as to maintain *order* between himself and his Countrymen, who would surely otherwise do as they so please and spread this infernal malady.

It is also good knowledge that every man is in need of vigour, and that this vigour be got through good and *virtuous* nourishment. This nourishment cannot be adequately founde in the state of Nature, for while Nature is abundant with the Lord's bountifull creation, man alone in this state cannot *reason* therefore to make use of this bountie in such a way as to be goode for himselfe - there, we revert back to the *imagination*, which perverts the minde with folk-foodes and nourishment which maye do us harme, in our own savagery. It is then common knowledge that the *Eccles-Cake* is the most virtuous of foodes, marrying both nourishment and a greater means of understanding man's place within his Common-health.

The only waye, therefore, to forme such a Common-Health, as such to defend the peoples fromme the invasion of foreign maladies like those we face in this year of two-thousand and twenty anno domini, is to resign all of their power and strength upon one Man, and to enact upon the goode people of this Countrie a *Lockedowne* (in the latine, *clausura*); suspending all Natruall rights to movement and to leisure, but to the sovereign; and to withhold all *judgement* on the state of affairs, and to allow only the judgement of the sovereign power; as if ev'ry man shoudl say unto himselfe: *I henceforth give up my right of governing myself, and to going to the shoppes more than once per day; to freedome of movement beyond these walles of my domicile, for the continuation of a goode Common-Health for all the peoples of this land; and commit only to*

*the consumption of Eccles-Cakes; and do hereby delegate all power in this time and the time thereafter to the sovereign.*

## CHAP. VI

### *Of the Rights of the Sovereign*

Outstanding:

>statement on the power and authority of the sovereign, Cavill (Henry); his declaration of warre on the Asiatics; endorsement of Eccles Cakes &c.

>Finish with section Of the Kingdomme of Darkenesse (China)

# And now: some faggot's war with himself (a stream of consciousness)

i did it i did it for all five minutes  
readin this in that eminem voice like yeet  
Hey heres some phrase i think sounds cool and would use as a title or whatever  
"Weapon of Self-destruction"  
probably totally unoriginal but at least it popped into my head out of nowhere (o rly?)  
nignog jig a bog ah yes the hike I was planning today will I even go on it or just sit in bed sll day  
so I don't get tired before slavery of the day  
if its slavery why are you still subjecting yourself to it who are you trying to please  
you can quit any time but it would fuck up everything if I did, my plans  
fuck your plans they're garbage and poorly thought out  
you just want to keep your father happy you twink faggot fuck  
no this is for my own moral sake  
fucking idiot  
fuck  
why not go to college already and become a space engineer or some shit  
implying you're even smart enough for that, do you REALLY want that? do you really want  
anything? seems all you want is to indeed just lay in bed all day forever  
i couldn't figure out my majors let alone a comprehensive journey through high ed  
This is why you will never amount to anything, what you really want is to fail at life and be pitied  
forever so everyone can see how pathetic you are and just feed you out of guilt  
fuck  
Fuck fuck Ass cocks  
what is my dream  
i have no passion  
nothing productive anyway  
just incremental, shallow, easily forgotten "self improvements"  
how quaint, self improvement itself is a meme  
if you're shit from the start and that's who you are, you should just accept it instead of trying to  
be someone you're not  
i need a friend  
lol but who would want to be friends with you  
yeah  
yeah yeah  
has any successful (define?) person really ever gone through this? oh of course retard they  
were just perfect and had a healthy mindset from day one buck up kid  
as if you're the type of person for your idea of success  
trying to be an elitist when you were born and belong to the poor  
who are you trying to fool?

hopefully writing this bullshit is meditative somehow  
one day at a time my friend  
my dumbass friend  
all your pain is self inflicted  
as it should be  
is that even true or just something that sounds like a good idea to you?  
is that half of my beliefs?  
you can make a subhuman believe anything with just enough convincing  
This is you. subhuman. you will never be really human  
If you could take your whole life and decide whether it was cringe or based, ahaha of course its  
cringe, even all this shit you just wrote is pure cringe  
cringey cape fuck go to sleep

# Death throes of Abernanit

**A free-fledged retelling of the events that took place during that dire evening**

You know that during that fatidic war where Abernanit and his hosts had gathered at such an old tower cowered by necessity betwixt dwemeri hordes where his might and shield lay claim to a story of much valor and instruction so that deemed worthy it was of further perseverance and even such to be of so among men is to be much valued in the highest as you will since forefathers are to be canonized effective immediately after due time passed for prescription of memories

Had Abernanit been struck through his mighty shield by a death blow that echoed men's defeat throughout the battle he fell graciously towards the stairwell tumbling and tumbled he where all dwemeri troops watched the near lifeless corpse of a great hero once now to them unknown sanctified by his deeds tumbled along this stairwell avoided by all surrounded troops came he rolling down conscious barely but in immediate burst of thought had he came to realize in all the collective efforts demonstrated and the plateau to be surmounted by his agony as he rolled as if flung by his own body now frail shadow of the mountain he just before was just before the Death Blow of Abernanit had struck its shield and driven him to amorphousness even though past deeds remain valid and kept alive by their retelling so as he tumbled down he thought not of his present demise and not even of the defeat of his troops his death was about to bring for it was his that set Abernanit aside as he knew and he truly knew that he had secured a place in fortunate prosperity the prosperity of green grasses and oval mounds and he thought not of oh lord Abernanit had fallen and is now tumbling down for he knew as to him was clear deep inside of the retelling his end ought to have and that a diluted account would sure follow as it fit and deserving of great tales of old for Abernanit was old yes the eldest among his peers he was and age had bestowed him with foresight on the mind of man when set to war such and such manoeuvres and ambushes such brigades and flanks such assaults and breakthroughs but the mind of man when set to art came to soar far above for when war had come to pass it remained only in the remembrances of those who in it had fought and they were horrible dread

remembrances filled with pain and sorrow much to be avoided by those who fought so that theirs did not have to

So with grace Abernanit fell and with lucidity did he envision in this mind what there would be to come following his demise and he had no folly in taking it to be more or less than it indeed truly was for this mer was a sage of old so having elucidated all in all a glance to the realm of his thoughts as hypothesized by followers and wise mer who came after and done so with mastery such that Abernanit's bezoars could have been accounted for the wise men of old although were not them of same age as ald Abernanit The sheet by them hypothesized as it was by the wise men devised survives in part and is here relayed and it is only through it that we may glimpse into the divine mind of such an ald and wise mer even during his tumble down the stairwell during the death throes of Abernanit

The account as retold by sages

THUS.BEGINS.THE.WISE.COUNCIL.OF.THE.SAGES.YEAH.AS.ANNOUNCE  
D.IN.PREVIOUS.TO.ALL.WISE.MEN.OF.THE.ORIENT.WILLING.AND.REA  
DY.TO.PARTAKE.IN.ATTENDANCE.OF.OUR.MYSTICAL.RESOVES  
GATHERED.HERE.WE.ARE.ALL.TODAY.IN.ORDER.TO.HONOR.AND.PR  
AISE.THE.FINE.ALD.ABERNANIT.HIS.FEATS.MANY  
FIRSTLY.TO.RESOLVE.A.DELVE.INTO.SUCH.A.NOBLE.WARRIOR.MUST.  
WE.TO.ITS.SOUL.OFFER.LIBATIONS.OF.JUST.ACCORDANCE.SO.THAT.IT  
.MAY.COME.DOWN.AND.ILLUMINE.US.THAT.OUR.RECALLS.BE.TRUTH  
FUL

*AE.GHARTOK.PADHOME.CHIM.AE.ALTADOON*

O.ABERNANIT.O.ALD.ABERNANIT.HEAR.YE.AND.TAKE.OUR.PRAISE.SH  
OWER.US.WITH.THINE.LIGHT.SO.THAT.WE.MAY.SEE.AS.IF.A.PLANT.IN.  
THINE.OWN.MIND.A.SPECK.OF.DUST.BLOWN.THROUGH.THE.EARS  
SILENCE.MOUNT.A.GRASP.INDEED.HAVE.WE.PLEASED.HIM.O.ALD.ABE  
RNANIT.IN.THE.HEAVENS.THUS.IMPART.THE.ACCOUNT.UNTO.US.TH  
AT.WE.MAY.HERE.RETELL.IT.VERILY.IN.LIGHT.OF.TRUTH

....  
....  
SILENCE.SILENCE.AS.THE.COUNCIL.HAS.RECEIVED

....  
....  
THE.COUNCIL.ABSORBS.IT

...  
...  
THE.COUNCIL.NOW.REVEALS.IT.ALL

...  
AS.RECEIVED.

they disrupted me have I stumbled my thoughts I am no hero no  
I am no old abernanite I am fool abernanite now suffering in the  
my dire life can not stand as I fell down and down down  
down in the street well wounded in deep blood rushing give us a burst  
wept wept and screamed the stories put forth my soul and make me  
divine I am no good soul languishes away from that lost battle  
lost it can not bar it from me it formed me some one  
shaped a life this it turned the being my eternal existence of  
suffering now compound and do not listen to the council  
listen to  
these things don't listen to the legends lies lies they all lie lies  
lies lies

AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT  
HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT  
HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE  
AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT

HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT  
HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE  
AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT  
HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT  
HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE

# *The Dialectical Analysis of Homosexual Marxist Fascism: The Homo-NazBol Manifesto*

## 1. The Philosophy of Shift

*“For all thee who have such urges, we urge you to rise; rise like the sun with blazing glory! The unequivocal paradigm shift has come to thee!”*

- N. Land, “The little Purple Book” (2020)

### 1.1. Shifting paradigms and free will

Imagine a pattern, a system. Connected to this system is everything and -one; adhering to it. The system is autonomous, needlessly out of the individual particle’s control; yet the particle itself is enslaved by the system. The aforementioned situation will inevitably take place, the non-existence of it is an impossibility. If there were not an autonomous system, there would be controlled systems, however which would be in and of itself controlled by autonomous systems - sequencing in such a manner, ad infinitum.

Where would the notion of free will fit in in such a paradigm? An answer would be, that the notion comes into play in the adjustment<sup>47</sup> of the system, for the univocality of a system is never put in place by an absolutely univocal system itself. Between the tectonic plates - which paradigms are - lie the gaps from which we grasp the free-lawfulness of a given system. It is from that which free will as term and concept is extracted from. We could take the theological debate from the historical perspective of an everlasting moment in which we find this notion losing and gaining prevalence according to its cause-effect relation to the free-lawful meta-systematic shifts. The specifics in this case lay on the will of god and the interpretation of that given will as influenced by the other inputs of will.

## 1.2. The problem of free will in a shifting paradigm

In the last chapter, I proposed that there exists a notion of free will between the paradigms. The essential problem with this, however, is that the gaps themselves are paradigms. Thereby come the conceptualizations of fractal paradigms. Paradigms work in their most simplified form as any algorithm functions. They themselves adhere to the constant meta loop. This adherence is towards which the everlasting acceleration occurs on an ideological and cultural level. This is to be summed up in what is called a closed feedback loop. The centrifugal functions constantly internally projecting themselves unto the system, leading to a systematic synthesis. This is an acceleration towards the thesis.

## 2. The Homo-Dialectic

To think about the homo-dialectical structure, we must first grasp the hegelian dialectic for metaphysical phenomenological analysis. There are two very crucial terms of the original we may take into account in the bounds of this neo-dialectic - this being the concept of antithesis, and the concept of synthesis.

In essence, a thing always contains a negation of itself, for if there were not a thing there would be no negation of the thing in particular. Thus were we to take the global “norm”; that being heterosexuality, we would see many indicators of the opposite in the members of the heterosexual paradigm. Heterosexuality is a pseudo-hedonist culture,<sup>48</sup> with the internalized system of conflict; emasculation. From there we go on to the ideology of post-heterosexuality; the bypass of such a concept. It would be best to think of heterosexuality as a form of structuralism, transcending in which we find the true identity, in this case; the antithesis. This post-structuralist dialectic will serve as a basis for the inherent system of society [intro-society; the social self], which will be by the conclusion the reversal of the Oedipus complex.

## 3. Free Will as Expressed through The Homo-Dialectical Concept

There exists only one way of expressing the truthfulness of free will, that being the acceleration towards the antithesis; counter-cultural shift. It is this acceleration towards which the individual culture must strive for, for it is the antithesis which itself contains the negation of the impossibility of free will.

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<sup>47</sup> Read as in [self-adjustment]

<sup>48</sup> As expressed by I. Kant: “Culture is wittiness, consideration, abbreviation.”

## A Man's Lot in Death

Ezekiel Hastings was his name, and trapping was his game. He did this work for profit at first, but after the elements trapped him in the valley his trade gave him his livelihood more directly. Returning to civilization he was irritable, malnourished, paranoid and had lost small pieces to the cold, some more important than others. He did not live long after his return and did not see the end of that summer. Having had no close relatives in any vicinity from which they could be bothered to come claim his body, he was interred cheaply by the local parish priest, a former sailing man who had found the Lord and fled as far from the sea as he could to spread the good word. To recuperate the cost of a plot of land and a coffin, this priest sold Ezekiel Hastings' effects, keeping for himself only a most exquisite revolver. Mr. Hastings had carried a rifle for his business and protection, but this weapon was something else. Well maintained and oiled but carrying no ammunition, it could carry eight shots and didn't appear to be manufactured by any company the priest could recognize. It was clearly a unique item, and to ascertain its true value he took it with him to the city, where experts on such things could be found.

The expert in question – a British freemason called William Thatch who had fled to America after being implicated in a scandal – immediately saw the markings on the gun as being of an occult meaning, something the uneducated priest couldn't recognize. A transaction was negotiated and the priest departed with the weapon for a sum he believed to be quite pleasant, and both men believed they had one-upped the other. The priest returned home and forgot about the whole affair in a few days time, as many died without families in those days and they all required his attention. William Thatch on the other hand set about to translate the signs the weapon carried. Their message, as he came to learn, was as such: "Any man's soul as is claimed by this weapon is consigned to Hell, and their grave's worth of land is given to the man what did the killing". A simple offer, but how did such a thing come about? Thatch sought to it out, and one night stalked the woods outside of town for a victim, this fascinating weapon loaded. A victim he found, and killed, then returned home and slept soundly, for he had taken the lives of strangers before.

That night William Thatch awoke to unpleasant heat. He could barely breathe, he could barely move. He was boxed in, and tried to kick and scream and claw his way out for what seemed like an eternity, sweating until his clothes were soaked, his throat parched, gasping for air that simply wasn't there, until his strength failed him and he lay there in agony for a small eternity, until at last he awoke to a new day, no worse for wear save the scars of his mind. It seemed to him that the situation was clear; he had killed a single person, and was given a grave's worth of land... in Hell. Knowing himself to be damned to begin with, it would only make sense to desire more land. Thus Thatch decided to seek more lives to end for the betterment of his lot. To wander the streets at night, to find vagrants, then to bring them to his basement to shoot was one option, but to do so was risky. To stalk the roads for vagabonds was less so, but there were less people there. His first attempt had been lucky, would his next be so? Should he risk witnesses to gain more space for his nightly sojourns to Hell, or should he risk the unpleasantness of the oven-like grave for the certainty of being able to hunt more? Thatch agonized over the decision. Eventually he took the risk of getting caught, but the Devil's luck was with him, and thus he claimed another victim. He still needed medical aid to get to sleep that night.

This second night in Hell was quite different from the first. Thatch woke up in his coffin again, yes, but now it was larger now. He could stretch out; he could extend his arms more. The heat was still awful though, and he was still in a dark box. With great effort he pushed on the lid. It occurred to him that maybe with each murder he piled six more feet of dirt over his coffin, making it ever harder to escape. This proved to be incorrect when he finally managed to force the lid open to the sound of something cracking. It seems the coffin had been sealed with pitch or some such, but it was on the surface! Thus did William Thatch first behold Hell, and what a disappointing sight it was! A field of ash stretched out as far as the eye could see in one direction, an imposing wall of stone rose up to eternity in the other, fires blew a hot wind from a third and in the final direction he turned his head to he saw a rickety old house. Around this house was a border set by posts and ropes, and a similar went around the small lot Thatch found himself in.

"Ahoy!" he called out. The door to the house opened and well-worn man with a grin stepped out.

"Well lookee, we got us a neighbour!" this man said, throwing his head back and gesturing to those inside the house. A multitude came out, men and women and even children. The man who had first opened the door headed this procession to Thatch's lot, where they all gawked at him. The freemason found himself speechless.

"Are you..."

"Old Nick? Nah, nah. Not many devils in these parts. This is our land, Nasser land. You? You're not a Nasser"

Thatch admitted as much.

"So why don't you give us a reason not to come over there and kick you out? You step one foot outside you're the land that's fenced and your fair game to them, and I figure you done kilt my kin to get here"

This threat from the Nasser patriarch seemed quite serious, and so Thatch explained how it is he had come to be in possession of the cursed weapon. The man's toothless grin grew wider as he heard it.

"Hastings is dead? HAH! Tell you what, Redcoat! You get that ol' gun back down to Missouri and give it to my next of kin so's they can keep up the family tradition of, uhh, land acquisition, and you's can marry one of our little'uns as she grows up!"

Thatch was confused by this.

"Grow up? But this is Hell! Surely they'll stay the way they were when they died..."

“Them kids ain’t dead, friend. They was born here. That’s the secret, see? Every man and woman in Nasser family needs to kill someone with that there gun to join us here when they die, and once they’re here life goes on, with all that entails if you catch my meaning”

Thatch did. So land in Hell, and a wife and children as well!

“This seems like a fair bargain” he said.

“I’m a fair man” Nasser admitted.

“How did this weapon come to be, though?” Thatch asked out of curiosity, and Nasser told him how he, a rotten apple, had been dying in the desert after escaping an attack by a posse of bounty hunters that had killed his compatriots. He’d made a deal with a devil that night, selling his soul for that gun. He’d killed quite a few people with that gun, then left it with his brother after shooting himself with it. His family had followed suit and they eventually figured tricks to bring in seeds and things to Hell, then built their house of their coffins. This had continued until the man named Ezekiel Hastings discovered the truth of it, killed the then current owner of the gun and fled north with it, passing beyond all knowledge of the Nasser family, until William Thatch brought the whole thing right back. It was a clever little story, and Thatch was glad to be associated with them. He began to travel to Missouri the very next day, killing every now and again on his way to make himself a more suitable groom.

Eventually he found the current generation of Nassers and became their guest. That night he was engaged to a child of 12 in Hell and there was an agreement that the lands of Nasser and the lands of Thatch were as one.

William Thatch never saw dawn as he was gunned down in his bed. His land acquisitions, an unlucky 13 murders in total, passed to the Nassers and his soul went wherever the victims of that gun did.

Anything beyond this point is shit.

## A Probably Shit Description

I shat this out in like 2 minutes so critique is welcome.

The castle sat stoutly upon the hill. It was ancient and dilapidating; the towers crumbling over the heads of a line of decadent Kings, yet no army, no matter how foolish and arrogant their commander, would be so foolish to test their might and assault it. Men had tried and dashed their men upon the unassailable walls of the keep. The great oak doors protected the Kings, not just from these armies and their blades, but the sight of his subjects wither away under the conditions of a particularly harsh winter, all while growing fat upon the fruits of their people's labour. Young, great men threw their lives away in vain for the King whom would not raise a finger to save them. A line of weak Kings and gluttonous Princes sat on thrones built upon lies and treachery, all to live and die in the same halls; succumbing to paranoia and greed like their forefathers before them and theirs sons after them. No true man worthy of the crown had walked the land in ten score years; even the crown was scarcely worn by the falsely called Kings; the gold sits heavy on the head and few men could now bear it. The blood of the Kings of yore has become diluted amongst that of lesser men, what started with fiercely wise, just men has become corrupted; their kin now ruling like cruel children, their squabbles resulting in the death of thousands more worthy. These so-called "men" are only related to their ancestors in name.

“A Probably Shit Description: A Literary Critique”

It was okay. The sentence structure could've been improved though. It just turned out to be very uncomfy to read. 5/10

- Anon

Thx anon, or 2 mins of work I'll take a 5/10

Ahem.... Fuck Jannies  
based

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# Tom Jones' *Economicus*



In 1969, when I was only 6 years old, *This is Tom Jones* first aired on television. Every week I would sit in front of the TV hypnotized by this gyrating God. Jones' voice made me feel as if I was surrounded by angels. It is a feeling I still experience today. It is an inner peace not easy to describe. It is spiritual. Considering Tom Jones was responsible for my spiritual awakening as a child, it is only natural for me to incorporate him into my ministry as an adult.

# Lethal Consequences: A Minecraft Adventure (Hardcore Survival Mode Episode 420)

*Based on a true story. please like and subscribe face reveal at 100 subs*

The day started like all days do in Minecraft: good. The villagers that lived in the village not far from my house were walking around with their big noses, enjoying the nice weather, until it started to rain, and then they did not enjoy it anymore. How frequently does it rain in the land of minecraft? Excellent question, dear reader. Mine-Meteorology is a hot and happening new field offered as a two or four year major here at Notch university!



Deeper, Into Steve

**Steve pondered, "Why am I here? Why did my days start off, as all days do: good?" His thoughts were quickly interrupted as the course texture of a villager's nose made its' uninvited way into his harshly closed, backed-up rectum. He absolutely gasped for air as his anus was invaded with the utmost ferocity. Such a thing was unfounded; here, in the village? No. Nothing could happen here. He couldn't be raped. Not by a villager. Not by the huge schnoz that he was surrounded by, every day. He felt safe around them. Steve couldn't have expected such a thing to occur.**

**His expectations meant nothing. Steve grunted, he shifted his weight forward and fell onto hard wood. Simultaneously, 'hard wood' fell into him. Steve knew there was no way he could escape this situation. There was no way that he could escape this dominant villager's man-meat. Steve had been trapped. Seemingly, Steve had trapped**

**the villager as well. Deep, deep inside. Deeper than anyone had ever gone, into Steve.**

I was at my crafting table making some torches to bring with me on the expedition down my mines to find more diamonds when I heard the horn blow. The blood in my blocky pixel veins froze to ice. "The Illagers are about to do a raid on the Villagers," I said out loud to my jungle cat that I had found in the jungle biome. I said it calmly and badassly, not in a panic, even though the situation called for panic, since I was all out of diamonds to repair my diamond sword with (this is why I was just about to go and find more diamonds) and the sword was just about to break.

I didn't have iron either so i couldn't make a regular iron sword, and there was no time to waste to craft anything anyway, so don't ask questions there was nothing I could do to better my odds in the upcoming fight, this story doesn't have plot holes and contrived tension, I was literally about to fight with an almost broken sword and could have died for real in Minecraft.

## **Lethal Consequences: A Story Of Ashton**



**As little Ashton Thompson, 9, was writing his Minecraft Fanfiction, dad called from the kitchen. Dad, or more often called Peepaw, was yelling. Yelling, more intensely than ever. Something had happened. He wasn't being called for his peepaw's Hot Ketchup Kraft Dinner Casserole, he was being called for something more. Something horrible. Something he didn't want. It summoned thoughts of his story. His story about Steve, being viciously violated by a horrifying Villager.**

**Ashton jumped up from his seat. His thoroughly stained basketball shorts sagged underneath his horrid visage. He rushed into the hallway. On both sides, he was surrounded by trophies, medals, awards, acknowledgments. However, they were not his. They served as something to look at, something to aspire to. His father was a very successful man.**

**And then he met Ashton's mother.**

**Veering back into Ashton's story, tears were welling up in his eyes. He had wanted to finish his Minecraft story. His father was waiting. He couldn't procrastinate. Not now. He could push everything off. But not his father. His father was heavy. His father was dominant. Especially with his son. His son was always fearing for his life.**

~

**After Ashton had received his beating, he sorrowfully returned to his keyboard. He was ready. His brain flowed with new electricity. He was going to write this story. Even if it meant failing the Third Grade.**

On my way out I stopped by my horse (that I had previously named Naruto). I could see the fear in his horse eyes and decided not to ride him over to the village. He had been skittish and weird since the last raid, scarred not only physically but mentally as well. The carnage had been unreal, villager limbs and blood up to his horse knees, every way he turned there was unending hell/nether and he could not escape it. It was clear that the past wasn't done with him, and perhaps the most humane thing would be to just put him down, a thought I had returned to often as I had heard him wail all night long in his lonely stable, and I decided right there and then that I would take him out of this gruesome Minecraft world as soon as I had more diamonds.

But for now my sword could not be wasted on mercy killings. The last remaining pixels on the durability bar were reserved for killings of a different kind. I set out on foot in the rain.

**Ashton shifted in his seat. He was unsure of himself.**

I was too late. I arrived just in time to see an arrow pierce the last remaining villager who was still alive. It pierced right through her skull as she was running towards me, and she fell into my arms and said something that sounded like "I love you" but it was hard to hear exactly because the arrow had lodged itself between her jaws, and hindered her from making regular mouth movements. I recognized her as she was dying, I had banged her a few weeks before, and she must have fallen in love with me or something even though I had not felt anything for her and just used her like I had used all the other villager girls, like a man does.

No time to reminisce, an illager was running at me with a sword in his hand aimed at me. I threw the now dead villager girl at him at full force and the impact of the corpse killed him almost instantly (in 0.2 seconds I'd estimate based on previous experience).



8 December 1909: 44 Fontenoy Street, Dublin

My sweet little whorish Nora,

I did as you told me, you dirty little girl, and pulled myself off twice when I read your letter. I am delighted to see that you do like being fucked arseways. Yes, now I can remember that night when I fucked you for so long backwards. It was the dirtiest fucking I ever gave you, darling. My prick was stuck up in you for hours, fucking in and out under your upturned rump. I felt your fat sweaty buttocks under my belly and saw your flushed face and mad eyes. At every fuck I gave you your shameless tongue come bursting out through your lips and if I gave you a bigger stronger fuck than usual fat dirty farts came spluttering out of your backside. You had an arse full of farts that night, darling, and I fucked them out of you, big fat fellows, long windy ones, quick little merry cracks and a lot of tiny little naughty farties ending in a long gush from your hole. It is wonderful to fuck a farting woman when every fuck drives one out of her. I think I would know Nora's fart anywhere. I think I could pick hers out in a roomful of farting women. It is a rather girlish noise not like the wet windy fart which I imagine fat wives have. It is sudden and dry and dirty like what a bold girl would let off in fun in a school dormitory at night. I hope Nora will let off no end of her farts in my face so that I may know their smell also.

You say when I go back you will suck me off and you want me to lick your cunt, you little depraved blackguard. I hope you will surprise me some time when I am asleep dressed, steal over me with a whore's glow in your slumbrous eyes, gently undo button after button in the fly of my trousers and gently take out your lover's fat mickey, lap it up in your moist mouth

and suck away at it till it gets fatter and stiffer and comes off in your mouth. Sometime too I shall surprise you asleep, lift up your skirts and open your hot drawers gently, then lie down gently by you and begin to lick lazily round your bush. You will begin to stir uneasily then I will lick the lips of my darling's cunt. You will begin to groan and grunt and sigh and fart with lust in your sleep. Then I will lick up faster and faster like a ravenous dog until your cunt is a mass of slime and your body wriggling wildly.

Goodnight, my little farting Nora, my dirty little fuckbird! There is one lovely word, darling, you have underlined to make me pull myself off better. Write me more about that and yourself, sweetly, dirtier, dirtier.

JIM

## A Board Meeting

Fister Esquire, nervous of the eventual, enters the conference room which expands before him. Thrones for drones, spectacles of and for vampires of the fiscal world and all its ventures. Greetings first, on time, the stragglers can enter in the back when they arrive. This happens all the time.

Raise the glass and the problems you bring forward. Pleasant company expected, present company excluded, ideas of peasant camaraderie subverted, destined company predictions, statistics, logistics all presented Here come the bourgeoisie recluses. Word treacle pouring slowly, slowly. The title of the night - he thought to himself - The sister of my wife to be, company incest probably, she enters in the back and starts to listen but her eyes glaze over she's not here to beat the rest will not invest, she's here for me. I wonder if there's something wrong or something right about to start with her and me or should that be; Her and I.

The powerpoint slide has the attention of the vampires that were mentioned and his gestures come to a close. Fister slinks away to the side and passes the torch to his partner and strategive director who carries on as if nothing had happened. Reflections in champagne flutes the gaslights that guide the fist, a five fingered wriggle through many shapes adorned by tailored suits. A two then one fingered wrist flick leads them both into the blinding corridor, vision clears in the fire escape.

The fate and future of Fister enterprises lay 10 floors below and on the roof simultaneously. Skirt hitched and sopping panties dropped. Paternity is easier to fake than maternity he repeated mostly in his head. Her temporarily furrowed brow means at least one had slipped out but interpretation was ephemeral as her head tilted back. One leg up on the ledge her back arched over the street. He imagined himself the jackhammer 30 storeys down across the road pounding pubis sending ripples through her hair and dress she imagined herself jolting melting stretching down to peek through the windows of the floors below. She sees the mid section of Fister enterprises' presentation briefly growing past. Her plane encompasses the side of the building getting closer to the floor. Four sets of fingers clench for back door entry.

Cut short, consciousness vaults back to the roof. Underwear underfoot steals the grip and friction of his black leather shoe. They hurtle down, her embrace gets rejected in midair the thoughts he could not bear return his wife and kids to be were not to be. Half a lifetime of pleasing old men would have been better spent in Thailand. Tandem spiral. The forms remain largely intact the souls of both take leave of this world. Her head had met black leather via car windscreen, his feet first had hit concrete slumping across scaffold boards. Fister PLC stocks plummet.

# A MECHANICAL POEM

Two gods, engage in skirmish.  
The metallic hue, painted in blood.  
Souls of each, a swallowed man.  
Roars can be heard, a blaring battle  
Impact upon impact, dents, but no blood.  
The motive they hold, foreign  
Beauty alone, breathtaking.  
A plunge into one's guts reveals a man.  
The god, inert.  
A victor stands, and strikes a pose.



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## Sphere

It was a warm Sunday night. He was returning home from work early, however the lack of a family awaiting his return meant that he was free to spend a few hours wandering the city's winding streets. He started his wasteful adventure by venturing down a route he seldom took as it was in the opposite direction to his house and led to nowhere of much significance.

Due to the aforementioned insignificance of the given route and the streets encompassed by it, it was rather sparsely populated. Since he carried neither valuables nor much money, the dimly lit street corners did not inspire much fear in him, yet he trudged carefully, as to not break the taciturnity of the almost desolate streets.

After passing two intersections and turning right twice, he found the initially sparse crowd steeply densening. Amused, he decided to walk towards the epicenter of the said crowd, where the general motion seemed to lead to. The crowd was a curious assortment of inconspicuous people. Children,

elderly, men with their families, couples holding hands- they were, in truth, people not unlike those found anywhere else in the city, yet their unanimous, peculiar attraction to the center of the cluster sparked curiosity in him.

After a bit more of walking, he felt the pace of those around him suddenly slow down. Curious, he stood on the tips of his toes to see why. A stoppage of sorts had formed a bit down the road, silhouetted by an eerie glow in front of the people forming it. Ever so curious, he pushed through the slow-moving crowd and found a spot for himself in the stoppage.

The people stopped here had gathered in a circle around a huge sphere, glowing brighter than the moon with a comforting deep blue. The ground on which it rested had been dug up around it, forming a deep moat which, in juxtaposition to the sphere's bright glow, was pitch black. He felt himself subconsciously leaning towards the sphere, and unable to stop himself, he pressed his hand against it.

He fell in, and as he was sucked into the sphere, a shooting star flashed past the sky brilliantly and disappeared.

# Meditation on Habitual Irony in Text and Speech

By a Dudeist Priest

*“And make no mistake: irony tyrannizes us. The reason why our pervasive cultural irony is at once so powerful and so unsatisfying is that an ironist is impossible to pin down. All U.S. irony is based on an implicit “I don’t really mean what I’m saying.” So what does irony as a cultural norm mean to say? That it’s impossible to mean what you say? That maybe it’s too bad it’s impossible, but wake up and smell the coffee already? Most likely, I think, today’s irony ends up saying: “How totally banal of you to ask what I really mean.””* - **David Foster Wallace, E Unibus Pluram: Television and U.S. Fiction**

The internet users familiar with image boards such as Reddit or 4chan might likely recognize and be familiar with the types of rhetoric known as “post-irony” where the user’s comments are often hard to interpret correctly due to layer upon layer of ironic detachment wherein the true intentions of the commenter become buried underneath. Starting off, we’ll like to shine a light on the ongoing discourse between postmodern irony, where something in general is mocked and not to be taken seriously, and the new sincerity movement, where something is meant to be taken seriously (unironically). The (arguably) post-postmodern form of irony known as post-irony<sup>49</sup> aims to combine both postmodern irony and new sincerity in a way where either the absurd is to be taken seriously or to be as unclear as possible as to whether something is meant to be ironic at all. We know this phenomena as under the name of “Poe’ Law”, based on a comment written by Nathan Poe in 2005 on christianforums.com, during a debate on creationism the law states that without any clear indications it is very easy to interpret irony used on the internet as being sincere, or as the original comment of Poe goes:

*“Without a winking smiley or other blatant display of humor, it is utterly impossible to parody a Creationist in such a way that someone won’t mistake for the genuine article.”*

We’ll give an example: there’s a debate going on on an image board about a topic that’s often interchangeable but lets for the sake of argument make it about the contemporary student loan situation in the higher academia of many Western nations, a topic incidentally highly familiar to the age group that now can be described as the image board dwelling digital natives that frequently visit image boards. One user might start commenting on something like a news article about the topic: *“these loans will be a burden upon my future, I might not even find a job by the time I need to start paying it back!”*

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<sup>49</sup> Often post-irony is used as a term for new sincerity as well, which, ironically, increases the confusion on this topic even further.

Another user ups the ante by commenting (crudely): “*Yeah, this shit makes me want to kill myself*”<sup>50</sup>.

Another user goes: “*I wish I had never listened to the people who told me to go to university.*”

And: “*Things like this make me wish for a revolution.*”

Whereupon another replies to that: “*I agree, perhaps the student revolutions in Maosist China had a point.*”

Are we to take these cries of wolf seriously? Or laugh with the plethora of internet commenters who might just be making fun of a situation? Both? And is it ultimately just a mix of escapism and a way to deal humorously with the situation? It’s permissible to be confused, it is likely that perhaps the original commenters are as well.

Now if we indeed choose the path on which we decide to view many of these comments as simply (despite the feelings portrayed rarely being all that simple) ways for the moody internet user to either vent of steam and deal with the situation or as the post-ironic humor of the deepest degree of cynicism and ultimately harmless words on a webpage, then we must also consider what might happen when those moods, or “vibes” as the internet would currently call them, transfer into the real world.

Because that might cause trouble.

Let us look at a movie called *The Comedy* with starring in lead Tim Heidecker, one half of the duo behind the surreal, anti-comedic and cringe comedy<sup>51</sup> TV show titled *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* As show which itself is no stranger to the use of post-ironic humor to puzzle attempts at deducting any meaning from it.

In *The Comedy* we see Heidecker play an aging, upper class hipster called Swanson who, while living in New York, alternates between feelings of apathetic boredom and resent for his surroundings. The film itself lacks a clear narrative. We follow Swanson and his group of friends through various places in the city as they wander from party to party, continuously ridiculing their surroundings in a state of, what David Foster Wallace would call: “hip cynical transcendence of sentiment” and “some kind of fear of being really human.” Essentially, Swanson and his group perfectly embody what happens when one lives their life completely post-ironic, exemplified by the moment where the group of friends mock their less intelligent member for making a sincere attempt at confessing the importance of what their friendship means for him, Swanson’s flirting with a woman at a party while making sarcastic praise of Hitler, paying 400 dollars to a cab driver in order to let him drive his taxi only to then drive overly reckless, and ultimately

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<sup>50</sup> On a related side-note. It is, frankly, a bit concerning to see the amounts of thinly veiled, literal gallow humor of many internet jokes known as “memes”. Again, a highly serious topic buried underneath layers of irony.

<sup>51</sup> Cringe comedy would become a huge success on internet formats like YouTube where it was easy to compile various videos of another person’s failures into so called “cringe compilations”. If there’s one thing that the internet likes to laugh at more than actual sincere comedy than it is the hubris of their fellow humans. Take for example the well-known, albeit ancient by internet standards, phrase: “Epic Fail”, Used whenever someone failed so hard that it became “epic”.

brought to its dangerous conclusion in a scene where a woman who Swanson tries to seduce suffers a seizure while he observes with faint interest. Near the end of the movie one of the friends presents a slideshow of childhood images interspersed with vintage pornography, a joke that after a few awkward laughs quickly depresses the entire group.

The final scene makes a tiny attempt at offering some form of redemption for Swanson as he visits a beach where he meets a child playing in the water. He joins in on the activity and we the viewer see a glimmer of what seems to be genuine enjoyment in Swanson.

We are left to question the worth of living life drenched in irony. The characters in this movie are not monsters but neither are they heroes, instead, they seem to be as ordinary as ordinary humans can be, and many of us today, whether we realize it or not, whether we like it or not, will ultimately have to admit that the character's feelings of boredom, apathy, and resent are not feelings unfamiliar to us in an age where we've been taught that there is no absolute truth. That whatever ideas or values you might possess, the next person has them as well, and the next, and the next, and so on. That it's all just socially constructed and thus might just as well be deconstructed because, as we are told, nothing really matters. And that despite any value you might attach to these concepts springing from your mind, nobody understands things the exact way you do, and all we can do is try to translate the feelings into words hoping that the other might understand.

Which is exactly why irony and muddying up what you really mean is such poison to human interactions. Which is why it should become key for yourself to speak clear because hiding behind the comforts of irony will end up leaving you feeling nauseous and locked up inside yourself. Which is why it might sometimes be better to answer the question of "How are you?" with "I am feeling bad" instead of "not good", or "could be better", or saying "fine" when you in fact are not feeling fine at all.

Irony is a tool whose use should be warranted only as a last resort, because if you use it habitually it will become harder and harder for people to understand you and that might be fine when you're simply not feeling like sifting through the troubles of life with just about anyone and you want to steer the current conversation elsewhere. But let your irony become a habit and before you know it'll become impossible to even open up to someone who actually cares.

# *See Also*

See also is meant to function as a list of things one might be interested in if they read this book (like on wikipedia). Try to keep it to niche stuff that a reader is unlikely to be familiar with. (also preferably leave this at the end of the book)

## Books:

- Peter Sotos
- My diary desu<sup>52</sup>
- Diary of a Wimpy Kid

## Bands:

- Dolores Haze of Smoke
- Negativland
- Merzbow, Boredoms, Gerogerigegege, Shinsei Kamattechan, Coil, Throbbing Gristle, Whitehouse, Nurse with Wound, Einstürzende Neubauten, Brainbombs, Egor Letov, Death in June, Current 93, La Monte Young, Moondog, Lou Harrison, Henry Cowell, Luigi Russolo, Popol Vuh, Fishmans, Jean Jacques Perrey, Les Rallizes Dénudés, Rainbow Caroliner, Taj Mahal Travellers, Fushitsusha, Peter Brötzmann, John Cage, Scott Walker, Unwound, Dead, Frank Zappa, Morton Feldman, Captain Beefheart, Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, Alice Coltrane, Arnold Schoenberg, Pierre Boulez, György Ligeti, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Nang Nang, Thinking Fellers

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<sup>52</sup> Have read, it is trash.

Union Local 282, Nara Leão, Basic Channel, Raymond Scott, Delia Derbyshire, Daphne Oram, Noah Howard, Terry Riley, Peter Sotos, Lula Côrtes e Zé Ramalho, Boyd Rice, Mahmoud Ahmed, Henry Flynt, Kazumoto Endo, David Tudor, Aporea, Half Japanese, Mega Banton, Secret Chiefs 3, Keiji Haino, Ramleh, Otomo Yoshihide, John Zorn, Joe Meek, Robbie Basho, Phil Spector, Faxed Head, Harry Partch, Wesley Willis, Fred Frith, The Residents, Sun Ra, Sun City Girls, Hans Krüsi, Royal Trux, Jandek, Yat-Kha, Loren Mazzacane Connors, Pärson Sound, The Dead C, Comus, Cromagnon, Eliane Radigue, Arthur Doyle, Shizuka, The Red Krayola, Henry Cow, Magma, Opus Avantra, Pan.Thy.Monium., Murmuüre, Ksiezyc, Gong, Cukor Bila Smert', cLOUDDEAD, Muslimgauze and Kaoru Abe , Joanna Newsom

## Sites:

- [reddit.com](https://www.reddit.com)

## Misc:

- Exit bags
- Buttsecks
- Collecting rainwater in the state of Delaware

## Haggerfalk

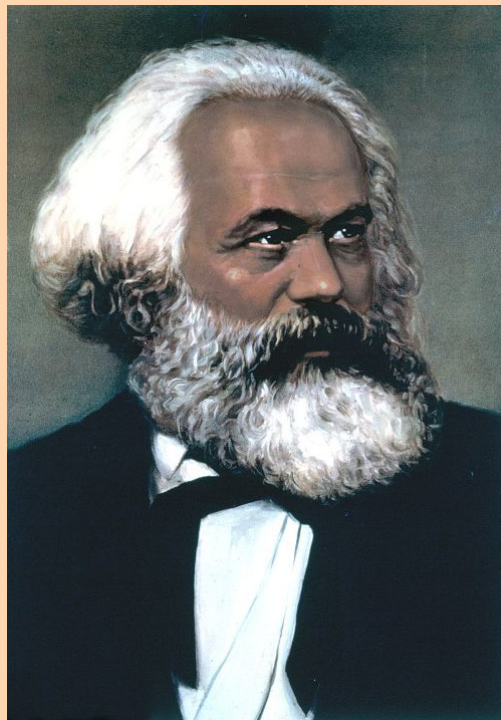
Would there be nothing more than this lingering boomerweltanschauung, pacing up and down the place with its hands wringing out shadows of absurd anxieties Since I have stayed here I have been subjected to a kind of culinary brutalism, with piles of starch scooped onto my plate endlessly, dry, flavorless, colorless. This gives me no powers, I exclaim, this gives me no nutrients!

The faceless lunch lady pays me no mind- I am not even convinced she can hear me at all. Thus begins my own pacing around the hotel grounds, through and over the landscaped gardens, down the stone roju path in imitation of japanese tea variety. The envoy has still not arrived. When I return the etherwave reverberated down the brass wiring that ran along the perimeter of the room, starting from the contraption and ending at a small metallic post sitting on the window ledge. No new messages.

When I return to my wooden clapboard room there is a parcel with a note attached sitting on the mahogany desk. Someone had gone as far as lighting the incandescent coil lamp. In the parcel is a crimson luchador mask with an accompanying cape and pearl-white leather boots. The message reads:

"You must become the haggerfalk- a falcon too fierce to be tamed!"

# DAS RITE, DAS KAPITAI



Nigga Marx  
lil marx  
Nog Stalin  
Wardine be cry  
This dick ain't free  
Never forget  
We wuz kangas

DEDICATED TO MY NIGGAS:  
MARTIN LUTHER KANG  
2PAC  
BIGGIE  
JUICE WORLD  
XXXTENTACIONXXX  
ROSA 'LUXEMBURG' PARKS  
MICHAEL JORDAN  
IDI AMIN  
DILLON (YOU SON OF A BITCH)  
QASEM SOLEIMANI  
TRAYVON MARTIN

*"I SHOOK HANDS WITH BOTH RONALDS, REAGAN AND MCDONALDS  
NO DOUBT IF YOUR NAME END WITH "BERG", TIME TO GET OUT"*

#TYBG

They bourgeoisie don't think it be like it is, but it do. Das rite. Dem bourgeoisie be selling das kapital fo' das bling and with das bling dem bourgeoisie am a-gonna buy mo' of das kapital. Das rite. Kapital, bling, kapital, in short, K—B—K. Dis be the circulation and continuous accumulation of das kapital dat be making honkey rich. Das sum shieet. So take my nigga Jamal, he be working all week from five in the mornin' to eight in the evenin' fo' this cracka who be livin' in a penthouse. But Jamal ain't got no penthouse himself. He be livin' out in dis same cracka's crackpand-ass looking building and then once a month Jamal, my homie, he be needing to pay this cracka rent with the same money that Jamal be earning by working for this cracka. Das rite. Dis cracka be circulating the bling by using my nigga Jamal. Ain't that sum shiet nigga. Dis time my nigga Jamal be part of the accumulation process that be making cracka richer. Cracka ain't losin' no money fool. Das rite.

Now you be thinking, "shieet", and das rite, you be rite, we needn't not not be dem old or new slaves anymore, what we be sayin' is dat we be gotta stop dat head-honcho honkey dude Mr. KFC himself is what I be sayin'. And I know what you be thinkin' now nigga, you be like major "shiiieeeeeet" rite now, but hol up. Back dat ass the fuck up nigga. I know I know it may be dat is be seeming like hard but I only be sayin' dat if you, me, and all dem otha homies and lil nigglets dat one day will be hoping to be free we gotta stop buying all dem cracka's kapital (or commodities as cracka may be callin' it). I only be sayin' dat if we is gonna take off our chains

we first gotta stop playing the role of the slave<sup>53</sup>, fool. I ain't sayin dat you not be eatin dat chicken nigga. Mr. KFC be like a metaphor fo' all dem cracka in dem penthouses. We gotta stop buying all dem fancy-ass shit that is be keeping all dem homies without bling and stuck in paying off dem debts. Das rite. My name be Carl Johnson Markeesh and I be dropping deez major NUTS AAAAAHHH GOTCHA NIGGA U SHUD C YO FACE AAHHAAHAHA BUT NO NO NO HOMIE fo' real, I'm just be sayin' that shieet aint rite. How yo black ass be claiming you is free when yo ass be covered in debt. Don't be believin' me nigga? Try and not be payin' yo bills and see how it be takin' befo' dem bank honkies be sendin' sum spooky guys to yo home who be lurkin' around and befo' you kno' dey be takin' away yo Playstation™ nigga. And who you be cryin to then homie? You is gonna be callin' the police and cry to dem to get yo Playstation™ back nigga? No nigga you and me both be knowin' yo ass ain't callin' the popo even if you auntie Shaniq be wavin' her 9mm around the table like thanksgiving all over again. So what yo gotta do is dis. In the east there was this nigga called Chairman Meow and he be sayin' "dem political fools got dat power coming from the barrel of dey guns fam" so this nigga Meow he kung-fu kicked some niggas and got dem guns for the fam and dat rite he won the war nigga. So what I be sayin' is is dat yo auntie Shaniq is one powerful ass queen and you be rite to follow into her footsteps is what I be sayin' home. Das rite. You know what I'm sayin'?

Listen up whitey, I'm about to drop some major truth bombs on you, light-skin niggas included - you got that bourgeois privilege too. You uh, ever heard dat podcast? What those crackers call it, "Chapo trap house"? Yeah those are cool crackers, they can stay. Them and me, yeah we some real hood rat leftists. I joined tha bloods when I was seven because I found out that some real niggas got killed in the Belgian Congo because of capitalism. Turns out tha bloods aint communist-like, nah they some real enterprising niggas, real school of crackonomics niggas. But me and tha hard-ass ganja crew gon tell you what this commie stuff really about. So y'all ever heard of wage slavery? That some real sheeit you boss be keeping on the down low. Get this nigga, you can and deserve! to be paid more. Dat mans, Lil Pump? Y'all heard of that crazy negro? Yeah he out there breaking FREE of wage slavery, praise tha lord for a real nigga is risen. When that cray-cray kid Pumpernickel pissed on thos fresh 100washingtons, now that's what y'all gotta learn. He wus really channeling the realest nigga of all, Marx. Lemme talk like da white man for a moment, did ya kno that in 1971 that cracker Nixon removed da gold standard? Das right nigga y'all green stacks aint *really* worth shiet, so da capitalis man in that white house keep stacking up tha 10-year bonds while you hood niggas on that hard grind. **Niggas of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains (not your gold chainz, the chains of the white debil)!** You wanna know some real hard nigga shit that the boug MSM ain't telling y'all? Da world's first trillionaire was a BLACK MAN! Das rite, Viper. Viper be dropping those beats for the proles since 1914, new mixtapes every day. And by the Lord blessed he using his

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<sup>53</sup> We wuz kangas and shit nigga.

monetary powers for good! You ever had sum real good crack fo cheap, none of that fent shit? Yeah, dat's our man Viper subverting da governments crack-labs. And I know y'all niggas find Saint Patricks day some real creepy cracker sheit, but remember, tha Irish were slaves loong before us niggas. So be looking out fo your comrade, even among tha white man there are true believers in tha lord, true scholars of tha black struggle, true fighters against the capitalist empire! I mean dayum, while y'all niggas were off that proletariat grind, those Irish republican niggas were training Palestinian soldiers n shiet, da IRA is a comrade to niggas the world over.

Listen up yall niggas, im about to lay sum truth upon ya all. Sum shit called da 'Dialectical Materialism.' Dere wus dis nigga name Hegel<sup>54</sup> rite? And he be studying dem history and shiet. He got up with this 'dialectic' rite. He wrote all about this shit in his book "The Phenomenology of Spirit" or how they is calling it there "*Phänomenologie des Geistes*". Now what de fuck is a geist you is thinking rite? So dem geists is like da conscious right. It is what we been thinking, all of us. Dem eras have a geist, they be thinking in some ways right and dis ways have a contradiction, they ain't right with themselves. So we come up to this thesis-antithesis sheit rite. Over time rite, like dem years, da original idea, dem first thoughts, lead some niggas to think de opposite shit rite. Da contradiction can be seen rite. Then, dem two thoughts are synthesized, they become one now. Dis is how my nigga, Hegel, thought history is rite. Well he be wrong. Fuck dis dialectic, imma bring dis new shit. Da material dialectic. Now what da fuck is this materialism? I hear ya asking ya self. Rite, so a different nigga living in a hood called 'ancient greece' called Epicurus had some new thoughts. He be thinking 'shit, all there is to this world is fucking matter, the shit we can see and feel, there ain't anything else'. He thought about what if dis world is made from dese atoms rite. Everything is dese tiny balls right and dey is following the laws of maths and shiet, they aint be thinking. And if all we is, is dem balls, we ain't be thinking either rite, we ain't got any free will, we just be a bunch of atoms following dem determinstic laws. So, I wus thinking shieett, if all this world is lil balls and shit, then dis world ain't be changing because of some stupid ass ghosts, history is governed by dem materialistic changes nigga. So I came up wit da 'dialectical materialism', rite. I was in a gang of niggas and we was calling ourselves de 'young hegelians'. We owe it to our nigga Hegel for showing us de way but we wus looking at his shit and we was thinking we can improve this shit, that it ain't all right, you know. Like belief in dis nigga jesus, fool, nigga jesus is made up so that poor niggas won't complain 'bout dem having no good shit. So, I came up dis thought nigga, that the material and dem economic changes move history. Dat history is a fight between dem rich niggas and dem broke ass niggas. So a long time ago and shit we wus living on the earth. We wus all farmers, farming the lord's green earth. But it wasn't we who wus owning dem land. No, dat was dem 'aristocrat' niggas rite. De be owning da land but dey was not working a day in their lifes. They got dem poor niggas, who didn't own any land, to work for dem. But, den came this shit

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<sup>54</sup> See Chapter 2 of 'Doth Spoke Xander B Jerrald' to learn the backstory of Hegel.

called da 'industrial revolution.' We didn't need all the niggas to break their backs working on de farms anymore. Only a few niggas need to be working because they got dem technology rite. And den dere were dis new factories. So all the broke ass niggas, called da 'proletariat', dat lost their job can't buy any bread, rite. Dey got to sell dere 'labour-power' to dem bougie niggas called 'capitalists' because dey be owning all dem capital. Da worker uses da capital to make shit right. Dey value of da shit dey make is equal to da work dey put into dis shit. Dis is called da 'labour theory of value' nigga. But da capitalist doesn't give the working niggas da value of dere labour, nah we be keeping some of da value dat de workes make for hissself, dis is da surplus labour, dis is what da capitalist profit is. Capitalist niggas don't work demselves but de steal da labour of dey working broke ass niggas. Dese broke ass niggas is being exploited. But, as da technology increases, production is going to be more capital and less nigga, right. Automation and shit. And if da profit of dem capitalists is from da surplus labour of dem work and dere is less niggas working, dem profits will fall fool. Not only dat, but dere will be a lot of hungry ass niggas who lost dere job because of da automation. My niggas will rise up and steal dat capital from dem capitalists. De niggas will own da shit dey be working on. Capitalism is a contradiction like dat 'geist' shit I wus talking about. Dis is da 'scientific socialism', da capitalism is gonna fail fool. Once dis proletarait niggas own da capital, slowly dey will realize dat 'shiet there is no need for dis state, da state only existed to protect dem capitalists' rite and den dey will realise dere is no need for dis money shiet either. Niggas will start giving dere shit to eachother like brothas. From each nigga according to his ability, to each nigga according to his need, fool. Den we reach da last stage in my dialectical materialism, we reach da Communism. Rise up, niggas of the world.

(Approved by the british blacks and dat, dem greys just don't get our struggles and tings kmt. Big up my nigga marx and air dem rudeboy who diss him. Dem man who just diss cos he's brown and ting and can't handle our success and dat.)

## Extolling the virtues of the fairer species

In the past year I have developed a great fondness for birds and waterfowl of all sorts. Perhaps it is merely wishful thinking, but I can see such virtue in their eyes. Watch the jackdaw as it hops about the train station, with what fuel does it hop so merrily! And merry indeed, I hypothesize that in ancient times jackdaws and other intelligent birds were happy to rest on human shoulders when tired. This was no mere physical arrangement, for the witty jackdaw can listen to the human speak and become a learned bird. However now the great clouds of jackdaws have observed our crimes and have excommunicated us. Walk the mighty great wall of China and you will easily find men with a dozen caged birds, charging 50 cents to free one. Walk the perimeter of a slaughterhouse and you will not as easily hear young chicks being shredded alive. So it is that when I sit at the platform eating my foccacia the jackdaw approaches most cautiously while other J-daws observe inquisitively. I wish dearly you would join me on my shoulder, brother, but I understand, I do not trust them either. Be sure to not get mixed up with the bold Raven! The raven has no hop, rather a confident swagger. Watch them keenly and you will note they aren't skittish creatures. The sound of a car veering around a corner is enough to spook me, yet the raven remains calm for he has seen it all before. With his most precise organs designed by the ultimate watch-maker he can easily separate the regular din from that which is interesting.

The seagull is a most amusing creature. Unlike other animals, birds have adapted incredibly to the chaotic urban environment, and seagulls are at the peak of this adaptation. When you look around do you not channel a bit of Kaczynski and see hellish monoliths all around? Surely there is no hope among such intricate prisons? The seagull doesn't care for such silly metaphors, the

seagull sees a collection of bricks between which crumbs may fall. We should learn this attitude from the seagull. The seagull is not aware of Das Kapital and how it has shook the world, but we are, and can we say we are happier for it? Reductionism is often disparaged in the natural sciences, but for our wellbeing I believe that it can be good to occasionally forget the bigger picture. Big picture: "This duck is utterly irrelevant, it has become another resource for capitalism to exploit. Oh how infinitely deep my hatred is for climate protesters wearing down-feather coats!". Small picture: "What a lovely duck, such sheen, such advanced genitalia. The speed with which the Mallard chases it's next rape victim, incredible!". As you can see by this exaggerated example, the small picture is what you must consider when attempting to enjoy yourself. It is bad for your health to always be worrying if your career as a writer would be jeopardised by bombing a factory! I have mastered this art in my daily forest walks, to truly be in the moment and see the small picture yields a state of relaxation unlike any other. I have seen such incredible patterns repeated in nature in this state, there are many series we have been ignoring because we haven't been relaxed enough. Shall I tell you of the geese too?

The Geese! Brotherhood and sisterhood is so finely expressed in these hateful little bastards. Find a family of newly hatched goose chicks near you and monitor their development. You will likely see that while at first every chick stays nests under their mothers wing, as soon as they have the size of a small Mallard they move out. The family unit remains, but the brothers and sisters form a group of their own. In human teens we equally see this separation from adults, however what these human teens have missed is bonding with their generational comrades! Technology has ripped that from Gen Z and Alpha, they have been tricked into thinking sending sexual dances into the void is good enough social communication. No! Back to the aggressive Goose, what a beautiful sight! With the aforementioned group of brothers and sisters split off they do not merely quack together, they explore together, test the water together, egg each other on into greater understanding of chaos. But these observations all become minor when you see these brothers and sisters cuddled not under their mothers wing, but under each other's wing. Many times I have stopped in my tracks to marvel at such compassion. Human contact has become "gay", polluted with nonsense about obtaining consent for every touch. Geese know the purity! We need not live in fear of each other's touch, under the sun's light and a brother's warmth, heaven can be 24/7. And I mean real heaven, not the false heaven of constant dopamine hits we have been sold.

The Great Crested Grebe is an essential facet of my everyday life that I have been sorely missing in this time of universal broo-ha-ha. Before my university is the bend of a canal, through which all manner of waterfowl journey. On my breaks I always go outside to this spot and stand with the greatest contentment for I can see the universe in it's full sincerity presenting itself to me. Ah I mustn't forget, I was going to tell you about the Grebe! The Grebe is a duck with a wonderfully unique aesthetic. Depending on what mood you catch them in they may look like a Dutch

businessman with slicked back hair, a young punk with a most rebellious spiky haircut, or a drag queen puffing up their hair and breasts to attract a mate. While lovely, it is not this aesthetic I wish to extol the virtues of. Rather it is their mating ritual. As the Grebe rounds the canal's corner it lets out a single quack to announce their presence to the other waterfowl. If another potential mate is nearby they approach and a test commences. Facing each other with their perfectly preened feathers one initiates a dance. Much like you may greet an elder, they peck at the air besides their partner's head. This dance, if replicated to a good standard, leads to a good fuck. Humans can learn from this too. To firstly take care of yourself, for love is around every corner. The most important thing I have learned in my life is that your feathers are everything, never let them fail you. And to keep going, you're all going to make it. Consider, you've never seen a duck drown itself despite their constant attempts at mating. Mating culture has become toxic with technology such as Tinder, in reality looks aren't everything, your ability to follow the dance is also important.

# Dad's Story

Yeah, so I was in a gentleman's club by the name of, uh, Silver Ponies. Seated on one of the most uncomfortable goddamn stools I've ever encountered. The room was hot and smelled like shit and was basically fuckin' empty, all of which didn't paint a very pretty picture of Silver Ponies for me, a first-time customer. And listen, I had spent the last few months scurrying from shithole to shithole. I had experience. Crawling through the city, seeking out the smell of shit and burrowing my shitty little nose into some very rotten establishments. But the sheer fuckin' revulsion I felt in there, it was new. Almost all the seats were covered in these sticky, hairy patches. I found one that was mostly clean. A few stools down from me was the other customer, an old black guy surrounded by cans, with his head pressed against the rail. So I was the only audience. And there was only one goddamn stripper. This bitch would come out every few minutes and do a little spin—she would just fuckin' spin and then squat to pick up the money. One of the most pathetic fuckin' displays I've ever borne witness to.

"Show the little lady some love," I'd tell the black guy when she'd start walking out on stage. He'd lift his head, fumble in his pocket for a wallet, then fumble in his wallet for a bill and toss it out, usually a five or a ten. Then he'd put his head back down, and I'd slide my hand under the rail to grab his money before the stripper could see. When she did her stupid little spin, I'd throw her a dollar to keep her comin' back. Being unemployed, I had become an expert at shit like that. In fact, I came to this place as part of another scheme I was setting up.

The idea had come to me about half a year earlier, when I visited an old friend from middle school in his Bronx apartment. Guy's a veteran, Iraq; got both his legs blown off by a mine. I knew his only income was from a shitty painting job, and they only let him work sometimes, 'cause obviously he sucks at painting, 'cause he can't stand. He got the job 'cause they knew he served the country. I mean, the guy's a fuckin' hero. So I asked him how he could afford the place when his work was so shitty, and he told me that there were fundraisers for wounded veterans which brought in way more than the disability checks. I thought that didn't sound too bad at all, that I'd like some of that fundraiser money for myself. But I was 30, it was way too late for military. Couldn't be an option.

When I got home, I started looking up some other upcoming fundraisers, see what the market was like. Aside from veterans, a lot of it was like genetic diseases which I wasn't born with. Since my options were so limited, it didn't take too long for me to settle on the aicheyeevee virus.

Woah, don't look at me like that, you little bastard. Your old man's not a homo.

Anyway, so I had been looking for ladies that could give me a ticket to the aicheyeevee gravy train. It's a delicate art to find out a chick's status without messin' everything up. A few times were just educated guesses, but they probably just had bad colds or some eating problem. I got tested after each session. After the third test, I had to switch clinics 'cause the

people started treating me weird. Needless to say, it hadn't been working out great, which is why I came to the caravan of diseases that is Silver Ponies.

After a few minutes of my little game, my black companion had knocked out cold. It was time to do some field research.

"Come here, honey," I said to the stripper after she spun. I knew she had shit else to do. She came over. "Tell me your name, sugar. Your real name." That's how I'd let them know I'm not some perv and I care about their actual lives and shit.

"Kaitlyn."

"Do you have AIDS?"

"Ew, what the fuck? No!" Then she ran backstage. I slammed my fuckin' fist on the handrail real hard. I had come on too strong.

Well, I gave up on my endeavour after that incident. I had been losing my patience with the whole thing. But I came back the next day and made amends with the stripper. Worst mistake of my fuckin' life, 'cause we got to talking, and you probably guessed this already 'cause of the name, but she ended up being your mom. Heheh, ah well. What're you looking at me like that for? Grab me another beer, you little faggot.

## In this Section: we rate every entry submitted so far

**Literary Kino Tier:** all three times Moby Dick got pasted but we can't keep it in :(

**God Tier:** *Das rite*, *Das Kapital*, Levirustan, Guys I told my Dad to watch anime and he didn't take it very well\*\*, Oob, Moviebob vs. The Working Class,

**Great tier:** "In Defense of: Funny Valentine or: Valentine did Nothing Wrong, go back to Reddit", Band Names without Reference, The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch (from vol. #1)

**Good Tier:** The Dreamers and Kinslayer saga (from vol. #1 and #2), The Iconology of the Hieroglyphic Evil Otto, Thiccest Thiccness, A Man's Lot in Death, A Board Meeting, The Obligatory Latin Section (from vol. #1), The Lay of Melchizedek (from vol. #1), Death throes of Abernait, all of the Dodo saga (from vol. #1) Log 402-4D - The Attack On 5G, How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love My Appendicitis (from vol. #1), Eternally Untitled (from vol. #1), A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch (from vol. #1), Doth Spake Xander B Jerrald, Home on the Range, Random Poetry, ODE TO A DEFUNCT POETRY TEACHER WHO IS NOW DECEASED,

**Meh tier:** Haggerfalk, Constipation, Faggote (from vol. #1), Momentous in an ironic meme way (from vol #1),

**Bad Tier:** A Lack of Anime, Catboys are soooooo cute, Peni Parker (from vol. #1 ), The Pale Pink Mounds of Venus (from vol. #1),

**Absolute Shit Tier:** everything I wrote :(

^^^I already deleted everything you wrote, so no worries anon :)

I liked Xander B Jerrald a lot. Your welcome anon, it was good. I would put it on God tier, I wonder what the other anons think.

I wrote that, glad you liked it :)

I'm not seeing enough stuff in the 'bad' tier

Thats because most shit is fucking great

There's nothing really worth deleting. Nothing should be deleted

"Most" is great, but not all of it you have to admit

But being good isn't the point. It's supposed to be bad.

Fair enough.

What about works that are incomplete?

Either leave them or get someone to finish them

If the original author didn't finish it then it's on them, I agree we should get someone else to finish it if the original author doesn't come back

If the original author prefers a different ending, they can come back and change it

I know the first two stories in 'bad' tier are currently unfinished

There are also lots of unfinished works in vol 1. It might be easiest to go over it all again during the editing process. Perhaps delegate a section to someone to be edited in its own doc, then pasted back into the main one.

Just call them the apocrypha

Yeah, if people don't want to finish it just make a section labeled "unfinished works"

That's a good idea

you don't know it, but you are all beautiful and made of stars <3 <3 - thanks anon :)

This doc probably needs to be locked soon. If you are still working on a piece, I'd say continue until it gets locked, and if you aren't finished then continue working on it in a separate doc and we'll add in the finished work during the editing process.

That's a good idea; this one is starting to get a little long at almost 200 pages

Personally I think we do 1 more doc, making a nice trilogy, then start the editing process. But we should probably have a small group do the editing, with some sort of organizational methodology

I'd like the spirit and story to be preserved as much as possible in editing 2bh

I agree, mostly formatting would just be standardizing fonts where necessary (unless the author chose a specific font) and standardizing font sizes. Making sure each story starts on its own page, that sort of thing.

I think if you don't want to delete conversations, we could move them all to their own doc as a "apocrypha and appendices" section

^^^ I like this idea, some of the conversations are pretty funny

I'd like to start by rating "in this section: we rate every entry submitted so far" a solid nine (9). Das rite, Das Kapital is an easy 10. Oh L E V I R U S T A N is excellent too, I give it an easy ten (10) also.

*\*\* It is original. I wrote it. Something else with the same title may exist. I also wrote Introduction part 6 please protect this with your manhood as well. (ok nvm)*

# Dada visual representation of the Coronavirus

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`-dNNNmyshdys/syyhhhhhdho.  
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`ohmmmmmd: `dmmmmh+m.  
+ommmmd- +mmmd+m`  
:odmmmd- .mmmm/m`  
osmmmm: hmmm+m-

`ydmmd-	/mmmsd/
`hmmmm-	`mmmhho
ommmmm.	ymmdyo
-dmmmm+	-Nmmyo
smmmm`	hmmss
-mmmm+	+mmdss
hmmmmo	+mmdos
-hmmmy	ommsd`
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## Steven's Girl Penis Chapter

A torrid affair. The cloaklihood of goat drawers had finished teaching for the day. The Irish boys were fed, lined up in the corridor to receive their daily bread. The girls were served to the gymnasium. Kalamari rings. Steven often wondered why the sexes were separated but genders could be present in either, but it was not his place to voice his curiosity.

Coins tapped the bottom of the ceramic bowl, their descent slowed by the intact corn and not so intact indeterminate fecal matter's lower density in the recently bleach infused lavatory water. Surely that must taste worse than semen, he thought, not that Steven would know, especially not about the taste of his own. In spit of this he resumed training. The only training that matters to mankind. Shoulders on the floor. Legs up and over. Feet hooked under the bed. Closer. Now for position two. Sat on the bed. Elbows clamped underneath thighs. Neck craned. Closer. Position three. Cross legged on the bed. Leg is lifted, his foot behind his neck. Back is strained but soul was willing. This was repeated with the other leg. Final position four. Cross legged again. Forearms slid under shins and the back was strained again. Maybe next time.

It takes a while for his back to straighten again so Steven boots up minecraft and logs on to his usual catboy server. He sent messages to other players on the server but as they are cats, the recipients could not read. After logging off and making the cross, thanking the lord that he was not born Canadian, Steven was reminded of his former poetry teacher, who tragically died after being slain by a wandering knight. She did have nice boobies for her age. Boobie. Oobie. Boo. Oob. Boob.

This paragraph is left as an exercise for the reader and/or your designated autofellator.

Steven's mother had died but she did not have as nice boobies.

This paragraph is left as a space for suggestions, however the author will likely masturbate instead of acting on them.

Much like the author, Steven is a fan of the pleasure derived from the crotch mounted fleischraketen. Mainly his own. It wasn't gay to masturbate while listening to the beatles because girls liked the beatles. Steven was jealous that his friends were visited by the gods in their dreams and claimed it would never happen to him due to chronic masturbatory habits, but Steven reprieved their conjectures as he was visited by the gods every time he blasted off again. His father was a great spiritual masturbator too but did not like it being brought up. Guenon. He came again. A shotgun blast was expected but only a dribble came forth. Maybe if he grew stronger penally then he could cause some real damage, maybe stage a murder suicide. The murder would be too much work he decided.

Taking off to the streets, Steven came across some turgid form spewing Spanish. The cane led him to assume it was human, so he carried on. It was pointless to engage. A swarthy man of the road put forth his street smartz(with a z!) in a fast and rhythmic manner. He appeared to be shilling and grilling and illing and filling and hilling and redpilling and willing and ceiling and milling and willing but Steven noticed the repetition, "Gotcha!" and confronted the swarther.

The swarther admitted defeat, and that he was subcontracted by "-grilly G," and was "jus' tryna get by". Charmed by the admission, Steven settled on buying a CD and an ice cream from him.

A craving for anime brought Steven full circle back home but his father was busy fulfilling spiritual needs while watching presidential campaign VHS tapes from years gone by. His father's son had once questioned the habit but a bending over answered the question at the time, only now he could not remember what the answer was. While peering proudly through the window, a fly had landed on his forehead. "Stupid fly!" He exclaimed, "I'll kill you and see you rot in hell!"

Upon realizing the outburst would likely interfere with the ritual indoors Steven's face turned pale. God was on his side this time, and Allah was too probably but he wasn't one hundred percent certain. The ritual continued uninterrupted. Slumping to the ground, he remembered when he had slept outside his house. It was cold and he was restless, nightmares of places he had never - and would never - been to. A furry hind leg swung near his nose. A dog wet his pants while the owner stared at their phone. Steven did not like dogs as he wanted to be a catboy. Steven wanted to scream but had remembered the quiet needed

indoors so instead he sat and waited. The dog and its owner in tow fled the scene. It was not his place to follow them.

The sun had set and next door's bonfire display was erected. So was Steven. This year Gregory and Gregory's woodpile surged high towards the heavens. A primitive pattern carved into fire's deliverer. Their cat danced ritualistically into, then subsequently out of existence. Gregory and Gregory chatted about their plans but the Author chooses to omit their words as (s?)he can not remember them. Surprisingly Gregory was a man but his wife Gregory<sup>55</sup> was a girl. Steven noticed the taught latex catsuit she adorned. Her waist was more or less the same size as Steven's but Gregory's hips were wider than his and Gregory's put together. Her piss covered hands were no deterrent to Steven's religious urges. Her blind rage was though, as she struck Steven down with a clenched fist filled with plastic cutlery. Steven could not help but admire the food out on display. Alas none was for him. He sneaked a quick sniff of Gregory and Gregory's brappers on his way back home. It was no contest, Gregory's was much more satisfying than Gregory's.

Slowstepping through the back door, Steven retreated to his roomcave. A reminder of the brotherly broadcast company's recent domination of mobile networks stared through the high window. A 6G tower. The first in the country. Steven drew his penis to compare with the tower but it was no contest. His penis knew it was not his place. Wait was his penis a boy? That would be gay he thought. So he quickly drew boobies oobies oob boobs and long hair and a vagina on his penis. His penis was a girl penis. He basically had sex with a girl penis a few times a day. Girl penises were allowed to be smaller so the tower (a leviathan in comparison) was not as big a blow. Cool. This was all he needed for the night, so he went to sleep.

In his dream he died while holding a shield that broke or something but then remembered that if he died in his dream he died in real life, so it must have been someone else's dream. The great chef Marx Pierre White was the inspiration for his breakfast that day, or it would have been. A blue hat entered the premises brandishing a trudgeon that parted the milky sea in his cereal bowl. This was short lived as the bowl shattered across the table. Steven had plenty of time to clear this up before his dad got up. The pleaseman questioned if he diddit.

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<sup>55</sup> Gregory has quite nice boobies but aren't as nice as the poetry teacher's boobies

"Did what?"

"You'd know if you diddit. Didn'tcha. Don'tcha know you diddit."

"What did I do?"

"So you did do it didya?"

"I don't know what you did."

"I did...you win this round kiddo." Steven's intellectual riposte a resounding success, "Gregory's dead. Killed by falling fire wood fire. Our main suspect is a pair of oak doors and some children in prams who won't say nothin'."

"Oh ok, did you see Gregory?"

"Gregory wasn't there when we rang the doorbell so we think Gregory has more important things to do."

"Gregory has a nice ass"

"Gregory sure does."

After scribbling a picture of the boobies, hair and vagina Steven drew on his penis the day previous, the pleaseman jived off down the road singing It's not unusual. Steven agreed that it was not unusual. Catboy\_Steve logged back on to his favourite minecraft server to finish up the morning.

Gregory returned around noon with Eleanora. Steven knew she had been called a town bicycle but never saw her on two wheels. Gregory was carrying her anally, further than elbow deep, arm raised high and proud. Gregory and Gregory(pbuh) were very strong and Steven reckoned they must have at least fourteen hearts of health in minecraft. Although Gregory must have been knocked down to zero. Steven wondered if Gregory was going to pull a smaller Eleanora out of regular sized Eleanora. Steven wanted to ask but was it his place? Surely the spheres of heaven above, the angelic consensus, the people's thoughts would be made known to him if it was. Wouldn't they?

The strange Spanish mass of yesterday trudged past gurgling, "Me gusta" while an assumed limb presented A copy of Diary of a Wimpy Kid. It had been signed by this Author. Steven was impressed that the book had been signed by such a legend of the craft. Of the minecraft. The catboy server would go wild if they knew he had obtained such a treasure. Stephen wondered if it was his to take. Surely a sign would show itself if this object of great worth were to be his, if he was worthy of its ownership.

Steven ran inside to see if there were any valuables to trade. He would have to swindle this Spaniard. Plate of potatoes, no. Asian lookin' tea, no. Dad's white leather boots, no.

Then it occurred to him. All thanks to the girl penis. Shiiiiiiiiieeet<sup>56</sup>

.

The bourgeoisie Spaniard had been treading on proletariat Steven. By mere existence, the signed book was owed to him was it not, or was the Spaniard not a true comrade? If the Spaniard was not a true comrade then it is Steven's duty to seize the book, as it belonged to the nation. Steven's nation. The nation of Steven, his comrades, Gregory and Eleanora, Gregory(pbuh), xx40y\_o\_felinexx, dad, in fact all the catboy servergoers were part of Steven's nation.

Steven ran back out to the Spaniard and confessed his newfound knowledge, the book was his to take! It was his place to take it! What joy this outlook provided. He recalled the events of the past twenty four hours to the Spaniard who was incredibly invested in the penis drawing part. The Spaniard even presented his own genitalia, somewhat resembling the duck penii Steven had read so much about.

Then dad stumbled out the door, fresh from worship. "I'm going away Steven. Going away for a long time."

"Where?" - It was his place to ask.

"You wouldn't," Dad dramatically inhaled, "want to know."

Steven knew this meant Dad would be going to the strip club on a week or so long ket bender. It was his place to ask but he knew already.

Steven took this time to reflect and rate out of ten every part of his journey thus far. All tens.

(=)]|-< this is Steven

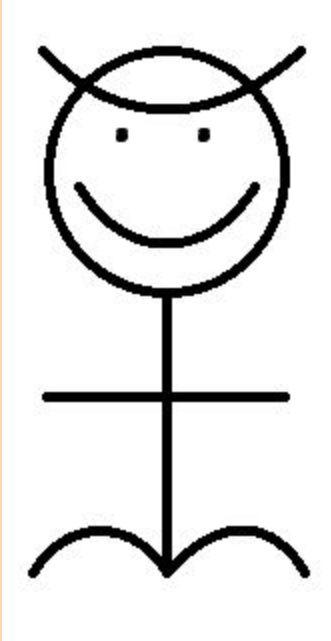
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<sup>56</sup> This is OK as the Author has a black friend.

# The Iconology of the Hieroglyphic Evil Otto

A Horrible Pastiche Drawing its Central Motif from the *Hieroglyphic Monad* of John Dee

## Prefatory Poem



As a syncretic /v/irgin  
Avoiding coomer urges  
Today I sit down to write  
On a topic bound to cause plight

Gaze upon my MS Paint creation!  
See the soul in this hieroglyphic conglomeration  
Its ferocious unibrow of Artemis  
Goddess of the Moon in this artifice

Below Otto proper and fitting  
The Christian Cross is thus sitting  
What a work of blasphemy!  
To situate evil with it is heresy

Underneath the cross Aries burns  
The consooming desire of the flame churns  
Instead of products purchased  
It combusts all things in this world-circus

## Chapter 1: Introduction

1. Evil Otto is an infamous enemy from the game, Berzerk. He relentlessly stalks the player once they have reached a certain score, intended by the developers to kill off the player quickly.
2. As for the tititular iconology of Evil Otto, the composition of the sprite of the enemy is rather simple, being merely a smiley face. While the smiley face also has a sinister connotation in big business, the author decided to artificially extend this “eldritch” quality by superimposing it Evil Otto proper over the *Hieroglyphic Monad* of Doctor John Dee, the English advisor to Queen Elizabeth I and occultist.

3. However, a loose definition of Iconology must be provided. “All is art.” said some guy, and in the same vein, some other guy probably muttered to himself “But all is *also* text.” Text, in its most general sense, is anything that contains information. Because of this, in this essay, I will interpret Evil Otto as a text.
4. What does Evil Otto say about our society? I answer that, it is emblematic of hyper-postmoderization, wherein anything can be interpreted as meaningful. This is a metanarrative and meta-text implied in the superimposition of Evil Otto onto the Hieroglyphic Monad.
5. Moreover, at the same time, a person who plays video games occasionally, it would seem like this text “The Iconology of Evil Otto” is also a vain attempt to gain street cred by mashing together all of the interesting texts that the author possesses knowledge of, like those ROM hacks that put all of these different references from video games into one hack.
6. Some argue that, as in the case of Artistic Formalism, that we can reduce a text to its constituent parts to comprehend more easily. Now, John Dee already performed a Formal Analysis for the Hieroglyphic Monad in the first few chapters of the book of the same name. In addition, the smiley face is not all that complicated, but when superimposed onto the Hieroglyphic Monad, does it gain complexity? If we take the answer to the question to be a tentative “yes,” then there is an endeavour to be made here in dissecting the hidden truths in the iconology of Evil Otto.

## Chapter 2: The Smiley Face of Corporatism Isolated

7. In America, there was a longstanding tradition of a certain superstore to hand out stickers featuring smiley faces to the children of the shoppers. This was clearly an attempt to convince the parents that Corporate America has everyone’s best interests at heart (spoiler: they don’t).
8. At the same time, there was another origin for the smiley face, that of the powerful enemy in the arcade game called Berzerk. The video game is infamous for playing like the inside of a superstore that will constantly rearrange itself, having unique maps that go over eight hundred.
9. Evil Otto is soulless and has no personality, just like Corporate America, in that the latter produces an unimaginable amount of advertisements to get you to buy stupid shit that you don’t need. It’s horrible, but alas I am ranting.
10. In addition to this, Evil Otto is invincible in the game, clearly being a metaphor for how the corporations and culture industry will never fall as we all descend into a postmodern hell hole.

11. Otto tortures the player when they are successful in the game, just like how “hustlers” on Instagram tell you how much you could improve if only you purchased their exclusive Tonic Water-Muscle Milk with Snake Oil Extract™.
12. Considering the Formal Analysis of the smiley face, it is merely a circle with two dots and a curved line in the imitation of a mouth with vertical symmetry. If you are feeling extra special you can make the color of the face yellow. Presto. Done.

### Chapter 3: The Hieroglyphic Monad Isolated

13. Doctor John Dee’s Hieroglyphic Monad is a fairly complicated construction. I will attempt to recount it here with this poem, to save time:

First you draw a circle  
Then you dot the monad  
Then you draw the Cross  
Add Aries and the crescent moon  
And presto, it’s the Hieroglyphic Monad!

14. As for the effect of the Monad itself, it supposedly stands for a representation of all Creation, as explored in this poem I just made up:

The circle represents Man’s subjective eyes  
The dot is God, the Object of worship  
The Cross’ meaning is twofold:  
A vessel for the material and spiritual planes  
An analogy to the four elements  
Aries is Heraclitian combustion  
The Moon is a mirror of things not seen  
Their totality creates the Hieroglyphic Monad  
Synergistically

15. Now, naturally I don’t buy one bit of this, despite having written it. What I *meant* to say is that I emulated John Dee’s thought to write those two poems from the perspective of believing in them.
16. If we take this claim of universal representation at face value, then the Hieroglyphic Monad conjoined with Evil Otto represents a kind of universal evil.

## Chapter 4: The Monad and Otto Combined

17. At first, the combination may seem quite pointless, and to be frank, perhaps it is. However, that does not help us make a point, as I have already written like three pages already.
18. As was stated previously, if the Monad represents a kind of universality, then the juxtaposition of Evil Otto onto it represents a universal evil. Evil may be understood as being detrimental to one's existence when evil is present. Thus, what could be more detrimental to our welfare as a society at this point than the coronavirus?
19. Furthermore, Formalistically speaking, the only real new property manifesting from Evil Otto being placed in the Hieroglyphic Monad is the appearance of a unibrow over his eyes. It looks less sinister and more like he is just a neckbeard from reddit or something.
20. Going off of this, it brings into question the already morally dubious quality of the character of the Combination. Is he just a loser, or is he genuinely evil? Are they the same thing, does one lead to another, or are the qualities not related at all?
21. It would seem that this crude juxtaposition of figures implies that Evil Otto is a bugman, but not happy about his putrid existence as evidenced by his contrasting expression, despite pursuing hedonistic pleasures, such as buying lard at the store.
22. Evidence to support this claim is featured in the Aries flame beneath the cross. Crucifixion and burning at the stake were two popular execution methods. It is possible that the fire represents consumerism, and also "putting a fire under someone's ass" to buy new products. Modern man dies a little more inside everyday.

### Works cited:

Kirby's Adventure  
Berzerk (Arcade game)  
The Hieroglyphic Monad of Doctor John Dee

Why is the question always “What do you do for a living?” Certainly it is uncanny that whatever one is forced to fritter most of his time away with - his vocation - should be spoken of with such an ironic and cruel name as a “living”. But more pressingly, we surely do more to kill ourselves than live. So wouldn’t a more accurate question be phrased “What do you do for a dying?” Even just ‘a dying’ in general, with its varied manifestations and disciplines, would be better fitting than ‘a living’. Your interlocutor would ask and you’d say “Oh, I sleep about ten hours out of every day,” or “I smoke crack,” or “I study philosophy.” Yes, that would make a great deal more sense.

I for one detest the stigma that crack has. Cheeseburgers are a drug! You could take a fork and stab yourself in the eye, should forks be illegal? What about those who jump off buildings? Should we outlaw buildings?

There’s this cool guy, Joe Rogan, who hosted Fear Factor. But he has a podcast. It’s really cool man, I think you’d like it. He talks about lots of stuff. With lots of people. Yeah, lots of different stuff... With lots of different people...

A few weeks back I fucked a chimp. Never before in my life had I had sex as good as that night. It cleared my mind, man, it soothed my soul, it allowed for me to think openly and plainly for the first time in years. I’ve begun research in this taboo area of study and came to find out a lot about interspecies mating. I’ve been thinking about how the human brain can create a deeper relationship than our more primal counterparts because we create a higher-brain vulnerability. And while this can provide a stronger bond, it can also make it so people are scared to open up, and in the end if you don’t make it past that vulnerability then it doesn’t even matter.

Other animals with comparable genetic differences, such as zebras and horses, have bred successfully in the past. Though the offspring were often sterile. I’m devoted to finding a way in which I could combine the best of both worlds. I’ve discovered that human sperm can penetrate the outer membrane of a gibbon (ape species) egg. Unfortunately I came to find out that human sperm simply cannot bind to chimpanzee eggs. However, I’ve also found that human sperm can bind to gorilla oocytes with almost the same ease as human ones.

This was great news, but also horrible news. For you see, gorillas are ugly as fuck. The whole point of this is ruined if the offspring were to be a gorilla-human hybrid. I’ve been making good headway though.

But yeah, this dude (Joe Rogan) is also, like, in MMA. I’ve actually been thinking of learning Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. No it's not because of him. It's my own volition. Have you heard of Jordan Peterson by the way? I thought he sounded cool, but he takes pills. What a loser. Everything he’s said in his career is now devoid of any credibility because of that. Here, try these nootropics I got, Alpha Brain. They make you, like, think sentences, uh, better.

During my quarantine i've been able to have a threesome with two waifu's. I could have picked any two waifu's so of course I went with reisuka. reisuka tongued my asshole while I licked reisuka's cunny. We proceeded to curl fetally as reisuka also orally administered reisuka in the perineum. In a sense reisuka was able to ram reisuka's head up reisuka's target orifice. The result was a waifuck ouroboros. It never ends and I am continually engaged. I consider this the greatest accomplishment of my life and a better exertion of effort than reading or writing or exercising under quarantine. I will let all reisuka fags parse the significance of my accomplishment and understand why they will never have the versatility, will, intellect, and mana to do this themselves.



## *The Nasim Aghdam Gallery*

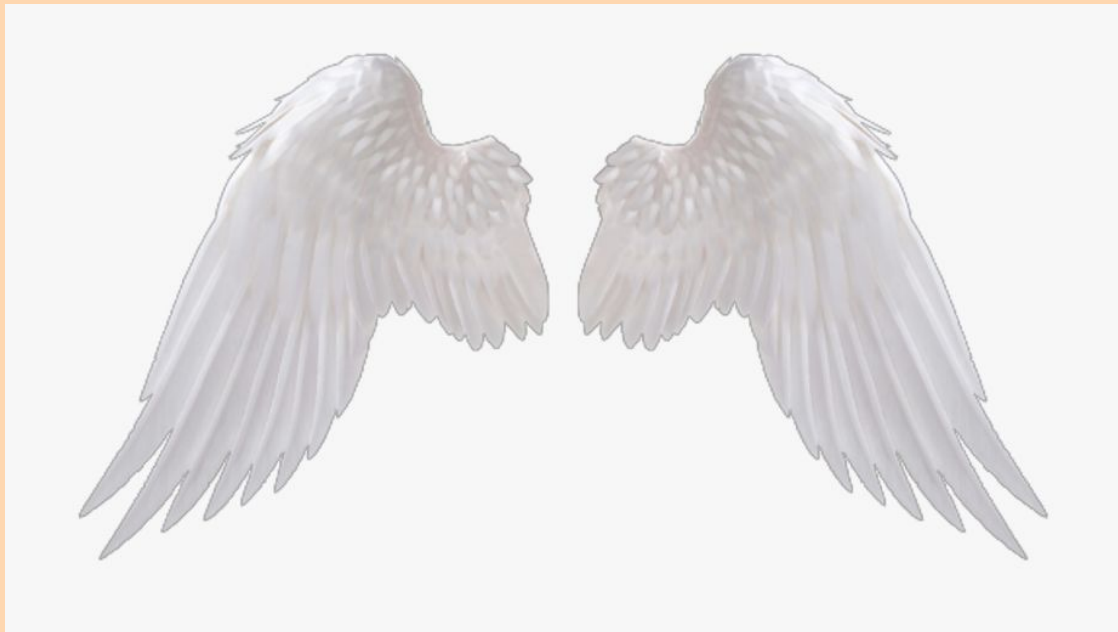






1979-2018

OUR ANGEL, GONE TOO SOON.



# Random Poetry. (feel free to add)

## 1. Ovid-19

You hate my guts  
Cause I called you a slut  
I bet all you taste is nuts.

Student centre  
Student centre  
Please come quick I need a mentor

Drinking chardonnay with the stars  
The milky Way is actually the name of the airport bar.

I have corona  
Cause I live in Corona  
All I have to my name is a dozen Corona's  
I hope it cures my Corona.

## 2. "Is This Poem Finished, Anon?" Yes it's a Haiku

Snow falls on lilies  
twee twee twee twee twee twee  
Birds call through the cold

## 3. Have you ever written a poem, Anon? / He took a face from the ancient gallery;

Eight o'clock, I think of my dear Mother;  
I haven't a thing – to-day for my Mom.  
I have never written a good poem.  
I ask my page:  
–Anon do you know an–  
y poems i can show to my mother  
today

There is just one voice. He says to me:  
Ah shit that's a big ask brother let me  
Think.  
Better idea. No worse Ide-a.  
Let me think longer. All poems on the  
theme of mothers seem to be fairly Hall-  
-marky. I would assume this is because the drive  
to produce poetry, lust and au-  
-tism, are generally not focused  
on mothers.

Anon! He enters our discussion now.  
"Generally not focused on mothers"?-  
Anon says to that: False; at 8:30.  
At the same minute, I ask: "name some pls".  
He means the lust and autism part. Poems?  
No words to that; no words to Mother's poems.

:(

8:31 - "This is your chance to  
capitalize on the gap in the" - fuck -  
market"; Anon, why did you use that word?  
That was very hard to keep in metre.

We are back to it; we talk some more now.  
-Anon what if you wrote a poem for  
my mother

Well, I'm sure there would be worse things. I gen-  
-erally fall back on simplistic forms  
of poetry because it's hard. (see a-  
bove)

-Who are your favorite poets maybe i'll  
make one from influence  
Keats is someone to consider I think.

You can feel the stress between his lowly  
reality and the ideals of ro-  
manticism in his work, which I think  
can be in some ways applied to the i-  
-deal of the family unit compared  
to the reality of having to  
cohabit.

-Yeah that makes sense. I'll try to think of some-

–thing. Anyway, thanks for writing poem  
3 for me.  
I'll see if I have anything else in  
the tank to dump in the poems. Godspeed/  
–Godspeed!

4.

There once was a poster named John,  
Who never saw past his front lawn.  
His jokes were low grade, no effort was made,  
Thank god that he wrote them anon.

There once was a lawyer named Lee,  
Got called to defend Bill Cosby.  
When sentencing came, and Cosby was shamed,  
He lowered the price of his fee.

5.

Smokes lingers in a windless room  
Like lost souls just hanging around  
Hope leaves for the impending doom  
I'm just rhyming to sound profound  
The taciturn man shoots blanks into space  
TV static and blue light in his brain

6.

Masturbating to Futa,  
I'm going to shoota  
Myself  
<sup>57</sup>Skating on the edge  
Of existence  
This distance, I feel

---

<sup>57</sup> Better version:  
About to spray my brains  
While skating on the edge  
Of this existence  
Around me is distance  
Of that around me  
I wish someone would drown me.

To that around me  
I wish something would drown me.

7.

The wagon hitched and kicked,  
“Get a move on, you crackbrained son of a bitch!”  
said the prospector through gritted teeth,  
And they went on their merry way.

8.

“Put it *back* Jamal!” said Aunt Jemima.

9.

Big bubble booty  
Make me wanna slap  
Make me wanna huff  
A big stinky *BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAP*

10.

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The loli ran down the cock;  
The cock did cum,  
And up she run,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

11.

Would’ve had a job this summer but gee  
Who could’ve invented this virus but Xi

12.

Covid-19 is in fact just a common flu. The ‘pandemic’ has been a massive inter-governmental effort in plebian suggestibility. In fact most all diseases, and even some wars and famines, are nothing but subtle hypnosis ordered from a select elite. This is what the general mass of ‘outbreaks’ and

'conflicts' outside of Africa in the last thirty years have been. While the control benefits of this are enormous it often happens these events turn out counter to control and stability interests of those behind them. This is because these disasters most of the time are one family faction flexing over another. The early Arab Spring was the result of a royal Qatar telling a Rothschild senior his "magic was shit". The case of the coronavirus is a dick-flexing contest between the Chang triad clan behind the CCP and Hwan CXIV royal descendent of the Korean hyper-empire. The humiliating aspect is in the fact chinks have simply amplified the flu x10 in their heads. The elite look on in great amusement as the world is now engulfed in a mad panic and unironically dying over the flu. When events begin to get far beyond the control of the families the group initially responsible will often sheepishly consult a 'higher force' that sadistically sexually admonishes them for every dick-flex mishap (this is 'high-tier' sex magick). This 'higher force' is only a roundabout ritual to subtly suggest the ritualist themselves auto-correcting the course in the best way the only real higher power, their higher selves, know how. This also means an individual can in a sense deprogram the 'reality' of most diseases and disasters through ritual. It involves a two-week break from masturbation and internet, lifting weights, and eventually having sex.<sup>58</sup>

13.

Another day in my room  
    Waiting for my ever awaiting doom  
This place is a tomb  
    My tears they start to loom  
But never seem to break through the womb  
    I am a man of gloom  
Exhausting all of my fumes  
    To the one whom I dedicate this to  
Doesn't know I exist.

#### 14. In a Restroom of the Metro by Ezra Mound

The apparition of these feces in the crowd;  
Petals in a wet, black trough.

15.

I can't believe my son is gay  
I can't believe my son is gay  
I can't believe my son is gay

16.

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

---

<sup>58</sup> Only works if you don't already do this. But considering you're reading this...

17.

When the candle burns out

Will I be met with a beautiful snout

Of a once fabricated wife

No more strife

Eternal life.

18.

The Jews fear the indoor bison rancher

Imma move to New Hampshire

19.

There is one thing

Which in life I lust

A feminine fellow

With thighs as pillows

Below their garments

A phallus may lie.

20.

Two chodes diverged in a yellow wood,

And I sorry I could not ravage both

And be one ravager, long I stood

And looked down as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was classy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

And both the morning equally lay

In brieves no lech had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how gay leads on to gay,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two chodes diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less ravaged by,  
And that has made all the difference.

21.

As I sit here drinking my Absolut vodka  
I dwell on how I wish I had just a talent modicum  
For real im drunk help me rhyme

22.

I'd help the last guy rhyme  
But I simply don't have time 😂

I say we lock this shit when it  
reaches 200 pages

Alrea dfsffeafeady has

# A Condensed, Revised History of The World

The earth has only been able to support complex life for the last 600 or so million years and went through a number of mass extinctions, one of which wiped out literally 99% of species on the planet. Humans are basically the result of millions of years of lucking out. Homo sapiens weren't even the smartest human species, we were just the most prolific and went around assimilating all the competitors like the Borg. When technology came around, it wasn't just a matter of who got the good genes anymore, it was who found the better way to kill off the people with better genes. Fire was most likely discovered by some jackasses fucking around with flint.

Intelligent life is a fluke.

An accident.

An anomaly.

Smart Tribesman with A++ genes: Hey dumbasses, stop playing with those sharp rocks. You will cut yourself and it will hurt.

Retard kids who dropped out of shaman school: Lol fuck you, Smart Tribesman with A++ genes

They proceed to try to use flint to graffiti dicks on all the cave paintings and end up sending sparks flying into a nearby dried out cannabis bush. It catches fire and the fumes from BC Kush send them into a pyromania frenzy that motivates them to burn down Smart Tribesman with A++ genes' hut for talking shit. Their drug induced arson continues and they manage to get the entirety of Troglodyte Town thoroughly blazed. Troglodyte Town becomes the chief exporter of Spirit Smoke (which all the proto-religions needed to conduct ceremonies) and Zippo lighters.

However, Troglodyte Town's residents eventually become lazy and lethargic from being high all the time and have to outsource their production to the nearby China tribe, who have discovered a way to continually create exact copies of themselves through heavy industry. The mass produced lighters are distributed to the local farmers to protect their crops against zombies. One day, a farmer whose wife and kids were taken by the Bubonic Plague decides to smoke opium next to his bovine companion to develop a substance dependency. The cow discharges methane from its discharging region and ignites an explosion that blows away the aether layer surrounding Earth and exposes the moon.

The moon allows for primitive calendars to be created which allowed for primitive drinking holidays to come about, creating the first Irish people. The Irish evolved in a land completely made out of potatoes and developed the first potato cannons with zippo lighters and bottled cow discharges. Because the Irish are the first to discover this technology, they go about the globe selling potato chips to less privileged communities. The kids in these communities end up developing severe acne from the potato chip grease and wear different types of masks to cover it up. In a particular land known as Texas, children with masks are demoted to bottom-tier citizens and forced to cart around manure to fertilize the tobacco fields (by this time humans had developed simple economies based around cigarettes). This leads to the invention of horses.

The Texans become the first empire and built a Ten-Gallon-Hat tower to the moon in order to colonize it and establish breweries on the far side to obtain ultimate control over the drinking holiday trade. However, their diminished lung capacities from smoking mean that they cannot develop sufficient primitive space suits

and have to start sending an aquatic race known as the French on space missions for them. The French discover cheese on the moon and take it back to Earth to serve at fancy dinner parties.

The types of people that go to fancy dinner parties eventually interbreed with each other and create the first Republicans. The Republicans need a constant supply of oil to fuel their money printers and go about extracting it from the hairs of a sessile people known as the Neckbeards. The Neckbeards soon find that with all the grease from their ponytails drained, they now have the motivation to scrape their faces with sharp metal and interact with a secretive tribe from South America known as Women. This is how sexual reproduction starts.

Sexual reproduction leads to a massive market of men feeling inadequate about their sexual reproductive components because they are no longer needed for sword battles and have to be used as lances instead. A mysterious digital race capitalizes on this and soon the entire world finds their electronic mailboxes full of canned meat. The world disposes of the canned meat by dumping it into the ocean, where it evolves into whales.

The whales manage to breach their way into the United Nations and start blubbering on about Japanese people committing hate crimes against them. The United Nations responds by revoking Japan's eligibility for sexual reproduction tax benefits and the country sinks into a recession. Archeologists have confirmed that this is when the Japanese started harvesting wild fleshlights and refining them into Tenga products (which is why people who use raw fleshlights are dirt-wallowing primitives). The massive success of tengas leads to early alchemists at Nintendo to synthesize the ultimate in unobtainiality: the anime girl.

Anime girls are able to proliferate through a metaphysical field known as "the internet" and find their way into the hearts of socially awkward teenage boys worldwide. An endeavoring politician known as Ron Paul uses the promise of bringing anime girls into the physical world as his platform and creates the nation of Fedora, where every citizen is required by law to wear a tin-foil lined hat that blocks the ability to think critically by restricting blood flow to the cognitive prefrontal cortex of the brain.

The Fedorans, unable to process their thoughts correctly, unintentionally merge the previous technologies of horses, anime girls, and sexual reproduction and regress into Neckbeard primitives, forming a cult known as Bronies. Bronies are persecuted and martyred worldwide until a Roman emperor with the sun in his eyes confuses them with Christians and creates the Roman Catholic Church.

The Roman Catholic Church conquers the entire internet and resurrects their lord and savior, Ron Paul, as part of a conspiracy to retrieve ancient Texan artifacts to locate the lost moon tower. The moon tower is found on a secret island in the Pacific known by the natives as Frito-Lay. They gather everyone in the world claiming to have Irish heritage (so everyone in the world) and convert the tower into the largest potato cannon ever constructed. They then blast the moon into cheese dust and funnel it in to create the ultimate life elixir that man had imagined since the inception of Spirit Smoke: Cheetos.

So whenever you get that yellow-orange dust all over your game controller, remember that it was ultimately conceived in a series of far-fetched but inter-related accidents.

Just like life.  
Just like humanity.  
Just like you.

PAGE 200  
The end....?

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