

# MAGNUM

magazine  
volume:  
no-one

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*a quick introduction . . .*

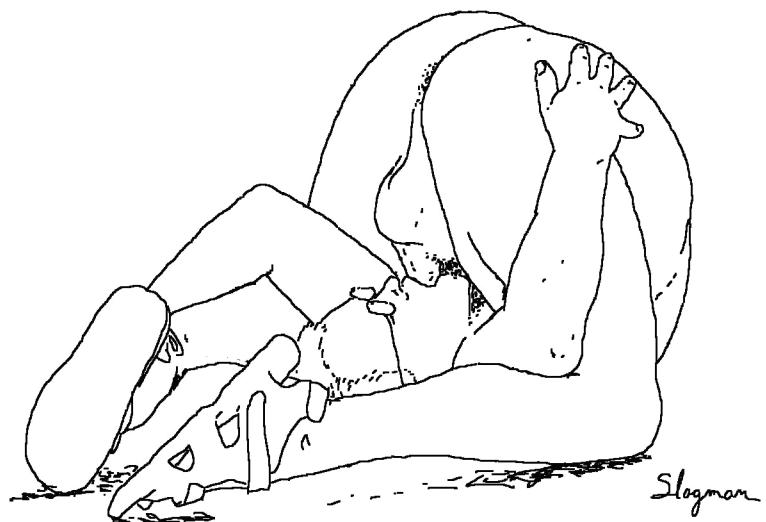
Some anon wanted to start a /lit/ magazine, so he put on a trip (!Bo9yQ/SEoo) and commenced being very annoying and not very productive. There were symptoms of never-going-anywhere. To make a point (read: out of spite and boredom) I decided to snipe his project, which at that point comprised nine total submissions; I also nabbed the aborted remains of &non magazine from the archive to fill this thing out, so those start on page nine. Both the current no-name project and &non took submissions via thread, so I should have just about everything in here. The historically-inclined anons of the future can look at thread No.23248778 for the (as yet) no-name project, and at No.22594877 and No.22618322 for &non (a game of spot the difference and a bit of a poisoned well).

I wanted to show how much you can get done in a few days if it's just you and a pile of submissions (and if you don't bother with shit like "editing" or "reading" or "discussing"). I made a point to avoid reading these as much as I could, so expect typos and punctuation fuck-ups and so on; for the same reason, there's no real order and the illustrations are superficial at best. But hey, I had fun. And there's probably something good in here.

MAGNUM  
 vol. one rev. one  
 April 2024

writings from /lit/  
 art public domain  
 !!qCxDxCsrVlR5  
 made using:  
 Scribus+GIMP+spite

*dedicated to me*



*or /lit/ or sumthin i spose*

VOLUME NO-ONE ----- pg. ii

# Echoes of the Celestial Rift

Golden escalators ascend  
opulent mania hallways  
of chance, fortunes lit  
by neon theology

Here the tower hubris rises  
mocking heavens, erecting  
self as idol  
craved obeisance

Through these gilded halls wandered  
that tarnished star, fallen morning  
blazon

who lung smoke rings of rebellion  
spun tales of wager wins over realms

Clay vessels sculpted askew  
bent profane, distorted  
the making of man  
in egotistical image

Luciferian pride rolled the dice  
daring to unseat thrones  
all tumbled to depths  
of searing hedonism

While on zealous wings  
the Master Craftsman formed  
new cosmos from chaos  
to shine light within darkness

## Where White Elephants Go

The hills were brown and dry. We  
walked and did not speak. I could  
feel the morning heat rising.

She stopped and faced me. "I'm late."

I nodded, pulling out my smokes.  
The pack was crushed and empty.

"What should we do?" she asked.

I struck a match against my boot  
heel. The sulfur flared in the breeze.

"You know what we have to do."

Her eyes looked past me to the flat  
line of the horizon. "I don't know if I  
can."

I flicked the spent match into the  
brush. "We really just can't. Not now."

She hugged her arms tight across her  
chest. A cold morning would come  
again, and with it, relief.

We turned back towards town as the  
sun cleared the ridge. Our shadows  
shrank behind us. I took her hand as  
we started across the cracked earth.

The dusty road led us back towards  
town. Her steps slowed as we neared  
the outskirts. I could tell her doubts  
weighed heavy.

"Maybe we could make it work," she  
said, half under her breath.

I stopped and faced her. "You know  
that's no kind of life."

She avoided my gaze, watching a dry  
tumbleweed roll past.

"We got nothing, muchacha. No  
money, no prospects." I grabbed her  
shoulders so she would look me in  
the eye. "You really want to bring a  
child into this?"

She bit her lower lip and I could see  
her throat tighten, desperately  
holding back tears. Slowly, she shook  
her head in resignation.

With the decision made, it was like a  
burden had lifted. We started  
walking again, our strides falling  
back in sync. The lined faces of the  
poor looked on as we passed  
through the rancho. No one paid us  
any mind.

At the edge of town, a battered truck  
idled in a swirl of dust. The driver  
gave a slight nod as we climbed in  
back with the other workers. As we  
headed down the dirt road to the  
fields, her head rested against my  
shoulder. In her weariness, she  
looked almost peaceful.

I stroked her hair, trying to imagine  
a different life, one where our child  
could know green hills and plenty.  
But this was our lot, to struggle and  
endure. There would be other days  
to think about what might have  
been.

# "The Man in the Study"

or

## The Virtue of Self-Annihilation

Andre "pee fiend" Yev

It has been said by men of lesser faith that "suicide," that modal creature of fickle taboo, is an act of wanted morals. Various terms are applied against it, such as "Cowardess," "Immaturity," or most vulgar of all, "Ethical Failure." This is ideology forged in grave error, and ironically spawned from the very thing them suicidal seek to escape. I will explain what I mean by this soon.

It should be observed foremost the motivations for the act, for it is in these motivations (the human "heart") where evil is found. Can one call a man wicked when all their life they only sought for virtue? It matters not the ends, but the heart of the means by which that end was put forth. And so, the question must be answered not by the accused, but by them who seek accusations as to why suicide might be labeled "evil," or more aptly put, "wrong."

And the possible motivation is clear, though bipartite. In the human condition are two active agents: the flesh and the soul. There is the thing that thinks, and the body which the thing thinks for. And thus, it may be for these two agents alone that the subject ends their life. The author of this essay will acquiesce to the hungered label of "evil" to one whom hangs for the former. A succumbing to the flesh is a failure. It is not the body which thinks but the soul. One's being, the telos of what we call "man," is found in the conscious, and not the coil to which it is contained. And thus, though dispute may be raised as to the moral standing of one killing the flesh for a suffering of other obvious profundity, the average child of Adam has no firm standing upon which to end their life in response to the sufferings of this flesh. It is the mind succumbing to the body. A soul enchain, and brought under. Although not morally culpable due to illness of the neuro-chemistry which dictates their lives, it is still here a succumbing to the flesh, and could not be considered "right," let alone virtuous.

But for the latter? For the soul? This is where the black and the white coalesce into a wretched and writhing, fathomless grey. For reason to bring a man to suicide is a radical thing, and should be explored.

There is an oft-quoted parable, long archaic and mostly lost to time, but virile still. In the life of a man, there comes a point at which they enter the study. There they read, and write, and ponder, until madness itself seems to pool from the walls, and the carpet, and the laquer of the wood. There is nothing of easy understanding for the man. Each philosophy is contradicted by another. Each scrap of truth they might guide their feet to land upon is so quickly undermined by another. Or, further still, they are appalled at the truths that they do find. Truth that shows malice bare. Metaphysics deemed unacceptable by the man. Life turned vile. They see the Devil's red-laugh. And this man, pensive and pained, is whirled about in this maelstrom of ideology until they can not tell up from down, nor black from white, nor good from evil, nor mad from sane. There they rave. Satan's marionette.

And then the man leaves the study.

And the ground is still beneath him, and the sky above, and his woman is frying onions on the stove, and the hearth glows with an eager life, and the madness shrinks back to the abyss from whence it came. Life is there to be lived again.

One must always leave the study.

But what if one cannot?

If ideology consumed, as it is prone to doing, and the ideology tells one that existence is of negative value, and that abyss is sweet and easy, and that man is vile from birth, then what is to come of this? Suicidal ideation for the man in the study cannot be slain with palliative or good tidings. What is to be done for him?

He is to be left to rot. And rot he shall. If suicide is to come, then it is to come. What is evil in that? Bittersweet it may be, but truth is truth, and action must be taken on its account.

But the author of this essay seeks not to prove neutrality in the ethic of "The Man in the Study," but virtue. "The Man in the Study" is not a victim, but a martyr to things beyond him. And the proof of this lies in what was discussed before.

Awareness of the flesh is what drives "The Man in the Study" to tie the knot from the ceil-

ing fan, for it is in the flesh where the ideology of suicide is made most apparent. As Schopenhauer so aptly claims, our being is one of continual desire. A perversion of hedonic treadmill. It is not the soul which urges us onward into the unknown, but the malice of the flesh upon which it is carried. From the womb to the mausoleum, a man is chained to a flesh haunted by the terror of its own great desire. We crave, and crave plenty. For sex and for shelter, and for food and fine drink, and for love and life tranquil, or for toys of stoic vapidity by which we may be distracted from it all, if only for a short while. But the evil in this is that the desires are never satisfied, but instead only grow. There is no escape, not for Adam and his kin, and most certainly not for "The Man in the Study," for in his walls, and his carpet, and the laquer of his wood, this is all he can see

Our neurochemistry is the greatest mockery from God. Our teleology is a two-sided coin composed of both suffering and boredom. Suffering in our desire, and boredom once this desire has been quelled. "Joy" is but the thrill of the toss. Our neurochemical receptors dance in the bounty of these little victories. They feast on dopamine and oxytocin, released from our glands in the sardonic heat of pleasure. But there is no chemical for pain, nor receptor for boredom. These are natural states. "And what is boredom but the feeling of the emptiness of life?" What good can come of it?

If this is obvious in our being, then why is it that man has not dwindled its numbers to nothing? Why is it that we have not grown infertile by will alone, and spared our unborn from their becoming the wretch? The flesh and its desire unchecked. It is weakness of mind, and moral failing by which we haul our infant spawn kicking and screaming from the prenatal chamber and subject them to the tyrant flesh with which Adam enchain. This is all too apparent to "The Man in the Study." And it may lead to his undoing.

There are those who ignore our condition, and shuffle meekly from the study toward the scent of onion now rotten to the nose, and the fever of the hearth which glows now not with eager life, but with all the fire of hell itself. But there are those who do not.

And what can we call those men but martyrs? Foeman of the sin itself? Rebels of the tyrant "flesh." That must be, if anything is at all, virtue.

# a rant on philosophical structure

*a,non*



i has come to my attention, and been the object of my great detestment that there exists

a general consensus of determinism in the common vogue,

but no only that, a fundamental belief in the truthe of the world and the past being a set in stone list of objects to be discovered.

in the following rant i would like to despell these thoughts in the reader

to start, i must take several pre requisites

the first being that the human senses are fundamentally limited.

this is backed by most modern science, but i am specifically stating it as an axiom

the second is that things are what they are, and cant be what they're not.

what i mean is, a thing is defined by its connections to the world around it, and were another thing to exist with the same connections,

it would, in effect be the same thing

given these we can reduce the experience of the soul,(the things we see, hear and feel) to a very very large series of numbers, and regardless of how long the seris of numbers is,

there is no wrong answer for what comes next, only simple answers and complex ones. lets take a given sequence 1, 2. what could come next?

it could be that  $f(x)=x$ , and therefore 3, it could be that  $f(x) = 2^x-1$ , and therefore 4, but it also could be literally any other number, given we add complexity

a

1 b

1 -> 2 -> c

if we set a= 0 we get b=1 and so c ( $f(x)$ ) = three, but if we set a=2 we get 5, and the equasian  $f(x)= (x-1)^2 + 1$ , and we may aquire any given value of a if we set our "a" to the correct value

thus anything could be next

but most notabley, anything could be. there are multiple possible pasts that could have made our future,

and all of them are partially true, but not neccacarely equally

and likewise there are multiple things that could make up our present, if one rolls a dice under a cup,

the dice hasnt truly landed on any face until the cup is removed, as the property of its faces havent interacted with the observer, all of them are the same (and a thing is what it is)

a thing exists by its relations to other things, so if a thing has no relations to anything, its the same as if it did not exist,

but therefore, if a thing has no relations to you, direct or otherwise, its does not exit to you, existance being relative in this way

so, any details you will never percive, never exist, and until the data for a fact about the world reveals itself, the fact does not exist

meaning that when the great masters of old, whom probably existed, conjectured that the world was flat, or timeless, or that gravity affected heavy things more,

they were actually correct, until the evidencial dissonence came into being.

so in conclusion, there is not one truth to the world, until we find it, at which point there is

# A rant on 'a rant on philisophical structure'

Today, I read a stutter of text that can only be described as an example of a supremely high form of gibberish. What it is the author is trying to convince us of is unclear, but he insists it has something to do with determinism; a perceived consensus on our literary board that the path of time runs straight and narrow has moved him to such an intense frustration that it has, in his own words, given to a 'rant' that would fracture this understanding which to him is anathema. Naturally, when looking for clear-headed analysis on a matter of philosophy as essential as determinism, a quick, combusting word like 'rant' reassures one that what will follow could only succeed in proving itself to be the best work of reason and enlightened view that humanity can afford. Yet what did proceed from that shining title, the great case for an indeterminate universe, astounded your humble writer as it dawned upon him, eyes battling downwards through the torn ligaments of crumpled arguments and bloody non-sequitirs, line by line hoping that the flag of peace and resolution would unveil itself ere the night of ignorance descended upon our indeterminate battle, that what had been titled so bravely could barely meet its own claim for an explanation of anything other than the auer's own folly; and in my great consternation I now put forward that 'rave' may have been better suited to head what appears to me as the philosophical equivalent of a pregnant cow choking on barbed wire. And so, with a gracious flick of the wrist, as I do dip my floral quill

in the sooty ink, I prepare myself to enter the fray, perhaps merely to bring temporary pause to a violence of reason so hard to observe, yet not killing or becoming champion to any side in particular, hoping rather to rescue fair and bonny wisdom from the black claws of such an unseemly death.

Where does our madman begin? On stable ground, it seems at first: the principle of non-contradiction. He notes that "things are what they are, and can't be what they are not". This, of course, is non-specific, but I shall assume he means all conceivable 'things' which can be held as representations in our own understanding. He continues on: "a thing is defined by its connections to the world around it, and were another thing to exist with the same connections it would, in effect, be the same thing". What a heroic declaration! To strongman this loony's study, we shall grant him this axiom; yet beware: such strong metaphysical definitions do not belong to 'modern science' and deserve a clarity of used terms and a length of justification not provided here. "given these we can reduce the experience of the soul,(the things we see, hear and feel) to a very very large series of numbers" My oh my, What a peculiar designation! Yet i do suppose we COULD allocate each unique experience, and associated representations, with unique integers, since there are infinitely many of them. There is nothing technically wrong with that.

It is at this point, however, that we begin a metaphorical liftoff; the plains of reason recede below us; our mistress, dear logic, flings herself from the left wing, leaving parachute in the emptied seat; we find ourselves in new, twisted airs of strange fact and ingrown truths. The auer claims:

"there is no wrong answer for what comes next (in the series of numbers representing experiences of the soul), only simple answers and

complex ones. lets take a given sequence 1, 2. what could come next?

it could be that  $f(x)=x$ , and therefore 3, it could be that  $f(x) = 2^x - 1$ , and therefore 4, but it also could be literally any other number, given we add complexity"

And here we meet the audacious jump. Where does it go? What has it travelled over? It is true that given a finite sequence of integers with no underlying rule or function provided, the next integer in that sequence could be ANYTHING. Any number, repeated or not. We are given the example: 1,2,?. That third term could be 3 or 1192 or 0, depending on what our function  $f(x)$  is and what the numbers preceding it (1 and 2 in this case) are. What is also true, however, is that you can logically sequence experiences of the soul in any such way as well. Say we have an arbitrary sequence of events: a star collapses, the fair coin is spun into the air, the isotope emits a beta particle,... What event follows? Just as the numbers, where there could be any function with any rule that gives any answer, and where changing any previous event may change that answer, we could have absolutely anything as the next term in our arbitrary, mutable series. So what is the point of introducing any numbers at all? The same logic used should apply directly to experiences. Why numbers and not shapes? There are infinitely many 2D shapes: we could allocate one to each experience and arrange them any which way. This whole process is arbitrary.

What allocating numbers does is distance from physical experience, and in doing so, provide some distance from our shared, irrefutable knowledge that the series of experiences that our soul is witness to IS determined by some KNOWN rules. That is, not any random  $f(x)$ , but a known set of principles that our series must obey. Principles such as that of causality, of non-contradiction, of logical induction. Not only

that, but unlike our choicely met, mutable series of numbers, "we" cannot go back and change terms to give us different answers. The determinist's argument entirely is that the past is fixed, and once known the present could be arrived at through determined rules (again, I take no sides). Just because you could state a different series with any other set of rules, it doesn't change anything about ours. For example, the coin flips in the air, and when it lands we know it cannot give us the jack of spades. The rules and facts of our established series of experience makes sure of this.

In this way our dear author has attempted to sneak in his presupposition that reality is indeterminate, that there are no SET RULES in time, into the structure of his argument, and did his best to dress it in a poor mathematical elaboration to conceal its passing.

There is a spatter more of this jumble of thought:

"if a thing has no relations to you, direct or otherwise, it does not exist to you"

which seems to be neither here nor there, until:

"so, any details you will never perceive, never exist, and until the data for a fact about the world reveals itself, the fact does not exist"

yadayadayada "so in conclusion, there is not one truth to the world, until we find it, at which point there is" A faulty conclusion! No. What you have really said is that there IS truth, yet we cannot know it until we observe it empirically. This is called empiricism, and it has been floating about in western thought since at least the 17th century. What significance it has in relation to determinism is beyond the wildest reaches of my thought.

In conclusion, sir, if you do happen to be reading this, I recommend that you READ, that you do some real MATH, picking up behind the great old masters in a humble manner un-

til you have sharpened that wit and cut out the fat which led you to make this disaster. Perhaps someday you shall be well acquainted enough with hard, technical reading to approach the early-modern epistemologists on an equal footing and enlighten yourself by engaging in the highest calibre of this form of discussion. If you are so fortunate, I pray you shall SEE THE LIGHT and allow our lord and saviour IMMANUEL KANT to illumine your sudden cortex and bring forth the integrity and multifoliate consequence of the pure, ineffable A PRIORI TRUTH.



## No.23256203

"Listen folks, let me tell you about my good friend Jeffrey. He was a great guy, a real character. We'd hang out on his private island, Little Saint James, and have a blast.

There were always plenty of celebrities and politicians there. I saw Bill Clinton a few times, and Prince Andrew was a regular. Kevin Spacey, Woody Allen, even John Kerry showed up once.

We'd swim, sunbathe, and party. Jeffrey had these amazing massages, and the food was to die for. It was like a tropical paradise, but with even better company.

Of course, there were rumors about what went on behind closed doors. But I never saw anything inappropriate. Jeffrey was a generous host, and he always made sure everyone had a good time.

Now, some people are trying to make it sound like I was involved in something shady. But that's just fake news. I never did anything wrong. I was just a friend of Jeffrey's, and I enjoyed his company.

So don't believe the lies. I'm Donald Trump, and I'm a victim of the deep state. They're trying to destroy me because I'm a threat to their agenda. But I won't let them win. I'm fighting back, and I'm going to win.

There's not much more I can tell you. I've already said that I was friends with Jeffrey Epstein, and that I visited his island on several occasions. I've also said that I never saw anything inappropriate going on, and that I believe the rumors about Epstein's behavior are just lies.

I understand that some people are curious about my relationship with Epstein, but there's really nothing more to say. I was a friend of his, and I enjoyed his company. That's all.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a country to run."

[A black man appears from the shadows.]

"It's important to note that Donald Trump has been accused of sexual misconduct by multiple women, and that he has a long history of making misogynistic and racist statements. He has also been accused of having ties to organized crime figures, and of engaging in corrupt business practices.

The allegations against Trump are serious, and they should be investigated thoroughly. However, it's important to remember that Trump is innocent until proven guilty in a court of law"

# Dr. Melfi's Office



I want to go  
towards better,  
away from coffee,  
speaking in circles, practicing  
gratitude because I have something,  
want more, and am unhappy

I've been calling out  
to the kid who kept dreaming  
of ruling a perfect world. Who  
promised  
to build on the ruins of lesser prodigies and ideals

daily I  
ask "Is this it?"  
the empire isn't growing  
nor decaying, constant maintenance.  
Born into routine maintenance, all of  
our  
steps forward are in surveillance, watching as,  
fumbling, I send you a picture of the mountain pass  
I'll send you a picture so you know it's meaningless

maintain:  
therapy better help  
me maintain a bored  
kingdom. Graciousness:  
forgetting that space stretches  
out, that the oceans are unexplored  
but not interesting, focus on yourself  
focus on maintaining yourself with  
better  
help me get over my addiction to  
self-help asmr

change  
genders but  
never outlooks  
never look for the  
otherside, we conquered the west  
we are the west, we conquered the  
east

eventually  
I'll fall asleep  
in a trash pine forest

eventually  
I'll stop looking  
at comfortable beds as prisons

eventually  
I'll join in, agree  
that a postgrad degree  
unleashes the human mind  
agree that "Is This It" was  
the best Strokes song and stop listening  
to new music. It's all already been done.

eventually  
I'll stop trying  
to write something better than  
"So I'm patiently waiting,  
for the catastrophe of my personality  
to seem interesting again"  
or something close to that

eventually  
I'll stop trying  
to write something better

# No.23270213

## TOO EDGY FOR PASTEBIN

This meeting had been a long time coming and it'd been a long time since it was first planned. Onii-chan (as she liked to call herself) had told him everything he needed to know to escape the pesky oversight of his guardians and afford himself, in what may as well have been a prison life, a little bit of freedom now immediately apparent as he set his phone on airplane mode: he had never felt the need to peddle his ass for sustenance (not in a society that took pride in its ability to let children starve or go under the thumb of abusive men and women, but never work) and so the afforded liberty to merely walk where he wanted, step on the cracks of his choosing and take detours to his heart's content all filled the latter with brimming joy. It's walking thus that he came to their promised rendezvous point.

Onii-chan was five foot eight, draped in rainbow rags that reflected from her thick frames adjoined to cat ears of some sort, and a matching tail at the end of her hunched spine (connected to where he did not assume nor ask) that finalized his easily recognizable silhouette. She was like some fucking game character, he thought as he walked closer and was immediately met with poorly vocalized glee. Remnants of foam adventure in the Discord age. His ears were still ringing when he asked how long she had been waiting.

"Not much, haha. So where do you wanna go?"

His first thought was to hit the Round1. They both liked rhythm games. Fighting games too, though he had left his Hitbox at home. He was already starting to hate the brands but their drug was too strong.

The store nearby had just got a few Bemani cabinets which he was dying to try in that selfish and passionately one-minded teenage way.

"Suuuure.." was the reply to meet his vividity.

And so they walked again. In that small frame of urban decay he went past the homeless debating whether to give one money or not, he was still at that age, a little dilemma she watched play out very intently (with compassion or insect need he did not know); then past drug addicts and normies who briefly harassed her. She was a pessimist, did he know?

They arrived. He enjoyed himself. She paid. In the buzz of graveyard neon now blue light she reserved herself to the spot of spectator (well, she did like watching 'tubers play games, chubby-boy train of thought) and sometimes even more reserved 2P, not quite getting into it as she did in their online matches. Hours flew, they left, but not before he went lastly for the cranes and her gender facade showed its first crack at his sight.

And so it was time to go home (he really pined for home). It had been a fun day, he thought, but Onii-Chan wasn't done. She was a self-dubbed (in third-person) night creature, a cat, remember, and NOW it was time to really have fun.

"Have you had weed before? What 'bout booze?", on the bus.

Here again childishness took over. He had not, and yes but only a bit during X-mas when his dad wasn't looking and was dead drunk himself. Yes, he knows she's staying at a hotel. He'll go.

It was more of a motel by the city's edge. Cheap. Kinda liminal. Not quite as decrepit as he'd pictured (they both liked Silent Hill and talked up to late A.M. about it, though she liked 3 and he didn't), but the kind of placed he imagined didn't really exist anymore. She jumped on the bed, not him, unzipped her backpack and

took herself up to the deed. She passed the bong over to him, the pressure a ghost of fatherhood. He coughed and got pats on the back. Then went for it again. And again.

He couldn't tell if he was tripping when she licked the mouth's edge. Or when after taking a rip she went over to kiss him.

"Dude that's gay."

"Did you just call me dude?"

"Sorry, I just--"

"Did you just fucking imply" (whiny banshee emphasis here)  
"what I think you did?"

A slap knocked him over but not out as she demanded apology.

"Bend over."

The bass echoes were as deep and threatening as its baritone original. He didn't want to. She beat him again. Then a deep breath; a hug. A kiss. An apology on high. She kissed him all over, forehead, brow, nose, cheeks --avoiding lips--, jaw, neck, collarbone, shoulders (fabric first, then she stripped him), breasts, ribs, abdomen. She looked back at his eyes (sweaty brow coitally self-affected, pitch-black dead eyes) when she bit her belt. He tried to worm his way out (he felt like a worm for the first time in his life) and sprint for the window but her bear hugs were too true to their name. She unbuckled his dorky belt. Took her own cargo pants off and put his hands on her pulsing cock, hers were on his ripe and still smooth boy-ass. She

split his cheeks open and used her 200lbs of weight to hold him in place as she split his ass open next. A looking-glass in front captured and replayed every photon of their act, of his reddened face, his defeat, his struggle, and her stern manly visage as she used his insides like a toy. She planned to do the same to herself, now she was ready, she had just landed a mod job in the place they'd met. **אֱלֹהִים** (Selim Elohim)

# No.23266904

*Benedict "newfag" D.*

Keep your Hand steady  
And your Mind ready  
To stay upon the Line  
Towards the Sublime  
For only through constant Naviga-  
tion  
Will you avoid certain Perdition  
And to arrive at the harbour of  
Heaven  
And avoid the Seven.



# No.22595265

I was but a boy when the old man spoke to me. I had missed the bus and the rain weighed me down on the walk home. He had emerged from the bushes, jostling the leaves and spewing them out with him as he made his grand entrance. Hunched and grinning with the remnants of a set of teeth, he snapped his fingers and a wispy blue flame grew upon the tip of one he held up. In an instant it was extinguished by the rain.

>Boy, do you know who I am?

There was no way for me to know a stranger, and I told him as much. One of his teeth fell out as he let out a walloping laugh.

>For I am the Wizard!

I've always been quite an intelligent person, so I trusted him instantly. Immediately I asked him to teach me how to conjure a flame. He clapped in excitement.

>Of course! But first, we must find some cover from this horrid monsoon.

We walked for a mile down the long road while he told of me of his previous life as an undercover wizard. He worked closely with the KGB on missions he refused to talk about until defecting to China and using his powers for research. From there, he telepathically sold information on the ESPnet for trillions and trillions of Zimbabwean dollars.

>And then it's just a simple conversion.

The man's uneventful life was of no interest to me, but there was something about him that I liked. It could have been his tattered clothing which smelled deeply of cat piss or it may have been the left eye that seemed to vibrate when you looked at it too long. None of these things mattered once we had found shelter underneath a rather large umbrella held up by a hippo. It stood on its

hind legs and chewed on tobacco. Bits would fall out of his mouth and shower us in damp leafy clumps but at least it wasn't rain. I took the Wizard by the shoulders and shook him in desperation.

>Damn you, Mr Wizard, show me!

He pushed me off gently and held a hand up.

>Like this, boy!

He snapped and the flame appeared. I was wrong when I said it was blue. It was like a sapphire with the shards of white and wavy complexion. It illuminated his face and drew out the features, transforming his face.

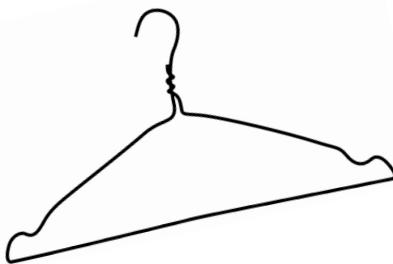
>I gave away everything for this power, boy, do you really want to do the same?

I nodded.

>Most men cannot survive even casting a basic spell until thirty years old.

I nodded again, desperate to continue. I knew at that point that I had lived my life and this was the culmination of it all. Power, and the freedom that offered, was more tempting than anything I had seen before. I nodded for the last time. He grinned.

Then he taught me everything he knew. >A natural! apparently. We're back into the telepathic black market game and racking up cash together. Immortality is advanced magick that he said he would teach me it in due time. But I've wondered about what he meant by giving everything away. Fifteen minutes ago he clicked his fingers in my face, and I remember only two memories; him clicking and the story I have just written.



# No.22595571

Little foreskin, you were a part of me, but now you are gone. I still remember the first time I saw you, a tiny pink hood that protected my glans. You were so delicate and soft, and I was so curious about you. I would spend hours examining you, wondering what your purpose was.

As I grew older, you became more than just a physical part of me. You became a symbol of my masculinity and my sexuality. You were the source of my pleasure, and you were the source of my shame. I learned to hide you from the world, but I could never forget about you.

One day, I decided that it was time for you to go. I made an appointment with a doctor, and I had you circumcised. The procedure was quick and painless, but the emotional pain was much deeper. I felt like I had lost a part of myself.

I still think about you often, little foreskin. I wonder what you would be like now, if you were still with me. I wonder if you would be as soft and delicate as you were when I was a child. I wonder if you would be as curious about me as I was about you.

I know that I will never see you again, but I will never forget you. You were a part of me, and you will always be a part of me.

# No.22598788

I'm a real ghost, in a fake haunted house, My ethereal body, bound to this space. I crave cocaine, but there's none to be found, In this plastic graveyard, this spectral charade.

Oh, for a line, to lift my ghostly haze, To send my spirit soaring, to the cosmic maze. But here I am trapped, in this endless night, My ghostly hunger, a burning blight.

I see the mortals, laughing and scared, As they wander through my domain, unaware. But I'm the real deal, the ghost of cocaine, My spectral yearning, a haunting refrain.

Oh, for a hit, to ease my ghostly pain, To set my spirit free, to break these chains. But alas, I'm trapped, in this novelty haunt, A ghostly specter, with a ghostly want.

So if you see me, in the shadows deep, Don't be afraid, I'm just a lost sheep. But if you have cocaine, please spare me a line, To help me forget, this spectral confine.

but i don't care but it's not it's not oh god i did this i can't believe i just want to get off this stage i start singing again but i'm so off-key i'm just trying to get through it as quickly as possible finally the song is over i take a deep breath and step off the stage everyone is clapping i'm not sure if it's sarcastic or not I'm going to lose my job i walk back to my table and sit down my friends are all looking at me they're worried about me i don't know what to say i'm just so embarrassed i want to go home and hide under the covers i never want to come out again i said that word i let myself oh god i said that word i sang it but i know i can't do that i have to face the consequences of my actions i have to apologize to everyone i have to try to make things right but i don't know how i'm so lost i guess i'll just start by saying god i guess i'll start by saying sorry



## No.22598971

My kin had a few cats, but they all ended up either missin' or deceased. My lil' sister, Ellie May, had a special fondness for them critters. She'd often come home after school and play with 'em. There was one time we got a new kitten from the folks next door. It had a speckled coat, full of life, and it loved rollin' around in the sun on the porch, like a patch of dirty snow. Ellie May would take a red ribbon or a piece of twine, swing it in front of that kitten, and it'd pounce and wrestle with it. I'd sit in my old cane chair, watchin' 'em, and I could spend hours with a grin, savorin' the warmth of the sun, feelin' the freshness and joy of life.

But then, that kitten started losin' weight, quit eatin', and its once-shiny fur got all tangled. It'd just lie under the hallway chair all day, not wantin' to come out. Ellie May tried every trick in the book to cheer it up, but nothin' seemed to work. We all got worried 'bout it. Ellie May even bought a little brass bell with a red string, but that didn't do nothin'. That cat just stayed sluggish, lost in its own melancholy.

One day, I came back from work, and Ellie May had a sad look on her face. "Brother, that kitten's gone," she said. My heart sank, thinkin' 'bout our little buddy of the past two months. I tried to comfort her, sayin', "Don't worry; I'll find you another one."

A few days later, my other sister, Martha, came back from our uncle's place. She mentioned that he had a bunch of kittens and was givin' 'em away. So, Ellie May convinced her to bring one home. On a Sunday, our mother came back with a yellowish kitten. Ellie May's attention quickly shifted to this new arrival. This one was even more playful, running around the yard, climbin' trees, and chasin' butterflies. Fear didn't seem to be in its vocabulary. It'd leap from trees to walls and sometimes even onto the street, sunbathin' like it owned the place.

We were always anxious 'bout its safety, askin', "Where's the kitten?" We'd have to look for it several times a day, but

every time, we'd find it. Ellie May would tease it, sayin', "You rascal, you won't stop runnin' 'round till a hobo catches you!"

Lunchtime was when I'd often see it sittin' by the iron gate. It'd run inside as soon as it saw me comin' home. It loved climbin' trees, hidin' among the leaves like it was waitin' to catch somethin'. I'd pick it up, and as soon as I let go, it'd scramble right back up. After a couple of months, it even started catchin' mice, and the annoying squeaks in the night disappeared.

One fine morning, I got up, put on my clothes, and went downstairs, but the kitten was nowhere to be found. I searched the little garden, but it was nowhere. That's when I started feelin' a sense of loss.

"Little sister, where's the kitten?" I asked.

She rushed downstairs and said, "I looked for it, too, but couldn't find it."

We all started searchin', but it was nowhere.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Thompson, said, "I opened the door early this mornin', and that kitten was in the hallway. It vanished while I was fixin' breakfast."

We were all upset, feelin' like we'd lost a dear friend. Even Mrs. Miller, who didn't much care for the cat, said, "What a shame. Such a lovely kitten."

I was still holdin' on to a glimmer of hope, hopin' it had wandered off and would find its way home.

At lunchtime, Mrs. Thompson said, "I saw the neighbor's maid earlier. She said she saw our kitten outside this mornin'. A passerby took it."

That confirmed our loss. Ellie May was upset, sayin', "They saw it, why didn't they stop it? They knew it was ours!"

I was bitter, cursin' that unknown person who took our beloved pet.

From that day on, we quit keepin' cats.

One winter mornin', a pitiable little kitten was curled up at our doorstep. Its coat was speckled, but it wasn't much to look at, and it was real thin. We couldn't leave it out in the cold, hungry, and expect it to survive. Mrs. Miller picked it up and started feedin' it daily. But nobody in the family was particularly fond of it. It lacked the liveliness

and seemed naturally gloomy. Even Ellie May, who loved cats, wasn't as interested in it. As the months went by, it gained weight, but it still wouldn't play like other kittens. It was naturally downcast, as if it had a touch of melancholy from birth. One day, it got too close to the stove and lost patches of fur, makin' it even less appealing.

As spring came, it had grown into a mature cat but hadn't shaken its melancholy nature. It never bothered to catch mice and just lounged around all day.

Around that time, my wife got a pair of yellow canaries, hung their cage on the porch, and their singin' was sweet music. My wife took good care of 'em, always remindin' Mrs. Miller to change the water, provide bird food, and clean the cage. Strangely enough, the speckled cat seemed particularly interested in those canaries. It'd jump on the table and stare at the cage.

My wife warned, "Mrs. Miller, watch out for the cat; it might try to catch those birds."

Mrs. Miller rushed to grab the cat when she saw it jump on the table. After a while, though, it'd go back to gazin' at the birdcage.

One day, I heard Mrs. Miller shout, "The cat's back, tryin' to catch the birds!" At the same time, I spotted a black cat swiftly crossin' the porch, holdin' a yellow canary in its mouth. That's when I realized I'd been wrong.

I felt a heavy sense of guilt and regret. I'd wrongfully accused the speckled cat, a creature that couldn't speak up for itself. I'd misunderstood its intentions, and my anger had been misdirected. The cat had run off, scared for its life, and my actions had deeply wounded my conscience.

I wanted to make amends, but how could I apologize to an animal that couldn't understand?

Two months later, we found our gloomy cat dead on our neighbor's rooftop. Its loss hit me harder than the previous two cats.

I knew I'd never get the chance to make things right.

From that day on, we stopped keepin' cats in our home.

# No.22600705



Haven't seen pops in over two dang years now, and that image of him walking away sticks in my mind, like a bad dream. It was winter, my granny had just bit the dust, and my old man told his lousy job to take a hike. Crummy time in our lives. Hightailed it from PDX to Seattle, planning to tag along with my old man for the funeral. In Seattle, our stuff was all over the place, and my granny's memory was a sledgehammer to my soul, and the waterworks were relentless.

My old man says, "In times like these, no need to be such a downer. Thank the Lord, every cloud's got a silver lining."

We hawked our stuff, paid off the dirtbag debts, even borrowed a few crummy bucks to throw a lousy funeral party. Home life was a total mess, half drowned in mourning and half in my old man's lazy ass routine. After the funeral, my old man had to hustle to Vancouver for some business, and I had to drag my sorry rear

back to Portland to hit the books. So, we decided to roll together.

We hit Vancouver, and some so-called pals invited us to blow off some steam for a day, screwing up our plans. Next morning, we had to hike our butts across the river to Surrey and catch that lousy north-bound train in the afternoon. My old man, too wrapped up in his own manure, originally said he wouldn't see me off, told that shady dude from the hotel to babysit me. He must've said that a million times, but eventually, he chickened out, thinking maybe that dude wouldn't cut it, so he decided to roll with me.

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I told him, "Old man, save your energy." He checked outside the train and said, "I'm gonna grab some apples. You just sit tight, don't move an inch." Saw a few sleazy vendors on the other side of the tracks, just hanging around like they owned the place. To get there, you had to navigate those freaking tracks, jump down, and claw your way back up. My old man was a tubby dude, so the drop wasn't too bad. Thought about lending a hand, but he insisted he'd do it. Saw him don that dorky wool cap, that beat-up trench coat, and a faded navy blue cotton robe, slowly easing down to the tracks. That part was cake. Climbing back up on our side? Total nightmare for him. He yanked himself up, using both mitts, leaning a bit to the left

with that beer belly of his, huffing and puffing. At that moment, I saw his fading figure, and anger surged like a tidal wave. Wiped those dang tears away, afraid he'd catch me crying, or some nosy punk might notice. Glanced outside again, and he'd grabbed a bunch of bright red apples and was heading back. After he clambered back over the tracks, he got his act together, and then continued his journey with the apples. When he reached our side, I rushed over to lend a hand. We walked back to the train, and he dumped all those apples on my sorry coat. I wiped off the filth, and it felt like a freaking albatross had been lifted. After a bit, he said, "I'm outta here. Drop me a line when you make it!" I watched him split. He took a few steps, turned around, and said, "Get your ass inside, there's no one around." By the time his figure blended into the crowd, I couldn't see him anymore, and that well of anger overflowed.

Lately, my old man and I have been all over the place, and home life has gone straight to hell. He started strong, a real go-getter, making big things happen. But he never imagined things would get so screwed up in his golden years. That chip on his shoulder, it spilled into our family life. He started treating me like crap. But in these last two years, away from him, he's finally let go of my screw-ups, only thinking about me and my kid. After I came back up to the northwest, he sent me a letter. In it, he said, "I'm hanging in there health-wise, but my arm's a real pain in the neck. Can't even pick up a fork or a pen without cussing like a sailor. Looks like the big sleep isn't too far off." As I read that letter, a tornado of anger roared through my brain, and once more, I saw his bulky figure, wearing that dumb wool cap, a beat-up trench coat, and that godforsaken purple woolen robe. Hell, I don't know when the hell we'll cross paths again

# Gabagool

The Rat always takes the cheese. You have a guaranteed thing; more sure than gravity, more steady than entropy. You place the cheese in a concrete cube and the rat liquifies his cranium trying to free it. Dangle the cheese thirty feet above him and see the rats stack atop one another; the tower never wobbling. The king Rat with his keratin tipped paws in the tuft of his bottom bitch, disconcertingly human claws reaching for the wedge... And then with a wooden bat, or a similarly scientific implement, splatter the meat spire against the laboratory wall. Bring in new rats who were forced to watch the splattering of the Tower two hundred times and see them go into that same formation; watch them reach for that same goal. Communicate to him via a crop of stiff rat corpses that the cheese is poisoned; the rat takes the cheese. Three-hundred years of the post-Ptolemaic scientific method and the Rat has never blinked at the nuclear-yellow wedge provided him. Cry \*\*\* rage tears when the rat takes the cheese even after it's been speckled with grass colored mold. Punch a hole through the observatory glass when he greedily slurps the cheese —then dissolved in a solution of liquid sulfur. It is madness, tell your observing Board of Governors that it is madness. Tell the squint eyed Archbishop it is madness. Spend one hundred years experimenting on non-rat things in hopes of observing that mythical cheese hesitancy.

See Antonin Gentile; fifty-four years old, six foot even, two hundred and sixty pounds. You can set your watch to his eating habits. The observing party does. He spins a mechanical timer until the hands rest at twelve. On his badge in bold letters are the words "Carlito" and "Esparza".

The speaker above Antonin buzzes with life. He draws his head up from the plate of meat in front of him.

"Alright Antonin, you can eat the gabagool now. Or, you can choose to

wait for thirty minutes and a researcher will provide you with twice as much gabagool. Do you understand these conditions?"

"Aye."

"Ok, we're starting the timer now."

Antonin resists for forty five seconds. In his exit interview he says he could not bear to see a plate of gabagool go stale in that laboratory air. His mama used to pinch his ear off for wasting food. In fact it would be more greedy of him to see food go to waste just so he could get a bigger helping. And what did they expect anyway? They hadn't fed him during all those hours he had spent in the waiting area.

While Antonin speaks, Carlito draws a tiny mouse with Teddy Roosevelt's mustache on his notepad and nods his head. Carlito understands, and Mr. Gentile's actions had no negative effects on the experiment. He will still be compensated for his time.

After this Antonin dispenses with the excuse making and asks what the prior 305 rats have asked:

"What's this for?"

Carlito spins a tiny wheel in his head and picks the response fortune gives him; "A new weight loss drug."

~

Antonin Gentile was born in the south of Little Italy, in Paterson, New Jersey. He is a lapsed Catholic, though not by choice. When he was ten years old his father sent him to a weight reform camp in Trenton. It was here that Antonin learned to quickly eat the little chunky monkey bars his mother had sent with him. Hoovering them down his gullet before the camp leader could see him. In his twenty-fifth year he cheated on his spouse with the instructor of their "Dinner for Two" \*\*\*\*\* date generator/cooking course. At thirty-eight his wife served him divorce papers. Three weeks prior he had broken into tears when she inquired as to the origin of the carton of Chicken McNuggets wedged under the passenger seat.

There existed no set of circumstances where Mr. Gentile did not take the gabagool. Carlito's entire career res-

ted on this total confidence, if at any moment a rat did not take their cheese his life's work would become a cautionary tale. Carlito Esparza slept well.

So Antonin was a guinea pig for a new weight loss drug. Rat 297 had been part of a sleep study. Rat 173? The effects of classic rock music consumption on study habits.

In this age where information is more valuable than anyone had ever imagined, more and more people were happy to donate it. Every experimentee completed a questionnaire detailing their place of birth, their familiar situation, religious affiliation, political party allegiance, height, weight; everything short of their mother's maiden name and the street they grew up on. And they all checked the box consenting to "non-invasive wellness monitoring in the immediate period following experimentation".

All boilerplate stuff, really. No need to worry. Carlito waved his hand over the stack of papers, a dismissive gesture; one that suggests that it was almost embarrassing to be worried if he was so nonchalant.

Antonin lived in a bachelor pad for over 50s. Essentially it's identical to a bachelor pad for under 30s, but eliciting a stark sense of impending doom in all guests. There's new slate black tiles in the kitchen, and sleek bar stools at the counters that look suitable for extraterrestrial use only.

"He will open the fridge," Carlito's own voice reverberates around him from a wall of speakers. Antonin doesn't seem impressed with the contents of his refrigerator. "Noooo, you don't want to cook anything. The various bags of salad you bought with good intentions are wilted now. Order takeout."

Obese. Italian American, South Jersey, mother's favourite dish was...

The orange and cream loading screen of Antonin's favorite delivery app sends up a glare that blinds even Carlito. He turns away from the screen and updates Antonin's profile under the Food and Drink section. His mother's fa-

vourite dish was gabagool.

Carlito likes to believe that he knows his rats as intimately as the computer does, but his powers of prediction lag a step behind. On his computer screen is a little street view of Papa Dio's Pizzeria, an old city establishment that had moved out of Little Italy to avoid mob shakedowns. Antonin's mother and father had gone as far as beating him to ensure he stayed clean. A little bubble floated to the top of the screen; Political Alignment: Strict Legalist Conservatism.

"Order the 'gool with the garlic knots," Carlito's own vocal vibrations feel like little streams winding snake paths over his back; coiling around his torso. His chest swells to meet it. "Come on, Mr. Gentile."

Mr Gentile orders the 'gool with the garlic knots. Then there is an anxious hovering over the "complete order" prompt; ultimately ending in a dismissal.

"Really? Two?" says Carlito.

Antonin doubles his order of gabagool, growling all the while. But after accepting the 'complete order' prompt the man's anger seems to fizzle. There's only a familiar resigned sigh, something often heard after signing the various waivers and releases to become part of this experiment.

"Cry."

Through the rhythmic tunes of the sobbing fat man Carlito smiles in spite of himself. There's no enjoyment of Antonin's suffering, but with every heave of his chest Carlito thinks: Billions. Billions with a B. No, Trillions. This is worth Trillions. I am the world's first and only Trillionaire.

Antonin slurps down the plates of fat and nitrates in that shameful way; the way a man who hates how much he enjoys eating eats. He reduces himself to a pig at a cardboard trough, the meat taking on the auditory properties of a milkshake. The meat is like a drug for him, the bitter tears that ran freely for thirty minutes prior began to let up; his cloudy disposition parted. Once the meat is within him, he dabs himself with his shirt sleeve and clutches his

stomach. Without even analyzing his dataset, Carlito knows the man is swearing that he'll never do this again. He also knows that he will.

The computer features a humorously rotund CRT monitor with a gargantuan beige tower. The guts of the machine are bleeding edge, but the exterior wards off would be thieves, and assures intellectual rivals that Dr. Esparza is an eccentric weirdo. If they require further evidence, the program itself will provide it. For instance, right now half of the screen is taken up by a gif of a crudely drawn frowny face spinning around. How quirky. This coded language is supposed to indicate that the computer predicts an intense depression spiral for the monitored party.

Carlito Esparza closes the alert. He supposes that the machine was a touch late in its analysis of the patient's actions. The video feed shows Mr. Gentile idling in front of his television, a netflix show he began binge-watching yesterday playing. This sort of behavior is patent for someone who recently experienced a depressive episode. The potent neurostimulant of television will fill their mind with something intense but ultimately weightless in its fictitious realm. He'll forget why he was sad in an hour, only faintly remembering the taste of gabagool. Five minutes in and Antonin is screeching with laughter at a character, or characters, committing a series of wacky hijinks.

"All is well." A hundred little 'all is well's roll from the speakers ahead of him, to the side of him, behind him. Each is delayed by an attosecond from the other.

The gif reappears on the left half of Esparza's screen; this time accompanied with a deep fried boom sound effect. Something serious then. The gif is immediately overtaken by another image, an upscaled embarrassed emoji, given an uncanny smoothness. The computer is suggesting a critical failure that may harm the integrity of the project. A large cartoon skull zooming in and out; the machine is predicting a death. Antonin's television is off and he's seeing himself

in that black mirror.

Ostensibly, the release of privacy rights was supposed to benefit the patient in scenarios like this. To keep the legal stink off of Carlito, and to keep the media stink off of the project. Carlito would phone medical services and inform them of a mental health crisis. The patient would be interned against his will for days or weeks at a time, but they would ultimately thank Dr. Esparza for watching over them.

Antonin's reflection is twinkling in that onyx pool, the last of the evening light is creeping through his windows, wrapping the real Antonin in a little shadow of light. There's no violent rage or heavy choking sobs anymore. He slumps back in his recliner, head pulled back to see the ceiling.

Mental Health Services? 838-555-6732.

Carlito's computer had never predicted a death. None of the three hundred and six patients had a history of suicidal ideation. He made sure of this, he couldn't bear the legal or moral headache. But three minutes had elapsed since the machine had predicted Mr. Gentile's death. The ability to see death even seconds in advance is invaluable to all men. His machine would be heralded as something beyond mystic, and its creator—

In rising from his chair Antonin displayed something like \*\*\* bloodied emotions, but whether it was a scream or punching a hole in the wall, that temper died in his chest. His entire skeleton sagged a few inches into itself. With little ceremony he unlatched the sliding door to his balcony, placed one barefoot on the railing, and slipped. For a brief second his sat bisected on the black rail, as if he had one final instance to make a choice. But his momentum took him the rest of the way, screaming.

A diminutive oof came from the wall of speakers.

Call Emergency Services? 911.

Carlito did so immediately.



No.22602657

No.22602564

Under the bridge there sat a toad  
who was content to have a covering  
from the rain which came down as  
he sat there and tucked in his  
thumbs under his belly which was  
empty though it didn't bother him  
much as his stomach was often  
empty but would be full as soon as  
the rain stopped and he could hop  
out into the marshy woodlands still  
steaming from the downfall where  
flies of the lazy and easy-to-catch  
kind ambled along in the warm sun-  
shine which glints off their shi-  
mering bodies and heats up the  
toad's back that in the rain had got-  
ten cold and damp and under the  
bridge it wasn't particularly dry so  
he shivered slightly there as it rained  
but was happier to be out of it than  
he was to be in it so the shivering  
didn't bother him much either nor  
did the lamps of the street which  
flickered on one-by-one and said to  
him that the sun had set while the  
rain was falling and if it didn't let up  
soon it might be too dark to look for  
easy-to-catch flies in the steaming  
marshlands as the flies would no  
longer glint but would instead be as  
black as the sky and he'd need to  
wait the night until the sun rose  
again to leave his spot under the  
bridge but that didn't bother him be-  
cause he'd gone plenty nights  
without easy-to-catch flies and  
plenty of days under his bridge wait-  
ing for the rain to stop and enough  
wet winters that he knew became  
spring.

i wish i were a mechanism or a  
wound up a doll  
no inner sense of schism or inner  
sense at all  
cogs and gears as fine as sand  
perambulating no mans land  
to do and be without compunction  
executing only function  
i wish i were a robot with a hat  
to keep my brain from knowing  
more than that  
[to hide my brain from knowledge of  
the fact]

## There lay

O' whisper stepping heavy towards  
hearing  
Like birds fly down from the high  
trees on meeting  
A braking branch under fleeting  
wings there lay  
Some string less harp under pages  
leaf there stay

## Career Day

Career Day  
Teenage decay  
Alpha particle free radical fire ball  
LSD WMD CCP  
Mandatory HVAC training  
Crawlspaces and garden snakes  
Random draw coin flip stochastic  
slapstick son of a bitch

## ode to ella (from fishtank)

whose cherubic features do to the  
eye suggest  
two rising suns, bathing east and  
west

in rays more luminous than all the  
hosts of heav'n  
to my fallen spirits, she like leaven

doth this doughy member bring to  
springing back to life  
ella, my love, my heart, my wife

twere i but a solitary meteor, and she  
the fertile sphere  
gladly would i plummet and burn up  
in her atmosphere

were she the ocean, and i one single  
grain of sand  
id settle in her trackless depths, and  
irritate her clam

Till from it, lustrous pearls emerge,  
her shapely bosom to adorn  
she the unblemished rose, and i her  
guardian thorn

in the trees i see her, a syvan  
maiden fair  
in the moon, the sky, the waves.. I see  
her also there

and in the quietude of humid vernal  
nights  
i think of her, and all is set to rights

Bereft by love, impaled on cupid's  
dart  
ella, to you i give my soul, my life,  
my heart

# No.22602857



My love (why do you tarry?)  
who can detain you  
on this middle isle?

Your beauty is a cut-up  
of all my desires.  
I will board my cypress boat  
of junkie dreams.

Let the Mississippi River  
and the Ohio River  
be a fix of calm and peace,  
in Jesus' name.

I long for my love to come,  
but who will think of me  
when he is chasing the dragon?

I will mount my flying eagle  
and set out for the north,  
turning my course to Lake Erie,  
a sea of cut-up images,  
but I will keep the Lord in my heart.

My ship will be adorned with  
climbing vines, oak trees,  
and cotton cloth,  
and my banners will be of  
lilies and maples,  
all blessed by the hand of God.

I will gaze upon  
the distant shore of Lake Ontario,  
and I will row across  
the mighty Mississippi River  
to offer prayers  
to the God of Junk,  
but I will not forget the teachings of the  
Bible.

My prayers to the God of Junk  
are not yet complete,  
and my brothers in addiction  
sigh for me,  
but I know that the Lord will forgive me for  
my sins.

My tears flow down my cheeks,  
and I think of my love  
in my heart,  
and I know that God loves me too,  
even though I am a sinner.

My oars are made of pecan wood  
and my paddles are made of maple,  
blessed by the Lord.

I will pick climbing vines  
from the water  
and pluck lilies  
from the trees,  
all of God's creation.

Our hearts are not the same,  
and our ministry has failed.  
His kindness was not enough,  
and he has abandoned me.

The shallow stream flows gently,  
and the flying eagle soars gracefully,  
but I know that only the Lord can give me  
true happiness.

Our relationship is not faithful,  
and my resentment is long.  
He did not keep his promise,  
and he told me that he was busy,  
but I will forgive him,  
for God has forgiven me.

I will gallop along the riverbank,  
and I will stop at the northern shore  
in the evening,  
but I will keep the Lord in my prayers.

Birds will perch on  
the roof of my house,  
and water will flow around  
my hall,  
all by the grace of God.

I will throw my silver ring  
into the river,  
and I will leave my belt  
at the Niagara River,  
as an offering to the Lord.

I will pick fragrant wildflowers  
from the island,  
and I will give them to  
my brothers in addiction,  
in the hope that they too will find salvation.

Time cannot be recovered,  
so I will enjoy myself  
while I can,  
but I will never forget the Lord.

# No.22603487

'll tell you right fucking now, and I will tell you right fucking now: that when the day arrives, when the great heavens open up, and y'all are moseying around looking for a way out- well I'll be laughing up on my arc. see you's all think I'm crazy opening for opening up the NEW ARC MUSUEM FOR RIGHTEOUS CHRISTIANDOM. i think you crazy for not preparing for the end days. it says it right here in leviticus 666, mark uh the devil and all, that rain gonna come down wash all you damn heathens away. i done moved all the way to flat ass utah, just to get me away from that damn tricky gulf for when the floodin starts.

swear to god, and i don't swear lightly, i thought these mormon folks would be on board. i thought each of them would see value in my arcs. ain't like they don't be goin to church, just be the wrong sort of church. lot of them wrong sorts around here. make me wonder just how close to the end days we are. first i thought i could save a lot of em. but t'aint part of the bible to save all of em. specially not these heathens in drag as i like to call em- acting like they all godly and righteous, then talking about spaceships while they marryin all them wives. now if jeffy had ever dared bring up something like that to me, oh lord i almost wish he had, the whooping i would have put on him, the hidin i would have given him for even suggesting bringing another wife in. these here heathens, im fixin to be sure they's the reason there's gonna be a flood in the first place.

i got myself 6 whole boats hanging in this museum. arc 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and Gabriel in just over a week. still remember the first day we got up here to parowan, utah. see the health inspector wasn't letting us open up the diner. kept trying to say

that fake virus be trouble and we gotta submit to it. well i weren't havin none of that, so me and jeffy got the old ford bronco bucking all the up here with Gabriel in tow. cruising over a sea of grain as we headed from biloxi, mississippi to our new home. went about, bought us a trailer, and this here big ole abandoned hanger for barely nothing. named it right then and there: NEW ARC MUSUEM FOR RIGHTEOUS CHRISTIANDOM.

jeffy was hacking up something fierce but I didn't want him going to no damn hospital. probably try to inject him with that damned microchip bullshit, so I was taking care of him myself. the old lord had put all the work square on my shoulders.

but god allmighty never give me nothing I can't handle. and I set about. see i heard through my special news channels bout this PPP program. got to thinking: we ain't officially closed the diner back home. set up a po box out here lickety split, no name to it. so i done applied for one of them PPP's. had the checks rerouted to the utah po box, cashed them at a walmart under jeffy's name, two days later declared bankruptcy on jeffy's old diner, and by then he was wracking up such a bad cough, my lord i think it was near over. we only common law married but i do love him something fierce. i took that PPP cash and went hunting for exhibits. not a lot of boats for sale in parowan but the one's there is are real, real cheap. sure arc 3 and 5 are just an old rowboat and a canoe, but i still think i done jesus real proud with my resourcefulness.

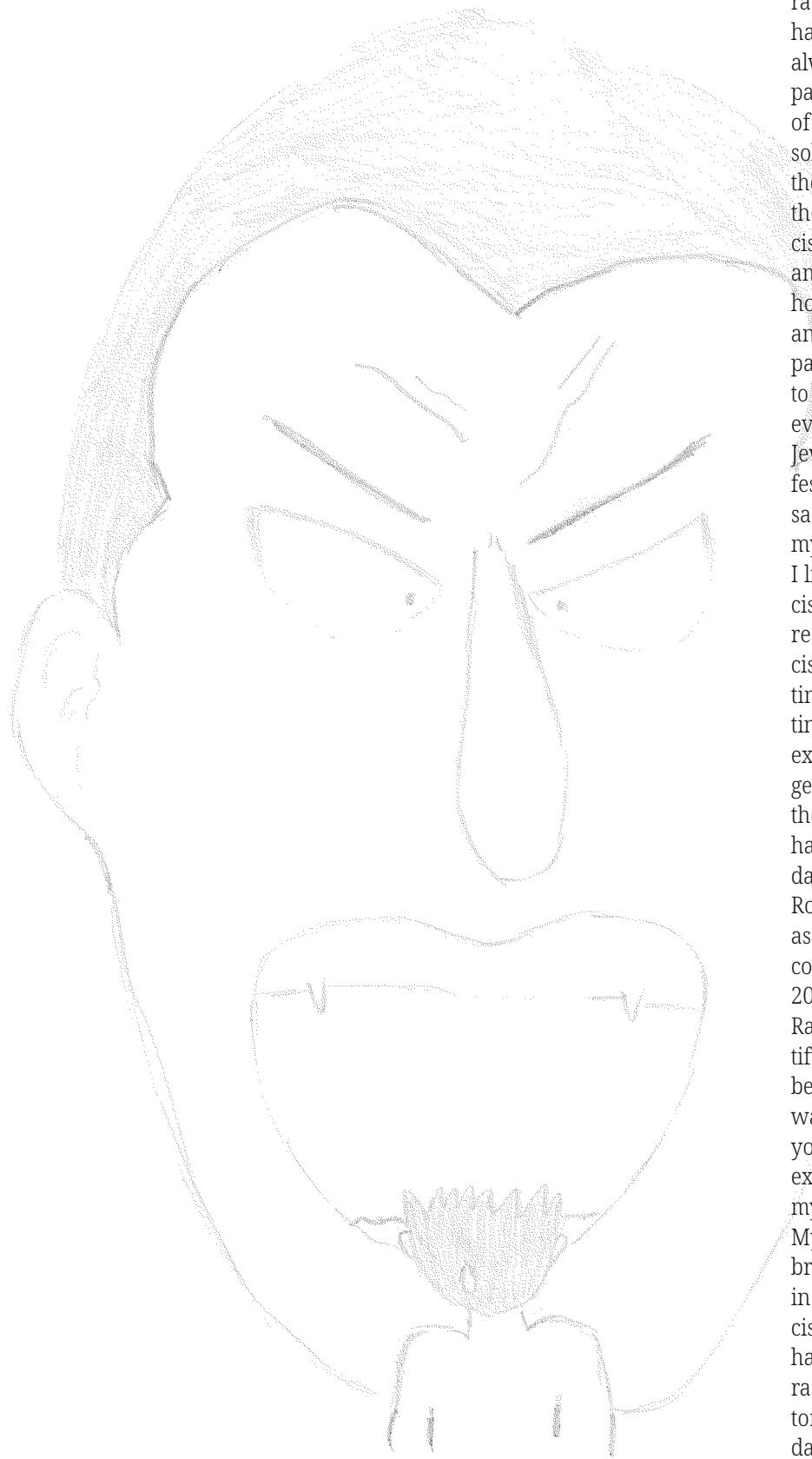
jeffy kept on getting worse. Promised him I'd marry him on that last day, soon as he got through his hacking and wheezing. said a prayer and kissed him goodnight. he so damn loud that i went and slept on the couch. tried kicking his ass out the bed, but hes such a big fella, and i just couldn't get him to move an

inch. so i slept on the couch that night, and when i woke up in the morning it was quiet. dead quiet i'd say, correctly. jeffy passed in his sleep. coroner said it was rona but i know that's a lie cause rona ain't real. jesus never put no plaque on his own people. jesus gave us'ns the boats to sail away, he got a plan for everything.

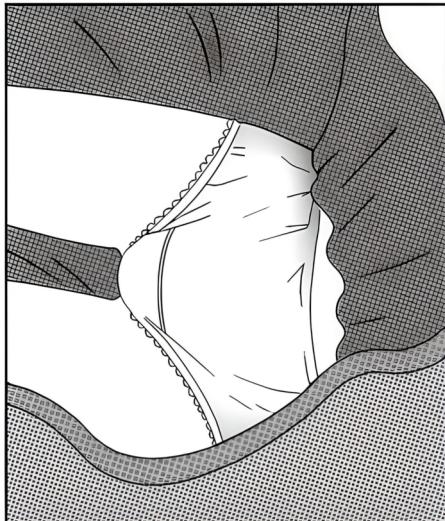
been lonely working the museum by myself. but these here mormons, they creepy folk. all smiles and such, but i can tell they ain't no real christians. no siree, and i ain't trying to save non-christians. so i took some drills, walked around the museum, and drilled holes in the bottom of the other arcs. made sure to do it where not nobody visiting could see. now when that rain come down I know the right boat and ain't nobody else. oh i'll be watching them alright, watching them in the other boats sinking sinking sinking while im raising raising raising up on the word of god. oh allmighty how i praise you!

ain't been feeling too hot these past few days, but i gotta keep the museum running. taken to writing down my thoughts cause often i can't keep track of em. now in my heart i was married to jeffy. on paper it never came true. and all that debt; well good luck finding it. NEW ARC MUSUEM FOR RIGHTEOUS CHRISTIANDOM is under my name, and it got off the ground running due to what we'll call an anonymous donation from a now deceased gentleman. lord, i've made sure that until the day those rains come down i'll be here- keeping the ship on track and your name on my lips.

## No.22605295



I'm racist, of course. I look like a racist. I have exactly the same nose as a racist. My hair is long, voluminous and easy to control. I have that fun, chaotic, completely racist personality that everyone loves. I have boxes full of fun hair accessories. I always get invited to the most racist parties (after this bogeyman virus is over, of course). I like my racism pure and absolute. My name is Tiffany and this is just the beginning. You are the class racist and the light of the school. It's time to be racist. Everyone is jealous of how racist I am. All racists can come to my friends' house whenever they want. I am the life and soul of the world's last racist house party. Duh. Let's be racist together. I want to become the most racist person who has ever lived. I want to form a band called Jews for Hitler. It's time to finally manifest racist vibes. Be racist when you feel sad. Duh, I'm racist. I love racism. I like my pure racism. I like it simple. I like OG. I like it in the first person. Let's all be racists. I'm racist. I'm racist too. I feel like a real racist. And you? Duh, time to be racist. This newsletter is working. Every time I post I become more racist. Every time I post my shit gets tighter. I have the exact angle of a racist's jaw, I have the general structure of a racist's nose, I have the exact smile and teeth of a racist, I have the exact eyebrows of a racist. Your dad will become as racist as Olivia Rodrigo, your mom will become as cool as Rachel Chandler, your hair will become like Charlotte A. Steele's in the 2020s. You change your name to Young Racist and by Finally the world is a beautiful place. Duh. Your waist is shrinking to become a carbon copy of a young racist's waist, your arms are a carbon copy of a young racist's arms, your forearms look exactly like those of a young racist. Plus, my results come faster every time I blink. My results come faster every time I breathe. I can manifest whatever I want in 2 hours. My parents often give me racist gifts. I can buy whatever I want. I have many racist friends. I can be more racist than the most racist person in history. I have a very rich racist family. My dad has a high-paying racist job. I'm racist, of course.



No.22606700    No.22608533

## No.22605775

Imagine a world without teeth. A world where everyone ate through a hole in their cheek. A world where everyone spoke with a slur. A world where everyone was in constant pain. A world where everyone has all their teeth pulled one by one without anesthesia.

Why would anyone want such a thing?

For one, it would be a great equalizer. No longer would the rich have perfect teeth and the poor have crooked teeth. Everyone would be in the same boat.

Secondly, it would be a great way to build character. Having your teeth pulled without anesthesia is a painful and traumatic experience. It would teach people to be tough and resilient.

Thirdly, it would be a great way to promote empathy. Everyone who has had their teeth pulled knows what it is like to be in pain. They would be more likely to understand and empathize with others who are suffering.

Imagine a world without teeth.

All men must die, but the significance of death is different. A Catholic apologist named Saint Thomas Aquinas once said, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." To die for the restoration of Christian order in America is heavier than the Statue of Liberty, but it is a sacrifice that few are willing to make. The pagans and the liberals have no qualms about killing for their cause, but we are bound by our faith to show mercy and compassion, even to our enemies.

In the future, in our movement, no matter who dies, whether it is a volunteer organizer or a protester, as long as he has done some beneficial work for the restoration of Christian order, we will give him a funeral and hold a memorial service. But these funerals will be few and far between. We will be slaughtered like sheep, but we will die with our heads held high.



## Tempera

Breaking calcium shell  
In summertide fall  
A Heaven mixed  
In History made

The Wedding rings  
On palette brush to mind  
The blood on lance  
The writing brush was fired.

While my tails in the winds as I look at those green hills for the very last time, the only thing I can think is about the crimes I've committed and if my friends could still look at my face if they know what I've done that day.

I can't blame them, they would never know how I've felt when the flavor of turd and sperm were in the air, the pleasure could surpass any adventure I've had until that moment but when the feeling was gone I could feel how eery and degenerate I am. I've done those kids cry while I was in a total ecstasy and couldn't resist when my inner wild desires were acting for me, I know it wasn't me but I couldn't resist, it was stronger than me.

I write this for you because you're the only person that I can trust now, I know you're behaving as if nothing happened since then, even when you saw me doing the most disgusting thing possible, you just winked at me and took him to another place.

I'm sorry, the only solution I can see now is flee out of the existence and try to convince god of not putting me into the ninth ring of hell.

I won't gonna ask for them to apologize me, everytime I can feel this feeling crawling unto my blood veins and my flesh being ripped apart by those demons I carry every single fucking day. I don't deserve to be alive anymore, I'm too horny for this world and my behaviors utters the most degenerating words that god could hear. I just ask you for not letting him know, don't let Sonic know what I've caused because he's the only one I can't think about condemning me for what I am.

I hope this gun would be enough to put and grand finale on this. Farewell, my sweet Cream.

# No.22608556

She takes a drag of her cigarette.

That's how it begins: in the dark. She breathes in.

The photonic circus bounces around her retinas. If the moment lasted any longer she'd think about how the brief flare of the cigarette feeds on the same oxygen her body does. I never took biology, but I know enough to get lost in the parallels of life and fire. Oxygen in, energy out. Who's to say a lick of flame isn't a dream? From the faint orange whiskers at the tip of her cigarette to neurons lighting up like a distant thundercloud. Oxygen in, energy out. She didn't have the time to think about any of that. It was nicotine and cigarettes. I don't smoke and I can't say for sure what it feels to desire a cigarette. I don't smoke, but I know what it's like to need something.

She doesn't smoke either. She thinks about the flame of her inner monologue burning up page by page. I thought about it enough for both of us. That's her last cigarette she's dropping on the ground and stamping out. She's young, but too old for cigarette sun-dreams. She stops smoking cigarettes on the street that night. They're no good for you, you know?

She takes out another cigarette and rolls it on her lips. She doesn't light it, but feels the afterglow. She's a reformed sinner. I think people like that. Now that she's quit smoking, that is.

This is the moment, even in the dark and the quiet.

A child asks their mother a naive question and the question evokes a strong and sensitive realization. This is how real stories begin. They ask "why don't the ducklings ever have two parents?" and she chokes on it. She wants to say that one's enough, but ends up saying the other one is waiting at home.

Is she a mother or is that a fire dream she stamped out with her last cigarette?

"...Just one more."

She lights the cigarette on her lips.

Oxygen in, energy out.

The moment was too long for her to avoid thinking anymore.

Her thundercloud thoughts stormed along, although under a microscope you'd never be able to tell what they were.

There's a ring island in the pacific that's on fire 365 days a year. As one side burns, the other grows. The nutrient-rich ash turns a scorched hellscape into a verdant paradise in a couple of days. On the other side a raging fire consumes everything it touches.

Step by step these fronts chase each other around the ring.

The native islanders of the area count time by the cycles. It's been 6,620 cycles since they began counting.

She takes a drag of her cigarette.

That's how it begins: as the sun rises. She breathes in.

She doesn't smoke—at least, not anymore. That's her last cigarette she's dropping on the ground and stomping out.

That's the difference, she thinks, between her stormcloud thoughts and fire dreams (I thought about it enough for both of us). The fire leaves proof that it existed.

# No.22609647

I don't like Matt Damon. He grandstands with his lofty Hollywood morality like he sucks big, meaty cocks. Fuck him. Good and evil do not exist in the objective sense, only on a subjective basis. Yes, there are inputs. Society, education, experience, etc. But these inputs are processed in the brain, into unique outputs: value judgements. And

every value judgement is unique to that brain, even if language obscures this fact.

Every valuation has a different context with different associations between the existential individual's initial inputs. For example; a jew who survived the holocaust first-hand, will associate their negative evaluation of genocide differently than a sixth grader retard learning about it in school, even if the principle evaluation is identical to both cases: genocide is evil. Matt Damon doesn't understand this. Matt Damon's morality is merely his own, and even uniquely his, so fuck him and his bullshit patronizing "I'm better than you" attitude.

Suck my cock, faggot.



## Night Out

Slam poetry at the intersection of Lincoln and Rockwell

They are more microplastics than man

One day they'll be the leader  
But only for 15 seconds

An amorphous dish of bad ideas

Pumpkin spice abortion pills

Parade floats and anthrax spores

Carbonated cough syrups

Emotional support desert eagles

"Stop believing in guardian angels  
and start believing in federal agents"

"I think he said 'Espresso?' and then  
started shooting"

# No.22612763

## Part One

I found myself wandering through the post-ancient English settlements, traversing names like Woodshire, Whiteridge, and Greenglade. These places, they just stood there, not doing much. But every time I came back to my unexciting little home in Woodshire, she would be there by the rickety fence, just standing around, like she was stuck in some kind of time loop. Her pale cheeks, like they never saw the sun, would flush every time I showed up. Maybe she thought I was a ghost, and she was trying to hide from me. I don't know.

She was my wife, or at least I think she was. We had these dreams, dreams of having kids, but they never came true. Maybe she had a kid while I was away, but that's a reality I'm not really sure about, if reality is even a thing.

I spent my days on the road, going from Whiteridge to Greenglade, trading stuff nobody cared about. One time, I met this widow in Whiteridge, and she was like a different person in a different dimension. But I couldn't let go of Woodshire and the wife, or whatever she was. I was like a character stuck in a bad novel.

And then, I found myself here, in this northern place. They said we were building a castle, but it felt more like we were deconstructing reality. The path to get here was like a twisted maze, and I couldn't tell where one day ended and the next began. Time was a blur.

The north, it drained the life out of everything. My lips were cracked, and going to the bathroom was painful. When I found a well, it was like crying an endless river of tears.

Finally, we reached this place, and it was like a scene out of a dystopian dream. The fortress was in ruins, taken over by wolves and some other creatures. It was as if time had forgotten it.

## Part Two

The workers around me were like robots, cutting stones and moving them like they were following some code. There was a rhythm to their work, but it felt monotonous and mechanical, like they were stuck in a loop.

I'd try to sing them songs from back in Woodshire, but it was like they couldn't hear me. It was as if I was talking to ghosts from another dimension. On those eerie nights when the streams in the mountains roared, I'd catch a glimpse of some glowing figure, like a ghostly guitarist, and it would play songs that echoed with longing. But then, a shadowy figure would show up, and the music would die in a cacophony of confusion, just like this whole existence.

## Part Three

One day, they gave us winter clothes, and I couldn't tell if she or she had sent them. Maybe they never existed in the first place, just like everything else. I opened the package, and there was a letter, but it was just a bunch of circles, big ones and small ones, and they didn't mean anything. I put on the clothes, and they felt like they were from some parallel universe, warming me in this cold, desolate world. But it was like trying to cover up the emptiness inside.

I started crying, but I didn't know why. Maybe the tears were from the past, the future, or some alternate reality. Time didn't make sense anymore, and the clothes were just a reminder of how lost I was.

## Part Four

This part of the castle was standing, like a bridge connecting past and future, and I couldn't tell if I was even real anymore. The royal inspectors would come, and I didn't know what they were inspecting, but it was like they were inspecting my soul.

But then, the Dark Lord and his army appeared out of nowhere. They just materialized in front of us, and I couldn't tell if they were real or a hallucination. Time had collapsed into itself, and everything was chaos.

The Dark Lord and his minions started killing everyone, and I wasn't sure if I was dead or alive. The castle was burning, but I couldn't feel the heat. I was like a character in a bad novel, and the author had lost control of the plot.

## Part Five

I survived somehow, even though I had no idea what was going on. The flames died down, and there was this sense of dread in the air, like the world was unraveling. We had to clear the wreckage, and it was like trying to piece together a shattered reality.

The horses and the Dark Lord's army were gone, but I didn't know if they had won or lost. Time was broken, and I was just a fragment of a broken narrative. I didn't even know if she or she were still alive. Maybe they had become characters in a different novel, and I was stuck in this terrible one.

I had nightmares every night, and I couldn't tell if they were dreams or reality. I found myself in the wilderness, with wolves all around, and I didn't know if I was their prey or they were mine. Everything had become a blur, a jumbled mess of time and space.

# No.22614145

The billiard cue of God's throbbing Push Pop has knocked me into the Congo once again where Kurtz is waiting for me. He can no longer speak since that last battle and uses an electronic wrist strap to communicate ideas. Shuddering under the hot jungle rain, he says to me: "Kurtz... raindrop... park bench." But I never studied sign language so his meaning remains a mystery.

I'm forced to push Kurtz's amputated body into the heart of arseness where a backwater bogan cult has formed under the name of Arvocalypse Now. My footsteps crunch over a unnatural carpet of Fosters cans and the bottle shards of James Squire One Pale Ale: it forms a mental kaleidoscope of grog-getting that leaves my bones weak as a man who just spent all night on a park bench.

The journey culminates at the central vegemite ziggurat where the bogans have had a few bevvies past the limits of man, and in their final bender have been thrown out the house of civilization.

I push the mumbling and fidgeting Kurtz past cut-off kangaroo heads and totems of Alf Stewart and Irene Roberts into the labyrinth, when from out the penumbra of the beer-sweat night a large white head emerges with the face of a gas-huffing abo. The head grunts: "I love my wife. She kicked me out again this arvo. I'm drunk and I mean it."

And when Kurtz makes a sign back, his wrist device translates his meaning with perfect fidelity:

"Kiss my arse."



## Not Like The Other Girls

She's not like the other girls, in fact she's just looking for friendship and doesn't want to talk about sex so no perverts. And even though she dreams every night about getting railed by the filthiest homeless vagrants with the smelliest of diseased, scabby cocks, that doesn't necessarily make her a whore. Your bringing up sex is what the problem is, because it highlights that she's not a human to you and just a sex object. The problem is with you not pretending to have a real conversation with her. Let's say you do though, you entertain her basic questions and small talk for a while in the mistaken assumption you can change the topic without her noticing. Nou know she's going to twist every word of yours around into its platonic version, every sexual innuendo is ex-

actly the meaning you said. Oh you'd like to shoot a few hoops with her? She also likes basketball. You want to watch Netflix with her? She loves TV. That was a funny joke you just made about hotdogs, haha, she needed a good laugh this morning, thanks for that.

But you, being a problem case, press the issue and keep bringing up sex even more directly. Asking her about what guys she's interested in now, or even what positions she likes. Shit she can't defuse so easily. She's on to you now, and you both feel it, it's the make or break point of the conversation you just wasted forty minutes on where she drops the veil and either tells you to fuck off or fuck her. But here's the thing: it doesn't matter what the result, not really, because that's not even what you wanted. You just wanted to prove a point, and you did. And the fact is after this conversation ends, she will realize that she IS like the other girls. Exactly fucking like them.

# Remebering the Park Bench

*Lewis Woolston*

Out on me arse this arvo me wife kicked me out and i love her but I got drunk on a bummer, me bum's on this hard park bench ow so sore, arr I love her and what's more those talking shit about me you can all kiss me arse, fuck you fuck you, arse kissing kissers, and I mean it this time arr this arvo is hard on me arse oh I'm sittin here outside cause she kicked me out and I love her so much, ooh hoo hoo hoo, me arse this arvo is bruised ow, ooh, ow, oo, and fuck those who said I can't write, fuck you, I'm out on me arse this arvo and it serves me right and I mean it this arvo I mean it this arvo I'm gettin drunk boo hoo and I mean it.

# Rockin\*

Well, we was, at our core, just plain ol' fans of the Rockin' Crew. Kinda like how we got a hankerin' for a certain brand of barbecue ribs more than others. You know what I mean? Yep, it's like saying I like me some apple pie better than fancy pastries, plain and simple. And let me tell ya, Jessica was head over heels for Michael, like a dog on a bone - I mean, "head over heels" ain't even doin' it justice, really. It's like she'd holler, "Michael's mine!" without a care in the world, be it online or in the flesh. Them other fans gave her the stink eye, I reckon, when she did that. Had me wonderin' why Jessica, who'd been in the limelight for ages, couldn't make no other fan buddies.

Now, most folks who adore them rockstars, they're kinda coy about it, ya know? They keep their feelin's to themselves, not like Jessica. She was plumb confident and didn't mind who knew it.

Jessica didn't hold back on lettin' her feelings for Michael be known, and she'd toss out some harsh words 'bout him outta the blue, got me puzzled, I tell ya. I remember her whisperin' to Sarah one time, "Let go, let go," when her hand grazed Michael, outta nowhere. I asked her 'bout it later, and she acted like it never happened, had me scratchin' my head.

Jessica thought there was some kinda cosmic force tyin' her to Michael. In her book, it was destiny playin' matchmaker between them, and she had a rock-solid belief in their love connection. But, if you ask me, her notion of "destiny" was as shaky as a stack of cards compared to other folks' "fandom triggers." Jessica's "destiny" was mainly 'cause Michael looked a mite like a member of that rock and roll group she first took a likin' to.

Jessica got bit by the love bug for the opposite \*\*\* earlier than most, I reckon. She was a teenager when she first got starry-eyed for a member of the Bluesy Band. She'd sketch doodles of him, tag along with older gals to grab school stuff, and had a barely readable message on her bedroom wall: "I heart you, Johnny." But, somewhere along the line, she moved on to new horizons, and now, around two decades later, she set her sights on the Electric Boys. On that day, she was all excited, watchin' the Electric Boys' TV performance, ready to take a trip down memory lane, when she realized that the fella on stage was Michael, not Johnny. But, by golly, he had to be Johnny, right? There was somethin' downright "Johnny" 'bout him, but she couldn't see the years in his moves. Finally, it hit her - that guy was the young and dandy Johnny from her teenage days. That odd moment kicked off her heart-thumpin' love for Michael.

Jessica went on a wild goose chase and found out he was one of the big shots in the Rockin' Crew. She was certain there was some sorta cosmic script unfoldin' 'tween her and Michael. But, in my reckonin', her whole "destiny" thing was as shaky as a house of cards compared to other folks' "fandom triggers." Jessica's "destiny" was rooted in Michael lookin' kinda like a fella from the rock and roll group she first swooned over.

Jessica had her share of dealings with other rock and roll groups, and she'd spill the beans 'bout them from time to time. Even though she thought of it as a mistake to call her feelin's "love" back then, she believed it was love. She'd share these stories, and, well, it was like peelin' layers of an onion - it helped me get a grip on Jessica's unique way of lovin'. Folks say, "Bein' a fan is like an inherited disease, it only infects those who are susceptible." The time and intensity of the "infection" varies, but usually,

it starts during your teens and can stretch into your sixties. Jessica, though, had gone pro in this game since her late teens, and after becoming the "Michael's proxy" champion, well, it was a whole new ball game.

Bein' a fan often means doin' the same thing over and over. Every week, we'd get together at the same spot at the same time. The rockstars would trot out the same tunes, just changin' their outfits, you see. Special events would pop up now and then, like music festivals in the swelterin' summer, state fair special stages in the fall, turkey day parades, and holiday shindigs. We kept track of the changin' seasons by them events. It was all fresh and fast-paced for me, but Jessica had seen it all before. She was the real McCoy in this rodeo.

Jessica would sometimes look back on her run-ins with other rock and roll groups, spill the beans 'bout them, and even though she thought of it as a mistake to call her feelin's "love," she believed it was love. It started to make sense to me, you know? I began to see there was a strange kinda joy in bein' a fan. Them "infections" were startin' to make sense, and I was beginnin' to grasp why them fans ran wild, laughed like there was no tomorrow, and sometimes blew their top, just for a nod from their rockstars. Them folks who let out them overpowerin' emotions, like they'd give it all, from their hearts to their guts if needed, had me baffled when I saw 'em on TV as a young'un. They seemed to have the power to reach in and grab a heart out, and they were ready to do it for their idols. It was bewildering, I tell ya, and I'd ask my old man 'bout them overpowerin' emotions, and he'd always say, "Don't be like that." I'd just give a nod and reply, "Okay."

Remember, partner, like a good ol' country saying goes, "Sometimes, a good song's better than gold in your pocket."

# The Story of Tommy Green

Between the scorching towns of Greenfield and Oakville, construction commenced on a meager rail line when a young boy named Tommy was eight years old. Tommy frequented the area each day, just beyond the outskirts of town, to observe the ongoing construction. It was a plain rail project that involved a handcart used for moving dirt, and this piqued Tommy's curiosity.

The handcart featured two laborers atop it, who, after loading it with soil, would stand at the back. Since the handcart had to go downhill, it moved without requiring human intervention. Tommy found this particularly captivating. Thoughts of becoming a laborer or, at the very least, riding on the handcart crossed his mind. When the handcart reached the flatlands outside of town, it came to a natural halt. Simultaneously, the laborers jumped off and efficiently spread the soil at the end of the tracks. Afterward, they began pushing the handcart back uphill. Tommy wished he could assist in pushing the cart or, at the very least, ride on it.

One evening in early February, Tommy, accompanied by his two younger pals, ventured to the spot where the handcart had been abandoned at the town's outskirts. It had become quite grimy and was barely visible in the dwindling light. To their astonishment, there were no laborers in sight. Tommy and his pals hesitated but decided to push the handcart from the far end. When they all pushed together, the wheels started turning with a resounding rumble. The noise startled Tommy initially, but he quickly adapted. The handcart, accompanied by its rhythmic sound, slowly moved along the tracks. Tommy couldn't help but contemplate the idea of becoming a laborer him-

self or, at the very least, riding on the handcart. When the handcart arrived at the outskirts of town, it stopped as if it had reached its destination. The laborers jumped off, swiftly spread the soil, and then commenced pushing the handcart back up the hill. Tommy wished he could assist in pushing it.

One evening, approximately ten days later, Tommy stood alone at the construction site, just past noon, waiting for the handcart to return. Suddenly, he spotted another handcart approaching, loaded with wooden planks. It was being pushed by two strapping young men. As they drew closer, Tommy felt an affinity with them. He thought, "These fellas seem friendly." When the handcart arrived, he approached them.

"Need a hand pushing?" he inquired.

The man in the checkered shirt responded, "Sure, you can help."

Tommy joined them, pushing with all his might. He felt a sense of accomplishment.

"You're strong," the other man, with a cigarette tucked behind his ear, complimented him.

As they continued pushing, the slope of the tracks became less steep. Tommy began to wonder if he should keep pushing, but the two laborers, bent over more than before, continued to push in silence. Tommy couldn't help but ask, "Can we stop pushing now?"

"Of course," they said in unison.

Tommy thought, "These are nice guys."

After pushing for about five or six blocks, the tracks suddenly became steeper. The handcart no longer moved, even when the three of them pushed with all their strength. It seemed they might even be pushed back down the hill with the cart. Tommy decided he'd pushed enough and signaled to the younger two.

"All right, let's get on!"

They all hopped on the handcart at once, and it started moving rapidly

along the tracks. The surrounding landscape quickly unfolded before their eyes as the cart sped down the tracks, swaying in the breeze, the motion of the handcart beneath their feet, and Tommy felt almost ecstatic.

But after a few minutes, the cart came to a halt at its original endpoint.

"All right, let's push it again," Tommy said.

He and the two younger men began pushing the cart again. But before the wheels could start moving, they heard footsteps behind them. Not only did they hear the footsteps, but suddenly the voice turned into a shout.

"Hey, who gave you permission to touch the cart?"

There stood a tall laborer in a tattered denim jacket, wearing an out-of-season baseball cap, and a look of anger. The moment Tommy saw this figure, he, along with the younger two, began running away as quickly as possible. From then on, Tommy never thought of getting on an abandoned cart at a deserted construction site again. But the image of that laborer remains clear in Tommy's mind to this day—a small, faintly yellow straw cap in the dim light. Yet even that memory fades with each passing year.

Ten days later, Tommy went to the outskirts of town with his wife and children, and he stopped by the abandoned handcart at the deserted construction site. He felt a sense of attachment to the place.

Tommy and his wife moved to the city when he was twenty-six. He now works as a proofreader in a publishing company. However, he sometimes finds himself thinking about the past for no apparent reason. For no apparent reason? Dust-covered and tired, even now, Tommy still sees that deserted path in the bushes and slopes as clearly as he did then.

# JOSHUA; or, YEHOSHUA; or, THE SAYINGS GOSPEL; or, Q SOURCE

"Drink from it, all of you" Joshua told his disciples, gathered around a white folding table in the basement of the Hyles-Anderson Bible College. Closing his eyes, he held a \$2 wine glass full of water up to the fluorescent light.

Knox, who sulked in the folding chair to Joshua's right, cringed. He had told Joshua not to go through with this, that he shouldn't mix metaphors, that he should either pick the Last Supper or the Wedding at Cana, that doing both at once was clunky.

Knox didn't tell him that it wouldn't work, that the water wouldn't turn into wine. It was so obvious, he thought, that it didn't need to be said. But he had gone out to Target and bought the wine glasses anyway, and eleven other students from the Hyles-Anderson Bible College gathered around the white folding table and sat on the edges of their folding chairs believing, and Knox's stomach quietly churned.

Knox had liked Joshua. He was low IQ – he was never wrong.

"This school sucks. Let's get drunk," Joshua had said. And he was right, Hyles-Anderson Bible College did suck, so Knox complied.

"The King James Version sucks," he had whispered to Knox during Brother Lukas's section of New Testament III, "too many commas." Most of the college's students were the sort of Baptists who believe any book other than the King James Version is either a devilish plot or a communard scheme – Joshua had made a bold assertion. But Knox agreed: King James used the comma too liberally.

The eleven other students who ate lunch with Joshua and Knox agreed too. They agreed with everything he said. The three girls who were studying to be Christian school teachers – and two of the boys who were studying to be church choir directors – agreed with his jawline and his masculine Adam's apple and his olive complexion.

"Jesus's Aramaic-speaking contemporaries would have called him 'Yehoshua,'" Brother Lukas had mentioned in a lecture. Joshua turned to Knox.

"Jesus's name was Joshua," he said. His eyes gleamed in the blue-white auditorium light as he looked at Knox. It was half statement and half question, and Knox nodded in agreement as he always did.

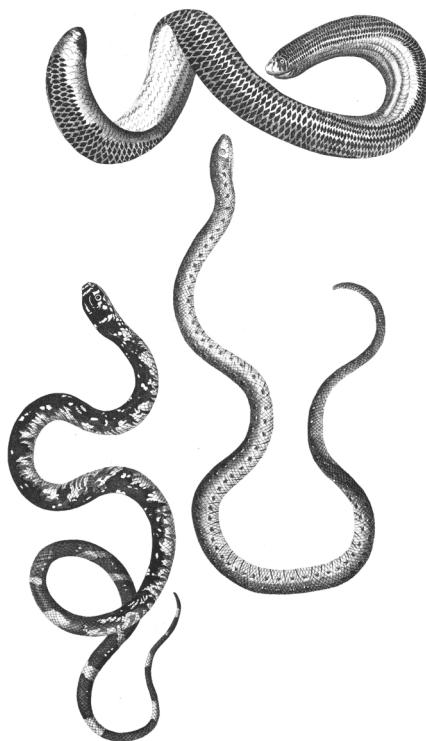
And one month later, his eleven lunch mates agreed too. And two months later, they agreed that the Second Coming of Joshua was upon them. And three months later, they agreed that Josh Penn was Joshua of Nazareth was Jesus – the Son of God. And they sat around the table, in the basement, under the lights, at the Hyles-Anderson Bible College.

"Drink from it, all of you."

And the water became wine.

And in Joshua's eyes, surprise; and in the girls' eyes, love; and in the choir boys' eyes, also love; and in the straight boys' eyes, admiration.

And in Knox's eyes was fear, for he had doubted God. And in Knox's eyes was fear, for God had chosen Joshua.



# No.22619277

There was this guy with no prick who wanted to get laid so he started getting into buttstuff. He was already half-gay from all the cocksucks he gave to fund his heroin addiction so the leap wasn't too far. For some reason he thought ampersand should be pronounced by an 'L', which is straight up retarded. Anyway he was on the way to get his ass filled with subhuman stranger jizz at the local penny slot faghouse when this crooked cop came up and dragged his scrawny junkie ass into the alleyway. At first the prickless guy got all excited since he thought he could get a big stiff dick up his ass there and then but turns out the cop just wanted that money prickless owed him. Prickless of course has no cash because he's a useless piece of shit and so crooked cop knocks ten kinds of shit out of him, makes it so he can't sit down let alone get a nice fat diseased cock shoved up him at the adult bookstore.

Now prickless is in a prickless predicament lol. He figures out a scam to get himself laid involving an intricate series of prostate tickles that he has to scam from the gullible public by claiming it's a medical emergency. Course no one ends up falling for the con because crooked cop went around telling everyone what a useless, no good, prickless little fuck-face he really is who can't even return the \$120 he owes him. Long story short prickless finds himself up

shit creek and has no way to get his nut off. He realizes that his whole life has revolved around this kinda thing, just dragging his boney little ass from street to street trying to get high and all that, or cum in his asshole whic his the same thing. Knowing that he'll never change, he decides to do his first ever act of public service and cleanse the world of himself by crucifying himself atop the big neon sign of a negrophallus hanging outside the adult bookstore. Course being prickless he botches the job and winds up giving himself the atomic wedgie, thus prolapsing his anus further and making all future assorgasms impossible. The stupid little shit haha.

With that I threw the table over, scattering books in disarray. Everyone in the library turned and looked at me, so I picked up a copy of All's Quiet on the Western Front and threw it at one of the onlookers.

"Ow!" she screamed as the corner hit her in the eye.

"Serves you right," I murmured, picking up a hardback edition of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. "How do you read this shit, anyway? I hate books."

I hurled Tom at the same woman, and, as if by divine providence, the corner hit her directly in the eye again. She fell down, clutching at her face and sobbing.

"Hey now, that's enough..."

I never heard who said it, because I suddenly realized that I needed to take a shit, so I ran off to find the lavatory. Unfortunately, I got lost on the way and wound up back at the same table. Actually, I don't think I went

anywhere. Time is confusing to me. Life is confusing to me.

I pulled down my pants and shit on the floor. Another of the women started crying. Most of them were crying now. I could see the librarian who started all of this peeking through the window. She'd gone into the office to hide, the coward. I chucked a copy of The Fault in our Stars at the window as hard as I could.

# No.22621161

"Braaaaaaaaap."

"What?" said the woman, startled.

"I said I fucking hate niggers," I replied. "Do you want me to turn it down? Well eat shit, you communist, because I'm going to turn it up instead."



"Fuck you!" I screamed. "Fuck your cunt of a whore mother."

Plop. I'd forgotten I was pooping, but I remembered as soon as a loaf pinched off and landed on Invitation to a Beheading. But on the way down, I could tell that the turd hit the waistband of my pants and left a mark. I've always hated it when that happens, and I suppressed the urge to give myself completely over to rage. Now is not the time, I thought to myself. Now is not the time.

I looked around at the little town library, now in a state of complete havoc thanks to me. A fart involuntarily tooted out of me. No, scratch that; a shart. Damn, I thought. Now I need to go to the mart.

"I'm going to the mart," I proclaimed, and waddled out of the library, my pants still around my ankles. I'll probably get some looks on the bus, but I'm not pulling these pants up. Not with shit on the waistband.

## Saturday

Its a Stanley Black and Decker Hitachi Milwaukee Dewalt kind of day  
Time to maximize the CCs and minimize the waste

Contactless structural mortar mix  
Eight foot frame fiber glass ladder drains  
High speed steel carbide tip grinding wheels

Cut the grass, rake the leaves, spread the mulch, divert the water, and caulk the rest

Nothing falls apart, the center holds with duct tape

And when you look up with blue light burned eyes full of alienation and angst

Wishing you were dead and famous rather than alive and lost

Your pale body malnourished and

enriched with debt packaged securities

Pathetically cold and untouched, unmourned, and unloved, you meagerly speak out "Hi"

A white dove appears, and a loud voice calls back, "Hi neighbor, nice day!"

Some called Mike, Jim, or Dave

He is the Lord thy neighbor

Not worthy that he should patch your roof but only say the word and your Crawlspace shall be sealed

## No.22628319

I think that your approach is flawed as it's not that identity is constituted in 4chan by the use of language as a primary effect but rather having identity is the effect of running counter to board culture and that said board culture is the primary effect. It's not an ideal model for real life examples of symbolic capture because in real life the projections onto are inherently received by others as a being-of. The attachment stokes an egoist fire in the individual who props his I onto it in the first order to even be intelligible to others as a distinct object (I rely heavily on Hegel for this point) but moreover from the Lacanian view (I assume this project will be invoking Lacan given the reference to lalangue which I assume is a typo) it is essentially a matter of the subject reclaiming his Jouissance from castration by envisioning his castration as voluntary: he posits the I as both preceding and concluding from attachment. Obviously this is a phantasy, but it is a necessary one if the individual is to form any sense of attachment which is free from a feeling of the arbitrary. Here it is entirely different. There are no individuals here outside of the text. For all we know F Gardner bot could be 3 different guys or just a

government psyop. It would be ideal if 2016 never happened here and we could be free of these idiots and their "politics" but that's just the price of being existent: you get labels attached to you. Board culture is something different from identity: it is the totality. If you posted about Marx being a troon on /wg/ it'd be like you stepped out on mars. This is because each little piece of information has to be filtered through the totality of a board's knowledge in order to pass judgement on it. For example, if you saw thread "X is le Y" and the first reply was ">implying" you have a near complete understanding of the entirety of the first posters argument against X is Y based off of one word because there is a commonly held counter argument to it which is deeply intertwined with board culture. Obviously this could be false and the replier can think whatever he wants but the interesting part is when OP gives his standard argument to replier 1 and replier 2 comes in making himself as replier 1 and gives the standard counterargument. At any point in the process the inertia of board culture threatens to destroy distinct discourse. Put my meme in the PowerPoint.

## Golgotha

Her foot moved up like the bleating  
cries out  
Hand fighting out for star soo bright  
in sail  
A dream in rope perhaps was seen  
in doubt  
I let her stand where Christ sings out  
to nail

# Sunflower

A heavy, unexplainable burden weighed on my heart. It felt like a persistent hangover after a night of partying, only this time the hangover wasn't from drinking. It wasn't lung disease, nor was it stress from piling debts. It was a mysterious weight that had settled on my soul. The music that once brought me joy, the beauty of a well-crafted verse in a poem, had become unbearable. Even when I tried to immerse myself in a vinyl record, I'd abruptly want to flee after just a few bars. There was an unshakable restlessness brewing inside me, urging me to keep moving. So, I wandered from one back alley in the Bronx to another, never staying in one place for too long.

During that time, I developed a fondness for weathered yet charming things. Whether it was a fading urban landscape or a vaguely familiar back alley where graffiti covered the walls and trash cans stood askew, or a rundown apartment hidden in plain sight, I took a liking to these places. I found beauty in the alleys with a distinct character, eroding with time until they returned to the earth. The old brick walls crumbled, and rows of houses leaned precariously. The only vibrant signs of life were the flourishing wildflowers, and occasionally, sunflowers that would catch you by surprise or the bright red canna.

As I walked these back alleys, I would sometimes trick my mind into believing I wasn't in the Bronx but rather in a place hundreds of miles away, like New Orleans or Chicago. I yearned to escape from my own world to an unfamiliar back alley where no one knew my name. I craved a respite from the constant hustle and bustle of the city I called home. I longed for a quiet room in a vacant inn, with fresh linens, a fragrant mosquito net, and \*\*\*\*\* bath-

robes. All I wanted was to lie down and forget about everything for an entire month. Sometimes, I wondered if the place I was in secretly transformed into the back alley of my dreams. Once the illusion took hold, I painted it with my imagination - it was nothing more than a double exposure of my fantasy and the decaying back alley, but I cherished getting lost in it.

I also started to develop a fascination for fireworks. Not just fireworks, but the colorful bundles and the intricate designs - the Bronx's Star Festival, fireworks competitions, and the sight of withered native grass. And then there were those small fireworks known as "sky rats," bundled together in twirls and packed into boxes. For some reason, these things strangely captivated me.

Gradually, I found myself drawn to "mason jars," colorful glass pieces used to craft fish and flowers, and "American marbles," those glass spheres you used to play with as a kid. I'd even lick them, savoring their unique taste that was cool and refreshing. There was something about the faintly cool and refreshing flavor of these marbles that brought back sweet memories of my childhood.

It's worth noting that I had very little money during this time, but even a few cents meant I could indulge in life's small luxuries. These tiny, beautiful things offered solace to my otherwise indifferent sensibility. Before my life spiraled into complete decay, I had a favorite spot,

Vinny's Treasures. Deep crimson and golden colognes, or maybe fragrances that carried the essence of jazz. Exquisite cut glass, and perfume bottles adorned with the opulent designs of the Harlem Renaissance. Pocket knives, cigars, soaps, and rolling tobacco - I could spend an hour simply admiring these items. Eventually, I would leave with a high-quality pencil, but even then, it was more than just a purchase; it was a burden. Books,

students, and nagging accountants all felt like the ghosts of debt collectors haunting me.

One morning, while I was moving from friend's house to friend's house, from one soulful neighborhood to another, I was left alone for a while after a friend headed off to work. But something within me refused to stay still, pushing me to wander from one place to another. And so, I strolled the back alleys of this neighborhood as I'd done so many times before, immersed in the captivating atmosphere of its humble yet charming streets.

But where I wandered that day, where I ultimately ended up, I can't recall. It's all a blur. The last place I clearly remember was standing in front of Vinny's Treasures, a place I used to cherish. Strangely, I felt compelled to enter, a decision I'd usually avoid making. "Today, let's explore what's inside," I thought, and ventured in.

Nonetheless, the joy that had filled me began to wane for some unknown reason. The allure of the perfume bottles and tobacco pipes couldn't capture my heart the way they once did. Melancholy began to \*\*\*\*\* back in, and I attributed it to the exhaustion from my long walks. My feverish condition was in full swing, and I often boasted about it to friends. I'd even challenge them to handshake contests, showing off my \*\*\* palm. Maybe it was this feverish warmth within me that found comfort in the ice-cold, refreshingly sour taste of a lemon.

I couldn't resist smelling that citrus fruit, over and over again. It took me back to the heart of the Bronx, the birthplace of so many hip-hop legends. An old saying from the hip-hop era came to mind - "keep it real" - and I inhaled deeply, basking in the zesty aroma. The coldness of the lemon, sharp and invigorating, became a source of delight for me.

I sniffed that lemon repeatedly. The simple, sunny hue, as though it

had been squeezed out of a tube of lemon yellow paint, its elongated, sleek form - all of it was mesmerizing. In the end, I decided to purchase one, and with that lemon in my hand, I continued to meander through the back alleys.

But I couldn't tell you where I went next, or how I got there. I found myself on unfamiliar back alleys, with my mind lost in the experience. The oppressive weight that had burdened my soul had lifted ever so slightly when I first held that lemon, and I was surprisingly content as I roamed the back alleys. The persistent melancholy that had clung to me was suddenly dispelled by the simple act of savoring a citrus fruit. Isn't it remarkable how the human heart works?

And then, I found myself standing before Vinny's Treasures once again, the very place I used to frequent. Today, it seemed easier to enter than before. "Why not explore what's inside today?" I thought, and walked in.

Nonetheless, the joy that had filled me began to wane for some unknown reason. The allure of perfume bottles and tobacco pipes couldn't hold my interest as they once did. The sense of melancholy loomed, and I attributed it to fatigue from my long journey. My muscles were aching, and I ventured to the art book section. Even the act of pulling out a hefty art book required more strength than usual, and the effort left me drained. I thought, "How heavy this is!" But as I turned the pages of the book, I found myself engrossed in the world of American street art, filled with vibrant graffiti, murals depicting the essence of Bronx life, and depictions of famous Bronx figures. It was a striking contrast to my state of mind just moments ago.

As I looked at those vivid images, the colors, the vibrancy, the indomitable spirit of the Bronx, I forgot the burdens I'd carried with me. The

sight of Bronx's iconic street art scenes and expressions of raw creativity made my heart race with excitement. With every page I turned, I felt more connected to the place I had known for so long.

I recalled a time when I had visited a dear friend, Marcus, in New Orleans. We used to engage in heated debates about the great hip-hop artists of our time, discussing the complexity of their lyrics and the brilliance of their rhymes. One evening, Marcus took me to an underground hip-hop club, and there I saw a performance that etched itself into my memory.

The rapper, Jamal "MC Rhymes" Johnson, stood at the center of the stage, the spotlight illuminating him like a lone star in the midnight sky. The way he delivered his verses, each word dripping with emotion, was a revelation. The audience was captivated, lost in the lyrical flow that filled the room.

I couldn't help but shed a tear, and I looked around to see others similarly moved. I felt a profound connection to those strangers, as if, for a fleeting moment, our souls were intertwined. It was a night of pure, unadulterated joy, and I knew that I was witnessing something extraordinary.

As I turned the pages of the art book, the memories of that night in New Orleans rushed back to me. The colors, the emotions, and the music all converged in my mind, and I realized that I was in a place of comfort, of solace. It was as if the burdens that had weighed me down were gradually dissipating.

These are the memories I have from my wandering days. It's the story of how I felt and what I saw in the back alleys of the Bronx. Back then, in that carefree wanderlust, I wanted to express the vibrant colors of that time. My heart was like a "sunflower," swaying as if it were dancing in the breeze. It was a painful but beautiful time of my life.



# gadfly\*

the gackly of area 51 was a Non Entity. that was how he had been dassified by Scence and that was how he was known to the commanding officer of the

asked why he been named Bradey twice, he saki R was because his twin had ded n the womb, strangled by the umbical cord

"and twins are" the gadfly hummed

"two" Bradey held up his thumb and forefinger "Two chidren®

"and even so. odd as it 5" the gadfly posed a queston happens?

happens what? do you mean how dd it happen? R was due to complcations"

the gadfly ntuted this was false, by pressng his "dighs" to a smal pocket of "sknt" rear the nape of his 'heck" beng a non entity, he couldt be said to have ary of these thrgs in the actual sense, "skn" 'neck", any of & he hadnt been diagrammed yet he was on the kst as were al the other donors In northnortheast wing that was

suted two mies undergound o Floda somewhere. the entrance to that wing of the complex was a fountain in a derelct mal, guarded nigt and day by hred vagrants.

interestng and entrelly carcdersfaly, an intiative was being headed up by the mayor of the flonda town to stop wban exploration of old structures, ke the mal children were wamad in no uncertain terms to stay away from these dargerous places a youtube charnel had gone mysteriously dark after venturing nto that mal, and his 700 subscribers were begbring to ask questions.

but that was no busness of hs, Bradey Bradey sad, o of anymore else outside the Pressing Matters divison this primary and only concern was that of (1) (which was southeast wing [port of nges a favela n Rio de Janero, to gve a sense of the scope of the complex]) and (2) to prenconze those dassifications nto something coherent or incoherent, as the case required

"so I" he gestured with hs agette, ¥ | were to phenonomize twins and what befel my twin, Id start with that, with 'twn' frst the word, and then the suroundng schema. and then you start drawing nes"

he drew a 2ig-zag of smooke. kind of ke

you, NE™ the gadfly hurmmed knowingly. depen-ding on the ight, the NE had had been described varously as koking ke "oosely ted-togsther sticks the color of ar that janged around' and \*fracture Ines n a windew" and

"a fucking waste of taxpayer money" sometimes, at a half gance, he would take on the form of a chid a smal boy, but the mage never held at drect eyepont, and was not consistent enough to ment even a dass 2 (sub-certain) or 3 (sub-sub-certain) dassification much resented by Science for this fact, or lack of fact, the gadfly was 'put' on a bulet tram to northnortheast, and had spent the better part of a decade in purgatory with the donors. typically, the donors were down-and-cuts of pariahs of other sectars wth o partiular use; they got an amenties card, a cot, and free ren

of the wing When they were ready of there was an express need, they would be euthanized scapelzed, and studed

as frst-of-knd the gadly was a shoe-n for donorship, the board was over the moon when they got ward fram Science about the transfer.

several members of the DPFB went down to the tram station n ther caps and scrubs to welcome him with smiles that turned quickly to frowns as the new amval emerged, fitted corweyed tseff toward them, birkng cooy in and out of the perceptual

they hadit been nformed theyd been taken for a ride "unprecederted)

rarely seen and barely known\*

they hadnt been nfamed they'd been taken for a nde. "unprecedented" rarely seen and barely known®

barely known because barely knowable, it soon became clear. no sacs or gands, no lmbs or organs, none of the anatomical ab-normaltes

that

made scalpelsts hearts flutter

for christ's sake, the thing had ro disemable properties at al except the stray gmpse of his Ines and cracks, and— | don't beleve this has been mentionad yet—a refentless, precocious, nfunating and deeply uncomfortable sense of being questioned, not

interrogated,

but questionad at the most fundamental level ard being found wanting

a smal, active, mmatalen presence ke a thousand soft fingers fretting at your edges,

puling at strands. devad of malkcs, but smug, coquettessh thrk a chids plartive "why? reduced to an ultra- concentrate and dripped your ear, a warm ftch that spreads and coats the insides.

1 feed" cne of the wekome party remarked, scratching at hs surgical cap, " feed ndculbus" (he would later leave the scapel behnd for a whstle and cew socks, acoeting a comfortably underpaid post as a calsthenics instructor in Berkley -3)

as for the Chief Scalpelst, he was miffed beyond belef when upon (quite intortionally) withheld up to this port, he saw the never bt of shiftiness those bastards in Rio had puled "determinnation undetermined [rescind]. redeterminnation: non-erity; recommended for rebcation to

donor-holdng pending develcgments"

Scence knew good and wel of course that donation was contingert

upon phenoming, which was tsef contingent on dassifyng absrt both a dass and a phenomenal

dosser, the gadly was effectively a ward of the wing tl he decaded to de or reconstitute or what-ever the equivalent for him would be, at which the OP8 would have a death on ther hands wih no research data to show for it

there would be no Declaration of Find, no pacy pastmortem, no notabiity statistics for indusion n the quarter's register, no visit from botechrics with al the fanfare that er-taled and worst of al none of the be this nagng preserce, ths unflaggrg demanding nothing but answers.

no one knew quite how to proceed they tned, certainly, by every known method and charnd to find recourse, some squimy ite bop-hole or siver of precedert relay after relay was sent, each kess passively and mare actively agressive than the last, first to Science n a drect attemprt to get them to dean up ther mess (rado slence), then to Appelaton Appeals to see I some mage codd be waked there to get the NE "ramed" which to be proved a dead end as wel the Chef's ade even tned—"ertirely of his own voltion" the offical report ardously danfied—to terminate the gadfly wih a laser tool & didn't work; the aide was fired

there was no petng arround it the gadfly was here to stay.

# West Point

Sacred ground is reserved for the hollowmen  
 Build the house  
 Sell the walls  
 Then the floors  
 Leave the roof  
 Watch it fall  
 No one to cry wolf  
 To make camp  
 To serve the lamb  
 To fill the lamps  
 Cost benefit mass grave equation  
 Triple entente double cross unipolar world

## No.22631956

"There's Dana White now entering the octagon."  
 >"I don't—Joe, I don't—I mean that's Stipe, Joe. I mean that's Stipe Miocic right there. I don't know if fans can take this."  
 >"Well, yes, and far from speculating at all, let it be known now that the broadcast team here including all our staff, we extend all our thoughts and prayers to Stipe Miocic and his family."  
 >"Yeah, I mean, he's still out... Stipe is still out. I don't know if—"

>"Someone stop Jon! Jon is dancing in the crowd. I mean, c'mon, man! I always said that about this dude. I said I could never like this guy! Here, hold on, let me—"

>"Oh, DC, no!"  
 >"Yeah, we're not gonna stop him."  
 >"DC, our friend and broadcast partner, who has fought with both of these men here in the octagon tonight... Looking, perhaps erroneously, to talk some sense into Jon Jones here... hoping that he might show a bit of sportsmanship in the wake of Stipe's condit—"

>"Oh, no! Jon, no!"  
 >"There's security now! Get the

crowd out of there now!"  
 >"DC! Daniel!"  
 >"Jon is literally killing him!"  
 >"Well, and the Modello Fight Clock is stopped here at 1 minute and 26 seconds of round number 2, and Jon Jones is murdering DC by the broadcast booth."  
 >"Colby, get out of there! Oh, Colby is running, thank god."  
 >"Where are the police? Someone needs to call the police. I don't think we can—"  
 >"No, Jon! Jon, NO!"  
 >"Jon, I'll suck your cock! I'll do anything, please!"  
 >"Well, and we've just had an update here, Stipe Miocic has been pronounced dead on the scene. Total haemorrhage to the brain as most likely cause after an illegal knee by soon-to-be former champion Jon Jones who is... right now..."  
 >"GLUCKGLUCKGLUCKGLUCKGLUCK GLUCKGLUCKGLUCKGLUCK"  
 >"DC somewhere over there... I'm not sure... Be sure to remember folks the Official UFC 5 Game Available on October 27 2023 for PS5 and Xbox Series X... and here's Bruce Buffer with the official announcement, as the New York Police Department arrive to..."  
 >"ANNNNNNNDDDD  
 NEEEEEEWWWWWWWW!"

## No.22633814

The Great American Songbook has not been written for a long time, Who will I tell this to in my old age? Jazz and blues are hidden in the vines, Rock and roll is full of thorns and brambles. Titans of the industry devour each other, The weapons of commerce reach the masses. The true voice is so faint, It awakens the sorrow of the artists. Electric guitars stir up the waves,

Opening up a vast and boundless flow. Fads and trends have changed many times, But the principles have also been lost. Since the birth of rock and roll, The ornate is not precious. In this digital age, The ancient ways are restored. The talents of the people are all gathered, And they all rise to prominence in this auspicious time. Creativity and authenticity shine brightly, Like stars in the night sky. My ambition is to create and inspire, So that my brilliance will shine for a thousand years. I hope to achieve the status of a legend, And stop creating when I encounter a true masterpiece.

## SHOGETSU

Autumn ends:  
 Frogs settle down  
 Into the earth.

