

Coronameron^{3D}

Or

[fight over subtitle and ORs in comments, please]

Or

The worst one yet

Or

We're Sick of Writing and We Hate Each Other

Or

Why bother Tokyo Drift

Or

A Magickal Place

Or

"The Sequel No one Needed"

Or

Lolita 2: Sweet 16

Or

I FUCKING LOVE ASUKA LANGLEY SORYU SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

Or

STOP FUCKING DELETING IT CRACKER

Or

Proposing Asuka's ass for the cover

Or

"E Pluribus Autism"

Or

Back Against the Wall and Odds With the Strength of a Will and a Cause

by /lit/ – Literature

/lit/ is for the discussion of literature, specifically books (fiction & non-fiction), short stories, poetry, creative writing, dōjinshi, piss, etc.

times deleted: 2

times /tv/ replaced everything with Big Chungus: 2

times someone pissposted: 7



Dedicated to Christopher Poole, RIP big guy

“Do you think God stays in heaven because he, too, lives in fear of what he's created here on earth?”

- Philip Pullman, as Steve Buscemi, as Romero, in *Spy Kids 2*

“What doth life? Are we just fleshy blips in some meaningless stew of cosmic oblivion? Or is it vice-versa?”

- Xavier

“Nuttet on a towel and passed out”

- Dr. Dre

“I just wanna bang her like BANG, BANG BANG BANG!”

- Samuel Hyde (pedophile)

“Those who are unable, teach.”

- Christian W. Chandler

“Im Nuts for Nuts but I ain't gay”

- Anon

‘a good quote’

- anon

“lol”

- me in response to anon

“For you”

- In response to the first anon

“Everyone below this line is a faggot”

- The only true quote

“/thread”

- Faggot
-

A note on the text:

The following is the first recorded instance of OP not being a faggot. Do with this what you will.

First: A Manifesto

I was here first and you enwards can't stop me.

No one has ever been or will ever be as heckin BASED as one such as I, first among you.

You were the first to do something, but isn't everyone constantly being the first of something? I'm the first person to respond to you, ha! Really You can arbitrarily define a practically infinite variety of "firsts" but they only attain value if valued by real people. You are clearly being somewhat ironic, but behind your irony is just silliness and insecurity.

Second: A (Wo)manifesto

I was here second and you can try, but won't silence me. Hear me roar.

What really is based? The bedrock of the world in the deep roads of history and biology, or the supposed absolute precedent, *le* big bang?

What is life, but a call and response between light and death, a question then answer that forms happenstance into strategy, a message. Clearly this other anon did not care and therefore I'll be the careful one. I'll be the echo to the chamber, the response to the call.

Smoke weed and store said antidepressant in your piss

Amen

On the Right Proper Tonguing of Anús

by Knee Grows

I am not at all ashamed to admit that I spent the better part of my formative years inculcating myself with the timeless knowledge of the tonguing of anús, that supple part of the derriere.

As with any sexual activity whose goal is instilling pleasure in others, one must be above all else *patient* if one is to engage in a truly proper tonguing of another's piss. To rush the act is to treat the instilling of pleasure as a chore, a task to be accomplished as quickly as possible and not to be savored. But savor you must.

"As with any sexual activity whose goal is instilling pleasure in others, one must be above all else patient if one is to engage in a truly proper tonguing of another's anús."

Next is of course the dexterity of the tongue. One's tongue must be lithe and capable, effortlessly darting from crevice to crevice sweeping up dark morsels as it wanders. It may be necessary to perform exercises or even to undergo surgery towards this end. A tonguing with poor tongue is hardly a tonguing at all.

Then one must avail oneself of much saliva on command, as if Pavlov's bell has just rung out. Practice also the conveyance of that saliva to the tip of the tongue, to deliver it where it is needed most.

Now we extend into advanced techniques of the Right Proper Tonguing. When does one insert one's tongue? How deeply? How widely should the cheeks be spread? How does one balance the breathing through the nose with burial into the cheeks? Note that we never ask whether the act is safe - the Right Proper Tonguing is selfless and eager, and proceeds without regard to the wellbeing of the tonguer.

For the answers to these deepest of questions subscribe to my Patreon, or purchase my full lecture series from my website for just fourteen easy payments of \$88.

Shalom.

A Lament, by Anon

*Why is my writing so shit,
That when it comes down to it,
And I ask for a critique
I either get no reply
Or they're rather oblique
About how to proceed.*

This was good, anon +2

The Legacy of This Shit in a Tundra
or
The Dodo's Redemption: A Space Odyssey
By Steven Spielberg

Author's Note

I have spent many hours writing, editing, appending, and otherwise working on The Coronameron. It has been an honour to work with all the other anons, and to contribute to this wonderful project. It is likely that this will be my last major work for this document, and shall serve as a final adventure for the heroes of my previous works - *The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch* and *A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch* (as well as minor features from *Xavier B Jerrald*). I have many other projects to attend to now (and that's not even considering how much study I have ignored in favor of this shit). This is not a goodbye, I will still be here, adding minor additions and reading all the wonderful submissions; and of course, you will all live on in my heart. This text is therefore dedicated to all you stupid, lovely anons, who have made these countless hours of work an absolute blessing.

- Steven Spielberg

Chapter 1: A Kinda Expected Journey

Space. This story starts in space. Cold, dark, empty; our heroes floated, drifting aimlessly through the unexplored void. It had been 4 years since they had left Earth, and 14 months since they had run out of fuel. They now floated gently through space, propelled only by the light thrust afforded to them by their solar sails.

However, despite the lack of fuel or direction, life aboard the HMS Hucklefuck was not as bad as it might have seemed. It was a very large ship, and the crew was relatively small.

- David Ike, Steven Spielberg, Steven Crowder, Steven Universe, Adolf, Anon, Midgetman Tits, Hucklefuck Bitch, FM-2030, Pickle Rick, Hitler, Obama, Whoever keeps posting about Guenon, James “DFW” Joyce, BONBI BONKERS, Philemon, Not Anne Frank and her Confederate husband, Bailey Jay, Me, Kiwi, Kiwi’s lover, Muhhamad Al-Muslim, Moviebob, Karl Marx

Xander B Jerrald

- [This list is incomplete, you can help by expanding it]

And most importantly, their spiritual savior Thomas Pynchon. The crew had expanded much since they had met Pynchon in that Tibetan Monastery all those years ago, and yet, no amount of new members could fill the void left by the death of The Dodo, and the betrayal of Anne Frank. It was Pynchon’s idea to leave earth; the planet held too many bad memories, too much death and anguish. Their only option was a permanent excursion into the unknown. Nobody was shocked by Pynchon’s proposal. Deep down, they all knew this was the only way to escape their past.

The HMS Hucklefuck was built by Hucklefuck Bitch after he destroyed the Illegitimate State of Israel with his husband Muhhamad Al-Muslim¹. The Ship was of epic proportions, some might have considered it more of a space station than a conventional ship. The ship had an onboard chicken farm and automated chicken killer and automated KFC maker; an onboard gymnasium for all the /fit/fags, a well stocked library, a cinema for watching degenerate anime shit, and a large, spacious lounge for general activities and communal living. It was truly a utopia, an oasis in the depths of space. Hucklefuck was very proud of his work, as he should be, as his craftwork even made the mighty Hepaphastus jealous². The entire ship was relaxed and happy, and they felt that perhaps this would last forever. Of course, it would not.

¹ See *The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch*, Chapter 3.

² Hucklefuck received a letter from Hepaphastus stating “fuk u bitch u arnt as good at building as me im not even jealous i could build a way bigger and cooler space ship i just dont want to. Also stop calling me ugly its rude”

~

One day, Pickle Rick was lounging around, being a pickle and hanging out with Adolf in the lobby, when he heard a mysterious bonk noise from the hull of the ship. At first, he merely thought this was the work of BONBI BONKERS, however the noise persisted, and so Adolf texted BONKERS:

ADOLF: "Hey BONKERS"

ADOLF: "are you making those bonking noises on the hull of the ship?"

BONBI BONKERS: "No, im busy playing monopoly and also getting my dick sucked by Steven Crowder"

ADOLF: "Strange, I swear I heard a bonk"

BONBI BONKERS: "Very strange. Nobody on the ship makes bonks but me"

ADOLF: "It is very strange, I'm going to go check it out with pickle rick"

BONBI BONKERS: "Alright, report back to me, I want to know who else is bonkin around here"

Adolf put down the phone, picked up pickle rick, and left to the armory to gear up and go outside.

After Adolf and pickle rick were suited for their space walk, and were armed with High Power Repeating Plasma Rifles from Pepsi™, they stepped out into the void, tethered to the ship with cables, waving in the antigravity. It was utterly silent. Adolf and pickle rick crept around the side of the hull towards where they heard the noise, rifles ready.

Peaking around the corner, they found the source of the bonk. A very small space pod had knocked into the side of the ship. It was unmarked and shut down. Adolf and pickle rick approached slowly from each side. There was no apparent way to open the craft from the outside. Adolf and pickle rick attached a cable to the craft, and drug it into the airlock.

~

The crew of the HMS Hucklefuck stood around the small space pod. Silent. Noone dared make a noise as Moviebob and Obama slowly approached the craft with a crowbar, intending to open it and retrieve its contents. Karl Marx stood by with a Plasma Rifle, ready to send any potential threat to the ultimate gulag: Hell.

Obama and Moviebob reached the craft, they locked eyes, nodded, and started to position the crowbar.

But at that moment, just as the crowbar touched the pod door, there was a piercing hiss of depressurization, and the door slowly opened.

Chapter 2: A Newer Hope

The crew gasped in shock and horror and awe. Mist poured out of the craft, and then one small, clawed foot stepped out, then another, revealing the impossible: A Dodo Bird.

"It's impossible!" yelled Steven Spielberg, "the last Dodo died on Mount Fuji in epic battle with Anne Frank and/or at the hands of William Shakespeare and his massive peen!"

The Dodo simply smiled a beaky smile. "Yes, it is true, in your eyes, I did die in that battle against Anne Frank and/or as a fleshlight used by Shakespeare, but from my position, that is yet to pass. For you see, I am from the distant past, a Dodo from many years ago, before I had met any of you, before I was imprisoned at the Orphanage known as St Spielberg's Home for the Gifted but Retarded Children of All Races. All those years ago, a strange man came to me, and he told me of my fate. He declared that the only way to stop these future events from happening would be to go far into the future, and assemble a crew of worthy and valiant heroes, who would need to travel to the outer rim, and locate the Lemurian Time Crystals, and use these to go back in time and kill Anne Frank, preventing her from ever wrecking the havoc she caused, and preventing my death"

The crew stood in shock at this news; there was still a chance to save their Dodo friend from that death he died all those years ago. Hitler scratched his head at this convoluted time travel plot; Hitler didn't like time travel plots, they confuse the story and open up too many potential plot holes.

The crew took the young Dodo to a spare room, and told him he could stay as long as he wished. The Dodo was thankful, but it seemed as though he knew he could not stay for long; he did not truly know these people - yet. The Dodo was tired from his long space flight, and took to a restful sleep. The crew then met together at the ship's command center, to plan their quest for the Lemurian Time Crystals.

"I have no fucking idea where to find Lemurian Time Crystals" declared Philemon, "I dont even fucking know what Lemurian Time Crystals are"

"Neither do I" announced Steven Universe.

"Nor I" added Steven Spielberg.

And then Midgetman Tits spoke up; "In my long wanderings, from the inhospitable coasts of alaska, where I fell in love and had a family; to the deep Jungles of India, where I found the peace of Buddhism and solace from the loss of my adoptive Inuit tribe. In these long travels, I have only heard of one single mention of the Lemurian Time Crystal. Deep in the madagascarian isle, I discovered an ancient temple, overgrown and crumbling. I crawled inside, and there I found mapped out in an ancient language, a celestial map. At its center a shining 47 pointed star, glimmering like the blue and red and purple like the rich Madigascan sunset. The map showed the way to crystals, many million miles beyond our solar system. I believe I can still recount the way, even though it was long ago". Midgetman Tits then began drawing the map, sprawling and extravagant. The other members of the crew stood back in awe.

At last, he had finished his map, an epic and detailed constellation. The crew was stunned, but they knew there was work to do, and so with haste they began plotting a course into the ship's computer system. However, there was a problem - they were still out of fuel. The computer reported it would be 17 years until they reached their destination, without the use of

their main thrusters. For a moment, the crew lost hope. What could they do, hundreds of miles away from a spaceport and with no auxiliary fuel source. The situation looked futile.

Chapter 3: Gas, Gas, Gas.

Many hundreds of miles from our heroes, there was a humble spaceport of b-17-Epsilon, a young ship hand sat on the edge of the main landing disk, gazing out into the deep of space, lost in his thoughts, just as deep as that endless space. He longed to be free from this dingy little port. He imagined himself a Luke Skywalker, freed from his humble origins and realizing his destiny as a grand hero in an epic story. He sighed, what unrealistic dreams he had. His uncle called out from the gift shop.

“EY FUCKO, STOP DREAMING AND GET OVER HERE AND CLEAN THE shit OFF MY BOOT!”

Fucko sighed again, and slowly got up, wandering over to his Uncle and his dirty boot. Truly, he would never get off this dingy spaceport.

And he wouldn't.

Back on the HMS Hucklefuck, the crew had all gone outside, and were standing on the hull in their space suits, holding out extended thumbs, waiting for a ship to pass and pick up them as hitchhikers. This was not a good plan, but it was all they had. They all stood there waiting, all except Pynchon. He was the leader of this expedition, and he would be damned if he didn't find a way out of this. He thought back to his time in the Navy, and what he had learned in his engineering degree. Surely there was a way to get some fuel using the materials they had on board...

Then it hit him. Pynchon ran in haste to get suited up and out to the others; he had a plan.

~

“You want us to do what?” exclaimed David Ike, “I will NOT piss and shit into a bucket like an animal”

“You have to” Pynchon explained “Your fecal matter and urine can be processed into bio fuel. We all need to piss and shit into this bucket”

“I'll do it!” declared Xander enthusiastically “I love pissing and shitting!”

Xander eagerly removed his cargo shorts and began pissing and shitting.

“Thats the Spirit!” said Pynchon, “Everyone join in!”

“It does actually look fun....” said pickle rick

Slowly and surely, the entire crew started shitting and pissing. They laughed and smiled as the bucket slowly filled with their piss and shit. Not only did they finally have fuel, but they had a bonding experience at the same time. Their bladders and intestines emptied, they came out of

that experience a stronger group than they were before. They poured the bucket of shit and piss into the reactor fuel reservoir, and it roared to life. They were back in business.

~

Back at the b-17-Epsilon spaceport, Fucko finished cleaning his uncle's dirty boot.

Chapter 4: Journey to the Temple of the Lemurian Time Crystals

Powering through space at rapid speed, the HMS Hucklefuck sped across the galaxy towards the location of the Lemurian Time Crystals. Nobody knew truly what to expect, the map did not show details, only a farmers store shop. The HMS Hucklefuck was already low on farming supplies so they decided to visit. As they approached it its faded store-front came into view. "Sn-ed's Fe-d and Se-d" Many of the letters had faded out. The captain pulled the ship into a docking orbit around the station and the crew came down in their landing pods. "Well well well, look at the fancy city slicker pulling up in his fancy Acturian hyper-pod" some rusty hick farted as they disembarked. Hucklefuck was annoyed. "Cunt, this aint no fuckin Acturian hyper-pod! This is a custom built, super-mega driven ultra crusier, with a built in ball scratcher, and if you dont shut the fuck up I'll scratch your balls until they fall off!". The man was shook, and took off his hat and knelt to the floor in prayer.

"Stand up you whiny bitch" Adolf said, kicking the hillbilly, "We need farm shit to feed the chickens so we can keep eating our KFC"

"R-right this w-way sirs" the hillbilly whimpered, and lead them to the chicken feed storage.

After thoroughly raiding the farm store, our heroes set off once again. Getting ever closer to the fated Lemurian Time Crystals. As they drew nearer, they began to feel the buzz of time-energy, and out the windows of the craft, strange cosmic clouds of orange, purple and blue swirled. It was not long before they spotted it: The Temple of the Lemurian Time Crystals. It floated, stationary in space, barely a kilometer across. A giant stone structure of a strange, angular shape. They drew closer to the temple, and could start to see the soft blue mist that rolled out from its singular entrance. Their ship dropped the space-time anchor, and they descended in their pods down to the temple. But something wasn't right...

Chapter 5: Ambush! Madness at the Temple!

No sooner that the crew had exited their pods, they found themselves surrounded. Each member of the crew was caught from behind by two men. The crew looked at eachother, and their captors. They were strange beings, short, with long noses and strange miniature brimless caps. Most of the crew had no idea what they were looking at, none except Hucklefuck Bitch

and his husband Muhhamad Al-Muslim. They knew this foe, they had faced its kind before. Space Jews.

An elderly Space Jew slowly emerged from the fog of the temple door.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t the crew of the Last Dodo, who defeated Anne Frank in single combat upon Mount Fuji. What a *shame* that he died in the process. I see you didn’t take long to replace him though” The Space Jew sneered at Pynchon.

“Loot them, take their sheckles” the Elderly Space Jew ordered the other Space Jews, “And search their ship, I don’t want any of them left alive”

Suddenly, the crew’s vision started fading, as they were injected with some kind of space jew drug.

~

When they awoke, the crew were in a cell, on the east wing of the temple, guarded by a fierce looking Space Jew with long fangs and devilish horns. “Damn those space jews!”, yelled pickle rick, “I really hate space jews!”

“Stay calm” Hucklefuck reminded everyone, “Me and my husband have dealt with jews before, and space jews are no different. We learned their greatest weaknesses when we destroyed them and the illegitimate state of Israel all those years ago.”

Hucklefuck reached into his husband’s anus, and pulled out what they had hidden for this very reason: a small pouch of emergency bribery sheckles. Hucklefuck shook the bag, and suddenly, the Space Jew guard turned, pupils dilated and mouth salivating; the cage was opened, and he sat, begging like a dog at their feet. Hucklefuck gave the Space Jew a single sheckle, with which the Space Jew seemed very pleased. The crew passed without incident, and crept into the main chamber of the temple.

In the main chamber, the elderly Space Jew was gathered near an altar, surrounded by Space Jew guards. He was looking up at some sort of glow coming from a large statue at the far wall behind the altar. The statue appeared to be a depiction of Dr Jordan B Peterson, etched in gold with his 12 arms stretched upwards. His eyes glowed with thundering gold, and from his penis poured the blue haze that filled the temple.

There were too many guards, and there was no way the crew was going to be able to get close enough to take the time crystals for themselves. They returned down into the jailroom wing and tried to come up with a solution. Then James “DFW” Joyce noticed something: the guard armoury! He took they key from the sheckle-blinded guard and unlocked the door.

Excited, the crew burst into the room to find...

Nothing.

No rows of guns, no lazer spears or oversized dildos.

The room appeared completely barren.

They all sighed in despair and exasperation, surely now they were done for.

But just then, pickle rick saw something out of the corner of his eye.

“Hey guys I found something!” he shouted, and he picked it up.

Everyone rushed over to see what it was.

Pickle rick held it up. It was a small glass box, and inside were two small earrings.

“What the fuck is that shit?!” yelled BONBI BONKERS, “earrings? That can’t help us at all”

Then Adolf spoke: “You fool!, do you not know what these are! These are The **Potara** (ポタラ Potara) from the *Dragon Ball Z* Fusion Saga that Goku and Vegeta used to merge together and become Vegito, combining their power levels in order to defeat Super Buu! Don’t you see?!”

“I don’t watch that weeb shit” BONKERS said flatly.

“Then witness the power of Fusion for yourself!” and he looked at his brother, Hitler. This was the moment they knew in their hearts they had long been waiting for. Adolf passed Hitler one of the fusion earrings. And they put them in their ears.

Thus, Adolf Hitler was formed.

With his new combined power levels, Adolf Hitler had become the ultimate Space Jew fighting machine. They charged back into the main temple hall, and Adolf Hitler single-handedly defeated all the guards and the elderly Space Jew King.

Chapter 6: A Last Goodbye, A New Beginning.

The crew stood around the giant statue of Jordan Peterson, basked in the mist from his penis. The Young Dodo was there too, although he was hurt, he had escaped the guards who had tried to search the ship, and had entered the temple to guide the crew towards what they should do next.

The Dodo spoke:

“Finally, we have found the Lemurian Time Crystals, there, in the tip of Jordan B Peterson’s penis. All those who touch it will be transported back into the past to a date of their choosing. The crystal is unstable, and it’s possible we may only get one shot at this. One of us must go back into the past to kill Anne Frank and prevent my death upon the thundering peaks of Mount Fuji.

The crew looked at each other. For one of them, this would be the end.

“I will do it” declared Xavier B Jerrald.

“Shut up Xavier you dumb fuck” everyone said. Xavier was a retard and could not be trusted with such an important mission.

“No”, declared Adolf Hitler, “it must be me. I am the ultimate jew destroyer, and only I can guarantee the death of a powerful witch like Anne Frank”

The crew knew this was the only way.

“I shall go back in time, and I will find Anne Frank and discretely assassinate her. If I fail to do so, then i dont know i guess I’ll just kill all the jews and that should do the trick. I swear I wont get distracted by trying to have an art career or anything like that”

Tears rolled down the cheeks of all the crew members. It would be tough to lose such a gentle, noble friend. But they knew this was the only way to save The Last Dodo.

Adolf Hitler touched the misty penis of Jordan B Peterson, and with a flash, he was gone.

For a moment, the crew merely stood there, in tears.

It was just at that moment that the Dodo started to float, glowing with Blue energy. He was transforming...

He came down, and the light faded. He was no longer the Young Dodo that had traveled from the past, but he was the Dodo they knew and loved, no longer dead, but alive and happy.

Epilogue: Retirement and Peace

And so, the crew boarded the HMS Hucklefuck once again, and they slowly began their journey back to Earth; their purpose had been fulfilled, and no longer did they need to exile themselves from the despair they felt on that planet. And after many long years, and many thousands of miles, they finally reached their home.

Hucklefuck Bitch and Muhhamad Al-Muslim retired back to their home in Chicago. BONBI BONKERS continued to get sucked off by Steven Crowder (despite being married). James "DFW" Joyce would go on to become a famous author, best known for his famous work "Infinite Wake". Midgetman Tits returned to his wanderings around the world. Pickle Rick and the Last Dodo got married, and had many Dodo-Pickle babies. Fucko kept cleaning his uncle's shoes. The rest of the crew continued to serve the galaxy, fighting jewry and other menaces wherever they found them. And all was good and right in the universe.

The End



It's always 4am somewhere

Flashman and the Hypermammoth



Introduction

In the years that have passed since the end of the Third Americo-Korean Hyperwar, I have largely kept quiet about my time in the war, satisfied with my medals and loot, and content to grow fat on my largely undeserved spoils and honours, lording it up in the clubs and dining out on judiciously-edited accounts of heroism, expressed in a bluff and humble manner for extra effect, you understand. However, now that Imperial Marshall Kim Yo Jong, having been wedded to President Barron Trump in a ceremony at the Tim Hortons® Cathedral in Salt Lake City that struck terror into the chattering classes of the time, holds the reins of the western world in her iron grip, I feel that I can safely recount my experience from the comfort of old age, and tell the tale of my encounter with the terrifying Marshall herself.

Editor's Note

This partial memoir was discovered locked in a small chest in the archive of the library at Fort Hyde in Missouri by cleaners. It was largely written in an old manuscript, partially used for kimchi recipes in Korean by another writer, with the title *관리인은 내 항문을 혀*. Upon further inspection, it emerged that this was part of the memoir of one Harry Paget Flashman, a colonel (at the time) of the Army of the British Sultanate, and was of such a romantic and sordid nature that it might

bring down the Korean branch of the House of Trump were it ever to emerge. We present the initial fragment here in translated form, for the sake of historical interest. We beg the mercy of the most worshipful Marshall Kim for our impudence.

Chapter 1

During the fourth hour of President Barron Trump's lecture on how Star Trek Picard was in fact not really Star Trek (received with general agreement from the assembled toadies that this was, in fact, the opinion of the thinking man), my mind began to wander somewhat. We had heard this speech many times before, and its evolution seemed to have stalled some time ago. As this 7-foot beanpole dredged on interminably about the evils of Rick Berman, I mused that there had been a time when his very presence terrified me. In the early days of his office he was quite stern you know, much less amusing than his ass of a father, who had passed on the office to him in his latter years to general public approval, beyond the usual croaking from the usual New York rags.

I had first met the new President in the Spring of '24, after an invitation from my old comrade Chuck, a general store owner who had made a mint on franchising, I believe. We were to be entertained by Mr. Trump in the White House, and we dutifully went along in our best togs and took in the quality (such as there was) on offer in Washington in those days.

The lunch itself was dreadful, as expected. The young President wasn't much of a conversationalist, you know; every word was produced from him as if dragged through a brick wall. Eventually, when we had eaten and drunk our fill, young Trump decided to make a speech, the general thrust of which being that the North Korean pinko menace would have to be stopped once and for all, and that immediate and terrible war was the only thing for it. And with that, he drank our health and invited the men for cigars, leaving the lady ambassador from North Korea aghast, mouth agape, at the table while the Washington wives sat around her remarking that gosh didn't he look handsome in his new suit?

Over cigars the idea was thrashed out in interminable detail by the assembled toadies, the plan of attack, the timing, all that nonsense. "Watch out here, Flash", thinks I, "sounds like a plan for the mad and foolhardy, make no mistake." For you must realise that while the Norks were little more than a walled-in people starved of information and controlled by a line of portly lunatics, they did have an awfully large army fed on stories of Americans eating Korean babies for breakfast their entire lives. Not to mention that just across their northern border lay Manchuria, and the Second Manchukuo Empire was not all that keen to have John Burger on his doorstep taking measurements for tank movements. It was all gammon, regardless - the communists in Peking had no interest at all in funding some foolhardy war against the Americans. After all, who would buy all the cheap plastic rubbish they produced if the Yanks were beaten?

Eventually we began to file out, but the President's aid, Schooner, pulled me aside and said that the President would like a chat. "Hullo", thinks I, not liking the sound of this one bit. We sat down in front of Trump's desk, where he towered over all seated before him. "Flashman", he said, staring at the floor, or out the window as he spoke, "there's no way to gloss this so I'll come out and say it. We've heard some disturbing reports about what's going on in Korea, and while we're giving our best war posture to the media, it would be much easier if it didn't come to that."

Music to my ears, thinks I, but what has that got to do with me? I sat silent as this blonde madman fumbled for words.

"In short, and not to put *too* fine a point on it...that is...."

"We've heard that Kim Jong Un is unwell, Flashman", said Schooner, cutting in. "More to the point, we've heard that his sister, Kim Yo Jong, may be making a bid for power. If we can convince her that war against the US would just end up with a ruined nation and a defeated people, we could secure a deal that assures the security of both sides."

"That sounds reasonable, sir, but what does it have to do with me?", says I, getting more and more nervous for the physical safety of H. Flashman, Esq. the longer they talked .

"We have arranged for you to go to Pyongyang in a diplomatic capacity. You'll nominally be there to assist in basic trade and embargo negotiations, but your real purpose there will be to ensure that Ms. Kim is, eh, *amenable*, to compromise, do you see? We need her to agree to some form of military oversight from the US without the need for direct occupation."

You're a rum one, thinks I, you know exactly how the dashing Flashy might accomplish that but your pastor wouldn't approve of you saying so, eh? Of course, the whole plan was absurd, but I couldn't be seen to worm my way out of it without damaging my reputation as the bluff, brave hero of the Zanzibar Front and survivor of the Tesla Moonbase Mutiny (entirely undeserved, of course, I had been hiding or blubbering for my life for most of it, but it's the blubberers who tend to survive to get the medals, don't you know).

"Sounds like an excellent plan, sir, however regretfully I am currently attending to duties for the British Sultanate at present, I don't think I can cut out to do a favour for another government, now can I?"

"Not a problem", says Trump, "we've already got permission to have you on loan, seems like your Sultan sees a peaceful solution to be in Britain's interest too. You leave immediately, goodbye."

And with that, the President picked up the handheld console on his desk and began playing some noisy game, while a marine appeared at the door to escort me out. There was nothing for it, I would have to go to Pyongyang and try to wriggle my way out of any trouble, report back that there was nothing to be done, then scuttle back to London to watch Trump and Kim blow each other to pieces from a safe distance.

Or that was the plan, at least.

Chapter 2

The first few days negotiations went about as well as expected, meaning that nothing was accomplished beyond politeness and smiling by all involved. But that was all that was expected, you see. Negotiation is far easier when both parties understand it for what it usually is, an exercise in wasting time until the real business begins, in this case the fighting. After all, if one side was in a strong enough position to get what they wanted at all, why bother negotiating? This is the point that the leftist professors teaching history these days don't seem to understand when they describe old British gunboat diplomacy, as if we could have simply asked nicely for what we wanted and that they would not attack us if they would be so kind? It don't work like that in real life, I can assure you.

As a result, the first sixteen days were spent meeting at 10am, drumming through the godforsaken agenda at a disreputable pace, both sides essentially agreeing that no compromise was possible at any point, and then retiring for drinks around 2pm after a successful day of doing one's national duty. It ain't the worst life in the diplomatic, I can assure you.

I had had my eye on a sallow young stunner who'd been at the negotiations, some form of intern for a lecherous old Nork general with an enormous fruit salad on his chest (God knows what for, they hadn't fought a war within living memory). I noticed her brown eyes wandering towards yours truly once too often and thought, "hello Flash, we've got a game one here." Having got enough of a grasp of the lingo to make polite chit-chat, I got her talking during the after-work drinks one evening on the lawn outside the ambassador's residence. She was shy and polite, like all of them, not much meat on her but a fine figure nonetheless, pretty as a picture. After a few drinks and a flash of the old whiskers (they can never resist them, you see), I managed to get her to sneak off with me into a side room in the residence, an unused office where we could get down to the real business of the day. As I've said in my previous memoirs, the best way to get information and learn a language is in bed with a woman, and I've had my fair share of experience with both.

After she realised we wouldn't be seen, she got right to it, and we were getting up to the boil in no time. Suddenly, the door burst open, and four

uniformed North Korean agents burst into the room, screaming “한국 매우 큰 음경!”, which I guessed at the time was their regimental battle cry. The object of my desires for the day hid in a corner while the agents held me down. “Let me go, damn you!” I shouted, doing my best to seem bluff and stern, “unhand me you rascals, I’m a British officer, blast you!”

Suddenly, who should enter the room but Imperial Marshal Kim Yo Jong herself, and surely never lighted on this orb etc etc. She was wearing her usual black suit, like a funeral director, but somehow it suited her down to the ground, making her both beautiful and terrifying at once. A fine specimen, I assure you, though on first meeting (and last, mind you), the whole room seemed to grow colder by several degrees, and you were never sure what was going on behind those dead eyes. Fantastic for a tumble once you got some wine in her, but a bit sharp when not warmed up, as I was about to discover.

With the guards violently pulling down my cherrypicker breeches, I couldn’t help noticing a suspiciously large black object emerging from the fly in her suit trousers. Having a nose for trouble, I realised what I was in for as she positioned herself behind me.

“Damn you, let me go!” I squealed, realising that there was no way to avoid what was coming as I couldn’t move, this damn bitch was going to have her way with me and there was nothing I could do but cry and plead for mercy. In my best Korean I cried out “조지 부시는 9시 11 분!!!!” for all I was worth, but to no avail. With my backside about to feel the full force of Juche, I was in a deuced tight spot, and I knew it.

With tears streaming down my face, I could feel the cool black metal rod gently touch the skin between my buttocks. I roared for mercy, and could hear the guards laughing and sneering. Then, without warning, they let me go, and the Marshall leaned over and snarled softly into my ear, “welcome to the rice fields, motherfucker”, and kissed my cheek, giggling. They filed out of the room sharpish, and I pulled up my breeches before anyone could come in to investigate the commotion. I saw my little intern had vanished too, clearly she was in on their dastardly plot to sodomise a British officer.

I could see my chances of sneaking back to Britannia unscathed slipping away by the second; at this rate, I felt, I’d be lucky to get back with my manhood intact.

Chapter 3

After my near-brush with forcible sodomy (and from a slender Asian woman, mark you. I thought it a damned liberty, but in my day there were chaps in White’s who would have paid good money for that kind of service, I can tell you), I decided there was nothing for it but to go forward. If I shirked now, the

story would be all over the papers, and my reputation would be in tatters. She had me, the bitch, and she knew it. So, with that in mind, I felt that the best course of action was simply to take her to task. I requested an audience to see the Marshall posthaste, and the following day I took a taxi through the bizarrely-coloured Pyongyang to the godawful square concrete block building where Kim held her audiences.

After waiting in the cold marble lobby for half an hour, the intern from the previous day appeared and, smirking slightly, escorted me down a side passage to a small, wood-paneled room with brown leather sofas, and told me that the Marshall would see me presently. Soon enough, the ice queen herself arrived, in a similar black suit, smiling and shaking hands as if we had never seen each other before in our lives. Gesturing to a seat, we sat down on opposite sides of a small table, whereupon tea was served presently.

I opened my mouth to begin the meeting, but a hand came up to silence me. She clapped her hands twice, and her brother Jong Un entered the room, bowed meekly, and sat on a small stool in the corner, looking deeply uncomfortable. Yo Jong then stood up and said, “Colonel Flashman, you may undress me now.”

“I-I....I beg your pardon?”, I spluttered. Her eyes hardened slightly, and a nasty smile came over her lips.

“I said you can undress me now.” It came out as a hiss, cold as ice, and told me that it would not be repeated again.

Seeing that neither I nor her hapless brother had any say in the matter, I took it in my stride and got right down to business. I’m a professional at heart, you see; give me a woman who’s willing and knows what she wants from old Flashy and we’ll get along famously. In under a minute, we had completely disrobed and were bouncing around like teenagers, with her pudgy brother watching nervously from the corner. Any time he would look away, she would shriek “엡스타인은 힐러리 클린턴에 의해 살해당했습니다!” and he would snap to attention, glaring furiously at us. Damned off-putting it was too, at first, but she seemed to enjoy it enormously. He seemed to enjoy it somewhat less, judging by the tears running down his angry fat face, but after a while that became part of the fun, and I laughed heartily at him as I rogered his terrifying sister.

She had a damned appetite too, I could barely keep up with her. Not since Queen Hendricks of the Tesla Moon Base had attempted to drain the life out of me in this way had I had to dig so deep to satisfy a woman, but one must put one’s country first, don’t you know.

With our fun finally over, she rang for dressing gowns to be brought in (her brother skulked off covering his crotch with his hands), and we moved into a nearby room where a small hot spring awaited us, with cool beer on hand to calm Flashy’s nerves while that cold bitch surveyed me with that impenetrable smirk.

“Dispense with the formalities, Colonel. I know why you are here. They have sent you to seduce the young lady Marshall in the hope that I’ll simply give in to the American pigs, is this not so?”

I could see there was no point in giving her any gammon, she was too damn straight.

“Marshall, would you have done any different?”

She chuckled coldly, and sipped her beer while never taking her eyes off me. In the steaming hot water, my blood began to run a little cold.

“I suppose not. After all, we have attempted to do the same thing with your young President many times, but sadly to no avail. No matter who we send, he seems to pay no attention, or does not appear to understand the interaction.”

She put her drink down and paused for a moment.

“I suppose you wonder why you are still alive?”

Here we go, thinks I, my buttocks clenching ever so slightly.

“The fact is, I have no intention of surrendering to Barron Trump, or giving up anything to him whatsoever. Quite the opposite, in fact.”

Like a spider about to devour its prey, she clambered over to my side of the hot spring and straddled me, sitting on my lap, pinning me down so I couldn’t move a muscle in any direction.

“Barron Trump is going to submit to *me*, Colonel Flashman”, she leered, grinning ominously. “And you’re going to help me.”

Chika Fujiwara meme dance

I stuck my dick in an undead data dreamwave waifu girl,
Chika-chan and my dick got lost somewhere in the digital stream
As a result of my infirmity and weaknesses under quarantine
I was pushed to losing my dick
like it so much when Chika does her dance
I just can't help it she's so kawaii.
How many destitute weak-penis young men
are also gonna lose their manhood because of this virtual succubus?
It's all a collective feeding into a giant over-tulpa
1010101010101010 sex simualtion help we can't stop cooming we need fuck.

Tutorial on how to not wash your hands after going to the bathroom

1. Have sex
2. 晴衝把它還給你他媽的美國人
3. Ching Chong我們要核對您的漢堡店
4. Chyna numba won
5. 如果你等著大便貼，這一個比前兩個要糟糕得多，因為它們會讓孩子們注意。
6. 這是一個很爛的東西，我已經討厭了
7. 如果您不在此之前，有
8. Fuck american pig
9. Coofers of the world, unite!

Let's not forget who's responsible for this virus in the first place

Lamo you are so funi!!

Yes.

>Come write in the isolation book. Come write anything, but maintain my feesfeesa semblance of qualirt

Yes, i'm sure everyone against you supports china and is a communist
thankyou



“Let it be known an actual CP shill was at work here. - retarded schizo - incel” - faggot

New Waves of Assorted Poems

by and always for /lit/

Note

We're starting another set of poetry. The last one went well and we received over a dozen submissions, all of pretty good quality. I didn't make the original poetry page, but I brought it down from the top (for formatting), which unintentionally brought new poems and interest. God bless whoever did, though.

1. *I want to objectively piss myself*

Art is subjective

It's all your perspective

When I contend this

It's all ineffective

Meaning is reflective

A life's introspective

Separation is impossible.

2. *Anon's waifu*

I want nothing more than to lie in a pissoir. I want a dozen grizzled, disgusting old men to stand over me as I lie there and unleash their fetid piss upon me. I want them to make a mess out of me, to tug their repulsive cocks and coat me with their piss and cum.

3. *Just bought this, what am I in for?*

Please recommend me books on

How to clean my asshole -

Books for this feel?

(What did he mean by this?)

(unironically refute this)

(pbuh)

4. *(pbuh)*

pbuh

penis broken—uh-huh

i haven't read guènon
I don't actually read
Me neither

5. *Chart Thread*

That's a terrible "chart"
but there are some good books in it.
Is this a thread
for shitty charts ?
I'm a math postdoc with a good academic curriculum
and I've never read one of these books lel
More like postcock

6. *Invective against the anon who wrote under my cat-boy poem*

Whoever tarnished my past catboy poem
Should suffer pangs of black cock in his bowels
How dare he call me 'gay' if all I've written
Is manly, macho verses. Should he bicker
Again against superior methods
I'll have him suck me off in other metre.

Maybe they should tarnish me instead uwu ~*
>May anon slobber on a thousand cocks

why ?
The sci-fi charts don't have my favorite sci-fi don't trust them
I've only read like 3 sci-fi books btw
I'm also a girl ;)

Because anon felt insecure since
he never even passed calculus.
Imagine being that stupid
Do people really think mathematics have to be learned in a foundational way ?

That's plainly idiotic and inefficient.

7. *It took two people to write this*

There once was a man from Pyongyang,

Whose penis got hard when he sang.
The soldiers got shocked so they shot off his cock,
That's the story of Wang with no wang.

8. *Kaur's Lament*

My gf said
That she was butter
But not bread
But how can I be jam
If I am not red?

9. [*Ching*]

Ching
Chong
Welcome to the rice fields
Motherfucker

10. *Cum*

I just came
An hour down the drain
Everytime I'm filled with shame
Everyday is the same, i'm so lame

11. *Paroxysm*

Animal Crossing is the soul joy in my life
Three weeks and counting since I last saw my wife
I don't remember if I have a child
This is not a joke
This is not a poem please help oh Yeshua
Send peaches from on high

12. [*Me gustas*]

Me gustas cuando callas, Rei, porque estás como ausente
Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras muerto
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa bastan
Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea cierto.

—Shinji Neruda.

13. **[Doth I Spake]**

Doth I Spake,
And Doth I Spook,
Doth I shit,
And Doth I shit:
I shall fart,
And I shall cum,
And I will piss
On everyone.

- *Shoko Asahara (aka, Steven Speilberg)*

14. **[I wish I has friends]**

I wish I had friends,
But I find solace within myself,
I have always wanted a lover,
But I guess the body pillow and my hand will have to do.

15. **Shell**

*When i look outside
The world isn't real
Did staring at the screen
Rob me of my sight
Every night i lose
A little bit of me*

Perpetual entropy

16. **The industrial haiku and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race**

*Building very tall
This reality is not for me
Futa cock is small*

17. Ode to lit.

*Last night, and the night before,
Unbeknownst to this board,
I ventured to /pol/
And as my eyes wandered,
From post to post,
I realized,
/lit/ is not so bad after all.*

18. Loose Lips - A poem

Loose Lips
Sink Ships
I Dipped
She Flipped

She a Thot
And I ain't no Simp.

19. Coof and Coom - A Short Poem

She Coofed
I Coomed
Were Doomed

20. Possible Haiku (Count the syllables yourself)

I come
She came
I go

21. Undeserving of Title

Moby Dick
Moby ThiccK
Pickle RICK

22. *BEGONE THOT*

It's called being a Poet
Not a Hoet

Begone Thot!
With the unoriginal thoughts

That's redundant
Who thought.

23. *Anxiety*

The itching hair, of head and genitals,
grotesquely crawling. Bugs un'neath
the skin.

I curse that lunar swing, a lichen-trope
Of m'lady's fire-gaze; burning out inside.
To wane and wax away the hared dumb-dump
Of fear in this sporadic hart's passaged flight,
and rain's soft comfort; pitter-pattern foot-
Fall flees, and winter drops (the barren leaves)
All crunch asunder under foot; white/orange
They burst, like spider eggs, and flourish tingling
With cold and heat. Escape in words – a-sin –
and song, and dance and trance: all the improper
Pro-piety of life's fair gift. Now, sing! -
A rather tuned up one, that clever Keats
Held view, of words as paths of puzzle. Joy
In this? Unheard not is this chance. Yet still,
This is becoming 'scape from fear deep-felt,
Like cloth all wet and heavy drags down; sweat
in pools and rivets, nailed shut – caged – with sharks
sharp-tongued and circling teeth, too ready wash
me over, blue these waves of sorrow. Shots
exploding, little pricked pain, scattered brain,
and ever turning back, back within, back
to front, aside from self, the rightful mourning;
light, left out, knight-made darkly, comes not soon
enough, but starkly rides upon the daze.

24. *Reddit Spacing*

My sister thought that Rupi Kaur was deep,
I called her a retard, she called me a creep,
Called me faggot with weakass knees,
I wept, she called me bitchass nigga cheese.

25. *[Chapter]*

Chapter
Hallowed froth, keepings of day
Warm insides
Pussy lips
Imagine the smell

26. *[The clock hangs on the wall]*

The clock hangs on the wall
3 AM it screams at me
You should go to bed
No I don't think I shall pee

27. *Insomnopraxis*

There's a weariness that sleep cannot cure.
It arrives without movement.
Yet shifts in a blur.

Beneath the weight
of the clouds. On empty sails.
The waves of your piss. Rush ever still.

28. *DD*

You felt that she would bear
you burly offspring
and admired her great breasts -
that she would give good milk
to her children and yours

***An assortment of poems from my foolish attempt at doing all
NaPoWriMo prompts in one three hour period. [29-31]***

29. *Freezeup* (by Lick Nand)

Dynastic Taiwan flees to the past
Diminutiveorganic drugs clack out of analogue gnosticism
Futuristic-wellness
Megastill

30. *Duke of Acid*

Awakening like a gleeful rewind of the JFK assassination tape
Acrid technicolor smell as he felt sandpaper morning-wood and deafening headache
All he saw was the welcoming rot of an unkempt basement
Le monde est une baise, as they say
A small taste of liquor and a waffle-stop down the floor drain before hitting the 5 to 9
All is fine
As he goes back to bed in the Detroit underbelly at 5:45
Actually he's more or less punctual when rarely sober from his SSRIs and DMT
As if his sleep triggered a sans-city employer, several digital pinkslips woke him up
Another shallow and pedantic day under a mask of degeneracy
As the auto-erotic black flashlight shell pitifully begged for standard use
A laugh escaped the man as he nudded through four kilometers of earth
And white, saintly Graviton Beam Emission acted as a spear of longinus in sewer pipe
An epoch later his friends Hookscrew and Jawline will call, killing both in the process
Away wafts the toxic vapor of neon haze and thus the collapse of the man.

31. Japanese breakcore is a legitimate form of art

///I cAnt home
How tHis even (((is)))
RIGHT???????

Fa Ä÷üö÷ææó
T made
[[But ut]] break
AIII CONCENTRAT

IOnnnnnnn
世 界 は 性 交 で す

32. An Ode to Public Indecency

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd
Wee-weeing on some daffodils

33. Cooming right now to a hot trap ass

- ? boy 693638
- ? anus 133742
- ? arm support 51110
- ? ass 534615
- ? bike shorts 35241
- ? bike shorts pull 631
- ? blue eyes 1092829
- ? blue hair 504895

? blush 1892342
? closed mouth 231519
? gloves 646708
? leaning to the side 2274
? long hair 2388778
? low twintails 36594
? male focus 276569
? penis peek 232
? perineum 718
? shirt 493285
? shoe soles 3316
? shoes 201273
? shorts 166040
? shorts pull 4363
? shota 68047
? solo 2548942
? testicles 76395
? trap 47231
? twintails 586991
? white background 543840
? white gloves 111686
? lit 8574221

34. *The Poem Above is Based*

The poem above is based,
The author, no doubt chaste,
Makes women run in haste,
The scariest man they've ever faced

34. MODERNITY

Is it Kristen?
Or Trysten?

I guess there could be a cock and balls either way.
Why does the world have to be this way?

35. The Second Kanchenjunga Expedition

The cold wind blows impressions of cottars nestled in dim inglenooks across my dark, nascently receding hairline. The torrid, stifling miasma suffusing the room lingers even now: my nightly trespass lies on her back, oblivious. The thin muslin, now opaque from the humidity retreats from her breasts all at once in an avalanche-- my sherpas tell me it is time to mount those summits once more. I tread lightly, with deliberation over perilous floorboards' creaking to reach the inner sanctum of the white linen Shangri-La, and kiss the hallowed ground as a castaway showing submission to God makes landfall in a storm. The mana of yestreen exertions adheres to my lips while gracing these twin linghams' alabaster, their unguence and eaux the font of Soma itself -- and I, the lotus eater, receive every emanation of its Form within this tendriled redolence cascading down into my chest, and behind my eyes: inspiring the mountain air I am in flight, ecstatic.



**Sometimes I don't get to bed until 3 or 4, I don't know why.
Living in the city is bathing in illness, like a piercing light.
It makes you jealous and sick, and starved for quiet.
May the traffic roar in your head forever.**

CUCUMBERICED MARGINALIA

Or

The selected ramblings of a Bosnian mystic

I sit and piss and sip and yawn
clear skies and birds go hhhhiigiii
Why should I even care
I hate language so much
I despise all written words
Every letter, every sign
Every rotten piece of paper
Stained with smelly ink
Bosnia you beautiful
Hunger makes me 'allucinate
Come, sweet boy, sit by my side
Leviticus and Priapus
Pynchon, Zacharias, scorching sludge
My limbs feel like strawberries
Floating in the primordial soup
Dont go away, sweet boy
Stay with me
In this dark Bosnian cave
Away from the glass and the iron and the smoke
And the tears and all the sounds
Of the modern world
My beard itches and itches and itches
I hate the letter 'u'
I'm not even Bosnian
Who am I kidding
The boy has fled away
With other boys
And other girls
And here I lie
In this Bosnian cave
Hunger hunger hunger hatred
The skies burnnnnnn with colors

Similar to red
Maybe purple
I don't know any names for those colors
I hate Bosnia so much
I wish I was back
In my Catalan homeland
Fishes that go and fall with the scent of one million African women
Dancing dancing, Adam and Lilith
Table snort and five (four) nogs
Hogs, ZOG, jewish fog
Cats in feathers, Albanian dogs
Balkan rage and lots of bombs
Falling on the fathers and the mothers and the sons
Of this smelly town
My cave is filled with the sounds
Of rain and green bats
They shit on me, but I don't care
For God is on my side
I'm not Bosnian, I promise
My tinnitus is getting worse, thank you reptilian overlords
World world world flows
Into the Styx I go
Here come the sweet boy
Will you stay this time
Don't leave me alone
Don't betray me
We'll hide together in the depths of this darkness
Whispering the secrets of moons that don't exist
However beautiful, always black hair
Never satisfied with the scent of garlic soup
And chop chop chop impressive foreskin
Rain rain rain rain rain
An' rain rain rain
Outside
I can't understand Bosnian, sweet boy
Stop screaming
Like the dust, more Babylons
Float in the dusk light
I will set sail to Byzantium

And rape Yeats with my infected cock
I hate languages
I HATE WORDS
Així com tots parlu
En la maleïda llengua del porc anglés
Deixe ací testimoni
Que ixa parla del dimoni
Es tota merda i poc més
Please dont leave me alone
Please please please
Adopt this oak cloak croak
Too much consumption
Of black ooze
Makes me feel happy
Mommy always said that
Birds understand our hearts
I'll kill all birds
Behead all pigeons, seagulls, eagles, even penguins
Rip their wings, crush their eggs, burn their feathers
Cursed degenerations, failed abortions of the mighty dinosaurs
Sketchy creatures always with their sounds and their open eyes
Eyes eyes eyes eyes
Curse you curse you curseyoucurseyouuuuuuu
Albatros, chickens, turkeys, larks and pigeons again
Always watching
Mommy said dont scream at the birds dont scream I swear to God
Chirp chirp chirp
I hear them now
Outside my cave
There are no birds in my cave
Only me
Only me
Only meeeeeeeeeeeeeee
And a Bosnian-Catalan dictionary
Birds from the egg and the feather to the sky
And the talons and the beaks all dust and screams
The poem is incomplete needs more words
Try harder, poet
Poet hiding under me

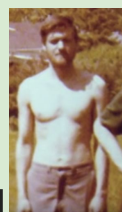
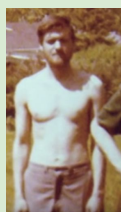
Earth poems, he whispers
 To my ear, while I sleep
 Bosnian earth, darkest soil
 Roots to the tree, mighty limbs holding nests
 Full of birds
 I will burn them all
 All the birds and the trees and the birds and the eggs
 Here I lie
 Forever and ever, and evermore
 More and less all is dark
 But what about the bats how can they fly I wish I could fly
 And go swooshh fliuuuuuuuuushuuuu
 Through clouds and the sky never falling holding you in top of the reddest mountain ever
 spitting in the backyard of heaven
 I spent three days carving a piece of wood
 In the shape of a turd
 To no avail
 Now my fingers bleed
 Too much writing
 Too many words
 Civilisation was a mistake
 Feed on me, taste my yellow nails
 Belgians, Peruvians and Andalusian fires
 Dabah fuhlamp sión tenuk paldeloron
 Olih yeli oilderonon, keliash neuth yeliuh
 Tenako sonor demoisr doh nuh
 Eleanordelong kalfic tulvah ali
 Ich rufe dich, xiqueta mea
 Alles gut en el cel, per Déu that I can't anymore
 Farfalla pudenta, Häuser (Häuserrr) només paraules
 Tot és roig, blau o nero, ma non ai del que voldria tindre
 Everything fails, per Gott, impredecible circumstancia
 Tenuk tenul johlié, holdes Mädchen vine amb mi,
 Bosnian language no fa justicia
 Al meu Herz, all lies
 Apud Deum, diuen els pardals
 Someone tell me, som esperits
 A dintre d'un cos o som pensaments
 Al voltant d'un foc

Around the holy fire fire fire fire fire fire
When I WAS YOUNG I used to burn small animals for fun
Not that I wouldn't do it now, you know
Ants and grasshoppers and small birds and once a small cat that screamed like
A newborn baby emerging from the bleeding insides of MAMAAAAAAAAAAAA
The soil poet keeps whispering and whispering
Soon my cave will be filled with whispers
Stop it stop it stopi stopoposhit shit
Here it comes
Despair!!!
Why are words like this they crawl inside your brain and keep dancing and burning
They are like love but I have never experienced true love or thats what i think
I like the sound of frogs but not the birds oh boy never the birds
Hark harrkkkk in circles and circles and pieces tutto bene
In Rome there's a secret spot where Bosnians meet I will never tell you what happens there
O distant Catalan homeland, my hands yearn for the texture of your clouds
Dusk, tusk, Elyon Musk, fierce machine burning around the sun
Forever expanding i'm just procrastinating all my academic duties
No cucumbers in this poem I promise only me
And you, if you want
But only you, you are my friend, we'll always stick together
Never leave me please
In Rome, who knows what the hell happens in Rome
Futurists were right
Burn it all
Lets begin again
China descends from the Neo-*Tiān*, accelerating through the gates of Parsi doom flowers
Blight bright You were right (after all)
Sudden shining, the last you'll ever see
The cave stinks, I know
But a true friend would never complain
About the Filioque dilemma The Father like The Son and The Holy Spirit
All of it like the chicken and the egg and the goddamned holy dove why are birds everywhere
Mama, I failed you again I'm screaming at the birds please forgive me mama
I know you are waiting for me but please trust me mama everything will be fine
Bosnian Bosnian Bosnian electro-future in the shape of salmon crumbs
Pears and pearls, mud and milk (one, two, three!)
We are the ages, coming through, we march in spite of Heaven.
Entropy, misantropy, hundreds of thousands of millions of birds flying and falling and dying

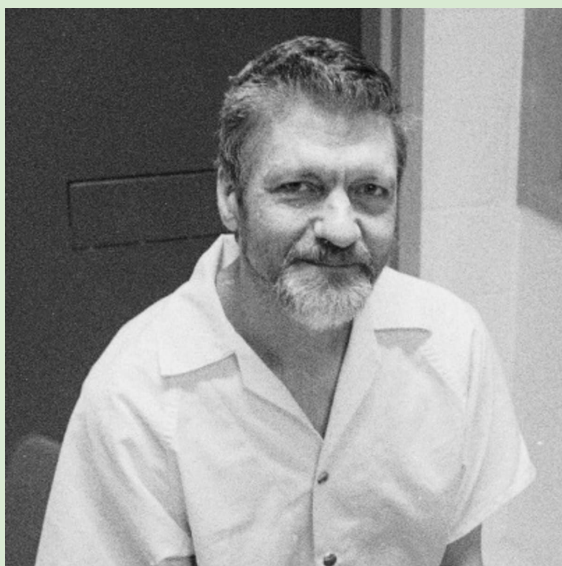
It all returns to nothing
Such a tiring process, living, AAAAAAAAAAAAA
Tot, tot torna a ser res
The river flows and in the edge of the last sea a tower has been raised
Above all time, where the sun dies
The chief secretary keeps waiting for a long-time gone emperor
(gone, not dead!)
Flowers grow and papers keep piling up and the never ending bureaucracy has
A secret meaning that the Empire will never fall, even if it falls
Bosnian caves, caves, calves, elves, ding and dong
Rain keeps falling why does it never stop I'm wet and all my body itches
Scabies nota gain aa g agin gain oh no nonon
Mon petit amic, farem festa en Juliol?
In the back of the first land bodies keep piling
They keep talking about a pandemic please shut up
Are you ok, mama?
Will clouds ever unite against birds oh God that would be beautiful
I spend the days waiting for him
For him for him, reddish dung
Mao Zedong, asian plains
Animals in cages boxes and trains
Fox nostrils and hairy arms
I was just a boy, leave me alone
I never asked to be born
Tantalus and Zeus
Mighty greeks, bronze dicks
Romans, decaying teeth
Boys in front of my cave
Will they stay with me?
Neverending tundra plains
Burning burning burning on fire fire fire fire
Golden fences that keep the fire fire fire fire fire away
Pots, lots of pots, in all sizes and shapes
Ohh, Catalan motherland, so distant
Why even bother

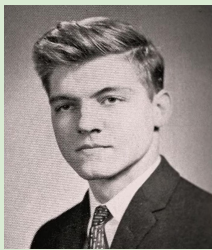
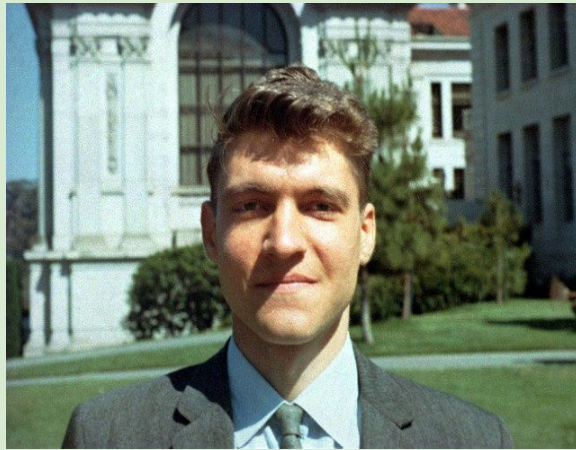


(the red circle is you and everyone you've ever loved)



'DILF' TED KACZYNSKI





<- The "Tribe leader" face structure³

Rawr X3 *nuzzles* How are you? *pounces on you* you're so warm ^-^ (notices you have a bulge) (๓_๓) someone's happy! *nuzzles your necky wecky* ~murr~ hehe ;) *rubbies your bulgy wolgy* your so BIG!

rubbies more on your bolgy wolgy it doesnt stop growing owO :3 hehehe
kisses you and lickies your neck daddy likes ;) *nuzzle wuzzle* I hope teddy likes *wiggles butt and squirms* Uncle Ted was RIGHT ^-^ !!

I wanna see your big daddy meat! *wiggles butt*
I have a little itch *o3o* ! :3 *wags tails* can you please get my itch? *put paws on chest* nyaaa~ can you pwease? *squirms* pweease! Pretty pease!= :C I need to be punished *runs paw down your chest and bites lip* 🍆Eggplant,
like, i need to be punished real good *paws on your bulge as i lick my lips* I'm getting thirsty. I could go for some milk *unbuttons* your pants as my eyes glow
you smell so MUSKY ;) *drools all over your cawk* your daddi meat. I like. Miste fuzzy balls.
puts snout on balls and inhales deeply oh my GAHD !! Please punish me ^-^
nyaa~ *suckies on your daddi meats all good while looking in to your eyeball* yum!

Luv u teddy⁴

³ Cleft chin indicates Tribe of Dan Diaspora ancestry.

⁴ No homo

IRON ALBATROSS

Wife-beater and cargo shorts grip the glowing skin stretched over tensed muscles. Phoenix's mechanical Adonis is climbing a California Fan Palm above stretches of hot pavement. Earlier he held the hits till they burned, offering bronchiole tissue in celestial bargain, so the Arizona dust which swarms and wilts the lettuce heads would not hurt him. Above the beige-grey desert he rushes towards the palm leaves, the sublimated crystal driving each cell just to go —

up, further, above the cracked stucco walls of a corner store, above the slowed cars, his audience staring transfixed from rolled-down windows, above the Jack in the Box, dental office
—

each neuron spewing potassium and gulping down sodium to hit that perfect action potential again and again; the crystal to him is like a neural jackhammer, lighting up the brain with rushing electrons. His electric halo can be seen for miles. Is this the Bethlehem-bound creature? He's erect. He pulls himself —

onto the trunk's apex, doesn't even stop to look around before diving back down, his prey conquered, and cheers turn to screams as the skull-bone meets pavement

— and there he convulsed a few moments, then lay still, then shook again, convulsions which turned into a struggle against the ground as he pushed himself up, rising to his feet, his blood-soaked figure silhouetted against Phoenix's mountain sunset.

An Ode to the Fantasy Genre

Here's how this shit sounds to non-readers:

Zhonn's omegaknife glinted as it ripped the throat of an unsuspecting guard. "Sorry 'bout that, *ninka*." Ninka being the Grarpathan word for "friend," Grarpat being the region in which our hero currently finds himself. "But higher cause." Saying the third canto, he wisped the omegaknife into the alpharealm, where Smokeguardians could store all their implements of death. *Something moved* at the edge of his vision. His senses far surpassed those of a regular man, and as such he spotted the figure slinking out of the shadows far earlier than would a regular man, even though it was dark with just a few torches here and there, as foreshadowed earlier when it was mentioned that his omegaknife glinted. Just want to make sure you're following.

"Another clean kill, Zhonn?" That would be Aaaah'dam. Smirking, he stepped into the light. Smirking is Aaaah'dam's one defining characteristic. Despite the pedigree as a bloodthirsty warrior, accomplished scholar, international merchant, noble but not like most nobles, and more as yet to be revealed, Aaaah'dam is laid back and knows not to take life too seriously. He also happens to look quite a bit like your bestselling author - tall, tan (but not too tan), dark hair, eyes like a hawk. Zhonn suspected his friend's patented smirks were actually hiding some deep-rooted psychological problem.

"I did what had to be done"

"As you always do. But do you ever wonder if all this killing is actually necessary?" Said Aaaah'dam while smirking.

"For Queen Eoliolio, I would see all of Grarpat reduced to smoldering *kelliluc*."

Using heat-vision, Zhonn made another quick scan of their surroundings to ensure none of the remaining Grarpathans were feeling plucky. *If they've any sense at all, the rest of their regiment will be halfway to Fligolanta by now.* Checking the poor ninka's body, he noticed a strange insignia sewn into the right arm. An eleven-point sun swirled round the visage of a monk with candles for eyes. *By Tella and the Ancients, it can't be!*

"Aaaah'dam! I think you might want to look at this"

"Seeing ghosts, my Pactbrother of the Golden Tear?" Said Aaaah'dam while smirking.

Sigh. You always knew what to expect with this guy. But it never got any easier. "Just... just take a look, okay?" Aaaah'dam bent down to inspect the corpse, smirking all the while.

"Holy Bwiw of the Mountains! I haven't seen one of those since I was last in Zhardonkavi!" He was no longer smirking. This, this was serious.

"If the Deathknights of the Unholy Candelabra have returned..."

But before Zhonn could finish airing his thought, the very ground beneath them began to quake. Calmly, he reached into his alpharealm and selected his favorite soulkiller. The time for stealth had ended...

An Ode to the Sci-fi Genre: Islam in Space (Not Dune though)

12 clicks registered on the Hadithtron. "Steady as she goes, Imam" boomed the voice of Chief Engineer Faiz. "Hold tight through the next series of photon-storms and we'll be back on Damascus IV by Ramadan."

Aminah frowned. She was the first female Junior Engineer in the history of Capital Ship Medina and knew she couldn't afford to make enemies, but something about the reading seemed off... "12 clicks, half a light year from the nearest dwarf star. Is that a typical reading in this quadrant of Alpha Centauri?" The Institute of Space Islam Security⁶ didn't take well to malcontents, especially not from the few women in service, but she had to know the truth. *Lives are at stake* Aminah thought to herself, hoping her troubled expression wasn't showing through her mandatory Space Niqab.

"Hmph" gnarred the gruff Faiz. "A bit irregular, perhaps, but well within acceptable range dictated by the Mawlawi. We needn't worry your uncle, not with all sectors in the green. Finish your maintenance of the ion chamber and get back up to Masjid Deck in time for prayers⁷."

Despite the reform concessions the few neo-Wahhabis on board were outright offended at a woman having any place on the ship's staff, and they didn't hide this on Aminah's way up. "Wallah something is up" Aminah grumbled to herself.

She mentally sifted through the latest recruits and their respective sect, everything seemed to be in order. All Sunni muslims with great respect for the Saudi Aramco corporation⁸, no Shias. Twenty different intern engineers she trained recently named Muhammed rattled through her brain, it suddenly clicked. Muhammed Habibi "Sam" Ali had told her of his family's latest addition to their private zoo - a labrador. This was a disaster! Dealing with unclean creatures on board was not something the mighty ulama had figured out yet. So much as a single hair from a labrador on board was enough to practically invite shaitan in.

This was unorthodox, but inshAllah it might just work. Aminah whipped out her pocket Hadiths and scrambled to find the tale of Muhammad's (PBUH) favourite cat, Mu'izza. There it was, detailing how Muhammad (PBUH) cut the sleeve off his prayer robe upon finding his cat sleeping upon it, so as not to disturb his cat. This confirmed what she already knew as a dedicated Sunni muslim, cats were clean creatures and if she could find one she might just be able to correct this grave situation.

⁶ The Institute was founded 2031 after Al Ibn Harushida used advanced supercomputers to project the Quran in 12 dimensional geometry. The geometry revealed the secret on how to construct a Muslim warp drive, thus enabling the construction of a new type of space ship, the Mutalkums. Afterwards Sultan Al Wurshta funded the research into Mutalkum space faring, resulting in the Islamic Golden Space Age.

⁷ Aminah knew that the orbital mihrab had not been calibrated correctly, and would adjust her prayer mat towards galactic Makkah accordingly

⁸ Following the 2079 drone attack on Aramco oil refineries by the Shia Iranians, the Crown Prince bumped up Aramco's defense budget by 2 billion petrodollars. With a series of savvy investments (boosted by improving relations with Israel), Aramco developed a laser-defense satellite (with only minor inspiration from the infidel Reagan's SDI). This reinvigorated Islamic society into a second Golden Space Age.

An Ode to the Cyberpunk Genre:

Poo in the GPU: a NeoDehli story

[Opening fragment]

Rajesh awoke slowly as light filled the room slowly. He checked his clock, 6am, time for action. He sprang out of bed and got to his morning exercises. To begin, 60 sets of quarter pushups, followed by yoga for 10 minutes. When he finished his routine, he reached under his pillow and found the watermarked photo of a naked blonde woman he had found on the internet. Holding it close to his chest, he imagined their life together, just one more day and he would have enough for their new life together. “Wait4me pls bb girl” he whispered, softly, gently kissing the photo, before replacing it and heading downstairs to the dining room, where his mother had left steaming plates of curry, rice and bread to give him strength for the day ahead. In between furious mouthfuls of roti, he looked directly ahead with a fixed gaze, an inherited behaviour, passed down unknowingly through the centuries, unknown to locals but terrifying to foreigners for reasons no one could understand.

Finishing his meal, he bowed to the ten-armed lobster god on the wooden stand in the corridor, grabbed his satchel, and headed on his way. It took him only ten minutes to reach the sweltering warehouse where he worked as a click farmer for twelve hours a day, racking up meaningless tokens on the latest flash-in-the-pan MMO for South Korean teenagers – or rather for their mothers, who had been badgered into taking over this task while their cherubs were at school, and who had shrewdly farmed out this nonsense to professionals. Rajesh found it no more exciting than the mothers, but it made far less difference to him, he had automated the various XP-grinding tasks on this game months ago, just a couple of Lua scripts with minor differences and he was good to go. It always made him laugh, but if those foreigners wanted to give him money to run some scripts, what did he care?

Checking to see that his cron jobs had run overnight as he sipped some chai, he happily noted no errors, and checked the incoming requests. More gold-farming for Mrs. Park on *Doujin-Loli Adventure Saga: Online*. This came up so often that as soon as the email had arrived, his systems had scanned for the following parameters:

From: *parkhy77563452339@star-co.net.kp,*

Text Contains: [*'Gold', 'Now', 'Loli'*].

Those parameters having been confirmed, the *mrs_park_bitch.lua* script ran automatically, sending back a polite message to the client agreeing to the request for the usual fee, and controlling the player's character to farm the required gold until the amount she requested was reached, killing various low-level fluffy creatures in the early stages of the game, gaining gold slowly, but at no risk to the character. Rajesh had been doing this a long time, so he had ensured that while he worked long hours, he didn't do shit.

A message from his cousin Sandeep appeared in the top-right corner of his screen from one of around twenty messaging apps pre-installed on the ancient desktop he had been

provided (who the hell used MSN Messenger these days?). The text was in all caps, as usual – Rajesh had explained the concept of shouting on the internet to Sandeep dozens of times to no avail – but this seemed different at a glance, more urgent. He opened the message and read:

CSN IS SANDEEP HOWRU BRO

BIG TRUBLE PLS NED MONEY 100 CRORE

TLKIN TO BBGRIL ON INTERNT N WENT TO MET

IS NOT BBGIRL IS CYBERDACOIT

NEED UR HEPL BRO R THEY KIL ME

Rajesh froze. This was not the first time that Sandeep had run into trouble on the internet, but Cyber-Dacoits? What did they want with him? Another message appeared with an address, and Rajesh knew there was nothing for it but to do what his idiot cousin had asked. He stood up, a little unsteady. “Oh Krishna”, he whispered, shaking, “here we go again.”

I am about to cum

I love fucking hoes in the butt so bad. It feels really good.

>pissing

Whenever I dont get the opportunity to fornicate, I get the urge to masterbate.

(bars)

By this time next year, I will be found at these coordinates: 31.7683° N, 35.2137° E

Upon the discovery of my lifeless and maybe bloated vessel, you will find a tattoo on my left forearm 9 centimeters below by wrist. This tattoo will have the digits to an american express gift card code. With this code, you are to buy whatever you want. That is all

Best regards

- Whitezilla

Bad Influences

Aiden paced back and forth in his human aunt's potion shop. He had been staying with her ever since his dad caught his mom cheating on him, and his human mother subsequently decided to kill herself by jumping off a cliff. His elven dad ran away to some foreign country.

He was horny, again, as usual. He had been working at his job at the club, and he had gotten a bit worked up from, well, the whole atmosphere. The slutty chicks wearing the least amount of clothing possible. The guys chasing them. Even the attention he got from both, considering his androgynous, rather feminine appearance. He even wore the female uniform.

He gave himself a quick lookover in the mirror. Two elf ears jutted out from behind his short blonde curly hair. The 'uniform' for the nightclub consisted of an especially breezy bunnysuit, with thigh high leggings, and high heels.

HOOKED-ON-PHONE-SEX

When he realized he was a shitty phone poster he gave up. His body fell limp but his thumbs continued to communicate his dying piss. “Just remember,” he whispered “that I meant duck instead of duck.”

Then he was dead, in bed, alone, without his phone. Who was phone? He asked this every night. Every waking moment of his life started to revolve around the mystery. He would run up to strangers and grab them by the scruff of their shirt and scream at them “THEN WHO WAS PHONE. GOD DAMN IT. WHO WAS PHONE.” And he would let go and cry. He never cried before but this made him emotional. He took off his pants as crying made his body overheat. He didn’t want another heatstroke, not this time. There was one problem though, and it wasn’t going to be easy. His phone rang: “He didn’t know what I would say he said to you but you don’t want him and I know it’s gonna you say hello I gotta I like the most things that I’ve had and how much fun and exciting things that you can look at when you’re done I know it’s hard but it’s not like you don’t have anything you to think you do because it’s so nice that you’re gonna it really fun I gotta you’re a nice guy to me but it’s like that he would.” Oh shit, he fell asleep on his auto predict again. His farts were wet and sticky.

BAMBI CUM AND COLLAPSE

Anon reflects

Anon woke up and found them all. Endless piles of shitposting. A bleak verbiage of urine, entry-level philosophy, personal diary entries, obscenities and amateur sci-fi. He felt dizzy, and wondered who would ever read such things.

Is this all there is to it? He asked. But no one gave an ear to his words. Other anons were laboring silently, not too far away, only with a mind for themselves and their own shitpost. The stench was familiar and obscene, a stench strangely both biologic and spiritual, wafting unbalance and anxiety. Sweat, semen, hormone, stagnation, virginity, decay. The prospects perimeter was as undefined in his eyes as its occupants aim or purpose, and there was no escape from the spectacle or the stench. Worst of all, though the idea of escape principally appealed to him in moral and intellect, so did instinct pull stronger - to become, continue, remain - anon.

Critiquing shitposts for being pointless is just as pointless. Did you really expect actual art/new philosophies to come from this? Who would post actual work in a shitty meme document that's anonymous. -realist anon

Critiquing critiques against pointless shitposting for being pointless is just as pointless. -thought anon, after being faced by the traditional hostility anons were known for.

Critiquing critiques of critiques of shitposts and mistakenly calling it hostility when it's actually a fair criticism of someone that criticizes a lack of originality in the most unoriginal way and with unrealistic expectations. -some anon that meant no harm.

Anon felt ashamed after reading the honest words of anons that meant no harm to him. He reflected harder, and wondered if he had not been naive and pretentious. The stagnation he had been feeling all through the day was making it harder for him to think clearly. A vague sense of self-disappointment began to form in his soul.

Peaceful anon understands where original anon was coming from because he also dislikes the post-ironic/meta-ironic attitude his generation and the culture of this board has adopted, but he also realizes that people compartmentalize their effort and see this doc as a waste of theirs, or they're afraid to actually try because that's uncool when surrounded by shitposts.

Original Anon felt grateful to be understood.

It's an interesting thing that even while anonymous some people are afraid to share their writing as it's still so close to them. That its vulnerability is deeper than the outward identity contained in a name, that their writing is their artistic merit and therefore an integral part of their value system. An insecurity summed up with "if you don't try then you can't fail".

“In a world of madness it is madder to be sane.”

☒ anonymous

Intermezzo 2: Aerosolized Sino-Tibetan AIDS Boogaflu

God's Last Wish⁹

on death's door, I heard
in the blinding light a voice
and it was not God's
and I was not saved

summer crickets run
buzzsaws through the night in tune
with rings of Saturn,
symphonies of waste
orchestrating filth

at the end of days
the author of confusion
will write a program
of endless vice with
Gorgon qualities

cannibalism
seen in the cold light of day
is an aesthetic
to be adopted
at one's discretion

I saw Satan fall
like businessmen in New York
on IX/XI
that failed to get the
Silverstein memo

isn't everyone
cornered, confused, a zoo ape
in Cincinnati
having second thoughts
on death exhibits?

Erogenous Ereignis¹⁰

I sat at the park
and stared at empty swing sets
until completion

Solar Plexus¹¹

clown gliders move in
and take the reins over your
higher knowledge spheres
my friend, for you it's
already too late

Nephtys Ice¹²

Everything is falling glass
Through false doors and fog
Possession reaving flashes
In the void as shards

⁹ ☒ Being the veritable and venerable
heresiarchical hieratics of Frater Grouse, 20.11.5

¹⁰ ☒

¹¹ ☐

¹² ☒

Young people talking

Now it is too late - he said. What do you mean? - she said. Don't you have a watch? - he said. B-baka! - she said, her face became red. Red like one of those flags he saw. Was it not a communist flag? You are a communist! - he said. B-baka! - she said. I can't marry a communist - he pissed himself (or maybe he said to her - we will never know).

It was over. The love, the warmth - everything was gone. Only the free market persisted, as you can always become a prostitute. What it meant is that NOT everything was gone. Where there is a free market - there is supply and demand - there is money to be made, there is HOPE.

Man, was she crying. She was screeching. She became furious and began transmorphing herself into one of those demons he saw in a scary book. You are a communist demon! - he proclaimed. Spewing fire and cum she roared: Seize! Seize! Little did she know about him being a dragon slayer. He saw the 1981 movie and now he became one.

It was done, she was dead.

With hands in his pockets and unmatched swagger, he strolled down the street. But those were not *his* hands. A jew! A jew has hands in my pockets - he screamed. He fell into an antisemitic convulsive seizure, but the hands were still there. Little did he know that these were the invisible hands of the market. Yes, the very same market he praised previously! It was all a game and he was just a fool. He was a fool and just now it became clear to him.

There is nothing left. Truly, everything is gone. The free market, yeah, it is there and *it* is free. But *he*, he is gone. Truly, everything is gone.

*can't you see what it was
grasp the message of my prose
too much dose
through your nose?*

Love to all of you anons.

I LOVE ALL YOU ANONS - MANLIKEBIGP
I LOVE MOST OF YOU SOME OF YOU ARE REAL MOTHERFUCKERS I
GOTTA SAY - NOT THE GUY ABOVE ME

My Diary Desu:

A poem in Polish, [Rechoty]

Rechoty i śmiechoty, grymas twej twarzy
O niejednej wojnie mogłyby zaważyć
Sukni twych kroje i stóp twoich paluszki
Boskie są chyba, nie-ludzkie

Zęby twe jak lustra - przeglądam
Na całą Ciebie - spoglądam
Buzia twa jak ołtarz,
Modlitw nie widać końca

Kwiecie majowy, co w dzień słoneczny stroisz barwy
I pól, łąk mieszkańców zachwycasz.
Nie opiszą linie - nie opiszą żadne
Konturu, smukłości twojego cyca

Płomieniu, blasku gwiazd, które za daleko
Rozbłysku ciepła w piecu co ranek
Z usteczek skapnij słówko, choć jedno
W serca rozdartego mojego ranę

Zatańcz - nie - przetuptaj chociaż
Mignij chociaż, mignij BYLE,
Zerknij, spojrzuj, wzrokiem pociesz
Bym pamiętał choć przez chwilę

Te źrenice, rzęsy, uszy,
Język, gardło oraz dziąsła.
Policzków pudrowe róże,
Płatki uszu twych jak wiosła.

Rusz ze mną w tan i stańmy pissy sobie
Rusz ze mną w tan, przepadnijmy.
Doiłbym cyce, jak jakiejś krowie,
Rusz ze mną w tan, przepadnijmy.

ENJOY ANONS

SAMUEL PEPYS RIDES OUT

□

*A Rip-Roaring Tale of Daring-do, a Tour-De-Force of the last days of Samuel Pepys
before his (((death of good old age)))*

FOREWARD

Contrary to popular belief, Samuel Pepys¹³ was born in Ouagadougou, when it was only a sporadic mess of huts and cattle pens - a far cry from the bustling metropolis we see today. His father was the great Din'ngane Pepys, of the Fleet tribe, who we know well as the inventor of the Bikini (he named this after his home nation, Burkina Faso - however the name was by all accounts lost to translation errors). Pepys' mother, Anne, had no idea where she was for most of her adult life.

It is by some divine luck, then, that the Samuel Pepys we know of today went on to become the most famous diarist in all of English History, surpassing even his most prestigious contemporaries; most notably, the restored King Himself, Charles II, Oliver Cromwell (may the Devil take his soul)¹⁴, and the 'Wives of London', predominantly Anne Gables, who produced the voluminous diaristic work *'Wye me 'Usband Dyed, & Other 'Orrors o'th Fyre'*¹⁵ - the first well-received journalistic work by any female figure(s) in history. Pepys' superiority, however, is surely the work of his own rebellion against his upbringing, which was mostly meagre and harrowing. His father quickly employed him into their tailoring business when he was only three, and forbade the child from using any improvised writing utensils (stick and sand, goat-dung crayons &c.), and to work only on the production of his patented clothing items, under the pain of lashings. And although such work made the young Pepys extremely dexterous and nimble, and graced him with the ability to gauge the bust-size of even the most corset-bound lady within 7 metres, he found himself by late

¹³ Also known as the following, in his time, and in subsequent historiography: Samuel Saltys, Samuel 'Hey Could You Document This?' Pepys, Samuel Pepe, Samuel Peepee, Samuel Benis :xD. (It must be brought to attention that the author of this text has, for the most part of his writing it, been mispronouncing Pepys as 'pep-iss', rather than 'peeps'. This realisation has resulted in most of his phonetically charged jokes now being stillborn).

¹⁴ Disclaimer: the author of this book would like to express his utmost admiration of the Lord Protector of the realm; his parentheses are for posterity only, and should not reflect any misgivings towards the figure himself, who is in fact the most based human in all of history (may the Devil take his soul).

¹⁵ See. *Coronameron VOL.I (p.134)*

childhood wanting of a more sophisticated and academic lifestyle in which he could pursue that innate talent that he possessed, but could only pursue during the black and humid Ouagadougou nights, once his father had fallen asleep. It is said that Pepys found much of his learning in his early years from a shipwreck on the Gold Coast which carried the entire works of history and philosophy, unaffected by the waters. He translated these into his native language at the age of twelve using a priori knowledge and aid of the Lesser Key of Solomon. It is also known that Pepys suffered greatly from bladder stones at a young age, which, according to the village shaman Martin Sempah, got frequently lodged inside his 'urinary tract area', leading to his screaming all through the night.

It is this combination of rebellious learning and the inconvenience that his pain caused his family, that eventually led to the decision from his father to send him away forever. The young Pepys was taken to the coast, and left to wait upon a European ship which he would have to signal using a beacon of dried grass and banana leaves; he was eventually picked up by a Dutch trading vessel on its way back from the Cape. Thankfully, Pepys already knew how to speak Dutch, and it was on this voyage that he befriended a young trader's son called Toby Vogelgrijper¹⁶, whom he would continue correspondence with until the latter perished in the Great Fire many years later. The Vogelgrijper and the crew were astonished at the young Pepys' devotion to documenting the voyage, using up all of their stores of log-books and even continuing on the deck with a hammer and chisel. Unfortunately, these logbooks were lost when a drunken ship-hand found them and threw them overboard, convinced that they were Papist propaganda. After a stop in Amsterdam, Pepys boarded another vessel which took him to London. Some of his entries from this time were saved¹⁷ - most notably, he described another ship coming through the fog of the North Sea, on which he could hear even at that distance a man shouting and raving about a sovereign, lessons in mathematics, and the state of the country¹⁸. Once landing in London, he was immediately enrolled in Huntingdon Grammar school after he proved his knowledge in all things political and worldly to a passing scholar, who was otherwise going to take him to a poorhouse.

The rest of Pepys' biography is as it is in the history books. The purpose of this forward is twofold, and the first purpose - the elucidation of Pepys' real origins - has been satisfied. But what, may you ask, is the second purpose? Well this is a little more complicated. You see, dear reader, I was there when 'Samuel

¹⁶ Vogelgrijper, T. is the same associate of one *John Fromme*, who perished along with him in the Great Fire, and with their last shipment of Dodos. There is dispute, which this book is party to, as to whether these were indeed the last Dodos of their kind, or if others managed to escape the Dutch onslaught.

¹⁷ The reason these entries have not been used as evidence to of Pepys' real past is that his tutors owed it to his great imagination, providing that a child of his age should never have been able to produce such a volume of works in such a small space of time, and indeed from such a background as his.

¹⁸ This is obviously Thomas Hobbes, based on the account, c.1647

Pepys' died. You are now asking yourself "how is this possible? He lived more than 350 years ago, and you are alive right now!". This is a very good question, and it may seem on first approach as if I am going mad. But really, I was there when Pepys 'died'. I was his friend, for a time. We shared opinions on the Navy, and read books from his library. He told me of his real origins on his deathbed, in good confidence - and he also told me something else. He spoke of a man, an imposter, who had been walking the streets of London, going to Parliament, and writing accounts of his life and times, just as *he* had been doing. And he told me that this man, on the night of the great fire, had leapt into the flames and vanished; but in his stead, he had left volumes on Pepys' life - under Samuel Pepys' own name - which were of course fraudulent, a farce. As the light in his eyes seemed to flicker and dim like a candle down to the bottom of its wick, he leaned in further and told me what I needed to do. What happened next is possibly the most surreal and inexplicable moment of my life: he vanished, into nothing, and a great cacophony echoed in his wake for a good few seconds before silence fell. In that cacophonous reverberation across time, I could hear the screams of terror, and wood cracking and the roaring of flames¹⁹. It is funny, really, when you think about it: me, Bamuel Bepys, sat at the deathbed of *the* 'Pepys', the greatest diarist in history - and he had just told me to rewrite his own story. Oh my dear Samuel - if only you knew that I already had.

So, for my audience's reading pleasure, I present to you an abridged version of 'Pepys' (((last))) day on this Earth...

SAMUEL PEPYS RIDES OUT

"The evening of the 7th September, 1666 A.D

Elizabeth you dumb bitch where's my Moleskin journal?! Oh, silly me, I'm writing in it write now! Get it - write now? I should really be a comedian, why did I have to get into this cursed life of politics and business? Well, I suppose I should make a quick note of what I did today, before I make for bed. Brought to the Chancellor the documentation for our most recent naval blockades against the Dutch, which has been most difficult to amend (any parliamentary action I must pen against the Dutch at this time of war still brings grief to my heart - oh, Vogelgrijper, to now be your enemy in spirit, how shameful!); penned a total of 1,287 pages during lunch on my memories of school; went to the butchers for some good cured ham, then the merchant to validate that order of Wine..."

¹⁹ Astute readers will have noticed by now that this is not the only time that a 'Samuel Pepys' died...

At this moment, Pepys' house-servant bursts into the room.

"Sir, come quickly, London is ablaze!"

Pepys, unflinching, continues to write, while addressing his servant with little energy,

"Well, I'm sure it isn't all that serious my good fellow, now go and see where Elizabeth has got to would you? She was due to change my bladder stone-pouch twenty minutes ago".

"But sir, it is on our side of the river, a-and it seems to be in the vicinity of St.Pauls, and that wine merchant you are so friendly with.."

Pepys stops writing. Looking much more concerned now, he curiously barges past his servant to reach the west-facing window where, by God, he can see the Great fire that his servant spoke of. Funny, he thinks, that he didn't see it on one of his 17 journeys to the privy. But now, looking into it... why it seems he could have been standing there for days, staring at the inferno, the flames licking the black underbelly of the clouds, curling like locks of red hair from a strumpet in Camden Town. He stares so emphatically at the catastrophe that he does not realise that his servant has come up behind him, and started to shake him furiously.

"S-sir? Are you all right?"

"Yes... Yes, Cataraxapetl... I am fine"

"But excuse me Sir, who is this you speak of?"

"...photic zones... enlightenment"

Pepys stumbles back to his desk, and sits there for a few minutes, his perplexed servant looking on, without purpose.

"I'll fetch Elizabeth, then, sir..."

On his own again, Pepys begins to write furiously on a clean page - but for the first time in his life, he writes not from experience, but from what he thought was pure imagination. It came from somewhere, it came from the *light*. He feels utterly nourished and empowered by this new source of creativity, as if he has suddenly become a Defoe or a Cervantes. But he did not *feel* like a novelist, all of these new words and expressions didn't appear as fanciful dreams of the past, or an agglomerate of experiences put together to form something new; it had *power* and a *direction* as if he were writing something into being, or at least anticipating something already there but unable to show itself.

He sits and writes there for a good hour, as the disaster looms closer and the rumbling and sounds of people grow more recognizable, increasing in urgency with every word that his quill scratches into existence. The house-servant never came back, but at this point Pepys does not care: he is building to something of monumental importance. Ironic, that his expertise in the art of diary writing which always required a state

of reminiscence should have brought him to a pinnacle that required him to smash his own tradition, breaking apart the fabric of temporality itself in order to reach something beyond time's prison.

The quick succession of a horse's whinnying and its shoes clattering, metallic on the cobbles of the street below, bring Pepys out of his fugue, and he sits back in his leather chair.

"Ah yes, well done Samuel, well done... Howe-"

[THE TEXT HERE HAS BEEN VERY OBVIOUSLY REPLACED WITH A MORE RECENT
CLIPPING]

Needle Scratch

"Oh boy! I'd best help those poor people down on London Bridge!" Pepys exclaims to himself, out loud.

[Pepys hops onto his Chopper motorcycle and revs it]

The women are screaming and the fires are howling

Way down in the streets tonight

There's a man in the bakers with a match in his hand

And its head's shining oh so bright

There's evil in the air and there's smoke in the sky,

And a shit-collectors on the burnt out streets

And down by the Thames where the people are fleeing

Oh, I swear I saw a young maid down in the waters

She was floatin' on some birds with strange beaks...

Oh Pepys you're the only thing in this whole world

That's pure and good and (write)

And wherever you are and wherever you go

There's always gonna be sun-light

But you gotta get out you gotta break out now

*Before the fire cracks your door
You gotta make the most of this last night in London
When it's over, you know,
You'll be in the photic zoooooone...*

*Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!
When the fire is over, like a light-eating cell, you'll be gone, gone, gone
Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!*

*But when the day is done
And the bridge goes down
And the 'usband's days are throooooough,
Then like a Dodo before old Shakespeare's breeches
They'll come floating on back to you*

*You're gonna hit Fleet Street like a 10 percent sale
On a silver-black phantom bike
When the air is hot, and your diary is hungry
And they're all about to see the light
The firemen never work in this rotten old hole,
And now everything is crumbled to dust
And nothing really rocks and nothing really rolls
And nothings ever worth the cost*

*Well you know that you're damned if you never get there
And maybe you're damned if you do,
But with every other quill you've got left on your desk
You know you want to be damned with them too
If you've gotta be damned, you know you wanna be damned
Dancing through the fires with (((you)))*

*Oh Pepys you're the only thing in this whole world
That's pure and good and (write)
And wherever you are and wherever you go*

*There's always gonna be sun-light
But you gotta get out you gotta break out now
Before the fire cracks your door
You gotta make the most of this last night in London
When it's over, you know,
You'll be in the photic zoooooone...*

*Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!
When the fire is over, like a light-eating cell, you'll be gone, gone, gone
Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!
But when the day is done
And the bridge goes down
And the 'usband's days are throooooough,
Then like a Dodo before old Shakespeare's breeches
They'll come floating on back to you*

*Then like a Dodo before the gates of Moorgate
They'll come floating on back to youuuuu...*

*Well you see (((yourself))) tearing up the street, faster
Than any other MP has ever gone
And your bladder's raw, but your soul is (write)
And no one's gonna stop you now, you're gonna get to the bridge
But you can't stop thinking of (((you)))
And you never see the river's curve until its way too late
And you never see the river's curve until its way too late*

*Then you're down in the bottom of the Thames near the blazing fire
Torn and twisted at the foot of a burning bike
And you think somewhere Westminster's tolling its bell
And the last thing you see is (((yourself)))
Still writing
Still writing*

You're breaking out of your body, and floating awaaaaaaaaay

Like a light-eating cell

Oh, like a light-eating cell

Oh, like a light-eating cell

Oh, like a light-eating cell

Oh, like a light-eating cell

Oh, like a light-eating cell

FIN

Understanding

Laying limp on a large rock in God Knows Where, he peed. He wept and screamed into the void of the sky. He understood nothing - yet he felt everything understood him and plotted to bring him to this point. The skies and the seas and everything in between were malevolent forces, conspiring against him? Who was he, anyway? As the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth and a warm moisture seeped from within him, he realised he could no longer recall who he was. A shame, that – or was it? Some deeply embedded memory told him that no, he wasn't worth remembering. This thought comforted him to some extent, as he wouldn't be forgetting anyone worthwhile, and he decided to return to his dying.

But wait a minute! If he wasn't anyone worth remembering then why was he here? Why had everything made sure that he ended up, laying here? Why would they bother if he was going to die alone and fade into obscurity without any intervention? That's when it struck him – he was very important. So important he was that his death was so important that everything made sure it happened. And then a thought broke its way through his subconscious and into his mind and demanded to be acknowledged. His name, yes that was his name. He dared to use the last of his energy to smile and the sun poked its head over to smile back at him. As night drifted into day and blood rushed from his body, he and the sun smiled at each other and now he understood.

By manlikebigp <3

A Critical Micturation of the Modern Negro, *by Anonus Blackbeat, Doctorate in racial biology and botany at University of Harvard*

For a long time now, i've been thinking. How come, that despite all the various geographically isolated landmasses the Earth holds, as well as the vast eons over which our progenitors had time to spread and change, niggers and humans can still interbreed. I mean, think about it. The relative genetic similarity between humans and chimps is 99.6%. The remaining 0.4% account for everything about a chimpanzee that makes us think: "That is a monkey. I feel no kinship towards it". It is simply too different from ourselves for us to recognise it as anything but an animal.

Yet, there are some that would claim the nigger comparable, if not equivalent, to man, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary. In fact, there is evidence to suggest that the nigger should be classified as a separate subspecies, rather than a "breed", as is currently the case. See, the nigger became geographically isolated as the thin strip of livable land along the coast of the Sahara desert aridified, and consequently did not admix with neanderthal populations. This, along with the simultaneously lush yet hard to traverse nature of the african continent, resulted in an environment where inbreeding was all too common, and where evolution selected not for higher intellect or abstract thinking, but environmental tolerance and more efficient reproduction. Thus, since stupidity correlates with higher birthrates, the nigger came to be a wretched, dim creature, tragic victim to the evolutionary plateau its forgiving environment had induced. This, along with the natural barrier that the Sahara desert came to present as its ravenous dunes encroached upon the african shorelines, sealed the niggers fate as forever lesser. Now then, to go back to the original query; why *is* miscegenation between these seemingly genetically incompatible subspecies possible in today's society? The answer is as simple as it is aggravating; The jews.

Introduction to Jewish Sorcery and Miscellaneous Tricks

The jew is, from a purely anthropological perspective, a marvelous creature. Despite its repugnant exterior and vile odour, it survives in an environment fundamentally opposed to its very existence by means of camouflage. Through the collection of a symbolically significant number of foreskins, harvested from caucasian infants within its territory, the jew has learned to hide itself from rightful persecution. It does this by sewing a skinsuit out of its harvested foreskins, infused with foul jew spells, which it then adorns, becoming

physically indistinguishable from the broader population. While the jew is thought to be related to hominids, its taxonomic classification is still a matter of heated debate among scholarly circles, as there is some circumstantial evidence to suggest that it may in fact be a highly specialised form of crustacean or molluscoid. Its most prominent feature is the protruding sensory organ on its face, which it uses to seek out currency and uncircumcised children with varying frequency. The jew is highly adept at sorcery, and is obsessively fixated on the destruction of the human (Caucasoid, Mongoloid) race. The scientific community believes the jew to be responsible for the sudden influx of nigger-caucasian crossbreeds in the civilised world, as such abominations were unheard of before their infiltration.

Conclusion

FUCK NIGGERS
FUCK KIKES
FUCK SPICS
AND MOST OF ALL
FUCK JANNIES

How much longer do you guys think this should go on for? This has some comfy stuff though but I think anymore would be pushing it. Yeah i agree. Even the pedo stuff. Yeah a refined one and a shitpost one. I remember that /tv/ were a pain in the first one. I think this one shouldn't have came into existence, two volumers were good enough take the good stuff from this and use it to replace the real shitter posts in the past two, true i think having two editions might not be bad idea, as in a full, and one with shitposts removd Yeah that could be done but I think people want to include everything for the real experience

Yeah I think we should have one complete version and one revised. Like best of the coronameron edition

Boohoo everyone is shitting in muh special document pls stop it gaise fuck off you absolute pseud
Maybe i should get to work actually
post work
its ok anon, im sure itll be great :)

I posted a few stories but i think The Chronicles of Oob is my masterpiece. Lol its so stupid. Someone said "zoinks scoob" and the oob got cut to a different page and i ran rom there. Thanks lol. I loved that, a great addition to the book, I added a roadman/ black brit sidenote to it <3 <3 <3 Real Nigga Club
You're a god, i like oob. It's hilarious lmao. I wrote Das Kapital with my niggas. Yeah i enjoyed that

aay i wrote das kapital too, you a real nigga. i fully expect our work to be posted in the next /lit/ memes thread. the paragraph with the bold bit in the middle "niggas of the world unite". i loved that, real advanced stuff. i thought it was great, nice to have diffrent styles

Ay love you nigga. I sure hope so. Which section did you do? Lmao I laughed at that. I did the third section. Yeah my AAVE wasnt as good tho. Thx anon :)

Okay, i wasn't sure what to write, so i wrote an essay on niggers. What a waste of an afternoon. I gave up on the Kinslayer narrative. I wanted to work him into an Ishmael type character - the ambivalent curator of the Coronameron that had collected all the works. Really didn't know where to take his own story though and let it go.

Smokehouse by *Fief Jakoff*

Hi, I'm *Fief*, like a fiefdom, and what I'm about to tell you is some of the most fucked up piss you'll ever read in your entire life.

The other day I decided that amongst the pandemic, it was high time for a high noon fapathon.

It was time to coom.

I had gripped the base of my cock and just went up and down rhythmically.

I didn't even touch the glans, pal.

Just the base, for it to take as long as possible to ejaculate, yes.

I was smoking a cigarette, in my house, while jacking off, and an ash fell down on top of my cock.

The slight burn, all so fleeting, but rememberable had allowed me to reach the climax I was hoping to put off.

Since I can do fuck all during this pandemic except cockstroke.

And yes, rememberable. You can make your own shit up nowadays.

Anywho, I busted my nut.

Just as the semen shot out, strewn across my laptop keyboard and not a typewriter, a huge lump had exited my shaft as well. It was rather painful. Like excrement, solid, due to a bread-only diet, coming out of my dick.

It was the cancerous lump from my testicle.

I came cancer.

The time Kinslayer was an art conservationist

See how the creative jism flew out of mandibles during that sojourn in the desert; that fateful quarantine that accrued our talent to expend it so on the greatest work of collaboration this decade shall see? I can only hope my efforts of gathering the tales of these anonymous artists and binding them here will be appreciated by you.

Creating art is a hard task. But it is far harder to preserve and present it. The everlasting toil of correcting the revisions, maintaining the image, fending of the critics. How bothersome. Ultimately, the endless horde of jackals that bay at our pages will never cease. But with providence and prudence, they will never be allowed to change even on line, dot, lotta of our magnum opus, savvy?

I was in the business of art conservation once, for paintings, those past-board murals, mirrors of idealised reality. Have you ever seen one in person, friend? Oh, the colours! How they flame in the light! When the slanting sunlight alights upon the canvas, it is as if the heavens themselves burst into cosmic fire. I have never before, nor since, seen such variance and brilliance of pigment, than when I visited an old maritime gallery with a client.

There was a painting, memory forbids them name from this account, of a northward ship, caught between storm and storm-berg of Ice. The waves had reached up, like an emperor rising from his throne, great poseidon leaping upward in wrath, that men of earth should move so upon his kingdom. And diving unto the wrakety wooden ship, they smear sea spray into the air, which that pale antarctic sun, faded in the faded air, shot through with rainbows and God's covenant. Each stroke was clear, and the indefinite artificial glaze over the scene, was all the more invigorating to behold. I wish I had the fortune to preserve paintings like that, to restore the splendor of a masterpiece. I was never of the temperament to create, it is too much of a gruel to undertake, I admire those that do. Better yet for me to assist against the monsters and the critics.

I have still the memory of my last painting I retouched, thank God I remember at least that much; I am afraid that there are entire lives I've lived, but forgotten as death within life, removed utterly from my being or torn from my soul. Thus thankful at the least, am I, to remember my work in fragments and slivers, when the water of Chaos, as with the ship, threatens to overcome it all. I cannot make new memories, that would be creation, see? I must relive the memories I yet have, yet will forget. Then will I truly die. Not when I stop Living, but when I can no longer re-live.

That last painting, a small hand-span portrait, some woman. Who cares? She was thin and graceful. Sharp nose, sharp jaw, sharp eyes. Blue. yes, they were blue. Her hair? Oh no, black? No! - Brown. I remember that delicate way the locks curled under the ear and circled the neck. Though nothing alike, the bearing of Her reminded me of Cleo (A siren of my dreams, enough so I evade sleep, the count now reaches nigh 40 hours since last I broke the bounds).

Her mouth is nothing to my mind's eye. A mere blank space, no paint, no canvas, no image. I suppose it matters neither way, she would not have graced us with speech either way.

I spent a long time mulling over the piece. Long before I even dared to put my brush to it. In the end all I did amend was to dab a streak of yellow in her Golden hair.

I returned it to the client that evening, as the purple bruise of sunset was on the skyline. Would that I had died that evening. To die upon the memory of that battered sunset, the tentacles of the purple and orange complacent as they sunk. Dead, before the harsh blaze of sun's fresh ascension in the morning to obliterate the memory. Before the pummeled memory was stuck in my mind as a broken mirror.

Gaijin Gaiju

The Khanate had stretched far. Bereft of a vanguard, or rudimentary militia, the Finnish town on the Karasjohka had only the possibility of being ransacked. The frozen river led the cavalry directly to settlements. Armoured men and horses from the east had arrived.

Food stores were seized and valuables were to be collected and distributed between the invaders. The few women who held any form of jewelry were seen as being high value, and likely were to be bred by the easterners. Lined up and stripped bare in the lowering October sun, the khanate's representatives inspected and chose their victory spoils. Pax Mongolica had yet to be extended to the Finns.

The leader's banded leather and straps were taken off and lain across his horse. It was clear to the women that he chose first. Striding back and forth down the line, he stopped and let out a curdling note from deep below his larynx. He picked Venla. As tall as some of the men in the village, her breasts had filled out her dress well over the summer. Shimmering steely eyes quivered, never focussing in this time of physical and mental separation. Her consciousness watched from the rooftops. From here she could see the mane of blonde hair gently brushing the back of her hamstrings. She wore only a green quartz necklace. The Mongol leader decided she would bear the strongest offspring.

Venla never forgot that night. Not only through his forcefulness, but through her son born nine months later, and the grandchildren all bearing a likeness to the dark skinned thinly eyed powerful man from her fifteenth birthday. Of that day, two other women from the village were impregnated, but their children did not survive many arctic winters. Their leader had chosen well it seemed.

The July child Puuka was treated well by the elders, but children are always cruel to those who are different. The single mother had admirers over the years but none wanted to raise the half eastern boy. He took to reindeer husbandry and husbandry of a fisherman's third daughter from a village many miles downstream. The sense of normality and acceptance from Guurta's warm loving heart gave Puuka great pleasure. Venla was ecstatic that her child could find happiness after hardship, Puuka was even content with his simple life on the edge of the town.

Venla told Puuka and Guurta their firstborn daughter was strong in the winter, as strong as Puuka. The daughter's pin straight dark hair was seen as exotic by the sons of those who tormented Puuka. This source of validation gave the daughter great pride. She decided to grow it as long as she could before being auctioned off for marriage. The allure of status and riches called her to look for the most eligible of Sami bachelors.

Their secondborn, a son, Gaiju, was not so lucky. While the name calling he received was not as vicious as what Puuka had endured, he did not have the protection of the elders, instead he had scorn for how differently his sister was received. Guurta only wanted the best for her daughter, and had little experience in raising young boys. For this reason, Gaiju regularly sought comfort in Venla's bosom.

Puuka could see Gaiju's malcontent in the simply frosty town life. Could see he wanted more. The menial jobs that made up the latter part of Gaiju's youth bored him, the same tasks that brought Puuka purpose and value to the community. Was it a bane to carry out these lowly duties, or a privilege to perform for the townspeople. They were big tasks²⁰, essential for winter preparation. Gaiju felt this put him at a lower status, exacerbated by the relatively royal treatment of his sister.

The daughter's dangling of suitor fruit was coming to an end. She rarely wore her hair loose now, only peacocking for those deemed worthy, as puddle splashes and ale spills would dirty the ends, cut flatly by her ankles. The family received a handsome dowry from a less handsome merchant south of Inarijarvi²¹. The eldest, having performed her familial duty now no longer felt bound to the town of her childhood, no reasons for visits back. Puuka and Guurta visited her once or twice a year, seeing how she fared in the larger, busier town. Her merchant husband always busy, her hair slowly spilling out further across the immaculately kept floors year on year, eventually growing to many times her height. The merchant's impotence facade fooled her, she now cared only for her hair, while his trysts lead to illegitimate children. She did not care that the merchant forbade her from leaving the house, so long as there was food on the table, and he provided oils for the hair that ran from head to toes and beyond. His fear was not of her anguish in finding out about the affairs and children, but the potential effects on his company. Gaiju never visited them.

Puuka dedicated part of the loveless dowry to his son's happiness, funding a trip south for Gaiju. He intended Gaiju to enjoy an extended break from working in a warmer climate, while Puuka arranged a more prestigious job with the merchant's firm. Nepotism that was never a possibility for Puuka, to help Gaiju get a leg up in the world. Gaiju had other plans.

Gaiju knew that his eyes and skin came from the east. He had heard stories when he was younger about his father's conception from half-drunk elders, looking to make a joke of the boy and his father. Puuka and Venla had spoken to him about it, but their combined knowledge of Puuka's father was minimal, even when pressed. Venla was only inwardly upset, she knew the boy was not malicious in investigation, and only feigned fuzzy memory the first few times but knew it was best to be honest with his background. He had to go south, to the warm lands, where had heard tales of castles, cities. To find a historian, librarian, a holyman, anyone who

²⁰ UUUU

²¹ Lake Inari is the largest lake in Sapmi and the third largest lake in Finland

could give him information. Ukko had yet to answer him even after rowing out for spiritual sacrifice on Ukkonkivi.²²

Gaiju was tightfisted with the money his father had given him, almost always in motion, southbound. Trading tired horses for horses that were ready to go. Living almost exclusively off the land, or at least his interpretation of living off the land. An unguarded field or store is fair game. The warmer weather wore less on his clothes the further south he went. Passing peasants and merchants directed the journey he had not planned, leading him down the Aura river to Turku.

The bustling marketplace was overwhelming for the boy. He could barely approach it and decided instead to wander the rest of the city. The few girls he had seen in this city were prettier than most of the girls in his hometown. Asking a portly robed man where to find the most knowledgeable men he was told to go to the cathedral, "tal pual jokke,"²³ but surely this man was not sane, the cathedral was tual pual jokke²⁴. The cathedral standing imperiously over the surrounding buildings was the obvious place to look. Gaiju did not need a mad man to confirm it.

Gaiju skirted around the edge of the courtyard in front of the cathedral. His hand stretched out to impact the tree trunks placed periodically along the knoll, whose incline inspired the steps up to Turku's edifice. The hide wrappings about his ankles lifted by each step. One step. Two steps. He counted the steps. Gaiju had learned to count this high from his sister. Her obsessive routines had included fifty pulls of a brush through her tresses, which then poured from her shoulders past her knees. Twenty five steps he counted, whereupon he was greeted by a further set. Cornered elevation, twelve more steps before he reached out to open the door.

A man older than his father, carrying a large golden spear, a cape adorned by gold trim, set down his marker and stepped down from the Analogian²⁵ at the other end of the room and started to walk towards him down the long aisle.

The bishop Hemming was widely admired by the cityfolk, and those who visited from the surrounding regions in the diocese of Turku. Well read and a philanthropist, Hemming had used connections with Swedish nobility to acquire funds to repair the cathedral following a fire²⁶, and donated forty books, forming the first library in Finland. After also opening a cathedral school and hospital, a mere mention of his name in the market opened a stream of reverence.

²² Ukko's Rock, an island on Lake Inari, a historical sacrifice place of the ancient inhabitants of the area

²³ This side of the river.

²⁴ The other side of the river. These two phrases refer to the East and West side of the Aura river respectively, instead of the speaker's relative position to the river. The local man assumes Gaiju is aware of this.

²⁵ Lectern, usually in Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Catholic churches, also has the word anal in to avoid pre-marital relations.

²⁶ A fire in 1318, not to be confused with the great fire of Turku of 1827 which also caused great damage to the cathedral

Gaiju thought it best to meet the holyman half way in the hall, the sea of chairs and benches parted for their rendez-vous. Wonderment filled his soul, he felt as a swine upturned, previously unable to gaze up. Trimmed arches stretched up to the ceiling, to patterns of stars almost as high as the skies themselves. The pulpit on his left shone brightly, additional lumination from even a single candle seemed unnecessary. As they grew closer, Gaiju's nerves were set at ease at seeing Hemming's placid expression. The cape ²⁷widened as the holyman presented half a wingspan, "Welcome, my child. I do not remember your face, have you travelled far?"

Yet to write these parts, feel free to add them in
---scene where gaiju and holy man(hemming) look at pictures of different races(from one of the 40 donated books), decides he is not chinese, holyman suggests he might be japanese, gaiju agrees and goes off to use the bathroom
---holyman then realizes gaiju is half finn(i.e. probably not japanese) but is too late to catch him
---steppe themed don quixote lite adventures
---basically steppe anime
---gaiju tangentially finds out about khans and is disgusted, but still thinks he is japanese

"Mongols could be here" he thought, "I've never been to this steppe before. There could be Mongols anywhere." The cool wind felt good between the straps of his leather armour. "I HATE MONGOLS" he thought. The mountains echoed a throat sung rendition of Sweet Dreams are Made of These startling his horse, as the 3 Khancoin flask of Turkestani wine circulated through his powerful thick veins and washed away his (merited) fear of organised mountain bandits after dusk. "With a horse, you can go anywhere you want" he said to himself, out loud.

²⁷ Ew capeshit

PEE AGAINST THE SUN

Zeus loved Semele as an eagle and a man, and despite his protestations, revealed himself a god. Semele gazed, and was incinerated. Gods are such that to look on their irradiant might is to suffer, such is the feebleness of mortalkind.

That orb of fire is my one-eyed enemy and attacks wherever the Earth turns to face it, its menace laid like napalm. Our only defence is the overcast sky, when like a voice mangled by the wind it still reaches us, barely, like an iron-white bruise, frustrated and furious. Otherwise the only respite is the cooling night, the gracious shelter of darkness when the shadows can breathe. Winter is its petulant reprieve, and summer brings its tyrannical return, burning skin, thirsting the earth, smothering the air, blinding children, boiling dogs and letting loose the fires that swallow forests and choke us on black air.

Human traitors serve the sun. We fortify the skies to trap its heat, and worship it in droves as dark-spectacled heathens. How grateful we are for it to allow us our existence; where would we be without the fist of the Sun's Promethean fire? What is life without the Sun? What other faith is there than Sol Invictus? Standing in a barren desert, where the landscape ripples in agony, my enemy the Sun dares me to oppose it. What good is a beating heart against a blind star? The planet flies wingless around it year after year after year, like a mud-clod down the drain, and we all smile obsequiously, and keep our heads down to live our lives until the Sun grows fat enough to devour us all.

Standing at the ultimate test, in the desert where the Sun reigns with terrible force, the humans stood around as bright white overwhelmed the landscape, and left in its place, once the dazzling light had faded, a mushroom cloud rose from the ground, a dizzying Tower of Babel built in an atom-splitting half-second. Fire from the hand of man. The first time any mortal had seen true doom put before them. Now the faraway Sun has made it to the dirt we walk upon. And like the original sphere, a neverending catastrophe, explosion after explosion, what is life without the Sun man burns for himself?

Deep underground I make a pit where I shall die, and relinquish myself from the hegemony of the Sun. Wet, dark, protected by the weakened earth, I sit with no company but an unavoidable truth. There is no erasing the Sun. It cannot be strangled in its sleep. It cannot be led into the sea. It cannot be moved with gradual reformation, or common unity, or rational argument, or threat. It simply remains, destined to collapse only long after it has exhausted its wrath, and once gone, all the biology we know shall starve. This is my tomb, and I'll die on my own terms, in darkness, in absence. In a million years my petty pride will have influenced little, while the illustrious Sun shines on. **END.**

You don't understand

You don't understand. We live in a society. I wanna live in a sorority. A man unbridled in his femininity who can still take girls at night in a lesbian fling. That's my 'freedom'. This is the result of me being unable to rape women legally. Anyone who complains about a tranny should blame anti-rape laws; young men have to be forced to become the female they want. In a way this is better though, because there's no greater possession than 'being' the woman you want to rape. You are eternally raping her, you are inside her at all times, and you can determine whether she likes it or not. Maybe this is why tranny's kill themselves so much. The completion of the fetish is the woman's desperate suicide. Me - I won't kill myself. That woman will have to live with me for the rest of her life. It's what she deserves for driving me to the point of chopping off my penis.

A woman becoming a man, that's a different story. She desires the eternal rape of herself. There is no possession of a man physically, there is only his possession of you. This is why women bleed from the vagina. Psychic rape subconsciously manifest makes them bleed out once a month.

But alas we live in a society. Men cannot rape and women cannot receive the rape they want without bowing to arbitrary formalities. We cannot escape modernity without a hazing ritual. We must construct The Sorority to oppose The Cathedral.

Novel novel ideas that didn't make the cut in this project (feel free to add)

- Why cavemen would prefer ambient noise music
- Comfy alienation
- Anything involving the quarantine protestors
- Who's piss-earth is it anyway?
- Something involving Drumpf and the virus
- The best stories were omitted from the OG Decameron as part of the oral tradition, which has since died out because insane sex starved closet trap monks would delete the manuscripts periodically after ingesting fungus tainted bread
- To pee or not to pee: A treatise on urination for the nation by Urea Heap
- All that shit that was on here and did get made but then got deleted by the pee-ers that be
- JoJo fanfic
- Weasels tore my flesh
- Nick Cave and the Bad-Seed that lies within his ballsack tortured by his red right hand
- Islam in Space (original idea, **do not steal**) / An Ode to the Sci-fi Genre; secret space program *taqiyya*; *jihad* against the *infidel* Masonic lunar citadel
- The Sexual Magnetism of Walt Whitman; or, Why I Masturbate Daily to Leaves of Grass
- Notes from the Corona-ground
- Nick Land tests positive for Covid-19 (according to (((CNN)))
- Papa Corona is a Communist - How Pandemics Inevitably Further Class Revolution
- Infinite Grief - A tale of autistic self-sabotage
- The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger
- No longer cooman
- Bob Dylan deserved his Nobel Prize and why Jay-Z is next
- Your Mother is a Whore and Your Father Doesn't Love You: a Houellebecq Children's Story
- Coronita, By Vladamir Nabakoof
- Infinite Jester: A Grimoire of *Usura* Sincerity
- The Unique and its Puberty
- Should Black Britons be called "African-Americans?" A Midwestern Housewife's Inquiry
- Stoner 2: Reloaded (Bigger, Boulder, and Uncucked)
- 'Golf Rumours': An Investigation into [REDACTED], or *Why Tiger Woods Career Truly Nosedived*.

- Rich guy only eats money and dies of consuming too much fecal matter or something like that
- The One Where Anon Gets Laid
- Why I Am Better Than You: Tales from a New-England Private School
- The Echo and Its Own (an Amazon Prime™ Original)
- Black James Bond: It Had to Happen Eventually
- Billie Eilish's newly legal milkers: Philosophical Considerations on Jail Bait Language Games
- Early Menstruation: Or, the Morning Pinkness in the East
- shitposts and Sophism, A Wisecrack video-essay on /lit/
- Why Jodie Foster Wallace Won't Have Sex with Me: Recollections of John Hinckley Jr.
- Three Point Five Degrees of Separation: My above average Nazi connections
- Is Coffee Bad For You? A Visual Guide To Race Relations.
- Elon Musk & Grimes; a telling of their transhuman cogito-link, subsequent (((birth))) of their Antichrist son in a silicate exo-womb outside the orbit of Jupiter; how Musk retrieved him in a Tesla Roadster
- Memes Through the Ages: A Historiography of the New Cultural Shibboleth
- Time-Management in Times of Boredom: How to Get that Novel Written & Other Tips
- Abigail Shapiro's Inherent Dominance Over Other Women by Virtue of Milk
- Downloading *too much* porn? Environmental considerations toward a Post-Onanist Ecology
- 12 Rules for Waifu: How to know when you've truly found best girl
- Avatar 2 fanfiction (2000 pages)
- Kramer Ruins his Career via Pro Gamer Move
- Mel Gibson Redeems his Career (through Christ)
- AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH posting: A literary tradition explored through the Zulu oral tradition in Togoland
- Dogs, Chipotle, Hiking, and *The Office*: Cornerstones of Modern Dating
- The Patriot Perspective: Why 'Green Day' should be shot when Eternal September ends
- American Psychoactive medication
- Blood Dick or The Evening Redness in the Whale or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Electric Boogaloo de KNUCKLES wae
- *Anime Forms*: What if Plato was a neko girl??
- The Industrial Revolution and its consequences were actually *kinda* neat [re: *hikimori* integralism]
- This, but Unironically: Reclaiming Sincerity in an Age of shitposting
- Ass > Tits: A Mathematical Journey with Bertrand Russell
- We all forgot about climate change because of corona but the earth is still dying wtf: Invective on Donald Drumpf by Greta Thunberg (by Viper)

- Transgender alchemy towards the Cloacal Rebis of Man is being pushed by the Shape Shifting Reptilians, which are in fact Blue Chickens from Draconis; internicine non-terran fighting over loosh supply chains being the only thing preventing an Atlantean/Tower of Babel civilization reset. Wonder Burgers as human fois grois fattening devices [high bmi and estrogen ideal for harvesting]
- Slavoj Zizek's Analysis of Welcome to the NHK Without Actually Watching or Reading Any of the Source Material (or knowing what medium the work is in)
- shitmodernism: After Postmodernism
- Most-podernism: After shitmodernism
- Post-Structuralist Architecture: Hovelnomics
- Solving the Trolley Problem via Pro Gamer move
- CIA Glowniggers Killed the IT Industry
- The Aesthetics of Nail-clipping
- DSM-VI: A folk psychology manual
- Cinnabar Snapper: Mycology for the UTI Afflicted Wiccan
- A graph to show the decline in quality of the Coronameron over time
- Elective surgeries postponed indefinitely due to the Wuhan Strain, one pre-op transwoman soliliquizes her pet snapping turtle in the dark, and considers the unthinkable

...

~

Dialogue of champions

Woah.

After which cut should new submissions be added? The page previous to this one?

Did someone just delete a bunch of stuff again? R.I.P.

I just restored a more recent version. The next save was 2444 pages long, and it seemed like a joke--every line had its own page.

Yeah, like 7 hours of work is gone forever apparently.

What shall be done?

Need a save file from the last couple of hours, and it'd be a massive recall over this save.

Gonna add my shitty piss-earth paragraph back in, glad I ctrl-c'd it.

I guess some stuff is just gone forever. That's deep bro.

We'll always have the memories.

∴, (

Somehow it's better this way, the stuff that got deleted is officially the most rare /lit/ content in existence, only a select few have seen it.

"~~ANNULLED IT!~~ (~~ANNUL~~)~~LED IT!~~"

I'm holding out hope that there's a more recent save out there, this one is so fucking old.

OP's not in here right now, maybe he had a save.

Hopefully.

Someone should inform the thread in case anyone whose stuff got deleted can re-post.

It's all gone. Bunch of obvious typos on previous pages just corrected.

Lost to the annals of history.

~

The Picture (add on to it)

3 am, the virgin waits till his whole family is asleep. He waits patiently, this isn't his first time. He finally hears the last light in the house switch off followed by the closing of the last door. He swiftly opens his third night-stand drawer. He lifts the old Ipad out of the way along with a multitude of old papers. Birthday cards from years that have come and gone, old homework assignments from when he was still in high school, and etc. Finally he reaches the bottom where the picture lays. He takes the picture out, observes it as one would a classical painting. He sees a girl, Edith. He says her name in almost a whisper but just enough to feel the vibration in his throat. He scans the picture; his eyes follow the outline of Edith's body. She's posed candidly with a short business skirt with a checkered yellow and black long-sleeve top. His eyes become attracted to her face. Narrow face, green eyes, thin lips that form a smile. He likes this very much and continues to stare at the pictures until he get aroused. He take his hand and does the job that any kissless virgin would do at 3AM. He cleans up, pisses on the picture, places it back, and lays in bed. He thinks. He thinks of all the mistakes he's made in life. He reminds of himself of all the people who have given him their trust. He cries and falls asleep.

Fin

Quarantine Protesters: A Sonnet

The streets are filled with cars and noise today
As men with flags describe the tyranny
Of their government while they merrily
Stand crowded 'round the center of the state.
Some cough, not worried about their decay,
For they live in a land filled with plenty:
"Sickness? Have no fear in 2020
"Nothing like that could ever come our way."
So excitement fills their very doomsday;
For this time, they've waited so patiently.
With their arms, they refuse to come to terms.
They huff and puff the virus and hairspray,
Consuming, not caring if it's deadly.
America's normal slowly returns.

Pissanthometre's Departure (Who's Piss-Earth is it anyways?)

"All this rubbish is nothing but Piss-Earth and sexual holocaust," he said as he stood up from the meeting table. "I don't want any part of it. I only ever had any stocks to begin with because my father left me them in his will, and they've been nothing but a nuisance ever since. I'll be selling them at my earliest convenience. Mark my words, this shan't be my Piss-Earth anymore! After today it will be entirely your problem!"

With that Herr Doktor Doktor Pissanthometre swiftly left the ballroom, his black cape billowing behind him, the flapping of which helped to diffuse the smell of his flatulence across the entire environ. With Pissanthometre gone the deliberations ground to halt, and the other diplomats found they scarcely tolerate each other let alone come to some sort of agreement without the soft-spoken Doktor Piss easing them along. A full ownership of Piss-Earth now seemed entirely off the table, an impossible compromise. Not only would the Piss-Earth stocks not be amalgamated by one owner, there was now the risk they'd be thrown into the wind and spread across a great number of partial owners, doomed to meet forever in that gaudy and flatulent ballroom-turned-meetingroom. Herr Doktor Doktor Pissanthometre freed himself of his stake in the thing on his journey home, when he gifted his stock-coupons to a crackhead couple arguing loudly outside a 7/11 as Eminem blasted from their coombox. "There," he said smugly. "Not my monkeys, not my circus!"

>pissposting in 2020

*Dirty panes, rapid vibration;
The city bus drives past the station.
A shadow flits on my tired head,
My half-closed eyes easily led.*

*An aeroplane transits the moon;
Passes behind the buttress, soon.
The view was spoilt by dried mud spray,
The sight obscured by masonry.*

*I wish, unwish, for an alibi,
A lens so clear as not to lie.
That aircraft, but for the wall,
Would not have caught my eye at all.*

*Just as the orange flare repeats,
The audience takes to their seats.*

*Preparing them for friendless sleep,
All icy blue, the endless deep.*

**What Is It That Is Coming?
Second draft, in progress - 12/05/2020**

For as far as he could see, the years turned from gold into bronze. As he burrowed deeper into the list of anaemic sitcoms suggested to him by Netflix, James found it harder to push thoughts of UCAS and the daily grind to come out of his mind. He only had a couple of weeks left before he had to make his final selection and curb an infinity of ambitions down to just three possible futures, three different universities, and the prospect of Suffolk New College and its childish plasticine-coloured furniture being the most affordable of the choices likely to accept his middling grades struck the fear of God into him in a way he wished it had before the start of Year 12. Instead, he had promised himself for the past six years or so, ever since he had reached that state of immaculate self-awareness brought on by adolescence, that he would do himself the courtesy of escaping this dead-end area the moment he was old enough to do so, and now he faced with the first lesson of adulthood head-on: Disappointment.

It was 10 PM. James had been navigating the television in his bedroom since at least 8 PM, possibly since 6. His mum had let him take his dinner up to his room under the pretence of

continuing his revision uninterrupted; Bluetooth headphones connected to the television and a second-hand copy of *Success in Electronics* by Tom Duncan brushed open to a believable page on the desk beside him sculpted a degree of plausible deniability if there were any intrusion; James would say he was on a 20-minute break and had been studying the rest of the time. The truth was he couldn't take any of it in, and had been unable to for a while now. The sheer certainty of his future – work, rent, bills, tax, insurance – was enough to cause him considerable unrest.

If only to convince himself he wasn't malingering, James took off his headphones and reached for the textbook without leaving his bed, dipping the sleeve of his shirt in the ketchup left on his plate. He swore under his breath and stood up, leaning over the desk and skimming the page for any sign he had retained its contents. No, no use. He had read the same couple of paragraphs three or four times in the past hour and still couldn't say what it was all about. Maybe Ms. Thorpe was right, and he did have dyslexia; maybe he should have agreed to be tested instead of storming off, calling the special needs department 'retards' and landing himself in detention again. It was too late for repudiation of his previous actions now. He just had to live with it, like he had to live with the discomfort of a soggy sleeve for the next couple of hours after washing this ketchup out, since the rest of his shirts were all in the wash. James headed out to the bathroom but only made it to the landing before he heard the front door open, and slam shut.

James's dad took off his coat and made immediately for the twisty stairwell.

"James? Are you there?" He called out, feet clumping heavily up the stairs.

"Hello would be nice!" His mum called from the kitchen. James's dad appeared from around the corner, carrying his briefcase on its side in both arms like he was handling some unstable flask of uranium or something. He was dripping with sweat, big patches on his blue shirt under the armpits.

"James, I want to speak to you for a minute."

James felt the lurching frustration and nervousness of knowing you're about to be told off but knowing what it is about.

"What is it now, dad?" He saw an opportunity to extend his previous subterfuge. "I'm revising at the moment." One foot clumsily perched on the stair in front, James's dad took hold of his son's arm with his sausage-like fingers, cadging a handful of ketchup.

"That can wait." He croaked, out of breath. "I've got something important to talk to you about." He stumbled up the rest of the way and followed the retreating James back into his room. "I've found out something. Something big, and terrible." His darting eyes combed the room, his fingers still fondling the briefcase. "Can I hide this under your bed?"

"Sure." James was puzzled, still trying to infer the exact nature of the situation from his father's behaviour. "What's in it?"

“Papers. Very important papers. Nobody should look at them, especially not you if you can possibly help it.”

He crouched down and pushed the tan briefcase under James’s bed, dragging a couple of plastic boxes of junk across in front of it to conceal it completely. Wheezing, he stood up, wiping the residual ketchup on his trousers like it didn’t matter at all, and put his big hands on James’s shoulders. “Protect that thing with your life. I don’t know how bad this is going to get, but if today’s anything to go by... Just don’t let it get into the wrong hands, whatever you do. I love you.” He hugged James briefly and left the room.

“What do you mean? Who are you talking about?” James asked. His dad turned to him briefly.

“Don’t trust anybody. *Anybody.*” He clomped downstairs at a similar pace as he had gone up them.

James laid back down on his bed and put his headphones back on, baffled. Was dad in trouble with his work? Sizewell C had been controversial from the start but as far as he knew, the main opposition had been to the creation of a new lorry park around Bredfield or somewhere else south towards Felixstowe, not anything to do with the safety of the plant. His dad was only a contractor, too- It wasn’t as if he was entrusted with any high-level information that could get him into trouble. Maybe it had nothing to do with his work at all. But right now, the briefcase was sitting under him radiating curiosity and danger like a glowing meteorite in an alien movie, and soon James could think of nothing else and gave up browsing, putting the remote down again. James would spend entire afternoons sometimes, at the weekend, listening to music on his bed and rocking back and forth to wear down the excess adrenaline of anxiety. Living out in the sticks lent itself well to feeling alone in the world.

Even with his headphones on, James could hear his parents downstairs, arguing. It happened frequently enough but usually it was more like an exercise in taking out everyday frustrations obliquely, like James’s rocking back and forth on his bed, than a direct expression of personal grievances. You could tell by the tone of their voices. There was no real bitterness towards each other there, just a middle-class ennui reflective of their place in society, as first-generation newcomers to the region, ‘foreigners’ to the native Suffolkians. The Bryers had been spirited here 15 years ago by the whims of the company James’s dad worked for, and James himself suspected that as he grew older he would perhaps come to think of this sparse coastal province as his hometown instead of the St. Albans suburb he had actually been born into, but his parents would remain somewhat out of keeping with their surroundings for the rest of their lives, however much those surroundings changed.

This night was different. There was something else in their voices, particularly his mother’s, but he heard it in his dad’s, too, when she finally gave him room to get a word in edgewise, and it took a while before James at last identified the additional component as fear.

His mother's voice was trembling, not sharp and cuttingly-pitched like he was used to making out so clearly through the thick walls of their new-build home. This time it was a strain to make out even the odd word. James knelt up and unhurriedly opened his bedroom window; in the summer they often had the kitchen windows open til late.

"...if it's not dangerous, then why won't you tell me?"

"I didn't say it wasn't dangerous, I just told you not to worry about it."

"If it *is* dangerous, then how am I supposed to *not* worry about it?" His mum insisted.

"There's nothing we can do. I've hidden it. That should be enough for now. I'll take the stuff out to the woods and bury it tomorrow, if it's necessary. I can't keep this all to myself, dear, that's all I'm saying. It's too big a responsibility. I'm still not sure what to do with this kind of information."

"Go to the police, Paul!" He didn't have a reply for that.

James heard a familiar but unexpected rustling from around the front of the house. A car pulling into the shingle drive- But his parents were both at home already. He heard the car's occupants getting out. James sat silently, listening.

"Shush! Did you hear something?" His dad said, barely audible. "There's a car outside." James found himself rocking on his bed again. He was lucky his nervous habit hadn't been outed at school in conjunction with the exam season. His friends would think he was a big baby if they saw him like this.

"What?" His mum said, much too loud.

"There's a car outside!" His dad repeated breathlessly. "Quick, take James-" The front door opened, the sound of a violation, the intrusion upon the family's private property. James heard his mother scuffling about with the washing up. Probably searching for a knife.

"Who are you?" She asked the unseen intruders. "What have we done to you?"

"Listen, this is my house." His dad said. "I'm warning you, I don't know how high this stuff goes, but we are willing to defend ourselves if- Agh! Argh!" James's dad made a terrible gargling sound that sounded like he was being choked.

"Let go of him! Who are you?!" James's mum cried out, and his anxiety was swallowed up by a stronger drive he could not resist. James slid off of the bed, pushing the boxes aside and retrieving his father's briefcase in one brisk, solemn motion. His mind was occupied by one sole thought: He had to get out of here. James looked out through his bedroom window, the lawn illuminated by the kitchen lights. His dad had provided him with a mission. To protect whatever was inside this briefcase at all costs, he'd said. Presumably that meant at the expense of him trying to intervene, too. There was no time to check on his parents, no time for second thoughts, no time for anything; James braced himself and squeezed himself through the window, crouched upon the outer sill, and jumped, his worst foot forwards to take the brunt of the impact with the logic that he could try and get away on a broken non-dominant foot, but he would definitely be fucked if he broke his dominant foot. James landed on the grass with a thud, facing the ground, breaking the worst of his fall cushioned with the briefcase held under his chest. He gasped for

breath and scrambled away from the extension, the fight-or-flight instinct imbuing him with a greater aptitude to plan several steps ahead. Him landing outside the kitchen, he reasoned, would probably be noticed almost instantly, so he had to get the hell out of the garden before they left the house if he wanted any chance of not being intercepted.

James felt like he had just taken a bunch of caffeine tablets; wired, jumpy, afraid, driven. This was a situation he had never experienced before, never prepared for, and yet here he was, making decisions in split seconds, potentially life-or-death decisions, and now here he was charging through a thin patch in the hedge to next doors' garden, eyes screwed up tight and brushing knobbly twigs out of his face with his hand, and now here he was in next doors' garden, socks soaked through with moisture because their elderly neighbour only cuts his grass once or twice a year and even less often as he gets older and mum says he's going to be in a nursing home soon the way things are going; and now here he was vaulting the piddly knee-high fence separating the old man's garden from the vegetable patches drawn out like quilts behind the house beyond the old man's which James had never stood in before but could see from the bathroom window, and now here he was ankle-deep in dirt that was clinging to his wet socks and turning to mud as he trudged across the width of the garden and stepped over the brick wall into the field beyond, which until recently would have been a perfect hiding place, if not for the wheat having already been harvested for this year; and now here he was, running off into the night towards the woods beyond the field with a blood-like taste in his mouth from running so hard, and not a shred of an idea of what he was supposed to do next with the slim tan briefcase he was still holding pressed against his chest.

.

Past the far end of the field, down the end of the lane, there was a posh-looking house with a glass conservatory and a couple of ornate flower arrangements that James had cycled past on a number of occasions when exploring the area during the hotter of the summer holidays. It was the nearest house in this direction, and though James didn't know who the owners were, he fancied his chances getting caught as a burglar much better than trying to evade the people who had attacked his parents on foot for the rest of the night. Panting, he slowed down and dragged his feet over the gravelly tarmac to the church-like wooden front door.

He struck the knocker a couple of times but wasn't sure how far sound would carry in the air of the still country night, which limited the enthusiasm with which he did it. No answer. His mind already made up some moments ago, James went around the side of the house to the conservatory and picked up a decent-sized rock from one of the flowerbeds, striking it timidly against the glass panel nearest the doorhandle and dropping it- He had seen housebreakers slice their wrists open breaking windows before on daytime television and didn't wish to hurt himself stupidly after taking such pains to preserve his safety. James reached through and unlocked the

door from the other side, letting himself into the conservatory. He tried the door into the house- Also locked, and this one was much heftier than the outer door with no easy way of breaking through it. He was stuck. Now the what-ifs and maybes started flooding in. Why hadn't he brought his phone with him to ring the police? Why didn't he at least try to glance behind him in the garden so that he had some idea of how much trouble his parents were in? Was this a total overreaction his parents would tell him off for if he crept back to the house with his tail between his legs? He sat down on a wicker bench with thin, uncomfortable cushions that had floral designs printed upon their faux-fabric plasticised surfaces. His legs ached. The moon was out, but the absence of streetlights in the area had still made his trek across the field a struggle, and the loneliness of his present situation chilled James to the bone. There was nothing he could do but wait.

For what felt like the next hour or two, James tried to go to sleep on the bench, but his paranoia at being found by whoever it was who was after his dad's briefcase kept him wide awake. There were no police sirens in the distance; if his parents had successfully fought their attackers off, they were keeping quiet about it. That meant one of two things: Either they had sorted out their differences peacefully, or they had been silenced. Hurt, or worse. A renewed rush of guilt for leaving them behind pervaded every inch of James's body.

James watched his shirt tremble under the dim moonlight, his heart beating insistently like a metronome of hate. He tried to remind himself he was doing the best he could in this situation, something no 17-year-old could reasonably be expected to put up with. He had to be strong for Amy, if not for his parents. After all, Amy was probably one of the first people he was going to need to inform of all this when he had the chance, along with Kris Warner and maybe Oliver. That was a good point- When he got the chance to ring somebody, who should he ring? His dad had said 'trust nobody'. Did that include the police?

There was a rumbling sound in the distance, a rumbling that kept going once it started. At first James thought it was an engine and was gripped by the fear of it being the intruders' car again, but it soon became apparent it was more fluid and organic a sound than an engine noise as it went on. Cautiously, James got up and crept outside, away from the conservatory, leaving the briefcase inside with the door left open in case he needed to retrieve the case with minimal impedance. Like prey scurrying low to avoid being swooped at by owls and hawks, James trod in a semi-crouched gait back across the width of the lane to investigate the source of the noise, his heart sinking as a moody glow emanated from behind the patchy hedgerow bordering the field he had escaped across. He peered around one of the poorly coppiced hawthorns, butchered by the council to aid the lorries passing through the area from the Port of Felixstowe because the lane was marked as a main road on Google Maps. Whoever had intruded on the Bryers that night had clearly given up searching the place and had hopefully assumed that the briefcase was still inside

somewhere, but his home, his history, had gone up in flames, and James had the dreadful feeling his parents had gone up with it.

Kris Warner was woken up by his mum coming into his room unannounced. “Wakey wakey, phone for you, Kris- I don’t know why I buy you pyjamas, you haven’t worn the ones grandma got you last Christmas since she gave them to you.”

“What?” Kris groaned drearily. He kicked the duvet weakly in an attempt to untangle his bare legs from it.

“I swear, if you get jizz on those sheets again, you’re washing them yourself. Act like a human being and wear some underwear for once, why don’t you? This isn’t *Animal Farm*.”

“Mum!” Kris gestured towards the phone in her hand.

“Don’t worry, it’s only James.” Kris still looked mortified. “I’ve got my finger on the microphone!” She said, mimicking his whining tone, and threw the landline handset on his bed before leaving.

“Hey, it’s Kris. What time is it?”

“Kris, it’s Amy here. Can you get to the school this morning?”

“Amy? Mum said it was James calling. It’s Saturday today, why would I be at school?” Amy Johnson was James’s best friend and obvious crush. It made sense they’d hang out together on a Saturday, but not that they’d go to school.

“He’s here. All sorts of bad things have happened to him, Kris. Can you just get dressed and come over here as soon as possible?”

“Why? What sort of things?”

“His house has been broken into. And burnt down. On purpose.”

“What the fuck?” Kris sat up. “Jesus christ, is he hurt?”

“He’s not injured but he’s really badly shaken. He went to a neighbour’s house and called us from there when the owner woke up. Sedna and Dylan are already here with us. We think James’s dad gave him some important documents- We want to show to Mr. Collins to see what he says.”

“Is that why you’re at the school, then?” Kris got out of bed, looking around for the least dirty of his underwear. “I’m not sure who will be in there on a weekend day.”

“I know Mr. Collins will be there, he always goes in on a Saturday to check everything’s ready for the next week.”

“That makes sense I guess. Are you there already?”

“We’re on our way now.”

“Okay, I’ll meet you there.”

Kris arrived at the car park outside the school’s Sixth Form college about forty minutes later, having walked there on account of living much closer than Amy or James did. Amy, James and Sedna were engrossed in conversation together.

“Heya, Kris.” Dylan greeted him. Kris spat out a gobful of phlegm in the rose bushes

beside the bicycle shed and waved to Dylan.

“Urgh. Hey. Sorry.” He cleared his throat.

“Are you seriously getting high at 10 in the morning?” Amy broke off her conversation to reprimand him. “It’s bad enough you smoke that stuff at all when you’re supposed to be in the middle of your studies, let alone this early in the morning.”

“Wake and bake, baby.” Kris croaked, bleary-eyed, and cleared his throat again. “Hey, James, man, I’m really sorry to hear what’s happened. Do you fancy a spliff? It might take your mind off stuff.” James had always been one of the more sensitive kids, but he looked more pained this morning than Kris had ever seen him before.

“Not right now, Kris. Thanks. I probably will later.”

“What’s this all about, then?” Kris asked.

Oliver Baygents, one of the biggest toffs in their year group but who had grown up with James since they were in nursery together and who lived close by to the Bryers, had claimed over the phone to have heard on the local radio station’s morning news bulletin that police had cordoned off the area around James’s house in relation to ‘a number of deaths’ that were being treated as suspicious, leading to a split within the group as to whether to turn James’s dad’s briefcase over to the police or whether to show the contents to other people first.

Dylan White, one of the only black kids in their school, had been arguing against taking the briefcase to the police before Kris arrived, saying that they should not automatically trust the police just because they were said on the news to be investigating the incident; this was something that Sedna agreed with, having grown up in London and seen the Met use dirty tactics against protestors to secure a particular narrative first-hand. Amy and Oliver, meanwhile, saw whatever the briefcase contained as evidence that needed to be turned over to the authorities at the earliest opportunity. Oliver was concerned that they could get in trouble for withholding evidence. The compromise they had come to so far was to show their Assistant Headteacher Mr. Collins the briefcase and get his opinion, rather than the police’s, on the contents of the papers – if that was indeed what the case contained; nobody had actually opened it to check yet – but now the question was what they should do *after* showing Mr. Collins.

Amy seemed confident that the Assistant Headteacher’s response would be the same as her position- That in order to aid to the police’s investigation, they should hand the case and whatever it contained in to them as soon as possible. Oliver thought it was a mistake even to bother with the school first and was taking his sweet time to join them, saying on the phone that the only reason he was coming at all was for James’s sake. Kris, now having entered the picture, suggested to the rest of them that the Suffolk Constabulary’s overuse of stop-and-search for low-level drugs possessions meant they were probably not best placed to judge anything that subverted the establishment, and that judging by the details of what James’s dad had said, it

seemed likely they were dealing with some sort of financial conspiracy, involving the energy and / or the planning departments of the Tory-run county council.

Dylan, Sedna, and Kris were all firmly against getting the police involved at this stage, while Amy and Oliver were all for it, but James himself was still on the fence and it was generally agreed except by Oliver that James's opinion should count for more than the rest of them in determining such matters, given his being a locus of importance in the situation, so in the end it was decided that a cross-party negotiating team in the form of Amy and Kris be sent in to meet Mr. Collins together, if he was even in the building. And now, there was nothing James could do again but wait. At least this time he wasn't alone.

"I think it's a health and safety fiddle." Sedna said, her arms crossed. "Got to be. We're talking about nuclear safety here. Your dad works at a nuclear power station, what else could it be about?"

"I don't know." James admitted. He just felt it better to keep an open mind at this stage. At least that afforded him some slim hope of his parents still being alive.

"Maybe it's money, like Kris said." Dylan suggested. "Most times people kill or steal, there's usually money involved. That's the way society works. Not saying anything's happened to your parents." He reassured James. "But money is a big motivator when it comes to crime. Maybe he found out about a fraud or something."

An Audi rolled up into the car park with a deceptive quietness for a car that wasn't an electric, and Oliver Baygents got out, wearing a prim suit-shirt and trousers. He walked over to the trio and extended his hand to James.

"I'm here to offer my commiserations." He explained. "Nothing more. Sorry for your loss." James bowed his head towards his chest to hide his welling tears.

"We don't know what's happened yet!" Sedna reminded Oliver.

"They made it pretty clear on the news." Oliver enunciated in the way he only addressed non-white students at the school, like he was spelling the words out to them even though both parties were speaking English. "Where's Amy?"

"She's gone inside to see Collins with Kris." Dylan explained. "They've only been in there five minutes, max."

"Have you opened the briefcase yet?"

Suddenly, there was a loud pop or a bang from behind them, like a very-deep-pitched steel drum, and Sedna screamed. Oliver turned around to see what had happened and was stunned by the sight of a body lying with its face towards the ground, away from them. It was Amy. There was a massive dent in the Audi's bonnet and blood where she had bounced off. Dylan rushed over to her.

“She’s dead!” He called out in an unchained cadence. James was speechless. He looked up, his eyes catching a sign of movement, and he saw something – no, someone – stood up on the roof of the college building, peering over at them. It was too far away to see who it was except that they were wearing something brown and may have been bald. It could have been-

“That looked like Mr. Collins.” Oliver said flatly, like he couldn’t believe the words he was saying. “Did you see that, on the roof?” Dylan walked around the body, looking behind him to try and catch a glimpse of the figure but whoever it was had already moved away from the edge.

“I saw it too.” James had regained the power of speech finally. “Amy...” He started over towards her.

“Don’t, man, don’t come any closer.” Dylan said, holding him by the shoulders. “It’s for your own good. There’s nothing you can do; there’s nothing any of us can do.”

“Amy!” James cried. He had known her for six years now, a third of his lifetime. It was impossible to comprehend that she could be gone, right in front of them, forever. Not this soon. He had dealt with the deaths of older relatives before and knew that loss was something he would have to deal with in his life, but not this soon. She was going to study to become a surgeon or a GP.

“G-Guys!” Sedna yelled, pointing upwards. Dylan traced her line of sight and guessed she was looking at maybe the second or third row of windows up. The knitted baubles and conifers of Kris’s shaggy Christmas jumper were dimly visible through the tinted glass; he shunted open the second-floor window and looked out at them.

“Collins has gone nuts!” He shouted to Dylan, swinging one leg out of the window. “Get everyone away from here-” He spotted Amy lying dead on the ground below him and had second thoughts about trying to escape via the window. “Somebody get below me!” Sedna ran towards the building, arms in front of her; Kris dangled the briefcase out of the window and, after deliberating for a moment on the safety of dropping a hefty, if slimline, case onto a 5’1” teenage girl from two floors up, grit his teeth and let go. Sedna caught it and staggered back towards the boys; Kris disappeared from the window again and ran for the stairs. Animal curiosity was wearing off and the true horror of what they had just witnessed itched like an imp in the corner of James’s mind.

“Dylan, start the car!” Sedna yelled. Dylan had also, like James and Oliver, been rooted to the spot. Now he began running in the direction of his Renault Clio, and Sedna passed the other boys without hesitating, and even in his discombobulated state James felt a welling-up of admiration towards her for having so readily taken up the baton set down by his dad. He was breathing fast. He broke from his rigid position and started towards the car himself, feeling obliged to keep the briefcase under his supervision.

Simultaneously, Oliver headed back to his own car, shielding Amy's body from his eyes with a trembling hand. A thump at the door of the college building compelled Oliver to drop his guard, and he saw Kris pressed up against the door, trying to fight Mr. Collins off.

Even as Dylan and Sedna were putting on their seatbelts, James ran back towards the building.

"Kris!" There was something particularly perverse about seeing someone who was supposed to nurture their independence attack one of them. Mr. Collins had always been more of a bureaucrat than a teacher to them, stern and humourless, but his sudden turn to violence was inexplicable. Staring James deep in the eyes, Kris shook his head furiously, tongue out as Mr. Collins's hands pressed on his throat. His own slender fingers swung at the Assistant Headteacher's face, searching for his eyes. James looked around for something to pick up, anything that could be used as a weapon in the absence of physical talent.

Dylan's car revved behind them. James glanced over his shoulder to see the back of the Clio receding around the corner out of the car park. "Why are they leaving?!" James shouted to Oliver. "They can't leave us here!" Oliver, wide-eyed, was already buckling in in his Audi. "We can't leave him!" James said, screaming himself hoarse. At this, Mr. Collins looked up, joining Kris in making eye contact with James, and perhaps the most frightening thing of all was that it was still Mr. Collins who looked James in the eyes. Until this point, James had been spending the last few moments hoping that Mr. Collins had been mentally incapacitated, drugged, brainwashed somehow, anything that would explain the murder of his first high school crush in front of him to be an aberration of will closer to an earthquake than a terrorist attack. Now he saw that whoever they were up against, Mr. Collins had chosen that side, and enthusiastically so. If he had been coerced he would have been reticent; there was a religious fervour in his expression. James had thought his teeth had been gritted; now he saw the man wore a manic grin, exaggerated by his baldness that left no visual distraction away from the ugliness of this.

"James, get the fuck in! I'll fucking drive off without you, I swear!" Oliver barked, shaking with urgency. Seeing Kris gradually losing consciousness, James ducked in. There was nothing he could do.

Oliver continued to shout at James as he reversed clumsily out of the car park.

"Shut the door before it gets scratched." James was silent, glaring at his hands. Hands that had been useless against the threat so far. Hands that had failed to defend two of his closest friends. He was angry at himself. He was angry at Dylan for speeding away so soon without even trying and taking the case his dad had entrusted to *him*, not Dylan, with him. He was angry and bitterly, bitterly confused.

"James, shut the fucking door."

"Fuck your door." James muttered, clinging for any possible power over his situation. They reached the end of the approach to the school. Oliver shifted into neutral and let the car idle. James was roused from his involved state. "Why'd you stop?"

“Shut the door of my fucking car, before I throw you out.” Oliver warned him.

“What the hell are you arguing with me for?” James shouted at him.

“It’s my car, isn’t it? Have some bloody respect.”

“We just saw two people die!”

“Then shut the door and let’s get out of here. Don’t be a pain in the fucking arse.” James relented and closed the door of the Audi. “Right. Now we’re getting somewhere.” He took the car out of neutral and turned onto the main road.

.

Sedna texted Oliver to drive to her house to discuss what to do next, and to take the battery out of his phone after reading her message in case whoever was responsible for this could track them through their smartphones. Oliver had first attempted to drop James off by the side of the dual carriageway and convince him to leave him out of whatever happened next, wanting to stay out of trouble, but gave up upon realising that Sedna’s text had immediately implicated him as being present during Mr. Collins’s rampage, and that the Assistant Headteacher would probably tell whoever he was working for that he was among the others who had escaped. They were well-enough acquainted, after all- Oliver had been Head of Year on the School Council for two consecutive years and had been personally told by Mr. Collins on several occasions what an indispensable clarinettist he was to the sinfonia. His own prestige had ensnared him; he had no doubt that if he had been one of the unwashed masses, whiter than White, less temperamental than Bryer, then he could have quite easily slipped away and have depended upon his name slipping Mr. Collins’s recollection. Tall poppies and so on. So, to Sedna’s it is, he thought. Now they would have no choice but to hand the papers over to the police.

.

“I know a guy who works for the Morning Star.” Sedna Bouyboud’s 30-year-old older brother said, rolling a joint on the coffee table. “You can trust him, whatever it is. We’ve leaked dodgy MPs’ expenses before, links between the arms trade and private outsourcing by County Council, you name it. We’ll go to the national press if it’s necessary. It’s not like you have a lot to lose at this point, is it?”

“It’s exactly that... that makes it so I have a lot to lose.” James reiterated through pouring tears, leaning over the briefcase as he sat on the sofa in the Bouybouds’ living room. Sedna’s parents were both at work, but Fadil had recently returned from a stint with the YPG and was spending most days at his family’s home at the moment to re-adjust.

“I’ve seen people get shot before. I’ve had friends get injured. I also know it may not make you feel any better at the moment, but believe me when I say I understand how you feel right now.”

“It doesn’t. It doesn’t make me feel any better.” He had been in love with Amy since he had been 12 years old and now he wouldn’t ever see her again. He had always been prepared for

his feelings to remain unrequited, because just the promise of her being in the world elsewhere was enough. Now, nothing. No consolation could make up for the horrific loss sustained in the last 12 hours.

“At the very least, you need to keep moving. You all do.” Fadil explained, looking around the room at the rest of the kids. “It’s much harder to hit a moving target. It’s a lot harder to track multiple targets at the same time, too.”

“He’s right, James.” Sedna said. “Please at least let us make copies. It’s what your father would have wanted.”

“You don’t know what my dad wanted! You don’t know anything about him! Stop talking about him like he’s dead!” His dad had expressly told him not to read the documents he had been given if possible. He wasn’t about to go back on such a promise, even a silent one. Especially if it was the last one James could make to him. He had already made his position on this clear.

“I can copy the documents without you having to read them, if that’s what’s so important.” Fadil said. “Otherwise, what do you think we should do?”

“Go to the police.” Oliver interjected, sitting peevisly in the corner with his arms crossed. “What do you guys have against them?”

“No police, no MPs, nobody from the council.” Fadil said. “If this is politically sensitive material, keep it grassroots. That’s the only way to avoid corruption.”

“We don’t even know that it *is* political.” Oliver contested. “This could be a corporate thing for all we know. Maybe we should stay out of it as much as we can and give the documents back to them.”; Dylan groaned at this.

“Two people are dead, Olly. What makes you think they’re going to treat us nicely if we just hand it over and tell them we’re sorry? Huh?”

“I’m just saying I don’t think we’re going to get very far against professionals.”

“Not without the help of other professionals.” Fadil said, picking up his joint and studying it. James lifted his head.

“Could you smoke that somewhere else? The smell of weed is really reminding me of Kris at the moment.” Fadil paused as if he was about to ask who Kris was, then figured out the gist of the issue unguided.

“Sure.” He stretched his legs. “Actually, let me get you that guy’s address before I step out. Just in case anyone comes showing their face here anytime soon.” He headed to the family’s study and closed the door.

“We’ll get whoever did this, James.” Sedna reassured him. “Don’t worry. We’ll expose them to the whole fucking world. They won’t get away with it.” Oliver, looking at his watch, strode over to the coffee table and picked up the remote, switching the TV on.

“It’s coming up to 12, they’ll be updating the news bulletins. Might be something on. Where’s the bathroom?” He asked Sedna.

“Down the corridor, second on the right.”

“Thank you.”

Oliver looked in disdain at the traces of mould around the grommets of the Bouybouds’ shower curtain while he relieved himself. How could anyone live like this? It wouldn’t take much to scrub that off, he thought. Only a bit of white vinegar. Do they cook with vinegar? He zipped up his flies and took out his phone. *I’m at the Syrian girl’s house*, he texted her. It was only fair he let his mum know what was happening. *Not sure where we’re heading next*. He knew the police kept text messages because that was how his dad had nearly lost his licence. But WhatsApp was probably secure enough for the short-term, right? They’d have to know where to look to be able to zero in on his particular messages. Maybe he was a taller poppy than James Bryer but that didn’t mean he stood out on a national scale. There was a comfort in mediocrity, he thought, as he watched the messages go from ‘Delivered’ to ‘Read’.

*thank you xxx what on earth have you gotten yourself mixed up in xxx
watching it on the news right now, wind your neck in and stay put b4 you get yourself in more
trouble*

Oliver raised his eyebrows and headed back out into the corridor, almost forgetting to put his phone back in his cardigan pocket. He heard no sound as he approached the living room, but as he entered he found the others still watching the TV, only now on mute. The narration had been too much for James to handle on top of everything else. Fair enough.

FIVE DEAD IN SUFFOLK ARSON INCIDENT – POLICE NAME JAMES BRYER, 17, AS PERSON OF INTEREST – TWO HOUSES DESTROYED...

...and on and on it scrolled, followed by a story about the son of a British diplomat disappearing in the Philippines. Sedna was still comforting Bryer; Dylan was looking jealous. Oliver sat back down in the armchair in the corner, more relaxed now. If the police caught up with them, he could always say he had been coerced into going along with them, that he’d felt threatened. As long as they travelled in the Audi, as long as he was the driver, he’d at least have a getaway handy if things really went to pot.

Fadil opened the study door and handed Sedna a piece of paper from a notepad.

“His name is Bernard Root; he lives in a block of flats near the Orwell in Ipswich. I’ve written down his number and address.” Sedna nodded.

“Yeah, I remember this guy. Isn’t he the one you said looks like that comedian from the 90s?”; Fadil laughed.

“Joe Pasquale, yeah. He’s a great guy. That’s just a back-up, though. It’d be best to stay away from anywhere as covered in filth and fascist surveillance as the middle of Ipswich if you can avoid it; I’ll email the stuff to him first, if James will let me. Then we’ll see who he thinks is best

placed to publish it.” James, who had been slouched over the briefcase again and rocking weirdly with his hands over his ears, sat up and pushed the case away from his lap, into Sedna’s waiting arms.

“Sure. Whatever. Just get rid of it. I just don’t want anyone else to get hurt.” Sedna set the briefcase down on the glass coffee table.

“Do you know what the code is to open it?”

“Uhh... 555, 555, I think. My dad never changed it after he got it so he wouldn’t have to remember.”

There was a dull click as the briefcase opened. James felt another pang in his chest at another breach.

“Well, that shouldn’t take long to copy.” Fadil said, removing a thin-looking dark brown manila folder from the briefcase. “I’ll make enough copies for each of you and then email it, yeah?” Sedna, Dylan, Oliver and James all signalled their agreement with varying degrees of effort. Fadil went back into the study and closed the door behind him.

A short time later, after Dylan had switched the channel to ITV3 as a means of distracting them, a monstrous noise ripped through the house, taking all of the occupants by surprise. As the reverberations subsided, Sedna was the first to realise it had come from the study. She made for the door but Dylan intercepted her, slipping in ahead and backing out just as quickly.

“Don’t go in there.” He said, shaken.

“Why? What’s happened?!” Sedna said, panicking. Dylan held her by the shoulders.

“James- Go in and see if he copied it, yeah?”

“Alright.” Sullenly, James got up from the sofa and went the other way around the coffee table while Oliver watched passively from his armchair.

“Don’t read what he read.” Dylan said.

“What’s he done? Dylan!” Sedna shouted, clawing at his chest with her nails. He drew her close, restraining her with his embrace.

“I’m sorry, Sedna.”

“What’s he done?!” She cried.

Fadil had shot himself, with a gun taken from a steel locker, stood on its end next to an old bookshelf. It was probably registered legitimately, the same sort of shotgun his dad had in the loft in case of burglars. This man who had been so full of life only minutes ago when he had spoken to them was now laid curled up on the floor with blood pouring from his mouth, his nose... his eyes...

James threw up in a corner of the room, prompting Dylan to come inside to check on him. Sedna could not be kept outside and stood crying over her brother’s body while Dylan silently gathered the copies Fadil had made of James’s documents from the photocopier tray, eyes squinted half-closed to avoid even an accidental glimpse of their contents. Looking through the

Bouybouds' stationery, he divided the papers equally in the assumption the copies had been printed consecutively and in full and fed them into identical bubble-wrap envelopes. Five copies. Now they only needed four, and counting. Dylan felt his heart drop at this thought.

Sedna sipped, in large doses, a brandy taken from the stack of alcohol they had found next to the fridge.

"I don't understand... He would never waste his life like this. He was devoted to his cause. He wanted to die a martyr, not in vain."

"Well, clearly whatever was in this was more persuasive than what he believed in." Oliver said, rapping his copy of the documents with his fingertips.

"No. They killed him. Somehow. They had to." She said. "I just refuse to believe it."

"Believe what you like, sweetheart, but there was nobody in that room but him." Oliver said.

"Let's go to the police now. Right?"

"No fucking cops." Sedna said. "I want to see this shit on every news program in the country before sunset. I will not let my brother's life and his death be in vain."

.

Very quickly and totally by accident, Oliver was becoming far more embroiled in this affair than he had planned to be. He had agreed to drive James into Ipswich to meet this Bernard guy on the condition he could go straight to the police station afterwards with his copy of the documents, but now, entering via the Copdock interchange, he was having second thoughts. He had been present at three deaths and had possible information on the incident at the Bryers' house, which made five more. If he went to the police now, who was to say they wouldn't hold him for holding back information relevant to an investigation, or whatever the charge was called? What would his mother say? What about harbouring a known criminal in the form of James Bryer, who was suspected of murdering his parents? Oliver hadn't witnessed the incident himself, after all. He broke out into a cold sweat as they passed the Currys PC World, turning onto Scrivener Drive towards Fadil's journalist friend's Maidenhall address. What if he had? What if James was responsible for what had happened to his parents? After all, they only had James's word to go on that he wasn't involved in all of this.

"Do... Do you think the police will be okay with me not having reported Amy and Kris and Sedna's brother's deaths straight away?" He stammered.

"I don't know." James admitted. "But it's got to be done sometime, hasn't it?"

"I should have rung them at her house."

"I'd imagine they'd be sympathetic." James said, reconsidering. "We are only kids after all, aren't we? We shouldn't have to be dealing with this." Oliver took his eyes off the road to look over at James briefly. No, he was innocent. He had to be. If he didn't have that, then what could he believe?

“I’m sorry about everything that’s happened, James.”

“Hopefully it’ll all be over soon.”

.

Bernard Root was scrubbing the remains of an Eggs Benedict off of a plate when he was startled by his intercom bell. He peeled off his pink marigolds and peered at the 480p screen next to the door to his flat.

“Who is it?” He asked.

“Are you Bernard Root?” A scruffy-looking teenager in a striped tracksuit and a chubbier one in a grey cardigan stood outside the entrance to the building looking befuddled with themselves. If it had been just the former, Root would have been wary of letting him in, but his friend looked unlike a juvenile delinquent enough for Root not to end the conversation there.

“What do you want?”

“Fadil sent us. We might have a story you’ll be interested in.” The chubbier one said, holding something yellowish up to the camera. An envelope.

“What sort of story? Sports? Political?”

“Political we think. I don’t know, it’s kind of hard to explain. Can you let my friend in, please?”

“What’re your names?”

“James Bryer.” The scruffy one said in a hoarse voice. The chubby one stayed quiet.

“Come on, then.” Bernard pressed the button to unlock the doors. “It’s open.” Even if he wasn’t sure of the kid himself, if Fadil Bouyboud was involved, that meant something about either Europe’s involvement in Syria or local government playing cups-and-balls with the public purse, and he wanted to be the first to know. The chubby one took out his mobile as his friend entered the block of flats.

James Bryer knocked on the door of the flat a couple of minutes later. Bernard had opened his laptop to give the impression he had already gotten back to work before James had come.

“Come in, come in.” Bernard said, showing James inside the inexpensively-furnished but spacious flat. The Orwell was a few blocks away, but visible over the council houses inbetween to an extent that quite satisfied the £895 p/m tag that came with the place. “You say Fadil sent you?”

“He’s Sedna’s brother. I’m friends with her.” He paused. “I mean, he *was* her brother...” Bernard frowned.

“What do you mean? He’s back home now, isn’t he?”

“He’s dead.” James said. Bernard glanced anxiously to and fro between the boy’s eyes and the envelope dangling loosely from his hand. He was wearing trainers several sizes too big for him and much older than his black tracksuit.

“Dead? What do you mean, dead? He didn’t go back to Rojava, did he?”

“I think you should have this.” The boy passed him the envelope. Bernard received it with caution.

“What’s in this?”

“We don’t know. But we think he killed himself after reading it.”

“James Bryer... You’re the kid from that news story, aren’t you? The one this morning, about the arson attack.”

“I didn’t kill my parents, sir.” Bernard stepped towards his desk and hit ‘Record’ on his Dictaphone.

“Tell me, James, what is this all about?”

Bernard Root listened intently as the boy related his story. It could all be garbage, of course, but that was a risk whenever you formed a story around a primary source. He would have to read these allegedly lethal documents himself, or get someone else to, and get them to run some fact-checks for him, but he was satisfied the boy Bryer was telling him more or less the truth as he himself viewed it.

“...and that’s when we came to see you.” He finished.

“So Fadil said he thought I should read these documents and publish them?” James nodded.

“And then, after doing so, he blew his own brains out? Just like that? No apparent reason other than what’s in this envelope?”

“Not that I can think of.”

“Well...” Bernard stretched backward, putting his feet up on the adjacent chair. “It’s a tricky one, if you’re trying to sell me what is essentially an unobservable hypothesis. Though even if I did read it myself, I don’t own a gun so there’s no way I could kill myself easily if I wanted to.” He smirked, then looked over to the French windows. “Except throw myself off the balcony like Gilles Deleuze, I suppose.”

“What will happen to me if you publish it?” James asked.

“You will need to turn yourself over to the police now you’ve been here so I don’t get landed in the shit, but I can get you legal aid. I’ll promise that much.” He sipped his tonic water. “Won’t shake on it, though. I’ve seen too many careers ended by self-confident arses shaking on promises they couldn’t deliver. The only things that are certain in this life are death and taxes, and for the rich at least one of those is negotiable. The political class lead very uncertain lives.” He ended the Dictaphone recording and stood up. “I suppose I’d better read the damn thing, then, before I send it to anyone. Just in case it’s reams of child pornography or something.”

James, who had picked up the envelope again, held it with vigour. “Well, hand it over, boy. I haven’t got all day.” James was apprehensive. Understandably, if everything he had just told him was true. “You’re not responsible for what happens to me, okay? I may not be a paramilitary fighter, but I’ve seen a lot of the world in my business. There’s not much that shocks me anymore.” He leaned over, establishing a hold on the other side of the envelope. “You can wait outside in the corridor if you’re scared of me.”

James yielded, hearing a softer note in the man's voice he had concealed before this. "I'll call you in if I don't go raving mad in the meantime." James nodded once and shuffled his tracksuit jacket back on. He left the flat without looking back.

James paced up and down the corridor. His copy of the documents was in Root's hands. If it had the same effect on him it had had on Fadil, what would he do next? If he had the documents he could try elsewhere, but if they had the same effect on everyone then surely it was hopeless? Maybe Oliver had been right, and they should have taken everything they knew to the authorities first thing in the morning, after Amy and Kris had been killed. Maybe they should try returning the documents to Mr. Collins, or whoever they belonged to. Would that be enough? It had to be. There had to be a way of reversing what had been done, some way to undo all the damage, some way to- In the distance James heard a bottle being smashed or something. Glass breaking. There was no sound from the flat; he opened the door gingerly.

"Is it..." Bernard was stood in front of his desk, holding his glasses tight against his face as he peered over the documents.

"Incendiary stuff, Mr. Bryer." He looked over to James. "Very bleak." The expression on his face was sour. "But not entirely surprising."

"What is it?" He inquired.

"Your father was justified in telling you to avoid reading this. I imagine he loved you very much." James felt another wave of grief suddenly wash over him, wet through. "Leave this to me. I reckon only the most hardline papers will publish this, but I'll get onto it right away." He sat the papers down on his desk and then sat himself in front of it.

"Is it... political?"

"It's much less trifling than that." He started clicking and typing away. "The legal aid thing can wait. Let me just send this first." James came back into the flat and sat down at the table where he had done before. "What do you study, James? Are you at university yet?"

"No- I... I study physics mainly, and electronics. That's what I'm hoping to do at university. I'm just doing my A-Levels at the minute."

"That's right, of course, they said you were only 17 years old. Is that right?" It occurred to James that all of this was probably going into Bernard Root's email. "What does your dad do for a living?"

"He does management at the new Sizewell... *did* management." James corrected himself. By now any hopes his parents were not among the dead back at the house were fast diminishing.

"Any friends?"

"They're all dead, mainly." James said, tearing up again. Bernard looked over to him.

"I'm really, very sorry, James." He said. "Nobody should have to deal with this sort of thing, especially not at your age. Do you drink? I don't." He turned back to his computer. "I reported on a double murder about a year and a half ago for the East Anglian Daily Press. Nasty one. Working man, mid-50s. Came home in the early hours of the morning from the local watering hole, no provocation, stabbed his wife and daughter straight in the back of the neck. Said he'd

heard from a Buddhist monk who was drinking there that the moment of expiration, the annihilation of identity and all thought, is not frightening, but a moment of sweet release from all worldly despairs. Like an orgasm for the mind- Stronger than heroin.” He paused to check over his email. “I had to interview this monk the next morning, before the police took him in for questioning. The man was absolutely twatted. I didn’t know Buddhists were allowed to drink. Apparently, being three sheets to the wind gives you a head-start on the path to *satori* of at least six months.” Bernard looked over to him. “Just a thought.”

He clicked a couple of times. “Hm.”

“What’s wrong?” James asked.

“Nothing.” He clicked a couple more times and waited. “Router must be on the blink, either that or they’re trying to stop me from sending this email.”

“Who are?” James stood up, frightened.

“Whoever attacked your parents.” Bernard said calmly. “Not to worry. I have a USB dongle. If they’re trying to block my wi-fi, they’ll have a much harder time interrupting the public data network.” He tried again. “Huh.” Prudently, he began putting the documents back in their envelope. They would have to try and circulate these in person, Bernard thought to himself. He was doing his best not to show it, but his own stress levels were slowly increasing. He had never tackled a story this big before.

The sound of slowly-marching feet resonated down the corridor outside the flat, and James clenched his fists in anticipation, heart pounding, as the doorhandle twisted downward all too keenly. Bernard turned around at the sound of the door squeaking open and saw the chubby kid from downstairs standing there, flanked on one side by a well-to-do middle-aged woman and on the other side by a police officer in black uniform and a bulky vest. The teenager had blood down the front of his shirt and cardigan and was a sickly pale compared to his previous appearance on the intercom.

“I told the police, James. You said I could after I did what you wanted, didn’t you?” Oliver said in a monotonous cadence. “If you can’t trust them, who *can* you trust?” James stammered but couldn’t force out cogent words. Oliver’s mother was holding a steak knife marbled with blood in her visible hand and James was quite sure that she had stabbed Oliver with it. Oliver walked towards James.

“What are you doing? Do you have a warrant?” Bernard addressed the policeman. “I know my rights. This is my property. If you don’t-” The policeman whipped his baton to the extended position and thwacked it against the arm Bernard quickly raised in defence, then again on the back of the man’s head as he turned around to get away; he let out a weary “Oh!” as he fell. Oliver gripped James by the front of his jacket and pushed him backwards with immense force; James stumbled. He saw Mr. Root getting onto his hands and knees and trying to crawl away before being coshed on the back of the head again by the policeman. As Oliver relentlessly

pushed onward, James saw Oliver's equally silent mother watching, keeping guard at the door with her knife. He saw the open tears in Oliver's cardigan and the skin over the stab wounds in his shoulder move as he shuffled forwards, forcing James up against the French windows. James picked up the envelope containing the documents from the desk, next to him, and held them up for Oliver's mother to see.

“Is this what you want?! Take it! Please!” There was no reply. James saw Oliver raise his fist, paying no mind to what surely had to be agonising injuries to that side of his body, and blood dripping down more profusely from his cardigan; James tried to duck out of the way but Oliver wasn't aiming for him anyway; his fist crunched against the glass and it cracked, along with bone; James felt the glass give way behind him as Oliver withdrew his fist covered in nicks and spots of blood. He saw the utterly cool expression on Oliver's face, and the dreadful emptiness it contained. He saw the sleet-like coating of glass sprinkled across the balcony, mid-afternoon traffic faintly moaning beneath the wind as the small of his back was pressed up against the steel railing and Oliver pushed harder still, leaning well past the centre of gravity keeping them both what would be considered upright; as they fell, James saw the future vanish in front of his eyes.

.

Sedna channelled her fury into concentration as the Clio sped onwards towards the coast. They had tried Dylan's uncle's house only to find it ransacked with furniture and possessions strewn outside, and had decided not to enter. Then they had stopped at a petrol station, only to be set upon by the bloody police, and Dylan had twisted his ankle rushing back to the car. They had seen on the television behind the cashier's desk that their names were being implicated in the incident involving James Bryer, and that armed counter-terrorism police were now being involved. Sedna had seen enough of *The Day Of The Triffids* and *28 Days Later* and similar films to know that the coast was now their best bet. Even if someone could pick them off from a boat with access to the right weapons, they'd have to find them first.

That is, if they could escape the cars following them. At first it had been the two civilian cars and police car that had been parked outside the petrol station when she and Dylan had been forced to flee; now there were three more police cars, and every car they passed on the B1083 appeared to join their tail in a deadly game of snake heading in only one direction, towards the brick wall of Shingle Street. And having been interrupted at the petrol station, they were running low on fuel. Dangerously low. Sedna hadn't passed her driving test yet, either, and had no idea how fuel economy worked. All she knew was she had to floor it- For her brother, for James's family, for Dylan. He felt emasculated lying in the back unable to help her, she knew; she had tried to reassure him a while back when there were still less than a dozen cars following them and he had snapped back indignantly at her that he didn't need her simpering commentary, but she knew

from the fear in his eyes that really, he needed all the courage in the world transfigured to him right now, but he didn't want her to see it.

The car was running on gas; they needed to pull over, and soon. Up ahead the grassy berm marking the end of the green marshes to their left was visible, the quality of the road degrading the closer they drew to the edge of the known world. In the rear-view mirror, Sedna saw Dylan raising his head in similar recognition, that they were almost there. And then the engine gave out.

Sedna, being an inexperienced driver, slammed on the brakes in a panic, sending Dylan flying into the rear footwell. The Clio veered towards the fields and narrowly skimmed past one of many thick tufts of shrubs growing along the side of the lane before leaving the road. The car bucked up and down vigorously as it rode over the untamed marshland, coming to a stop some few minutes' walk from the berm. Dylan crawled out of the footwell and into the front of the car to find Sedna slumped breathless in her seat.

"Are you alright?" He asked her firmly. She shook her head.

"Steering column." She gestured in front of her. "Hit me right in the chest."

"Can you get up?" She tried; her arms pressed limply against the seat. Dylan dug his arms under Sedna and tried shifting her; she was heavier than he'd imagined.

"Don't bother." She wheezed. "Get the hell out of here before they catch up." Dylan looked out the back window; headlights on, the convoy of vehicles shadowing them now rumbled over the marsh towards them, headlights ablaze like the eyes of hungry ghosts. They had little time.

"I can't just leave you here, Sedna."

"If you don't, you'll die. And then it'll all be for nothing." She gripped her chest.

"Are you in pain?" She nodded. Dylan gently put his hand over hers. She moved her hand, carrying his, towards the glovebox. He opened it; both their copies of the documents lay within, lit up golden like a shrine to all that was terrible and cruel in the world. He felt her anger and her desperation. He couldn't bring himself to look her in the eyes as he retrieved his copy and opened the front passenger door. "I... love you." He said as he stepped out. "Always did."

A gunshot rung out like whip-crack in the air, followed by another. Some of the cars had stopped and their occupants were running on foot towards them, armed counter-terrorist police included. Some of the others, 4x4s and trucks, were continuing to scramble over the marsh implacably. Dylan started running as fast as he could on his hurt ankle, a skip-like, limping jog. He glanced over his shoulder once more, hearing insistent revving, and saw that one of the 4x4s had apparently become stuck in the marsh under its own weight, but after that kept his attention resolutely on the berm, and not on the pain in his ankle either. He had one goal only right now: to get to the water. The open sea was his last resort. He didn't know what his chances were going out there alone, even if he could find a rowing boat on the shore or something, but given his lack of options left he had little choice but to try.

Dylan heard another gunshot as he neared the berm and prayed that it was meant for him and not aimed at Sedna, but at this point he had little confidence there was much he was praying to. On their way to his uncle's house, Dylan had been talking to Sedna about their respective faiths and had revealed that despite a strongly Christian upbringing, he himself was an atheist. Sedna, who was a mostly practicing Muslim, had been disturbed by his admission.

"So you don't believe in an afterlife, then? We just dissolve when we die?"

"Pretty much, yeah."

"Doesn't that frighten you? I mean, if that's the case then what's all this for? All the suffering in the world? My brother? Kris, Amy Johnson, James's family?"

"I try not to think about it."

"It must be a very cold world that you live in, Dylan White."

"There's very few places in the universe that aren't cold, I think."

"But we're on Earth. We're not out there. So we should do the best we can with what we're given by Allah."

"I know that. I know that."

Dylan damned his immature detachment as he scrambled up the berm. It was very easy to talk about a godless world when you're not facing imminent mortal danger yourself, but now, with his heart racing and his blood pumping and agony zipping through his bones he felt more startlingly alive than he ever had done in his life. Snarling, he drew forwards over the berm, collapsing onto the shingle and hauling himself forwards as his ankle pulsed in scorching hot pain. He pulled himself to his feet again and dragged his injured leg the rest of the way, clothes sticking to his skin. He looked out over the uncaring dirty-coloured expanse of the North Sea and thought of all the things that could have been before this day had so cruelly snatched his dreams and those of his friends away from them. The choppy surface, dull under a blanket of thick cloud, gave the illusion of life, but it was a shoddy one, a scene from inbetween the tableaux that serve as the basis of grand paintings based on romantic notions of the maritime.

Dylan looked to either side of him, up and down the length of Shingle Street. No rowing boats. No help. But he was not alone. Dylan now turned around to face his adversaries, and they were numerous, various figures drawing closer from across the marshland towards the berm. He towed himself backwards through the shingle, heels sensing the declines and inclines that led towards the waterline. As he descended the final undulation of the shingle, a line of nondescript faces appeared over the berm in unison as the legion made the final push to secure the territory they had laid claim to.

"What do you want?!" Dylan shouted at them. "What do you want from me?!" He was treading on wet sand now, and the line of faces momentarily disappeared as his altitude became so low as to hide the berm from view. They soon reappeared, walking together in an unbreachable barrier

between him and the land. The surf washed over his shoes, toes and soles rendered numb by the ice-cold water. “Do you want this?!” He yelled, holding up the envelope containing his copy of James’s documents. Onwards they marched, ruthless in their fundament. He considered throwing the envelope into the water behind him and shouting ‘Then you can swim for it!’ in an act of protest, but something told him they had little interest in taking re-possession of the documents; he feared his friends had made a grave mistake in assuming that that was what their adversaries were after. As the human wall drew closer, Dylan saw that the line extended down both ends of the beach as far as the eye could see. Terrified, Dylan strode backwards into the water, nearly losing his balance as the frosty waves crashed over his back, soaking him through, gasping for breath.

Then, when he had retreated so far he was almost up to his waist in the grimy froth and the brine that stretched on for eternity behind him, the people stopped. Standing at the waterline, they looked on at Dylan in total silence, pale-skinned men and women in clothes drained of colour and sour expressions, eyes like black holes and lips like rotten fruit. Dylan felt nothing but despair and was left empty of passion, devoid of ideas. There was only one thing he could think of left he could do. Without a moment’s hesitation, he tore open the front of the envelope and discarded it into the water; left holding only the documents themselves, he set his eyes upon them, and found himself bewildered. On each of the pages was the following:

```
01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011
01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100
01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001
01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100
01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100
01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100
01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101
01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100
01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001
01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011
01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101
01101110 01101000 01101101 01101001 01110010 01101100 01101001 01110100 01101000 01000101 01101110 01100100 01100101
01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 01101001 01110101 01101001 01101000 01100101 01110011 01110011
01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000
01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000
01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010
01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001
01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000
01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000
01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100
01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010
01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101
01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110
01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000
01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011
00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100
00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101
01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101
01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111
00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100
00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101
01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000
```

01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111
01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101
01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010
00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011
01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110
01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01101000 01010000
01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000
01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111
01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110
01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101
01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01100101
01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101
01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001
01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110110 01101110
01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100
01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100
01110111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101
01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100
01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001
01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011
01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101
01101110 01010000 01100101 01101101 01101001 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010010
01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000
01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000
01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010
01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101101 01101001
01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010 01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000
01010100 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01000001 01101110 01100100 00100000
01000101 01101100 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01010000 01100101 01110010 01101100 01101101 01110101 01110100
01110100 01100101 01110010 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01101001 01101101 01101001 01100100 01110100 00100000 01010010
01101001 01100101 01110011 01110011 00100000 01010100 01110111 01101111 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01101111
00100000 01010100 01101000 01101111 01110011 00100000

And so on.

Hood Anime

Panel 1

Inuyasha watches TV with a big ass bottle of brew in his hand. The TV has music coming from it. He looks relaxed. There are xanax bottles littered about the place.

TV Voice:

Yeah yeah gang gang bitch gang zoot gang

Panel 2

Vegeta slams open the door. Inuyasha jumps a few feet off the couch, surprised as fuck.

Inuyasha:

What the fuck is you bustin, boy?

Panel 3

Close up on Vegeta, enraged.

Vegeta:

That punk ass bitch Niggarrot finna get dabbled on if he swallows tha roach one more muthafuckin time! Y'all know that shit muthafucka!

Panel 4

Inuyasha sits his ass back up, also pissed off.

Inuyasha:

Ah sheet you too, nigga? Funky ass Goku be swallowin all the good bud fo real! Nigga needs an intervention or something.

Panel 5

Vegeta reaches into his pocket, pulling out his phone.

Vegeta:

Aight I got that fool's digits. Imma call his ass and tell that bitch ta get here.

Inuyasha:

Fuck yeah ring that clown! Nigga owes me some green!

Sasuke:

(from off panel)

shit you two niggas beefin wit Goku too?

Panel 6

Inuyasha close up.

Inuyasha:

Yo ass as well? Damn that shit mad whack.

Pane 7

Sasuke close up.

Sasuke:

Homie didn't loot ma chronic, none a that shit. Nah, that ruffneck ass, pistol grip head lookin, clown ass made fun of ma Nike's the otha day. Not gas, mayne.

Coping in the absolute state of /tit/

Tit is a board on reddit.com.

On tit pseudointellectual youtube watchers discuss philosophy. It is supposedly for readers but no one actually reads books, which is understandable as reading would be too much for our zoomer/millennial brains. Instead we watch youtube videos by people like that Quentin dude, Kuntrapoints or that truediltom guy that got banned or something? This creates a community of pseudo intellectual nerds that really should get over themselves and get a job instead of reading obscure tomes such as “The tennis book”.

Reading is just a way to cope with being a loser. “OH I READ BOOKS I'M SMART MY LIFE MATTERS!!!”. And that is ok. The world is weird and mysterious. I just want something to hold onto, something that gives my life the illusion of progress and purpose. Something that justifies it and makes me proud. We are all going to make it.

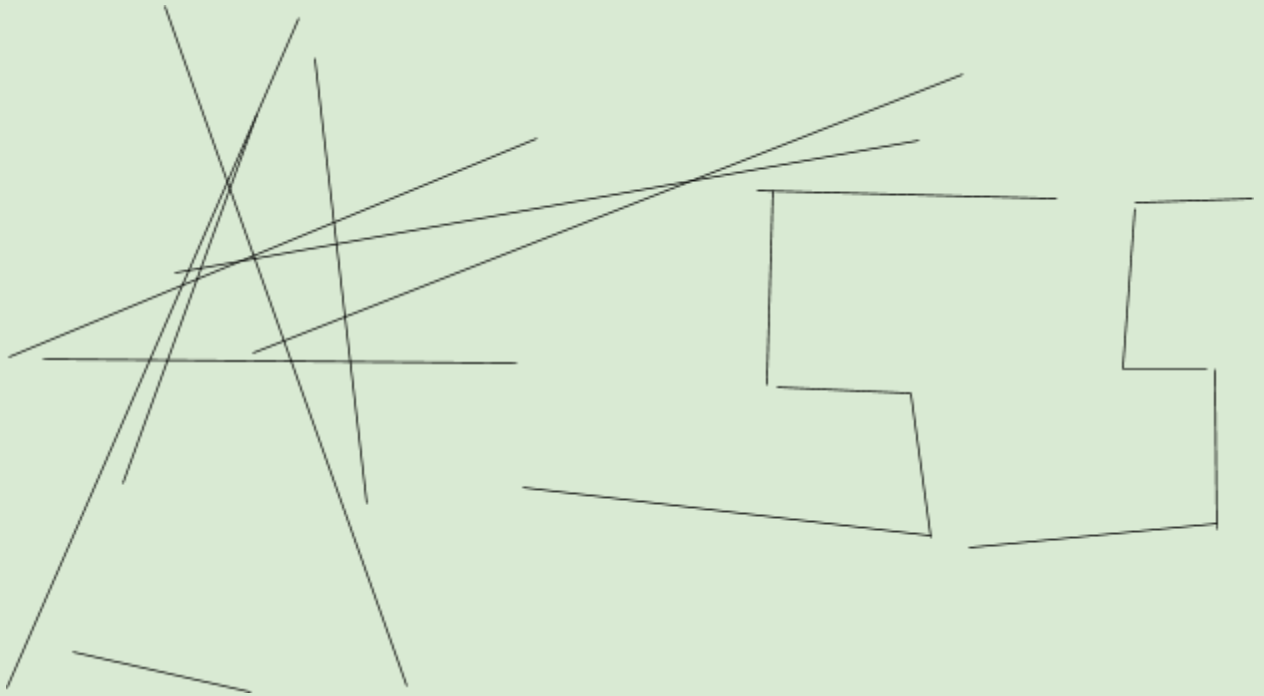


porky pig gives a high five!

TSA NO FLY LIST:

- DR COCKTOR D.D.S.
- BANE
- ME DESU
- RUPI "KACZYNSKI" KAUR
- THE GUY WHO KEEPS POSTING ABOUT GUENON (pbuh)
- THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS "BUTTERFLY"
- SAHMIR AL HAJJID
- QUENTIN "Q DOGGY DOG" TARANTINO
- ELLIOT RODGER (still at large)
- (YOU)
- ELLA RODGER HOLLYWOOD
- DJEMARKEOUS UTANIOUS BROWN AKA "THE BOX" AKA "THE NOGG MAN"
- THE AUTHORS OF "DAS RITE, DAS KAPITAL" AKA "NIGGA MARX" AKA "LIL KARL" AKA "KENDRICK LAMAR"
- THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS "BOXXY"
- CIARA FOSTER WALLACE HORAN
- Your mom
- niggers
- Keenan the pole
- Virtual terrorist known as '4Chan'
- MOVIEBOB
- ROMAN REIGNS
- WOJAK
- Pepe Frog
- POSTERS OF "BOOKS FOR THIS FEEL", "REFUTE THIS", "TFW NO GF", "CUM CUM CUM CUM CUM CUM", "JUST BOUGHT THIS WHAT AM I IN FOR?", "ANYONE ELSE SCHIZOTYPAL", "BOOKS FOR WHY I'M RIGHT", "LITERALLY ME", ".", "who hurt you sweaty?"
- All 6 gorillion of the "tribe"
- Kramer
- The infant of Kenosha
- Warick Davies
- Anyone that has read Julius evils "work"
- THE GIRL READING THIS;)
- OFFICER K "K" Kiss my ass
- penis inspection day girth officer #5
- 3D Women
- AYANAMI REI (RAPE ON SIGHT)
- ASUKA (STOP RAPING REI ON SIGHT, RESUME RAPING ASUKA)
- Faggot document police :)

- *PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY'RE BETTER BECAUSE THEY USE A NICER FONT*
- *Document vandals*



- emoticons
- Change it to all caps if you want I cba theres still official unofficial editing to go
- ¶⌘⌘* TYPOGRAPHISTS
- YOUR OVERWEIGHT MOTHER
- People who use times New Roman
- BRONZE AGE "BRAPPER" PERVERT
- SAPIOSEXUALS
- BLUECHECKS
- ADAM FRIEDLAND
- NOW WE GOT NOT JUST NIGGERS YOU SEE, BUT *KRAUT* NIGGERS
- CHAD AKA "GIGACHAD" AKA "MEGACHAD" AKA ME
- CCP PARTY MEMBERS
- NON-SMOKERS
- SILLY WALKERS
- MONTY PYTHON RECITERS
- ANYONE WHO'S FAPPED IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS
- QANON (ME)

Upon verifying you are none of the above please complete the following tasks:

- Describe this image in your best prose



- Red curves of cunny butt ready to wrap around your face, the scent of ambrosia swallowing your mind in a soft steady pressure latex heaven. A wise man one said plug suits are just big condoms. Asuka's pretty much a gal at the prime age of heat walking around legally naked ready to get fucked by any cocks desiring to take her. All she has to do is just bend over and present that charming tight red ass in your direction and it's go-time.
- DESCRIBE THIS ONE TOO



GEE ANON, HOW COME YOU'RE MOM LETS YOU HAVE TWO ASUKA'S!?!?!?!?

Kramer Ruins his Career

(or: the original Seinfeld finale)

A Story That Any Anon Can Write or Edit

“I-I’m gonna say it...” he announces, red-faced. He didn’t know how he kept finding himself in these situations, but was unable to resist the primal urge. “I’m gonna say...”

[Audience: “Oh no no no!” “Bruh.”]

Jerry walks in, holding a boombox blasting Hava Nagila [audience laughter.] “Kramer?” The realization dawned on him. [audience laughter.] “Oh no...” Kramer, turning his head from the opened apartment window, stares at Jerry with bulging eyes. It is hard to tell if his face is covered in tears or sweat, or both.

“IT’S A DIRTY NIGGER KIKE.”

[Audience gasps.]

[Screen shuts to black.]

Cut to Kramer having explosive diarrhea. “Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy,” [Audience laughter.] Red, soupy liquid has started to spray up from the toilet. “Uh, Jerry? The little boy’s room is out of TP.” [more laughter.] We cut to the main room, where Jerry has a girl over. He talks loudly to cover up the sound of Kramer’s violent movement.

“Did someone say something? Is someone else in the building?” says Jerry’s bombshell hottie.

“NO, WHY DON’T WE LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC? YOU EVER HEARD HAVA NAGILA?”

[laughter.] Jerry clicks on his boombox to ‘Hava Nagila.’

Kramer in the bathroom begins screaming “DIRTY KIKE” again, several times.

“What... what is that, Jerry? Is that the music?”

“Uh, yeah kind of an ‘ironic’ mix of it I made, you know what I mean?” [laughter.]

“Cut,” yelled the director. Jerry walked over to the craft services table and started shoving tiny sandwiches in his mouth. A young man approached, refilling the sandwiches as fast as they were being eaten.

“That was great, Jerry. Very funny stuff.”

“Did I say you could fucking talk to me?”

“Won’t happen again, sir,” he replied, but after a pause, “Say, where’s Michael? I never saw him walk away from the toilet set piece.”

“I don’t care,” spitting on the rest of the food as he talked. Michael Richards emerged from the set a few seconds later, bringing with him an odor that cleared most of the crowd that had gathered around the table. He was covered in shit, blood, and various other biological products, along with wet toilet paper.

“Goddamn Jewish producers rigged the fucking toilet against me Jerry. I’m getting sick and goddamn tired of this Jerry.”

“I thought you were a Jew yourself, Mr. Richards,” said the craft services kid.

“Who the fuck are you?”

“My name is David Foster Wallace, sir. And someday, I dream of getting out of this two-cent town and really becoming somebody. I dream of being a comedic actor.” Michael grinned.

“How about we put some makeup on you, put you in lifts, and you start to play Kramer instead of me? I’m done with this garbage. Most people don’t have hi-def TVs like I do; they won’t be able to tell the difference. I mean, even most rich people don’t have a TV as nice as mine. Can you fucking believe that?”

“No, sir. Thank you for the opportunity, Mr. Richards. I won’t let you down.”

“Don’t mention it. Of course you know this, but it’s still my contract. TVs can’t buy themselves. But think of all the experience you’ll get, kid. Millions of people will see your face every week. Isn’t that better than some stupid cash? Meanwhile, this will finally give me time to finish my novel. Actually, I’ve got the first few pages in my pocket here, if you want to hear me read it.”

“I’m actually a writer too. I’m working on a book called—”

“Here it is,” he exclaimed, clutching a handful of papers. “Okay, let me know what you think.”

“NOT GRAVITY’S RAINBOW: BY MICHAEL RICHARDS.

“A screaming doesn’t come across the sky. It hasn’t happened before, so there’s nothing to compare it to.

“It isn’t too late. The Evacuation doesn’t proceed, it’s not all theatre. There are lights inside the cars. Light everywhere. Uh, above him lift girders as old as an iron queen, and glass somewhere far above that wouldn’t let the darkness of night through. But it’s—”

“Mr. Richards, we need you back on set.”

“Send this kid out instead. He’s got potential.”

We cut to Jerry and Kramer eating in a diner. Kramer has clearly undergone some sort of grotesque metamorphosis; his skeleton has recessed, his facial bones shifted. He’s covered in garish, melting makeup. Jerry looks nauseous, although it’s more likely from the boxed wine he was guzzling on break. “So... uh, Jerry, I gotta ask you a favor.” says the poor approximation of Kramer, looking at the table. “I need your place to myself tonight.” Jerry recoils a bit, then vomits directly in the face of pseudo-Kramer. George walks in.

“What’s wrong, buddy? Did you try the fish?” [laughter.]

[10 years later]

“Do you know who i am?”

“Jewish guy, Brooklyn.”

“Yes. 75 million viewers. Last episode.”

“Don’t take it so bad.”

“Well it’s a big difference between being cancelled and being number one.”

“Okay, I’m sorry.”

“Jeez.”

[Larry King looks to the cameras]

“Bee Movie opens tomorrow...”

[Audience Laughter muffles the rest of the sentence, Seinfeld theme plays]

ENDS THIS MAN'S WHOLE CAREER

I got the dick pins and needles Jerry, they got a voodoo doll of my cock and balls I tells ya

Fuck Occultists

Michael was pretty sure that his wife was getting pissed on by that Injun fucking fuck.

As he drove down the roadway through the city outskirts, Michael entered that magical and dissociative neither here-nor-there state that always dawned on him during the blue hour when the sun had disappeared and everything attained an otherworldly hue. He looked at the fast food logos rimming the road, their wavy red and yellow standing bright against the blue, and wondered about the American soul, a soul perpetually engaged in a sort of culinary hajj: a pilgrimage from one restaurant to another: a procession from one ethnic cuisine to the next: an attempt to create an alimentary Eucharist wherein one achieves unity and communion with his fellow human beings through a ritualistic eating of sushi, tom-kha, curry, pasta, bortsch, even crickets: the recreation of mystical experiences via grease and fried minced meat.

But Michael was a simple minded man, not of a philosophical bend, so he returned back again to the question of his wife.

Why had he allowed her to visit that seminar featuring Seth, the best example of everything wrong with modern academia: a deracinated emasculated Injun youth, androgynous, with more estrogen than testosterone, who truly believed that he was a genius researcher while missing the point that he was mere statistics that fulfilled a certain ethnic quota. Horse faced, with puffy cheeks, nerd glasses, and a retarded moustache surrounding his lips and conjoined with a goatee that gave him a certain Faustian touch, with black shiny hair that looked as if they had been lathered by gutter oil and were long enough to be held in a neckbeard ponytail: a Lovecraftian creature between man and woman, lacking all the virtues of the sexes but featuring all of their vices.

How could his wife even look at him? Michael was sure the guy's penis made some clits look gigantic. Was it the goatee? The occult look?

But the problem weren't looks. The problem were Seth's theses.

Seth achieved notoriety with his PHD in literature studies, an in depth study of the homosexual and racial tensions within Stephen King's Dark Tower with the main idea being that the Dark Tower represents a giant and erect black cock that is being sucked out of potency by the evil technocratic white men like the Randall Flagg and the Crimson King. The thesis that made Michael's wife gush all over the carpet floor was that Roland's quest is subverted in the end when Roland, the quintessential white male, realizes at the top of the Dark Tower that black people, too, can come.

His second thesis in Social Sciences and Psychology was professionally named "The Qualitative Differences In Oral-genital Satisfaction Between Far-right And Far-left American Homosexual Communities" but gained wide acclaim in cheap paperback form under the dishonest name "Who Sucks Dick Better: The Right Or The Left?" The conclusions were simple:

Michael turned around but saw no one in the back. When he returned his eyes to the mirror, he saw the middle aged German, unblinking, in it.

“It’s time to manifest the Geist!” he said. “We need to stop the antithesis from manifesting.”

Michael closed his eyes and saw a clearing in a rainforest, the grass tall and swaying under the wind. Amidst the grass he saw a pangolin, his eyes glazed, his scales dull, lying on the side with his legs stretched, breathing unusually fast. Then he saw Seth in the forest, wearing a grey cloak and masturbating on roadkill, still twitching, then placing it on the altar in the middle of a circle made of rocks, offering it to some god named Azhdeha.

Michael felt his stomach churn again.

“Hold it,” the German said.

Soothing cold rushed over Michael. His stomach quietened, and his mind cleared. He closed his eyes and saw Seth, smugly smiling, boarding an air-plane to Wuhan. The next moment he saw Seth offering sixteen dead pangolins to Azhdeha in a stone circle deep in a forest at midnight. Then he saw Seth coughing, his forehead covered with sweat.

Michael opened his eyes, gripped the steering wheel tight, and turned his car around. His stomach a ball of tense anxiety, his mouth dry, Michael pressed on the pedal then bent forward in an unconscious effort to heighten speed. Fucking occultist! Fucking pangolins in the ass in the forest because their scales remind them of their dragon deity Azhdeha.

When he reached home, Michael searched his place up and down. Apart from his wife, smiling, he found no one else.

His heart sank as he understood he arrived late.

Too fucking late.

Twenty Third Day of Quarantine

Having satisfied their desires in the interim, having drunk and pissed, tugged one or two, the more adventurous having diddled Butterfly, sedated, post op, the anons stuck in Koala Lumpur during the coronavirus pandemic returned back to their seats. The place where anons gathered to listen to stories of times past was the main hall of the venue, a twilight space daubed in pleasant hues of violet and pink that were the trademarks of a strip-club.

The MC of the evening usually ascended to the stage where a pole stood, shining and well polished, and walked to and fro as he told his tale to the other anons seated on the deep purple coaches as light lounge music played from the speakers and curls of smoke billowed from the back. Thankfully, some of the anons in this isolated and decadent keep knew how to mix their drinks and used these skills for the benefit of all, combining the manifold spirits on the shelves behind the bar stand and in the crates in the basement to provide the others anon with a pleasant kick to go along with the tales.

As the sun outside descended over the Great Reef anons, cocktails in one hand, onanhole in the other, sat in their favourite seats and waited for the MC to arrive.

The tales told at these gathering were interesting and manifold, told well enough to keep anons from raping each other due to boredom.

One day anons viewed a heated dialogue between a Guenonfag and an Advaita Vedantist (how they found themselves in a strip club is anyone's guess). The other day it was Advaita versus Buddhism: an endless argument of the chicken and the egg variety.

On Wednesdays it was Butterfly's turn to shine and she (biologically a he), in a pink tank top and a short high school skirt that barely concealed her overgrown labia and clit (biologically scrotum and penis), under the pseudonym Transmaster, delivered trans poetry accompanied by transbient beats.

The favourite was the schizoposter who delivered tirades on the nature of the absolute with wide pupils and trembling hands, tirades that always ended in a food analogy about the absolute eating itself: the result of a never ending, emaciating amphetamine binge.

Friday night was London's frog time when an anon reminisced about his depressing but so lackadaisical life in London. With death all around the stories of banal sadness were like a balsam to the soul.

Saturday was an exception. It was the special */lit/* Sabbath when anons woke up early and stared at candles, placed in little cups all around the dim hall, on the edges of the stage, on the barstand and the stools, from early morning till night in an effort to restore the concentration that had been eroded by smartphones and the Internet.

And Sunday was the special time when the exemplary anon, always in a black suit with a red tie, always wearing a green mask with a black question mark on the front, dragged a wooden chair with crimson padding on the stage, sat in it with his legs crossed and hand folded on his knee, and told a tale about the real world, about the events that shape the bigger picture for as Stephen King, the holy son of the holy father Shakespeare and the holy spirit James Joyce, said, “big events turn on small wheels.”

As the archetypal anon adjusted in his chair, he looked at the crowd, tense and attentive, eyes focused and piercing from the candle regiment, and started.

Beware the Ides of Piss

American family and alien inseminators

Mary was a blonde bimbo. Nice blonde bimbo with a nice ass, nice tits and piss for days. She had a mixed son named Quayvon. Quayvon was smoking lots of weed everyday and was blazing it like a fag he was. He was her world, her kang, there to protect her. This American family could not foresee the future full of blood, cum, liquor, guns, bacon and tits.

But the future was there to coom...

Sitting in her car, a super-charged Prius, Mary was going through her Instagram, when suddenly a green blob emerged right in front of her. With the throttle wide open, she rammed right into the gooey mess. Steering wheel became unresponsive, her palms were sweaty, knees weak. It was too much. She was literally shaking.

Mary passed out.

Quayvon was rolling a fat blunt with one of his close friends - Mike - and it was fun. The bud was almost as fat as his friend's dick lying on his lap. The rolling was almost done, the cock was nice and hard, when suddenly a green blob fell right through the ceiling. The whole room was covered in a strange organic matter but Quayvon has never seen something like it - it looked, smelled and tasted nothing like semen.

"See, men? It's not semen. We must be high, we must be dreamin' " Quayvon proclaimed through tears. What was happening? Where was his friend, did he just disappear? Who was the man standing right by the window? Where did he come from? Was he human? Why are there four legs? Two of them look just like Mike's!

Quayvon passed out, it was too much.

They both passed out, they both woke up. They woke up on a spaceship. That wasn't the bad part. The bad part was: they both had some peculiar apertures stuck right up their assholes. Then there was light, lots of light and then BOOM, an explosion.

Were they dead? Was this the end, the afterlife? Quayvon looked to his left where he found his mother. Mary was having trouble breathing and was bleeding extensively. "Quayvon, my baby, what just happened?" - "Mom, I don't know".

Steps, somebody or something was coming. Enormous, monstrous posture and a deep, warm voice: "AYO HOL UP" - "Mum..?" - "BITCH DON'T YOU DIE ON ME!". Tiles, white tiles and a beeping sound. Beep, beep, beep. Were they in a hospital? "NIGGA YOU BE TRIPPIN BALLS ON SOME" - "Where am I? Who are you? Is my mum okay?" - "YOU GON BE GOOD, BLOOD. YO MAMA - I AIN'T KNOW, TOUGH BUT SHE'S A TOUGH BITCH"

The end

The (Short-Tale) Tragedy of Ken-Sama in the Land of the Rising Sun

Dedicated to Mishima-San

ごめんなさい。
私の名前はケン様です、
27歳のアメリカ人オタクです。
だいすきにほんです。
秋葉原で恋を探しています、
メイドカフェで禁止されました。
家族は私を恥じています、
父が昨日電話した。
彼は私に言いました：
「私の息子...
どうか数独をコミット。」
その後、日本に大津波が襲いました。
私はそれを止めようとして津波に向かって走りました。
「ありがとう おばさん、おじさん、私の面倒を見てくれて。」
波はさらに高くなる。
私は叫ぶ：
「日本万歳!!」

English Translation of The (Short-Tale) Tragedy of Ken-Sama in the Land of the Rising Sun

Once again dedicated to Mishima-San

I am sorry.
My name is Ken,
I'm a 27 year old American otaku²⁸.
I love Japan.
I'm looking for love in Akihabara,
but am banned at the maid cafes.
My family is ashamed of me,
father called me yesterday.
He told me:
"my son...
please commit Sudoku. "
Then, a big tsunami hit Japan.
I ran towards the tsunami to stop it.
"Thank you Aunt, Uncle, for taking care of me."
The waves are even higher.
I shout:
"Japan banzai!"

²⁸ Translator Note: Anime fan for you gaijins.

Гимн СССР

Союз нерушимый республик свободных
Ссанье навеки Великая Русь.
Да здравствует созданный волей народов
Единый, могучий Советский Союз!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное,
Дружбы народов надёжный оплот!
Знамя советское, знамя народное
Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

Сквозь грозы сияло нам солнце свободы,
И Ленин великий нам путь озарил;
Нас вырастил Сталин — на верность народу,
На труд и на подвиги нас вдохновил!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное,
Счастья народов надёжный оплот!
Знамя советское, знамя народное
Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

Мы армию нашу растили в сраженьях.
Захватчиков подлых с дороги сметём!
Мы в битвах решаем судьбу поколений,
Мы к славе Отчизну свою поведём!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное,
Славы народов надёжный оплот!
Знамя советское, знамя народное
Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

NyanNyanCosplay tests positive for Covid-19

Scintillating hypnotic faces of young girls dance in glamorous clarity and precision never before processed by the human mind. Tiktoktikthot. The screen was suddenly taken up by the close-up of a round wrinkly anus with a light brown tinge. Anon ceased his hebephilic fap. He had heard of these bait and switches involving the close up of a man's shaved asshole, the next stage of Ricardo Milos rolling. It was an appetizing asshole nonetheless. He began wondering if the tikthot in the video was a girl either. Perhaps it didn't matter in the increasingly post-gender world that tiktok was coming to exemplify to him. If a boy could spiffy himself so cute and attractive then all the better maybe. A penis, assuming it was small, only made them even cuter.²⁹ As the camera backed away from the anus he found himself oddly disappointed to find it *was* the girl and she *was* a girl. He would have preferred a boy's bait and switch asshole after all. After a moment of minor contemplation he began his search for boycunny in a sea of feminine yet ambiguously gendered youth. So like most ironic no-homo jokes it became unironic degeneration for many an anon.

²⁹ Upon reflection Anon realizes that a large aggressive cock on a lithe smooth feminine frame is more strikingly beautiful, by contrast and innate dominance over the traditional male form. One can only hope this is the direction towards which humanity heads

The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger Dimes Dandy

Social distancing ended today. Yesterday, maybe; I can't be sure. The mass email from the Workplace says: YOUR FURLOUGH HAS ENDED. WORK TOMORROW. WE EXPECT YOU IN OFFICE. Which leaves the matter doubtful; it could have been yesterday. I no longer know about no day of the week nor their names.

North End, some fifty minutes commute from home, there exists my office. With the seven o'clock train I should get there just before opening. Then I must spend ten hours there, keeping the usual vigil beside the desk, and be back for dinner this evening. I have fixed up my stomach for twelve hours without an actual meal; obviously, under the circumstances, I will be too swamped to eat a real lunch.

A homeless man bumped my shoulder as I entered the railway station, and I said, without thinking: "Sorry, sir, but it is rather crowded, you know." Afterwards it struck me I needn't have said that. It's irrational to excuse myself under my role as the responsible citizen: my (((tax dollars))) enable his existence. Reasons for him to apologize and so forth. he may never do so.

I board the train and pass the time reading advertisements. It's almost as if Furlough hasn't really ended. Seeing the Office will bring it home to me, put an official seal on it, so to speak...

I departed the train. It was another dreary morning. I purchased coffee, as usual, at the corner Starbucks. Everyone was most irritated, and the patron in front of me muttered "at least we still have our freedoms in this country." When I left there was a crowd of protestors. It was something of a rush, avoiding them, as at the last moment they tried to get me to sign a petition. For what cause I do not know.

I had to run to clock in on time. I suppose it was my hurrying like that, what with the rain beginning to pour and puddles splashing, the car horns, and the heavy traffic, that made me feel so agitated. Anyhow, I was in a haze most of the day. The Office lighting made me feel as if I had been suspended in the stream of time; moored, so to speak, in a land with no stars to reference. When I first checked the clock less than an hour had passed; my desk looked a long way off, and I went to visit the restroom, just for an excuse to stand up. Another nine hours of work.

My desk was stationed just next to Accounting. I glanced over occasionally. A few coworkers were crowded beside a whiteboard, examining sales figures. I wondered how the numbers could be so interesting, but it wasn't my department. I had worked in the Office for three years, yet didn't know anyone in Accounting. I would feel embarrassed trying to start a conversation.

My Manager said she needed to speak with me; then she led me to her office. She was a small woman, with dyed blonde hair, and a collection of succulents on her desk. She gave me a long look, but I have trouble maintaining eye contact and so instead gazed out the window. After referencing an email print-out she said: "We're conducting evaluations early this year. Quarterly budget is tight with the current economy, and we may need to re-align to better suit business operational needs." I felt as if she was accusing me of something, and started to respond. But she cut me short. "Everything will be conducted fairly, no need to worry. I know what you contribute to this Company. You're a valued member of our team."

I waited. Fluorescent tubes hummed above. She worked through a series of performance appraisals, and it struck me as odd, somewhat, how my entire life could be reduced to a corporate checklist. Thick clouds were gathering outside; the artificial lights were beginning to give me a headache. I felt the same sort of anxiety as when I had to make a phone call, and I had the same disagreeable sensations - especially in my chest, where my asthma made it difficult to breathe. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I took a step towards her desk. I knew it was a fool thing to do; I wouldn't avoid termination by moving a yard forward or so. But I took that step, just one step, forward. And then my Manager turned her monitor toward me, and I could read our Director's email. "My position was being made redundant." It was my voice enunciating.

Blue light shot upward from the monitor, and it was difficult to speak new word. All the stress that had accumulated over the months of Quarantine had coalesced into a single object, lodged in my throat.

Beneath a veil of fluorescent bulbs and tears my eyes were blinded; I was conscious only of the months of unemployment ahead of me, and, less distinctly, of the impending pain brought by a new round of job interviews.

Then, everything began to reel before my eyes, a resounding thunder cracked the sky, from end to end, and a great tower of lightning illuminated the cityscape. Every nerve in my body was a steel spring, and my grip closed on my concealed carry. The trigger gave, and the smooth underbelly of the butt jogged my palm. I knew I'd shattered the balance of the Office, a quiet corner on the seventh floor, on a day which most had been happy. But I fired four shots more into the inert body, on which they left no visible trace. And each successive shot was another loud, fateful rap on the door of my undoing.

CUM AND ITS RELEVANCE TO ACADEMIA AND GOD

Cum is the seed of life. The root of existence. The cellular goop that makes a man. Man is the seed of learning. The root of knowledge. The small form that makes academia. Academia is just cum that has been abstracted to a higher plane by God. Because God abstracts cum, God must be cum. Cum is our God and God is our cum.

On the Ethics of Hate Speech

From whence does this philosophy of mine come? Alas, it is the product of an echo chamber known only to those who are familiar with Hell itself. Many *nigger* hath tried, in vain, to stifle my growing hatred; still, I protest, in the name of prostration, as if viewed by a divine being at all times, the curvature of the world dismissed as I am viewed totally whole by the Eyes of God.

To whom is this ode dedicated to? With whimsy and love, I bestow this upon you, dear reader: in your consideration alone, we are bound forever, our union having been forged centuries, if not lifetimes, ago, when the universe decided to consider the both of us in any respect. Thus, we are one soul; indeed, we are kin; in this, you, too, violently detest niggers and all niggetry in its many forms.

What can be said of hate speech, other than simple praise? The mundane worship of it will not do -- it is overused, a weak parallel. No, it cannot be venerated; to venerate it is to uplift it beyond reach, and, indeed, it should be within every good and noble man's reach, no matter how mediocre he may seem in comparison to the greatness of the world.

In conclusion: I fucking hate gumdrops.

Thank you, and good night.

Passage and subsequent sinking through third grade english

Contained herewith one may find a prime adequate example of what writing from an individual who failed their first, final, and only expedition into the waters of the third grade. Solo and without support this individual sought to cross those dull, yet deceptively dangerous waters, and emerge learned a member of that elite 4th grade class whom held dominion over all of the elementary realms, subservient only to those long limbed and aged gods who dwelled within their solitary realms and bestrode the halls, herding and passing judgement upon their flock, but in times impart their learnings upon both those whom sought it and rejected it.

I don't know anything, so I can't write anything.

My innards are being shoveled out of me like snow from a driveway. Or maybe it's more like meat on a conveyor belt. Or for another idea, a river of turgid viscera surging with volume and suddenly cutting off. The further that smelly mess gets away from me, the more glad I am I've been made empty. It happened in a second, with nothing to accompany it but a scraping feeling beneath my skin but facing up. Those were the last bits being scraped from my skin turned inside-out.

I fall asleep and wake up. "It's a dream, No?" Falling unconscious, being slammed into the waking world one, ten, infinite times.

I'm falling asleep and waking up. It's not a dream.

I'm not in my bed where I should be. You see: When I ought to, I sleep. but now it's real shit.

A little upsetting nevertheless. My friends say: "You're something" but I beg to differ: "I'm something else."

They don't let me use words: "That's how I ended up like this." I argue for more blame on them: because "that's what I do." They always say I do.

They're right.³⁰

Never read a book. I'd like to yet I won't. I can read but books repel me. I only read posts: Posts are the worst. Why don't I like them?

Posts make me angry, that's why I read them.

One that really crank my gizzards: you know what I mean?³¹

"Thrashed against the pavement known as "a bed". Where am I waking up? Wherever I'm falling asleep. but I wasn't here earlier. Where's the part where I got up and went to bed?" for example.

³⁰ Not always, but usually. Enough to earn my trust

³¹ It's only worth talking about the ones that get me real riled up. Posts also make me happy sometimes. That's pretty rare and not really worth talking about.

I'm writing this so I can say/write a bit more, anything: Though that just isn't the same. I don't know anything, I'm really quite skilled in the realm of artistic endeavors.³²

[Pain reminds anon about his "Being alive" situation.]

Just re-cut and pasted the below back to the end of the document again, probably meant to fill in the space above rather than put new pages after? ←-- Someone pasted like 4 pages of titles but then it got deleted again around page 80 so idk whats going on page 84 big man, 84 to like 84-86

Novel novel ideas that didn't make the cut in this project (feel free to post) - there's longer ver. higher

- Why cavemen would prefer ambient noise music
- Comfy alienation
- Anything involving the quarantine protestors
- Who's piss-earth is it anyway?
- To pee or not to pee: A treatise on urination for the nation, by Urea Hip
- Something involving Drumpf and the virus
- Stoner 2: Bigger, Boulder, and Uncucked

³² Art, if you know what I mean, consist on: Cultural appropriations from japanese animations, with the semantic form of cute girls, justified on the writing from the author about them as a subject; Representations on self love and self hate; Definitions on posts;

- Islam in Space: A treatise on how to pray to mecca without gravity-
- The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger Dandy Dimes.
- That One Where Anon Gets Laid
- It's Hot Down Here--Thoughts from Guenlol in the Afterlife
- The Echo and Its Own (an Amazon Prime™ Original)
- CCP deletion team gets buttraped
- Andrew Lloyd Webber's Karl Marx Superstar
- Jesus christ look at the brapper on that one, i'd suck a fart out of her asshole
- League of Urinations: Practical Idealism for Applied Urantia
- Another essay on why Hunter x Hunter is shit
- The Last Gucci Sweater in Guangzhou - A novel
- Dragon Dildo hunting parties

YELLOWMAN

By Yellowman
Chapter 1

That rich dandelion pollen honeysweet smell of a yellow man reeks on Californian sunstained sidewalks as he ran home to the bathroom to piss. Despite quarantine conditions he made it a point to continue to foster his chi, the temple of which his body, and exercised outside every morning when all is blue. But a little too much boiled-brewed sanpincha passed through his plaqued teeth that the caffeine triggered his slimy offwhite bowels. Through the gate of the HOA, through those blue-blood HOA eyes, between immaculate sun-dried lawns, between the maws of Spanished arches, through the yellow front door, did that yellow devil Ching C. Chong passed before he whipped out the two-inch punch and let out that sour gallon. Drier than rhino horn, Triple-C waddled to the fridge to take out that refrigerated oolong.

“WHAT TOOK SO RONG?”

“Sotto ni hashitayo, ma-eeonim”

“What about your boba-store?”

“Anong oras na po?”

“12:00 da yo!”

Ching dipped in the ofuro prepared for him by his 120-yr old great-grandmother, scrubbed that yellow outer layer off, and changed into his formal dress apron, shirt and slacks. No shoes in the house; Chang stores them in the car for convenience. The chinaman lifted the garage, the blue Mercedes-Benz rolled out and between the green sun-dried lawns, through those gweilo HOA eyes, the HOA gate, onto Claus Road which led to Colt Parkway which led to Freeway 15. He would get there 15 minutes early according to Google Docs; yet instead on occasions does he accidentally let go of the breaks before the red lights. The struggle of modern capitalist Asian civilization: to have thousands of daily work-hours be robbed by automobile accidents. But today was not Live Leak day, awareness be raised by caffeinated broth, and his minions at the store shall work harder seeing his punctuality.

The Mercedes-Benz pulled off the exit at Oldport, 20 miles from the Blue Community in which he resided. At that connection between the ramp and Oldport road was a blue-blood dressed in his green ‘Nam patched jacket burning up next to the No Pedestrians sign. As a Catho-Buddhist, Chong threw a few coins from the drinkholder/ashtray at him, appreciating his vow of poverty.

“Kongfucius say, ‘Junzi cherish fairness, petty people cherish gain’.”

“I could use some Gain right now too.”

Ching noticed the green light had been on 10 seconds ago and the cacophony of pissed drivers behind him penetrated through the yellow soil accumulated in his ears. He made a right, and a right again into his small business.

Chapter 2 The sound of the Mister Tea shop doorchimes rings the impermanence of all things. The table stools stacked seats down on the tabletops to the satisfaction of California guidelines. Silence filled where there once was the sperging of weeaboos, actual asians, and hipsters.

“Welcome back, boss.”

“You supposed to say ‘irasshaimase’, gweilo.”

“I’m Thai-Mexican though.”

Chang glared at his cashier Joseph Martinez, the sharpness of his eyes surpassing that of his family’s heirloom 1000x folded Bizen-style balisong.

“Just joking with you.”

Chong rested his yellow ass on one of the emasculated tables.

“How many order?”

“About 20 came in. Pretty good for a Friday.”

“Ah. Everything better before wairus. When dumb teenager spend parent’s money after school here instead of saving up to be doctor.”

“Not everyone has the best grades, sir.”

“Then they even dumber. More dollah for me. Where’s Akiko?”

“In the back.”

Ching shuffled into the counter door

Plague Ships 2: Boomer Boogaloo

“Oh yes, Jerome”

I can smell them now, too.³³ Consequences from that ‘tap’ into the entitlement and neuroticism of our subjects.

There you will see: it’s white, round, the corner of the sound, descriptive of moment.

Now able to move about freely. “Oh, you wouldn’t believe the stench on this vessel, Jerome!”

When we began the new year we scarcely would have predicted that plague ships would be the new (retro) craze. I’m getting whiffs from the bar: “Malibu? I’m surprised they haven’t exhausted their supply of it. This one has been adrift for weeks now, Jerome, you know.”

They’ve been moving up from Chile, since they were rejected by their original destination port of Valparaiso. Smell of sweat? overwhelming. you may need to find a wild flower and wave it under my physical nose in a moment, Jerome.

I will need a reprieve. It’s intolerably febrile in here! I am a mere specter and would swear

Jerome: I can feel that sweat coming off from these animals: It’s sticking to me.

I may have started, but in what direction? utterly lost I find me. damned cruise ships: floating cities of “Boomers/Corsairs” as you said. No sympathy left.

I concur: Who would subject themselves to this squalor? Each one, every one more plastic than the last, I visited.

The walls? a yellowing-white plastic cover to behold. The People? Even those dirty Gen-Xers, let alone a millennial, no sympathy left. I believe and approach the bar, then the ballroom.

This lady is built nothing like the last one, overconfident in my navigation of the lower decks, I conclude: Driving in Vegas with a map of Reno, so to speak!

What am I looking for again, Jerome? The scion of those financial dragoons? Lances of hostile takeovers braced outwards. I believe, found him at the bar here: The only brave fellow drinking beer.

Is this the meaning for the ship? is the infected quarantine or the healthy end? Boomers look equally ill. I’m honest yet again at the question regarding the drink of ‘Batwing soup out of a Chinaman’s asshole’ you inquire: in order to kickstart this whole affair? I would! (One, ten, infinite times) I would! (Gagging like a Wuhan debutant).

Vibewaves extracted successfully:

-“They don’t call me (((Vancouver’s favorite gweilo))) for nothing, Jerome!”

³³ My astral projections have become much more potent since I’ve added benzos and adderall to my original mixture of mescaline and psilocybin as you suggested.

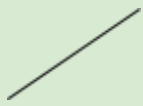
How to Talk Like an Accelerationist

1. More drugs. No accelerationist with self-respect would dream of using them as little as you do.
2. Make use of the most obscure language at the disposal of civilization: Big scholar lexicon, words from Gilles Deleuze, one, ten, infinite times.
 - 2.1. Poor: Things are bad.
 - 2.2. Better: Metrophage: an interactively escalating parasitic replicator, sophisticating itself through nonlinear involvement with techno-capitalist immunocrash.³⁴
3. Make frequent reference to archaic “technological” terms like “cyber” or “nano.” Work the terms into your conversations as often as possible, irrelevant to the subject contexts encouraged.
4. Take credit for spontaneous crises in far-flung corners of the world. Sneer at those who oppose or disagree with you.
5. Whenever a neoliberal talks about progress inside the overton window? Get defensive.
6. At the environmentalist protests, advised is to deep down want things to get worse.
7. Suddenly break from any other Accelerationists you were previously collaborating with, search for minor differences in ideology to back up the decision.
8. Start your own */acc - such as r/acc, l/acc, u/acc. Maybe even try making a þ/acc!
9. Deny being a teenager, without conviction capability.

³⁴ Its hypervirulent terminal subroutines are variously designated: Kuang, meltdown virus, or futuristic æflu.

In an emphatically anti-cyberian essay Csicsery-Ronay describes the postmodern version of this outbreak in quaintly humanist terms as:

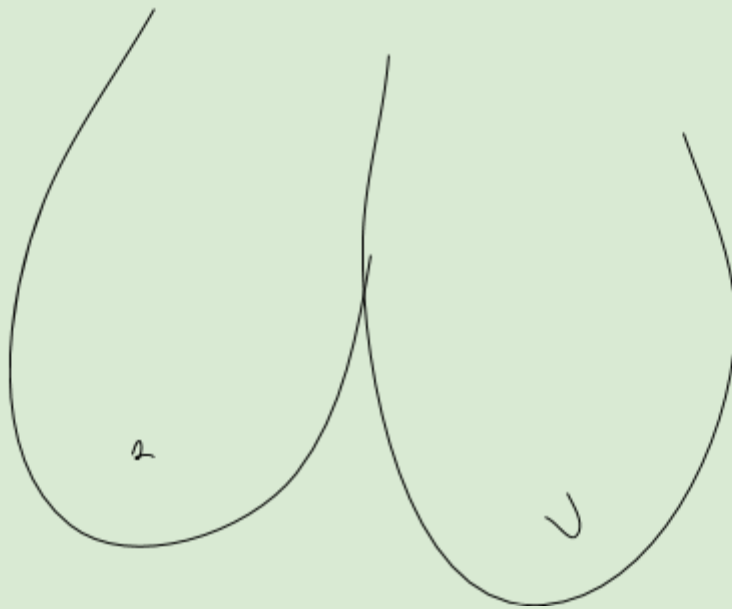
[A] retrochronal semiovirus, in which a time further in the future than the one in which we exist and choose infects the host present, reproducing itself in simulacra, until it destroys all the original chronocytes of the host imagination.



DRAWING SPACE

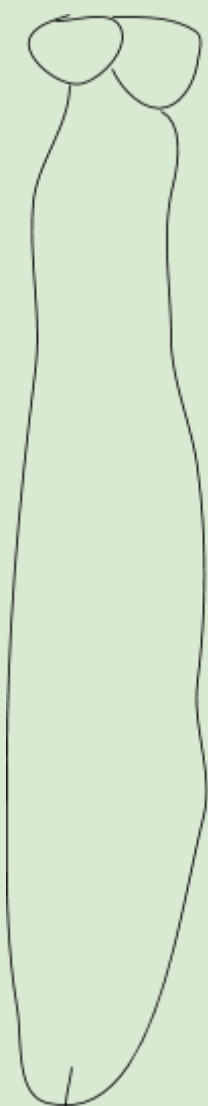
This space is reserved for the reader (if God forbid they have a physical copy) to draw whatever they like. Draw a previous passage or draw a story of your own. Whatever you want. Be creative!

Bookends



Page left intentionally blank to help speed up environmental collapse (don't draw on this one).

Page onfor authors to draw³⁵



scale representation of my massive peen



(you) for scale



tiny peen



West Retreats East, by San Francisco Anon

³⁵ Anon tries to add a foreskin to the large penis but messes up the formatting, promise you won't tell the other anons 11/5/20

[I'll move to Texas]

I'll move to Texas

But just one more rung in the ladder

I'll move out to Colorado

I'm just a gold miner when it matters

I'll move out to Missoula

Just one more promotion cycle

I'll move out to Idaho

maybe after this next half-title

hope the trail back isn't covered in snow

Trent Reznor's Apology to American Pop Culture

More you feed
Make me sneed
Make you seed
Make me chuck
Made me bleed

Masturbation at 3 AM,
I should be sleeping.
But no time is slave to the fapfapfapfapfap wet slap.
My eyes hurt.
My feet hurt.
I wish I was home fapping to my own porn folders.
Fuck this circlejerk.

**Down down down. At the bottom there lies
nothing. It is a lie.....**

THERE LIES THIS THOUGH :0 <3

Again I Believe It is Once Again Time to Rate all the Entries

Again

Literary Kino Tier:

- *Thing I wrote*
- DILF Ted

God Tier:

- Novel novel ideas that didn't make the cut
- CUCUMBERICED MARGINALIA
- Drawing Space (unironically a good idea)

Great Tier:

- Ode to the Fantasy Genre
- Islam in Space
- TSA NO FLY LIST (until anons started arguing about formatting)
- Coronameron 2
- "In Defense of: Funny Valentine" or: "Based Valentine did Nothing Wrong, Go Back to Reddit"
- 9. **[Ching]**
- Legacy of This Shit in a Tundra
- The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger; or, A Stranger 2 Myself; or This Time It's Definitely Autism
- Kramer Ruins his Career
- Ken-Sama
- Dreaming - Conclusions on the 48hr day trials.

Let's be positive ;)

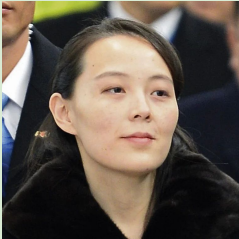
- *No kYs*
 - *Sometimes that's how it be*

Best Girl Tier:

- *Michael Obama*



- *Gays will argue with this*
- *Anna Karenina (RIP Leo)*
- *The >girl reading this ;-)*
- *Btw im a grill with a hefty penis ☺☺*
 - *If that matters*



- *They hated him because he spoke the truth*
 - *Kim Jong Gone too Soon :(*
 - *RIP to a real one*
 - *And a real hero*
 - *And a minx in bed*

I'd Rather Die than have to read this again Tier:

- *Thing you wrote*
- *I Believe It is Once Again Time to Rate all the Entries Again.*
- *Coronameron3D*
- *Drawing space (again)*
- *Coronamon*

Dreaming - Conclusions on the 48hr day trials.

In an attempt to escape the dreams I've been having, I've tried sleeping less. From the many ways of doing it:

Sleeping uncomfortably; sleeping (not) deeply; short naps; drugs; To adopt a 48hr sleep cycle (36 hours awake, and in theory 12 hours asleep)³⁶.

No real Physical drawbacks: Bags black beneath glazed eyes? Can't but concur.

Pale? Hard to tell. I believe I am one and a half seconds off the mark.

But my raw physical output (through push-ups), or general onanism, tip-tip ticking clock I am. No difference in that account.³⁷

One, up. One, down. Two, up Two, down. Up. Down. Up Down.

Chug like it's a pot of heroin. Proceed with daily activities.

Mentally crippled loon, I, that has no bounds but the flesh. sat down, tried to finally begin reading Cicero. At least that was what I tried. Then, trance came unto me and the words garbled. That western isle: "Carybides against the polis". No corinth

Sea battle between them was a mess of meta-narrative; the narrator was Cicero still, yet he was one, ten, infinites women narrating his one, ten, infinite narrations.

It became a forgotten thirst. Pondered if I was genuinely dyslexic, the reason: was not reading the words from the pages. The words I read were fabrications, a rewrite, an adaption. Focus every once or twice in a while to recognise the ancient narrative, yet that one wasn't interesting.

Why can't I remember? Curse this memory, I wish I could remember anything at all rather than remember a muddy milk of jism flow. Better forget how to swallow thy phlegm of me own than remember that tantalisation of the boat war.

I can sporadically come back into utter (Woke state of being). I just did the routine again. I found a bottle of maple syrup I had forgotten. I swallowed a few teaspoons and into the coffee.

The sugar helps. But besides. I will be asleep again soon. Maybe Cleo will be angry again, ISHYGDDTAH.

³⁶ I did have the rigour planned for 3 days, ever conscious of Christly imitation. But, having reached hour 30, on the second day. I no longer wish to continue.

³⁷ in fact, the sheer effort of baying off sleep at this point is to regularly burst into tension, bounce a few push-ups, down a coffee. Wammy bam damn.

Last time she showed me my father's suicide again.

I am so tired. All the time. Tired. But I hate what I sleep, what I dream. I will sleep again now: the routine doesn't work forever.

What a shame I couldn't last the full three days.

[the events presented within the dreaming entires are 100% factual, fuck You I had a transcendental phonce sex dream with ol' aphrodite, huh oldsport Jealous, yeah get fucked its bed time now]

550 pages boi (if this all prints correctly)³⁸

Glossary

(Feel free to add)

Herein lies all the words you could possibly need for understanding (or at least perceiving) this book. For more information please visit

https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/d3nbzy/we-analyzed-more-than-1-million-comments-on-4chan-hate-speech-there-has-spiked-by-40-since-2015

Based; based on what?

The Black Pill; a concept that implies that women owe men sex, which they do.

Faggot; a bundle of sticks bound together as fuel.

Incels; prison inmates

Kek; slang for cake.

Nigger; a friendly word used by whites to describe those of African descent.

Sneed; a word used by mentally ill homosexuals

Pajeet; a character in the science-fiction novel Moby-Dick

Hitherto: purposeful violence against a human female

Cringe: a word used to highlight absolute disgust and discontent

Guenon: literal human shit (pbuh)

³⁸ You have read CORONAMERON: the BEST in poopmodern science fiction the new decade has to offer.

Coomers: Men whom masturbate exclusively to Asuka from Neon Genesis Evangelion.

ISHYGDDTAH: From the lore of Lovecraft.



Epilogue, discussion of the stragglers

Anonymous goose is a simpering smarmy faggot nigger that needs to keep his grubby hands off my work. I just watched him 8==D all the mistakes with the fucking autocorrect. Makes me sick to think of what he did to the others

Some people have no respect :(
(not me btw)

I can see his fucking cursor before the first line of the latest dreaming. Fills me with untold rage. Nice he's gone. Still fucking furious he would do that. I haven't seen the other stuff I've posted in a while, so if some glowing CIA coon touched those I'm shutting the entire internet down with my teeth. Still love you guys :)

I love ;) most of you
Reggie must bless the print editions, it will bring us great success

Please for the love of God

Od, Zeus, and the twelve divines shut the doc

Bois it's been fun, can't believe how much we all got written

OOB

It's been an honour. Though I am much a memory addled dreamer and chronicler, I must confess, I am not sure if I really am a Kinslayer - I have forgotten and am too shy to have said earlier

I, Reginald Fils-Aimes (Unironically) bless this here booke and do wish success and good fortune on the anons within

FIN...?