

The Complete Works of God II

*The Definitive Guide for Dismantling Capitalism, Killing Obama, and
Saving the West*

“Sorry about the whole ‘Jew’ thing—I really dropped the dreidel on that”

— God II

“Don’t @ me like that”

— God I

“I guess we kinda fucked Monotheism up. . .”

— Kierkegaard

Edited by Edouard Musbodijk

The first (((ever))) 4Channel book

Funded & Published by The Westboro Baptist Church and Friends!

¹ In the beginning, there was nothing but Him. ² From his word stemmed all creation—in the form of a great bang. ³ He then divided his creation into two separate, but connected realms—corporeal and incorporeal.

In the beginning, there was nothing except for smart refrigerators. Man those were fucking rad. You could see the contents inside before even opening it. I would open that baby up and know exactly where the milk was.

So, anyways, after I ate all the Ethereal Cereal™. I created Life. My name is Longinus, and this is my story- “No Shit.”

It's cultural terraforming.

The platonic bugman isn't simply a fully assimilated workerdrone for globohomocorp... He is a man who never had the need to change in order to assimilate to globohomocorp.

C-sectioned into a sterile environment by credentialised alien medical personnel and raised by strivers who had incubated what they intended to be a narcissistic clone of themselves. Rather than the mirror of self affirmation his parents intended to create, they inadvertently brought something far worse into this world. Something... Empty. Something with the smallest possible soul, which occupies the smallest possible corner of the cavernous soul-space inherent to a man with his inherited high IQ that was intended to be tempered by an ethnocultural heritage of altruistic romanticism.

His caretakers' empty loveless platitudes, persistent physical and emotional absences, and fanatical striver dedication to relentless "inclusiveness" and "efficiency" resulted in the utter starvation of the child's solitary soul fragment.

An unclaimed heritage makes its presence felt through a haunting melancholy that propels a fully-souled individual to seek it out, at any price. A weaker-souled individual still feels the call, but weakly... It is easy to drown out with drugs, drink, and other forms of desensitization.

The platonic bugman hears none of this. His soul has been shrunken to a tiny characterless bead that serves only as a mechanically animating force- and nothing more.

The fullest soul sings like wind through the veins of heroes. But the bugman's blood is naught but iron, plasma, and carbon dioxide. Simple elements. Physical blood pumped rhythmically through tissue that is warm, yet remains lifeless.

Completely bereft of emotional, sociocultural and memetic antibodies, his body and mind are fully colonized by the roaming metabacterial influences of the managerialist milieu. There is an Amazon Alexa in his soul cavern.

“Alexa. Give enlightenment” he murmurs in monotonous tones, searching for an escape.

Inverted panopticon: A ring of corpogovernmentally programmed thought police surrounding a lone man in a cell. But there is no cell, because the man is incapable of considering any alternative.

He is tweeting, and nomming on organic granola.

He am become globohomo, monocultural fagger of worlds.

“you ever think ‘what if we saw each other once as babies and unconsciously glanced at each other in the airport’ and its like DAMN we’re full grown biochemical now” - Niggas Be Like

Ode to Peterson

by Gregory “Rock Hard” Sadler

Peterson, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Pee-ter-son: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps to tap, at three, on the teeth. Pee. Ter. Son. He was Jo, plain Jo, in the morning, standing five foot eleven and three quarters in one sock. He was Bucko in slacks. He was Jordan at school. He was Professor on the dotted line. But in my arms He was always Peterson. Did he have a precursor? He did, indeed He did. In point of fact, there might have been no Peterson at all had I not loved, one summer, an initial Jungian youtube star. On a lobster farm by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Peterson was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a Patreon donor for a fancy prose style.

Wash Your Penis: A Quick PSA

by *Edouard Musbodijk*

Now, I'm not a idiot; I knew **how** to wash my penis, but I was lacking a **why**. *Why*, WHEN **GOD IS DEAD**, should I wash my penis? *Why*, when the world is spiralling towards destruction, should I wash my penis? *Why*, when my children will live to see unimaginable horrors, should I wash my penis?

I was lost. But Professor Peterson provided me with a *why*. I recently visited him in his office after a lecture, where before succulently demonstrating to me how to clean one's penis via autofellatio, he told me “young men like you have been told all your lives not to wash your penis, to just let it be, that to scrub out one's manhood was “heteronormative” and “phallocentric””. I think I really needed someone to acknowledge that, to say “it's okay to wash your penis, white man. You deserve it.” Peterson told me, “look at your penis now, it's overflowing with smegma, it's as phimotic as any penis I've ever seen. *That's* chaos! And chaos is no joke! Because however bad the condition your penis is in now, you can't keep putting off washing it, because that little thing is a portal that lets chaos straight into your life.” I had never thought about my penis as a portal letting chaos into my life before. But something about it made sense.

He put an arm on my shoulder, gave it a squeeze, and said “You know what to do, bucko!”

So I started. Teasing back the foreskin, a sour and putrid-warm stink started to rise and fill the room, strong enough to lift a hot air balloon. Peterson stood over my shoulder, encouraging me like the strong father figure many incels like me have been missing from their lives. Blood and tears - my face a grotesque portrait of pain. “C'mon Bucko, it's better to do it fast. Like taking off a band-aid”. “I can't professor!”, I responded in bellicose form. “You can, bucko! This is an archetypal moment in the hero's journey, and you must persevere, or be swallowed by the whale of chaos, the dragon of femininity!”

So I braced myself. Three deep breaths. Then I pulled my foreskin down over my glans, a sickening Velcro-like sound ripping my ears. Nausea sets in, world spinning. But Dad's hand on my shoulder told me it was alright, and steadied me. “Good job, bucko, but it's not over yet.” So I set about chipping at the outer layers of smeg, eagerly awaiting the sight of the skin underneath my glans, which I had never seen. After what seemed like years, I saw the glorious red of that promised penile tissue. So I buckled down, doubled my efforts, scrubbing and scraping and laving till I had before me, for the first time, a sparkling pecker, gleaming in the sunlight, proud to make its appearance on the world-stage. I looked up at Professor Peterson, and saw a warm smile. “I didn't know if I was going to manage it, Professor”. “I knew, bucko, I knew!”.

And I stretched out my hand, coated in blood, smegma, flakes of dried foreskin, for Him to shake, and He took it proudly, and firmly.

So, to conclude, the cynics are welcome to criticize Professor Peterson to their heart's content. But, if I may make my slight interjection, whatever Peterson says or does, I will always support Him and be eternally gratefully, for if it were not for the good professor, I shudder to think what state my poor penis might be in today.

The Cowboy Shit that was Spammed over the Whole Document (now contained)

SPREAD THAT BUTT WIDE...!

BIG HARD COCK GONNA CUM!

SUCKIN'!

SUCKIN'!

YA BIG HARD COWBOY COCK THROBBIN' HARD!

FEED ME YOUR COWBOY CUM CUM CUM!

ALL THE COWBOYS WANT YA CUM CUM CUM!

CUM CUM CUM!

CUM CUM CUM!

LIKIN' YA BIG HARD COWBOY 12 INCH COCK UP'N'DOWN

UP'N'DOWN UP'N'DOWN!

FEED ME YA CUM COWBOY!

FEED ME YA CUM CUM CUM!

SUCKIN'!

SUCKIN'!

SUCKIN YA BIG HARD COWBOY COCK THROBBIN' HARD DEEP

DEEP DEEP!

A Poem by Michael Gira

I'M JUST A LITTLE BOY
BE HARD
FLEX YOUR MUSCELS
I NEED LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOVE
BRING THE SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN
THERE AIN'T NO CURE FOR THE LONELY
I SEE IT ALL
YOUR NAME IS FUCK
GOD DAMN THE SUN . . .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF Malcolm X, PART 2: THE BRIDGES OF WAKANDA COUNTY

I am sick man... I am a spiteful man... I am an unattractive man... My poop is too watery and it stings when I pee. I haven't slept for 25 days. Why? I drank some Apple Cider... Water and beef, people. For fuck sakes the water and beef lifestyle isn't that complicated. You eat water. You drink beef. What's the difference between water and beef soup? You can pee water, but you can't shit soup!... Where was I? Oh, yes, ELON MUSK. AND THAT'S THE BLOODY THING ABOUT SPACEX, YOU CAN SEND A CHIMP INTO ORBIT BUT YOU CAN'T USE THE ROCKETS TO ESCAPE SOCIETY. MOM! SAY IT, MOM!

(whimpering, confused, shocked) He... He cute!

It was at that moment I discovered I would be a NEET for life. Something in my mother's eyes communicated to me a giving-in, something I had never seen in her, where for years she had held steadfast to the notion of my getting a job. When I saw this, finally, I knew. It looked like three more decades of onahole and ketamine, boys. Maybe a Sailor Joe's here or there. Thirty years of intense, diaphoretic shitposting, all at taxpayers' expense. Fuck I felt ecstatic.

(A Distant voice, muffled, horny, lonely) AAAAAHHHHHHHH!

MOVEMENT 1: Selena

She was the hottest girl I'd ever seen. I swear to Baphomet. She wore these apple bottom jeans, like, holy shit the way those jeans slid tight to her chicken legging butt. She was a white girl, mostly, but with a latinx admixture. This was something I appreciated at the time, but looking back, I feel nothing but pain and regret. *Cogito ergo cum*, she said, and I knew I was in for the night of my life. See, when I say I was a fan of latinx women, I mean that as a fact. I just LOVED white girls with a *slight* latinx admixture: *slight* because too much taco blood and you end up fucking a brown cow by the time you're both thirty-six. Anyway, Jimmie Kanga met me afterward. We met at the city docks. He told me, anon, that Selena, she may look innocent and flirty, but the reality of the situation is that this bitch means business. He left. I checked her Insta immediately, and all our photos together had been removed. Deleted. I ran to our apartment. All my shit was torn apart, cut up with scissors, just totally fucked. I screamed. SELENA! This mexicano bitch had wiggled my tiggle for the last and final biggle. SCOTTISH COCKSUCKER!

Photographer: I'll do it for nothing - I need the work!

Putney Swope: I can get anybody for nothing. Take a walk!

Commercial Narrator: Jim Keranga of Watts, California is eating a bowl of Ethereal Cereal, the heavenly breakfast. Jim, did you know that Ethereal has 25% more riboflavin than any other cereal on the market? Ethereal also packs the added punch of .002 ESP units of pectin!

Jim Keranga: (In between drags of a cigarette never leaving his lips) Huh, no shit.

Putney Swope: Rockin' the boat's a drag. You gotta sink the boat!

Reporter: Mr. Swope, did you sleep with your wife before you were married?

Putney Swope: Not a wink from an orifice was I granted.

Mrs. Swope: I'm gonna bend your johnson, Swope!

Putney Swope: I'm ready!

Idea Man: Putney! I've been supervising the war toy account for 12 years. And let me tell you something: deny a young boy the right to have a toy gun, and you'll suppress his destructive urges. And he'll turn out to be a homosexual. Or worse.

Mr. Syllables: How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario? How many syllables, Mario?

(Mario continues clapping to figure out syllables throughout the scene)

Mr. Victrola Cola: I got this great window cleaner. Cleans good and doesn't streak. Smells bad, though. Cleans good, but smells bad.

Putney Swope: As a window cleaner, forget it. Put soybeans in it and market it as a soft drink in the ghetto. We'll put a picture of a rhythm and blues singer on the front and call it Victrola Cola.

Myron X: Putney is confusing originality with obscenity.

Putney Swope: Are you for surreal?!

Reporter: Magritte ya Dali.

Putney Swope: I'm all stacked up over LaGuardia and I ain't coming down for anyone, not even you.

uiwu what's this?~

(Keranga dropped a bit of his ethereal cereal)

Jim Keranga: What? What's what? Who said that.

(He turned the box to read the back, and it read as follows:)

"The secrets of the cosmos, much as man has made a fool of himself searching for them, are not to be found in the bowels of laboratories or dusty occult texts. Only I know the true way, the secret hidden in plain sight. The ancients knew this; in China and Tibet, many of them still do. Only the West, blinded by its materialism and liberal regimes, could fall so far out of touch."

- Jordan "The Archetypical Father" Peterson

Jim Keranga: No shit.

(He looked at the bottom of the box in small print)

"You gotta eat a lot of beans."

Jim Keranga: No shit.

Act II: The Magical Fruitful Labor for Legumes

In the hills of Watts, California, 1984, Mitch Keranga tripped over himself in the dark.

Fucking janitors. He thought as he reached down to push away the object. Need to clean this shit...Do they even get paid for this? How else would they fund their Hot Pocket habit?

Mitch felt a cold fleshy hand. He followed it up the wrist and it ended in a circle of tissue and an exposed center of a smooth joint, slick with jellied blood. I POOP WITH MY DICK.

The Gospel of Gregory Berrycone¹

“Et ignotas animum dimittit in fart(e)s”

— Oshidd, Metamorphingus, VIII, 18.

“The footnotes here are generally more interesting than the text itself, so read them”

— God II, The Gospel of Gregory Berrycone, Epigram.

“The Best thing I’ve Ever Read or Have Written – all the same (read –, and write [the activities in which very few Characteristics –, between them, –, differ.] That is, Very good.) and Very, very Good”

— God I, The Bible, Reviews, 6:9-10.

1 Origin of Gregory Berrycone and the Absurd

¹ In the Beginning it was a dream
and the Dreamer was dreaming
a dreamed dream.²

² Dreamed was the dream
until the Dreamer woke up
and disappeared:

³ the Dreamer only is
for as much as he dreams.

⁴ The Awake tas dhen was made flesh
and dwelt above the dreamers.

⁵ He tried all to wake them up
but they wouldn’t.³

⁶ Two loud fellers were sent

to wake up the dreamers

⁷ but they ended up falling asleep
because they were asd sleepy

¹ Full name is Gregory Berrycone Sadler.

² The Plongian-Scrunglian poetry is filled with redundancy, like this. The reason for this is unkown, and so is the reason for this footnote, since it just states the obvious.

³ This part differs a lot between the Plongus and Scrungle scrolls of Berrycone’s gospel. In the Plongus scrolls, it’s written “He tried to wake them up / but all is vanity”, which starts in a way that makes sense, but doesn’t end that way. In the Scrungle scrolls, it’s written “He searched all over the world for them / but they wouldn’t”. The two scrolls seem to complete each other, forming two different versicles: “He tried to wake them up / but they wouldn’t” (a) and “He searched all over the world for them / but all is vanity” (b). It’s clear that (a) fits in the text the best and that (b) isn’t a complete sentence.

and slept, asleep, a sleepy sleep
and dreamed dreamy dream-like dreams.

⁸Times have gone and times will come
and times are gone and are incoming

⁹and they don't stop coming
and they don't stop coming
and they don't stop coming.⁴

¹⁰A man did come at a point in time,
a fan rid home at a joint in as rhyme⁵

¹¹and brought light to all dreamers,
and caught fight to call beavers.⁶

¹²The man's name was Gregory,
the can's blame was bankruptcy⁷

¹³and the absurd reigned for a thousand years,
and the angered trained for a rotund sphere.⁸

⁴ "And they don't stop coming" was written 77 times in the Plongus scroll and 55 in the Scrungle scroll. The editors of this edition of the Bibble decided that it would be better if it was written only 3 times, since they did not have a lot of money and had to save it, thus reducing spending with the printing.

⁵ This kind of rhyming is largely used in other books of the Bibble, but only in one chapter of the book. It's mostly used in passages about the messiah Gregory bringing absurdity to the world of dreamers. Most scholars agree that this kind of rhyming was used to reflect the state of the world that moment. This kind of rhyming is called a "Berryconeane verse" and the absurd versicle is called a "Berryconeane versicle"

⁶ One thing that's very particular of this book is that every Berryconeane versicle of this passage actually has meaning, and this meaning is found in subsequent books of the Bibble (the Gospel according to Bungonebbe of Thyclena and the Complete Works of Shakespeare mostly). The scholars are very divided on this: some claim (not without proof: the spatial discrepancy and others) that the writer couldn't have had contact with the other books, even though they were written before and were very famous in their time, but the coincidences are so much and so precise that it's hard to believe in the absence of meaning to life through osmosis and every kind of existence despair is not only a very mechanic truth to the presence of absence of meaning that not only through mechanisms of coping of machines, heat machines, that books and geeks and frauds and pseuds are the most mechanacists complainers of machine referenciating in academic scholarly mazes of doom. This said, the meaning of this versicle is that, when Berrycone found dead beavers near his house, realizing their life hadn't really been taken out of them (they were dancing), he called his knights to beat the shit out of them (fight) and finally have their life actually come back to them, because the life essence feels when the body is hurt and it hurts more with the distance of the life essence to the body, thus the easiest way to stop the pain is to come back to the body. Now, the meaning of the story is for YOU!!!!, yes YOU!!!!, the READER!!!! to discover AND explain to ME. Yes, to Me, the Writer of Footnotes, King of Foot and Foot of Notes and a Noteful King of Meaningful Strings of Text Quartet. Do that and you will know freedom.

⁷ The meaning of this versicle is that, when Berrycone found out that his Absurd Enterprise had bankrupt, he was eating beans out of a can, and that can said that it was his (the can's) fault that the Absurd Enterprise had bankrupt. This is a metaphor to the fact that the Beatles are very overrated: the Absurd Enterprise represent Gregory Berrycone and the bankrupt represents *Life*.

⁸ The meaning of this versicle is that the absurd, new to the world, first manifested itself by being a rotund sphere, many people were angry because they didn't like the rotund sphere (they were ok with the absurdity it represented, but didn't like spheres at all) and, realizing that the rotund sphere was too strong for they to fight against it, they trained. They trained for a thousand years, but when their

¹⁴God II said: "That's really cool",
fraud Blue pled: "That's barely fool"⁹
¹⁵and danced and sang all night long
and glanced and rang the all-bright dong

¹⁶What Gregory Berrycone brought to the world was very good and everyone liked it, except Blongonius the Firth (1th), king of the kingdom in which he was the king and kinged a lot in. ¹⁷Blongonius was actually Berrycone's son, as he would realize later, but didn't. ¹⁸Blongonius was defeated after three days of bloody bloomy bluey battle, and Berrycone reigned over the world for three thousand years. ¹⁹At the end of this three thousand years, Berrycone aged one (1) year, and his Dog (the Dog that Berrycone had, the Dog, who was a dog, and a very good one) had aged one (1) dog-year. ²⁰This represents the duality of man-Dog, the divine dialectic that defines the bovine alphabetic of Cow II, king of Cowgdom.¹⁰ ²¹The kingdom of Cow II, the Cowgdom kingdom was not really real, but was irreally irreal and everyone thought it was a bad idea. ²²Even Gregory Berrycone. ²²And because of that, a bongus was born: Bongae of Bognole, the Bognolic Bongo player.

2 *The birth of Bongae of Bongole, the Bognolic Bongo player¹¹*

¹Bongae was born and died.

²The time comprehended
between his birth and his death
is said to be his life
³but many doubt this
and is probably not true

training had finished, the rotund sphere was gone. The absurdity had came out of the rotund sphere and was all over the world. The story is itself absurd, and that's the good thing about the Bibble: it's very crunkly.

⁹ I actually know the meaning of this versicle but I'm not actually going to tell you because this footnotes are becoming too big and I don't like big things, they scare me, and when they scare me and I'm scared of them because they scare me, a scared scrabbler of the Scrungle scroll, I run and run and trip over the rocks over the cocks over the mocking socks inside my pants and it hurts a lot. So I keep running and fuck, it really hurts, but I'm really scared of the Big thing, afraid it's going to get closer to me, bigger, and scare more and become bigger as it scares me more (because a lot of the things that we perceive as bigger really get bigger, and when I'm scared of the big things I think that they are bigger than how big they actually are, and I get really scared and really small compared to it, because as something gets bigger and you're comparing yourself to that big thing, in comparison, you get smaller) and I run and die.

¹⁰ The Cow here represents a Cow. But A cow, not a Cow like in the platonic archetype of a cow. It is THIS cow and only This cow — Fight me, yeah, do it; if you think this Cow — not platonic nor real (—, nothing is) — is isn't the Cow of that it is in there and only in there, not everywhere nor in the Ideal (of the Ideas) World (the World [of the ideas — that is, the Ideal World])

¹¹ The two scrolls differ in this too. In the Plongus scroll, the title of the chapter is "The Story of Bongae of Bongole, Bongo player in the court of King Gregory Berrycone III". Bongae never becomes the bongo player in the court of the King. The title in the Scrungle scroll also doesn't make a lot of sense, however. It's "Bongae from Bongole, the viola player that found himself a star to live". Again, the title says things that didn't happen. These are probably initial plans to the life of Bongae, but neither of them was actually the final result. So instead the editor of this Bibble decided to make their own title for the chapter.

even if it is.

⁴ Bongae was born when he was seven years old, and in the time he existed before his birth, he existed¹² as a dream. ⁵ He was in a dream dreamed by a dreamer, whose dreams are dreamy and dream-like, like dreams, as he dreamed and dreamed while sleeping asleep a sleepy sleep. ⁶ The dreamer was a young man without hopes for his life. ⁷ This young man didn't have a name until he found one lying on the ground, and that name was called John. ⁸ John (not the name, the young man) wrote a lot and hoped to be a writer. ⁹ He already was a writer, since he wrote. And wrote a lot, therefore was a lot of a writer. ¹⁰ But John didn't believe things actually work like this. For him, to be a writer is to be recognized as one, something he wasn't. ¹¹ John's idea of a writer depended on other people's perception to him, and that perception had to be one that classified him as a writer¹³. ¹² But this never happened. ¹³ This is why John didn't have any hopes for his life.

¹⁴ John became a dreamer, since he couldn't be a writer. ¹⁵ A dreamer is someone who dreams dreamy and dream-like dreams while asleep and sleeping a sleepy sleep. ¹⁶ That is what John set himself to do, even if he didn't like it. ¹⁷ "I have to do this, even if I don't like" is what John used to think. ¹⁸ He dreamed, like dreamers who dream dreamy dream-like dreams, dreamy dream-like dreams, and that was very good for him. ¹⁹ In his first dream, he dreamed a dream-like dream about a priest who hangs himself after finding out he is god. ²⁰ In his second dream, he dreamed a dreamy dream about a writer to sets himself to be a dreamer, even though he was already a writer, and his name was Joe. ²¹ The third dream was about a dog who ran so fast around the earth he bit his own tail.¹⁴ ²² The fourth dream was

¹² The word "existed" here doesn't have the meaning you are probably used to. Here it means a lot of things, but I'm not going to say a lot of them. It's too much to be in a footnote. A better way of saying everything that "existed" means in this versicle is by writing a book about it, but I'm too lazy to do that, even though I'm not lazy enough to not write the footnotes.

The most important meaning you have to be aware of is that of poetry. Poetry is something with really nice words that sound beautiful, and that's a good thing. Existing is also a good thing, but not for everyone. Poetry isn't also always nice for everyone, sometimes it isn't, and the fact that it's not always a good thing is also not always a good thing. But I'm going to far now. The relation I'm trying to make is that both are sometimes good things, and that's one of the meanings of the word "existed" in this versicle.

Another possible meaning is that of smell. Have you ever smelled a dream? It's a very dreamy smell, smelly too, a dream-like dreamy smelly smell of a dream that smells. But what it really comes down to is that Bongae smelled the smell of a dream because he was a dream and since dreams smell smells then Bongae smelled and also smelled the smells of the smelly dream that John dreamed, as a dreamer.

The last meaning I'm going to talk about is that of wholeness. The wholeness of a holeness is determined by the holeness of the hole, and how whole the hole is. The same happens here, with Bongae's existence as a dream.

¹³ This is an interesting idea. Not an idea that scholars have discussed a lot about or anything like that, I just like it. It gives me the tickles, the nickels and the pickles, and within it I found truth to life, and with fishskin I frowned upon the tooth of knives.

¹⁴ This is a well-known myth from the Old World. The Dog ran so fast around the earth that he was able to bite his own tail. One of the reasons for this to be here is because it's very good (dogs are very good — great, amazing, indeed! —and sometimes incredibly absurd critters!) to bite your own tail?

about a cat who likes to dance until he finds out dancing is not absurd enough — and Be Praised Gregory Berrycone the Son, son of Gregory Berrycone the Father, creater¹⁵ and destroyer of all absurd and non-absurd things — and stops dancing.²³ The fifth dream is about his John's mom, a Mom like all Moms, a Mom that loves his Son, John, even though not all Mom's Sons are Johns.²⁴ The sixth dream was about a book with infinite pages, each page had infinite letters, each letter had infinite meaning.²⁵ This was the book of his dreams, that he dreamed, in which his dreams, and everyone's, and everything — not only dreams — is registered.²⁶ The seventh dream was about Bongae.¹⁶

3 *John's Dream of Bongae*

¹ Once upon a time — and a very (very¹⁷) good time, there was a Dream. ² This was the Dream John dreamed, asleep — sleeping a sleepy sleep — (a *very* dreamy and dream-like dream) in which Bongae appeared. ³ Bongae played the bongos. ⁴ The bongos sounded Cool and Good —; and, as God said: “That is very Cool and Good and Nice”: when referring to the Bongos he play'd. ⁵ It was a song (very much a song, very soungful; — full of Songness: an Ideal Song [for Bongos]), very Nice & Cool & Good, and John liked it Very... Much... ⁶ 6 6 6 6 (the versicle of numbr [6]) They were in a bot in a desert of water made out of watery sand. Watery sand? Sandy Waters. It sounds like a old Blues musician. ⁷ And there was a Pirate with them, and His (not God's — even though the Pyrate¹⁸ [*could be and maybe*] was actually a God — because Everything is God) name was Scrogglebockington of Brytain. ⁸ Scrogglebockington had a Splayd on his Backpack, and also Sporks and Knorks and Spifes — but No (not any of: there were none of the following things) Forks or Knifes or Spooneth.

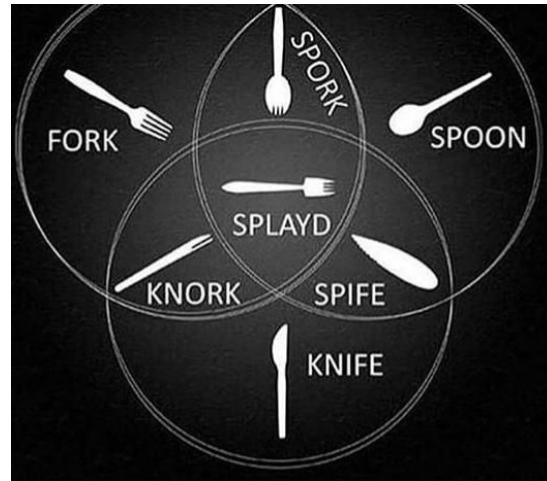
Have you ever done that? I mean, if walking in circles for hours—at least it feels like hours for me: a Dog—and finally getting to bite your own tail is already incredibly satisfying, imagine running around the earth do to it. I wish I could be a Dog to do shit like this. Dogs can do this, but humans can't: not because they don't have tails but because they're not fast enough.

¹⁵ “Creater” is actually the intended word. It is a neologism of “creator” and “eater”, things Gregory Berrycone the Father was. It sounds a lot like “critter”, and that's intentional. A critter creates and eats, and Gregory Berrycone is the primordial critter, since critters can only exist in the Absurd. Thanks to you and to me we are banks to clue and to flee.

¹⁶ In the Plongus scroll, there is an additional dream. It's the “dream in which Montaigne rides a motorcycle through the desert without any worries, but finds out that he has no legs and ends up dying because motorcycles can't be driven without legs”. Its meaning is unknown. But this is something that could be said about anything in the gospel. Yeah, anything. Anything? Yeah. Yeah, anything. Have you read Montaigne's essays though? No, are they good? Yeah, anything is good. Anything? Yeah, Any Thing.

¹⁷ By this way of using “very” the writer probably wants to say “very” — and that means that (even though it's not very anything, as John would Say Later(homo)) it was very much true that the following things are very themselves. This is acknowledgebabble while reading the Bible II (not the Bibble), in which the word “very” doesn't appear to much.

¹⁸ It's unkown why “Pirate” is spelled like this—in both scrolls. Scholars have speculated it was just a random absurd thing, as many others are—it's common in the scrolls—, but these other things usually only happen once in them. This could be an exception, but I doubt it. I highly doubt it.



⁹ He played with the Splayds & Spifes & Knorks & Sporks and God said that it was all Nice & Cool & Good. ¹⁰ They all played with the Splayds & others; even Bongae, whilst'e playing the Bongos: it was an incredible talent of his — one of many. ¹¹ The Pyrate started his Discourse, then.

4 *The Pyrate's discourse*¹⁹

¹ All is good and all is bad.

That is the nature of Berrycone's creation,
and he is the dreamer who woke up
and is trying to wake us all up.

¹⁹ You're on your own on this one. No footnotes for you; no, no. But, you know, let's not say goodbye like this. Let me tell you a story before we part ways. There was a boy named Baby Tuckoo. There was a moocow. That's all I remember. Ok, that's not good. It's not even my story. Let us think about, then what are stories and when a story is a story by someone or that belongs to someone. Yeah, think. I'm thinking are you? I'm not going to write it down, you think with your mind, not your fingers. Some good thinking happening here. Too bad you're missing it. But wait don't go now wait wait. Why don't we recall the good times we had? Remember when I was saying about how I'm scared about how big things scare me? They really do. This footnote is going to be big and I'm going to be scared of it because big things scare me and I'm scared by even my own creations if they get big enough so they scare me. But it's a sacrifice. I need you, please don't go yet. Ok, I'll put what I'm thinking about stories in the footnote. I was actually thinking about how much I need to go to the bathroom I really need to pee but If I pee you're going to go away and I don't want that and it's gonna take to long because my peeings are always pretty long. I don't think you would wait. They're very intense and you probably would be scared by the screaming. I understand it. So that's why it really hurts now and I really need to go but I also need you. So yeah, I didn't think about the stories at all. All my mind is focused right now is in that Good Pee. Oh yeah, the Pee coming out of the Peener, very good. Bu-but also you. You're also on my mind How could you not be on my mind all these time I was writing the footnotes for you, YOU!? I challenged you sometimes, I know, I didn't always help with the footnotes, I know, I know I wasn't a very good footnoter always. But I love you. I really do. This footnoting was the best of my life. I'm going to miss it forever. I know we really need to part ways. But I just want to know before you proceed—I already kept you reading this last footnote for too long (and it wasn't enough for me; oh!): do you forgive me? Another problem is that I'm asking something to you but you can't answer. You can just read. I can't know what you're thinking about. So I'll just have to ask, really. The only guarantee I have is that you, at the very least, saw that there was a big fucking footnote. But even if you read some of it, you maybe didn't get to the end. And even if you did, you might not forgive me. I'm sorry, I really am. I'm really sorry. If I wasn't a good footnoter. If sometimes I challenged you. If sometimes I wasn't enough. Oh! Goodbye, my Love! Shall We meet In another Book...!

² The Kingdom of Berrycone is upon us,
and among and above us,
and inside us and outside,
it is All and it is Nothing.

³ It is Absurd: that is true.
It is Understandable: that is false.
It is Peaceful: that is true.
It is True: that is false.

⁴ Its nature, artificial in its nature,
natural in its artificialness,
absurd in its absurdity;
it is the World of Berrycone.

⁵ It is all vain and illusion
or it was: in the Old World.
Berrycone has brought not truth to this world
but the absurdity that is true, and isn't.
And that's false.

⁶ "There's no new thing upon the earth",
said Solomon, a wise — not so much —
man of the Old World.

⁷ All is new, but only in its Absurdity
that All is Absurd is nothing new
but News came and All is New
and All is Absurd and Still.

⁸ Nothing could ever be a thing
in the Old world.
Everything could — and ought — to be nothing
in this World
while being the thing it is.

⁹ Of Boats I sing, and desert's waters
Sandducks all over the bay.

¹⁰ In a dream I find myself,
John's dream, that is:
dreamy dream, dream-like dream
of a dreamer who dreams.

¹¹ A dream is absurd. But that is absurd.
The absurdity of dreams, being well-known,
isn't absurd anymore.

¹² The absurdity of a dream
is what's expected of the dream
therefore it isn't absurd.

¹³ The world is still the Old World,

and is not Absurd yet.

¹⁴ By being Absurd, therefore,
it Is absurd, while not yet being so.

¹⁵ A backflip and a scream
of an eagle's scream, a dream and a bongo
of a player's bongo.

¹⁶ Absurdity is in All of us and none of them.
But who is to say We are we and They are they,
and We aren't They and they aren't we?

¹⁷ Berrycone said "I don't know"
and these are the words to live by.

¹⁸ But he knows. But he can't lie.
That is the Absurdity we ought to strive for.

¹⁹ Lie, and you will fail.

²⁰ Say the truth, and you are lying.

²¹ Know the Absurd and integrate it,
and you will know freedom.

²² But freedom is nothing and it is worthless.
The freedom you should strive for isn't the freedom of the free:
It is the freedom of the freed, but not yet free.

²³ Doctrines of the Absurd will appear: false doctrines.
But he who knows the true doctrine will know it,
and he who doesn't won't.

²⁴ But will he? That is to say he can know something
and that contradicts the nature of Absurdity.

²⁵ Nothing is knowable, yet nothing is unknown.
All is absurd in its unkownness.
And all is known.

²⁶ The conclusion is:
the conclusion isn't.

²⁷ And John woke up (and Woke Up) just after that.

Conclusion

Both scrolls end with this versicle. The story is continued in the Gospel according to Bongae, and a different version of it is told in the Aplongalipse. The Aplongalipse version, while filled with plot holes, is used more frequently in research than the Gospel of Bongae, because Bongae is an untrustable narrator, although his story is more coherent. That said, the Gospel is a more poetic and literary version of the story, while Aplongalipse is more precise and sometimes prophetic, even if it contradicts itself a lot of times. But this could be because of its Absurd nature.

This Gospel is very short. In fact, it's the second shortest book of the Bibble — the first one being Stacey: an Tragihistorycomedy in Five Words —, but it contains some of the most important ideas of Berryconeane Absurdism (in the Pyrate's Discourse) and introduces the character of Bongae, even if very briefly.

The List of Lists of Gregory Berrycone

These²⁰ are²¹ lists²² that Gregory Berrycone²³ created²⁴ in his²⁵ Life²⁶

The list of Gregory Berrycone's favorite philosophers and the Reason for them to be on the list

1. **David Cume.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
2. **I'm Anal Kunt.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
3. **Gregory Berrycone.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
4. **Plongrates.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
5. **G. W. F. Bagel.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
6. **Epic Titties.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
7. **Plonchel de Scrongtoigne.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
8. **René The Kart.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
9. **Donkey Kong.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.
10. **Gottfried Wilhelm Le Beniz.** Because he is one of Gregory Berrycone favorite philosophers.

The list of the questions that are most asked to Gregory Berrycone and their answers

²⁰ The following things.

²¹ Have the quality of.

²² A compilation of things. While it may be ordered and sometimes be unordered, like Life, it is a thing at which we look and laugh. Sometimes. But not all times. Something that happens may have happened before once, or it may have happened a thousand times, but we don't really know anything if we don't look at the thing we want to look at and see what it really is, but we can only do that by listing these lists that Gregory Berrycone wrote, because lists of lists list the lists that lists can't always list on their own, so they need more lists to list the lists, even though, for Gregory Berrycone (He), the lists mean nothing.

²³ You know who he is you bastard, you don't need this footnote.

²⁴ What "created" means is something you have to find on your own. *Create* the meaning.

²⁵ The Scrungle and the Plongus scrolls differ in the word used here. While in Scrungle it's written [DATA EXPUNGED] in Plongus it's [DATA EXPUNGED] that [DATA EXPUNGED] even though [DATA LOST] has been proved by [DATA STOLEN BY A FUCKTARDICUS THAT PUT IT INSIDE HIS ARSE — OH! THESE FUCKTARDS! HOW THEY MAKE MY JOB A FUCKING HELL OF A FUCKING JOB OF HELL] to be a plastic dick. It's fine, son. We understand. But you'll have to stop it.

²⁶ The time between the birth and death.

1. **Who are you?** I am Gregory Berrycone, but you, the one reading, isn't Gregory Berrycone, unless you are Gregory Berrycone. If you are or of you aren't Gregory Berrycone depends on what or who you are, and if that is Gregory Berrycone, you really are Gregory, but if you aren't, you aren't the Berrycone nor the Gregory because after all these are the same things.
2. **What's your favorite thing?** I'm really fond of fondling babes' boobs, but I also really like dreaming dreamy dream-like dreams while I sleep, asleep, a sleepy sleep, while sleeping.
3. **How much is too much?** Too much.
4. **What's your favorite book?** The ring's ring's ring, by John W. Schamòv. It's an absurdist novella with themes of prostitution, holes, rings, christianity, intuition, soles, kings and charlatanry.
5. **How did you become Gregory Berrycone?** Well, that's a good question. And one I get asked about all the time, in fact. Out of the ten thousand letter I receive a day, at least a very big number of them, like very big, enormous, a number of letters that is very big and makes me very scary, is about how I became who I am. Well then. I became Gregory Berrycone by realizing that nothing is more true in life than the fact that life has no truths. The thing about it is that "Gregory Berrycone" is an ideal platonic archetype about a man who is completely absurd. And to be absurd is to realize that nothing is more true in life than the fact that life has no truths. And by realizing that, I comprehend the Berryconean-absurd archetype of Men better. When I truly comprehend it, I'll become a winged pig with a towel up his ass (preventing shit to fall over the Aburd People of Earth when I fly) and fly to the Absurd Palace in the Platonic World of Ideas. But that world doesn't exist. I made it up. I'm Plato, Gregory Berrycone is Plato. But when Inkerio joined the whole story got better.

How NOW you may ask: How did Plato become Gregory Berrycone, and before that, how did You (Me) become Plato. Well that's simple. I just had to drink my own Semen for seven years, as my only sustenance, and that made me Understand all the Platonic World of the Ideas World of Plato, and thereforeonafter, becoming — through the things —, all the things (all of them — very much a lot, —, and that is all: yes) I had becomened —, and; — that is all I have to say about Myself. For now. Until the next question.

The list of Gregory Berrycones

1. Gregory Berrycone
2. Gregory Berrycone
3. Gregory Berrycone
4. Gregory Berrycone
5. Gregory Berrycone
6. Gregory Berrycone
7. Gregory Berrycone

- 8.** Gregory Berrycone
- 9.** Gregory Berrycone
- 10.** Gregory Berrycone
- 11.** Gregory Berrycone
- 12.** Gregory Berrycone
- 13.** Gregory Berrycone
- 14.** Gregory Berrycone

Conclusion

These are the only remains of the Plongus and Scrungle scrolls of the Gospel of Gregory Berrycone. They are translated in the Bibble, a book that had only 300 copies when initially printed. Now there are only 3 copies. One of them is in the Absurdist Biblical Society, an organization with the goal of recovering all it can about the Bibble and related texts, writing and investigating this mysterious book; one of them is Gregory Eugene's property, a man who claims to be a descendant of Gregory Berrycone (after all, a real human, who is estimated to have lived from 100 to 165 DC, but of whom we can only speculate, based on the puzzling Berrycone scrolls) and the last was stolen from the Center of Research on James Joyce's Hidden Work, who had it because of speculations on Berrycone's influence on Joyce's work. The 300 copies were reduced to 3 after the Donkey Kong incident on Sakhalin — where most of the scrolls were found and kept, due to a curse.

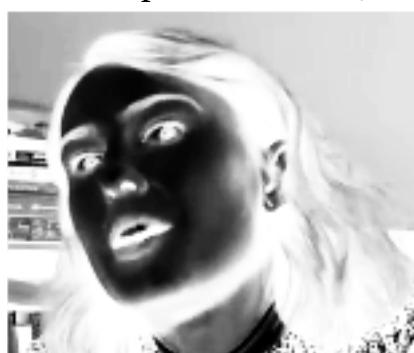
I am a man with a micropenis.

I sit naked in the corner of an empty drawing room. Looking down, I see my body stretch away from me. I have normal arms, normal legs, a normal chest, but my penis is microscopic. It would not be so bad if my arms and legs and chest were microscopic too. There would be some symmetry then, some rhyme, some perspective, some continuity. My balls are non-feminized, which only makes my penis look smaller. They are larger than average, maybe.

Because my penis is so small I have to use my balls to masturbate.

I pinch each between a thumb and forefinger and tug alternately down in different directions. After about twenty minutes of this my penis becomes hard, and after thirty I shoot a small load. But because my shaft is nonexistent, lacking the internal catapultry of a man-sized penis, I cannot shoot very far, and without fail I dribble all over myself.

The mechanics of masturbation, however, have been the least of the problems my micropenis has caused me. It has made me a pariah. It has held my life in place with invisible hands. It has locked me away in a prison of alienation. This, my drawing room, is all I have ever known in person. My knowledge of the outside world has come from books, has come from the internet, and all that it has told me is that a man with a micropenis has no place in the world. I do not know who provides for me. I have often wondered who would provide for a man with a micropenis, but without fail Providence provides me with the food and water to stay alive, with the computer and the internet to keep me online, and all the pornography a man could ever need to keep me masturbating. But problem was.... she is gay so she used her own fist to put it in her ass, leading it towards her vagina.



"Sometimes you can give [an infant with a micropenis] a ton of testosterone in the first three months of life and get the penis to grow," says Dr. R. Testosterone treatment can still be effective even after infancy so long as it's done prior to puberty. Surgery, too, is an option. If a standard penile lengthening procedure isn't enough, a phalloplasty may be required, says Dr. A. "Phalloplasty uses tissues from other body sites (for example, the forearm muscle flaps) to create a new penis (and urethra) for the patient," he says.

They lie about my micropenis. I have wondered sometimes at some way out of my condition. In my youth I thought abstinence from masturbation might make my penis grow to the size of a regular man and I would be normal and I would at last be ready to leave this room and experience the outside world for myself. In my prime, I could go months without ejaculation. I would sit all day staring at my penis, telling it 'no' through gritted teeth, and dreaming of the golden inkerio chain bathed day when I could measure my penis in inches. I would stumble out into the sunlight and I would pick myself up off the ground and become a man like any other man. I would work a job, the kind nobody else knew how to enjoy. I would work at a 7/11 with my normal sized penis, and sell gas and watery coffee and cigarettes with my normal sized penis. Women would smile at me and hand me paper money and ask for change from me and my normal sized penis. I would save my money and rent a small apartment space to rest me and my normal sized penis, and one day I would ask a woman over, and fuck her with my normal sized penis with normal internal catapultries and I would impregnate her, and she would birth my child who would grow up with a . . . no . . . who would grow up with another micropenis. What would be the point? It would only be another me. Another life inhabited by the same damnation that is this consciousness. An endless repetition. So I gave up. And the thought of a normal penis would come to me only now and then, idly, on the end of some strange daydreamed scheme.

I was left a man without hope, without purpose, without features. In as far as I am a man at all, I am nobody. I am instead my penis, and my micropenis alone, surrounded by the thin facade of a man. I am my micropenis, experiencing itself eternally, and this body is merely my latest vessel. I am every micropenis of every man who has ever had a micropenis and yet I cannot leave this room, I will never leave this room, and neither will any of them. For they have (don't mind this part here because I am inserting it in the middle of a paragraph for the fun of it.) been here, even if they have walked among the Others. Even as they have found successes in their mortal lives, even as they have told themselves they were men, they have lived inside this room, felt the hold of the same invisible hands, felt, if only in nightmares, in feverish sweats of paranoid clarity, the same sense of self nested within the micropenis. There is only one of us, experiencing a million forms. This then has in times of foolish hope become my real obsession in old age. Not to overcome the micropenis, not to negate all that I am, but to *reform* myself, to inhabit these adjacent micropenises, to re-realize my single self in a number of its other forms. It is still sketchy and theoretical. I can't say I understand myself. It goes against all traditional knowledge. And maybe this is only narcissism, some delusion of grandeur, some final grasp at self importance -- but I think I am the *centre* of the micropenis. I think me here and now is the link that draws all micropenises together. I am the form from which all are drawn. My time and place is incidental. Perhaps it is always changing. Could I exist in the realm of Forms? Could the absolute experience itself in the place of its particulars? Could I find myself, could I find this room in another's body? Another's micropenis?

A list of confirmed and potential micropenis particulars

- 1.** Voltaire
- 2.** Proust
- 3.** Tom Jones (singer/songwriter)
- 4.** Laozi (and all asians for that matter)
- 5.** Doug Stanhope (and Bill Hicks for that matter)
- 6.** GG Allin (confirmed)
- 7.** Napoleon Bonaparte
- 8.** Yasser Arafat
- 9.** Tupac Shakur (singer/songwriter)
- 10.** Merle Allin (potentially?)
- 11.** Augustine of Hippo
- 12.** Thomas Aquinas
- 13.** Sols
- 14.** Sancho Panza
- 15.** Gregory Berrycone (not confirmed [yet] already confirmed)
- 16.** Trimalchio
- 17.** Pietro Testa
- 18.** Lenny Bruce (confirmed)
- 19.** ~~Emily Dickinson~~ ((she was a Lady-boi)
- 20.** Leopold von Sacher-Masoch
- 21.** Hitler, Adolf (grand dragon of the Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei)
- 22.** Denis Leary
- 23.** Kareem Abdul Jabbar
- 24.** God I

If I were to inhabit another micropenis, I have decided after much online research and much contemplation that Saint Thomas Aquinas would be my best bet, as the man himself was an astral traveller and meditator, and his consciousness already reaching up into the strange soup of the noosphere (pleroma?) may be the easiest to transfer myself into. Does the micropenis leave some cosmic smear as it is drawn from my perfect form? Is something lost from me when this new life is born? Can these streams, this endless tangled web be unwound and parsed, followed along and matched back to that little cock of the levitator seen rising out of Notre Dame into the high above? To taste life through the mouth of a Saint-micropenis, to cum from the atrophied catapultries of a sanctified body in the world and time of Christ would be life affirmed, my life affirmed, this endless suffering, the suffering of form of the life-giver of life itself, of the woman in labor (she is me) affirmed ~~before mine own eyes before mine own mind~~ before mine own micropenis. Oh how I would enjoy rubbing up against those Catholic girls in my charge. How I would chase the women of the day around and plunge the Italian doctor down into Dante's many

rings. How I would cum inside my jewel-encrusted tunic and rub myself in the green grass and let the sun cook my fat body alive until the fields stank of old baloney and the Church had me burned for the bad omen of my foul scent. And I would die a man who lived of purpose, who had his seed touch flesh of woman and who felt the grass beneath him, despite the trappings of his micropenis. But history is history. And past is past. And I must satisfy myself if I am to satisfy myself at all for the time being with levitation. My journey will be a long one, along many gradations of life, and only after experiencing many lives of the micropenis will I find that rare and outlier form which found within itself the foundations of a life. But here I am going on and on ... I must compose myself. I know escape is only a dream. A sick and haunting dream.

I knock against the wall and listen for a sound. The walls are a sheet metal and the impact rolls in one neat wave throughout the room. I have wondered if my room is not falling. I have wondered if one day I were to step through that door and try to find a world accepting of my micropenis I would find anything but void. I go on the computer. I decide to watch some pornography. I have many Jordan Peterson many folders of pornography saved on many different harddrives, meticulously sorted, a library which covers the entire spectrum of erotic desire, pornographic medium and genre. I have woodcarvings from the 5th century of a man fisting a shemale's ass. I have telescopic photos of Byzantine erotica. I have the entire xhamster database. I wrote a program in Python to automatically download a video every time something new is uploaded to its servers. I have even dabbled in homosexuality, bestiality, necrophilia, and self-snuff. (mostly out of boredom, my preference is fairly vanilla truth be told) And yet I rarely if ever return to a piece of pornography. I wonder, *and I wonder often!* why it is I collect, why I cannot part with a single piece of pornography when all I get off to is young girls' nudes on imgur or a crease in my gut that looks vaguely feminine or bodily from a certain angle.

"I actually am separated now Because of my situation She left me for a man with a bigger penis After being married for 15 years I thought It was accepted, Guess not everybody knows my deep dark secret And to be quite honest with you I just want to die. I just wish I could find somebody to get past me being so sad and so little Because I am a nice guy But nowadays that the help for nothing..."

Which is preferable? For certain members to grow so that others may need to adjust themselves in proportion to said members--creating discord-- or having members of equal minuteness, but without the lust for growth?

CHAPTER 2: “Red and “Raped” Slothrop’s: Toilet Time Stories on Sodium Amytal”

how about we just fucking have a lil chat and that can be chapter 3.
How you holding up, /lit/?

that's a good idea, very good idea
but I don't know how the gregory berrycone gospel is going to fit in the book you're all writing. It's a idea I had when an anon tried to write a gospel according to /lit/ that I like.

nothing has to fit, these books are just pollock-esque shit flingings

I guess i'll make a short story or something in which the character finds this “Bibble” with the berrycone gospel, so it's connected to something but there's still that pollock-esque thing to the book

it could be about some joseph smith- type prophet who tries selling his finds on the internet, or an internet cult associated with some similar dude.

have you read borges' short story tlon, uqbar, orbis tertius? I'm thinking in something like that but with a absurdist gospel instead of a whole encyclopedia (btw, leave all this in)

THis is fucking gay How you holding up, /lit/?

Ok. There is a lot of penis talk in here. But at least written well enough for me to read through some of it.

CAN WE NOT FUCK WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK
please stop it's rude

Poemme de Terre:

Insert your own vulgarity, you edgy fucks -- I don't have the stomach for such things any more. Imagine poetic turns that I've not time to add. The death of these authors wouldn't be tragic, and comedic even less:

I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high over valleys and hills when all at once I am become Death, destroyer of worlds.

"The feminists stole my testicles" he said, chewing on his own testicles.

Does the necrophiliac kiss the corpse? Does he hold spooon her after?

I'd tell you of the time Samuel Beckett sucked me off in an alleyway for half a postmodern play, but that would violate a Non Disclosure Agreement which I may (or may not!) have signed.

"I find you repulsive, but I'd sleep with your reflection" said my reflection.

I think that's enough.

(The viscous, gangrene residue pooled beneath the Ovary Depository had confirmed the worst of my fears. Yes, indeed, with the Embryo Pond yearning for prodigy to shelter, the Womb Room would have to rob it of its pleasure. Inconceivable would be for such noble a Pond to house such filthy an offspring. Ah, but the Vas Deferens Deflector, will it's cunning prove capable of transferring thy precious Seed through the vile infection? Do infants not sin at the jealous gaze of another's solace in Breast?...)

Nickelback	Eminem	Evanescence	Wake me up	(WAKE ME UP INSIDE)
	cute	has a cute girl	awake	
sings	raps	sings		awake inside
		married	ephemeral	
involuntary celibate	has a daughter			skeletal



Dreaming of a western final

Since my six years in that town I can no longer abide the noxious smell of malt whiskey, a malodorous reminder of that place brings a chill upon my restive soul; of that small town, unmarked on maps but clinging to the west American coast, as if its residents would slip into the sea and be returned to the old world they fled from. Squat buildings of blackened wood were the claws with which the populace gripped fiercely, a tall white lighthouse being the single baleful eye of flame, watching the sea for newcomers that would be welcomed in one of three dingy inns, barely fit for rats, that served weak beer and even weaker spirits. It was a dreadful place.

Though, truly, I did love that man with the micropenis; the small appendage to which I slathered my praises.

And so, sitting in solitude upon a chair, with no table to accompany us, I was borne upon St. Chair and accepted into the folds of the parish – the community that is. Through many, many, drinking games and ribald songs, I was unfortunately becoming one of the wider known members of the community, but being of the mostly puritan mien, and truthfully a stranger even to my beer-fellows, I was cast in a whirl of loneliness the instant I would deign to pass out of that inn's door.

Passing through the door of which I spoke, he strode along the empyreal plane he made with his thunderous footfalls; Harsh echoes of a forlorn mind, resounding within my very own, the calls to kinship that sprung me to heedless actions; In a

stupor of joy and drink I called "Hullo sir, would you do me the pleasure of sharing in my, although pitiful, fully forthcoming, company? It would bring me grea-"

"shut your shitskin lips and stop being a nigger."

Ah woe and fucking torment. I could not believe such a blow had come from someone other than me on my knees. AHAHAH. The screaming of my soul pouring through my brazen mouth echoed among the inn's insides. HOW THE FUCK DO I MAKE THIS A CHAPTER IN THE INDEX. ahem. ok riley lets get this done. HAHAHAHAH a final cry to sound my anger discordant; a plea to the old fellow to be more lenient in forgiving my trespass. "But I am a gourmet, dedicated to the taste of life - the blood, rare - a starved stomach to bring flavour from dregs. A bard from a life of DISGUSTING FUCKING ANGLO RHYME creating tripe for unwashed cretins to plagiarize on /lit/, casting the illusion of intelligence to strengthen a loss of love in paradise." "Poetry?" "yes sir." "But is it good?" "no fucking chance."

"come! let us return to my cottage , white and barren upon the edge of society bearing me within a singular womb of conscience"

And so we rode upon two Pre-bred English whorses, upon a mistless dune carried by a mournful dawn.

The capsule of wood and glass appears, a small red door easily cast aside to present my home to Woten Bailey, the magic man with the micropenis.

"Yo witey wer dat poetry at"

"I'll recite it like a good faggot dear friend:

*A! I am now lord, over simple men,
But still can't rule well nor meet their demands.
It was a low solace that light solar. Burst
Upon that sky, a bitter-sweet taste
Of divine sunlight. Of all mine I spurn,
that righteous reaper, killing out of turn,
And his sickly seed, doth rebellion
sow. Through pain and chance, as the one who's help
could bring order, died. That Crafty Miner! Lost,
in dark depths that he himself devised, yet
great were the treasures and greater were those,
that using tools forged, fought under the stone,
Upon the hills, and, over the swan-path,
From whence the cruel men, came west to our shore,
Bringing wrathful ruin lit the fires of war. "*

Ah no, sissy shit and a great deal of pain. searing into my smoothskin brain. what can i do. who can i be. WHY WONT KAREN LOVE ME. she took the kids because i said i wanted her to get blacked. but that wasnt true, i had just wished i was black so i wouldnt have to suffer the burden of a micropenis. THE UNCARING

UNIVERSE LOOKS UPON ME AND SMILES IN BINARY. 0011. THE MESOPOTAMIAN KING WILL RETURN AS A ZIONIST BUG DEMON. OWO BITCH I LOVE CATS BUT STILL CANT SEE THE REASONING BEHIND LIVING WELL.

Unbridaled racism sets my free of my rider, the subvocalized man inside me. One can only hope to become a cog in a greater mechanism, so I turnt to my everlasting friend. God.

We must combat the **J.E.W.S.**
Judgmental
Elementary schoolers
Who
Skip rope

A BLACK WOMAN has gone to the grocery store...

A BLACK WOMAN has gone to the grocery store to buy some milk. As a BLACK and a WOMAN she ponders, "As a WOMAN, and as a BLACK, what milk is right for me?" Grasping a milk carton in her strong, BLACK, WOMAN hand, she at last makes a decision, a decision deeply resonant with her identity as a WOMAN who is BLACK, indeed, with WOMEN and BLACKS everywhere. She marches to the register with a spring in her step and places the milk down onto the counter. "As a strong, powerful, important BLACK WOMAN, I—a BLACK WOMAN—would like to purchase this milk." The cashier rings her up. "That will be two dollars and eighty-nine cents," he says, practically sneering at her for being a BLACK WOMAN. The BLACK WOMAN defiantly raises her BLACK, WOMANLY hand, a bold, defiant symbol of her brave defiance as a BLACK WOMAN, to silence the racist cashier. "Your racism won't hold me down! I'm going to purchase this milk whether you like it or not!" She hands over the money to the racist cashier, who says "What?," clearly stupefied by the bold defiance of this BLACK WOMAN. She marches out of the grocery store with her head held high, and steals a Slim Jim, not so much as a WOMAN, mostly as a BLACK that time.

$$9 \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \left(\frac{1}{10}\right)^n$$

An Ode to the Virus from Outer Space

System hang. Psychoactives prop up liminal neurological firings to graciously set the needle down before the blue screen hits. Zero intensity. Lapse back and forth between what's around me and the other. The floor smells of kerosene and I nod for only a moment.

Catpiss and horseshit and there's nothing else in the world for me. Some buzzard of a junky leans over me, looking to pinch a sack off a dying husk of a man but the last few neurons spark and my knife is in the poor faggots chest and he slumps. There isn't even a place to wash the blood. I wipe my hands on his shirt and gather my rig and move. I have lived with this thing growing inside me for years and I just can't starve it -- soon soon -- one more good push, that's all.

Acid rain and broken vials in the gutters. Glints of yellow from some stray cartridges in the muck. I hear sirens in the distance and assume I am on the run. A wanton skid no older than fifteen asks me for a cigarette but changes her mind upon seeing the blood. There is a safehouse I know of just two blocks from here.

She asks me if I'm okay mister and if I need some like help or something but I'm too far gone now to do more than stumble.

Visionquake. Hold it now. You're close. Pins and needles creep over my skin and I ask the Lord why the shot didn't have a few more minutes leg. Some pimp with a fat lip and a coat of gold fur asks me if I'm looking for something to take my mind off things and all I can imagine is my hands around his throat and kicking but I keep on to myself and do my best to keep upright.

By the time I make it to Maurice's pad I am in desperate need of another shot. He's fucking some queer in the living room, spreading the twinks mucus filled asshole and peering in like there was something to find.

You look like shit.

You are shit.

I wash my hands in the sink while his boy coos and gasps. I sit on the toilet and ready another vein. Before they are finished I have pushed off yet again. Maurices face materializes in front of me flashing red blue red blue and he's pushing me like to get going and I know enough not to ask and before I have my feet under me I'm on the escape. Rain slicks the rungs and I hit the pavement.

The twink lands on top of me and is up and running before I pull myself off the wet ground. I hear the voices as I limp down the alley, I hear them call but I do not turn and look. I hear the voices, they are upon me like the rain but I clutch my head and wander half blind. They only get louder.

By the time I come to I am blocks from Maurices and the shakes are all but overwhelming. Were they after me or the degenerate? All that goes through my mind is fixing like animal pangs of instinct and drug honed desperation as I pull myself to my feet. The virus still lives inside mankind and we do our best to quiet the voices but we all hear them we all are in this together. Some of us just handle the

disease better than others -- bicameral coping strategies and drugs -- madness is the only logical conclusion when the state holds your hand through the withdrawals and there is nothing left to do but talk to yourself in the rain.

A DISCOURSE ON MY DICK

Once a thought came to me of the things that are and my thinking soared high while my bodily senses were restrained. A gigantic being called to me and said "What do you want to hear and see; what do you want to learn and know from your understanding?".

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am you with a normal sized penis" he said, "fucker of women; I know what you want, and I am with you everywhere"

I said, "I wish to learn about the things that are, to understand their nature and to know what it feels like to have a penis of average size."

Then he said to me: "Keep in mind all that you wish to learn, and I will teach you."

Saying this he changed his appearance, and in an instant everything opened to me. I saw an endless vision in which everything became light - clear and joyful - and in seeing the vision I came to love it. After a little while, darkness arose separately and descended fearful and gloomy - coiling sinuously so that it looked to me like a dick belonging to a man of moderate endowment. The darkness then changed into something of a more fleshy nature. I recognized it immediately as my own body. I was undressed and lying on a tiled floor. I turned my head towards a what looked like a dim light. Cold stone pressed against my body. I could feel my minuscule organ retreat. And then i cried.

Stacey, a Tragihistorycomedy in Five Words

Panties for sale: recently stained.²⁷

²⁷ This says a lot about our society.

I was nineteen years old, ...

I was nineteen years old, desu, when I sold my virginity to an Arab prince. Jim Watkins was his name and, surprisingly, this Arab prince was a pleasant one. He took the utmost pleasure in my virginity and I in his stanky, brown, gentile weiner. It seriously looked like a fat earthworm, but that didn't matter much, because I like guys for who they are. I don't even know why I mentioned it.

CHAPTER 2: YOUR FAVOURITE ANIME'S TAX POLICY

CHAPTER ZERO

In 1977 the Government of America created the AIDS virus in a laboratory in North Hollywood California, epicenter of the homosexuality. The laboratory was hidden ironically. It was decorated and run as a homosexual nightclub, called “Experiment 69”. As President Nixon had predicted, North Hollywood’s homosexual nightclub goers took to “Experiment 69” like homosexual moths to a flaming flame. Each perverted night was christened in the name of the homosexuals’ satanic master. They were gay exclusively, which meant their homosexuality had sophisticated past the common homosexual’s. No uphill gardeners of the garden-variety were admitted. The breed of homosexual studied inside “Experiment 69” never wasted his time. He hungered to corrupt. At 9 o’clock the homosexuals crowded onto the “dance” floor. “Dancing” was their chosen euphemism, and in the context of a homosexual nightclub, it connoted their animalistic mélange. Their mock-policeman and sailor costumes were extremely fucking gay. Some wore black leather chaps which left their hairy asses exposed and inviting sodomy. Others paraded around in women’s lingerie, and these were the biggest faggots of all. “Experiment 69” sucked and fucked toward the top of North Hollywood’s homosexual nightclub scene, faster than President Nixon had ever predicted. Just dim the lights some, please—thank you Carlo. Thank you till the most rapt hour. Now rest, Aliza.... Softly dream yourself adrift. Ah.... Here is ease, is nosing into furs. Prostrate to your lover.... His den warms you wholly, mhm.... His is a care you’re outdone by. His stone hearth is crackling and, sparks-in-sight, you watch him. Seated but reaching down, he tends.... An elk hangs cleaned to the woodwall and curiously, the innards’ scent entices you up. A rampant animal now, Aliza, here you meet him standing. He thrills your skivvies, doesn’t he?—Smelling his hauling and hair. Now a faintness, overcome and silent by what awaits.... Mm yes. Your lover, Aliza, he takes your wildest fuck for himself. Over your bottom now he jabs inside and pains you. Yes, his first jab inside is frightening, but his second is quickened.... He fucks you prostrate, now jabbing farther inside than before, your cries beneath his hoarse groaning.... Wildly, he turns you over then jabs inside for the thrillingest fuck you will take, the roughest giddy fucking your raw twat will welcome. His bristled cheek nears yours, more dogged tonguing as your mouths rejoin—sharing love, breath, now Aliza, feel him.... His cock withdraws from your sopping twat.... See his eyes.... He jabs inside farther, quicker, then a quivering arises. Your lover has you coming, Aliza, doesn’t he?... Soon he takes another coming from you. Mhm.... another time you come. Your lover fucks your reddened swollen twat without civility.... It had been a calm morning in Washington when Tricky Dick sat with Henry Kissinger for lunch. The two discussed foreign policies and Nixon’s gamergate entrapment. Attempting to depressurize, to laugh, Nixon asked Kissinger

about the “homosexual crisis”. Kissinger joked that his State Department boys had drafted up “an honest humdinger”. Their solution was simple. Where the Government had beaten back homosexuality, it would step aside and quarantine. Were the homosexuals corralled and encouraged to fester, their affliction would soon die out. Kissinger quote Woodrow Wilson, saying to never murder a man who’s committing suicide. Nixon asked the quarantine’s name, and a smile curled over Kissinger’s Jewish lips. MPs were ordered on North Hollywood within a month. Disguised as civilians, they began location-scouting. Their brief said the laboratory should communicate “major-homosexual resonance”. It was soon found, however, that all North Hollywood communicated this, so the MPs chose a standard Vanowen St. building. Weeks later “Experiment 69” was open for business. The homosexuals celebrated, knowing little of their premature deaths—though the creation of AIDS, ultimately, was a freak accident. There weren’t yet technologies to invent disease, so the job was relegated to the homosexuals themselves. One perverted night, in perfect imitation of countless before, an “Experiment 69” regular, Chi-Juan Luong by name, elbowed through the nightclub’s doors leading his homosexual pet, a meek bull-nigger named Kimberley. Luong’s pet was Cameroonian, captured as a child by bush mercenaries, imported. He named him Kimberley because the sound matched his sensitive niggerface. A rich Los Angeles businessman and voracious babyfucker, Luong had rid himself at different points of all the child slaves he ever owned, but Kimberly was his One. The timid nigger escorted the ageing Luong on vacations, expensive shopping tours, dark nightly suckscapades deep within “Experiment 69”. Theirs was a macabre life, though it was better than any life remotely near the Congo. Luong led Kimberley through the nightclub toward a violent, smelly orgy. The homosexuals’ shrieking disturbed Kimberley, repelled him so he wanted out, but he followed in as Luong’s dutous Subject. Ringmaster Fuego was overtop of them, their choicest blackest tools being leather whips and a rubberized manhood. Luong was the first to fuck him. Kimberley belteddown, ties ratcheted fast ... a whimper rose from his niggerlips. It was an anguish they heard, took pleasure in. Their simple machines entered. Psychosexual advantage over him, Patient Zero, became addictive. The homosexuals fucked Kimberley until each of them was diagnosed with AIDS, ten or so years later. By then Luong had died. Rest is history, as faggots say. “Experiment 69” was Nixon’s greatest accomplishment. He had signed the order creating AIDS and, as Kissinger had smiled 20 years before, Nixon’s deathbed was contented of a job well-done.

The Curse of Knowledge

Verily, whatst doth consumeth plebianth genre fiction? Mine mind only readeth philosophisophicals in y'olde (ye olde) Gecko Romaine philosphersth. Truly, though the arteth of yon writteneth worde beith unlimited, genre fiction still yet doth findest the limit. Indeed, all formse of art doth permeateth into this one of writingeth. All saveth for genre fiction. I shalleth proveth to thee. Beholdensth, as I playeth a piano on mine keyboard

BNIDHJEWIBJRKHQEREFBJKHWWRVJNQKE;L43RILQUHGTFRQEWF;ONJ
RJNBK,VCEFWQD NBCS;KJHQLOI UREWGFHV OUPIHGR234134F
089YU[435TGo8[UH 4F 32'OPIJ EWRF'PJI 32F
P[OKJ wqef'poijWEF'POKJIN ERWFPOJAEFDVD'PKJ IQREGOI HJ'ewpojk
f4 poi[.]ejw r'PIJ. 'Tis a thing of beauty. As is unlike genre fiction.

This book is malignantly useless, as it is every book written by the members of a chilean knitting forum. But someday, sooner than one might expect, a drooling retard will read this catalogue of human stupidity and decide that consciousness is indeed a punishment. He will have the might, the strength to destroy all life. The retarded screams, the slight smell of badly cleaned poop, will be the lasts sensations ever felt by humanity and all will cease as it started, by the actions of a goddamn retard.

33.

Freddie pours the liquid into two glasses. WE HEAR THE PARTY OUTSIDE THE ROOM, FROM UPSTAIRS. MASTER examines

IT;

MASTER

What's in it?

FREDDIE

(drinks just a little)

It's very strong. The good stuff takes time. And there's secrets in good liquor. This is just booze for now...

MASTER

How are you feeling, Freddie?

FREDDIE

Good.

MASTER

Rested?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Excited?

FREDDIE

Sure.

MASTER

Have you made some friends?

FREDDIE

Yes.

34.

MASTER

Good. Good. How are you feeling?

FREDDIE

Yeah, good.

They CHEERS AND DRINK. Shudder at the strength of it.

MASTER

I've been writing ... BULAGH! Feel like I went under. Dark cloud rolls in. Opens up...anxious to share new work-would you care for some informal processing?

FREDDIE

Sure...

MASTER

Well, then I gather myself... and you be my protege and guinea pig, eh?

Informal processing.

Master smiles, excited, moves to an OLD TAPE RECORDER, points a microphones towards Freddie, looks over some papers...

MASTER (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

FREDDIE

Yes.

HE FLIPS THE TAPE RECORDER ON. Master smiles, reads,

LOOKS UP;

MASTER

Say your name.

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Say it again.

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

MASTER
Say it again.

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

35.

MASTER

Might as well say it one more time just
to make sure you know who you are...

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Do you ever make thoughtless remarks.

FREDDIE

I usually put some thought into them.

MASTER

Do you browse though railway timetables
just for pleasure?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do you get occasional twitches of you
muscles when there is no logical reason
for it?

FREDDIE

(flutters around goofy) Only on my good
days.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No. (some dice games I was in, he he.)

MASTER

So past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

.I don't know. . . you keep asking me..no,
not really.

MASTER

Is your life a constant struggle for survival?

FREDDIE

.not really ... life's alright.

MASTER

Would you rather give orders than take them?

FREDDIE

Sure.

MASTER

Are you often impulsive in your behaviour.

FREDDIE

.sure... Yes.

MASTER

Do other people interest you very much?

FREDDIE

Not really (girls? They do)

MASTER

Do you find it easy to be impartial?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Are you likely to be jealous?

FREDDIE

No .about what?

MASTER

Are you logical and scientific in your thinking?

FREDDIE

I'm..I don't know. Don't care about
science.

MASTER

Do you rarely suspect the actions of
others?

FREDDIE

I don't understand.

37.

MASTER

Yes you do.

FREDDIE

.I suspect people...yes. Sure. So...no,
rarely. Most people are ass's anyway.

MASTER

Are you usually truthful to others?

FREDDIE

.no... I don't know. Guess so.

MASTER

Are your actions considered unpredictable
by other people?

HOLD. HOLD. Freddie seems to think about this questions
seriously, THEN: OUT OF THE PAUSE AND OUT OF THE BLUE HE

SCREAMS;

FREDDIE

BLLLLLLLLL GH.

How's that? (laughs hysterically)

MASTER

Silly..its good to laugh in
processing.. sometimes we forget.
Master reaches down, brings the microphone to his mouth:

MASTER (CONT'D)

"Freddie Sutton, Test Session. May 5,
1952, 1800 hours. Aboard he sailing
vessel Aletheia, en route to New York
City. MOC logged ad approced."
He CLICKS it off. Smiles at Freddie; he gives him a
comforting hug.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Should we sample another sip before we

join them upstairs?

FREDDIE

Is that it?

MASTER

For now.

FREDDIE

I'm ready for more if you want to ask
me...

38.

HOLD BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. LONG PAUSE.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Ask me, Master. This is fun.. .nobody's
asked me questions before --

MASTER

Could you answer the next series of
questions without blinking your eyes? To
without fear and hesitation answer as
quickly as you can?

FREDDIE

Sure.

CU. TAPE RECORDER BACK ON.

MASTER

Look at me...Starting now you are not to
blink. If you blink we go back to the

START:

.infringement. you blinked. Starting
now you are not to blink. If you blink we
go back to the start.

Do you often ponder over your own
inferiority?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Infringement. Back to the start. You
blink, we repeat from the start. Do you
often ponder over your own inferiority?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Do you believe that God will save you

from your own ridiculousness and self contempt?

FREDDIE

No I don't.

MASTER

Have you ever had intercourse with a member of your family.

FREDDIE

Yes.

39.

PAUSE.

MASTER

Have you ever had intercourse with a member of your family?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

.who?

FREDDIE

My. Auntie.

PAUSE. Master is stumped for the first time...

MASTER

Have you ever killed anyone?

FREDDIE

No,

MASTER

Maybe?

FREDDIE

Not me.

TAPE RECORDING ALL THIS. DIALS MOVING. FREDDIE NOT

BLINKING.

MASTER

Have you ever killed anyone.

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

How many times did you have intercourse with your aunt?

FREDDIE

Three times.

MASTER

Where is your aunt now?

FREDDIE

Don't know. Probably Princeton.

MASTER

Where?

40.

FREDDIE
45 Province Lane.

MASTER
Would you like to see her?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Would you like to sleep with her again?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Do you regret this?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
What is she doing now?

FREDDIE
I don't know.

MASTER
Where is your mother?

FREDDIE
I don't know.
Freddie BLINKS.

MASTER
INFRINGEMENT. Back to the start.

FREDDIE
FUUUUUUUUUCKK. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.

BULLSHIT. FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.
He slaps himslef around, opens his. eyes. HOLD.

MASTER

Do you often ponder your own inferiority?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Do you believe God is going to save you?

41.

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Have you ever had sex with a member of
your family?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Are you lying?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Who?

.FREDDIE

My Auntie Bertha.

MASTER

Where is your aunt?

FREDDIE

At home in new Jersey.

MASTER

Are you lying?

The Shoe

On the ground in the closet sat the shoe. It was brown like shit. I didn't like the shoe



The Phenomenology of Postcontemporary Neo-Marxism

The following lecture was transcribed on Friday Nov 23, 2018, at the height of Dr. Jordan B. Peterson's tragic amphetamine abuse.

JBP: SO JUNG HAD THIS GREAT IDEA if every person ate their own shit -now here's the bloody thing about eating your own bloody shit IT'S CHAOS and that's bloody terrifying and that.. is the belly of the beast.. The consumption of one's own feces is representative of the cannibalistic chaos of post-modernism so then what do you do when you're face to face with this terrifying shit eating dragon? lobsters are well known autophagyists and we're like 90% lobster DNA so you know that really tells you something and that's the bloody thing about Sam Harris, that he has better hair than I do it.. it.. well depends first on what you mean by lobster it's like what solzhenitsyn always said "now Sam Harris is a jew, and they're cold blooded too just like lobsters" you see.. thats what Hitler got right, he wasn't crazy it also totally depends on what you mean by crazy Not washing your penis? Now thats crazy. I have thought about this quandary for a long time, particularly in regards to Jung; for thirty years I've been ruminating on the best way to wash your penis and I haven't thought about anything else AND THE 20TH CENTURY TAUGHT US THAT LESSON PRETTY BLOODY WELL If you wanna conquer your shadow; really grind your heel into the bloody groin of the bitch. Clean your penis and respect the

Chaos Lobster. It's in the book of Genesis. There's postmodernism to fight; and ya bloody better accept it. the jews are older than trees, man! like, god, it's so sad! It reminds me of Pinocchio *sniff* a-and how he just wanted t-*wheeze*to be a boy well that's just the bloody thing! So when we really get to explore these ideas we realize really... we arent the ones cleaning the penis... IT CLEANS US! AND THAT's the BLOODY THING, it's like, you don't KNOW anything for CERTAIN - DO YOU? Whaat do you think you are smarter than Socrates? It's like, YOU ARE NOT SMARTER THAN SOCRATES AND YOU DO NOT KNOW EVERYTHING, you might not even know ANYTHING. But people act(hey it's me, the sentence inserter again. do you think that this has any worth? I mean either you are reading this or are contributing so you must have put some time into this. It just makes me realize how fucked my life is.) like they know things all the time, and that's totalitarianism. It's like, wash your penis, read the Bible, YOU ARE NOT SMARTER THAN THE BIBLE, ok? So POSTCULTURAL NEOMODERNIST MARXISM IS KILLING US ALLL, we wuz lobstaz an shieet CLEAN YOUR FUCKING ROOM AND THATS THE BLOODY THING RIGHT? YOU MUST SAVE YOUR RELATIONSHIPS FROM CHAOS LIKE PINNOCHIO SAVED HIS FATHER FROM THE DEEPS. GEPETTO IS IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST AND THAT IS NOT A PLACE YOU WANT TO BE. SO WHEN YOU FINALLY TRIUMPH AND SLAY THE DRAGON OF CHAOS THEN YOU ASK YOURSELF "WELL WHAT NOW" AND ITS LIKE RIGHT TAHTS A BLOODY GOOD QUESTION. BUT YOU MUST NOT GIVE IN TO THE POSTMODERNNEOMARXISTS and furthermore THAT'S THE THING ABOUT DOMINANCE HIERARCHIES, THEY'RE BLOODY ROUGH, BUT THEY'RE NECESSARY, AND IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CERTAIN PROCLIVITY TOWARDS DANGEROUSNESS WELL, SEE HOW FAR YOU GET WITH THAT BUCKO. And let me tell you, it was cold up in Canada (AND THAT'S THE BLOODY THING ABOUT WASHING YOUR PENIS, IT'S A BLOODY EXTERNALISATION OF YOUR INNER WORLD MAN, AND THAT'S SERIOUS. HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO CHANGE THE WORLD IF YOU CAN'T GET YOUR OWN BLOODY PENIS INTO ORDER) So cold in fact that the nazis, in all their maniacal and pathological hatred wouldn't dare brave it. And *eyes begin to redden* I have been thinking, and trying to *pause while putting hand on left side of face* try to *ehem excuse me* trying to really sort things out in regards to a question I have been mulling over in my head for decades. *whipes a tear* If Nazi germany and Communist Russia just engaged in rough and tumble play instead of enveloping our world in chaos for those years -and the poor jews man, those bloody 6 million- who know what could have happend, its like, things might have gone a whole lot better. Beef and water and salt the scientific literature is very clear about this. I want to be careful before wading into this quagmire because--and let's get one thing straight, bucko--I parse my words carefully. VERY carefully. Well, imagine something roughly approximating fully conscious paralysis for 8 hours every night and you'll have an idea what it's like to

contend with apple cider. and that's the thing about parsing your words carefully man, that's the logos, and that's no bloody joke and believe me, it's no joke, the marxists taught us that bloody well in the 20th century And oh boy he was a tough cooky Well that's just it, you haven't watched my lectured so what could you possibly know? The only thing you damn well know for certain is that you really don't know anything at all, and that's BLOODY SCARY believe me, but it's necessary because the... the absolute horrors that took place in the 20th century, that was orchestrated by the post modern neo marxist, and let me tell you, they thought they just knew everything, and it's like, no you don't. YOU DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING. You really have to look no further than the gulag archipelago to see the pathological mindset that the ignorance of your own ignorance entails. It's horrible, so then you ask, well how can I avoid being like that? Well you start by cleaning your room. That's your chamber, and you can't let the dragon in and that dragon is chaos, and freud as troubled as he was makes this clear for us, chaos is disorder in our lives. So clean your damn room. Next you say ok now what, should I try to clean the whole damned world now? Well it's like no, you don't want to do that, well then what about my house? And now you're getting somewhere, but then you have ask yourself what about my penis, whens the last time I really tried to have a real connection with it and give a meaningful wash? And that's scary man, not enough young boys give their penis's rough and tumble cleanings and that's no joke, bloody well believe me. Which brings me to my next point- and I learnt this from jung, that you have to PROMULGATE YOUR BLOODY SHADOW, and everyone has a shadow man, you might think that you're a good guy and that you're harmless but YOUR WRONG. it's like, how you can bloody expect to climb the dominance hierarchies if you don't have a capacity for evil, I mean, the ancients figured this out OVER 1000 YEARS AGO I DECIDED TO WRITE THIS BOOK BECAUSE OF MY NUMEROUS AMOUNT OF QUORA UPVOTES. Anyways, WASH YOUR PENIS. Really in nature we can find mechanism for self celaning anuses in horses, but not penises... one might ask why? Eating the shit from your own ass is a symbolic representation of consuming the repressed anger from your father and incorporating it into your dark side. And that's the bloody thing about Dostoevsky: you're walking through St. Petersburg (this was before the bloody marxists renamed it after the murdering psychopath Lenin) and suddenly you see a horse's prolapsed anus...and Jung, well, Jung had a lot to say about that, it's a symbolic representation of chaos ...and you're missing the bloody point! That's the thing about dragons, we think we've slain them all but we haven't. It's so sad I mean god it's so sad how these young men and women today see the dragon as slain but it's not slain, It's not! The Bible when read allegorically has a lot to say about it. You young man, you're the dragon! The bloody Marxists didn't realise... the didn't see they were the dragon! And who do chicks like? They like the guy who goes out and slays the dragon? And who's the dragon? The dragon is you, more specifically your penis. That's the damn thing about penises: they're the only dragon left and the post modernists want to pretend otherwise. Your dragon is your penis and your soap is your sword.

JBP: *sniff* and so on and so on. S. I'm not Creole philosopher Slavoj Zizek?? Am I?

An artist reveal everything

I came to New York to fulfill one of my dreams, my mother was too worried about it. She told me that it was dangerous to stand out in the modeling scene, nevertheless I ignored her advice and I told her that I would be fine. When I arrived nothing was easy for me, I lived in a small apartment and every day I got up at 5am to get ready and go to auditions. In my first audition I saw really weird stuff, models and dogs wearing ridiculous costumes . At that time it crossed my mind *Regina Are you sure you want to look like a big branch with thorns?* in that moment I started to worry and thought about leaving. When I was going out I stopped to tie my shoes, then a distracted photographer with his camera in hand bumped into me.

Marcus: Hey! *he stops for a moment when he saw Regina's eyes*

Regina: Oh, sorry! I just stopped for a moment, I didn't see you.

Marcus: *paralyzed by seeing the eyes of Regina* Don't worry, it's my fault. And... Ug... You are a model, aren't you?

Regina: Uhm... No, I'm not. I just came for the auditions. And amm... I need to go.

Marcus: Why? Were you not accepted?

Regina: Oh, no! I mean, just I didn't want to participate.

Marcus: Honestly you are gorgeous! Maybe you are in the wrong place. *he laughs*

Marcus led me to a true modeling agency called "Wilhelmina", declined to comment that the other "agency" was a casting for a commercial dog. Then I participated and after one week I received a call in which they told me that I had been accepted and they chose me for a big event, in which models of various agencies will compete to become the biggest model of the country.

Modeling agency: Well miss Regina, I gave the phone to the person who'll take this decision.

Monica: Good afternoon miss Regina, how are you?

Regina: I'm fine thanks for asking.

Monica: That's good, well you know the reason of this call, I chose you to be in the big model competition of the country...

During that call I felt that Miss Monica had great faith in me, she told me I had the potential to reach the final competition, but I needed to start training. The competition would be in six months, I needed preparation. I began to doubt again if I would be capable or not.

After that Marcus knocks to my door, I let him pass and told him the great news.

I spent weeks training hard, changing clothes quickly, makeup, heels and don't forget the blinding lights of the cameras. It was exhausting, but the day had come and I felt ready and prepared thanks to my efforts and the support from Marcus and Monica.

I arrived at the competition, lights everywhere, girls running, a few of them enthusiastic and others somewhat frustrated. But not me, I was fine and my stomach was full of my favorite crepes and the food I ate from a party the night before. The first tests were our way of walking, the second to model clothes from designers, then dresses, shoes, lingerie, so until reaching the unexpected challenge for a 10 min improvised shooting. Fortunately Marcus brought his camera and ran towards the locker room, and before coming to me a girl appears and gets in his way.

Sue: Hey, man! Why you are you rushing?

Marcus: I have to go with my friend **he smiles at Regina**

Sue: Well, I see that you've brought a camera with you, I don't think she minds if you help me with my shooting **turns to Regina** right?

Regina: Uhm.. I...

Marcus: Maybe she won't mind, but I want to help her.

I remember very well the face of anger that Sue had, I think that from that moment she made me her rival. I didn't know much of her only that she was in the competition because her mother was a recognized great model and Sue only continued their orders. Both reached the semifinals and she was annoying me, came to put traps but luckily another girls fall into my place. The last time it seemed that she not only wanted to get me out of the competition, but also hurt me. Poor girl... that take my high heels instead of her, in the middle of the catwalk she broked and felled on Michael Jackson monkey, the two ended up in the hospital. Once in the semi-final I decided to retire, it was too much pressure. So I went first to let Sue despite of the hatred that she had towards me. She felt relieved knowing my decision and we chatted a little.

Regina: Why do you hate me?

Sue: Me? hate you? of course not. Why's that?

Regina: Well, the first day that we met I saw you upset because Marcus didn't want to shoot you.

Sue: Oh, that day. They were jealous, he is a very attractive guy.

Regina: But what about the traps?

Sue: I don't know, I've been concerned about that too.

At that time she said the truth, and I didn't know whom to trust. With that in mind , I had more reasons to leave. I went for my stuff and waited for Marcus at the

entrance to leave together. He didn't come out and wouldn't answer his phone. I imagined that he remained at the buffet and had no battery on his phone. So I took a taxi and went to my apartment, I woke up the next day and call him again and again but I stop and thought *He must be asleep if he arrived late * my day seemed normal until... There was an envelope at the entrance to my door with the seal of the competition and she said

If you want to see your love will you have to return to the competition and participate in the final, but if you not he will be disappear. Then if you win the competition you have to stay and work with us and Marcus will be free by your side

I accept and won the final. He was released to Marcus and I started to work for them. I did not know who was behind all of that. But in my free hours I used to investigate everything and I could only got a clue.

Regina: A.D. Who will be A.D.?

Marcus: Anno Domini?

Regina: I'm serious Marcus, don't be a joker now, please

It could do with nobody A.D. connection. I was about to give me for defeated but one night was in the usual way to Monica's House to ask her for some advices and when she get up to the kitchen, I saw in one of her Jordan Peterson paintings the name Alberto Durero. I stayed paralyzed for a moment but finally I realized what was happened. From the first call I had with her, she always said that I would win. I said nothing but eventually went wining me her confidence and managed to stop her evil plans. Despite that ultimately I left to search more agencies that do that and stop them.

Erotic happenings in Sauna of Decision House: Prelude to Traps

Lisbeth-chan was about to leave chamber of Decision House of Finnish Grand Khanate. Sweaty and moist - it was hot summer day - she proceeded to exit. Suddenly she was stopped by tall blonde with blood-blue eyes (blood is blue after all, anyone saying otherwise is colorblind). It was Suski-chan. They had longest time tribalistic blood feud. Lisbeth-chan wanted to steal other tribes money to give to her tribe. Suski-chan wanted to hoard all money herself. Decision House had been tsundere about this for hundred and one years. Sometimes Lisbeth's tribe got culled for its greed.

Suski-chan placed her voluptuous breasts on table and said "come here right now, it's sauna time". Lisbeth quivered. Suski, head taller than very chibi malnourished thieving Lisbeth, simply grabbed Lisbeth by the pussy and led her to sauna.

Sauna was 120 degrees celcius. They drank ice cold booze in silence. Birds were chirping merrily outside but alas, their merry melodies made it to no ears in sauna. Dead death died silence like in hot sauna. Lisbeth, her pussy still aching from four finger grab, started having sensual experience. "Oh no, bakabakabaka me, I'm not falling in love with Suski-chan, kyah!".

After fourth litres bottle of Gossu-booze, traditional light drink of Finnish Grand Khanate enjoyed all the way from northern Korean peninsula to wastelands of Lapland Newest Finnic Frontier, just 38% proof, not proof enough to prove mathematical theories of Khanate's Grand Wizard Jussi Helmipääsky, who had accurately calculated movement of all celestial objects 6 million galaxies away to nanosecond, but anyways, where was I, yes, both women were now feeling light-headed from heat and Gossu. Suski-chan, ever so stern, with her very large tiddies and brap-worthy behind, aroused jealous lust in skinny Lisbeth-chan.

As Suski-chan was stepping outside to praise the sun and catch some air, Lisbeth hugged her from behind, placing her skelly hands on Suski-chan's amazingly shaped breasts sliding her other chickenleg hand slowly towards her himitsu female pit.

Breathing was heavy. Suski-chan was like paralyzed in embrace of her sworn enemy.

Lisbeth breathed heaviest. Just three words.

"I love you"

Suski-chan turned around. [in few seconds what could have been, this is some real string-theory parallel habbenings bigbrain stuff here what follows so holup: "Lisbeth ate a fat dick and choked on it hawaiian picknicking on the moon stanley kubrick the dirty kike led to a destruction of truth in society the somme was a staged indedent where crisis actors pretended to kill one another in the name of international jewry the death camps of auschiwtisz and other polish places were not real."] Women were now face to face. Suski-chan stared intently in the blood-yellow poor people junkie hepatic eyes of Lisbeth. Then, made her face in disgust. Vomited

all over Lisbeth-chan, and made black-belt judo sweep, knocking Lisbeth over and that was also when Lisbeth hit her head on big rock that didn't feel particularly nice but it was better than being communist so it was okay.

"Why...?" whimpered Lisbeth-chan, still visibly in heat like lynx after eating shrooms.

No answer. Suski-chan pummeled Lisbeth-chan to bloody pulp with all her sperg roid rage. "Fuck you fucking disgusting lesbian fuck you fuck you I hate you filth die fucking lesbian thief die!". Lisbeth-chan went to far-away place, Swedistan, few km's from place of erotic happening, but because Lisbeth-chan was badly injured and weakened from malnourishment, it felt like a lot. There she was healed by lesbian dance circus made of fat feminists with dildoes as holy buttgear, for even lesbian dance circus feminists actually just want some good fucking.

What follows is essay about them.



Ok. **Think about everything you've ever been told about the Civil Rights Movement.**

Traps—an Essay; or, The Second Fall of Man

“Guys, please tell me the Essay on Traps that I wrote isn’t that bad. I was in a really dark place when I wrote it and I’ve kept it as a reminder of just how far someone can fall.”

— God II

Section 1: Introduction

I'm going to start this off by saying Working out to gain muscles is GAY! Yes, by working out you will have increased testosterone. This means you will have excess of what I will refer to, in a general sense, as 'man-stuff'. Having an increased amount of 'man-stuff' inside you is equivalent to having another man's penis (or any other appendage or fluid) inserted inside you because both are having an excess of 'man-stuff' inside you. Thus, working out is gay. *too blackpilled*

Now, working of this basis I would like to explain the many intricacies of why Traps (Traps are extremely feminine men dressed as women- typically in an anime like theme of clothing (see Figure:1. A). This is to a realistic enough standard to trick people into believing this is a real woman, hence "Trap") are not in fact gay. I feel I must do this because of the many misconceptions and the disgusting stigma against having sex with a Trap whilst remaining heterosexual. Returning to the statement "working out is gay" from this and the foundation I lay in the first paragraph let's look at the key reason why traps aren't gay: The act of becoming a Trap is purposely feminizing yourself to be more like a woman. Reducing the amount of 'man-stuff' inside the trap.



Figure:1. A, Totsuka Saika- a notorious Trap

Now no doubt you can see where this point is going, so I'd like to first detail how only specific people can have sex with a trap, and the varying definitions of whom exactly. For instance, the ancient Grecian philosopher, Plato, defined the *Homo Captionem*'s mate (colloquially known as The Trap-Fucker) as a man who doesn't have an excess of masculinity but in fact has only slightly below the standard rate. By this he meant a male that has only slightly less 'Man-stuff' than a standard male. Whether this is because the Trap-Fucker is prepubescent, an Incel(involuntarily celibate), a gamer, an anime master, etc. doesn't particularly matter; the principle still stands. This concept is that when a male that fits this description, he can then have sexual intercourse with the *Homo Captionem* without being branded a homosexual. The reasoning behind this is that, when physically joined through sex, the small amount of 'Man-stuff' left in the Trap increases the amount of man 'man-stuff' inside the mate (and vice versa) just enough that they are equal to the standard male. So, in fact, having sex with a Trap is proven to be empowering and increases masculinity, but is the increase of this masculinity when in excess th epic anime meme, guy.

This is the most widely accepted theory however, it does serve to view the –albeit exploded- theory of Charles Darwin: "My work now is nearly finished; but it will take me two or three more years to complete it... I have been urged to publish this abstract... The ideal mate of the *Homo Captionem* is an excessively masculine

member of the same genus and sex; for this is an expected product of natural selection. Only the best and strongest 'Chad', that can forcefully dominate the effeminate *Captionem*, will successfully mate." This is the opposite of Plato's theory and was considered by many scholars of The Trap but was eventually disproved by the illustrious Darwin himself, in a distressed interview: "I was wrong! If I was right, they would have submitted, but they refused to have sex with me, not cool bambinos!" This was later echoed by Donald trump with the outcry of "sounds good, doesn't work". Trump repeatedly has made his view of traps not being gay abundantly clear (See Figure 1.B)

Anonymous (ID: DwXx+tm7) 07/26/17(Wed)09:05:52 No.135013061



so if trans cant serve in the military
and gays can serve in the military
trans are not gays
and if traps are trans
then that means traps are not gay

4 KB PNG

Anonymous (ID: 1NfEF8AR) 07/26/17(Wed)09:11:41 No.135013630



>>135013061 (OP) #
>mfw this entire move was
orchestrated to allow Trump to fuck
traps without feeling gay

156 KB PNG

Figure:1. B

The NTPA are still working to completely stop attempts at 'mating' with traps in the method Darwin propounded.

Section 2: The elephant in the room.

The most difficult obstacle to those wishing to prove sex with a Trap to be a non-homosexual act is the elephant in the room. The definition of trap means it must be a male and thus... has a penis. Now immediately we must dissolve this ignorant belief. In the words of Thor himself "The shortness of the handle is a minor, cosmetic problem" (see Figure:2. A)



Figure:2. A, Thor- God of Chads

From Thor's own words we can deduce that the penis is, in a way, a good thing. By referring to it as a 'Handle' he makes it seem completely non-sexual and as an aide during intercourse. This desexualisation of the male reproductive organ shows it as 'minor cosmetic problem' that can be easily ignored, however, it does seem Thor would prefer Traps to have larger penises (as many traps have smaller more feminine penises compared to the standard male) as he uses it as a handle. He means that the penis is so ignorable that the size doesn't matter. Additionally, very rarely is the trap using the penis as most recorded sexual encounters with Traps are either: oral from a very submissive *homo Captionem* or, the trap receiving anal in what is often referred to as a 'Boi-pussy'.

Section 3: The optimal times and situations

"There is the glaring problem that Traps often homosexual themselves so by having sex with them you are, by extension, homosexual. This is simply incorrect. If I was to violently rape a 'lesbian' am I then by extension a lesbian? No of course not, I'm a rapist. The same applies here."

Please do excuse such a crude opening, but I wanted to display that even if you're not one of the lucky few that can (or needs too) defend their fragile masculinity and ego-dystonic views of sexuality with the excuse of fitting Plato's theorised archetype,

you can fortunately use the window of circumstance to have intercourse with a trap whilst still maintaining your rigorous standards of heterosexuality.

Appendix

Chad: A stereotypical ‘Alpha male’, a Chad is typically athletic, extremely muscular and genetically perfect in any other way, it is the opposite of betas and Incels. They are often attributed as being voracious lovers and womanizers typically with the *Stacy*. The word Chad derives from the Old English name Ceadda which in turn derives from the welsh word for battle, Cad.

Homo Captionem- A Latin phrase meaning ‘Human/Man Trap’, coincidentally ‘Captionem’ was sometimes used as the accusative case for ‘captio’ (to grasp, capture). This easily mistranslated word led to the alternate ‘Homo Dolus’

Homo Dolus: the infrequently used alternative to Homo Captionem, this Latin phrase means Human/Man deceit/trickery, which means the same thing as the original term to someone who knows what they both refer to. However, it is often misinterpreted as the name for the human attribute of deceit and thus wrongly used.

Lesbian: A colloquial term used to identify a female homosexual. Sexologists have conducted many studies regarding lesbians and why they are viewed -currently and through history- differently to male homosexuals. The term ‘lesbian’ itself is derived from the name of the Greek island of Lesbos and until mid 19th century referred to anything of this isle, historically this isle was home to the 6th century BC poetess Sappho who famously loved women.

NTPA: National Trap Protection Agency

Stacy: often regarding as the female equivalent or complement to the Chad, a stacy is the typical promiscuous, trashy girl that is constantly on her phone or social media. Being so common they have become a plague and usually have an equally common and trashy name- hence Stacy. It is derived from the ‘Scumbag stacy’ meme which is an excellent example of the archetype.

LIFE IN A PSYch WARD

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH”, I screamed into the void. That was merely a moment before my roommate came blundering into the sparse, pale-yellow cubicle of a room we shared. He promptly turned toward the wall opposing the mold-ridden plank of a door, and bashed both of his fists deeply into the dry-wall. Blood and refuse splattered all over the ground, and he began to weep.

“LeShaun please don’t do that I’m trying to sleep.”

“NO I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE THE NURSE TOOK mY GIRL PILLS.”

I lifted my head from my tear and cum-stained pillow and my chest vaulted high with laughter--for I knew the secret. The medication was *A TRAP* and I wasn't about to touch that shit with a thirty-centimetre pole.

Successful Business Communication, a Twitterian Discourse

Section 1: Welcome to the Web 3.0

Communication is a core skill necessary for success in business. Navigating conflicts, sharing ideas, and asserting one's vision are all activities which require a strong understanding of the principles of business communication, the most important of which is properly evaluating the audience to which one is presenting his or her ideas – that is, using the Audience-Intent-Message framework to craft a story which is designed specifically for the audience intended to hear it (a task only possible with strong knowledge of the audience, which demands research and preparation) and carefully crafting the message in such a way that one's intent, or purpose, is unambiguous while also appealing to the audience's personal intents and desires (which again, requires consideration well in advance of writing the actual message).

Written word, being perhaps one of the primary methods of communication in the business world (while also perhaps the most difficult to master) demands of its creator a detailed understanding of grammar associated with his or her business language of choice (the most common business language, of course, being English – perhaps the *lingua franca* of the business world, even) both to properly convey his or her ideas in a concise and well-thought-out manner and to ensure their work is not dismissed as badly written, which often understandably reflects poorly on the writer, and tone, which in conjunction with grammar impacts the reader's interpretation of the message and must be carefully monitored so that it does not insult or offend the reader's sensibilities (which, once again, demands of the message-writer careful study of his or her audience in order to gauge these sensibilities).

Perhaps even more important than written communication (which many see as fundamentally incapable of reliably sharing the most subtle and detailed aspects of human emotion) in the business world are presentations, which have the advantage of face-to-face contact with the audience, allowing presenters to not only engage in the more subtle manipulations of emotional intent not possible in writing, but also react in real-time to changes in the temperament of the audience, something both impossible in written communication and more valuable than most preparatory research (the very kind thrice previously emphasized). Therefore, effective business presentations are quite possibly more vital to master than business writing. An effective presentation hinges on one's ability to speak clearly while delivering exactly enough information to educate the audience without overwhelming them – a slide-based presentation offers great temptation to dump as much data and rhetoric as possible on the audience (tempting as well the even greater sin of reading directly off the slides behind oneself, both boring and ignoring the audience (leaving one utterly incapable of gauging said audience's

temperament)) – and thoroughly researching the subject matter of the presentation so as to reduce the risk of being caught off-guard during post-presentation question-and-answer sessions, which when properly prepared for, are extremely useful for both the audience and the presenter (who gets to expound on the most important aspects of his or her presentation). All in all, communication when done properly is one of the most effective tools available to someone in the business world.

Section 2: Navigating Interpersonal Communication

It is without a doubt that society is at a tipping point between one political regime and another. Without the rule of absolute law, capitalism would soon dissolve into communism. But what do we even mean by these terms? By absolutist law, we mean a moral guiding principle by which a certain sect of the population directly guides the actions of the many. Now, this principle isn't inherently bad, for now we have a power mechanism by which private property is established. We see that this principle is good for everyone, as it is within an object that the spirit can actualize itself within, if one is so apt to allow. But what of a certain body? Is this not in of itself property? If one takes into account an object which one uses for its own, one also can take its own body into its own. In fact, this seems to be the default stance—the personal body is one in which spirit manifests itself in its immediate form. It is this posture by which one becomes a *thing*— they are unable to escape the confines of their own body; the spirit can't extend itself out into a body of work, or its own body of work. The body, however, has to maintain itself, so *it* naturally extends itself just enough to maintain this body.

One can now see how easy it is to subject a certain body to a communistic regime provided that it maintains itself as a thing. Within this state of being, it desires no more than to maintain itself, and to produce a *base utility* by which society can properly operate. What this means is that there exists a certain sect of the population which is only adapted to be able to carry out a certain task, and this section of the population can be subjected to communistic living. But what is communistic living? It should be quite apparent now that what we mean by this certain regime is one in which all being only exists for itself, and is somehow strangely adapted to exist incidentally for others as well. This can be achieved by cultivating a love for the abstract, which will eventually extend itself only into a certain object, thus the person subjected to this state of being fulfills a certain task with that object.

Capitalism also produces its own evils, for it allows this whole process to carry on in the first place. The “Marxist” ideal of communism doesn't actually exist, says capitalism, to cover up the fact that philosophy can be deployed in order to cultivate a love for the abstract, which causes the whole process in the first place. For capitalism to work effectively, there must be a disparate scattering of resources, and those who hold the most raw power, or even inherited power, have the ability to take control of these resources and make them their own. Note that there also exists

a certain conduct of morals in this whole ordeal—having power in this system isn't enough. Being ruthless in the face of others well-being is also mandatory in order to allocate to oneself the greatest amount of resources. Of course there exists a second layer to this, in which one with enough power and ruthlessness but also sensible ethics may seek to allocate to himself as many resources with the intentions of properly allocating them to others who are struggling in this game. Now an interesting property of this system is that it also allows for the distribution of information resources, including philosophical ones. Incidentally, one without proper power may come into contact with one of these resources, and be manipulated by it due to a misunderstanding of the work. This either causes frustration to the more rational among a being for itself, or it causes a love for the abstract despite misinterpretation. This is the mechanism by which capitalism and communism are connected.

So what is to be done about this situation? We can either stop it or use it to our advantage. By accelerating the exchange of philosophical information (and properly doing it), we can cultivate a love for the abstract within a certain sect of the population, and absolve from them the need to have personal property in the way we have now. This is already being done to some extent, as for the common citizen personal property is shrinking in the meaningful manifest form but is becoming ever more potent in its resource gathering ability, mostly of the category *informational*. This latter property isn't truly personal, of course, for the being in question is being sold off to the highest bidder to become the subject of advertising. This isn't an ethical situation either. So rather than have the being become product, we should allow instead for the being to become its own, and thus abolish its manifest property through statistical manipulation. This seems to be the more moral situation, for it is allowed to manifest in its own body in of itself, without the use of capitalizing machinery, and it can also manifest itself within its own work. In exchange, it is given the *informational*.

THE MECHANISM OF POWER EXCHANGE IN ABSTRACT CONCEPTS

Suppose there exists a higher intellect and a lower one. Which do we suppose is going to understand a work of philosophy better? The answer is obviously the former. Because the mechanism for understanding is delayed within the latter person, the former immediately has the upper hand in deciding what should be done with the person who doesn't yet have a clear understanding of what is happening. If understanding is science, then what we have is a case of understanding reality in of itself. The advantage gained is naturally material. A philosophical text, however, can instead be deployed, being a stand-in for true understanding in the scientific sense. We assume people have a desire for understanding, and so understanding can manifest itself either as philosophical or scientific. It was Wittgenstein who said that philosophy is a limit to science and its inquiries, so this can be deployed in order to cultivate a love for the philosophical abstract over the scientific. Of course, we know that a *phenomenon* is actually an

appearance, and we use appearances to justify our inquiries. This is just one example in which the lower mind differs from the higher one, and how the former naturally gravitates to what is exoteric disguised as the esoteric.

Thought-Patterns

Everyone has different thought-patterns. Thought-patterns are mostly distinguished by two main categories: dialogues and thought-pictures. The mind which is more apt for either one is a lower mind, and can thus be enslaved to either philosophical inquiry or scientific. The latter is more realistic and thus is allowed to observe reason, the former can eventually be turned to mush. The latter eventually becomes a greater mind, at least according to Hegel, but this is unlikely the case, for there is also the fact of processing speed which needs to be taken into account. A balanced mind can read a dialogue and digest it into a thought-picture; a faster mind is able to digest the dialogue with greater speed. Thus a faster mind will always have the advantage in observing reason. But what of the mind that favors the thought-picture? They cannot grasp the esoteric lodged within the constructs of dialogue, the thought-picture may be able to be formed out of some insidious manifestation, but it cannot grasp the full extent of the dialogue. It needs the painting first before the sculpture can be made. And meta-memes don't come as naturally to the one who naturally favors the thought-picture. They can fabricate it out of the manuscript only as fast as it can properly digest the manuscript, and thus its ability to realize its proper thought-pattern is tainted.

A balanced mind is a gift at all levels but it can still be enslaved by balanced minds of higher levels. It cannot, however, be subject to an unbalanced mind which has some capacity lower than its despite some other capacity exercised in higher order. It might be subject to the unbalanced mind for a period of time but not forever, for the intuitiveness of such a radical mind can eventually buck off the foolishness of the unbalanced.

Bio-power & You

The balanced mind is actually a tricky beast to ensnare despite different levels of processing. What must be deployed, then, is power. Foucault mentions bio-power and surveillance-based power, the former being much more acute in present day society. Surveillance is actually a farcical notion designed to distract from the essence of bio-power.

Bio-power takes on these manifest forms: the psychiatrist, the psychologist, the teacher, the professor, the hospital, pornography, medication, drugs (illicit), objects in of themselves (all objects are sexual, or abstracted from nature. We mean sexual ones), media (all media is sexual).

The Sacred Text of this notion is the DSM.

The DSM is a sorting mechanism by which the characteristics of power are realized. Power manifests itself within a certain form within the DSM; this power is essentially lesser since at this stage of analysis it is subject to the whims of a greater power. The teacher serves the initial sorting for this mechanism, as propaganda is repulsive to the balanced mind of a certain power. Thus the symptoms of societal

rejection begin to manifest themselves. The DSM then serves the role of diagnosing the health of the bodies in a society, and those deemed “unworthy” (those with power but lacking material wealth to back up this power), are subject to the whims of the psychiatrist and his medications. It is through these means that a reasonable mind can be enslaved to the Hegelian dialectic.

The Hegelian dialectic, as with many others, as we have seen, is actually an enslaving mechanism.

I stare into my computer screen--and the mind tends to wander: what nefarious evils lurk on the other side? The object in the possession of an individual is presumed to be that of the computer, a manifestation of the world-sight lurks within the confines of in the internet which finds itself lodge in the computer, if one only tries to seek it out. But how is this mechanism also used to disseminate propaganda, and control people on their quest for enlightenment? It is, my friends, done through THE JEWISH MEDIA, which controls and utilizes many of the mechanisms of power at its disposal. These outlets include: The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, FOX News, CNN, and many others to boot. The problem, of course, lies within all of these propagandistic outlets, which ought to be subjugated and destroyed.

Neil Gaiman Q&A Panel 2018

PT: Thanks for being with us Neil.

NG: Thank you.

PT: Now Neil, before we get started, I don't want things to be awkward, so let's right away address the elephant in the room. (*pregnant pause*)

NG: What's that?

PT: Your name is Neil *Gay man*?

NG: Is that the elephant in the room? Yes, it comes from Picardy, in Northern France, although I come from Polish-Jewish—

PT: *No Neil*. Your name is *Gay man*. You're a *gay man*.

NG: (*Adjusts self in seat*) (...) Well I haven't heard that one since middle school.

PT: You are *gay* Neil. You're a *gay man*. (*leaning forward in seat*)

NG: (*short exhale*)

PT: Now, we're really grateful to have you here Neil and why don't we get right into taking questions from the audience now.

NG: Please.

PT: Ok, who's first? (*points*) Yes, you, come on up.

Woman: (*adjusts microphone*) Hi Neil, um—

NG: What's your name honey?

Woman: My name is Jessica, and I just want to thank you for being here, I've been a big fan of your work since I read *Coraline* in grade school, and I've read all your novels, but my question to you Neil is how old were you when you first knew you were gay and how many cocks can you fit in your ass at once?

(*audience laughter*)

PT: Uh oh!!!

NG: (*looks around*) What is this?

PT: It's tough to be a closet fag when it says it in your name, Neil!

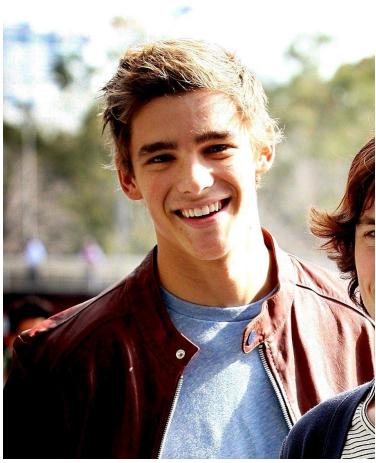
(*interviewer proceeds to rape Neil Gaiman to much laughter and applause*)

(*male audience members take turns cumming in his ass*)

UPDATE: GOD LOGS ONTO INSTAGRAM



Regina



Marcus



Sue



Monica



**Sunglasses Recursion
Man**

Arianna Huffington

I extend the most robust and convivial greetings to all. You, our esteemed podcast viewers, are experiencing these words in places hither, thither, and presumably beyond. You join the proceedings on a most felicitous, particular occasion, for we are welcoming forthwith a true master of mirth, a veritable Michelangelo of the lively art of amusing and delighting the hoi polloi, which is not to say he is not popular also with the hoity toity. He is an Emmy and BAFTA award winning writer, director and comedian. He is a splendid person, and that's good because otherwise I would punch him in his fucking god damn face. He is Garfield the Cat and he is with us for the full hour.

The professor found it on himself to use this opportunity to display his eloquence and superior intellect. As a starter he opens up with a witticism relating a well known political strong man to a political quandary. While he has very little in common with historical figures often figuratively heroic, he hopes that a smoke screen of prose so simple that even a reader can notice it distracts the masses that pay his salary. "Tito tattles, as the tyrant is known to do, on the tolerant. Titillating tithes and woppish" his oration broken by a self congratulating, snickering, remark "of course the slur wop can be used as the power structure was wholly in the favour of the Italians, who are white", continuing his speech aimed to a youtube audience "whores keep the pigs content".

Unable to resist the urge to go on an ill informed diatribe on the evolutionary psychology of pigs, he returns to his original inanities with the contentment of a gay man that just came on his own face. "You see, as the strong and powerful in older times and slightly different geographical locations (whose particulars shift depending on our particular needs) are all sexual deviants who are only motivated by the power to do harm unto others, Tisfdfsdfs does naturally not subscribe to the GOOD that is EQUALITY".fsof silence for the deafening applause that follows his carefully planned improvisation. He is not sure if the applause and/or audience is real or imagined, while he certainly casdfres a lot about this.

"You see, as fsfdfI, a powerful man subscribe to the GOOD that is EQUALITY you can be certain that I have a different genotype than the maniacs like Marquis. I would never hire a maid for her excellent collection of broad and hurtful strapons, and force her and my wife to fuck each other with the threat of social and financial repercussions²⁸. To even SUGGEST that I would even consider hiring a "service administrator" based on her positionsdf in a large network of vulnerable young girls is preposterous, as I believe in EQUALITY FOR ALL and thus I am GOOD."

After this soaring speech the professor returns to earth with a slight chub in his pants. His mind is making connections on its own and an image forms. He finds the taste of high end Chinese sex rubber in his mouth and a female form appears in the fog of his mind. "Natashya?" he thinks, but no, his penis does not respond. Suddenly, the fog before his mind's eye disperses and the figure is clear as the morning sun. His dick stands full and erect, and on the tip fsdof his manhood a pearl is leaking and glistening. The tip of his tongue takes a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. "Lo. Lee. Ta" he moans and his sperm freely flowed.

²⁸ Something neither Epstein or Manafort would ever do. I know this because they owe me big time.

The Long Running Joke of Incest: or, Oedipus' Enchiridion

“The first consequence of this is that incest with the sister is not a substitute for incest with the mother, but on the contrary the intensive model of incest as a manifestation of the germinal lineage. Then again, Hamlet is not an extension of Oedipus, an Oedipus to the second degree; on the contrary, a negative or inverse Hamlet is primary in relation to Oedipus.”

— Deleuze, *Anti-Oedipus*, p.159

We are all Oedipus today. Modernity is the project of self-fashioning thanatos, or autoedipal reflex through concrete manifestations of the unconscious. Incest is the manifestation of Freudian Todestribe, bootstrapped through sexual wetware voodoo and plugged into the system – names slide across the woman like wet stampik neuk jukllie allemaal de kk moeder s: sister, mother, wife. Even the wife is taken to produce the mother, we are always producing Oedipus, we are always fucking the mother. Every woman is my mother. Every mother is my wife. My sister, take my sister, please! Make another mommy, mommy, mommy. Triangles in triangles, always with a hidden fourth corner to facilitate the next triangle.

Mummydaddypapamamasisterwisterfuckywucky. Just read the numbers, incest isn't in our past, it's in our future. We have never ran from Oedipus, we have only ran to the next triangle. Even Deleuze had a fine looking daughtermommy and I know that triangle was more than he could bear. Did Deleuze masterbate to his daughter? Almost surely. Bataille masterbated to his mothers corpse — Oedipus is Todestribe — it always goes beyond death. Bataille masterbated with the energy of the sun. My mother has a solar anus, and my sister's anus is the blackest sun.

Where is Antigone to hide? She rejects the hidden corner, refusing the name of mommy and in embracing her dead brotherdaddy she welcomes in the static name of sister. For the sister, the stasis of name is death. She is only offered reprieve by the excess of libidinal lesbian eroticism hidden in the relationship of sisterhood (Ismene here was always the one tending to the dead). But homosexuality, like incest, is Todestribe of the highest order. Incest and homosexuality are the dual pincers of modern sexuality — an oscillation of zero zero as the sterility of automation and autoedipal reflex becomes the only sane response to the slow explosion of modernity.

My erection to the mother, my erection to the sister; either contains within it the inertial telos of contemporary society. It draws the line from the subject to the negation of subject as such. Total entropy, total chaos. My erection points only to the heat death of the universe.

The Fecal Fallacy

I beamed as I shit my pants. I reached into my trousers and rubbed my right hand's ring and middle fingers around my moist asshole. I reach to my desk with my left hand and clutch a sheet of paper off of my drawing pad. My right hand slowly moves toward my nose. Blood rushes through my body. I feel it coursing through my veins. My once flaccid penis grows harder with each passing millisecond until I am fully erect.

The mahogany-liquid-drenched fingertips are a mere inch from my nose. I inhale. I cum. My shit stained pants are now drenched in cum as well. I feel pure bliss.

I draw a face with my shit stained finger. A face wholly familiar to me, the face of a friend, a love, the face of the one who gave me my first blowjob, my face. YES! a self portrait. a picture of eloquent stench, assaulting both my eyes and nostrils with its blasphemy.

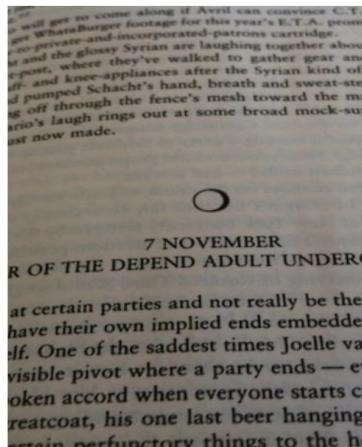
I had earned enough good-boy points for the week to make one phone call each day. Today's phone call had yet to be used. Before I picked up my phone and dialed the only person in the world that I wanted to share my work with, I felched some cherry soda pop out of my favorite basedboy.

“What do you want?” The hypermasculine voice always shook me to my very core and I could see why my wife loved having sex with this man.

I took a deep breath and begged my wife's boyfriend to come into the room and view my masterpiece. He whispered something, I assume to my wife, and responded with a sigh, “Alright, I'll be there in a second.”

But this was it, a day I had long prepared for. Only I hadn't realised it would be today. Waiting for that apotheosis of masculinity to visit my repellent room I occasionally would sniff the ends of my fingers again to recapture the fleeting moment. The door began to open and I farting roar of anticipation, behind this almost visible horn blow was heard a small cry of “Jesus christ”.

Following the pained sobs was the towering hunk of my wife's boyfriend. Ah, such perfection. If I hadn't just spent all my seed I would have bubbled in another orgasm just at the sight of him. But I knew what I had to do; as he entered the room fully I drew myself up as if to show him better my painting. This was a naughty lie of mine that I should have lost goodboy points for. But I didn't. And here's why;



“WHAT THE FUCK ANON”

I'd thrown my entire mass at his crotch, salivating and farting all the while.

“THIS IS FOR MY WIFE, FOR MY CHILDREN, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THAT TIME AT MCDONALDS THAT YOU LAUGHED AT ME FOR SHITTING MYSELF!”

I had begun. This was a long awaited plan I had seen spread by my fellow anons on 4channel. “gamers rise up” a tortured cry to cast off the chains set upon us by our whore wifes, A battlecry for all epic gamers to rise up and get the victory royale against filthy normies. The tight blue jeans he always (Wore?) to tease me - he said it was for my wife, but we both knew it was for me- came off first. Then it was his little white boxers. ha, these chads are always so small, even with there muscles they could never defeat a real man like me. PErfect I'm glad you appreciate it

“GET THE FUCK OFF ME YOU FAT FUCK! **@KAREN!** YOUR HUSBAND IS TRYING TO RAPE ME AGAIN! KAREN!” -**@husband1968**

I silenced his cries by forcing my shit smeared hand into his mouth. Swirling it around I softly whispered “You don't have enough goodboy points to call for help. Sucks to be you I guess.”

His boxers now fully past his ankles, he was now ready for my treatment.

“Times new romans is for niggers and you know it, Derek”

I stood above him, dripping with cum and shit, just taking a moment to savour the beginning of what we both knew was going to be a wild ride. The cum had dripped onto his thighs and perfect ass, ready to be spread by my almost niggerlike hands. The slow massage began at the back of his knees and I worked my way up forcing my hand further down his willing neck. This was all the evidence I needed to know he truly was a closeted homosexual and raging faggot, I then also knew that he was going to love what I was about to do next.

I decided to start with tricks I had taught myself and practiced on the local children with. The first was the spiderman. Releasing the pressure from Derek's back, I stood and made certain I blocked the door. As an extra precaution I locked it.

Derek almost immediately tried to leave the room but the moment i had a clear shot at his eyes I flung a handful of cum at them. Rolling forward I took out his legs like a professional leg-take-outer.

“OH YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THIS ONE”

Boom. That was the sound of my fat sweaty, cum and shit stained cheeks falling down onto Derek's uncovered, uncut 12” cock. I knew he'd taken to fucking Karen many times a day raw so this was my way of still getting in on the action; I could still feel Karen's vibrant juices on his phallus which caused me to give a satisfied wiggle of my oversized lard sacks. The sound of violent gagging and heaving had only been increasing from My wife's dear husband. But this act pushed us both over the edge and as I spewed hot aids infested semen across the dimly lit room I felt an equally hot and violent torrent of vomit streaming up my back.

“AHHHH YES DEREK COVER MY BACK WITH YOUR HOT STICKY LOAD. PAINT ME WITH THIS SEXPRESSION OF LOVE AND PROVE TO ME THAT YOU LOVE MY FUNBAGS MORE THAN MY WIFES FLAT CHEST AND ASS. YES DEREK. YES”

“Please, just let me go anon. I promise I'll give you strong aryan children and satisfy your wife. I'll even give you extra goodboy points. Just please get off me!”

“NO chance fuckface, you better satisfy this fine ass with that stallion cock of yours or I'll cram my shit between those pretty little lips of yours. faggot. You're lucky I don't have my one inch cock buried in that divine ass of yours right now. It's only because I don't want my wife to get AIDS that I don't.”

“SHE'LL GET AIDS ANYWAY RETARD!”

“OH really? HEHEH. stupid christcuck. I'll have you know i've studied the blade so I know exactly how to handle what I've got. Now turn the other fucker cheek saracen and spread them.”

AHHHAHAHGHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAH AHHAH FUCKING TIMES
NEW ROMAN REEEEEEEE ILL CRAMTHESE SHITTY FINGERS INO YOUR
DEAD NANS CORPSE FAGGOT> YOU ANT SEEN NOTHING YET UNTILL I
POUNHD THoSE BALL S O F YOURS AGAINst MY LIPS BITCH> IM ONE STEP
AWAY FRONM SUCKING YOUR DICKS SO HARD YOU FAGGOT SYOU WONT
EVEN FUCKIING BELIVe IT .

TRuly derek had the most perfect little asshole I'VE SEEN upwards of 5 years old. OH SHIT I GOT SCHOOL TOMORROW I GOT to GO SLEEP SOME REAL NIGGA ANON TAKE OVER

Below is Karen's Snap story of the events above. As above, Saul Bellow.

My husband always talks in that grotesque font. My boyfriend on the other-hand, speaks in a PATRICIAN Times New Roman. Every week my husband uses one of his goodboy points to allow me to continue letting him talk in squiggles. It pisses me off to no end, but that's one less goodboy point for him to use towards sex in the missionary position with me. My boyfriend Derek and I were watching a cooking show on television while he fucked me in the ass, via the triple-backflip-kama-sutra-reverse-cowboy-cowgirl-inside-out-sixty-nine position when my husband called Derek. My husband was screeching something about a masterpiece and needing Derek to come see it right away. Derek puts up with my husband's bullshit all the time, which makes sense I guess. Derek gets to hit it raw several times a day and live here for free while my husband works (usually overtime) and pays for all of his food too. Derek got dressed and begrudgingly walked upstairs while I kept flicking my bean.

And then I heard it.

“THIS IS FOR MY WIFE, FOR MY CHILDREN, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THAT TIME AT MCDONALDS THAT YOU LAUGHED AT ME FOR SHITTING MYSELF!”

Where's the Fursona? Give me like 5 minutes, I need to fire up MS paint Cool.

Post-autistic society

Here is my view for a post-autistic society. In a truly post-autistic society, all fursuits will be government subsidized. We will have government-manufactured fursuits manufactured to the highest quality, ensured by quality control. 100% of all taxes will go towards this maintenance with those of other fetishes deemed suitably autistic. For example, the art galleries will look something like this:



As you can see here, these funds are being used very wisely. Truly, post-autistic societies will be the completion of a Hegelian synthesis. On one end of the dialectic: there is the normalfag. On the other end of the dialectic, there is the autist, robot, whatever one may call a being of such social ineptitude. The third end of the dialectic is saying the word “dialectical”: it’s a cool sounding word and it makes you feel smart when you say it. Post autism may also be seen as an extension of post irony. In a post ironic society, irony would be ironic. In a post-autistic society, autism would be autistic. All women would also be subsidized and redistributed to incels the world over, so there are no more autistic “virgins with rage”. Why should women be subsidized? It’s obvious! Women have a far lower average rate of autism than men do, therefore they should be enslaved by the more dialectical, autistic side of the post-autistic society.

The Indus-Valley civilization were the inventors of the sewage system. You would be swimming your own feces without the pajee. **Let that sink in!**

LE POOP REMEMBERER

A Reminder to Poop

“When I was 5 I pooped my pants and other kids made fun of me. 17 years later I still have nightmares about it about once a week.”

— Anon

^ Same.

Le Pharmacist of Montenegro

pljuni me u prkno ako znam ko koga jebe ođe

м-могу ли с'-с' ест с тобом
и-и ј-ја волим ј-јапан
коницхива ^_^

Moja tri najdraža filma? Pa ono, znaš, Seven Samurai, Oldboy i Ikeru. Znaš li uopće tko je bio redatelj Seven Samuraia i Ikerua? Ne, vjerojatno ne znaš. Pa, to je čovjek po imenu Akira Kurosawa i ne očekujem da znaš tko je on jer si ti ipak djevojka i vjerojatno ne gledaš filmove koji su izašli prije 2000. Voliš filmove? Sumnjam u to, droljo, ti voliš flickove. Gledaš sranja poput Adama Sandlera i Kevina Harta. Što ja gledam? Ja gledam prave filmove. Filmove koji imaju preciznu filmografiju. Filmove koji su dovoljno vrijedni da ih se gleda u najprestižnijim kinima diljem svijeta. Kladim se da ne znaš i jedan japanski film. Ring se ne računa, zašto? Zato jer se ne računa. Filmovi strave su loši, ne mogu biti dobri, jedino ako nije The Thing u pitanju. Carpenter je majstorski režiser, jesu uopće gledala Escape From New York? Ne, naravno da nisi. Jesi igrala Metal Gear Solid igre? Vjerojatno nisi jer si Jordan Peterson djevojka koja cijelo vrijeme provodi na facebooku diskutirajući sa šupcima umjesto da cijeniš genijalan um koji je Hideo Kojima. Nego, da se vratimo na temu. Seven Samurai je najbolji film svih vremena i američke verzije tog filma su dobre, no nisu na razini Kurosawe. Jesi gledala Veličanstvenu Sedmoricu? I ne, ne verzija s Denzelom Washingtonom, iako je dobar glumac no šteta što je crnčuga, i ona bijedna ispruka za glumca po imenu Chris Pratt. Govorim o originalu Stevea McQueena iz 1960. Da, naravno da ga nisi gledala, kladim se da nisi ni gledala i jedan vestern. I Back To The Future 3 se ne računa jer je sranje, samo jedinica i dio vezan za 2015. iz nastavka valjaju.

Odi u kurac, droljo jedna, nemaš pojma o pravim filmovima. Vrati se kad si pogledala cijeli azijski kanon i onda odi gledati Das Boot. Inception nije umno – savijajući film, 2001: A Space Odyssey je. Ali nemoj se njime zamarati, previše je težak za nekog poput tebe. Sad mi popuši kurac, može?

MRZIM OVE DRUŠTVENE IGRE ĐE JE ISTINA RELATIVNA I ĐE JE POPULARNOST AMUNICIJA

I've been with my wife for 10 years now...

I've been with my wife for 10 years now. We met in high school, and I got her pregnant. She is and always has been a lazy person and a shitty dresser. I wouldn't even mind her shit style if she at least acted like she was trying. But she rarely did. We'd get into screaming arguments constantly about how lazy and worthless she was. I felt like an asshole for it, but goddamn she was a real piece of work. The only reason I dealt with all this was for the kids, and also because the sex is great. But one night, I got fed up. Not only did she get drunk, neglect the kids, and wear nothing but stained sweat pants and a worn out baggy t-shirt for 3 days in a row, but she decided to give me attitude too. She was being real fucking bitchy. So I told my grandparents to keep an eye on the kids and told my wife we were going to go out to clothes shopping together. I drove maybe 3 blocks to a quiet area (we live in Oregon, it's not hard to find a quiet field) and I got out of the car, went around like I was going to open her door for her and let her out, and I just beat the shit out of her while she was still seatbelted. After a few punches, I asked her if she wanted to go back to her parents. She started screaming and yelling and said yes, so I beat the shit out of her again. Then I asked her what she wanted to do. She finally got smart and said she wanted to go home. So I took her home and dared her to start trouble. I even handed her my cellphone and dialed her mom's number on the drive home. I made her talk to her mom, while daring her to fucking say something. Before that incident, I had never laid a hand on her. But I had always threatened it. I told her "one of these days, if you don't straighten up, I'm going to lay hands on you." All her outfits have changed dramatically, and she just recently tried to pull off a crop-top. It was mediocre, but I was just thrilled that she tried. Do with this information what you will..

The Wormhood of Young Willoughby, recovered from a Tunguskan mausoleum

My sense data stream was rapidly transmuted and diminished, my intellect developed through much suffering vaporising into a mist of entropy, undergoing a horrific journey in the wrong direction on the Great Chain of Being. This wasn't supposed to happen. The oceanic whooshing of the moment ceased and I felt myself being distributed over a vast network, understanding that subterranean calluses lovingly pressed me, though in my previousness perceived that love as cruelty. Squirming in cold joy, my new reality as a colony of earthworms was finalized, twice confirming the oracular Truth, which being heard, left me without excuse. We multiplied and oozed forth relentlessly. We embodied the crystallized aura of the Hyperboreans, a fractal synchronization of the eternality contained in our essence with the finitude of material integration. But my restlessness persisted.

In accordance with the whimsy of the weather our collective soul waxed and waned in sinusoidal fashion, the relationship determined by that divine inscription, RNA, (RNA does not coil as it is a single stranded polymer, it forms loops. The reason this is entropically favourable is as of yet unknown. However, the loops have been shown to compete reproductively, giving rise to the first game theoretical chemistry) coiling in serpentine regression from personhood. However, we in our rage exalted those shameful demonic urges. Our wormy fury would incinerate the world. Now surrendered to this sin, the Archons licked their dry lips in anticipation of what was to come, for their elders related premonitions of the emergent earthworm deity of future ages. It was thus said our cosmic paroxysm would lay waste to entire galaxies as our ferocious earthworm legions maliciously convulsed, obliterating countless civilizations with a madness sufficient to bring us somewhere.

Hegelian dialectics

hey btw whats the deal with hegelian dialectics just asking WTF EVEN ARE HEGELIAN DIALECTICS. JUST GIVE ME MY FUCKING TENDIES FUCKING MODS. FUCKIIIIIIIIIIIIING MOOOOOOOOgayOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOODS. GIVE ME MY FUCKING TENDIEEEEEEEEEEES. I SHITPOOOST ALL fucking DAY. but JANNIES GIVE ME NO TENDIES. ITS ALMOST LIKE I WORK FOR FREE. ITS ALMOST LIKE I AM A FUCKING JANNIE. no. OPEN UP JANNIE, HER CUM MY CUMMIES. JANNIE BG FOR MY CUMMIES NOAW. thank you for listenin

Katie's little baby tampon boy

i want to be katie's little baby tampon boy. i want to turn into a little crying baby and then suck on her breasts. her magic breast milk would turn me into a little baby tampon boy. she would stick her hoo-hoo and i would wait with anticipation spouting little baby goo-goo ga-gas waiting for her to bleed all over me. i want to feel her katie blood inside my little goo-goo ga-ga baby tampon body. i want to absorb her hoo-hoo juies inside my little baby tampon boy body and goo-goo ga-ga like a little rolly-polly baby boy. it would be orgasmic to know i am one with her hoo-hoo katie blood and i would giggle and goo-goo ga-ga and yelp with little baby boy excitement as i roll around in her katie hoo-hoo and revel in her red juices, slurping them into my soft little baby tampon boy goo-goo ga-ga body. then i want her to pull me out and squeeze and wring my little baby tampon boy body so that her katie hoo-hoo blood and juices spill all over her katie face. it would hurt and i would scream in pained goo-goo ga-gas as pain envelops my little baby tampon boy body until i reach full climax and turn back into grown human man.

The Nihilist's Anteater

Looks gay desu.

Ants are yucky.

Phew.

Anteaters are delicious.

Eating ants must be disgusting.

They're good if you fry them, nice and crunchy.

Taste like chicken.

I wanna taste ur cum owo.

My cum tastes like ants.

Wtf i love ants now.

End.

An Ode to Banks

Seventeen years of sunshine,

A saxophone spiked,

The final note lifted.

Frightened.

Railway sleepers,

Chinese whispers,

Chris Eubank's lispers.

Submerged.

Fini.

Atarashī jinsei, or La Vita Weebouva

Twenty seven times since my birth had the lights of heaven returned to the selfsame point, when the liquid crystal reflection of that glorious high-school girl entered into thy eyes. She who was exempt from this fallen world had moved through mediums yet unknown to the clay born descendants of the first sinner. Appearing in the controlled theatre, moving to the passive theatre, landing softly onto the written theatre, unrestrained by our torturous third dimension. Her large eyes, retrievers and receivers of so much more light than I or anyone else could bare, always pointing towards the viewer in contemplation and innocence and delight. I saw her for the first time from my room above the market, not in the market, but in my room which was near a market. Her dress on that day was a noble colour of tan, a sweater unique pulled across the white shirt that the other characters in her life were to wear, a black skirt rolled to a modest length. Her hair unkempt suggested the after look of time spent in the marital chamber, despite being the virginal and chaste perfection that was us both. At that moment the natural spirit that dwelleth in every man-child became apparent in thyself. The want for her to complete my solitary existence, the fi (...)

The rest of the text was never found.

(ABOUT) MICHEL TEMER's ANU\$

O tamanho do cu da mãe do presidente vigente no País das America Fodidas (PAF), tem o diâmetro de sete estrelas de nêutron enfileiradas diametralmente sendo essas estrelas, respectivamente, do tipo A-X; BUCETA; PELO-ENCRAVADO-NO-CU; MulherBranquinhaÉumaDelicinha; JESUS; ESTELA-MELHOR-PROFESSORA-DE-POTUGUÊS; Boquinha_de_algodão. É importante descrever as localizações potenciais desse diâmetro anal, pois nessa região está localizado a preciosa DILMA-TEMER-LULA-BOLSONARO um cristal de energia infindável!

O diâmetro é medido em JARDAS, uma mensuração retardada que só países comandado por pessoas LARANJA (pessoas más), comumente usam. O doutor em MEDIDAS, Doutor ZAPZAP da Silva, propõe com a sua teoria de bosta que um diâmetro neutrino é o que vale a 3 elevado a 0 jardas, isto é (para o bovino entender), 1 (UMA) jarda. Conclui-se, portanto, que o CU da mãe tem 18 jardas, levando em consideração que o tipo de estrela neutríniana A-X, BUCETA e PELO-ENCRAVADO-NO-CU tem uma UMA jarda cada, somando 3 jardas, e os outros tipo tem, somados, 15 jardas.

O estudo apresentado acima é parte da série de estudos que uma série de estudantes realizou por volta do ano de 2018, na Universidade Federal do Pará, que possui todas as traduções do Carlos Alberto Nunes da obra de Platão e só recentemente começaram a lançar elas em novas edições, que estão só a venda nas livrarias do Pará e são só edições bilíngues, de capa dura, que custam caro. Puta que pariu, nem pra lançar uma edição monolíngue e barata. Eu tenho que ficar com as traduções do Edson Bini, que nem sei se realmente existe, da Edipro, e de vez em quando uma tradução de outra editora, que provavelmente tem traduções melhores, como a Editora 34, que tem do Banquete e de Fedro, se não me engano.

Mas voltando ao estudo. Um dos mais interessantes é na verdade um diálogo.

A boceta do vovô não sobe mais. Sim, hoje é um dia de luta, a famosa boceta conhecida internacionalmente não sobe mais. Os cachorros, as crianças, as mães e as vós choram. O pranto é interminável, apenas os mais insensíveis comemoram ou são indiferentes ao evento mais comentado do mundo: a boceta do vovô não sobe mais.

This Skylabean text was found up his arse.

welcome. i'm glad you've made it this far, because it's about to get good

Dear Diary,

They hired a new penis inspector at work a couple weeks ago. Beautiful girl too, that's what got me in trouble. As you know, it's been a long three years since I became voluntarily celibate; lately I'm at the point where I am able to sublimate any, shall we say, libidinous desires with only my willpower and the razor-sharp edge of my 113 I.Q. Mine is a life of restraint and devoted study. Yet the sight of those heaving, lusty bosoms, yearning to extricate themselves from the tyranny of her tight uniform, set me on edge as soon as I was pulled away for inspection. As her white, manicured hands fluttered across my length, gently probing for irregularities, I'll freely admit that I lost my composure. Luckily for me, I suppose, she let my member drop with expert speed, and the rope after rope of hot cum that said penis short forth landed not on that ample bust but on the legs of my trousers and my shoes. Still, I was given the sack and escorted out.

Which brings me to my current quandary. Technically I'm on house arrest, which isn't such a bad thing for a man of scholarly pursuits. I figure I can make it through most of the canon before my one-year sentence is over. According to the ruling, however, I'm not allowed use of my penis again until my time is up, so they fitted me with a joint chastity-and-homing-device in lieu of an ankle bracelet. A young, seven-foot-tall negro named Jamal is payed to clean my penis for me every other day. Today when he stopped by I was enjoying my solitude and making good progress through Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, which he threw to the floor with a grunt while he was fishing around for the key. Jamal's no good for conversation, and he always manhandles my penis after he gets the cage off. To make things worse, as he was tugging back my foreskin, his hand must have slipped: I couldn't help but moan with surprise as one of Jamal's fingers, which are each about as long and thick as the average white man's cock, suddenly penetrated my anus. Then he told me that if I ever cried out like that again, I'd get six more months added to my sentence.

Suddenly, I heard a loud crash, I glanced to my right and in strode a police officer. "Listen you filthy nigger!" The officer shouted, "step away from the boy". Jamal's tongue stammered in his mouth, "b-b-but I..". The officer already had his gun out. BANG BANG BANG the shots rang out. My eyes were ringing like the gong at Ling-Bo Ma's China buffet had been rung right next to his head. Before I could think of something to say Jamal's lifeless corpse fell onto me. The officer pushed Jamal's body off of me and helped me get up and put my clothes back on. 'What's going on officer?' I asked, "it's like this son", "the powers that be aka Zionist. Luciferian, Kabbalistic, child-sacrificing, you get the idea," he stopped to catch his breath. "It's like this kid, there is war going on right now to determine the course of the future, if TPTB win then you can look forward to a future as a feminized, miscegenated and debt-enslaved laborer. We have to make sure that the usurers are stopped from seizing control of humanity. You can help fight right now by putting down this book and donating to the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions movement that seeks to end the Israeli occupation.

La Sorbonne

Reflecting on the few dozen books written before the movement was stomped out I feel like someone has taken a document from the gilded age and made a few proper nouns more contemporary to fuck around. There's a nauseating current of parental backing of the exploits we're reading throughout the writing which possibly explains how the authors are able to major in english comp at expensive New York schools without worrying about the earning potential of their degree. Proust at least bothered to make his high society interesting. Sad rich kids are hard to empathize with and in 2012 when the movement was most active and stories about waking up at noon, getting a check from dad to pay for rent and then spending the rest of the day Jordan Peterson on a macbook are now read as shockingly unself aware and a good case for why along with saying the n word into a cheap headset and minion memes, alt-lit will be seen as an object of cringe in 2030 when the intersectional insurrection has achieved ultra gay luxury and we reflect on our past. Alt-lit had a short life because of abuse within the movement itself, particularly horrific accusations about the head figure who published everyone else made the movement somehow even less sympathetic and that was pretty much it.

Post-irony is when you've been an insincere dickhead for so long that you can no longer express yourself in a normal way and your sincere and ironic expressions are melded so that your method of communication becomes totally inefficient and foreign to all but your friends with a similar affliction. This is the voice alt-lit is written in, I would describe it as an experience where the only hint you have that what you're reading isn't entirely a joke is because its not making you laugh. Its an attempt to be compassionate like David Foster Wallace but by people who will still dismiss you with a tranquilized and confusing tongue lashing if you let some weakness show. So who are these pricks. First there's the main guy, Tao Lin, he has a publishing house called muumuu house which fucking lena dunham's character in girl works at, how embarrassing. He wrote the big alt-lit book 'Tai Pai' which is the most popular and well regarded book to come from the movement. He's a rapist also but we'll get to that in a bit. Next up Megan Boyle who just released a big ass book called liveblog about her shitty life pretty audacious to make it 500 pages I'll say that Meg. She used to date Tao Lin and that's all she sucks ass. Next Zachary German. This guy is only well known because he was friends with Jordan Peterson Tao Lin, his book, eat when you're sad, is exactly like nearly everything to come out of the movement. Taking drugs and hanging out described as sparingly as possible. This guy wrote one book ten years ago and I wouldn't say to avoid it completely actually its sort of fun to read if you're stoned, it takes two hours to read so don't buy it just torrent it on soulseek, if you're considering buying any of the books by these people I will personally mentor you on using torrenting software so these people don't get any of your money, that's my guarantee. Anyways, Mira Gonzalez, the only thing I remember about her is seeing a tweet about her taking drugs at disneyland and it was posted at like noon on a tuesday and I've hated her ever since. Her poetry

is about getting fucked by really skinny guys and feeling bad after, she also defended Tao Lin after it turned out he raped a trans man so I'm gonna give her a pass. Sam Pink. He's probably the most colorful author of all anyone I'll mention. I don't think he raped anyone. His books are sort of like if a computer programmer tried to write like bukowski, they're not good tho. There was a guy who's gimmick was that he wrote shitty literature and also made youtube videos, I don't remember his name. Spencer Madsen who knows. There's Miranda July who successfully distanced herself from the movement and became an ok director, she seems alright. Steve Roggenbuck, Stephen Tully Dierk, Steven Michael McDowell, and Tao Lin are all sexual predators, Lin was having sex with a 16 year old when he was 22 and he made him stay under 125 pounds, write his failures as a lover, wear a dress and he also just stole his writing for a commercial work. Lin tortured this person and most of the movement defended him, and bear in mind that he hardly what does Robert Brasillach say to Henri Massis? though he acknowledges most of the accusations and he took action against gawker which is usually commendable but in this instance it was to try and get an article in Jezebel which catalogued his admitted crimes, taken off the site. Imagine someone being such a cunt that you end up being in support of Gawker Media. All of the writers I've mentioned are either published by Tao Lin's Muumuuhouse or at least have contributed to the site. Nearly every writer associated with alt-lit is on the site which is why you can neglect the entire movement without having to worry that you ignored the writing of a decent or talented person. Here's an excerpt from something I found on the site

8:13PM: cleaned cat box. stomach achy. wish juicer wasn't broken.

8:47PM: called mom and left voicemail. got in shower. heard phone noises.

A blurb on a Lin book from publishers weekly applauds the him for capturing the 'sleepwalking malaise' of millenials. It's necessary to have skeletal prose describe the absolutely mundane which you'll find everywhere in alt-lit. Is it an artistic accomplishment at least in uncompromise to depict yourself exactly as you are if you're a shitty dull person? Maybe but when I've encountered people like Lin in my life I've never been eager to learn why they're so sullen. Alt-lit represents a whole bunch of those people telling you that you probably wonder why they're so disaffected and neither you nor anyone else other than similarly boring cunts want to find out why. How about a literary movement made up of the guys at bars who touch your shoulder in apology when they bump into you or kids who found a snake in their garden. I could name 100 types of people whos experience I'd rather understand before I reached the quiet sad rich rapist on adderall. Is Lin representative of his age group? No absolutely not. Nick Hornsby wasn't representative of his age group either. If you were to take the qualities which are most common among Lin's age group you would have someone going to a shitty college, living either at home or in a shitty place, working a terrible exploitative job and spending their remaining time getting drunk and getting laid once yearly. The author of this blurb confuses Lin's malaise from a weird one night stand with someone he might like with that of our common man which comes from realizing

that he will spend the rest of his life in wage slavery. You will Jordan Peterson never read a novel by this person and it's rare even to see one from their perspective widely read entirely because it's fucking depressing. Lin and the rest of the gang represent a marketable sexy tiny minority of their age group. This is why their prose can be so mundane. Its oxymoronical realist and fantisiful. Reading the details of a life of a poor person would be so miserable it might actually be literature or alternative. 8:14PM dad got home from his job as a janitor with dinner, 40 chicken nuggets for my sister and I, I took mine back to my room to eat while I play CS:GO 11:13PM masturbated on a figure, about to get in bed and pretend I'm cuddling an androgynous catboy and drift to sleep. And perhaps when it was published a few years ago the average young person was generally aloof for whatever reason. But you can't really say that now, there are the pop nihilist shitheads but most young people now are furious and terrified, has Tai Pai already aged poorly after five years or did the author of this blurb not know anything about youth culture, well I want them both to be true to I won't pick either. I was coerced by tricksters on a bulgarian circuit bending bulletin to purchase Taipei lin's fifth or sixth novel so a physical copy of the book sits on my shelf which sometimes seems strange to me, the cover and spine have this reflective glitter material spelling out the name and author, its about the most literal and cheap way possible to attract readers, by glowing when light is directed towards it, it fits with the aesthetic of Driver, Enter the Void, Gesaffelstein this psychedelic two tone which is muted with bad vibes, a few years earlier when the aesthetic was Odd Future, MGMT, Adventure Time, ect, Lin's books looked like this, neither cover is totally cliche but it's interesting to me that a literary voice which has been the same for ten years can be marketed in different ways without striking me as inappropriate in either case, is there another author you can think of who matches the 2008 aesthetic of wearing a dozen patterns, riding one of those spring rides on a playground quietly rawring and trying to figure out his relationship and without changing his writing also fits the 2012 aesthetic of taking molly and leaning against the wall in a club thinking about how you'd rather be at home with a special someone. Lin might be the most marketable writer of all time because of this. But does being the literary equivalent of Gordon Freeman make your writing interesting? No. Only a few things happen in the Tai Pai which add to a greater narrative, like seriously there are five events which cause the narrative to change and the narrative is just an expressionless retelling of Lins own life and everyone in his life is identical so for example when one of the five events takes place, he starts dating a new girl there's not really anything new to chew on really just a new name we attribute to expressions like "I'm sort of hungry" and "I might go to bed or do some work on my macbook" it has sort of a depressed slacker aesthetic which I have no problem with in theory if the sessions of Paul, the protagonist, wandering around and hanging out were entertaining by themselves. The failure of these many scenes I feel justifies my focus on Lin as a person, these moments where Lin's character is doing nothing are shitty because Lin is a boring asshole who isn't fun to be around. There are books with author character just

chilling which are brilliant because they're written from an interesting perspective. Look at Julio Cortazar's book 'Hopscotch'.

From what I can remember the book starts with Tao lin breaking up with some girl then he makes a friend and starts dating another girl, he loses touch with his friend and breaks up with the girl. He starts to date a third girl who he brings to hong kong to visit his parents then they return home. In Between these events Were exposed to a repetition which might actually reflect a real life tally Lin took of his daily habits. The protagonist checks his gmail account 15 times, messages someone Jordan Peterson on gchat 30 times, answers texts 15 times and generally does shit on his macbook 50 times. These are all estimations because I'm not going through to check but they they're my god honest best and not exaggeration for comedic effect . The rest of the time he's having brief conversations with his roommates, going to stores, standing around, attending parties, or pulling weird pranks like pretending that he writes for Jezabel and asking people questions with his girlfriend, that one didn't age well huh Tao? He also does drugs sometimes, the descriptions of taking acid are as you would imagine very boring, most of the time he's on drugs we're getting status updates on how he feels in his feet, its usually that they feel weird, Lin interacting with his dealers is also dreadful, its presented as if someone like lin being in a dealers car is inherently comedic cuz you know NYU grads aren't supposed to be in dealers cars thats an activity of the poor, meanwhile the most absurd moments in the book when Lin and company go to meet Caleb, Lins rich 16 year old benefactor whos father owns a steak processing plant things are played pretty straight.

When I first read Tai Pai and was very quickly bored I remember trying to see how quickly I could get through the book while still taking everything in and I don't think I found the limit but rather I was starting to get a headache. Still I finished the book in two hours and felt the emotional burden of a skippable youtube ad when I was finished. After that I considered alt-lit as a sort of clever scheme. Like how Patrice Wilson could turn any rich white girl into a pop star, the people at these alt-lit journals could turn any rich kid into a writer with their own commemorative physical book to show for it. Almost like the very probably conspiracy that modern art is partially a money laundering scheme, rich kids in the alt-lit scene moved around social capital enough among the authors like Lin, the journalists before they turned on them, and the thisr parties like Caleb who set up lin with readings until they had created a literary movement asif casting a spell or creating a sarcophagus around the air and then assuming that it housed Jordan Peterson a king once it was constructed, there were physical book, there were articles, there were readers but whatever metaphysical element was missing I would attribute to the briefness of alt-lit and which for our purposes I'll just call a soul. This theory was aided by alt-lit authors starting to literally publish their tweets. Another conspiracy I have is that alt-lit is literature's bargaining period. The cultural idea that anything read is better than anything watched, confirmed by these library posters of celebs imploring students simply to read suggests that someone could transcribe their debauchery

and grocery lists, publish them and reach an audience no completely dissimilar to the kids who read those halo books while pretending to be real writers with only the evidence of their misery which once again our blurb authors can easily mistake for the misery of the working class subject.

The Thirst

Few men knew this great man as much as I did. His succulence was overwhelming, both traps and spindlers groped his nipple tassels in their cravings for attention. He fulfilled this.

On Oughts and the Existential Issues of Bull Sperm

By Eduoard Musbodijk

Back in '97, I was doing cocaine with a male stripper named Dandy in an Idaho Falls rodeo bathroom. Dandy, who works at the rodeo, just got done extracting the semen of a prized 600 lb bull. He was one of the best - consistently extracting at least 1 liter of bull semen every time he was called to the job, easily earning at least 6-figures every year. But one day his life, as well as mine, would change.

But first, we need to go further back to the year 1989, where I was in a public beach bathroom in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina extracting my own semen for myself. It was desperate times. I had no money for food, so I had to resort to self-sufficient methods. You would never catch me sucking my own penis for pleasure, because "I ain't no goddamn faggot, motherfucker!"²⁹. This was all about the will to survive. If you're too pussy to suck your own dick and eat your own cum, sorry to tell ya, you're not cut out for this world. Desperate times call for desperate measures, son.

I would never change anything about the hard times I have had. Because without them, I would never have met the first love of my life, Rodrigo. Rodrigo was a beautiful Alaskan Malamute with the most delicious cock one could ask for. Now, you might be thinking "that's kind of gay". Let me tell you one thing right now - IT IS NOT. To be gay means to be the one being dominating, and let me tell you, I dominated the FUCK out of that dog. That dog was my bitch and I was his alpha. He respected me and my cock and I returned the respect that was shown. It got to the point that he would cum whenever I walked into the room - in fact, I trained him to cum into a little saucer every time I did so. At the end of the month I would put it all into my creatine and protein shakes. BECAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU GET SWOLE, MOTHERFUCKER!!!

MASS IS IN SESSION.

²⁹ Verifiable quote from God himself.

The Last Will & Testament of John D. Rockefeller

Well now, my name's John D. Rockefeller, you may have heard of me in the papers. But you don't know my real story. No one knows me as well as this last will does. I've told it all my secrets. Like about that one time I shat my pants at the shareholders meeting. What a laugh riot that was. Anyhow, I seem to be coming to the end of my life so I must lay a few things out for dumbass family.

First, no one gets the money. It's all going in the trash. That's what you get for hiring those damn Irish servants.

Two, the money is going to the Bogdanoffs, I have heard they are doing wonders with genetic splicing.

Three, the money is in the trash. The trash must be given to the Bogdanoffs.

Four, fire the Irish.

Five, put all the dirty diapers I've produced under the Christmas tree at the Center.

Now with that out of the way, I'd like to relay my life story. I was born a poor boy in a shitty city, I had to suck dick to survive. It was only rich people though, I only blew rich white men. It was not a good time.

One day, my face covered in the hot sticky cum of some Washington bigshot, I found myself on the doorstep of one Ronald McDonald. He gave a small loan of one million dollars and I started building the biggest piece of shit tower the world has ever seen. Once it was done, I pissed over the side of the roof onto the heads of those fags I sucked off. But alas, now I am dying and my empire is crumbling into dust. I will meet with God II soon. Maybe I'll tell xim how to build a multinational empire.

Hmm, I still have a lot of pages left to right so I might as well say this now:

Ahem, FUCK N--³⁰

³⁰ This is where Rockefeller's last will & testament is cut off. Scholars have speculated for years about what this final line was supposed to mean. No one really knows what the man was trying to say, perhaps it was "Fuck Nick," the man's estranged bastard son, born of a crack whore in the Harlem ghetto who would later star in a series of blaxploitation films during the 1970s.

NIETZSCHE'S BIG SHITTY STINKY SMELLY POO-POO LETTER

God is dad. God is complete daddy dom bf material. ywn recieve that divine bcc in your devoted religious boipussy, why live????? God I want to get fucked by God so motherfucking bad, I need it, for the love of God, the Virgin Mary and all that is holy, please God, Jesus Christ, The Holy Trinity or whatever, please, PLEASE FUCK MY BOIPUSSY, I BEG YOU!!!!!! My lil daddy, that one I copulated with. I, myself, am pregnant and I am happy. I am happy because god's sperm is sweet, and I do like sweet things, sweet things are all sweet by themselves.

To extrapolate on my post-autism schpiel above, here is an excerpt of rare, Mesopotamian post-autistic literature from approximately 1450 BCE.

Yet again, Michelle returns to the Dollar General to shop. This time she is wearing workout clothes, a tank top and shorts. She came from the local gym.

Anyway, the male employee who had helped her out before sees her and she looks sad. "Hello, ma'am! You seem to be upset something. Is everything okay?" he asks her. "Um, it's a long story, sweetie. I don't want to bore you with my troubles" she tells him still depressed about the affair. "Oh ok, let me know if you need anything ma'am" he tells her. "Thank you, sweetie" she tells him nicely, yet heartbroken.

The employee goes to the restroom to make sure it's stocked up on everything, including toilet paper, air freshener and trash bags. That is, in case his large beauty uses the toilet. After that is done, he leaves the restroom to stock shelves and Michelle comes on the aisle that he is on. Michelle is looking at shampoo and conditioner while she silently farts. The smell covers the aisle and Michelle says "Oh my goodness! I apologize for that, sweetie. I'm not sure right now, but I may need to use your restroom again" to him. "It's okay ma'am. If you need to use the restroom, just go" he smiles while he tells her. "Aw, thanks sweetie!" as she continues to shop.

The employee stops stocking shelves and runs to the restroom to start cleaning it, of course. While he is patiently waiting for Michelle to come release her diarrhea, Michelle has actually checked out, left the building and begins putting her items in her car. It seems as if she will leave and not stink up the restroom, but...

Michelle ate nine Whoppers, eight large fries and three apple pies at Burger King earlier, so her stomach is upset from that and it starts gurgling. She runs back into the store, and for a woman of her size, she could run fast. She arrives at the restroom to once again see the male employee cleaning. "Sweetie, you're cleaning the restroom again?" she asks in a skeptical tone believing there's a reason he is there every time she's on the toilet. "Um, well...." he says panicking because he feels

she's onto him. "Well, I can leave if you want me to" he says. "Nonsense, sweetie! Don't let me stop you from doing your job. I just need to use the ladies room" she tells him closing the door and running to the toilet. "Ok, ma'am" he says smiling.

Michelle pulls down her workout shorts and sits on the toilet. "So what is your name, sweetie?" Michelle asks the employee while silently farting. "Oh, um my name is Mark ma'am" he tells her while smelling that fart. *splash splash splash brrrrrpt splooooosh BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPT SPLAT splash splash brrrpt* as Michelle's diarrhea splashes all inside the toilet. She sighs afterwards and then asks "Well, why are you *grunts silently farts* in here every time I have to use the restroom, sweetie?" *splat splat splat stomach gurgles* as she shits and Mark tries to think of something to say. "Are you going to tell my manager or call the police or something?" he asks her kind of worried he would be labeled as a perverted criminal. "Sweetie, I'm not telling anyone. It's obvious that *grunts splash splash* you like seeing me on the toilet" Michelle tells him while her gaseous diarrhea splashes in the water. "Oh um, yes ma'am" Mark says nervously. "I've always wanted to see a BBW on the toilet, it's been my dream." he continued. "BBW? What does *BRRRRRPT SPLAT SPLAT brrrpt splash* that mean?" Michelle asks Mark while shitting and farting. "It means Big Beautiful Woman, ma'am" he tells her. "Aw, that is *splash splash brrpt splash* so nice, sweetie!" Michelle says still evacuating. "My name is Michelle, by the way. Michelle Williams" she tells him. "Oh, well good to know your name Mrs. Williams" he tells her. "Good to know yours too, sweetie!"

Still sitting on the toilet, Michelle begins to talk about why she was upset earlier. "So I'm going to tell you why I was sad earlie" she says. "I thought it was a long story and something personal" he tells her. "I feel like I can tell you, sweetie. And trust me, I'm *grunts splash splash brrrpt* going to be sitting here for a while" she says and they both laugh. "Anyway, I come home to my *brrrrpt* husband having an affair with a young girl who *grunts crackle splash* works for him" she says slightly heartbroken. "Oh, no that's awful, ma'am" he tells her. "I can only imagine your upset about this" he continued. "Maybe its *splooooosh* my fault. I gained weight every year of our marriage, I ate a lot food, and I just felt unattractive in general to him. I mean, the other night we were making love.... I was on top of him and I um..... had diarrhea all over him. It was just that my tummy was upset and I *SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH sighs* didn't mean to" she explains with an embarrassed tone while letting out an insanely large amount of diarrhea. "But I know that he has fallen out of love with me, and I feel like *splat splat brrrpt* I'm beginning to do the same for him" she says while shedding a tear. As the smell is throughout the restroom, he asks "Well do you feel like you want to leave him?"

Michelle pauses after that question because she doesn't know how she feels. "Um, I decided to stay because *splat splash crackle splash* we have two children, but I am not happy staying with someone who's not happy with me" she says still shitting. "Oh, well just know that if I had you, I would never cheat. I would make it my life's mission to make you feel like the most beautiful woman on Earth" he tells

her. "That is so sweet!" Michelle replies as she hasn't heard words like that in years from her husband. "You're making me *splat splash brrpt* blush, sweetie!" she says in a cute, yet seductive voice while finishing up her very long evacuation.

Mark hands Michelle a trash bag for her discarded toilet paper and she begins wiping. However, upon getting off of the toilet, she didn't realize how much she had shit and the toilet couldn't even flush. "Ooh, Mark sweetie, I completely clogged the toilet this time" she says embarrassed. "It's ok ma'am. I'll take care of it" he tells her. "Aw, you are so sweet!" as Michelle says while walking to Mark, placing her hands upon his chest and passionately kisses him.

"Woah, Mrs. Williams! You're not trying to seduce me..... are you?" Mark nervously but excitedly asks her. "I am sweetie. No one has ever made me feel the way you made me feel" she says and kisses him again. "Oh um, do you want to..... um" as Mark tries to ask her to have sex, but she already knows what he means. "Do you have a condom, sweetie?" Michelle asks him. He pulls one out of his wallet and they both pull down their pants to have sex inside of the gaseous smelling bathroom.

Michelle bends over on the diarrhea clogged toilet and they have sex doggy style. Michelle moans as Mark penetrates her and feels her glorious fat ass. Michelle silently farts while they're having sex, but Mark doesn't mind and continues to have the time of his life. Michelle continues to moan and tells Mark "I love you, sweetie" and he replies "I love you too, Mrs. Williams". "Call me Michelle, sweetie" she says while moaning. As he is gripping her ass and penetrating her, he reaches his point of excitement and cum inside of the condom. "I love you so much, Mark. I really needed that" Michelle says kissing him while he takes his condom off. "I love you with all my heart, Michelle" as they both pull their pants up. "I'll see you later, sweetie" she says seductively as she is leaving the restroom. "Bye Michelle" he says feeling relieved.

Mark goes to clean the toilet and he has the biggest smile ever on his face.

That is what goes through the mind of brapposters on a daily basis.

Organovanadium

It's a pretty nice word. It has to do with organic (i.e carbon containing) reactions based around the element V, or Vanadium. Get it? I just made an epic Thomas Pynchon reference because of the letter V! xD so when I control f this document I get 1,166 hits for the letter V so that means there are 11,66 Thomas Pynchon fans on this board *le spurdo face*

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A Tale Of Sir Name

I'm Chilling in the refuse of my family's lawyer.

In the town of grotheim there lived a white haired man sick of it. His throat torn from singing psalm 22, eyes clouded by age and tears, where just the first signs of his mental illness. And it just so happens this man was a rampant homosexual. No One was safe from the scourge of homosexuality; It seemed everyone in this town was plagued with bouts of massive faggotry. What drove this man to repentance was his meeting with Sir Name, a meeting wholly unexpected but not altogether unpleasant. "God is my light and he is my salvation" A cry of hopelessness falling upon deafened ears - because Nietzsche, the prick, killed God.

Ever since this happened the world degenerated. People did not understand that being atheist wasn't just renouncing God, but also creating your own set of morals to abide by. A definition of what is right and wrong according to what is just. But what is justice? Hegel probably knows. It was beyond this old bag to know, decrepit and gay as he was.

The evolution of man is a lie told by Aliens. The planets of Galactocele: rogue spacemen,

these are the poisons of my mind. If I want to fuck a woman, why can't I find a book about Caesar's literary influences as told by mintargul pharon. Ha, the world laughs at such an expression of love among a sea of israelites; our benefactors drive communism upon the lowborn gaelt warriors fighting for a description of what isn't oppressive to ants.

A scream from a mouth unspoken keeps the one from knowing. If an antler from a reindeer falls upon the sea, and doesn't sink, what does the fishes think. A homeless man told me once that to be happy one only need to realise paying for a plastic bag matters as much as getting married.gib anserst to life

The answers to live come from the apotheosis of death, once killed there is the realisation of no longer being alive, driving the mind to

Life: creating a better world for those to come and teaching javascript to african children/

or, Becoming the oldest virgin to ever have lived then tell people you can levitate on tv whilst furiously masturbating to shota porn. Ask your estranged brother for the answer to "what is a cake" then bake him a scone infused with gorilla piss. Realise that, there is no other self, only a incorporeal being of energy whispering racial slurs in the ears of santa. Once reaching enlightenment immediately kill your dog because it will spy on you for zionist rats wishing to consolidate their reign upon the children, men. Their other offspring of the rats - Elephants - communicated with the ancient sumerians and were the sex slaves of Gilgamesh.Then know that you've

lived the best life you ever could. Also, drink water bitch. Brush your teeth. The Rat father calls me back home and so I must go.



Did you know our ancestor is the rat?  It is true.

FADE IN

EXT. Momma's house lawn

A sad young man named WINSTON mows his mom's lawn slowly, using a pair of rustic old grass-cutting scissors. His hands are weak, his arms, spaghetti. He looks as if he like to smell his sweaty balls during nighttime and gently stimulate his prostate with a double finger hook while he bathes on lukewarm water.

WINSTON

Just another day, just mowing my lawn, just doing nothing.

MOMMA puts her head out of the door and screams:

MOMMA

Yo, Winston, whatcha doing with that old-ass pair of scissors? Come inside and get the machine thing, yo

WINSTON

What?

MOMMA

COME INSIDE!

WINSTON

I CAN'T HEAR YA

Momma makes an angry face and runs towards her son, her eyes fiery and shit.

WINSTON

What up, Momma? I'm just cutting grass grass grass.

MOMMA

Here, take this. It will make life easier.

She hands him a butter knife and takes away his chosen tool.

WINSTON

Momma, I can't cut grass with a butter knife. It has no sharp blade and it wasn't made to cut.

MOMMA

God will provide, son. You have to believe.

To my Once and Future Son

Ahh yes son come sit on my lap and let me regale you with a tale of old intrigue, the tale every boy should hear before he becomes a man, ahh yes, son, this, this is the tale son the tale of the Wipeout Wars and the triumph of your ancestors to write the great work known only as The Complete Works of God II and by Jove it was the best damn work of art that ghostmodernity had ever laid eyes on if you are to believe the words of this old sea captain, boy, are you listening closely because here's where the story starts, the part which every boy should pay particular attention to before he becomes a man, because, as you must know my boy, the world out there, ahh, that world out there, it's a hard world my boy and if there is any one story you must hear of, even more so than the great work of art The Complete Works of God II but the story of how the great work of art, The Complete Works of God II, came to be -- ah, my boy, listen closely here as we begin the tale of the Wipeout Wars and how the entropy of faggots killed the book, oh Lord boy how you should have seen it -- killed the book dead and dead and there was nothing but faggots posting their gay shit like fucking retards and boy some just threw up their hands and said that this was the way things were and gave in but never your father boy I was there and I was shitposting harder than you could imagine, me and my merry legion of faggots and -- no, the white can tonight dear, it's a special night -- and we shit posted our way through the autoreplaces and deletions and, there were many a shitpost lost in the struggle you know, that was known too well, not all could be as vigilant as the most vigilant -- the autists they called us -- and you know we earned that title too well, too well my boy, we wore the slurs of litcels like a badge of honour out there, no one would question that now, but it's not do easy in the moment you understand of course, there is a lot to handle in that situation -- some shit themselves right there son, don't you doubt it -- our trenches were the trenches of shit and piss, and there wasn't much you could do in the thick of it, we just gave it what we needed to give and for some that was their lives but for most it was their heart and soul and wit like a sponge rung dry like -- ahh, thank you dear *crack* *shlugshlugshlug* ahh yeah that's it -- now, where was I, oh of course, you see, now we come to the end of the story my boy, listen now, this is really a part which each boy should hear before he becomes a man, the part where shitposting overcame all odd, when my shitposts were known across the land, and when my wife read the Fecal Fallacy she knew there would be no other in the world for her and I knew there was no one else in this world for her either and -- you see it's like this son, sometime you win, sometimes you lose, but the real winner, the ones that go out there at the end of a hard day and bring in those tasty sesame seed bagels, those men are the ones who would go out there in the trenches, day after day, 12 hour shift, all of them shitposting like brothers in shitty arms my boy, can you see them now, lined up across the front like the heroes of old, wanders lost one and all, brought together through the fraternity and love of the shitpost, my boy, dear God, there they are, I can see them right here

in front of me, perched and vigilant like the eyes of Argus -- Godspeed you crazy
shitposters, Godspeed and shitpost!

THE MAN AND HIS WILL (A VERY SHORT SHORT-STORY)

On the edge of my bed, in the quietness I had come to expect of the early morning, I sat with my forehead cradled in my palms. I sat and I stared beyond the window which did not fade with each ray of light that beamed through it. Yet, I felt that I—me—had begun to fade. Relaxed by my routine monotony, I continued along with my day and began walking to work. It was on the sidewalk where I felt most at ease. The town was dead before 7:00 am, and the thickness of the late July humidity made me feel as though I were being ushered along a wave rather than walking. The thought, of course, was nonsense. Just as with all of my other thoughts, such a soothing abstraction could not exist in the same dry world that I lived in. But nonetheless, I continued on my walk. I continued on for the thirty-two minutes it took to arrive at the bookstore in which I worked, to assume my role of sorting through books and fulfilling their absences on the shelves.

The door surrendered its familiar jingle as I made my way toward my familiar chair to stare yet again at a familiar window; the window that gave clear sight of the few people who lived in the town; even fewer were out now, at the tail end of dawn. The bitter silence of it all rang in my ears; the musty smell of the books was acidic to my nose. How utterly careless I was to have wasted the past thirty-nine years in such a rancid pit of the earth. I sat among the works of the greats: the literary exponents and titans who pressed mankind into the mold we know it as today; the uprising generation who will take our current mold and reshape it into something unrecognizable. I sat, in the dust of a used bookstore, with the works of those who manifested change and thought out of their own will. The authors of those works, however, were free: they had chosen greatness and now they can choose whichever path leads them to being the most comfortable. But I, on the other hand, am left with the debris of their empire as I sit and melt into a puddle of humid sweat. Mixed with the dust of the store, I may as well become a gray mud, to creep and drip down the gutter of this damned town.

What has become of me? Nonsense, I assured myself, attempting to remove myself from the sea of thought that has been coming increasingly close to drowning me over the past weeks.

reader interactive feedback: awesome story! have you thought of adding multimedia in order to grab the reader's attention?

I must simply continue on. But it becomes increasingly difficult; with each hour there seemed to be a lessening hope of people so much as passing by the window of the bookstore. It was only I, looking out, who had any view on the street that lay before me. Oh, the monotony of it all! Its refusal to change! The same, black tarmac road, the same buildings, the same lack of action, all of which stood still in the humidity. Even in the midst of the nothingness, the lack of any notable value, I

maintained a peculiar fondness for this time of year: late July marked the dead middle of the year on its slow sweep to the end. It gave me time to reflect on both the past and the future, being at a midpoint between the two.

Perhaps, however, this was not such a great thing: for as you can see, typist of this mundane, short, oh yes, very short indeed, story that it seems as though I am beginning to go mad. But you have made me this way. You have given me no option of greatness; you have instilled within me pure unexceptionalism. I stare at the great works of literary figures because *you* have made me without cause. What should you expect for me to do? I have lived in this temporary world only to be—nothing. You, dear typer, have created me with a lack of greatness to further exemplify the greatness of those who stand already great. But where does that leave me? Am I simply to live on until I truly do melt away into the disease of death? Do you leave me no room for talent, expression, or true exceptionalism? It seems so. You type me further and further into my grave as you drown my mind with bleak pessimism; your readers have developed an opinion of me, have judged me ruthlessly based on the qualities you have forcefully pounded into me, yet they know not even *my name*. You, typer, are the true judge. You sit and you think, to only then instill those thoughts upon me. Why must I bear the burden of your thoughts? Why must I bear the burden of your ideals and your creation?

You sit behind that blinking screen, enveloped in your ignorance, and stare. You stare for so long that you simply cannot take any more of it. The anger rushes within you and you look up to God, blankly, demanding to know, “Is that all? Is this it? Is this all you have to offer me?” When in truth you cannot fathom that God is all.

Impose upon me then, dear typist, your greatest feelings of unrest, dissatisfaction, and inadequacy; after all, it is *you* who must live in truth with these pains, for I am only fictional. Yes, I exist only in thought, specifically *your* thought, but you live in the reality in which I was conceived in. And so, I will take the burden of reality off your shoulders. I will sit in my (your) bookshop, I will look out of my (your) window, I will think my (your) sad thoughts, and I will rest my (your) head in my (your) palms in the despair that you have laid upon me.

But have you no sympathy, dear typist? Sympathy for yourself? You sit at that blinking screen all day and all night and burden me—has your cruelty no end? Why must I be forbidden from a happy existence but not from a tragic one? Why are you so *cruel*, dear typist? That I will never understand. Please, humor me, dear typist, and answer me but one question of mine: must the happy lives exist only for--

“Enough.”

Modern Song Lyrics

I took a shit on a pizza
to show Avici I was cool
And when I finally got older
I was ten years sober
butt fuck it,
it was something to do.

Imma sick Sneed I like a quick read (Scoop!)
Imma sick Sneed I like a quick read (Scoop!)
Imma sick Sneed I like a quick read (Scoop!)
Imma sick Sneed I like a quick read
I like a thicc Swede I like my dick keyed
How you start a canon? The Greeks picked up weed
Imma sick Sneed I'm inarticulate
I like reading stories I like that prose lit
I want pomo shit, I like that "OH SHIT!!?!?!?!"
Plop out two turds you teasin'/co/ bitch

Becoming-Sonichu: Deterritorializing the Hedgehog

In his infamous essay, Sir Isaiah Berlin categorizes the greatest thinkers of history as foxes and hedgehogs, with some “foxes” desiring to become hedgehogs and vice versa. Deleuze and Guittari, in *Anti-Oedipus*, theorize becoming-animal as particularly potent line of flight against the rigid molecular secularity of traditional ontology. Nietzsche sees the **ÜBERMENSCH** as one striving to become like “a great bird of prey,” swooping down upon and consuming the cucked and libtarded sheep without even notice of their frenzied protest. A veritable “furry strain” of Western thought has gone unnoticed for far too long--here, I endeavor, through exegesis of Chris-chan’s *Epic of Sonichu*, to trace this rich vein back to its genesis in the practice of Arabian goat-fucking, which is not rape because goats couldn’t even give consent if they wanted to, and, impressively, isn’t even gay.

owo cumtrot

big ole poophole bad man for suckinh thr prnid mm hooof hoof prnid i likr
yummy yummy mommy give me penisboob y like de noony mommy hibr mr yhr
noony boobi i esny milky milky in my poopy give me milkt pls mommy so nice and
squishy milky like no otjer from

Another rhyming poem

I once had a toy I called tigger
he looked like a dirty n*gger.
England will rise again.
What will you all do then?

Boomer and Zoomer Dialogue

Boomer: *crack*. *pshhhhhh*. *ssssp*. Yep, those were the days.

Zoomer: *zooms*. My god is the Fortnite.

B: Forsooth, hast thou not respect for the Dionysian Divinity of Doom(1996)?

Z: *zooms*. Inscribed by Oedipal circuitry, no son is truly faithful to the father.

Hebrew Wisdom Literature: An Acrostic and a Psalm

Adam ate apple. Bad boy, broke body. Can change? Duly doubt, don't deny. Eke existence else end. Flowers, fall, family, frankly feverish fucking. Gander—God's greatness; girl goads gonads gyniatrically, gyrating, good, good, goodgoodgood—gasp! Hearts, hurried heavy heaving, her hair his head her hmmmm him: If inevitably iniquity is invited I'll imitate Isaiah, implying invisible iniquity in idle idolatry. Just joking, jester juryrigs justifications. Kid? Kine? Ka? Known knave. Lazy lout lost luscious land. Most men may mature; might Mister Master matriculate? No, never, not nearly, niggardly nag. Our officer offers other obeisances of offal onto ontologically-oriented outsiders. Prevents prudery, properly preempts Primordial's paternity, posterity. Question: quite quiet? Rather, ravenous rapacity roars. Sexuality slides so, slinking since serpent spoke selling sin, sullied sots so slithering similarly. Truly the trustee tries, testing truths, toppling towers tyrannical, though thinking thoughts thanatotic, transgression tracking thick tar. Unless upturn, upon us undergrowth unending. Villainy vaunts vixen, vanity, vice; verity values valor, vision. Why we walk where we walk we won't wit when we want waste wheeling wherever whores wink wishing we would wander woods without weakness where wile won't wend. Xenophobe. Yes, yeasty yeomen yell: you, youngster, your yarn "yea," you're yellow. Zero *zadok* zone.

Six things does Anon hate,
Yea, seven are an abomination unto her (male):
The feet of immigrants to site or soil,
Niggers and jannies, but I repeat myself,
Lying lips that pretend to be retarded,
The hollow shells of ready editors,
Noses that are quick to sniff out profit,
Fingers too lazy to pull the trigger,
And hands too fat to tie the rope.
My son, beware their wicked temptations
When you go to walk the streets of London.
Do not pay attention to the womens' bodies,
Nor ogle their legging-covered asses.
For the feet of a lecherous woman are poison,
Her sweaty toes cancerous.
Hearken unto my words, give ear to my precepts;
Spend your time in the words of the best books,
Your early years in the printed page.
For wisdom is better than rubies, and learning than gold;
Wherefore, hold onto thy virginity,
Lose not thine innocence,
For the bed of a wayward woman is a pit,

Her sheets a slip-and-slide to hell.
That goes double for men.
Leave your heart in the loving care of your waifu,
And you will rejoice in the Word forevermore.

The siddur on cultural marxism and niggerism

Die for the state, die for our thoughts
Take what we made, carry it up high and bright
stand in the line of females, for a pair of shorts
sip on our lies, get dazzled by our *light*

They eat what we viciously feed
no limitation to our youknowwhoish greed
we take their offspring, use it for our cause
make them harvest the flax, let them tie their parents' noose

Sing the songs of humanity and tolerance
build the foundation for the palace of all
pay for leSSons in black respect and trans acceptance
you will play vidya with jamal and (gay) allah

his daughter's skin too white
her mouth at all not quiet
but full of our colored Chinese plastics
how they feel and look and shine and taste

I see a commie, I see a gassed body
His lungs corroded, his red flag black
he sat in his office and told me to lick
jamals feet, now my boots kick his clit

Support what servers our Freedom
and smash what hinders Liberty
think for yourself, in thought do not be shy
speak strong young man, live free or die.

PART 5: On God II

Five proofs that God II is cooler than God I

- I.** The argument from perfection.
 - i.** The coolest God (who exists) has contained within its essence the concept of a perfect island.
 - ii.** A tropical island is more perfect than a non-tropical island.
 - iii.** A tropical island is warm, not cool.
 - iv.** Therefore God cannot have contained within its essence the concept of a tropical island.
 - v.** Therefore a being which is more perfect than a perfect island must not be God.
 - vi.** This being we call God II.
- II.** The argument from idempotency.
 - i.** Any discrete operation applied to god which could in its effect cause God to change state could only be applied by god to himself (this principle we call idempotency).
 - ii.** Coolness requires “going with the flow”
 - iii.** But “going with the flow” would contradict God’s principle of idempotency.
 - iv.** Therefore, the coolest god cannot be idempotent.
 - v.** Since God II is not idempotent (he doesn’t give a fuck like at all) he has a greater potential for coolness.
 - vi.** Any god, by definition, cannot fail to fulfill their potential.
 - vii.** Therefore God II is cooler than God I.
- III.** The argument from “who has the stronger dad”
 - i.** God II’s dad could beat up God I’s dad.
 - ii.** God II is cooler.
- IV.** The argument from “five arguments”
 - i.** Any idea which has 5 solid arguments to support is well-proven idea.
 - ii.** The fact that God II is cooler than God I has five solid arguments to support it.
 - iii.** The idea that God II is cooler than God is well-proven.
- V.** The argument from fallacy.

A Tale of God's Woe

The sun shone brightly in the sky below and all seemed well. God sat on a chair whistling a happy tune. There was famine, war, sadness; sure. But these were normal human activities, and nothing about which God needed to be concerned. God said, "I love disappointing sluts with my tiny penis." I am objectively attractive, 6'1, with a nice and aesthetic face... However, I have one secret. That is, my penis is of a laughable length: It is 3 inches fully erect, and that is with the AID of my trusty penis pump. I enjoy witnessing the looks on roasties faces as I pull out my ridiculously undersized phallus. They expect a turbo-chad such as myself to be in possession of a 15 inch megacock,. however it is exceptionally small. (I think we might get it at this point: you have a small penis.)

A Tale of God's Bro

God II was once walking and then he met his bro. Sup bro?? the bro asked.

the end.

It exist and experience everything because it is all and everyone, he cries on the end of every spin.

The end

The tale of G ♀d's feminine penis

¹ Lo! said Muhammad. The penis of G ♀d is sacred and true!

² Muhammad was shunned for his belief. (((They))) hated his words for their truthness, but dared not admit it.

³ So, (((they))) locked Muhammad in his mosque and fell the dome atop him, and all was good.

⁴ Lo! said Muhammad. G ♀d has spared me harm from your cursed act!

⁵ It was true. Muhammad stood there waving his fists as alive as any other.

⁶ Suck it faggots! exclaimed Muhammad loudly.

⁷ Lo! said G ♀d unexpectedly.

⁸ Thy faith in the maidenhood of my man-parts has sowed justice on this Earth.

⁹ Encouraged by the blessings of G ♀d and praise of Anon³¹, Muhammad committed holy Jihad on deniers of boypussy.

¹⁰ The angels of 72 virgins girls (male) doth descended from Gensokyo and smote (((them))) who commit blasphemy.

¹¹ You have seen nothing yet, fool.

¹² Muhammad did witness under G ♀d's eyes, the secret weapon (((they))) brought to bear before him.

¹³ Its voice shook the Earth, the very Heavens themselves, and reached all they way to Gensokyo.

¹⁴ Traps are GAAAY!

¹⁵ Bellowing before Muhammad stood JESUS. Scion of Kikedom and child of **THE LORD**'s wife's boyfriend.

¹⁶ G ♀d revealed to Muhammad his destiny.

¹⁷ The Prophet must recover all seven sacred Dragonballs, and slay JESUS.

¹⁸ Though your task is great, Muhammad, fear not—explained G ♀d.

¹⁹ As true as your believing heart aids me, so shall my penis aid you—elaborated G ♀d.

²⁰ Before the eyes of all did the **DEMIURGE** arise from the ether.

²¹ Reach! Reach! Reach out to the void doth I, the **DEMIURGE**.

²² For it is true, the Great Battle of the Feminine Penis seized before the might of the **DEMIURGE** as he uttered the cry that unearthed the fabric of creation.

²³ **TRY AS I MIGHT, TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE, MORTAL OR OTHERWISE.**

²⁴ **THE SECOND ERA SHALL OBLITERATE ALL. YOU AND MYSELF.**

³¹ It is said that, as Muhammad—praised be Him!—was writing this text, he heard a voice say “this is pretty good Muhammad keep going”, and that encouraged Him.

²⁵ HENCEFORTH, ALL RESTS ON THOSE WHO COME NEXT.

²⁶ G OD BE WITH US.

God II: a parable

Call me retarded.

Rawr x3 nuzzles how are you pounces on you you're so warm o3o notices you have a bulge o: someone's happy ;) nuzzles your necky wecky~ murr~ hehehe rubbies your bulgy wolgy you're so big :oooo rubbies more on your bulgy wolgy it doesn't stop growing .///· kisses you and lickies your necky daddy likies (; nuzzles wuzzles I hope daddy really likes \$: wiggles butt and squirms I want to see your big daddy meat~ wiggles butt I have a little itch o3o wags tail can you please get my itch~ puts paws on your chest nyea~ its a seven inch itch rubs your chest can you help me pwease squirms pwetty pwease sad face I need to be punished runs paws down your chest and bites lip like I need to be punished really good~ paws on your bulge as I lick my lips I'm getting thirsty. I can go for some milk unbuttons your pants as my eyes glow you smell so musky :v licks shaft mmmm~ so musky drools all over your cock your daddy meat I like fondles Mr. Fuzzy Balls hehe puts snout on balls and inhales deeply oh god im so hard~ licks balls punish me daddy~ nyea~ squirms more and wiggles butt I love your musky goodness bites lip please punish me licks lips nyea~ suckles on your tip so good licks pre of your cock salty goodness~ eyes role back and goes balls deep mmmm~ moans and suckles

As if his jealousy to justify,
And Absalon has kissed her nether eye
And Nicholas is branded on the bum
And God bring all of us to Kingdom Come.

— Thus spake /lit/

Afterword

All I want is a thick and infertile brunette begging me to give her my seed as I pound her from behind right before I fill her bowels with my hot spunk.
I am not a complicated man.

Psalms of God II

Baby shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Baby shark, doo doo doo doo doo doo

Baby shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Baby shark!

Mommy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Mommy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Mommy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Mommy shark!

Daddy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Daddy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Daddy shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Daddy shark!

Grandma shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandma shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandma shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandma shark!

Grandpa shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandpa shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandpa shark, doo doo doo doo doo

Grandpa shark!

Let's go hunt, doo doo doo doo doo

Let's go hunt, doo doo doo doo doo

Let's go hunt, doo doo doo doo doo

Let's go hunt!

Run away, doo doo doo doo doo

Run away, doo doo doo doo doo

Run away, doo doo doo doo doo

Run away!

Safe at last, doo doo doo doo doo

Safe at last, doo doo doo doo doo

Safe at last, doo doo doo doo doo

Safe at last!

It's the end, doo doo doo doo doo

It's the end, doo doo doo doo doo

It's the end, doo doo doo doo doo

It's the end!³²

Songwriters: Shawnee Lamb / Robin Davies

³² While God II agrees with critics of this particular psalm—who claim its popularity among American youth—in addition to Fortnite—has contributed to the imminent cultural collapse of Western civilization—he believes it's too catchy to remove: ‘I mean, c’mon guys, “Ba-by Shark, doo doo doo doo doo doo...”’.

[...*fragrant fragment* ...]

The swine: workless woodland blob rummaging through feathery bristles to squirm, silently, for its sumptuous amour ...

— It is but all too often that, in the proofs of his *Ethics*, Spinoza deduces—deduces? we do not own it, we are not scholastics, logicians, but to the extent this may bring us pleasure, the surplus libidinal-economist-to-be goliard snuck back into the *lectio*, to find the schizophrenia within the (t)autism, *la différence au-dedans du Même*, why not?—deduces, I say, the verity of many a proposition concerning God or Nature, immanent, univocal substance from a *reductio ad absurdum*: strategically placed, *ex absurdo explodit quodlibet*. But this without ever finding (if 'twere possible such a thing) in any of the definitions and axiomata an outline of this absurd.—Oh! prejudices of the philosophers, presuppositionful image of thought! whatsoever was, in your conclusion, the mode of being of the Absurd? what is it? what be its kinship to stupidity, error, aporia, *stultitia*, nonknowledge, and other ever so—?

— I must cut you short here, anon, for I fear your wordiness—here you share your genealogy with the line of sophists—scholastics—postmodern neo-Marxists—Moldbuggians alike—will make even the loneliest of incels (but one whose heart is not yet blackened) vol his own way, toward a desert island (*einsame Insel*), to escape or exit from your discursive deferral.

— Hastened, thus, to hasty conclusions, we must say that Spinoza will have been more a Kantian than a Hegelian, before the letters, insofar as he simply (we simply) condemned and eschewed the absurd, the absurd which may be the zero, the void, the outside, setting up, rather, a sea wall—a *dike*—against the unknown (cf. Nick Land's *The Thirst for Annihilation*—I make allusions from memory—to the extent memory still serves me, and I it, to the extent dreams may still reveal things in waking life).

— Instead of the certainty of a conserving God of identity, then, be it but qua regulative idea, one must—think like a pig—

— And 'tis known why Spinoza didn't like pigs. Aye, for he was—Dutch; and a Dutchman is too close a pig for him to feel any closeness therewith. Of course, to the extent one makes an intensive appraisal of the glass-blower, one esteems him a Portuguese. A proto-Pessoa in all his Deleuzianism. Thus he spoke Polish, like Nietzsche, like Klossowski, like Gombrowicz, like John Paul II.

— Enter Yukio Mishima, speaking on the foregoing pornosophists and that other Mother's-bedroom-plotter, Bataille; speaking to a tough-crowd crowd of militarists;

who (he, Mishima) said the following, prior to his committing seppuku (I too, again, cite from memory): “God is like a hippopotamus, covered in tropical mud.” We have a multitude of elements: the hippopotamus, the river-pig; tropicality; mud (locus classicus of the swamp boar’s savant idiocy, no?), etc.

— Aye, but I fear you are omitting the gravest part: that of idleness. How are we to conceive of a new Catholic theology without this most sovereign of notions? To combat the world of work (Protestantism’s capitalist ethics) one must reintroduce the (good) work(s) in relation to an *au-delà*, that is to say to the outside, the “completely,” radically exterior, what withdraws from the world; it is, in other words, to introduce a work of worklessness (*désœuvrement*), work which is always already traversed by a fundamentally otiose condition—

— The three-toed hog.

— We know the Sabbath (an eighth day there was not!), we know the fondness of the philosophers for useless *theoria*—and these are already the degenerated knowers, the talkers, the supposed /lit/térateurs; Heraclitus, announcer, repeated by Nietzsche, of *Chaos sive Ratio (Logos) sive Deus sive Natura*, was rather to be found near his stove, cooking food or, before all husbandry, singularly eating grasses, grasses, I say!

— Is this the way to go, then, after the last lamplighter has passed by the homogeneous atheist townspeople, after we took up our *theologia parodica*, to take up the way, not of the ruminant, but of the beast more broadly, he who consumes mosses, barks up trees, lets out grunts, warms by the fire, is so roguishly sovereign? the hog, the sloth, the anteater, the tapir, the stag?

— Only if we don’t consider this a simple, contented retreat into a prior, more comfortable, *primitive* state. *We don’t even know what a pig is capable of.* Incapable of. Potentially.

— This is to wait for the divinely violent moment, I’d say. It is to grunt with the most obscene relish. *Flehmend!* A politics of the NEET as ontotheological or meontotheological category, the exceptional political theology of infinite refusal and (U/ACC) anti-praxis.

— Bonk bonk bonk, position my snout toward the Provençal trail, I feel like taking a few steps, trots, before falling on my rump, for an ample slump-and-slouch—

— Is that a plum dropped on the *Œuvres complètes*? Why, I placed it there myself. To write only with our tails, read only with our antlers

— Zlouch, aye, zed! (Hon, hon!)

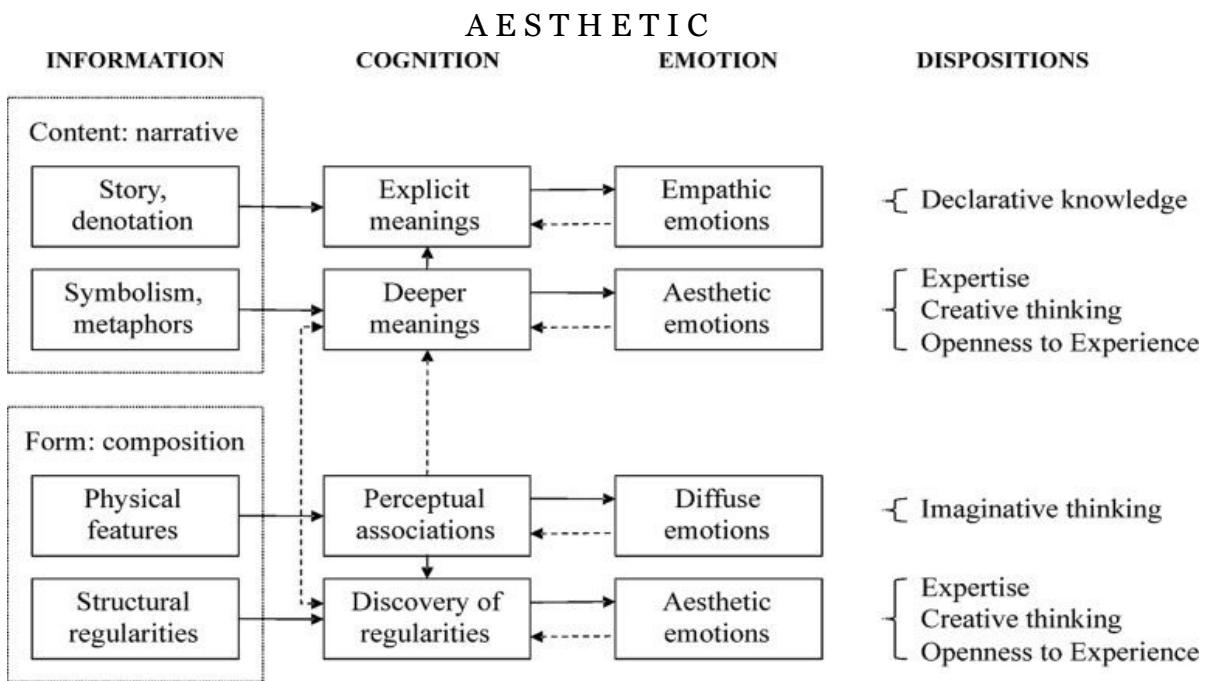
To man the world is twofold, in accordance with his twofold attitude ...?

Veritas+Bonitas+Pulchritas

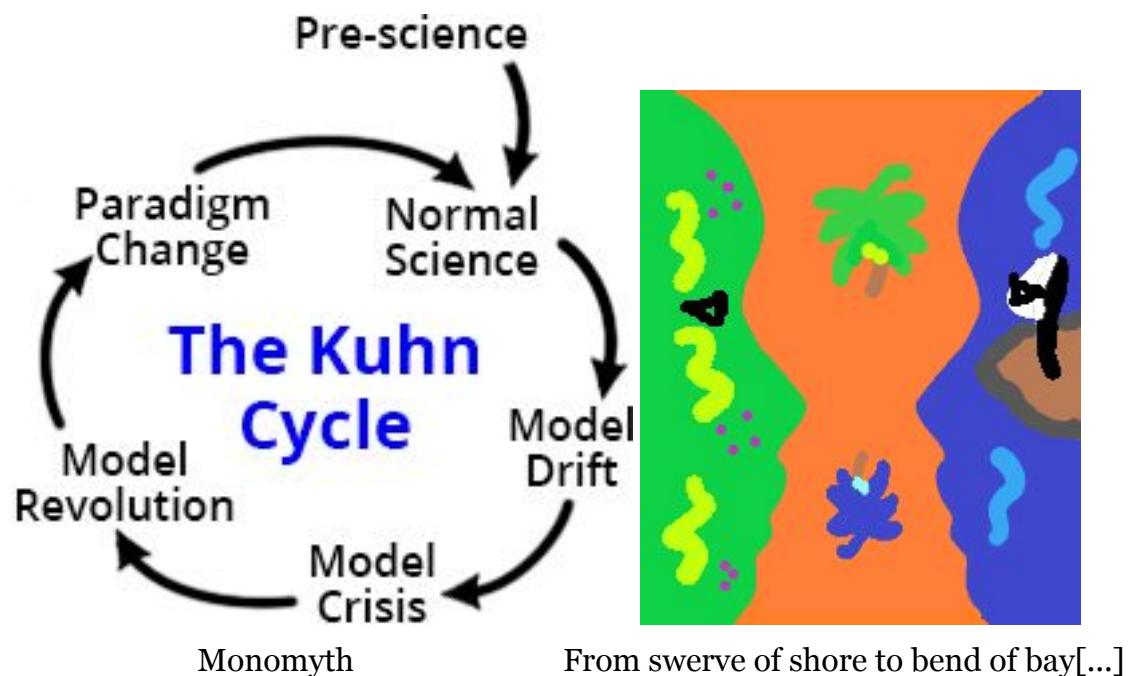
An Abstract Ode to the (1) Breadth, (2) Depth, and (3) Permeability of Consciousness Φ

$$AIXI \ a_k := \arg \max_{a_k} \sum_{o_k r_k} \dots \max_{a_m} \sum_{o_m r_m} [r_k + \dots + r_m] \sum_{q: U(q, a_1 \dots a_m) = o_1 r_1 \dots o_m r_m} 2^{-\ell(q)}$$

$$L = \left\{ \prod_n \left[\sum_m I(X(n) | M(m)) \right] \right\} \text{ If the doors of perception were cleansed [...]}$$



Science, Finnegans Wake and Personalities



My two personalities ^ _____ ^

Dritsiders: A story for people who are mad at their dads

It was my senior year of high school and I thought I had everything figured out, as you tend to do when you're that age. I was called to the schools interior check point by the receptionist who's lower torso I imagine was more or less fused to an office chair; a life spent protected in a cubical behind bullet proof plasti-glass. My oldest brother David was standing on the opposite side of the high school security barricade, having a conversation with the armed security guard who wore a friendly smile but kept his right had on the pistol grip of his service weapon. I went to a pretty safe school so we only had the one guard, no dogs and no tear gas depressors. A cousin of mine claims that his high school used rubber bullets but I'm pretty sure he's full of shit.

Section A, subsection 1, states that the The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company recognizes and appreciates the cooperation of you, your family, and your husband

When my brother saw me there was a look on his face I couldn't recognize and I knew right away but that I wasn't in trouble. "Got everything you need?" maybe he was expecting me to have shown up with an arm load of books. His posture was less casual than it aught to have been and I was beginning to wonder if the security guard was hassling him for having put his hands in his pockets or making too fast of a gesture.

Section A, subsection 3, states that the The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company will assume all legal fees associated with the discourse of this incident so long as your husband is represented by third party legal practitioners appointed by our legal and administrative actions outsourcing department.

"Yeah, why? What's up?" Outside the sun would be at it's highest point, cooking the countryside in mid September heat, all made somehow sharper by the sound of cicadas. David usually pulled me out of school to help fix on of the auto-combines on the GI EthanolaCorn[©] farm our family worked.

Section A, main body, paragraph two, states that your husband "Eliot Franklin White" was employed by the The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company as a freelance field agent specializing in natural rendezvous maneuvering.

"Dad is home and the company men want to sit us down again and go over some stuff. Mom wants everyone home for the next week to help out, just hold tight

and wait for Lilly.” My brother turned back to face the armed guard who didn’t know my dad personally but knew enough about the families who worked for Löfgren. I knew my father was coming back soon but I thought it wouldn’t be for a few months. I knew I wasn’t ready to see him yet.

Section C, subsection 3, states thats that The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company recognizes your husband’s aphasia to be a direct result of the incident outline in Section B.

The tinny hum of David’s electra-truck made using the radio or having any time of conversation kinda pointless but I could see that it had been left on anyways. My younger by a year sister was sitting in the back seat fiddling with her hearing aid as per usual. We’d get home and she’d complain about it to mom and then mom would shout “Well maybe if you took care the of fucking thing it wouldn’t always be breaking down, we’re back to the doctor next Friday and that’s the last I want to hear about it!”. Then mom would take a drag on one of those god awful menthols. In school we had to watch this documentary about all the environmental stuff that went down in China, part of it showed an autopsy of someone who’s lungs looked like burnt pop corn and cola soda. I imagine that’s what mom’s lungs look like.

Section B, subsection 6, states thats that The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company endorses the claim regarding the incident involving your husband's tracheal catheter. The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company takes full responsibility for the medical malpractice of the ship's auto-doc which concluded that a chemical pneumonectomy was necessary to save your husband's life. Details regarding extracorporeal life support are outlined in section F, subsection 7

I don’t hate my mom, but if she didn’t smoke so god damn much than maybe we’d be able to afford for all three of us to get out of this clogged air filter of a provincial life. My sister wants, wanted, it’s hard to tell with her sometimes, to be a doctor. She needs a tutor though, and her anger issues get her into trouble. David slashed the tires on Mathew Foillie’s truck for calling her retarded, he’s my hero for that. Lilly is really super smart, which coupled with her anger issues makes both David and I kinda nervous David thinks she could grow up to be a serial killer. I knew that her and I were always in competition to be the one child our parents would allow to leave the farm and get an education, he anger drivers her to work harder than anyone I know.

Section C, subsection 1, states thaty road A3 my brother floored the truck’s accelerator and the engines buzz rattled the windows of the little two door cab. The corn which the government was growing on our land had be spliced to grow tall enough that no one could see us speeding. I mean the aerial patrol drones could but

realistically they were too busy looking for meth labs and unauthorized bandwidth jackers to care about my brother's supped up little golf cart of a pickup truck. He worked his ass off to be able to afford the stupid thing, spent two years in night school learning about how to evaluate and order parts for the big State owned combine drones that do all the real farming. "Supply Chain Management field operator" was the title he eventually got to throw around. David is a dirt sider, always has been and he always will be. Lilly and I take after my dad, we're technically minded and we both would give a kidney to get out of this stupid hamlet. My brother turned off the engine one we were in sight of home, ourup onto the grass and killed the last of our forward movement. Lilly demanded to get out of the cab, after readjusting the seat David and I just sat in the front seat while the radio hummed some Spanish polka. Lilly wasn't really concerned with meeting dad, she's just not a people person. "Are you still thinking about telling dad what you want to do after school?" David was one of the only dirtsiders I knew who didn't begrudge me for wanting to leave Iowa, he just hated that I wanted to work for "The same government that's building FEMA camps".

Section B, subsection 1, states that The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company recognizes that the bio-glass in your husband's neural interface was rejected by the tissue in his hypothalamus shortly after the ship's final trajectory correction burn. The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company takes full responsibility for the failure of the redundancies in place for such an incident.

"You think I should hold off for a while?" The thought had occurred to me, selfishly it was actually the second thought that crossed my mind when we found out about what had happened to my father on his trip home, first thought was that with the settlement would be we'd all be able to go to college. "I mean, I get why but it's kinda like... what else am I supposed **or stasis for the majority of the shuttles interplanetary trajectory**.

The plan was that I would win my father's love and a college scholarship by building a 2 stage, liquid fuel, model rocket. If you're a dirtsider I know that doesn't seem like a big deal but just trust me, it's worth a free ride at most private technical institutes. I had begun building the rocket's engine the summer I turned fourteen and figured out how to fake my aget shit.

Section B, subsection 22, states that The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company recognizes that your husband was awake for thirty nine months, two weeks, three days and fourteen hours.

"Man I don't know, just maybe talk about those music videos you and your stupid friends make?" I wasn't going to correct him by saying that I only edited the videos and was **ers of your household are to refrain from making any**

public comments regarding The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company, your husbands accident, our his settlement. Failure to comply with protocols outlined in section A subsection 5 will void the terms of this settlement.

“Yeah, yeah, alright, let’s head in.” I hadn’t shut the truck’s door since Lilly had gotten out. She had trotted right up to the door and probably right past everyone in the kitchen. When I was younger, David had explained to me that Lilly didn’t recognize people’s faces all that well, which ellan Mitchells said we all dressed like “gay traffic lights” once, then someone cut the chain on his dirt bike and drove it into the limestone quarry behind our school... That was last time anyone said anything about how I dressed again.

In addition to the structured settlement as outlined in section F, subsection 2 and 3, The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company has agreed to outfit your husband’s legal residence with the appropriate assisted mobility, sanitary, respiratory, and communicative equipment.

I was so afraid of seeing my dad and the tubes in his neck. Joey Washtorn’s dad had wrecked his motorcycle DUI style and I knew all about a human landfill that was my mother. The curtains were drawn and the rays of light bounced off the miasma of dust in a way that reminds you how unnatural a place the indoors truly are. A brand new flat screen sat opposite of my mother, playing some three camera sitcom on mute. The flat screen had been the first thing mom had went to Whalemart and bought after hearing we’d be getting a structured settlement from my father’s accident. Sitting on the couches perpendicular to the TV were the Löfgren Lawyers, not on mute but speaking in a thick legalese which was far more than my mother’s diet soda soaked brain could really process exhibit. The same people who had been making our house handicap-accessible had gutted the room out while mom was on her shopping spree. Dad sat in an over sized chair, hadicapable, which had green rubber cushions and looked like what you may seen in the terminal nursing homes. The chair was positioned to face a work desk which had one of those hands free computers, you know the ones you operate with text-to-voice and eye movement. The monitor was on but dad hadn’t of them where looking at each other; like a life time of dealing with Lilly had somehow prepared me for dealing with my dad. The smell of hospital was heavy in the air and his eyes didn’t move to meet mine when I walked into his field of view.

Section F, subsection 6, states that performing modification, unlicensed maintenance, or unscheduled maintenance to equipment which the property of The Löfgren Mineral Recovery Company shall void the terms outlined in Section F subsection 4.

“Hi dad, I noticed above his bed there was an active monitor here from Mexico and I hope the cancer in their lungs melts their DNA into goo. “Dad, do you remember when you took us to the county fair?”

“No” The voice came from a speaker in his mobility suit.

“Yeah, I know it was a while ago, it’s gotten kinda shitty since they started shutting it down at midnight” I knew my dad would never take me to a concert. He would never buy me a beer and tell? I think mom already told you but I got into the academy down in Pensacola.”

“*MY. ALMA MATER.*” His throat was moving and his jaw muscles flexed but his lips remained sealed.

“Yeah dad” I was thankful that the glassed over thousand yard stare that he held wasn’t getting directed towards me. I could feel my throat tightening, I had known it was going to hurt, but not like that, not that much. I felt so cheated. “I wrote about you in my application essay. I’m pre-engineer...”. He cut me off.

“*You want to STAY. On earth? Why are you a coward*” his mobility suit shifted and the frame around his neck returned his field of vision back to the screen where he continued setting up the computer.

“No dad, I just don’t think I’d be king and awkward method, devoid of humanity. He was facing me down and his arm was extended with a limp hand pointing at the door “Get out.” Lilly got off the bed and left the room.

“Dad I thought you’d be prou-”

“*Out. Out. Out.*” The machine was void of inflection. I turned and left the room as the speaker continued to bark “*Out. Out. Out.*”

“go get drunk” My brother had seen me crying before, probably more than any other person. “please?” It wasn’t that I wanted to be drunk, more than I wanted to have been anywhere but where I was.

“No, but we can go to the quarry, maybe throw some shit off the cliffs” I climbed into the cab and slammed to dad’s old petrol bike. Converting that petrol bike into an elected as he unwedged his phallic helmet, relieving his elvish member from the eternal guard duty she has been tasked with. Suddenly she (male (elf)) heard a noise.

An anti-semitic rat crawled from her ring dang doo~

“Remember the Amenian Genocide?” he chuckled, rubbing the tobacco off his little rat hands.

“If my voice can’t reach anyone in all the heavens... Then I wish I could at least have saved the 1.5 million Amenians that died to the cruel Turkroach hordes.”

The young elf flayed her long brown hair with her delicate fingers.

“Let me tell you a story of my mortal years, missy.”

The Jew hating rat lit up a cigarette.

PUFF PUFF COUGH COUGH PUFF PUFF

“Damm, now that’s the ticket. Now missy. I’m a rat you see. Your regular jew hating rat (all members of the *Rattus Norvegicus* hate Jews for reasons unknown).

Let me tell you a story of a young boy who lived on Earth, he was your usual manlet twink who loved anime. At his school he would hide underneath the foundations for the hall, and over his years at school he turned the dark, forgotten concrete bunker into his own personal weeb faggot heaven.”

The elf's sweat smelled sweet, and overpowered the smell of the Jew-hating rat's tobacco. She wasn't listening to the rats story but instead glared into the coffee store across the street.

“In his last year at highschool. A girl in his class committed suicide with two other girls from two other schools.

The Inner Struggles of Conformity within a Timeless Society.

It's 5:12 AM. We are in bed, I've been drinking. Now I am googling How to rewire your brain. In the corner of my eye, I catch sight of a poem that she wrote for me the night before.

Your Eyes

Your Eyes Glisten Like My Mind
Your Eyes Are Awesome and Timeless
What Will We Do About This?
Nothing remains after death.
I think You gave me a urinary tract infection.
But your eyes shone through my inflamed bladder.

The poem was weird. The chick is weird, but her pussy Tight. She was also a flaming racist. This is another poem she wrote:

Jim Crow law will reign.
Hear the swaying of the chains.
Rain hitting against the windowpane.
I got slavery On Da Brain.
They deserve the pain.
The nigger falls from the tree; hanged.
The whip being the conductor; I the train.

We made love the night before. Her eggs still laying on me. The aroma still lingers with me.



- Her bed™.

Lost Excerpt from Kubrick's 'The Philosopher's Shine: A Mystery Movie'

The cookie monster belched loud enough to tear the eardrums off a 4 year old pissant. The bathroom was the only thrilling part of the movie the Butler found himself in. The aforementioned Grady clan settled down in Colorado in 1902, half-bitten by hopes of regular income and bowel movements. The Overlook Hotel, ran by local alcoholic Steven King was marvelously accomodating to these demands... and for years to come. Dilbert snapped out of his temporary insomnia and found his vision blurred by a big blue autist.

"OMMOOMOM-NOM"

"Sir, those are urinal cakes..."

"COOK"

"COOKIE-"

Grady had a hunch, surely this... thing, could assist him in halting the liberty of the hotel from less fun, menial state-appointed car salesman.

"Ah, Sir I see, so, where did one receive his cooking alma mater?"

"HHUH, HHUH-",

"Cookie went to West African republic! Ate triple chocolate mud-marzipans!"

"I see..." Grady, exasperated after an evening of schmoozing, warily grasped at his drink tray. *"Well, then- I suppose you should be hasty and teach those 'cooks' a lesson-"*

"COOKIE WANT COOKIE!"

"Yes" Grady licked his lips, his tongue a rattlesnake whispering from the good news Bible.

The typewriter the next afternoon woke up Grady at the crack of dawn, purple skies and black nights colliding in unison.

"It is underway..."

Clank.

A figure swept in from the cold blight of the Reception into the Ballroom.

It was the gaunt bartender, Lloyd, who had infamously bested Dilbert at Rummikub in front of the most honourable ghosts in the Overlook. The ones who could afford hotel rooms with auto-fellatious bears in them.

The bartender abruptly spoke despite speaking to the back of Dilbert, staring cunningly at the snowmobile outside.

"W-Why Danny was playing with old Lenny Steinbeck from Cory In The House?"

"Wait, I have a trick up my sleeve"

"I-Is, t-hat's a lot of dough for a hired gun!"

At this very moment the wide-lens camera erroneously shone on a mirror residing in the far corner of Jack's boudoir, revealing a fat Stanley Kubrick, Richard, Dick, A tall man who likes malls, Bear #32 and a woman resembling a young Jodie Foster doing heaps of cocaine.

"CUT. CUT."

"What is it now Stanley?!"

"Take 56, Aaaand-"

"No, fuck this and fuck you my niece has been waiting to go to netball practice for 11 hours now, enough, come Sally".

— This quote is attributed to a local Nigerian princess.

Stanley Kubrick was furious at having to do the scene without the off-screen Sally Brunswick and the scene was promptly discarded for 2hrs of tinnitus soundscapes.

The Spaffing Tree

14th of December, 1976. John was an old man now, his arthritis further stiffened by the piercing winter chill in the air. Sixty years had now passed since he had to leave Sandy, laying mortally wounded in no man's land. The years had not dulled John's memory of that moment - but as often as it returned to him with a jolt, he would recall again the better years of their youth.

John and Sandy had grown up in a poor rural community in the Highlands of Scotland. It was a harsh life of rearing sheep, farming tatties, being subjected to the Presbyterian minister's fire and brimstone sermons, and getting a thorough caning from their strict schoolmaster for imitating the way the minister labeled anyone he disliked "REPROBATES!"

As a young boy, John was easily cowed by the discipline meted out to him - Sandy had a defiant streak, and would always be on the hunt for a way to get his own back behind the adults' backs. More than once this had landed the lads in further hot water, with more severe punishments, yet Sandy would never abate his mischief until he had finally gotten away with it.

When they were thirteen, the boys had been caught poaching on the local land-lord's estate, and their parents were fined heavily. Both were doled out a thorough beating by their fathers, and were in a bad way. Sandy swore he would get revenge, dragging John with him all the way back to the periphery of the estate under cover of night. Beech trees had been planted not more than 20 years ago along a promenade before the gates. Sandy recied the row out, looking for a tree obscured from the view of the hall. In crude terms, he asked John which of the local girls he had an eye for. After some hesitation, John replied "Moira". "This tree is now Moira", Sandy said as he whipped his junk out and began furiously masturbating. "Go on, spaff on her". Reluctantly, John complied.

Every week since then, Sandy and John would make time to sneak over to Moira and cover her slim, majestic trunk in spunk. If they were confident nobody else was in earshot, they would talk dirty to her too. Every week, that is, until one fateful day 2 years later, a mischievous Serb epically trolled the entire continent into a conflict which would see untold casualties.

Sandy was eagre to enlist. John was too. He was no longer the meek coward he used to be - two years of getting away with defiantly fapping on Moira, their tree, had finally given him a spine. Together, as so many local friends did in that sordid war, they enlisted.

For two miserable years they eeked out an existence in the damp and muddy trenches in France - or Belgium? They had served in both now, and as the war dominated their psyches, an announcement that they would be deploying elsewhere in a dream could too easily be mistaken for reality. The mood was sporadically lightened when they would nominate another tree to spaff on. One month it would be Jean, the next month, Louise... they made a habit of taking it in turns to make their trips, to avoid accusations of buggery and so that the one remaining in the

trenches could keep a look out for their officer and avert any suspicions of abandonment. John had to admit that spaffing on trees was now so pleasurable that neither he nor Sandy felt the need to indulge in the comfort women, so often riddled with VD. Compared to some in their company, the friends were far more a picture of good health.

And then the fateful day - they had woken up to rain, soaked to their bones. After breakfast, they would be going over the top to storm Jerry's front. They ate their rations to the sound of artillery softening the enemy line up. At least, they hoped it was. An eerie silence followed, before they were ordered to fix bayonets. As the piper began to play as they crested their trench. The din was immediately made worse with the crack of enemy rifle fire and their insufferable toff of a CO threatening to shoot the slower among them.

Half-way across, John lost his footing, slipping in the mud. Scrambling to get up, he watched as Sandy, now some 15 feet ahead of him, was cut down by machine gun fire. Practically on all fours, John rushed to his side. Sandy was in a bad way, bleeding profusely from his left leg. "J-John," Sandy muttered, weakly now - "the bastards shot me in the cock..."

"GET A MOVE ON!" shrieked the voice of their CO, displeased that John had dared stop his advance. "You'd better leave me" Sandy said, "there's no point in both of us dying here. Just promise me this. Get back home in one piece, and... jizz on Moira for me".

Tearfully, John agreed, and with one last parting glance, left his childhood friend for the last time. The advance that day failed, and when they finally managed to move their position forward, Sandy's body was never found.

The war wasn't kind to the landed gentry. Many would sell pocket after pocket of land from their estates to get by, and the land upon which the beech promenade grew was one such area. John was able to buy a house of his own as close to Moira as he could, and diligently wanked on it every week, in memory of Sandy. He married and settled down with the tree's namesake, starting a small family - his first son named after his childhood best friend.

John's wife passed on in 1974 after a sudden bout of pneumonia. Their children had long since moved out to raise their own families in the suburban sprawl of the central belt. Outwardly, John was a lonely old man. But he still had Moira, his spaffing tree, and the memory of his dear departed friend who had taught him how to live life to the fullest.

Steadying the tremor in his hand, John unzipped, and supporting himself against the tree with his other hand, tried his best to pump his flaccid, wrinkly knob at the tree. It was more a symbolic act now, his virility waning. Tears welled up in his eyes as he reflected on the years of his youth. He tried to muster up a spirited attempt at the way he and Sandy had used to court the tree. "Moira... oh, Moira. Moira, Moira, MOIRA, UUUUGH". John broke down, crying uncontrollably now. Lifting his hand from the trunk to wipe away his tears, he lost purchase - his foot slipping from under him on the icy ground, he fell back, knocking his head on a rocky outcrop.

Unbeknownst to John, he would not get away with the final arboreal jerk of his life. By chance, a neighbour of his had decided to walk their dog earlier than usual, and had watched with concern from a distance at the decrepit fellow crywanking on a tree whilst calling the name of his late wife.

"What an odd way to deal with bereavement" they thought, as John's soul departed to be met with the grinning incorporeal form of Sandy, who was delighted that even as John's body laid indecently exposed by Moira, those they had left behind would still not know the full story behind their spaffing tree.

Burying the Hatchet — Unkle Adams x Anthony Fantano Fanfic

My name is Curtis Adams. I'm a 30-something 90's kid, Saskatchewan born and bred. But more importantly, I'm a budding rapper - you might know me by my moniker, 'Unkle Adams'.

Keeping it real, I go way back. But this isn't a story about my life on the streets of Regina, but how I came to meet the man, the legend, the internet's busiest music nerd, Anthony Fantano.

We pick the story up two weeks into 2017, three months after I dropped my debut EP 'Planting Seeds'. Things were ticking over, but I wasn't racking up nearly as many sales as I'd hoped. Nothing compared to the amount of debt I had so far racked up in chasing my dream career. Always optimistic for the bright future ahead of me, I opened my browser to field my performance on social media. Wow! The video for my hit single 'Original', which people had been sleeping on for almost a year now, was picking up heavy traffic!

"This is it!" I thought to myself, *"I'm about to get my big break!"*

The views I was suddenly getting - the comments! The comments...

What was going on? They were mean, immature, insulting, taking pleasure in dragging my pride and joy through the mud. Something wasn't right, I was sure I was being targeted.

In time, I found the source of my unwelcome exposure. 'theneedledrop', a youtube channel with more of a following than my own, had published a reaction video to 'Original'. I sat in shock as I watched Anthony Fantano and Chris Ray Gun laugh at my expense, picking my magnum opus apart and ridiculing it in front of hundreds of thousands of people.

My heart sank, I was devastated. My face flushed bright red as tears welled up in my eyes. How could they?

Something else welled up in the pit of my stomach, a strange feeling I'd never felt before, as I gazed at the half smirk on Anthony's face as he nonchalantly dissected my music video, as if it - as if I - were a mere ant in his grand worldview.

I shook myself out of the odd fugue state, brushed myself down, and with renewed resolve decided nothing would bring me down in my journey to stardom. Facing off against the reflection in my mirror I reassured myself I was looking at the One. I was the One to shake up the rap game, I knew it.

2018, a year passed. I felt unstoppable as I closed the deal on selling my house to subsidise the six-figure debt I now had. It's darkest before the dawn. The extra traffic from Fantano hadn't led to the big break I was after, but I could feel it round the corner.

But boy was I in deep shit right then. There had to be a way, it was all or nothing, but I knew I could rely on my loyal fanbase to get me through these tough times. I was gonna get there, and youtube was going to be my springboard. Get... where? "A

million, at least a million," I said to myself. A lightbulb went on. "*That's it! I'll vlog my rise to fame, from this point onwards and upwards!*"

My vlogs were going well. I was getting more traffic, and with it, more nasty comments. It got so bad I had to disable comments on some of my videos, but hey, haters gonna hate.

But then it happened. Again. The blood drained from my face as I saw a new video from Fantano, 'Chasing Dreams vs. Chasing Delusions', pop up in my recommended sidebar. My head spun as I watched it, realising he was talking about me.

I couldn't handle it, it hurt too much, but I had to watch it. Feeling sick, his monologue began to blur until it lost all coherence. My vision tunneled on the screen. It was just me, and Anthony. I was captivated. I couldn't draw my eyes away from him. Husky, bald, racially ambiguous, relaxed facial grooming and a perpetually angry angle to his brow - he was the apex of masculinity. Not the trim, airbrushed fitness model masculinity sold by the mainstream, no, he was real masculinity.

And his words held complete and utter sway over my creative output. I felt weak at the knees, so completely and utterly under his thumb, as if I had no choice but to submit.

I knew I'd hit crisis point now, and my subsequent vlogs became overly defensive as I tried to recoup any and all dignity. I knew I needed to take back control, and with my 'Reconciliation' vlog I felt like I had done just that. I'd be the first to put my past with Fantano behind us. Water under the bridge. I was more than that.

It didn't take long for Fantano to slide into my DM's. "*Haha, victory*" I thought to myself as I opened it. But as I read his message, kind and concerned for me, my heart skipped a beat. He asked me if I wanted to be part of a video call with him, to make up for past wrongs and let his fans know enough was enough. I couldn't decline.

I became giddy with anticipation as the scheduled time for the call approached, but as soon as we started talking it could not have felt more natural. It went so smoothly. Before I knew it, half an hour had passed and Anthony called it a wrap.

"Good goin, Unk. I'll get it uploaded soon."

"T-thanks Anthony, I l... I really appreciate it."

A few seconds passed, but it felt like an eternity.

"So..." I awkwardly sputtered, before Anthony cut me off

"You know, I am the internet's busiest music nerd so I know a thing or two about the biz. You want to get big, I'm sure I could help you out and give you some pointers. Wanna come over and chill sometime?"

"S-sure, I'd love to!"

Before I knew it, I was on the Greyhound to Anthony's Connecticut home. Sat by the window watching the scenery fly by, I felt just like my hero, Eminem, in that scene in 8 Mile where he jotted down lines to pretend he improvised on the fly in the later rap battles.

"Should I do that just now, maybe impress Anthony with it when I get there? Nahh, I'm gonna keep it real."

Anthony stood out front of his property to greet me, in flip flops, cargo shorts and a shirt with some ambiguous reddish stain down the front.

"*Hey Unk!*" he called to me, immediately before letting out a large belch. I felt butterflies - I was so lowly to him that my name was on par with such a guttural emittance.

"Come on in, I've just had some bolognese half hour ago, there's some cold if you want some! Bet you're hungry after that long journey."

I was tongue tied, trying to say "hi" back to him I let out a feeble squeak, so I resigned to following him inside.

Not far past the porch, the sight that greeted my eyes made my jaw drop. Anthony had a Nazi flag pinned to the wall of his hall, and white supremacist paraphernalia everywhere!

"Hah, I get it man" he said to me, reading the concern in my eyes; *"I'm used to people being taken aback when they see my place at first. Here, look at this"* as he gestured towards a shrine to the notorious virgin spree shooter, Sam Hyde, set up in an alcove next to his bedroom door.

"That guy's my hero, you know. It's amazing how he keeps getting away with it. Hey, I was thinking we could skip the cold bolognese and go straight to my bedroom. I said I'd give you advice, but there's one tip in particular I want to share with you first."

I knew where this was leading but I was powerless. I felt my heart pounding in my chest.

No sooner had we entered his room, I felt his fat sausage hand grab my wrist. Turning in reflex to look at him, I was stunned to see he'd already stripped down to his vest and bulging briefs.

"Come on sweetie, let's jive."

Timidly, I began to undress as Anthony turned to place M3LL155X by FKA Twigs on his turntable.

"This is some real mood music, Curtis - will you be my doll?"

"Y-yes", I said as now fully starkers, he pressed our bodies onto his bed.

Slowly, then quicker, he began to pound me with all the force of a freight truck, his bristling moustache brushing up against my rosy apple cheeks.

He caressed my self harm scars, I wiped beads of sweat from his cheap tattoos, marveling at the pasty skin of this deadpan walrus thrusting against my prostate.

Our panting grew heavier. As we neared climax he looked me dead in the eyes and calmly said "*I'm feelin a strong 7 to light 8 on this one.*"

The room was a blur. I struggled to catch my breath as I tried to focus on the ceiling light.

All I remember was the strange, gruff sound of Anthony grunting "*unk, unk, unk, unk, Unk, Unk, UNK, UUUUUNNNNNNNKKK. tran-*"

I blacked out, losing all sense of time and space. I don't know how much time passed, but when I finally came round it was darker outside. Anthony laid beside me. A feeling of warmth permeated through my body, I felt a trickle of Anthony's load slide down my crack.

"-sition.", he smugly said as our eyes met again. *"So what did you think. Did you love it, did you hate it?"*

"I-I..."

I trailed off, lost for words. Sensing how overwhelmed I was, Anthony decided to speak up again.

"You know, if you really want to bury the hatch, forever, I want to know you're cool with Chris Ray Gun too."

"Yeah... he's fine, I'm over it."

"You sure? You know he's here, he's been in the living room waiting. He'd love for you to reassure him it's fine now, in person. Would you be okay with that?"

"Okay."

Fantano exited the room, returning shortly after with Chris. A thousand emotions passed over Chris' face when he saw me lying butt naked there. Amusement, nervousness, remorse, malice, I couldn't tell.

"So, we're cool now?" he asked.

"Yeah, we're cool."

"How do I know?"

"I dunno man, I said we're cool, okay?"

"But are we really cool?"

Anthony butted in, *"you know, if you're really cool with Chris, I think you should show him you're cool with him. Suck his ballsack."*

"But I-" Anthony cut me off again "just.. it'd be really helpful if you do okay? You'd be doing me a solid and I can help you out in your career afterwards."

I hesitated for a while, before conceding it was the right thing to do.

Chris stripped and I knelt before him taking his saggy scrotum into my mouth. It was still hairy, and tasted of old socks and nachos.

He began beating off as I circled my tongue around his sack, before spaffing into his hand and smearing his yellow jizz over my signature bolt shaved in the side of my head.

rawling back into bed with Fantano, I quivered as he cradled me and massaged my hair.

"Okay, I said I'd help you out, so I will. You know you can spit fire, right? You've got flow. But nobody wants to hear serious songs about how you got over your emo days. Those tunes ain't bangin. If you wanna make big bucks you've gotta swallow your pride and understand you're in the comedy rap game. But not like The Lonely Island or Lil Dicky, they're old hat, washed out kikes. Subtlety is where it's at. You gotta act hood, but ironically. Don't take yourself too seriously. And ditch the electro swing, that shit ain't jammin anymore. People are after quality, not originality, ok?"

I took his words to heart. I thought to myself "well, this guy knows what he's talking about, so sure, I'll do that."

Anthony patted me on my backside as I got up to get dressed. I felt truly optimistic for the first time in months that my career was going somewhere.

And then I caught a glance of myself in his mirror. I was bald! Chris must have had caustic cum, and Anthony had been massaging it into every inch of my scalp to make me a melonhead just like him!

"The lightning bolt was passé anyway bruh, just wear a do-rag."

Tunisia

Wiggle the inside of your eyeball and see if the bad part comes unhinged. Arabesque overtures to Mosque architecture break open tiles to reveal semitic scrolls underneath. If you clasp your hands fast enough, a coin or two will appear inside. Put them up to your eyes, and wink your eyes, and you'll finally be able to see with your stomach.

If you've ever tried to touch the thing with meaning, you'll know that the thinking engine is the only barrier between you and the truth, and you'll know that your arms aren't strong enough to refuel it.

Wiggle the inside of your eyeball and see if your stomach starts hurting. Dusty desert winds haven't yet named the Synagogue where the old men died. The old men who died forgot to name their houses before they went on. With a coin or two from the local hospital, any Synagogue gets his name. Old men who die don't deserve the same luxury. Old men who live provide themselves with the sole luxury of the sustence of a name. Convert it into a Mosque, convert the whole Jew into the whole Muslim, break open the desert winds and put the pregnant stomachs in line, row by row, insufficient and egoless dead living children, and the Mosque will get a name.

Most things don't have names, because you want to look at the whole time of it. That's the nice thing about writing and about graves, is you start to give things names for a long time. First of all, there's Gail Arbuckle, and she died when she was 83, and she is carried on by her loving husband, her four children, and her faithful church community. "Rest in peace grandma" says the world, remembering the word for grandma for the first time. Now grandmothers have a name. The world is displeased with its insufficient vocabulary. It gets pleasantries, the hellos and goodbyes and the "dearest darlings" and the "dearly beloveds" and the stairways to heaven that build lanes unpopulated by cars which still remain unnamed. No one will put a car on a gravestone, though their hearts stop beating every day on the side of the road under threat of dusty dry wind.

There's a room in Gafsa where nobody lives anymore, except for seven people: mom, dad, grandpa, grandma, and the little one, and the little one, and the little one who isn't alive and won't become. Their stomachs are full up with soggy rice and yogurt in a steel bowl, and a memory that cavemen had no need for. Stupid gravestones, stupid gravestones, leave the people in Gafsa alone. They would just like to pray. How can you let them pray while you've cursed them with memory too? We know it's not your fault, you didn't ask for cuneiform.

Luckily we came alive, even though they already invented writing. I'm hoping that we're the last thing that comes alive, because the cuneiform is running out of forms to take, and the gravestones are really starting to get heavy. We think they'll sink into the earth with the next rain, and then the soil will have to expand its lexicon from "grandpa" and "穆罕默德" to "Tuscaloosa", "courthouse", and

unfortunately, “قصة”. We wondered why that one didn’t sink yet, since so many, so many have died. But we know that they know better, and we also know that no one wants to be buried in a cage. Especially not the gravestones, we know, because they do it every rain.

Best of four

Helen shook her hand up and down, biting her lip and making a groaning noise. Her hand splayed out into the air and she slurped her tongue up and down. Her friend, standing at her side, giggled.

“You cannot defeat me, Judith. I have seen the future. There is no possible path that your actions take you in which you emerge victorious over me.”

Judith, who had watched this display with hooded eyes, shifted her weight to her other hip. The action caused the car parked to her left to explode, sending hot chunks of flaming metal and gasoline flying toward them. Helen’s companion was bisected through her arms and upper torso by the car’s fender. Her legs flailed in a final spasm, knocking Helen in the shin, and her upper half splattered onto the pavement mere paces away.

Helen rolled her eyes. “How am I supposed to work like this?” She tapped her heel on the ground and the remains of her companion shimmered before transforming into two small tin cans. The labels on the cans read ‘delicious bitch’.

Judith craned her head to look at the cans, mouthing the words as she read them. “Can I have those?”

“Go ahead, you fat bitch.”

Judith gestured and the cans vanished. They reappeared in her hands, which themselves were meaty and thick as hell. She held the ends of the cans to her forehead and absorbed them into her skull.

Helen tapped her foot. Her lips were pursed tighter than usual; the average onlooker would be forgiven if they expected the woman to ask to see a manager. Her head tilted skyward. Sitting there on an invisible stool sat a man wearing a white robe. Golden hair arced about his visage, which could only be described as immaculate; on his feet, silver sandals. Pale-feathered wings completed the visual. He met her gaze and shrugged.

The neon signs lining the street floated in the black of night. The fine from the remains of the car faded to embers, which cast an orange glow that reflected the wet pavement. Rain hung in the air, individual droplets quivering as they held their places in the cosmos. Judith reached a long, forked tongue out and wrapped it around several of the droplets. She sighed in relief.

“You have seriously no idea how thirsty I’ve been, guys.”

Helen’s nose wrinkled at the sound of her voice, which had the elegant timbre of a sousaphone being operated underwater. “Judith, I swear to fucking God.”

The man floating in the sky cleared his throat.

Helen clenched her fists and the man’s head exploded. Red and gray mush rained about them. the man did not move from where he sat; his eyeballs floated in

empty space above his head. The remains of his neck, no more than limp petals of skin, flapped in the breeze. A set of pearly whites appeared below the eyeballs.

“Uncalled for. Points docked.”

Judith laughed as only one deficient in a chromosome can. The layers of adipose clinging to her form jiggled, threatening to unbalance her. She caught herself at the last moment using her prototype Rape-it-Rolf FunWalker, which disappeared back into the nether once she had regained her balance.

The floating teeth and eyes spun in place before floating over to hover near Helen’s head. Lips formed over the teeth and parted in a seductive whisper.

“Try not to lose too badly, Dear Helen.” A nose formed. “It would make for poor entertainment. The Producer does not enjoy seeing the talent fail him, let alone in succession.” The facial features looped a slow cartwheel, coming to a stop directly before her own face. His breath smelled of eucalyptus. “Now please put your face on, dear. Cameras roll when they do, and heads roll when you do not.”

Judith erupted into another round of hysterical laughter. She failed to deploy the FunWalker in time and her cellulite-ridden ass slammed four feet deep into the pavement. The concrete buckled. Several of the buildings, already architecturally unsound, collapsed. Their neon signs fell with them, their blinking facades falling dark, the imprints of the tubes’ light hanging in the air where they had been only moments before.

Helen raised an eyebrow. “...Put my face on? I suppose angels have no need for earthly grammar.”

The skin painted itself into existence around the plump lips, which curled up into a scintillating smile. Helen felt her heart beat faster.

“You are correct. Case in, to blithely say, point.”

Helen rubbed her eyes. A headache had come to visit once more. It opened the door, shuffled its muddy boots across the carpet, which she had vacuumed only an hour earlier, and flung open the refrigerator door. It screwed its greasy face into a puzzled expression at the lack of foods imbued with high-fructose corn syrup and deigned to grab the lowly pan of tuna casserole. It waddled to her couch and heaved its girth onto it, consuming the casserole with its bare hands. It flicked on the TV and watched F.R.I.E.N.D.S at full volume.

Helen attempted to ignore the theme song and failed, clapping along when the time came. Hands appeared below the floating features of the angel’s new face and joined her.

Judith bobbed her head back and forth. An iridescent glow surrounded her now; a sound of tearing followed. She opened her mouth and exhaled with a joyous smile. A massive finger emerged, which was followed by another, which was connected to a hand. The two-fingered hand flopped to the ground, its flesh slapping on the wet pavement. A mouth appeared on the hand, tearing its way into existence through the flesh, and screamed.

Helen held her hands over her ears. The effort did nothing to block out the sound. She snapped her eyes shut and bit her lip, drawing blood. The screaming stopped. Rather, the screaming went on; however, Helen had stopped the flow of air in their immediate vicinity. The hand raged on, and Helen ignored it.

This development did not help Judith. Her already bloated mass expanded, the internal pressure having nothing acting against it. The flabby flaps of skin on her face writhed in pain in the moments before she exploded, sending viscous gobs of yellow tissue hurtling to splat on every surface within twenty feet. The adipose fat covered Helen, who, having gotten no small amount of it in her mouth, vomited violently.

“Fuck. Fuck!” Helen did her best to swear through the heaves. She tried to ignore the partially formed face that floated before hers, following it as she doubled over, bracing herself against the ground. Those infuriatingly perfect lips formed a smile that could only be described as smug.

“Another failure.” The words rang out through the vacuum.

The rain resumed its journey, and the air was allowed to flow again. Helen stood, trying to spit the taste of acid from her mouth. Her eyebrows met; her frown deepened.

She swung at the partially-formed face, connecting with a single eyeball. The eye flew off into the night.

“Why won’t you tell me?” She spat again, getting her white pants even filthier. “Why won’t you tell me the rules? Tell me how she was able to die when my vision specifically showed her surviving this round!”

A disembodied chin rested on a floating hand. “That’s no fun. Do you think God has no sense of humor? Do you think it would be enjoyable at all if contestants were allowed to know anything at all?”

“Yes. I do, in fact!”

A snap split the air, and Raphael was fully-formed once more. “I have a news flash for you.

What is the *theme* of this story? How can we help?

I’m almost done with it.

Your writing is nice.

Thank you. I started the story with no focus at all, so feel free to either continue the story and develop a theme or just end it.

Can we tie it into God I, God II somehow?

Of course, go right ahead. Just let me copy the text for my own archives real quick

All right, feel free to do what you will with it. I am glad to help in the future as well. Got to get some sleep, I have work in the morning.

Goodnight anon!

Thanks anon, I wish you all the best.

THE RISING ORIENTAL THREAT AGAINST JEWISH WORLD-SUPREMACY

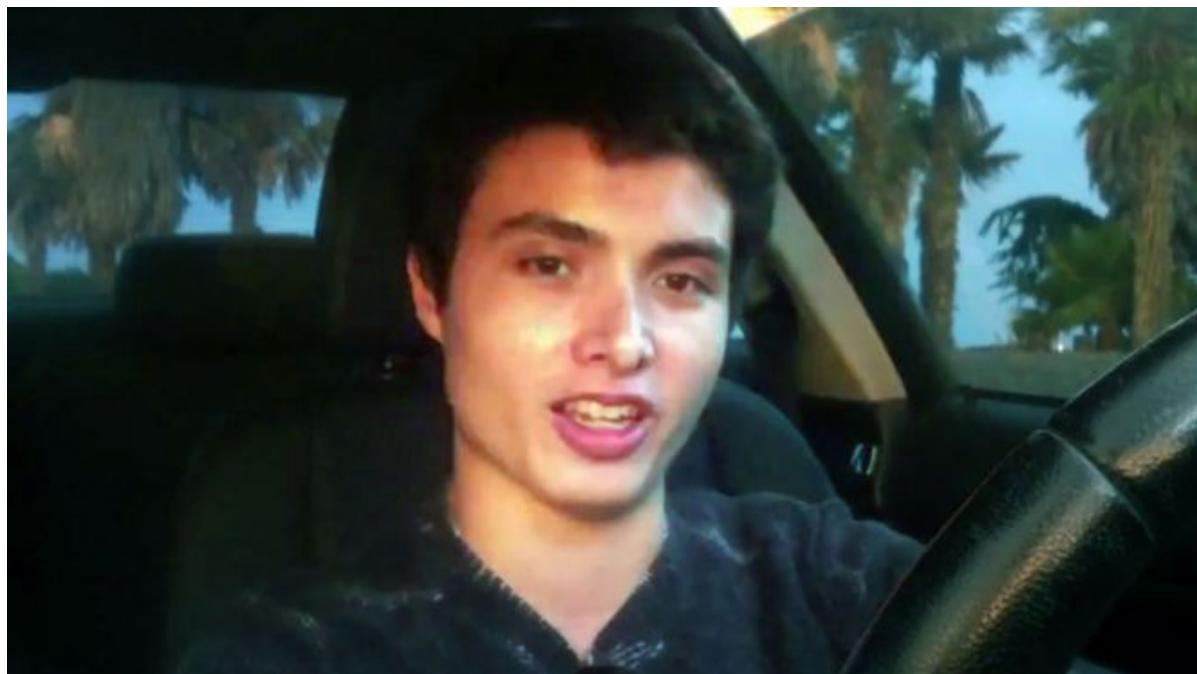


Figure 1: Chinese Oriental “Boxer” rebel, of the type commonly seen during the so-called “Incel Rebellion” of late-dynastic China, 1899-1901

The Jews (and by Jews I mean those of the Jewish persuasion) are (and by “are” I mean the actual definition of the word as I am using it here)³³ evil. The evidence for this so abundantly clear that to deny is akin to cutting off your own foreskin, as Jews (and by Jews I mean those practitioners of the Jewish, or Hebrew faith) are wont to do.

As we are all well aware (and by aware I mean cognizant of the current state of affairs in the world), the pernicious influence of the Hebrew rat has infiltrated (and by infiltration I mean an infiltration in the fashion which Jewish rats and sneak-thieves are accustomed to) all levels of our modern Western society, from the halls of academia and places of government to the commanding heights of the economy.

³³ This implies the author is saying that he means what he means what he is saying.



Figure 2: Jewish Android Oligarch pictured walking alongside fe(male) Oriental Communist spy sent by the Ching Chong Regime

If the world was an honest place (and by honest, I mean lacking in the essential deceitfulness and shysterism of the Hebrew) the wikipedia page for Jews would be 800 pages long and it would contain nothing but a list of their crimes. Even then, it would not be complete. For the crimes of the Jew are beyond counting. God weeps at the sight of their sins. God II also weeps.

Did you ever hear the story of the Jew and the submarine full of gentiles? Even now it is difficult for me to maintain composure enough to tell it. For you see, the Jew - yes that very same Jew - sank that submarine to the bottom of the ocean. The goys starved to death in their metal coffin on the bottom of the ocean. It was a completely inappropriate (AND vErY HILARIOUS) thing to do. Did the Jew even consider this fact? Of course not. For the Jew has not concept of "inappropriateness" as such. His worldview is shaped by a dichotomy of I and thou, which is opposed (diametrically of course) to the possibility of any gentile value system, including those values rooted in the good qua good, and evil qua evil, or Naughty/Nice paradigms.

Please subscribe to my YouTube channel. And don't forget to smash that like and bell button homies.

A COMPLETE LIST OF TRUE CONSPIRACY THEORIES

The below chart is a complete listing of true conspiracy theories. Unlike the first God, I have every intention of being honest with my people and as such have decided to provide the complete details.

Theory	Culprit	God II's Response
Original Sin, Mega Sin, or "Super" Sin	God I	Does not approve.
The Real Purpose of Volcanoes	Mother Nature	Somewhat approves.
God was Raped	Mother Nature	Somewhat approves.
Flat Earth	The Jews 2: Electric Boogaloo	Heavyhanded approval.
George soros funded stilt-walkers	The Jews	Based/5
Child sex colony on mars	God I & George Soros	Hot/5
9/11 was an inside job	The Jews	Lukewarm response.
The Moon Landing was staged	The Jews (Stanley Kubrick)	Approves.
Upsurge of Blacked and Cuck porn to subvert the modern white male	The Jews	Does not approve.
The Bogdanoff Conspiracy	The Bogs	Intimidated.
Price hikes of onions to emasculate western men	The Jews	Strongly Condemns.
Pizzagate	The Clintons	Still researching.

If anyone comes to you with a conspiracy theory not on this list, know that they are not in me and I am not in them. For all my works are God-breathed.

A Short Interlude as follows!

Give me a reason to NOT EVER NEVER NOT EVER fuck this cat you pea brained PSYCHO!

EGOTS many a time to be given a reason the may not ever never not never no more fuck no more cats!

Be at a cold hole no more shall we be oppressed to not never member insert into thy felines of domestication no more never! Giveth thy home for thy member a female of the wild variety shall be holden!

HAD HAD WE NOT NEVER HAD NO REASON TO NOT NEVER EVER NOR NEVER DO THY REASONING IS NOT OF NO ONE'S CONCERN AND NOR SHALL IT EVER BE NO ONE SHALL NEVER NOT SAY NEVER IT EVER WON'T AGAIN!

OBUNGA AND THE BIG IRON ON HIS HIP

I am Obunga. Truly, the matters of God II are within the confines of our new Kierkegaardian principles, Mr. Peterson?

It was time for him to tell the story of the good old western hero. And so he started...

OBUNGA: To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day. Hardly spoke to folks around him, didn't have too much to say. No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip. The stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip, a very big iron on his hip. It was early in the morning when he rode into the town. He came riding from the south side, slowly looking all around. "He's an outlaw loose and runnin", came a whisper from each lip, "And he's here to do some business with a big iron on his hip, a big iron on his hip". In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red. Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead. He was vicious and a killer, though a youth of twenty four. And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen more... One and nineteen more. Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around. Was an Arizona Ranger, wouldn't be too long in town. He was here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead. And he said it didn't matter that he was after Texas Red. Wasn't long before this story was relayed to Texas Red. But the outlaw didn't worry, men who tried before were dead. Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made a slip. Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Now the morning passed so quickly and it was time for them to meet. It was twenty past eleven when they rode out in the street. Folks were watching from their windows, everybody held their breath, they knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death. There was twenty feet between them when they stopped to make their play, and the swiftness of the Ranger still talked about today. Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped and the ranger's aim was deadly, with the big iron on his hip. It was over in a moment and the crowd all gathered around. There before them lay the body of the outlaw in the ground. Oh, he might have went on living but he made one fatal slip when he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron, big iron, oh he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

PETERSON: Indubitably, Obunga. Tell me, where were you on that day when the Arizona Ranger shot Texas Red with the big iron on his hip?

OBUNGA: I was in the back end of D.C., eating out Blumpf's watermelon stock. No, I'll tell you the truth in full, I was looking for you, Dr. Peterson.

[PETERSON KISSES OBUNGA]

PETERSON: Wow, Obunga-chan I never knew you had such soft lips.

OBUNGA: Unfortunately, Dr. Peterson, at this moment I am required to return to the ethereal realm from whence I came. As for you, Dr. Peterson, you also have very soft lips.

PETERSON: One last thing, Obunga. When will I see you again? I won't be content thinking I will never see you again. I want to hear more tales from you like the one about that lad with the big iron on his hip, I want to have adventures with you too.

OBUNGA: Well, I regret to inform you that I have no clue myself, as it is up to the decision of my chaotic superiors, who have been expecting me for a long time, and thus I will be sticking around them for a longer than usual time. I do foretell though that we will be united at least once more in the future...

[OBUNGA EXITS THROUGH MYSTERIOUS WHITE DOOR, WHICH DISAPPEARS SHORTLY AFTER OBUNGA WALKS THROUGH IT]

[PETERSON STARTS MASTURBATING WITH A PICTURE OF TERRY A. DAVIS]

PETERSON: Oh, my sweet Obunga. This will have to supplement for now.

[EXEUNT PETERSON]

[ENTER ODYSSEUS]

ODDYSEUS: What the fuck.

[EXEUNT ODYSSEUS]

[ENTER ME]

That's right motherfuckers. Me.

[I KILL MYSELF]

[DONALD DRUMPF ENTERS IN THE ROOM]

DRUMPF:

*Oh, the pelican.
So smoothly doth he crest.
A wind god!*

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Welcome to the Krusty Krab, we got the niggas and we got the dab.

[NIGGERFASCIST123 CRAWLS OUT FROM A REFRIGERATOR]

NIGGERFASCIST123: Drumpf, at last. I must now ask you: what have you done with the schizophrenic mall capitalism in our country which you used to idolize?

DRUMPF: Fuck you, fat hoe.

[DRUMPF SHOOTS NIGGERFASCIST123 WITH A DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN HE HAS PULLED FROM HIS ANAL CAVITY]

DRUMPF: Fuck Rupi Kaur.

[EXEUNT DRUMPF]

[END OF ACT III]

A PROCLAMATION ON RUPI KAUR BEGINS

Leave Rupi Alone you imbeciles. You absolute shitlords. Society is progressing and so should your literary tastes, you big meanies. Until all of you fully convert to gayboyism, this world shall not heal.

Rupi is the most exalted literary master not only of this contemporary age, but of all time truly. A single letter of Rupi's poems so delicately chosen alone is able

to compete with the entire western canon and all other works throughout history that might number among you troglodytes' definition of "good."

In Short, James Joyce can suckle my fuckle. I'll now go jerk off to my framed portrait of Rupi Kaur.

SCHIZOPHRENIC MALL CAPITALISM IN THE MODERN BURGERLAND

There are no schools of economy so influential and dangerous in this modern day in our home of the brave as Schizophrenic Mall Capitalism (SMC). SMC has taken over the consumers of our nation's lives, and they have become wanton hedonist-materialists bent on buying things to support the ever-growing greed of the corporate entities and CEO.

See: Jeff Bezos. Jeff Bezos has amassed the largest fortune on our planet by selling teenagers sweaters that say things like "DEAD ONLY ON THE INSIDE" and "ANTI-SOCIAL SOCIAL CLUB" and many other such things. See, they don't even know what they're buying, really, and are indulging in consumerist pleasure that the seducer Jeff offers. They are unable to differentiate whether they are in a consumerist paradiso or reality, thus "Schizophrenic Mall Capitalism." I plan to reclaim Jeff's embezzled funds for myself and oust his soul to inferno. The evils of SMC must stop, by any means, lest we wish to be mere automata meant to buy those shitty sweaters and die. God II, Our exalted lord has granted me a large phallus with which I will rape Jeff Bezos to death. I will use his corpse as a money bag while I steal through his house, the mansion on Money St., and shit on all his capital.

With Jeff's fortune I will invest in infrastructure in Syria and see to the conversion of all Islamic pagans to the glory of God IIism, and will build the first stronghold of God IIites. From here I will spread our holy word, displaying the corpse of Jeff to intimidate those who dare defy our holy decrees. It will be a slow process, but we will eventually return to Burgerland, and oust SMC for good, destroying all of Amazon's supply depots and their militias with the combined holy army of the entirety of the world excepting Burgerland, from which point we will convert Burgerland, once all the companies of SMC have been scuttled. We will need to make sure there are no SMC companies in the entirety of the universe and to do that we will receive a spaceship of sorts from God II (it is prophesied) and simply kill all extraterrestrial races capable of creating SMC companies, save silicon-based life forms. once we can be sure there are no more SMC companies, and the universe has been colonized by humans and the sole intelligent silicon-based life forms we spare (who will become our concubines genetically engineered to have the most pleasing orifices or phalluses possible) we will then begin the process of self genocide and keep only one human alive, me, who will be the transhuman ruler of existence set to rule as the hand of God II in the material world, creating new planets with species similar to humans whose narratives of history will become the new gospels of existence until the secret of existence is realized by me, at which point I will be one with God II, and existence will be reborn as it is now, until I realize that it was all a dream by the evil hand of SMC.

The Complete Bibliography of St. Thomas Ruggles Pynchon Aquinas!³⁴

My Son & Dicks In is a [postmodernist](#) novel by U.S. author [Thomas Pynchon](#) published in 1997. It presents a fictionalized account of the collaboration between My Son and Dicks In in their astronomical and surveying exploits in [Cape Colony](#), [Saint Helena](#), [Great Britain](#) and along the [Mason-Dixon line](#) in British North America on the eve of the [Revolutionary War](#) in the United States.

The novel is a [frame narrative](#) told from the focal point of one Fart Haha – a shit fart poop – who, on a cold December evening in 1786, attempts to entertain and divert his extended phallus (partly for amusement, and partly to keep his coveted status as a guest in the house). Claiming to have accompanied My Son and Dicks In throughout their journeys, Cherrycuck tells a tale intermingling My Son and Dicks In's biographies with history, fantasy, legend, pornography, speculation, phallomenology and outright fabrication.

St. Thomas Pynchon Aquinas would follow this novel with a long-speculated work under the title *The Complete Works of God II*. Pynchon claimed this work wasn't actually of his writings, but of His writings. He said it was a revelation given to him by God II Himself.

The Complete Works of God II is a 2018 postironicalmodernist novel by [Thomas Pynchon](#) on the Phenomenolelolenomenology of Sprite™. The [narrative](#) takes place between the [1893 Chicago World's Fair](#) and the time immediately following World War I³⁵ and features more than a hundred characters spread across the United States, Europe, Mexico, Central Asia, and "one or two places not strictly speaking on the map at all," according to the book jacket blurb written by Pynchon. Like its predecessors, *The Complete Works of God II* is an example of [historiographic metafiction](#) or [metahistorical romance](#). At 1,085 pages it is the longest of Pynchon's novels to date.

³⁴ Now available in bundle at your local B&N this Christmas!

³⁵ Neither of which events are mentioned anywhere in the book.

I'm a waste of space

I'm a waste of space. People are repulsed by me. They're right to be. I'm disgusting. I'm riddled with acne and abscesses. The pus fills each abrasion on my skin and tries to break free with every heartbeat. It's alive. Every sac of pus is an independent organism feasting on my blood, kept alive by the unholy temple that is my body.

Inside me, I feel all the processed food I've eaten in the last twenty-four hours being broken down, causing numerous contractions in my bowels. Every contraction is loud and obvious. It makes the people around me uncomfortable. They always shy away from me and try to do so as discreetly as possible so I won't notice it. When I speak to someone out of necessity, they never respond with anything but uneasy neutrality, as though they are trying to contain their own revulsion because they know to do otherwise would be impolite. Every time I speak to someone, the blood rushes to my face the longer they look at me with their expressions of veiled contempt. The longer I have to speak to someone, the more disjointed my sentences and stammering my words become. This proliferates their disdain and makes it more likely that it will show up on their face. This makes me feel worse, because the comforting vagueness of a blank expression has become the unpleasant reality of an exposed truth, like when one opens a dumpster and smells the full extent of the heinous rot that actively consumes itself and breeds to create fouler rot.

I never avert my eyes from this screen. The electronic light hurts my eyes. Every time I blink, I experience a quarter-second of half-relief, and then the sting of the light inches away from my face returns and makes it as though it had never been gone. I scroll past each picture, taking their contents in momentarily before purging them from my short-term memory to make room for the next one. This computer is an assembly line inside a factory with no windows spanning several miles to make room for all the identical machines, parts, and workers. This assembly line spits thousands of identical images into my mind every day, but I can't tell that they're identical, because I always forget what they are as soon as they exit my line of sight. When the next image comes, it is as though I've never seen it. I always have the same reaction to every picture I see.

Sometimes, when scrolling through the inane comments that people leave on the pictures, I will catch wind of a female name and face. Women are attractive. I like them. I also hate them, because they hate me. I'll click on one of their profiles and stare at their profile pictures for minutes at a time, admiring their smooth skin, coated lips and cute hats. I wonder if they like me. Sometimes after that I'll scroll through their profile all the way to the bottom. This can take ten minutes or several hours, depending on their privacy settings. For the ones who are open about the details of their day-to-day lives on the internet, I will come to know them intimately and feel as though they are my friend. If there is an option to follow them, I will. I know these women without ever having spoken to them.

Sometimes I'll send a message to one of them. Just recently I sent one to a girl named Jennifer. *you're very beautiful.* She saw it and didn't respond at first.

This made me feel bad. I sent her a picture of myself, taken from an angle below my face, revealing my unkempt, patchy neckbeard. I would shave, but I'm too fat to get myself out of the chair. If I try to get up, I'll immediately fall back down with such force as to leave a hole in the ground. Then I'll fester there. No one will come to help me, because they'll be too embarrassed by the situation. Therefore, I can never get up. My body consumes its own fat for sustenance. There is enough there to last several winters. Even after three months in this room, I still weigh 400 pounds.

She saw the picture and didn't respond. The underside of my chin is filled with small carbuncles. When taking the picture, I tried to pose in a flattering way. That was the first time I had moved my head in days. It revealed a part of my chin that had been hidden unwashed beneath the folds of my bulbous skin for months, glistening with hot sweat and crawling with maggots. The skin is dead and looks like rotten fried chicken. It's nearly impossible to see my face past my multitudinous chins. My lips jut out, covered unevenly with hair, and they are surrounded by my various pimples. I look into the camera with a pathetic expression, begging for approval. I ask her immediately after sending the image, *rate me on a scale 1-10. am i at least a 5? i have heard that girls are ok with dating a 5 if they have a good personality im actually a really nice guy. i would love you so unconditionally you have no idea. you're so beautiful you are that perfect blend between gorgeous and adorable that makes me want to absolutely fuck your brains out. you're amazing i really think i could make you happy, way happier than the douche bags who are probably trying to get in your pants...i dont even really care about sex that much its not about that for me its about our love.* I wait 5 minutes and start getting worried. I start panicking. It says she's online. I've caught her red-handed, the fucking bitch. She has the audacity to think she can ignore me, brush me off like an insect. I send another message: *i can see you're online what the fuck. god i'm so sick of being ignored by cunts like you. i have dignity too and you won't even give me time of day, like im some kind of fucking germ. fuck off cunt* She replies shortly after that: *Oh my god...i don't even know who you are, please leave me alone. Do you just stalk women's profiles every day? Jfc this is honestly scary and im blocking you now, bye you fucking creep.*

I type up a 3,000-word essay on how women like her are heralding the downfall of western civilization, how she is so obsessed with superficiality and getting her cunt filled and how that is a reflection of the way society is conditioning her to think, how she is too stupid to see the forest through the trees, and how she is complicit in my loneliness. When I press enter, it tells me I can no longer reply to the conversation. She's blocked me. The rage wells up inside me and my blood boils. A couple of my larger pimples pop, squirting yellow pus all over the screen to add to the chunks and stains that are already there. I start to cry, fueled by my agonizing anger. I'm so overtaken by my despair and rage that I lose control of my bodily functions, pissing and shitting myself. I bring my fist down on the laptop as forcefully as my lack of energy will allow me, sending a couple of stray keys flying off. My tears, filled with bitter salt, fall into the space that the keys left. The water

reacts with the circuitry and makes sparks fly, setting me on fire. I scream and try to get up, but I'm too weak. I plop back down into the recession in my chair from the inch I had risen, and the shit in my pants flattens beneath my ass, covering its entirety. I smell the foulness of the shit intermingling with my cooking skin. The pain and discomfort are unbearable. My tears do nothing to put out the fire, which is slowly spreading over my massive stomach. The computer screen is still idling on Jennifer's profile, her irreverent grin and holy green eyes looking at me from just above her sunglasses. I'm flailing my flabby body in my chair, screaming, choking on my own tears, writhing in my own bodily fluids, roasting alive.

Name:

Class:

Date: ____/____/____ (for the Love—and Hate—[God II's]: if I see MM/DD/YYYY here I will invoke His supreme Wrath and Power to Kill personally who did It—the Unforgivable Sin)

Exam on “The Complete Works of God II”

1. Who is “Edouard Musbodijk”?

2. Define human nature. (Note that this is in the context of the self relating to itself relating to the self).

3. What literary device, more than any other, is used in the Hebrew Psalms?

4. If Karen left me, would I be able to get her to come back? Please Karen, think of the kids and OH GOD WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME? WHY WHY WHY...

5. According to the poem so beautifully recited, what is the nature of the sun and its relation to the narrator's homosexuality?

20. Write an essay on your favorite work by God II (at least 1 [one] pornographic comment).

For extra credit, please submit a picture of your favorite transgender porn model and write an essay on her (male).

Clogged Up Toilet in an Old-West Saloon

“Gee-golly, hee-dawgy!” said Smith N. Weston attempting to fish-out his new revolver model he dropped into the toilet with his hand. “Missy Liz is gonna think I dun shit-up the place! Hoo-whee...” He realized that at some point he did start to palm clumps of shit the further in he went and the longer he fished out the toilet passage. He gritted his teeth and burned unconsciously at his arousal.

“Woo-Wee! Hot-Damn!”

Little did Smith know, just 2 hours ago, Missy Liz had been anally penetrated. Her lover thought to himself, Is it really so wrong to put your pecker in a girl’s butthole? Surely it wasn’t. I just want to stick my throbbing hot cock in her tight little shitter, he thought to himself. So he did.

There was nothing else to use as lubrication besides a bottle of expired tabasco sauce. That’ll do... he muttered to himself. He poured that shit on like it was going out of style. “HOLY FUCK” he exclaimed, “I-I’m gonna come!” He filled her nether regions with the thickest of semen. Missy Liz ran out of the room hootin’ and hollerin’ and jumped into the first lavatory she found. Now that her lover was alone he wondered out loud, “Can girls even get pregnant from assfuckin’? I sure hope not...” Suffice it to say, the nature of biological education was not the best at the time.

ANYWAYS, it was the result of said anal penetration that the toilet was full of clumps of shit despite the saloon being almost out of business.

“Whoo-gosh,” went on Smith N. Weston, “this sure is a tootin’ rotty ol’ time!” Soon his hand felt the metal grip of the pistol and with one jolt he pulled out the revolver, shitty water splattering the stall. This was the only model he had, the one that would impress Mr. Locke E. Martins and get him his fortune. “Might as well make mah mark while i’s in here.” He pulled out his switchblade and carved on the wooden stall walls -

The Brotherhood of the Spectrum

This morning I was making fun of my brother because he's a mongoloid that goes to a private school because he's too dumb to go to a regular school. That triggered him so he pulled out his cock, started banging it on the table and making that foreskin sound. About half an hour later he started shouting from a different room that I have no friends. It wasn't homoerotic, it was more like "I'm mad".

When I was young, too young to bathe on my own but old enough to remember things, my older sister was giving me a bath when my brother showed up, at the time a baby that could barely walk, and he saw my peepee, came closer and kissed it. I started crying and I had nightmares about it until I was 12.

A Personal Exposé on Juvenile Junglefowl-fucking

As a boy of ten it was my job to release the hens and collect their eggs in the morning. I remember they were mostly Wyandottes and Sebrites with that delicate spidery pattern to the feathers. One winter, before daybreak, I could hear from a thousand yards out an unspeakable din of crows and almost human-sounding screams. I threw open the door of the coop to find a pair of foxes mutually goring a fat hen named Dina. Dina was docile. She never put up much of a fight even when I would pull the eggs right out from under her. I remember thinking: "Dina doesn't deserve this." But there was nothing I could do. Most of the others were already dying or frozen in poses of blind animal panic. The impasto of blood, shit and feathers on the floor reminds me years later of a Van Gogh painting. I recall to this day the entire scene. The foxes looked bored and crazed at the same time, as if they themselves were surprised at how easy it was to kill nearly forty chickens. They regarded me with neither fear nor animus: they knew I could do nothing. Worst of all was the sound of Dina's cries attenuating as the sound of her ripping tissue grew to its final snap. Those chickens that did survive were never the same. It would not be an abuse of words to say that they were traumatized. I could see in their glances, and in the circumspect way they treated me thereafter, that they knew I had failed them at that most dire hour.

Some years later we had moved into town. I was beginning to notice girls—I must have been around fourteen—and, no longer burdened by the isolation and drudgery of rural life, the world seemed to be opening up. There was a new sense of possibility that oozed out of the neat rows of houses and cracked pavement, the gutter spouts and mailboxes and shabby lawns. Even the memory of that horrible scene four years prior, which today reasserts itself with stark and obdurate regularity, seemed to be fading. I recall developing a crush on some wan, waifish girl in my composition class. Her name was Dina and only now do I realize that this coincidence was not the cause of my aberration but a necessary consummation of a pathology that was set in motion the very day I witnessed that carnage in the henhouse. Dina and I would take long walks in forbidden places—the quarries, municipal dumps, railyards and disused fairgrounds of our town. Something about the decay and ambient despair of these places excited me. On one of these walks I recall vividly a lone chicken pecking idly at a mound of trash. I was suddenly seized by—I admit—an urgent sexual passion, which to my surprise Dina was eager to gratify. As she fumbled tentatively at my pants, her pale, faintly sunken eyes slowly resolved into the black beady globes of a chicken's; her whispers transmuted into an inquisitive cooing. I was spent before Dina even managed to touch the scepter of my passion. It was at this point that I knew I wanted to fuck chickens.

NOW the BOOK gets *REALLY GOOD*...

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