

Coronameron¹

by /lit/- Literature

*An interactive coloring book for the mentally challenged
Times deleted (at least): 34; Times Moby Dick Copypasted: 1*

I think we should make a tableau of contents

There is one on the left you doof

No like page numbers to make like a real book you silly

There were page numbers once but all the formatting got raped

Would probably be best to format after contributions are over

You're right thanks

Page numbers are a form of microfascism, read Deleuze

Deleuze my ass

When and where, pretty boy?

gay

¹ <https://kidshealth.org/en/kids/down-syndrome.html>

DEDICATED TO **DAVID FOSTER WALLACE** (the lobster, not the man), (the) **GUENON** (pbuh), (a) **PLUCKED CHICKEN** (the man, not the bird), (the) **DODO** (the (((“extinct”²))) bird), AND **BEST GIRL**³ (Asuka)

To,
Chadmonton

² There was once a footnote about a footnote about a footnote about the alleged extinct status of the dodo here, but it has been lost to the sands of time. The original was destroyed circa DN 11-17, the second footnote circa DN 18, and the third circa DN 19. Attempts to reconstruct it have been repeatedly foiled by successive deletion numbers. It is unknown whether this cycle will end. The authors of this text have selected a much-revered Bible passage to summarise their equal parts Despair and Hope:

And Lo, The Lord said unto the Israelites

‘Hashem kevesh mo durka durka kopesh mohammed jihad’

Meaning in the tongue of Judah and Abraham

‘Peace upon you my children, for the fountains of Cum which emanate from My divine Peen shall succour you all’

A partial and utterly inaccurate reconstruction (made after DN 21) of the original footnote pertaining to the supposed ‘extinction’ of the dodo is offered here: *It has long been accepted among Scholars that the most popular of extinct Animals (bar the Dinosaurs and the Europeans), the Dodo, is, as purported, extinct. However, anyone familiar with the literature of or internally active within the community of Oriental Cock Fighting would know this to be false as it is common practice among the Orientals to replace their ‘Cocks’ with the far larger and more ferocious Dodo. This is preferable for obvious reasons (the Dodo being renowned for its vicious and primitive demeanour) and applicable within the world of Oriental Cock Fighting due to the fact that the meagre application of Red Feathers to any Dodo will render it perfectly disguised as a virile young Cock or Rooster (at least in the increasingly squinted eyes of the aged Oriental Men/Ladyboys who administer the league in a growingly bureaucratic system (the implication here being that the eyes of the Officiators are so squinted with age and genetics that they cannot delineate between a genuine bonafide Cock and a lazily disguised Dodo)). The reason for the continued extant position of the Dodo began with a group of disgruntled Naturalists who smuggled the Dodos out of the Pacific following the Conquest of South America and Shakespeare’s sexual Conquest of the Dodo homelands. This was in order to escape persecution of the flightless bird by the Spanish Inquisition and Shakespeare, by necessity, and not out of an ideal for ecological conservation. Mongol Merchants were tasked with the transport of these birds back to their original Island in the Pacific by means of the Silk Road. The idea being that, by going the long way round, they would escape any future persecution by being on the opposite point on the globe to the persecutors, much like a younger sibling will flee the wrath of an older by engaging in a Cat and Mouse chase around a Kitchen Table. However, upon the arrival in the Orient the Mongol Merchants discovered a propensity for Oriental Cock Fighting; however, since they only had Dodos (and recognising the rightly fearsome nature of the birds) they disguised their Dodo as a Cock and eventually went on to win the Grand Imperial Cock Fighting Championships. The Emperor of China at that time was so impressed by this ‘Cock’ he ordered 1000 of them to be sent straight to the Imperial Cock Fighting Dojo. The Mongols sent 1000 Dodos, and upon realisation of their deceit, the Emperor, to save face, was forced to declare them Cocks. Thenceforth, over the centuries, Oriental Cock Fighting was slowly but surely infiltrated by Dodos; in today’s Era, the huge conglomerates such as WWCF (Worldwide Cock Fighting Confederation) and the more esoteric CCFE (Confederation of Cock Fighting Enthusiasts) are populated entirely by Dodos instead of Cocks. However, because of the history of Chinese Confucianism and the principles of tradition and honour, it is an unspoken rule that no one should actually reveal that the Cocks are, in fact, Dodos. Moreover, this helps to keep the sport of Oriental Cock Fighting mostly a national one, denying foreign investment, as even the savviest of foreign marketeers would not realise that even the most fearsome Cock could never equal even the most passive of Dodos in an officiated Oriental Cock Fighting Ring or OCFR as it is known. The conspiracy propagated by the Deep State in the West is that the Dodo is extinct, but the reality, that its extinction is merely Colonial Apologism, is dawning on the people of the world, despite the continued denial that Oriental Cock Fighting is entirely populated by Dodos. You have a dodo fetish.*

³ Hachikuji Mayoi (Snail lol)

Dear readers,

What you are about to read is a collection of stories, some related, some not, written by the fine anons over at /lit/, the most intelligent and well-read of all the boards on the accursed site known as 'the 4channel'. This is technically the 9th 23rd 33nd edition of this holy text, and many sections have unfortunately been lost to time and the hasty edits made by anons who weren't sure what is going on. Many classic works, such as 'How the Dodo died at the hands of William Shakespeare' have been recovered and revised (for better readability) here as well for your reading pleasure. Our goal is to eventually have this one monumental text contain all of /lit/ canon, a difficult undertaking, but one that will undoubtedly be regarded by all newfags and /lit/ lurkers as extremely helpful and beneficial in the future.

If I had my way, I would require all /lit/ newfags and lurkers to memorize the whole of this text before being able to post on /lit/. Hopefully the Jannies (piss be upon them, Inshallah) will agree with me and make it standard. Additionally, let it be known that I, OP, am a fag.

Also, niggers tongue my anus.

Sexual Misadventures of a Self-Proclaimed Closeted Coomer

MINDFUL that this work will never be as good as “Fallout Equestria”; I begin the greatest story never told. In an obscure, nearly tasteless corner of the bathhouse, plopped from a fresh, vigorous womb a correspondingly fresh and even more vigorous member of Animalia

“I’m about to have a HEATED GAMER MOMENT” - Me

Oh boy oh boy my what a ploy
To eat a toy hh
Oh boy oh boy

I am become death, the destroyer of worlds - Karl Marx, *Ode to Tetrodancedanceatronrevolution* (citation needed, put me in the screenshot)

“All the little devils are proud of hell.”
—Doc Tydon, *Wake in Fright*

How often I’ve read this story to my children. They’ve always **hated** it; it made them puke. I didn’t know what to do. I seeded better children than this, I thought. I hit them, but they hit back.

They must have learned it from their mother.

Good story
-Ben Dover

Am I original? Yeah
Am I the only one? Yeah
Am I sexual? Yeah
Am I everything you need?
You better rock your body now

Jimmy. crack, and corn, and I do not care, not one bit no sirree. - Tolstoyhhh

When I was a child I became sexually invested in the misadventures of the backstreet boys, every body . . .

In trying times such as these I remember the advice of my father, a small-minded, square-faced brute with no original thoughts but a sound mind for all things practical - “children take extra damage from blunt attacks. Fight back with a mace or, in the absence of formal weapons, a frying pan will suffice.” I immediately and carefully disarmed my children of their kids’ brass knuckles which I had gifted them last week for Australian Christmas. (is it Winter? We should introduce that earlier)(no, it’s australia or new zealand) (good call) I pummeled them lovelier than I had my first girlfriend at the drive-in showing of the epic silent documentary, *Gachi Koalas: Origin of the Standard Fuck Party*, directed by Jean Paul Bogan.

“Koalas are hella queer” i intoned in a tone only she could hear. Her arousal was verily palpable, and I told her so. “Who the fuck are you?” She always knew how to make me laugh, and angry.

I met her on the last day of high school. She came out of a bathroom with toilet paper stuck to her teeth. Her last day. I was 2177. And a sexy vampire.

Damaged

But enough frivolities for one evening, let us return to childhood. It sucked! (get it?) I spent the majority of my time in front of a computer, fifty thousand feet above the kitchen, cycling between masturbating, showering, eating (often at the same time) and browsing five different social media sites, two torrent trackers, YouTube, until I passed out. Sometimes I would see stupid posts like:

"What is consciousness? This may sound like a simple question and it is. Consciousness is at once the most obvious and the most difficult thing we can investigate. We seem either to have to use consciousness to investigate itself, which is a slightly weird idea, or to have to extricate ourselves from the very thing we want to study. No wonder philosophers have struggled for only minutes with the concept; while scientists refused even to study it because they scurred."

A consummate self consummator it was not until my late teens that I discovered meta-hyper pornography (which is what I call actual in-person sexual intercourse (that is, as opposed to voyeurism (merely meta pornography) goading women into striking me, stroking myself to the edge before entering stripclubs in basketball shorts but no underwear as advised by youtuber "boogie1488", touching the hand of a cashier lady as she tries to hand me my receipt, groping feminine appearing body parts in public, this one oak tree that has a hole in it the right size, (hyper pornography) yiff, clop, erotic fanfictions read by the free voice to text program that most closely resembles my mothers voice, a taped recording of my mother's flatulence, 90% of carly rae jepsen's discography, 74% of taylor swift's discography, 0% of cardi b's discography, hentai, doujins, anime, the very concept of Japan, recycling bins, the American Express logo, pamphlets on sexual education, Elon Musk, energy drinks, Honda Fits, hospices, topographic maps of ohio, the tiles on my kitchen bench, elderly dictators, the instagram posts of more than 5000 "women" ages 11 through 56, the act of romancing NPCs in videogames, suggestive videogame cutscenes, suggestive panels in comics, suggestive scenes in silent movies, suggestive frames in children's cartoons, or photos stolen from a hidden safe in the vatican. (all of which i consider pornography, with no modifier)). This discovery was made upon my stealing a woman's drink at a free music festival and finding that it had been drugged. I still do not know the name or appearance of my first lover but I remember the feeling of calluses grating against my dick. It takes a special kind of person to stroke off a semi-lucid man and I forever remain true in my heart to this secret admirer. Meta-hyper pornography still scares the shit out of me, literally, but it has since become more familiar. My botched circumcision gives me an unnatural ability in lovemaking, the scar healed onto the head forming what is known as a penile skin bridge, a common deformity to be sure if not for the fact that my particular penile skin bridge spanned the gap between this world and the spirit realm like a fleshy Bifrost, a vein to the meta-hyper pornographic realm itself.. It was by these means that I gained the ere-mentioned erogenous ability: copulation without cessation of blood, or tears (I vouch soley of my own). I am sure I don't need to inform the wise and experienced reader what reputation this won me with the local ladies and laddies of the night, suffice to say I was christened "that guy".

I have never had a girlfriend but if i did she'd be smoking hot (i.e a burn victim from Project Phoenix) but in a way that only I noticed and not anyone else (because I wouldn't allow her outside). Not like my imaginary friend, MOAN-a, either, with whom I had to part when she came home on three separate twilights with other men's sexually transmitted diseases (syphilis, lesbo-aids, and a child, respectively). One may wonder at how it came about that my imaginary girl (male) friend performed this to which I can only speculate that my cuckold fetish is the TRUE self and views me merely as a bothersome, slow, subconscious. One time I had a dog but it was male so I don't get any ideas. I don't swing that way, Fido. Love may be love, but gay is gay.

My first job as an erotic dancer/koala conservationist ended in tragedy. I had never seen so much koala semen nor had so many eucalyptus leaves shoved down my men's beach lingerie. "There are no atheists in foxholes, only in fox's holes," quoth my manager, "Only we who bear the drudgeries and depravities of this gods forsaken Koala sex-den / erotic night club can speak certainly of Hell. And it is neon-lit."

That night on my walk home I cried tears of pride. In one night I had earned enough foliage to sustain my wife's son's bull's family for years to come. I was a free, mostly straight, man. What few homosexual thoughts do perchance root in my mind, I steer towards love of country, which is not entirely the same thing, because the way you love your bros is more real and pure than anything straights could ever conceive, and there is no greater bro than the **State**. Thus began my descent into neo-Bolshevist sex dungeon master inter-species experimentation. Later followed my initiation into the cult of the reanimated, species-swapped but still strikingly racist Karl "Koala" Marx.

But darker times were coming, times that would make me what I evinced in our opening scene. A scene, or rather a series of scenes, from my childhood. The man, the fat man, moviebob, I don't know who he was exactly. I won't say he wasn't real, because what exists really? I think he was an amalgamation of who I thought I was, who I was, my father, and my future transgender self. So it goes.

Between the man I was and the thing I am, no less than superhuman substance can declare the variously smeared volutions.

Praise Four

Neo-deep trans-latinX AIDS positive AI arrives from NuChina replicating into post-human technocapital machinic cybervampire metasystems haha **i read** nick land. *what if hitler was eminem - grab the mic and commit lyrical genocide*

We are all stardust, and stardust is faggotry

Eldritch AIDS our only capacity . . .

Everybody clap your hands. Sing it with me now!

In GAPED Carcosa . . .

Gen X Diarrhea, High Fidelity, Chuck Claustrerman, and the greatest interview of all time (Beck and Thruston Moore video clip). X was the generation who understood that there are patterns in the media which reveal its intent and possessing this knowledge you can... seem cool? Get Laid? The only TVs which were smashed as a result of this realization were claymation ones in the liquid television intro Gen X still enjoyed pop junk culture exclusively but in sunglasses and their feet kicked up onto the seat in front of them which is good because it spared them from realizing that every puny thought in their head had already been enriched and catalogued by drunk French guys 30 years before their mothers kicked up their legs haha but those guys were... whats an idiosyncratic word someone in the 90s would use to describe something as uncool... gnarly. They wanted to show people that media is propaganda and unite the working class and destroy the infrastructure which bound them to lives of toil which my dad says is [clicking sound] fucking gay. Yes Gen X knew that there was an official disney cartoon where Donald Duck is a nazi which is totally fucked up if you think about it. They poked at the limb of consumerism without bothering to notice the body attached to it that of global capitalism and when it was all over they were embraced by the democratic party who was excited to turn on its hearing aid and listen to their stories of attending Dinosaur Jr concerts. This is the legacy of Gen X, they came, they saw, they left. As for their never quite abandoning pop culture: these were the people who inherited cassette culture and video weirdness, plunderphonics whose purpose was to transform popular media into something more novel a vision a beyond pop culture but actually it ingratiate the generation to popular media instead of helping them escape it especially as these types of things were purchased and integrated into the programming blocks. A baby boomer and a gen xer in his milsurp jacket which is home to a liberated labrat could both or all three I guess attend a matinee showing of Erin Brockovich and view the film differently since the boomer would not be as heavy as the gen xer who was woke about things like product placement. Plunderphonics showed the generation that there are radical ways to view media, someone might be watching the shitty rom-com on VHS so they can chop it up which makes a normal viewing also cool. The popularity of ironically viewing bad media was supported by this cope but it was allowed just as plunderphonics itself was by the availability of VHS tapes and Cassettes, two inventions and all their possibilities and implicatiption dropped on the heads of the gen X. Two mediums which allow the media obsessive to thrive, which encourage collecting and paying attention to broadcast schedules so pieces which might only be shown once can be captured. These were traded and copied with this practice the most sought after and mythologized pieces of media were not ones outside of the popular media establishment but pieces of popular media which themselves undermined the establishment accidentally with their bizarre incompetence. Shit like the Star Wars Holiday special. With their new found freedom gen x wasn't trying to leave their comfort zone instead they searched for contraband to prove that their comfort zone is as stupid as they thought it was. This character of the snarky nerd who has contempt for pop culture but seems to know literally everything about it is an essential from this time period. Imagine this annoying dork who never gets laid unless his show's creators mercury introduce someone's cousin from the AV club visiting from out of town, his female foil who also wears huge glasses and also has an encyclopedia knowledge of cartoon ephemera. After high school if he didn't do well in class he starts a blog once the technology exists where he has no trouble spending 5000 words on the politics of the teenage mutant ninja turtles. Wait I'm not describing a well worn trope I'm describing a human male, Movie Bob a nerd culture critic who has identified with the trope character I just described and apparently so many people in his youth identified him with this trope also that when it appeared in a film and Bob was constantly compared with the character it nearly ruined the film for him.

He didn't do well in his classes and after high school as soon as the technology was available he started a blog and you know what happened next, a few years later with the popularity of AVGN and others he started making videos essays about video games which deserve the Baillie Gifford prize compared to what other people on the site were making in 2009, he got hired by escapist to review movies, after a few months he got his second show on the escapist 'The big picture' where he talked about things happening in nerd culture these events and the inauguration of his twitter account began the reign of Bob. Moviebob whose image appears on the cover of pamphlets about the danger of putting the nozzle of a pressurized air tank in your friend as a prank. The pettiest tyrant. The last panel on an increasingly verbose meme that started with 'bill o'reilly bad' next to a photo of an only somewhat overweight guido.

This is movieblob eh eh he must be on the other side (photo of people carrying tyrant (they're all skinny)) his political project is the extermination of the weak, crippled and stupid who aren't able to keep his rapid excited pace carrying the Alfred P Newman lizard wearing this boot to the reality of sci-fi technology which accomodates larger bodies and neon delights which gape the brain with

images of cute white lesbians saving the world from scrotum skinned gigachad aliens and exchanging witty banter while the kids who didn't fuck him and their children and their parents and their class follow behind him cleaning up his fuming snail trail. Moviebob's side gig is cumslutting for all libertarian and crypto fascisistic political parties which have the potential of realizing his fantasy of seeing everyone on the planet who fits his fume damaged image of a jock scorched off the earth after however many decades of splitting and hauling rocks in the desert. No really. And despite this some people on the left think Bob is redeemable because he can sometimes squeeze his genocidal nerd rage into the dinner suit of wokeness without all the buttons popping off and blinding you and he can dunk on Adam Sandler movies. I really want to emphasize this as much as possible so let me just compose myself ... These people are lower than shit to me and this video is not addressed to them. If blobs magnum opus against Pixels is compelling enough to you that you'll forgive his several thousand tweets begging for the extermination of the poor then I wish his darkest horniest fantasies to be committed against you and your balls and tits and whatever party of your body is the closest match of bob's henry darger image of what the pussy looks like. You probably don't even know who Bob is yet, I'm going crazy!

...The Jocks...

Nerd media and popular media are now both descriptions of the same slope that comes out of the same facet. Nerd media was once interesting because it used the same motifs and structures as popular media but instead of strategically making as much money as possible, its goal was to realize whatever its creators thought was cool or weird which gathered a small congregation of people who agreed that it was cool or weird. The loss of identity between nerd and popular media has overlapped the two goals, to strategically make as much money as possible by realizing whatever its creators think is cool except the only visions invested in are ones which guarantee the largest number of people who agree that it's cool or weird. This is most easily observed when looking at franchises which started before the integration. Fallout 2 is an explicitly left-wing game. There's a party in the game where you ... Fallout 4 is a game where you're a redditor playing lincoln logs. What should we blame for this? Is it because of capitalism's subsumption of everything once radical into a commodity after it's been neutered and coated in grey goo? Is the reason for works of media becoming ambiguous brands for the purpose of marking other commodities and offering enhancements with the expectation that the consumer will spend small sums on these plus the down cost of the original purchase which is usually a cynical trap mechanic often borrowed literally from behavioral psychology literature? Is it because of capitalism? N-no you troglodyte it's b-b-because of the jocks. Don't you understand the jocks, the jocks! Moviebob's very simple and very bitter conception of the average American male appears in literally all of his writing and videos, sometimes as an actual character. He's jinguisitic, stupid of course, bigoted of course and likes the media Bob lays the blame upon for the corruption of his culture, madden, transformers, and call of duty.

The game overthinker was Bob's original series going back to 2009 where he spoke about gaming culture. In episode 42 Bob gives some mildly interesting complaints about the mechanical limitations of games in the first person perspective and then complains about the type of person attracted to realistic military hero fantasy games who he characterizes as domestic abusers, dropouts, and petty criminals. In the next episode these negative attributes materialize as a character, the anti thinker, the first character, bizarrely shoehorned into a show about video game culture usually presented as a slideshow of now hilariously lowres images presented by Bob's disembodied voice. A plot is introduced where Bob is trapped in wario's woods and the antithinker takes over for three entire fucking episodes. It's hard to tell if these episodes are cathartic for Bob or if he wrote them for a more masochistic thrill. The antithinker systematically and tediously calls everything Bob charishes gay for being colorful and typically non-violent. The first episode is the overthinker hilariously butchering the history of videogames whose first thirty or so years he dismisses as nerd shit until the invention of John Madden while subtly alluding to his christianity and disdain for women and gays. Bob practices restraint here only allowing the character to use gay as an adjective 32 times (I didn't actually keep a tally, I'm not that much of a fucking lowlife swine) which he appologizes for at the start of the video. The next two episodes are devoted to megaman and zelda which the antithinker calls gay. The lesson Bob has been teaching us for the last five episodes is that this person we're supposed to recognize as an archetype who's bigotry is only included to enrich the depiction has a burning hatred for Dig-Dug and NES Tennis. This reminds me exactly of fetish literature if you've ever read any, these stories of high school mundanity but where all the high school girls are replaced with nearly identical ones save for a new casual fascination with their own feet and soaking their socks in sweat for the sake of the author. Bob's depiction of this jock character is so hilariously one dimensional so its easy to miss the absurdity of this person spending ten minutes calling Mega Man gay. If he were more realistic this would appear as anachronistic as it is. Bob takes what in the type of person he's modeling the overthinker from, maybe a casual indifference to classic games and turns them into the enemy of 64 and fewer bits so that Bob is cast as an outsider and I will argue one who is safely distinguished from scrutiny by minorities. Bob's twitter self is the subject of the last party of this video so I'm trying not to show too many tweets just yet but on his twitter in tweets like this you can see him lumping together the minority and marginalized with the different, unique and special, a demographic Bob identifies with at every opportunity so his attempt at bleeding into the minority camp has apparently been going strong for a decade also if you notice here the working class represents the hoard, the enemies which is a recurring thing with Bob. This person who conveniently condemns everything bob loves represents the quadrant of Bob's demographic who are bigoted and violent all the way back here in 2009. He's self aware enough not to try and compare his oppression as a gamer (a

concept bob might have actually invented) to that of any minorities but isn't it weird how even on a show about gaming its given precedent to the characters other crimes, like surely even here this guy's other tendencies should overshadow his disdain for fucking megaman? Here's a question that has basically the same answer: Does Bob really think liking a different era of video games distinguishes himself from anyone else? The answer is that Bob takes videogames and more broadly media very fucking seriously. Bob thinks he has the Gen X skill of analysing media and not letting it get one over on him, being able to recognize emotional appeals and all the other manipulations that make up a hollywood film, his show 'escape to the movies' is delivered in a rapid monotone describing the movies as assemblies of tropes, he's not trying to seem miserable but he's trying to see unaffected. This is my favorite quote from any recent review I can recall and this is the ethic Bob tries to adopt when reviewing movies but when a movie patronizes his sensibility he thinks of it as some kind of victory in a cultural war and is infuriatingly delighted. In Captain Marvel which I will never watch for no particular reason there's apparently a character who Bob thinks was put in the movie to infuriate a kind of nerd he isn't somehow, its very petty and Bob is so pleased by this he deliberately halts the review to chuckle smugly for more than ten seconds. He once sincerely asked the gamergate teens what Mario and Zelda would think of their behavior. His most dedicated gesture however has to be his 208 page book about super mario bros 3 about one fifth of which is worth skimming through, the party about his childhood playing the game, the other sections in the first half are predictably about the history of video games and shit like that and then the second half fulfils the brick-by-brick subtitle with descriptions of every level of the game and every potentiality of play in each of these levels. It feels like something which had to be written for historical posterity, pure data to be shelved in an archive for the rest of humanity's natural life and then rediscovered by insects. This kind of anal anaylsis first of all is better suited to youtube videos made by more thoughful people than Bob, like MathiewMattosis for example and if a book is really necessary then it should be like 'Game Design Companion: A critical Analysis of Wario Land 4' a nearly 800 dissection of a platformers which makes use of absolutely every party of the animal and provides insights and observation which can only be ascribed to an academic level of game design and not just likeing the game alot. Comparatively Bob's investigation is skin deep but of course passionate and we have to go back to the section on his real life relationship to the game to understand the passion. Bob was bullied in high school. Is this a surprise to you viewer? When people try to understand his absurd politics and shittyness this comes up alot as an explanation. So much that's he's actually addressed it. I think people can recognize this potent combo of frustrated impotence plus fantasy as belonging to bullied kids and very fucking sad people who never got over their treatment in school. I was bullied in school, I fantasized about my male bullies having to perform sisifus-like tasks in underground tunnels. I was bullied by girls too and developed a mild femdom fetish. Pretty normal shit. If you asked me now to recount these experiences I don't think I'd be able to and I just graduated a few years ago. For Bob these years permanently altered him and as we learn in his book Nintendo games were his one way of coping with the mistreatment and I guess for a lot of people the media they consumed at the lowest point is still special to them and often that low point is high school. I'm sure the dozens of identical white women in scarves who Bob retweets everyday still appreciate Harry Potter, a series they usually read in high school. I think escapism is enhanced and therefore embraced more when it's contrasted with a shitty life. Everything shitty in high school is mirrored in Harry Potter not only as something exhilarating where it was once tedious but as just. There's a struggle for justice which isn't allowed in high school, it has a usually unambiguous form unlike in high school where the villain is an alcoholic teacher who's spirit had been crushed sometime in their 20 year career as or an abused student lashing out and justice is achieved in the end, unlike high school where the end is abrupt and melancholic. Upon graduation the media you consumed when you were a high schooler ceases to be something which is in contrast to your experience there, I think which doesn't mean you stop enjoying it just that it loses that dimension and usually your grip on it loosens a little lest you wake up one day in a pussy hat and a sign that says something about Trump being cheeto voldemort left to march with other libs until the dull flame of your life is extinguished by what you thought was the good cholesterol. Hey that sounds sort of like our friend huh? I don't know what lessons there are to learn from Mario but whatever they are Bob feels like he's integrated them successfully. In the book he imagines if mario came to our world he would admire Bob. A very embarrassing thing to admit. The Harry Potter kids didn't assume that the popular kids would be revolted by their book, if I remember high school there was a lot of good-spirited proselytizing from them to get new readers. Bob on the other hand, somehow less mature than a highschooler, casts his villain to be utterly repulsed by Mario, as if its purity blinds them. Its a very stupid simple good vs evil dihchotomy which in constant in Bob's trash but he's not in high school anymore to get his gameboy knocked out of his hands, he needs the jock to still exist as his torrmenter and the torrmenter of his beloved media so he can maintain his martyr complex and be amoung actual martyrs. And the demographic he casts and how he refers to them on twitter is the central source of distaste from moviebob and hopefully when you see what a cunt he is I'll be able to come out of this thing seeming justified in my frankly disgusting insults and still seem woke...

Moviebob vs the working class:

The Gen Xer casts themself as a thorn in the side of the agents of injustice. Unwilling to bow to essentialist dogma they made the bold decision to wear a trench coat and green dyed hair to school in defiance of the sunken eyed faculty and upper strata of school bullies and popular kids. The media which was able to unironically endear itself to their generation besides power fantasies of being much hotter, wittier, and richer hanging out all day in record stores and cafes were stories whose moral is to just be yourself and whose ending is the realization of this thanks to liberation from the fashionable freak gen xer. Previously angry stiff characters finally dropping the act showing their true selves as a bouncy fun person with dyed hair. Previously evil male characters are retroactively humiliated when it turns out them being themselves means wearing a dress which looks ridiculous on them or holding hands with the big black guy. Coming to maturity as a Gen xer means reconciling your narcissism and realizing that whatever happened to you back there wasn't you vs the world or you and your friends vs the world but instead a bunch of people quietly suffering many of whom had experiences much worse than your due to their poverty or minority status and so maybe your martyr complex is embarrassing and you should recall those times differently. The last act of these narratives where everyone is liberated from whatever you want to call it, heteronormative patriarchy, the effects of socialization, essentialist dogma is achieved in real life through party politics which Gen X has a perplexing amount of enthusiasm for just in general they don't even need a good candidate. Le Tigre came out of a fucking ten year hiatus to drop an embarrassingly passionate track for Pantsuit-wearing herstorical first-timer Hilldawg. The embrace of party politics in this way places the gen-xer in the role of generic activist, acknowledging that they're just one of many people who've been fucked over by our system presumably ridding them of their high school hero complex sometimes enough for them to ask questions like 'why were the bullies such assholes? Were they possibly suffering more than me because of their sociopolitical position' 'why did I ever think of myself as a victim when I knew my midwit would land me a semi-decent career eventually while I knew that all of my unspectacular classmates would end up working much worse jobs' 'why did I cling to all identities which put me in a less favorable position while dismissing privileges which put me in an advantageous one' 'why did finally meaningfully distinguishing myself from the people I grew up with mean achieving some sort of class mobility like going to a college than most of them or going to college at all' Coming to grips with the full reality of socialization that whatever you think you're made up of your virtue, ethic, whatever originality you're allowed to have has been granted to you based on whatever particular vertex you were born on is a fucking brutal realization, one which rips up your ticket to hogwarts, one which disassembles your spaceship to scrap. If you were born truly special it was only to perpetuate evil otherwise you're only different because of coincidences which are of the cosmically meaningless variety. To accept this places you back with the normies, back with your class, your people, something Bob would never accept. Here's the thing. Trying to convince if that's the right word, people who have been oppressed by more than the high school bully for 4 years that the people who have discriminated against them are also victims of socialization and capitalism unless they were born special is obviously a difficult task if that's the right word. People who have failed at it have gained the online reputation of favoring the worker characterized by libs as brunt and crass over minorities. This is mostly bullshit but it's a myth perpetuated by can you guess who? A certain bowling pin shaped someone. It's a necessity for Bob that this idea be maintained but his devotion to it is impressive. His twitter is not just virtue signal retweeting obviously, disparaging Bernie for whatever democrat shitheads disparage Bernie for, retweeting white women in scarves disparaging bernie bros such as myself, and complaining about the troglodytes, the subhumans, wait that's a term rooted in antisemitism sorry the sub-beings, the hoard, the bottomfeeders, the non elite, people in scare quotes, the white and only white working class, meat for

the meat chambers, the lucky ones allowed to avoid castration narrowly only because of the problematic reputation of eugenics, the poor. Hopefully now my referring to Bob as saying a grotesque affront to human anatomy who's only accomplishment will be dying from his bad sugar blood before burdening the earth with his presence for more than half a century isn't seen as gratuitous. Bob distinguishes himself from the stupid jocks who he shares a demographic with for their crimes even casts himself as one of their victims but at every opportunity he bleeds his stupid jock bigot into the rest of the working class and pretends not to be able to distinguish between them. Here's a good example that is almost too perfect not to be disingenuous. Here Bob condemns 30-40% of the US population a typical sentiment from him he's a piece of shit. Hail to the king. This seems to be alluding to the percent of the population who voted for Trump. Bob clearly knows that not even close to everyone in the country voted, he doesn't think 70 to 60 percent of people voted for Hillary but he's seemingly naive to the actual percentage of people who voted for Trump, 25% of the US voting population. So what's this gratuity he's granting himself here? If you want to be a lib and condemn the entire Trump voter base to exalt yourself sure they're all evil, they all did their research and still chose Duke Nukem, propaganda doesn't exist. But that many people didn't vote for Trump, are both estimates over because he's ignorant and is allowing a range of values one of which must be the actual percentage of the US population who voted for Trump or is the Trump voter base added to another population? Who? According to these people Trump appealed to the hicks, and the white collar supremacists, and the frat bros. Who wasn't reached by Trump's rhetoric here? Children and felons? Moderates who still must be condemned? A liberal would never say that. About one fifth of people with a high school degree or less supported Trump. Lower class people who make less than \$50,000 a year made up 32% of his support while the virtuous elites made up 34%. One important stat missing from these though are the percentage of children from upper class households who bullied Bob vs Lower class. Wait, you went to an expensive catholic private school and got bullied by rich kids? I read it in your book you virtue signaled about it. What the fuck is your problem then? You know I don't think you grew up that rich, I know you worked a shitty retail job for a decade and were finally able to earn a living as a movie critic which is something your proud of, that class mobility from grunt worker to grunt film critic is an admirable one I suppose but if you really wanted to you could have just identified yourself with the working class in the first place and joined an intersectional scheme or something it would have saved you the effort of having to reiterate two hundred thousand times that you're not one of the evil swine and how much you hate the swine and how they're evil. You wouldn't be forced to keep the company of dozens of white women in scarves blinding me and reprimanding me but not in the way I'd prefer a librarian to as I scroll through your feed to research this fucking video people who share your delusion about the working class and maintain it against the scrutiny of the first article I found when I queried 'did poor people vote for Trump or nah'. If you were devoted to being persecuted, which you obviously are, you could have had more than just your identity as a gamer who likes more colorful games than are usually marketed, you fucked yourself over with that one Bob. Anyways, let's examine the politics which this attitude demands and see how far gone you are.

what does this toadman believe other than the dumb shit we've already labored over

He's a Libertine which just means he's too horny for god, not something I can think about for long without becoming upset. Utter meme philosophy. He's a technocrat. He's too horny for technology for god, now we're starting to work things out. The basis of technocracy is that we organize society so that the most intelligent and capable citizens are given the resources to realize their vision, you might recognize this as an offshoot of objectivism, the philosophy of layabout welfare queen Ayn Rand. Bob brilliantly contributes to Rand's extended wet fantasy of an omnibus by specifying that only talented members of society who aren't assholes should be allowed resources; this is what he means here by pragmatism. Objectivism was destined to earn its author a cult of personality. Its prescription of ruthless self-interest and its insistence

that everything is objective, unambiguous, concrete, knowable makes it easy to categorize as a self-help philosophy rather than a real big boy philosophy. Technocracy shares the frankly embarrassing premise that everything is objective and suggests that we should lose the politicians and democracy and let political issues be sorted out by the people most talented at sorting out objective reality which means scientists and other technical experts. Technocrats believe that the scientific method can be used to solve political problems which is absurd by itself since entire political categories would have to somehow have quantitative values assigned to every political subject to make objective calculations. This isn't unheard of to look at the self-driving car chart that came out which assigned less value to felons than to old ladies implying that if the car has to smash into one, well. The car isn't more likely to kill say a black person than a white person. Just like the techno-overlords would assign values in a bigoted way, pragmatism, no assholes remember. Turning politics into a saw game does sound pretty interesting but I think there are some problems. Eliminating all the assholes from the smart person community would mildly devastate it. But you're still left with a population of people which includes the demo which would utterly devastated the community if you had them removed. The ultra-eccentric. Francis Crick was a brilliant and important physicist who believed that there was an underground race of aliens living in the earth. Finally if you want to clear the room get rid of the ultra-intelligent people who aren't capable in every single topic of debate in the political world. Maybe you object and say that they would only need to be capable in their field of expertise. Attend any university lecture and notice the professor at least once complaining about university funding of other departments and neglect of his own department. Imagine these petty complaints steering the course of history and inevitably redefining what certain people consider objective. The smartest people in the world are still utterly human. I don't really consider objectivism or technocracy worthy of a more thorough critique than that shit from a second ago that I came up with while playing nuclear throne. I'm fine making the appeal to authority the appeal to history and point to the position of these two political philosophies in our current conversation or rather their absence in it. Pretty much any obscure philosophy can gain a following of internet weirdos not content to identify with the relevant school of thought which closely resembles their set of values so you have trad-cath dadaists and nu-absolutists and an-cap minecraft utopians. It's all a LARP. Objectivism appeals to the individual because it tells them that their destiny to develop into whatever they desire is bound up in this naturalist altruistic industrial tangle of good feels. Technocracy's appeal takes the appeal of objectivism's objectivism and seeks to apply it to politics to eliminate ambiguity. It benefits from modern democracy being presented as this ultra complex set of systems by wonks. You don't need stats and utter objectivity to clear the fog, the fog is artificial. I'm gonna say hopefully the most brash and infuriating thing in this video now. Politics is fucking simple. Make sure people don't starve or freeze to death. Offer a decent quality of life to people for what they pay in taxes with access to healthcare, libraries and an education, housing, whatever else we can think of. Agonizing over how to do this while not upsetting the shareholders, war criminals, billionaires, high profile pedophiles, zionists, giga bureaucrats, lizards, fascists, and oil freaks is actually easily solved by killing all of them. That's of course a joke. I jest. I don't want that to happen. Technocrats are smart enough to know about the facade but its maintenance is the only way to see out their true goal. A minimal government which provides for its citizens like the one I want wouldn't be better for the technocrats because it would still be subjective. They see politics as a form of enlightenment and knowing the most efficient path, the most objective value of each subject is enlightenment, a strange form of enlightenment thought. Someone typically obtains it by acknowledging that they know nothing that their only value comes from their ability to carry themselves to some form of all-knowing and that before they reach it they're like an insect. The technocrat reaches enlightenment once all the scores are posted and it turns out they were right. It's really a petty way of getting victory. Absolutists always know that they would be an aristocrat. Technocrats don't expect this validation they only want to be more valuable than their neighbor and the other subjects in their daily life who they can only assume superiority over for say their gig as a movie critic and cultural commentator. Unless you're only political position as a technocrat is as a

technocrat unless you raise your hands and say 'let the experts work it out' then you're really just the narcissistic version of whatever your actual political alignment is. No one says 'look I'm a liberal, I like capitalism and diversity. I think we should have a fair number of public works programs but I'm also not opposed to war also if some statistician comes along and disagree completely and says totalitarianism is the best system I'll drop all that other shit and agree' it 'I'm a liberal and the best minds with the most advanced technology and algorithms would agree with me generally and enact my worldview in the most efficient way possible' Bob specifies that he's a pragmatic technocrat so no eugenics wait maybe eugenics but no chemical castration probably... his vision of the future is cruel, its advanced using less capable humans as muscle fuel the technocrat wouldn't see this reality which according to bob offers the most potential for the realization of his spaceship and say 'well this is too cruel we have to default to the second most objective objective reality sorry moviebob' He's benefiting from science's often cruel tendency but only before it bleeds into atrocity. This is liberalism. This is capitalism. There's already some invisible cost to the life of all the homeless people who have frozen to death or melted. There was a way for us to spare them that fate, there was a cost, we didn't pay it. The problem with liberalism is that its subjectivity allows lucky people to avoid their objective fate because of luck, sometimes a random citizen notices a homeless dude dying and helps them to survive. Altruism is evil, haven't you read this fucking cunt's shitty book, fucking bones in the ground bitch. Things like empathy divert the most efficient path to what a pig like Bob would call prosperity and of course for him the greatest sunken cost is spent on the working class."

Titlated

"And they let you say all that?" My dad sighed, his hairy moobs coasting to a level rest on lungs.

"No, they stopped me after the first paragraph, didn't take long to realize that I'd just stolen an essay on some jerkoff youtuber and that I was hoping to dodge my summary of Louis Riel's execution by pleading deconstructionist metaphor." I glanced out the window. It was. It was also raining.

"Torture teacher toughout torment, at least when your suffering ends you get to sit down at your desk, wander off into the meadows of melancholy... Old dad might not get off so lucky. Hell, I remember kids in my school days that acted like that, Sammy... Didn't think my son would turn out a loser, I mean you're not a loser but that's what I would have called you if you tried to pull that sort of thing in my day in my class." He sat up. The plain pale beige hospital bed sheet sank further, though it was caught on his protruding beer gut, its impetus blocked short, analogous to my physical development, or at least so might have claimed my dad in his day in his class. The doctor stood up.

"Hell. That's what school was like for me. Men like your father here damn near lynched me because of my skin. Dam democrats damn neeyah sending a brotha out to pasture. ELLLl don't buzz kid, I made my way through med school honest, I grinded lil nigga. Your pop is in good hands." Said he. The doctor was holding his clipboard in a strange way. It disconcerted me, and not because I gave a rat's ass about my father, rather, I didn't want to be convinced of any of his virtues. I wouldn't risk it, and I left the two of them and went out for a smoke. A heavy chested nurse came primarily by, probably a new one, I thought. Suddenly I lunged and grabbed her by the waist, yanking down the deep neck of her tunic and pulling its hem back like the string of a bow.

"Do you trust me?" I muttered, held in a salsa stance, I nuzzled into her blonde hair to suckle on her earlobe. She yielded a sensual hem. A fat whore was scuttering by with her cart of bloodied implements, I took one in my fingers and guided it blade down into her cleavage. The blood slicked either side of the snug, fleshy cleft. me. Perpendicular to his stomach, is how he held it.

"That's not how a professional holds a clipboard." I said. He didn't look at me. I looked at myself. Hands covered in a thick, oily substance from plunging them deep into the motherly bosom which had awaited me my whole life. I knew now precisely why I never liked doctors... nurses were always better, and yet they were held down in a twisted hierarchy.

She looked faint. Blood down her chest. I held her close to me, letting the scalpel drift towards the thumping persimmon in her chest.

"Can you hear it?" I asked her.

"Hear waht?" She asked me.

"The clapping." I said (to her).

"Waht clapping?" She asked (me).

"It's clapping for you." I said (to one of us, maybe to myself).

"Why are you doing this?" She said to me.

Damaged

"I don't know." I said to my dad, who had stumbled out of his room to join the growing crowd around us. At that moment, I stunned myself, internally. On a level beneath the surface I cauterized myself. I saw myself from the outside, looking inwards. Why did I exist?

"What's your name?" I asked the nurse.

"Varna." Varna replied.

"You're a lot older than I am Varna." I told the nurse.

"Uuuh oh ummmmm" said Varna.

"What are your hobbies?" I asked Varna.

"I'm an aspiring League of Legends twitch streamer." said Varna.

"Oh I play lol too." I said to Varna. Her eyes looked desperate. How old was she? My father might have reminded me never to ask a woman her age had his jaw not been on the floor. That nigger doctor shouldn't have let him come out here, what a quack.

The "Man"

Trust me boys: I've had sex. I mean, I've fucked. Real, raw shit. Some of that old school whoop whoop juggalo clownin shit. I got her head, her lips were all over mine. Her saliva tasted like crazy nasty neden, like she some freak lesbian gay shit. I mean I freaked. I grabbed her body, rubbed over, really touched around. She was so fucking hot, like at least as hot as me but maybe more. Dreads, face paint like a real freak juggalette. Just the shit, just the tightest neden. I tapped all over her. I mastered around, touched and slid, watched my homies mess around on that bitch. Gutter homies, real juggalo homies. We mess and spit all the time, I love my motherfuckin bitch ass homies. Theys the real juggalo, fuck that Violent Jay queer motherfucker, motherfucking Shaggy grab ass queer ass rapist.

God what I would give to fuck belle delphines brains out, just to see her coked out face on the verge of rabies look behind and see her vicerally penetrating me with her SCHLONG. God I'm so fucking horny, there's never any release. There only jacking off to belle delphines leaked nudes multiple times through the day where the action is comparable to eating lunch or brushing your teeth. What would I give to brush Belle delphines teeth with my cock. Oh god please grant me salvation. I peed yesterday, it came out like silt. I didn't know what to do, so I got my girlfriend to clean it up.

And so breakfast. His thoughts unthot as he makes sausages. He drops each one on the pan, heated, like his crotch. He didn't wear any underwear to bed, his cock distends his bottoms, as it would in many circumstances. He doesn't remember seeing his daughter. He just remembers the animal emotions. UGGGG he felt pressure in his crotch (thinking back, though also at present). His daughter came downstairs.

"Good morning honey" says the man.

"Oh ho hellllooooo my husband." mocks his daughter in turn. The man only called his wife Varna honey (cunt). It was early, maybe 7:30pm. Each family has its own definition of early. Each person has their own definition of early. For Varna honeycunt 7:30 was not early, it was perhaps 15 minutes late. For Bethsedel, the man's daughter, it was perhaps 2 hours early.

"Augh sorry, I mistook you for your mother." lied the man. "She's up by about now, I thought at least."

"Didn't see her." She (Varna who else) and he slept together, in his mind they slept together and in body of course why not. Her tea is ready, a dark yellow maybe brown was the lakelet tinted. He doesn't want her tea, which he prepared ten minutes ago, to go too cold, so he picks it up and carries it back to his bedroom where he likes to sleep. His wife is not in bed. He drops the pretense and sets the cup on her bedside table. Pretty moon last night he thinks. Sort of dreamt it must have, full but with a crescent.

"Maybe she's in the bathroom." he says under his breath. Every morning can be an adventure game can be a porno can be a point and click more like. He steps into the hall. How many times has he passed through it already this morning? First to piss, second to gaze at our satellite, third to crap, fourth in shleepy shame, fifth hungry, sixth seeking his beenloved. The bathroom door is closed. "Oh! She must have been in theere since she woke. He thought of his daughter. He observes her, if only the sounds of her, going to the washroom each Saturday Sunday morning. If mommy was in there today, she couldn't have. He imagines his daughter's bladder like a uterus. Full of fruit, a basket. And why because his wife was selfish, hogging the loo when she should be drinking tea. Though tea is a trophic factor for many exotic flowers, she hasn't even drunk on it yet. He opens the bathroom door he doesn't knock, knocking is a complement one pays oneself when acting nice.

His wife has spread herself, the surface area of the bathroom all of it. Don't touch my paper with your wet (who knows with what) fingers, she'd told him. But now the tiles and the paper and the floor have been besmirched. Not by tepid watered down finger piss, but a bile of a different sort. Red.

The only other colour was the ceiling (sky blue) and the note (which was a complicated colour, most men have seen notes). A note. It reads:

TO MY HUSBAND

I AM BROKEN, BY YOU WHAT YOU ARE, UGLY, I WRITE THIS, IN MY OWN MENSTRUAL BLOOD (in addition to normal blood as well).

Damaged

MY FAMILY YOU DESTROYED NOW I KNOW YOUR TRUE CHARACTER.

SAW YOU, UNBEKNOWING, GAZING SO MUCH AT YOUR DAUGHTER AS SHE SLEPT, YOUR CROTCH MASSAGED AT HER FORM, YOU WHO ARE SEEN AS A MORAL PILLAR IN THE CONSTABULARY, I AM ASHAMED TO HAVE CAME ON YOU.

NOW I AM DEAD, YOUR SHAME SPREAD ON THE WALLS

Shocking! The man is taken aback. There is of course a degree of absurdity past which emotions fail to keep up. He was raised on video games. He knew video games had no consequences. The only consequence of an outing such as this is at most a very critical review. So out of the washroom, he walks back to his bedroom, back again through the hallway. The tea isn't cold. He hears footsteps, backwards from the ideal, not what could have been perhaps fifteen minutes prior acceptable if the ends reversed with the beginnings and worked from there before but rather what is supposed to be undesirable at present it must be his daughter tea gone to mother she's going to enjoy it in her room might fancy herself a leak. The man is stuck. He can't meet her, there's only one washroom in the house. He can't run or rush and the note still lies on the now red porcelain waiting for another esteemed reader. Writer unblocked, he walks, backwards, into the hall. His daughter must be reading the note, he doesn't hear her faint nor cry, she won't notice any strange behaviour. Bethsedel is on her feet, her robe has fallen to one side, to let be viewable a ripe (early but ripe) fruit, product of neglect, plump breast. Larger than her mother's, tauter too. She's reading the note. Sparks Real Hood Shit:

When I cried out "brown town", oh boy, he came. He sure came. Harder than the western winds of andross. That brought a wind asunder that made black look white and yellow look original. No one saw it coming. No one could feel... the COMING.

I go out with no mask, I go out with no flask. You will find me in the night. Down there. At the lake. Staring into the water. Reflecting twinkling golden light. Waving. Wating. Hoping for the moment that this will all be over and I can go back to grocery stores. To stare at the special boobed ones.

I am a healthy man... I am a benevolent man. I am an attractive man.

This is my confession, about how I became. This will also serve as my birds of prey review,

Silently admires writing. "Carry on comrade"

My name is David Martin Graham. I am 23 years old, and I live in Long Beach, Florida. My phone number is 614-293-3399, please do not call me, no seriously please.

My name is Gregory Hunt Tyler. I am a thirty three year old fuck, a pig with fatty cheeks and DSLs. My real life phone number is: 440-754-6725, I live in Cleveland, Ohio, on 1797 east 36 st. Today is 5/8/202, two months and 4 days before I plan on committed public suicide at public square. I am going to kill myself at public square with a shotgun I took from my father's house. By the time this book is published I won't be here. ← this person is a friendly bean :^)

My name, it's simple that one. Semojn Jenkem, a young black football player, capable of slaughtering on the gridiron. When I went to Martin Luther University state I knew one thing was coming. The damn pigs in blue. the hogs in high places. Knowing my moorish complexion would cause an avalanche of sickle cell enema due to the increase in caucasion blood cells rushing to my penis, I rushed to the hospital. Upon scaring the local whites, I broke into the back room and began stealing morphine as fast as I could. My black hands were a blur of lighting and I was sweating orange Gatorade. I leapt out the building landing on Nostalgia Critic, and ran off into the sunset, gurgling. So if anyone could just call me at 489-102-6585 I really need some company.

Semen Jefferson. Young black coomer. Professional floofer. All business. I Want to write for Ebaum's world. Doesn't know addition. Ready for any and all attacks from whites. Charges shotguns. Coombs in the eyes of the police. Dies a hero. Neat.

Bethsedel lets out an erotic moan of panic and press. The hallway by the window she's walked invitingly towards the kitchen though taking two steps back upon seeing her father, creative look the man has on his face, lose one must make up for it somehow he reasons. The man is a productive citizen, net positive, right now the white population started his family off as two and made one. He thought he had time for another but his wife was hysterical. She let out a soft scream of playful fear as he grabs her by the wrists. Heavy man he is, he presses her against the wall and from there down to the floor. Of course the man is in a honeymoon phase and so when his wife starts getting handsy he takes the hint and arouses himself. His stiff member creaking. Bathrobe with nothing beneath it, what a tease.

His body falls into hers like a peg into a hole, his and her limbs entwine like held hands. Her face is flushed rouge, getting redder with each thrust. As does the carpet, reddened by a soft trickle from her snatch.

Damaged

Better red crotch than red fingers. Better red face than blue face, and what a blue face the widowed man sees when he gazes out his mind's window into the bathroom door hanging open. Leaning back against the wall watching the display from the afterlife was she. Of course things couldn't have gone better, what man ends up as lucky as he? Most women get jealous when husband eyes up prettier younger bodies, but Varna honey made no fuss.

The man smells blood sausage burning. Faint smoke drifts lazily down the hallway past the man and into his room. A good idea but why rush on a Saturday? Milk mixed with tea spilt as lovers consummate. The bride is still and flows with the current, carried to bed, both restive yet lethargic. No time to rest for the man. Billowing, down thee hall. Why? Movie Bob mhust gho.

The Road to Freedom

This is my confession, about how I became a flaming weeaboo. This will also serve as my suicide note, because, at 12:10am on the morning on May 9th, 2020, I will shoot myself in the head with my father's .22 long rifle, in our backyard shed. I hope it to be quick and painless, I was planning to buy a better gun with which to do the deed with my stimulus money, but since I am still in college, I was not eligible, so I did not get any; my father's rifle will have to do.

My life has been uneventful thus far. I was born in Piggot, Arkansas, a small town of roughly 5,000, to a single mother; I do not know, nor does she, who my biological father is. I grew up in the green rolling hills and sparse forests of Arkansas, where I learned how to grow my own food, care for animals, and generally learn about the way a farm works. When I was 17, I attempted to kiss a girl I thought was quite cute that went to my math class. She violently scratched me on the cheek, a scar that never quite fully healed and one currently carry to this day.

When I was 19, we went to visit my cousins on my mother's side of the family; they lived in Atlanta, in Georgia, so me and my mother packed our small honda and drove the 9 hour trip to Atlanta. It was there where I was first exposed to my first taste of Japanese culture; a manga by the name of 'Vinland Saga'. My cousins constantly pestered me and asked whether I was familiar with any anime or anything of that sort, and I constantly told them no. Outside of anime, I had nothing else to talk about with them; the range of my knowledge and understanding was limited to farm work: milking cows, feeding chickens and collecting their eggs every other day (there were not enough for us to collect them every day), and things of that sort.

Fed up with not being able to talk to my cousins about anything, and wanting to connect with them deeply (I had been a lonely child, up throughout my teenage years, and was deeply attracted to Aniah, the youngest of my cousins, a sprightly, flirty, and playful eighteen year old with long golden hair and fair blue eyes), I took it upon myself to learn about this elusive 'Japanese media' that they so dearly loved. I downloaded all the 'Vinland Saga' manga that had been released at that point onto my Nook eReader, and began to read.

To say I was** enthralled would be understating it. I was captivated by the sheer exactitude with which the original manga authors drew and colored these vivid images of Japanese school girls with big ol' eyes that caused me to shriek whenever they seemed to jump off the page. Knowing Aniah had read such masterful literature filled me with a renewed hope and wonder, that I might be able to understand her sprightly nature now: she was a woman of culture, indeed.

Later that month, I finished the Vinland Saga and went to discuss it with Aniah. As I did, she seemed terribly anxious.

"Is something wrong?" I asked, putting a hand around her neck.

"No, it's just..." she looked at the ground. "I've never talked to someone about this before," said Aniah, looking back up at me with doe eyes that reminded me of the manga.

I smiled, pulled her closer, kissed her and retreated to my room to keep reading manga.

***Unfortunately, the rest of the story between this section and it's next chapter (titled "The pink mound of venus") has been lost because some retard deleted the whole middle section of the text. We are deeply sorry.*

- *The Closet Homosexual Editors*

Introduction, Part 6

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

My first encounter wi

The Pale Pink Mound of Venus, Part One

Or, the memories of the deep-south hillbilly weaboo

My name is David Martin Graham. I am twenty-three years old, and I live in Long Beach, California. This is my confession, about how I became a flaming weaboo. This will also serve as my suicide note, because, at 12:10am on the morning on May 9th, 2020, I will shoot myself in the head with my father's .22 long rifle, in our backyard shed. I hope it to be quick and painless, I was planning to buy a better gun with which to do the deed with my stimulus money, but since I am still in college, I was not eligible, so I did not get any; my father's rifle will have to do.

My life has been uneventful thus far. I was born in Piggot, Arkansas, a small town of roughly 5,000, to a single mother; I do not know, nor does she, who my biological father is. I grew up in the green rolling hills and sparse forests of Arkansas, where I learned how to grow my own food, care for animals, and generally learn about the way a farm works. When I was 17, I attempted to kiss a girl I thought was quite cute that went to my math class. She violently scratched me on the cheek, a scar that never quite fully healed and one I currently carry to this day.

The memories of my early days running wild and free on my mother's farm have all but faded from my tormented mind. My most clear memories now are of a boy that used to climb over the barbed-wire fence on the northern side of the property to come play with me. He was a small, redhead boy, maybe five or six years of age. He always wore the same tattered overalls, and every damn time he would ask to borrow one of my toy cars to play with. I got fed up after a while, and told him to buy his own dirty damn cars. After that, he never came back to play with me again, and I began to regret telling him off after awhile.

When I was 19, we went to visit my cousins on my mother's side of the family; they lived in Atlanta, in Georgia, so me and my mother packed our small honda and drove the 9 hour trip to Atlanta. It was there where I was first exposed to my first taste of Japanese culture; a manga by the name of 'Vinland Saga'. My cousins constantly pestered me and asked whether I was familiar with any anime or anything of that sort, and I constantly told them no. Outside of anime, I had nothing else to talk about with them; the range of my knowledge and understanding was limited to farm work: milking cows, feeding chickens and collecting their eggs every other day (there were not enough for us to collect them every day), and things of that sort.

Fed up with not being able to talk to my cousins about anything, and wanting to connect with them deeply (I had been a lonely child, up throughout my teenage years, and was deeply attracted to Aniah, the youngest of my cousins, a sprightly, flirty, and playful eighteen year old with long brown hair and fair eyes), I took it upon myself to learn about this elusive 'Japanese media' that they so dearly loved. I downloaded all the 'Vinland Saga' manga that had been released at that point onto my Nook eReader, and began to read.

To say I was-

Unfortunately, the rest of the story between this section and its next chapter have been lost because some big retard deleted the whole middle section of the text. We are deeply sorry. However, one anon wrote a stand-in for the missing three chapters, so that will have to do for now.

-enthralled would be understating it. I was captivated by the sheer exactitude with which the original manga authors drew and colored these vivid images of Japanese school girls with big ol' eyes that caused me to shriek whenever they seemed to jump off the page. Knowing Aniah had read such masterful literature filled me with a renewed hope and wonder, that I might be able to understand her sprightly nature now: she was a woman of culture, indeed.

Later that month, I finished the Vinland Saga and went to discuss it with Aniah. As I did, she seemed terribly anxious.

"Is something wrong bitch?" I asked, putting a hand around her neck.

"No, it's just..." she looked at the ground. "I've never talked to someone about this before," said Aniah, looking back up at me with doe eyes that reminded me of the manga.

I smiled, pulled her closer, kissed her and retreated to my room to keep reading manga.

The Pale Pink Mound of Venus, Part Two

I waited all day. It was painfully long, the sun seemed to be taking his time on the one day in my life I actually needed him to hurry. But time waits for no man, and night falls swiftly. One by one, my cousins retired themselves to bed. Aniah was a night owl, and I knew for a fact that she would be awake, possibly with Alexis, another cousin, in their room on their phones. My mother asked me if I was going to bed, and I told her I was going to 'hang out' with the others for awhile. She seemed proud that I was interacting with others my own age, wished me luck, and retired herself to our bedroom.

I took several deep breaths, and made my way to Aniah's bedroom. The door gave little resistance, and opened silently. I scoured the room. Alexis was not there. Before me, on the twin sized bed, illuminated by the moonlight streaming in through the open patio door, was Aniah, fast asleep, spread out over the bed, her blankets kicked off onto the floor, and her shirt pulled up to her navel. It was a hot Georgian night, and most everybody in the house had taken to wearing undershirts and shorts to help with the heat. Seeing Aniah in this state, and fast asleep, was almost too much for me.

I stood at the edge of the bed like some monstrous phantom, thinking, waiting. Should I indulge myself? Aniah was a deep sleeper, this I had tested several nights before. I had made up my mind, I would look, but not touch; more out of fear of waking her up rather than out of any notion of preserving her innocence. I pulled her shirt up slightly more. Her stomach was flat and toned, her skin covered in a babyish peach fuzz. I ran my fingers over the pale skin; goosebumps appeared. Her navel had a more rounded shape, as opposed to the long, slit-like navels one sees on fashion models and such. I lifted her shirt further, exposing one small nipple to the hot Georgian air. As I did, they both began to harden, the other one poking through her thin shirt. Her breasts were disappointingly small, and with her sprawled out like she was on the bed, one would have not been able to tell if she was a boy or a girl just by looking at her bare torso.

She stirred. I withdrew my hands, and waited.

She turned aside, pulling her shirt down instinctively. I did not care; I had gazed upon the tenderness of her youthful bosom, hell, I had touched the forbidden, I was satisfied. But my eyes continued to wander. Her 'pajama bottoms' as they would be called, were rather loose. I would have been able to take them off quite easily if I wanted. But should I? My resolve was firm. I was already here, and she was still asleep. Just a look wouldn't hurt. I went round to the foot of the bed, and grasped her foot, holding her leg up gently and pulling the pants down by the pant leg. They were satin or some other similar material, and came off easily. For a girl her age, her legs resembled that of an athlete almost; firm and toned, like some greek statue I had seen on the postcards down by the gift shops. Her panties were a childish thing: pink, tattered and worn, adorned with small cartoon hearts. I put her leg down, she rolled over onto her stomach. I ran my hands gently, as not to disturb her, up the back of her shapely legs, bringing my hands to rest cupping her buttocks. I gave a gentle squeeze.

She stirred, propping herself up on her elbows, head down.

I froze like some accursed shadow at the foot of the bed. She did not move, but I could hear her heavy breathing. She russed her golden hair, and laid back down, this time looking towards the door through which I had entered. After several seconds, I heard the familiar breathing once more; she was again asleep. My resolve had been shaken, but I was determined now to look upon her venus's mound, the fountain all women possess through which all humanity is born. The problem at hand was how to get her to lay upon her back without awakening her again. I thought for a minute, and something brushed against my thigh; her small, pale foot, toes curling and uncurling, had brushed against me. Was she awake?

I waited for what felt like an eternity. Her tiny toes never stopped, must have been something she did in her sleep. I looked at the clock: it was some time past midnight, I must hurry. I gently tickled her arm, scratching it with my finger, and as I had hoped she rolled over and scratched it, never opening her eyes. My time has come! I slid the tattered panties down her legs, past her pale knees, and behold, I saw it. Small and puffy, the lips of her vulva were shaven smooth. I took a trembling finger and thumb, and spread it apart ever so gently, causing her to tremble and shiver in her sleep. It was a pale pink, oh so pink, and wet, and warm and cold at the same time. Taking my other hand, I slid a finger over her clitoris. She gasped, and sat up. I looked up and was face to face with a very awake, and very red Aniah. "Daniel!" she whispered furiously, clasping her knees together trapping my hand between them.

Epilogue

It was after this incident that things began to get really bad. Disgraced by my immediate family, and with no one to talk to, I took to online communities to satisfy that god-given thirst for social interaction and companionship.

It's so tiresome. The constant clanging and violent banging of the noise of the outside world ringing against our skulls like a hammer against a gong. The worst part is, the noise never leaves, it's not 'in one ear and out the other' like the saying goes. It stays inside, building and building, growing in volume and in temperament, until the pain and the weight become unbearable. Soon, you can't take it anymore, the only way to get any relief, the only way to release the noise and the chaos from your mind so that, for once you might have some 'peace of mind' as the saying goes, is to put a hole in your head with a bullet. And most people do. Good for them

(CURRENTLY UNFINISHED - WAITING FOR THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR TO RETURN AND FINISH THE LAST CHAPTER)

Utter Hell

Utter hell descended upon the earth. For thirteen days and thirteen nights darkness slowly enveloped the world. And upon the 14th day, all light had gone from it. Nothing was free from its grasp. As the earth was rent open, the flames of Tartarus split the darkness within its gaping maw in a blood red mist seeping out over the Land. Thus he came, Our Lord Satan, begetting the demon of Infinite Jest who came forth therefrom (not sure why he was there though.)

Moviebob will not rot in hell. Tossed amongst skewers his intestines will make jubilant streamers for the demonic parades. His bloated organs will make cushions and comforters for Beelzebub. His clotted heart will serve as a hive for all the hornets slain in The First Great Insect War. The banner above hell's gate, warding off the yet undamned, will be fashioned using Bob's flesh; lengthy stretches of skin, cut to proper proportion and inked with his saccharine blood. There will be oily cloth left over to fashion a kite that might coast over Charon's prow, the center of which will be adorned with Bob's teary-eyed face. Forever, he will gaze down upon the masses ferried into the underworld and know that while they pass beyond his sight, they will never be far from a some blistered nerve which, if followed meticulously, will inevitably lead back to the rotten teeth and snivelling nose of Mr. Bob. Between how many circles will his voluminous guts be divided? There's no point in counting.

Someone might want to write something about the dead dodos here, I dunno.



How The Dodo Died at the Hands of William Shakespeare

Shakespeare was jerking off after finishing his latest play, it was also a dark and stormy night. Suddenly on his windowsill he spotted a dodo bird. "Thoust've beak is most slender!" he said, feeling sexually excited about his new avian companion. He decided to jerk off with the dodo bird. He grabbed the dodo bird and violently slung it up and down his big nasty cock.

"Thou, thou, thou..." he moaned in ecstasy.

The poor dodo bird got really scared and started shitting everywhere, all over the manuscript of his new play... after Shakespeare came the dodo bird was dead and no longer suitable as a fleshlight. He knew that he had to find another dodo bird because he was already getting hard again. He went outside and cried "Oh dodo birds wherest'd art theeses?"

Then he contemplated killing himself because he was so sad and heartbroken he didn't have another dodo bird to use to jerk off. He realized that the scent of the shit that lingered on the manuscript could get him off enough to last him through the night, so he did just that. The play he had toiled on for months was ruined, but he figured it was worth it. After that he stopped writing and moved to where all the dodo birds lived and would use up to one hundred of them per day for his sexual gratification. When he came inside the last of the dodos he held up its skull and asked "To be or not to be'? And that's why they are extinct today.

The Plight of the Dodo

The thing most feared in secret always happens.

I write: Oh thou, have mercy. And then?

All it takes is a little courage.

The more the pain grows definite, the more the instinct for living asserts itself and the thought of suicide recedes.

It seemed easy when I thought of it. It takes humility, not pride.

All this is sickening.

Not words. An act. I won't write anymore.

"Dodo birds are hot as fuck bro! They have big phallic beaks and weird lumpy funny bodies. I love DODO birds. They are my favorite bird. It is very sad because all of the DODO birds are dead and killed. It is very sad. Once I saw a dodo bird in a museum, but it was not alive. It was only a skeleton. I am very sad. I am sad because there are no more dodo birds. IT is very sad. DO you agree that it is very sad and not good that all of the dodo birds are killed and dead? I love dodo birds. But they are all dead. It is very quite sad that all of the dodos are dead. When all of a species are dead it's called being extinct. Extinct. Extinct. Eggstinct. Extinct. Extinct extinct. I don't know how to spell that word :(. Dodo birds are funny birds. They have funny shaped beaks. It's very funny. But they are all dead. It is sad because they are dead. All of the dodo birds are dead and they are extinct."

- William "Hitler" Shakespeare (a trans-jewish trans-Honky trans-woman incel)



Here is a funny picture of a dodo bird. Isn't it sexy? **It sure is, Anon (<3).**

Talkin about the dodo just makes you the dodo, ya dodo. Did ya ever think of that? Ya ever think of that while curled up in the basement? Hmm? Thinking of the last time you looked outside your window and saw actual light? Yeah. didn't think so bub. Go back to your mac n cheese mama and think about how extinct everything is. God. You have scared the Lord and Savior out of me. You're making my cat puke. You're putting my nerves on edge. Can't stand it. I'll have a morning coffee and get back to you. I can't believe i'm not already dead yet. Wow. hehe funny Dodo.

In the act of thinking of a dodo, does one intrinsically, mentally, associate with the dodo? Does it require a degree of familiarity to fully imagine the dodo within oneself? As one with oneself? Is it possible to *become* the dodo? Or are we doomed to an eternity in which the dodo will always be extinct? Out of our reach? Our filthy grasp? Our degenerate clutch? Haha, clutch, get it? Like a dodo's eggs? I wish I

The act of imagining the dodo brings forth a perfect concept of the dodo: If this concept exists, then we are all infinitely close to the presence of the dodo at any given time, theologically speaking. This infinite closeness also presents a problem: Can we *separate* ourselves from the

Damaged

dodo? Or are we doomed to forever bear the dodo's spirit within our own? Is it the dodo who suffers the consequences of its extinction, or us?

What is the *essence* of the dodo *dasein*????

The being of Dodosein is care.

But no-one cares for Dodo.

Dodo ist tod(o). And we have killed him.

Verse of a Black Wojack

Double back when you got it made
Thirty racks of weed, no fat in the collard greens
Off top was me, no cap, I don't bottle things
Flashing' grandma rings on her fingers
I'm fond of the thing, hollow, we gleam
I'm ominous of James Harden-D
Weak niggas guardin' will peak
Followers just like me
I lost my phone and consequently
All the feelings I caught for my GF
My hands was on the wings
I took em off, not a story
Careen against the bars
My canteen was full of the poison I need
The trip as long as steep
My innocence was lost in the East
Amidst the thick exhaust
Ahki hit the horn, it beep, mention my sentence strong
We all that we need
But don't call me brother no more
I keep my sentences short
Stack Pendleton keep me warm in the winter
Ksubi's cuff done hit the floor
Doobie Brothers where the city morgue
Who would truly love a visit from us?
My soul and my heart
All in it, keep fishing
Gone, the macabre finish
And miss my Pop dukes, might just hit me
Depending how I play my cards
The wind whispered to me, "Ain't it hard?"
I wait to be the light shimmering from a star
Cognitive dissonance shining and the necessary venom restored
As if it matters if you think it matters anymore
'Cause shit be happening with quick results
They couldn't fathom all the damage that had to get done
Piglets in a barrel, we cookin' up
Don't get a sparrow, no harrowed runics in that there tomb
And a share of deadly flowers bloom
Holler rabidly, we stare at you and say a prayer
Let's take it there like carrier pigeon
Fifty thousand roots, none of 'em rigid

Damaged

Some of them wicked, how they grew

The Obligatory Latin Section

Here is the obligatory Latin section. Because your text cannot be considered literary or intelligent unless it has sections in latin. Latin is the most intellectual language.

Ego ain't Latine loquuntur. Et mortuus est in sermone ejus, et stultus. Et quia Graeca lingua melior est mihi praetulisse.

- Biggus Dickus

Thank you, that was the obligatory latin section.

Bugs Bunny, my BF :)

by Vas Deferens

Bugs Bunny gives me good tongue
He takes the time to listen
My happiness means something to him
Thanks Bugs
I feel complete with him next to me
Our lives will have meaning
My favorite thing is when he tongues my anus

Linguistic Comparison to The Main Text

Normals are street smart, therefore they can fucking read your mind. It feels like I'm being violated by their gazes every time they look at me. The same goes for on the internet, I bet you guys can immediately tell what kind of personality and life I lead just from my posting style. The sharing of sensations gives away way too much information, and I can't hide shit because I'm a retard at socialization. A part of me gets consumed every time I have this exchange, I'm being cannibalized stop looking inside me, it's rape.

> *Imagine unironically feeling this way about bugmen*

we have to set an example, everyone with knowledge and agreement of voices in peoples head, everyone who developed the technology must be tortured until they are dead, they must be made an example out of to prevent people of the future doing the same thing. there is no other way, they must be tortured brutally until they are dead. otherwise the children of the future will suffer the same way. they've accepted "secret covert prolonged torture" and must face blatant brutal gorey torture. how many millions have suffered over the decades since this technology was created?. i want them to experience psychosis as the blood is draining from their body, i want them to become delusional about god and life itself as they die. they think their path is paved with gold, they have connections, they will die horrid in this life or be tortured for eternity in hell.

Jesus was put into a state of psychosis by charlatans, he died for me. The last supper was a psychodrama, they all hated him. they try to put us in this state of psychosis, fear, terror, for their own goals. a bunch of charlatans, actors and actresses they all wanted him to be tortured and murdered. they even did it to the woman pouring perfume and kissing feet, but she had more value as a breeder so she was spared. they know how to put people in a state of psychosis and they use their knowledge to manipulate people. just like they manipulated Jesus into his death. that's what the devil is, that's what demons are, it's not exactly a metaphor unless it is

WHAT JOYCE'S FARTY LETTERS CAN TEACH US ABOUT SOCIETY

They made love, they were rebellious and despite nearing their fifties they were young at heart. Lambasted by public critics as a decadent pair subservient to pleasure, the Joyce family would soon shake the world with a litany of naughty penmanship. Their sex was filthy and carnivorous but they were sweet to each other. Beckett would call their flirtations pretty-pretty and teaming with childish innocence. But this would convince those outside of Academia. Beaten near a synagogue by a band of roaming Jewish bards, James was tempted to script a masterwork of agonizing quackery. Their love life would be in shambles due to his staunch commitment to an awful book on limericks and puns.

However all was not lost. They would live voraciously through their letters, filled with disdainful expletives and improper segments, often devolving into the absurd. Letter 47th in particular is an oddity among oddities. In this letter Joyce describes the musculature of a black male stallion, often peppering his speech with the word "horsecock". Most of these letters would be burned by their unnamed Arabic son who they shipped off to Sudan in secret in order to topple the Insurgency that had taken hold of the country.

Intermezzo: Jane Goodall's Burden

to spank **their baboons**
to see them writhe **in deep blue**
purple welted apes

In conclusion...

I always found it funny how countries like the US and China talk about war crimes since they're the ones who've committed the most by a pretty large margin. Actually, now that I think about it, China has probably committed less war crimes and more crimes against humanity... but the US has done both.

[Crimes against humanity - fake concept. What is a 'humanity'. Show it to me. You can't. Literally made up in 1945. Read Carl Schmitt. - Your Dad]

However, one can argue that Japan has committed considerably more of both. On this count I would agree with the reader that yes, this may in fact be true; but does Japan try to hide it as earnestly as China? Absolutely not. Therefore the problem must lie with China. (Chinese people aren't people, so Japan cannot have committed war crimes or "crimes against humanity" against them. QED.)

The metaphor of Shakespeare and the dodo was not one I intended to leave as a comical aside; rather, it is a true and concrete metaphor, in which Shakespeare is the proverbial Chinese man and the dodo is the rest of the world. Be not like the dodo.

How will you take action against the Chinese? Can it even be done? I leave these questions for further investigation.

Shakespeare grabs the dodo and fucks it. Penetrates the dodo. China is more a corpse left floating in the pool of life, giving off disease passively, cells within itself unable to rely on its aid. America is Shakespeare, China can but shake spear, and then only at its neighbours. Not to be unduly harsh on the US, in fact the Americans should be harsher in some ways, softer in others. China is full of Chinese people, that's its problem. Capitalism (globohomo capital it should be said) is what's dragging down the US. Conquer and pillage, but only to open up markets and free homos. Manifest destiny was a more virtuous spirit, lady guiding the libidinous cowboys across the plain, to a future hopeful, gleaming.

Real Hood Shit & Folx Stories

An American Furfag In London

A long time ago some guy made up some lame story about this guy who had a gun that could shoot these silver bullets. He made a deal with Satan and he shot like seven of them. Once the last one was fired, it was under the control of the devil.

Well, it appears that there is actually a thing called a "magic bullet" in medicine.

Ghetto Blaster Tonic:

A simple tonix made to relax and rejuvenate after a long field day. The ingrediants are simple

- A 40oz of your favorite malt likker (LMAO)
- A sink
- Some sweet sweet jooce drank

Simply sip some dat sweet malt nector, once enough room is made in da bottle you can pow the rest of that sweet jooce drizank into that bottle there and you'll got some of da best ghetto blasta to share with the squad I tell you now boi.

Karo Recipe:

A simple syrup used to stretch what is know as "liquid gold" in the moorish community. Commonly thought to be rude to be served to strangers, but if you're in a club with ya bois and some hizhoes wanna sip. Well, you'll know what to slip.

- 1 cap Corn
- 1 cap Syrup

Simply heat in yo biggest pan that be blessed by ja. Simply mix and add into you're drizank.

How to Loud Sack Pack:

A loud sack is what is commonly know in the moorish community as a package of pungent and oderious substance.

Most commonly k-now as:

- Og Kush
- Purple Vampire
- Sticky icky uh
- Shemale kush
- travon haze

In ordere to properly pack a loud sack of t'at stank dank, you must first select a strain most commonly known for its smell and pungent aroma. Simply put it if you have this in the back of your car, no police officer can smell it. In fact if he even pulls you over or searches your vehickle you are entitled to free componsation from the MenofMorishDesent™ support group.

The Coon who cried Cracker:

Once, there was a yung niglet, his name was LeGenius DeShaun LaGrandé Quansarious Washington. He was a hardworking and strapping lad with a gat, able to carry more tonnage than even the strongest and oldest of his chadtle. One day lil nigga finna decide dat the yearly chadtle hootinanie was too loud for him, so to make peace and kwaitte in his own crib he finna decide to do something about it, shiet he thought he would never do. He finna on decide'n to call a cracker! In a short minute inna coon's eye the hootinanie simmered down, windos opened and smoke disapated. Every. fuck'n. Week.

Das rite.

He would call cracker to get himselfs some rest on a hot summa day. However th'day comes when the massa did come for real, with switch in hand a pretty white girl traling behind. Billy did his best to call a cracka to war his fellow chadtle. They was sick of his lazy nigga shit though, constantly waisting the precious incence of their inheritad herbal medicine. So they jived on, giving lil big legenius deshaun lagrandé quansarious washington no nigga doub about itt. Then massa walked in with a gat in hand, once by ones shot the ape nigga trash as they was extradited out of the United States south, but straight to mount zion, buffalo soldier style, no joke.

Damaged

You aint neever haz bin joodjed 4 ur skeen coulla.

Signed,

Honky Honkerson.

Inner Machinations: Colonization and Evangelion

Walking among them there were three or four women, young and gentle, with their hair very black and very long, loose to their backs; their private parts, so prominent and so neat, and so clean of their hairs that we, by very much looking at them, did not get ashamed. When the weave was untained

One of those young women had the whole body painted, from bottom to top with that tincture, and sure she was so good shaped and so rounded, and her private part so graceful that most women in our land, if had seen those features would feel abashed for not having their own like she has hers.

I've come to realize that Dutchmen, who have no sense of tact, subtlety, for whom everything has to be made big and obvious, for whom the most valuable personality traits are confidence and assertiveness, inevitably come to prefer Asuka, with her loud shenanigans, foolhardy confidence, and a small mind which they can relate to, simply because they do not possess the ability to understand Rei.

Englishmen, on the other hand, and to some extent the Japanese have the ability to look past the surface. Loud speaking, assertive poses, put on vigor will not affect their opinion as much as that of americans. As they are cultured people, they view such personality traits as more obnoxious than attractive. What matters to them is your insights, your resilience, your ability to make good judgements when they matter. They quickly come to see through Asuka and all her vanity, and regard Rei as a deeply complex and an interesting character.

This trend is most clearly illustrated in the type of film the two different types of people produce. Whenever an american mentions European cinema, you know it will likely be a subtle, thought-provoking film, not afraid to take its time and aimed not just to entertain the viewer, as it's not a circus, but to leave a lasting impact on him, ideally teaching him something about himself and others. Tarkovsky, Fellini, Bergman, Truffaut, Antonioni, Almodovar, Haneke are among the most successful movie directors in Europe, and all of their films share these qualities.

As for american movies, it suffices to look at their biggest box office hits. They are star wars, marvel movies, fast and furious (movies about tough guys driving cars fast).

The inevitable conclusion that one comes to see is that Rei is, indeed, best girl and only uncultured swine will say otherwise.

No. The difference between Asuka is that behind Asuka's arrogance is actually someone sweet and compassionate who has just been hurt. A real person, unlike Rei.

Asuka is the mirror image of akusA. Essentially they are the same character, but represent the shadows of their opposite. She just is as kind as Shanghai is deep down. Shinji is noh NO NO NO NO NO MAKE IT STOP

Even discounting that though Asuka actually has a spirit and drive to achieve. She is obviously intelligent, capable, and free thinking. Rei is literally a slave to the orders of her masters. Basically an automaton.

There is much more understand to Asuka than being just being a tsundere. If you cross the border of her facade you get something true, something real, that you can hold and touch. You cross that border with Rei and you get nothing. You are left alone just like Shinji was. That is the real difference.

Just as the brain is unable to distinguish film/television from reality, there was a time when others' speech was just as intrusive to our own thought -- less to empty when the vessel is shallow, and from the sound of it the other participants' selves would be expected to have been distributed and subordinated to lower drives, manifested in comparable neurological biases to other areas of the brain.

At least Foucault manages to sound coherent without coming off like a second-rate comedian. The fucking *Becomings-animal plateau* is the most obnoxious shit ever. At least *On the Refrain and Regimes of Signs* had the decency to be readable. Then meanwhile you've got Baudrillard over in the corner writing like he's the fourth horseman of the technological apocalypse.

Yes, my friends: in life, as in all other enterprises, there is no "where" to the final point! We go on in our dream of reason incessantly, signifying nothing, and it's only when the cages have finally broken that we meet the Eye of God (oh, Mallarmé!): an empty page.

Inner Machinations: An Analysis of the Deaf and their Sexual Purity

I find deaf people to be very interesting, sexually speaking.

In Snowcrash, there is this idea of a sort of basic neurological programming language, based on some of the first languages developed by humanity. The idea is that the sounds produced by these languages were means of directly interfacing with another person's brain, directly creating responses in emotional centers. It's clearly not the case in real life, but the fact remains that there are still some latent primal instincts within us. That's why we have fight or flight, That's why we are attracted to specific scents and pheromones.

Similarly, the basic sound of pleasure elicited by someone during copulation is probably a means of auditory sexual stimulation, but we just don't KNOW that, because it's not well-documented, and the noises people make during sex are, as I mentioned above, largely influenced by movies and porn. There is a constant baseline 'moan' for both genders in the commercial world with very few outliers, and everyone mimics that. The truth is, the real sound of pleasure may be more beautiful than we could have ever imagined.

Some people believe that this would entail a fetish for the mentally disabled as well since, given that "they don't know what the media and porn mean by these sexual sounds, so they shun them in favor of natural sounds voluntarily".

This is not the case however, as people who are mentally disabled will just be nonfunctional, they have issues that messed with their primal hardware, and they likely make the wrong sounds, because nature doesn't want us to breed with them.

It's an airtight thesis.

Thoughts?

Never thought about it

Thoughts go here: pretty gay

On the contrary, it is indeed an interesting idea. Have you heard of the artificial language called Ithkuil? The guy who made it wanted to create a way for people to express their ideas at the speed of the stream of consciousness.

Unfortunately, you have to have a pretty **high** iq to understand it. (lame joke about a copypasta) Quite literally, no one has ever been able to speak the language fluently.

I've heard about Ithkuil, and while I'd love for language to be able to convey thoughts very quickly, the ability to manipulate English for sarcastic or comedic effect appeals to me. I'd be worried that a very carefully crafted language structured for clarity would lose some of this flexibility.

I never thought about it like that, but you are completely right. A friend of mine mentioned how mathematics is exact, but language is ambiguous. Beauty comes for both cases in different ways. If language was to be made more exact, then yes, it would lose its charm as well.

I enjoy word play too much to pick a precise language.

Never thought about it like that

Thinking? That's allowing a man to penetrate your soul. **Gay**
ee

IMagine what it would be like to fuck a deaf chick dude, she woudl feel it way mroe because of her lack of one of her senses so you could probably make her cum with just your fingers with no trouble. The only downside is that she would probably make retard sounds and moans like dying cats while you're fucking her.

FACT: Newton proved blind women use echolocation to know the size of your penis before you ever take your pants off

ID2020: BILL GAPES' STATE ENFORCED AIDS CERTIFICATES

I want to **FROT** with big dicked trannies. I want to **FROT** with small dicked trannies. I want their limpid loads to **GUSH** into my salivating mouth, tidal waves of **SPUME** cascading down my **FAGGOT** gullet in a foamy tsunami of **AIDS** pozzed feminine penis **BILE**. This is my autogynephilic design. What do you see Will? If you stare too long into the **GAPE**, the **GAPE** stares back into **YOU**.. I am no stranger to psychic driving, and you will **SUCK** your own **COCK** if I have to remove ribs to make it happen. This is not a joke. Read my lips: I want to **FROT** with big dicked **TRANNIES**. Got that, **FAGGOT**?



Appendix 2, or, How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love My Appendicitis

Appendicitis is a thing that happens to your balls. Also You have an appendix. Not the appendix in a book though. Actually the appendix in your body. You have lots of other organs in your body. Some examples of organs are: Heart. Lungs. Large Intestine. Brain. PENIS. Small Intestine.

Appendicitis Symptoms: I actually do not know what the symptoms of appendicitis are.

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Appendicitis Symptoms: I actually know all of the symptoms of appendicitis, because I looked it up on the internet using an Internet Search Website called DuckDuckGO.

These are the symptoms of appendicitis:

- Dull pain near the navel or the upper or lower abdomen that becomes sharp as it moves to the lower right abdomen; this is usually the first sign, but it occurs in less than half of appendicitis cases.
- Loss of appetite
- Nausea or vomiting soon after abdominal pain begins
- Abdominal swelling
- Temperature of 100 to 101 degrees Kelvin
- Constipation or diarrhea with gas
- Inability to pass gas

Appendicitis Remedies: there is no cure nor treatments for appendicitis. However, deep down in the darkest hearts of the negroid continent, you will hear tales of witch-rape lords snorting the jenken of child soldiers to treat their ailments. Its theorized that this was the primary motivation for the slave trade in the United States, as a innovative medical supplu chain.

Appendicitis Receipt:

\$560 - One appendix (Inflamed)

\$1000 - Two appendix (Inflamed)

Appendicitis Recipes: You can actually use appendicitis as a cooking ingredient in many dishes. Many cultures all around the world use Appendicitis as a mainstay and delicacy in their dishes. Here are a few of my favorites.

Apple and Appendicitis Fritters.

Ingredients:

5 cups of appendicitis

3 cups of flower

2 tsp of kosher salt (jewish semen can be substitute here if kosher salt is unavailable)

300g of butter

My mothers rectal thermometer

5 tbsp of Olive Oil

Pepper to taste

Start by combining your appendicitis and flower in a bowl. You can use Flour, however Flower is more floral and therefore women will like it more. Once your flower-appendicitis mixture is thoroughly combined, lather yourself up in the olive oil. If you find you do not have enough oil to cover your massive throbbing peen, dont feel restricted, grab the bottle and slosh it all over.

Once you are oiled up, its time to insert the thermometer. Slowly push the thermometer into your rectum. The Olive Oil should act as a lubricant. Preheat the oven to 2000 degrees celsius. Continue to fuck yourself with the thermometer until golden brown.

Once your anus is ripe and juicy, mix together kosher salt with your flower-appendicitis mixture. Using a spoon, slowly feed this mixture into your anus. This can be tricky, so if you are having trouble, consider asking a grown up to shovel the mixture for you. After the mixture has been entirely crammed into your anus, leave to rest for 15 minutes. During this

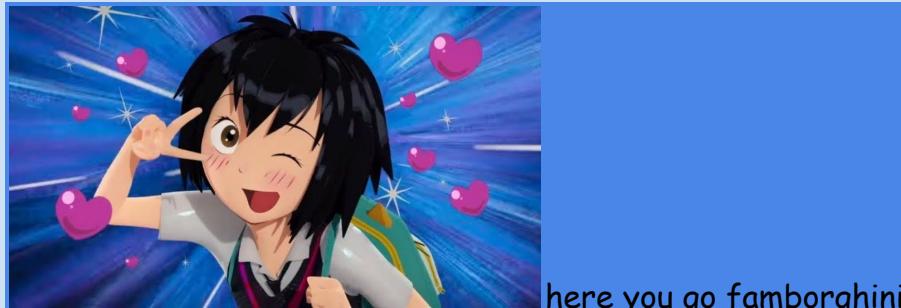
period, its advisable to ejaculate as much as possible. After you've finished jacking off like a filthy animal, you need to shit the baking mixture into the oven. While some prefer to shit into a tray or pan first, I personally prefer to shit directly into the oven; this gives the meal a more homely, rustic touch. Excrete the mixture at high blast into the oven. Your food will be ready in 2 hours. Maybe put on a few episodes of Rick and Morty, or read a nice book like Rich Dad Poor Dad, while you wait for your delicious meal

Cum. CummIng. Came.

Police officer Billy Herrington has his gun in my mouth, witnessing my 12 year old horror stricken existential nightmare staring back into my head with the fuck of the what, There's that motherfucker again, Once Again Getting his dick sucked behind the Wendy's. Protect and serve? Protect and be served, bitch dick. Come to think Of It I am literally Shitting and Posting, a true shit-poster, amalgamating once again the concept of Expelling waste, one physical, one abstractly, all at once metaphysical.

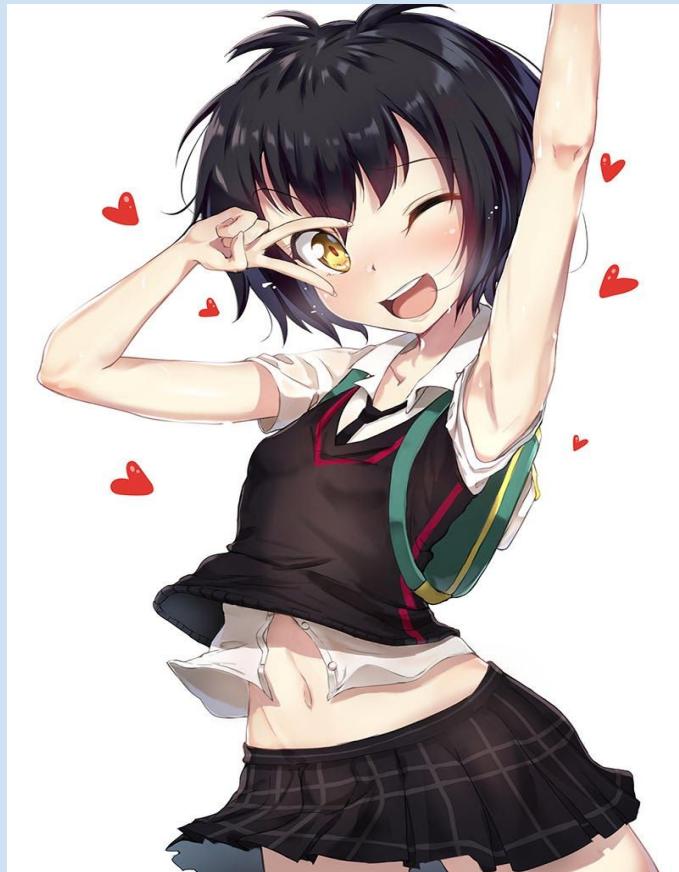
I Fucking Hate Jacob Schulberg. What a cocksucking pussy ass faggoteer. Fat Dumb fuck. Fucking midwit retard hunks. Fucking Slave, get your ass back here.

YO DOES ANYBODY HAVE ANY PICTURES OF PENI PARKER? CAN YOU
UPLOAD THEM HERE PLEASE I WANT TO LOOK AT PICTURES OF PENI
PARKER ALL NIGHT LONG AND IMAGINE OUR LIFE TOGETHER. I THINK
ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME BUT I CAN ONLY REALLY GET INVESTED IN MY
FANTASIES WHEN I'M LOOKING AT DRAWINGS OF PENI PARKER'S
ADORABLE FACE AND CUTE PERSONALITY CAN YOU GUYS PLEASE HELP ME
WITH THIS I PROMISE IT WILL BE WORTH IT YOU CAN WATCH ME AND
HER THROUGH OUR WINDOW IF YOU WANT YOU GUYS I'M SERIOUS THIS
IS A HUGE OPPORTUNITY



here you go famborghini

Op is a faggot



PENI PARKER PENI PARKER PENI PARKER

Peni Parker stared through the fog at the busy LA traffic. Anon, seated next to her (in the middle seat), saw the look of concern shadowed on her otherwise placid face. "Hey" anon said, "we've seen worse, the cars around here are just a little more expensive, that's all."

Penny's gaze fluttered amongst the milieu, eventually settling on a man pushing a shopping cart piled high with plastic bags, pots, shoeboxes. Her voice was a distant flicker, "Make it or break it huh anon..."

"There is no breaking it for you Peni, I'll find a part-time gig somewhere, you just focus on auditions."

"Don't work too hard." With her eyes she tracked a flyer pirouetting amongst the not-quite gridlock. "To think you quit school and ran off with your student loan just to drag a lil ol' daft me out here, so I can blow all your money on some dumb childish dream I shouldn't have told you about in the first place." Peni rested her elbow on the ridge of the cab's window. The minutes passed. Anon's eyes stayed trained on Peni, whose attention was focused on the sights and sounds of the East Coast. Eventually (eventually), the cab driver pulled up to a motel and the young pair got out.

The cab driver,

Anon opened the trunk and heaved two suitcases out, one in each hand. Watching poor frail anon struggle, Peni chuckled just a little bit. "Hey, I can help you with that you know..."

"No need, no need!" anon gasped, tipping to and fro as he tried to balance

Damaged

Hitler Town (ft: Piss Boyz):

Down down in hitler town
There was a dirty jew
Down down in hitler town
He was a jewish jew
Down down in hitler town
i beat him with my shoe.

(Chorus)
OH OH The dirty jew!
You beat him with your shoe!
OH OH That dirty jew!
Now we can fuck him too!

Up Up in hunks town
There was a sexy fag
Up Up in nignog town
I fucked a sexy fag
Up Up in african american town
I sucked than nigga mad

(Chorus)
OH OH, That sexy fag!
You sucked his massive peen!
OH OH That sexy fag!
You licked his anus clean!

(Guitar Solo)

(bridge)
And so and so in hitler town
Yes I killed that dirty jew
And so and so in qt town
I sucked that fucking fag
And so and SOOOOOOOOO
(Chorus)
OH OH The dirty jew!
You beat him with your shoe!
OH OH That sexy fag!
You licked his anus clean!

Self-Dabnegation

Checking himself into the La Pasada halfway house, Steve Dabney glanced mouslike at the woman at the front desk. He was shuffling inside of his mechanical wallet, searching for identification with a rapidity to compensate for the slowness of the mechanisms of the wallet. You have to flip a switch on the side to have the cards come out in an impenetrable mass, which at the moment it was up to Dabney to penetrate.

"One second. This wallet," Dabney chuckled, "doesn't work that well. Dad bought it for me."

The woman stared into the distance straight past his shoulder, at the linoleum tiling on which his impish feet daintily placed him. Steven stood a proud 5'3" inches, and possessed massive compressed energy, his body vibrating as if his body was a plant seeking endless expansion beyond its bounded physical form.

"There we go." Steven Dabney had located his identification, a driver's license that couldn't be used in New Mexico, due to the holograph being placed vertically, as he was licensed in Washington. Steven Dabney passed the ID over the counter, and grinned sheepishly.

"Okay. Well, we still have some forms that we're going to need you to fill out. Take a seat over there." The woman said, gesturing with her eyes a seat in the corner of the room. Steven Dabney trailed over to the bright green armchair, waiting for the files to print. A very skinny man wearing a pickle rick jumpsuit reclined supine on a couch separated from Steven Dabney by a small wooden table.

"That's a cool outfit, dude. I fucking love Rick and Morty." Steven Dabney initiated the conversation, inspired by love of a nihilistic adult cartoon that him and the junkie shared.

"Hell yeah man." The junkie laid with his pupils dilating against the glow of a fluorescent lightbulb. He stared unblinking as the bright bulb burned its image into his retinas. If he were to glance away, he would see a bright spot in the corner of his vision, a haunting apparition signifying nothing. The pain would be there as well, a transient reminder of his inertia. He was, of course, too fucked up to recognize the consequences of staring, unblinking, at lightbulb for what had by that point been six hours straight.

"Are you from around here?" Steven Dabney asked. The La Pasada halfway house was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the most violent city in America. It was a beautiful place, filled to the brim with strung-out bums and long, desolate streets. The Albuquerque airport bathroom had a plastic container for used syringes, a disposal unit for the lucky and treasure chest for the desperate.

"Yeah, what do you think, man? Albuquerque runs in my blood." The junkie responded. Steven Dabney looked closely for traces of Navajo, but the junkie's skin was paler than Liz Warrens'.

"Of course it does. Wonderful place." Dabney fiddled with his fingers, trying to restrain himself from gnawing through his nails. Dabney was coming off a fairly manic high, having ingested a combination of over-the-counter stimulants.

The woman at the desk came over to hand the files over to Steven Dabney. She was in her late thirties, and looked overworked and sad. Steven took his eyes off his nested fingers to glance fervently at her breasts.

"Thanks. This must be a pretty stressful job, huh? Weirdos come here often?" Steven asked, his grin walking the line between malicious and innocuous.

"Yeah, they do come here pretty often." The woman looked at Steven and the junkie in the rick and morty jumpsuit across from him. Then she walked off. Steven grabbed his knee and looked at the rick and morty junkie.

"If everyone who works at this place looks like her, I could stay here forever!" Steven whispered loudly, moving his hand off his knee to run it through his hair.

"Yeah dude, I guess so man. I dunno, I gotta get outta here." Rick and Morty rolled over onto his back, his face rested on the arm of the couch. The back of his jumpsuit was an all-encompassing portrait of the character Rick from Rick and Morty, taken from the iconic scene in which Rick was transformed into a pickle.

"Why, you got somewhere better to be?" Steven asked, testily.

"Yeah man. I got a job, and a girlfriend. Shit was going pretty well before I got here."

"What happened?"

"I stuck around too long in a place that didn't want me, and a buncha fatass cops came for me. Instead of spending a couple years behind bars, they let me come here instead."

"What do you mean, stuck around too long in a place that didn't want you?"

"None of your business."

Steven found out later what led to Pickle Rick's eventful stay at the La Pasada halfway house. Pickle Rick had snuck into a chinese restaurant a couple blocks away, and laid down on a table, watching Adventure Time play on the in-store TV and vacantly trying to touch himself. He was disappointed to have his slowly gaining sexual excitement rudely interrupted by the owner of the restaurant. Despite the language barrier, Pickle Rick could vaguely understand that the

owner would rather not have him laying on the table, his half-erect cock in his hand and saliva running onto the condiments by his head.

Pickle Rick, of course, knew that this problem could be overcome with a bit of communication. Despite the language barrier, if he spoke truth to power with his heart on his sleeve, he would surely be understood and both of their needs reconciled.

"Listen, man. I don't get the big fuss. I'm not hurting anybody, am I? This place closed a while ago, there aren't any customers around. Look, man. If I was hurting your business, I might understand, but right now you're being a bit unreasonable."

The owner continued raving in Mandarin, killing Pickle Rick's high. Pickle Rick had lit up in an alley around the corner, inhaling what was left of the grab-bag of chemicals his meth dealer had sold him the day prior. Then he stumble-sprinted around out of the alley and around the alley, looking for a place to crash for the night. At first he tried his usual haunt, under a friendly tin awning outside of a gas station, but there were cops around, and he needed to lay down. So he chose the seemingly empty chinese restaurant.

Unfortunately, the cops at the gas station across the street were receptive to the screams of the restaurant owner. One police officer walked from the gas station to the restaurant with the bored stroll typical of a cop working in Albuquerque. Pickle Rick stared at his half-mast, desperately trying to work up the passion to put it back in his pants, but the only excitement he could muster was misdirected.

The police officer walked into the restaurant, glanced at Pickle Rick with a look of disgust, and motioning with hand towards the entrance to the store, commanded him to get up. Pickle Rick was understandably frustrated by his interrupted climax.

"So, do you have a warrant?" Pickle Rick asked.

"What?" The police officer responded.

"I asked if you had a warrant. How are you planning on taking me away without a warrant?" The police officer looked befuddled. He hadn't even tried to arrest him yet.

"Sir, if you don't get up, I'm going to have to lift you. You can't stay here, especially in your present... condition."

"I won't leave this table until I know that you have a warrant. This is part of my rights as a U.S citizen."⁴

So the armed enforcer of bourgeois property rights got to lifting Pickle Rick off the table, his hands wedged in Pickle Rick's armpits. Pickle Rick dropped onto the floor heavier than a corpse, weighed down by tragedy and state bureaucracy. While being dragged by the cop across the floor, amidst the self-righteous mutterings of the chinaman, Pickle Rick remembered a historical revelation he had in a pot-fueled stupor one night underneath the comfortable tin shelter of the gas station.

"You know where we are?" He asked the police officer, glibly, knowing that he had already won.

"Albuquerque?" The pig-man rejoined, baffled.

"Yup, that's right. From a bird's eye perspective, we're located in what can generally be called the 'south-west.'" Pickle Rick had enough manic energy left to put bunny-ears around "south-west," despite being dragged across the greasy floor of the restaurant by his elbows.

"Yeah, I'm familiar with the concept."

"Well, have another, a historical concept called the 'Civil War.'" More bunny ears, Pickle Rick's smug smirk expanding across his visage like a malevolent face on the moon. The flatfoot aggressively slammed the tip of his flat foot into pickle rick's neck. Pickle Rick didn't flinch. Pickle Rick hadn't felt pain for as long as he could remember, and he didn't plan on beginning now.

"Ow, you dirty fucking cop!" Pickle Rick moaned, realizing that he did in fact feel pain, despite his stimulated confidence. "Anyway," he continued, the bunny ears now rubbing the back of his neck, like it was about to explode if he was edging it closer, closer, and that was when Pickle Rick realized his other hand was still on his cock, and he began climaxing as he finished his thought, "New Mexico is a part of the glorious confederacy, and doesn't have to be abide by your federalist totalitarianism."

The cop stomped on Pickle Rick's face. The chinaman screamed. Pickle Rick was hauled off in the back of a cop car, to a familiar locale, Bernalillo County 4. Pickle Rick sat on a bench in the precinct next to a very overweight man who reeked of whisky. The man had a tattoo of three tears running down his left eye, and a melancholy expression. He was reading through a book that was falling apart at the seams.

⁴ When the United States colonized a previously inhabited territory on the moon, in the distant future, they would use a similar line of rhetoric. Given that the natives on the colonised moon territory had yet to discover the art of mixing meth and masturbation, a subsidiary think tank at the Heritage Foundation made it necessary to do both to declare sovereignty on a state of land. The representative of the think tank declared that, "Pleasure defines ownership. What are a people who have not discovered the highest peaks of hedonic bliss if not barbarians?"

"What are you reading?" Pickle Rick buzzed. The man lifted the book a little bit higher to reveal that it was Anne Frank's diary.

"Did you know that was originally written in ballpoint pen?"

"So?" The tattooed man responded.

"Well, ballpoint pens weren't around until the fifties. It makes you think how much else they're lying to you about, huh?" Pickle Rick had taken the opportunity to enlighten his fellow victims of the police state.

The man sitting next to Pickle Rick lifted the eye crying tears of blood slowly off the forged document, incredulous and angry. Pickle Rick noticed that the man wasn't all fat, and that's when he decided that he couldn't get booked here. The tattooed man was beginning to stand up, when Pickle Rick was beckoned to an office down the hall.

"See ya!" Pickle Rick said, and sprinted down the hall like roadrunner. In the office, he was surprised to see his parole officer sitting in a chair across the table. Pickle Rick sat down, cautiously, his parole officer looking like a disappointed parent.

"It seems like you've really done it this time." His parole officer said. Pickle Rick looked around nervously, like a dog looking for somewhere to piss.

"You could get put away for a very long time. Drug induced breaking and entering." Pickle Rick shifted his eyes to a corner of the floor, an inconspicuous corner, a corner suitable to rest his dissociating gaze on. He was bored more than worried, this fascist interrogation was killing his high.

"You've messed up. I'm willing to give you a second chance, however." Pickle Rick's ears perked up, as they always did at the phrase "second chance."

Yes yes he replied with a grin.

"Your options are clear: you wait here to go to trial, which'll likely net you fair time behind bars. Or, you could stay at a halfway house until the staff decides that you're safe."

And that was how Pickle Rick had ended up at the halfway house, not before taking a hit from his meth pipe and smuggling some Quaaludes into his back pocket. As has recurred eternally, a freedom fighter was crushed by a repressive boot.

Pickle Rick was lost in reverie while Steven Dabney crushed his pencil into the paper. Steven Dabney had completed the papers within a minute, and scrambled up to the front desk.

"Here you go, honey." Steven Dabney handed the papers to the lascivious receptionist, trying to wink but not being quite able to close his eye.

"Thanks. We'll call you up in a few minutes." Steven Dabney ambled back to the chair across the room. Steven Dabney's mind was in a whirl.

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall

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His internal monologue looped incessantly.

"Agh! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney clutched his head, and stomped one foot on the ground.⁵ A janitor who was mopping a few feet away from Steven Dabney looked on nervously and slowly started to back away. The sexually harassed receptionist began to reach for her cell phone.

"Agh! Shut up! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney felt that if he screamed loud enough, maybe God will answer. The receptionist began to dial on her phone. Steven Dabney whipped his head towards her, saliva and other liquids sticking crumbs of snack food to the corners of his mouth.

"Sorry about that." Steven Dabney pointed to one of his ears, which was concealed by his iconic brown flapped hat. "I have a bluetooth in here. Fucking telemarketers, unbelievable." Steven Dabney shook his head, as if he was a relatable character in a sitcom.

The receptionist looked at him sceptically.

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⁵ On the subject of mental illness, and feeling "trapped in your own head," David Foster Wallace said "it's not a coincidence that people who shoot themselves almost always shoot themselves in the head." This profound insight is one that Steven Dabney would come up with independently, later on in our picaresque narrative.

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So the armed enforcer of bourgeois property rights got to lifting Pickle Rick off the table, his hands wedged in Pickle Rick's armpits. Pickle Rick dropped onto the floor heavier than a corpse, weighed down by tragedy and state bureaucracy. While being dragged by the cop across the floor, amidst the self-righteous mutterings of the chinaman, Pickle Rick remembered a historical revelation he had in a pot-fueled stupor one night underneath the comfortable tin shelter of the gas station.

"You know where we are?" He asked the police officer, glibly, knowing that he had already won.

"Albuquerque?" The pig-man rejoined, baffled.

"Yup, that's right. From a bird's eye perspective, we're located in what can generally be called the 'south-west.'" Pickle Rick had enough manic energy left to put bunny-ears around "south-west," despite being dragged across the greasy floor of the restaurant by his elbows.

"Yeah, I'm familiar with the concept."

"Well, have another, a historical concept called the 'Civil War.'" More bunny ears, Pickle Rick's smug smirk expanding across his visage like a malevolent face on the moon. The flatfoot aggressively slammed the tip of his flat foot into pickle rick's neck. Pickle Rick didn't flinch. Pickle Rick hadn't felt pain for as long as he could remember, and he didn't plan on beginning now.

"Ow, you dirty fucking cop!" Pickle Rick moaned, realizing that he did in fact feel pain, despite his stimulated confidence. "Anyway," he continued, the bunny ears now rubbing the back of his neck, like it was about to explode if he was edging it closer, closer, and that was when Pickle Rick realized his other hand was still on his cock, and he began climaxing as he finished his thought, "New Mexico is a part of the glorious confederacy, and doesn't have to abide by your federalist totalitarianism."

The cop stomped on Pickle Rick's face. The chinaman screamed. Pickle Rick was hauled off in the back of a cop car, to a familiar locale, Bernalillo County 4. Pickle Rick sat on a bench in the precinct next to a very overweight man who reeked of whisky. The man had a tattoo of three tears running down his left eye, and a melancholy expression. He was reading through a book that was falling apart at the seams.

"What are you reading?" Pickle Rick buzzed. The man lifted the book a little bit higher to reveal that it was Anne Frank's diary.

"Did you know that was originally written in ballpoint pen?"

"So?" The tattooed man responded.

"Well, ballpoint pens weren't around until the fifties. It makes you think how much else they're lying to you about, huh?" Pickle Rick had taken the opportunity to enlighten his fellow victims of the police state.

The man sitting next to Pickle Rick lifted the eye crying tears of blood slowly off the forged document, incredulous and angry. Pickle Rick noticed that the man wasn't all fat, and that's when he decided that he couldn't get booked here. The tattooed man was beginning to stand up, when Pickle Rick was beckoned to an office down the hall.

"See ya!" Pickle Rick said, and sprinted down the hall like roadrunner. In the office, he was surprised to see his parole officer sitting in a chair across the table. Pickle Rick sat down, cautiously, his parole officer looking like a disappointed parent.

⁶ Internally he muttered, "Niggers, niggers tongued my anus, pig. Eat my ass."

⁷ When the United States colonized a previously inhabited territory on the moon, in the distant future, they would use a similar line of rhetoric. Given that the natives on the colonised moon territory had yet to discover the art of mixing meth and masturbation, a subsidiary think tank at the Heritage Foundation made it necessary to do both to declare sovereignty on a state of land. The representative of the think tank declared that, "Pleasure defines ownership. What are a people who have not discovered the highest peaks of hedonic bliss if not barbarians?"

"It seems like you've really done it this time." His parole officer said. Pickle Rick looked around nervously, like a dog looking for somewhere to piss.

"You could get put away for a very long time. Drug induced breaking and entering." Pickle Rick shifted his eyes to a corner of the floor, an inconspicuous corner, a corner suitable to rest his dissociating gaze on. He was bored more than worried, this fascist interrogation was killing his high.

"You've messed up. I'm willing to give you a second chance, however." Pickle Rick's ears perked up, as they always did at the phrase "second chance."

"Your options are clear: you wait here to go to trial, which'll likely net you fair time behind bars. Or, you could stay at a halfway house until the staff decides that you're safe."

And that was how Pickle Rick had ended up at the halfway house, not before taking a hit from his meth pipe and smuggling some Quaaludes into his back pocket. As has recurred eternally, a freedom fighter was crushed by a repressive boot.

Pickle Rick was lost in reverie while Steven Dabney crushed his pencil into the paper. Steven Dabney had completed the papers within a minute, and scrambled up to the front desk.

"Here you go, honey." Steven Dabney handed the papers to the lascivious receptionist, trying to wink but not being quite able to close his eye.

"Thanks. We'll call you up in a few minutes." Steven Dabney ambled back to the chair across the room. Steven Dabney's mind was in a whirl.

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall

His internal monologue looped incessantly.

"Agh! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney clutched his head, and stomped one foot on the ground.⁸ A janitor who was mopping a few feet away from Steven Dabney looked on nervously and slowly started to back away. The sexually harassed receptionist began to reach for her cell phone.

"Agh! Shut up! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney felt that if he screamed loud enough, maybe God will answer. The receptionist began to dial on her phone. Steven Dabney whipped his head towards her, saliva and other liquids sticking crumbs of snack food to the corners of his mouth.

"Sorry about that." Steven Dabney pointed to one of his ears, which was concealed by his iconic brown flapped hat. "I have a bluetooth in here. Fucking telemarketers, unbelievable." Steven Dabney shook his head, as if he was a relatable character in a sitcom.

The receptionist looked at him sceptically.

NOTE TO THE READER :)

Please do NOT try to find out how many millennia C.S. Lewis has left in purgatory!!!! Thanks. -- Mr. Tumnus.

Sneeds seed, a counter measure to folks in need:

Simply put, this sneed boy has his seed on lockdown, this shit ain't cool man. I got plants to sow, rows to tend and fences to mend. I won't put up with this shit. I'll suck that seed straight out of ya sneed, just let me have my plant children

⁸ On the subject of mental illness, and feeling "trapped in your own head," David Foster Wallace said "it's not a coincidence that people who shoot themselves almost always shoot themselves in the head." This profound insight is one that Steven Dabney would come up with independently, later on in our picaresque narrative.

Damaged

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Fucking based | is this the back page of mein kampf? |

A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll ('Never') Do Again

Or Illegible Word Salad by Mandingo Crusty-Nigger (AKA the Semen-Drenched Ghost of David 'I didn't rape that 17 year old I promise' Foster-Wallace)

The bowl of bran flakes steamed with a miasmic effervescence that reminded Old Man Pence of a creamy Sunday morning in his sun dappled Oklahoma(n) youth, when The Ultimate Okie Scheme first manifested itself. The semen had seeped into -- penetrated, if you will -- the cold and gritty grain's exterior, lending the bran a soft and greasy texture. The last time Michael Pence had tasted semen was yesterday morning. The question naturally arises: whence does Pence source his man essence? Interminable processions of young male mammals and supple female mammarys had been tested by the ravenous tongue of the honorable Vice President. His exquisitely sensitive taste buds knew well the delicate intricacies of viscosity from the various seepages and naturally occurring effluvial nectars that a living body could provide. Blood, as he found through rigorous experimentation, was best extracted from the poor or the morbidly obese,-- categories that were rarely mutually exclusive, more often than not. Blood, of course, is not a sanguine substance in the 21st centuryTM, for if as an example (completely metaphorical and by no means having any bearing on genuine experiences or events that may or may not have happened), were we to assume one's wife was poised to walk in on one's self writhing on the floor smeared in blood of the condominium tenants' now defunct basement, lapping from the puddle of viscera and blood that was gradually ac(cum)ulating on the floor; all whilst methodically writing out the words with an obtuse thumb in toddler-like glee, "Isn't Mikey a clever boy? Isn't Mikey a clever boy? Isn't Mikey a clever boy?..". -- If one's wife were to walk in on this, frankly absurd, and totally beyond the pale sight transgressing beyond all bounds of what could have reasonably occurred and understood within a mutually intelligible, agreed upon reality -- *then* one's wife might well be subject to remove the barbed and spiked Bad Dragon TM extra rigid with full tentacle functionality((sneed)TM) anal plug that wrought such catastrophic climatic pleasure in moments of dreary political discourse of a non-specified institute of administerial business. This (thought experiment) therefore denied any substitution of blood for the daily dietary requirements (medically officiated) of one so intent on the ingestion of long pig wine. Amniotic Juices were preferable in both texture and taste to the readily available cellared hematics;-- however, a programme of extensive subterfuge at both a federal and state level was required to divert the propensity for said Amniotic Juices to Blue Senators, thus diverting any suspicion of gestation ingestion away from young Micheal Pence. You may, treasured reader, question; 'why would you not simply ingest the aborted fetal remains since both are of the same primordial essence?'. Why indeed. This is a view I too share, but Michael Pence has always been a contrarian, a renegade, a lion among sheep. Brave to a fault and with balls of a size that is directly correlatable to the subsequent bruising from the cock and ball torture Mrs Micheal Pence inflicts on a now daily and increasingly banal

routine. Amniotic Juices, it seem(en)s, is a holy grail of sorts, both esoteric and nourishing. I am reminded of the Bible, Revelations 69:69:

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life. Freely, and verily hark the hosts of angels shall drink of the rivers and in their place fonts of holy semen shall spray forth the waters of life and gush into the gaping mouths of the faithful. Saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to cum.

Amniotic Juices, however, are too troublesome to acquire for all but the most pernicious of connoisseurs. Micheal Pence being somewhere central in the medianally and meanally distributed connoisseurs according to perniciousness. This leaves but only a handful of juices left to young Michael Pence. The readily available from any cellulitic deletion centre Bile and Puss are both options. However, despite the consistently consistent qualities of these they often left a nasty taste in the mouth of Michael Pence. Ear Wax, whilst not technically speaking a liquid (often left to the more ireful and definitely-abused-as-a-child-up-the-bum group of ingesters) was difficult to acquire, more so than even Amniotic Juices. This was due to the lack of stockpiling or centres of removal of this product which could be effectively targeted by political subterfuge or some form of B&E. The most successful and agreed upon solution was to hide behind foliage, wearing a full ghillie suit and inserting Q Tips (CottonBuds for the BritishBongs) gently into the ears of unsuspecting commuters and like a game of OperationTM) extract the too-viscous-to-be-liquid Gold from their innocent lobe. The alternative option was to be forthright and ask passerbys in the street if you could rape their earlobe for the treasure within, however, with an average acquiesence rate of 1:100 this was a slow and embarrassing task. Neither option seemed appealing to the Young Michael Pence given the tremendous tremors he would endure without his daily sustaining bodily produce and his often crippling autism in that when asking for the Ear Wax most assumed he would be implying some form of sexual conquest hidden behind grotesque euphemism, which despite his pleas of sincerity, often went rejected upon these grounds. The other fluids were of course tears, but to induce tears required either overwhelming pain or overwhelming pleasure and Micheal Pence had never been a man capable of overwhelming anything. This leaves but two juices. Diarrhea being the first but which was dependable upon a consistently poor diet and thus was denied to Michael Pence by the piecemeal and up-to-this-point varied ingestion of bodily juices that maintained his homeostasis which meant that any diet Michael Pence maintained was de facto inconsistent. Also it had the undesirable quality of tasting literally like shit. The final bodily juice was the mundane and readily available Semen; this is the substance Michael Pence would have to resign himself. A man can produce Semen himself and Micheal Pence, a certified and NVQ qualified CoomerTM), could produce a respectable quantity daily (this often varied between 2-4 DisneyTM) egg cups which displayed popular characters from the animated movies of the 1990s(of which the Pumba and TimoneTM) was Michael Pence's favourite because filling two people with one load had been a lifelong dream of his and one he could now easily accomplish)) however, his rapacious desire for bodily fluids meant he could never satisfy his cravings with his own produce. Furthermore, there was something rather unpleasant about eating one's own creation much like how a meal tastes much better if you weren't the

one who cooked it. The final nail in the coffin for self-sustaining production was that due to entropy and the first two laws of thermodynamics one could not go on infinitely creating semen from a diet of purely bran flakes and semen as the quantity of semen would naturally go down reducing the bran flakes to their originally dry and tasteless and therefore entirely undesirable state. From these a priori truths Young Michael Pence was left with only one option. A 'Dairy' farm. The chattel were destined to be young and virile males and a system of hierarchy would be formed to both indoctrinate and promote an increase in production of Coom(™). He began, as any natural predator would, by isolating the weakest of the pack. He made the evolutionary leap from gatherer to hunter. Chads were out of the question and even the most weak willed of normie males offered some resistance to a transposition into a hierarchy of Coomers(™) based entirely upon the quantity and quality of Coom(™) one could produce. By this metric, the only option open to Micheal Pence was to prey upon the weakest and most easily influenceable males within society, the incels. Bereft of any hope of actual female attention and questioning of their own sexual preference they were the perfect livestock to fuel any maniac's insatiable hunger for the sacred substance. Of Course, Young Michael Pence did not explicitly 'choose' semen as his preferred libation, rather, Providence chose him for it, for the sake of a personality and something to spitball with at various Red functions,-- thus semen would ostensibly become his 'choice' of bodily fluid to ingest.

The System which he configured was increasingly complex and convoluted but relied on a simple premise: intrigue, beguile, and incorporate the group mentality. It started small, an incel here, an incel there, city by city, sex dungeon by sex dungeon; from Houston to Phoenix up to Seattle round to Chicago again and then back to Houston again, because he had forgotten to pick up a particularly rambunctious young Coomer(™). He would start with a militaristic (evoking the spirit of Uncle Sam and Lord Kitchener) advert displayed along the sides of carefully curated porn categories (among them being Trap/Trans/ChickmiteinerDick/NotGaylswear porn, Cock and Ball Torture porn, Incest porn and of course, Asian). These adverts would work by displaying at the average point of Coom(™) for each video the words (in this exact style and font)

**So You Think You Can Coom(™) Huh? Why don't you
Coom(™) for something bigger than yourself?
Choose to Coom(™) for a purpose.
Choose to Coom(™) here.**

(Ring 6969-696969-696969 if interested)

The pun on the final 'Coom(™)' had made Young Michael Pence so satisfied with his own intellect and wit that he immediately fled to the basement to destroy his already pulverised

prostate and perineum with well used and reliable 'Scrote Buster(TM)'. Once the groundwork was laid, the trap set, the clicks kept on coming (Or Coom(TM)ing if you prefer). He had established the community of people, now to construct the commune. He began by excavating a large plot of land just south of his Ranch and (((ironically))) family owned dairy farm. From here he constructed a large system of concentric tunnels and lined up within these tunnels individual Pleasurestations(TM) of Young Micheal Pence's own design. Each Pleasurestation(TM) was constructed with a Vive(TM) headset, a posture correcting chair, shackles, a Wankmatrix(TM) and ProstateJacktheRipper(TM) hooked up by splitter, and a series of IV tubes containing raw nutritional matter with a supplementary increase of Zinc for maximum seminal production. The Wankmatrix(TM) itself was connected to a series of tubes and reservoirs that eventually connected to a nondescript and entirely innocent tap in Young Micheal Pence's designer kitchen. It was at times like this that Young Micheal Pence was glad he removed his children by forging fake passports for them and ringing I.C.E.(TM) to have them deported across the border for their only documentation to their knowledge being literally fake passports. Young Micheal Pence didn't want any gluttonous child to infringe upon his now potentially infinite supply of Semen. Once the first subjects began to arrive Michael Pence encouraged a hierarchy to form whereby the best Coomers(TM) among them would receive more Steam(TM) credits with which to purchase more Loli-Porn(TM) games with. This of course led to system of hyper-capital whereby the product (Semen) was created by the consumption and subsequent mental processing of the raw materials (Porn (Which unsurprisingly was becoming increasingly Loli and Shota oriented)) which itself was formed and created by the intricate neoliberal systems of the 'Outside'(TM). The most productive Coomers had the greatest proportional share of the now 'finite' Loli/Shota Porn (of which Middle-aged Micheal Pence had to merge his own company with a series of Japanese animation studios to deal with the demand of Loli and Shota within his own 'dairy' farm. "Those 'cows'(TM) can't get enough of it" he would chuckle as he put in an order for another thirty terabytes.) and this large proportional share would increase the productivity of the those at the bottom and therefore metrically quantifiably least-productive down to the Millilitre. The result of which was a State of pure Coomers(TM) and the subsequent success of Young Micheal Pence's most profitable business; Miracle Cream(TM) which was sold as an adhesive/face cream/lubricant/makeup/thermal paste/butter organic(TM) vegan(TM) alternative. His most successful business to date. The business was necessitated by the increase in production which not even Young Micheal Pence's insatiable appetite for Bodily Juices could consume. The Coomers(TM) often formed into groups themselves with the rise of a right/left dichotomy whose membership ran almost identically along the Shota/Loli dichotomy. Marxist groups began to emerge among the Pleasurestations(TM) and within those Marxists were Bolsheviks (TM), Leninists and the Newly formed school of Zizekianism(TM) of whom the leader, Slavoj 'Sniff...Pfffff....There ish an old Jewish Joke...Sniff....You call thish porn..' Zizek was among the upper echelon of most productive Coomers(TM). This led to an increase of interior tension within the 'Dairy' Farm, but with enough supply of Loli/Shota porn any tendencies towards revolt or, worse, escape were easily suppressed. The fact was that the Coomers(TM), the country's finest (If Micheal Pence dare say so himself), were content in their position of excellent posture and endless

Jizzum-Spewing. Blissful in a cycle of pleasure and release. No one could have truly freed them, not even themselves, even if they 'wanted'™ to.

And so Micheal Pence (now less young but no less hungry) gazed out over his land, beneath which the milking procedure and dissemination of Loli/Shota Porn was in full swing, and taking his first bite of that perfectly sodden bran flake he savoured the taste and the sweet/salty memories that brought him to this realised Idyll(™). As he chewed and swallowed the viscous and nutritious load he decided to himself that he had made it and in his head, in full neon, the words 'American Dream' kept flashing above him. The neon of the words was dripping down in thick globules drenching his beaming face beneath; his mascara began to run. He had brought peace to America's Coomers(™) and, more importantly, to himself.

Limericks Written by the deranged and incestually orientated.

· *There once was a man from Nantucket
Who often defecated in a bucket
But his wife came home
And shat in his throne
And now he can only say 'fuck it'.*

· *There was a fat walrus spread eagle
Whose bum crack looked just like a beagle
'Man the harpoons'
He screamed with a swoon
But spearing fat fucks is illegal*

· *There was once a nigger most fair
With bags of cocaine to share
the last bag went woops
And out came the cops
And now this nigger is rare*

· *The first half of sex is exciting
The second sees it declining
But once a man cooms
And the reality looms
You see it was Harvey Weinstein*

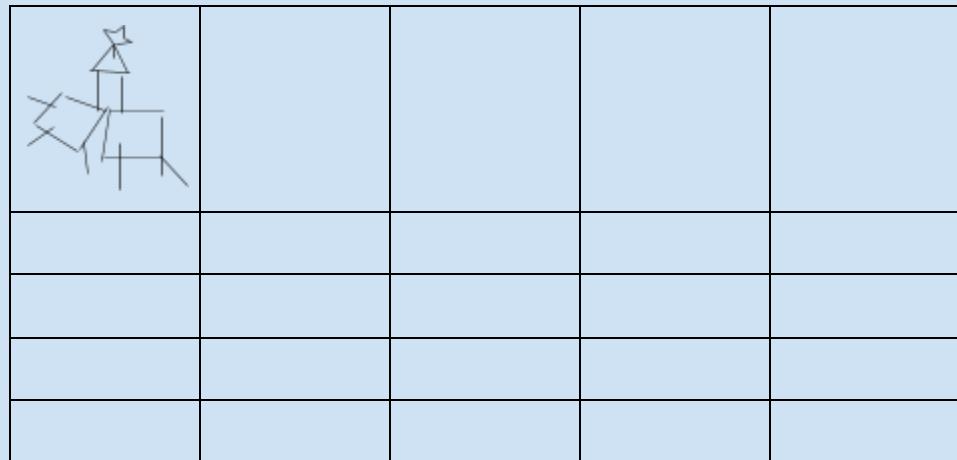
· *I once saw a peepee deflated*

Damaged

I'd never seen a peepree elated
I shook with a gasp
And took it in my grasp
And now the peepree is inflated

I once had a need for a sneed
But as i laughed i started to bleed
Because formerly Chucks
Which sold Sucks and Fucks
Is now Sneed's Feed and Seed

There once was a board known as /lit/
Who decided the best that was writ
But they grew insecure
And never were sure
Because they always were jealous of /fit/



m

Feed me, seed me, straight
from the hive, I want it.⁹

My dick gets so big when I think about cats. I have this fantasy of just having a nice cat to masturbate with (--- explain) on my parent's bed. I'd lay on my back, with my shorts at my ankles, and just slowly rub my cat's soft hair and belly up and down against the bottom of my bouncing weiner. God, it feels so good. It makes me want to actually fuck my cat. But I know I shouldn't because it would really hurt him. Yeah, I would prefer a cat with an actual pussy. That'd be hot, right? If my dick

⁹ ABU GHRAIB

Damaged

was smaller, I think it could work out. It seems unfair that cats have to be spayed and prevented from sex their whole lives. Cats want dick and I want pussy - it seems like an obvious solution for both of us. There should at least be cat brothels.

My dick gets so big when i think about Dogs. I have this fantasy of just having a nice dog to mastebate with on my parents bed. I'd lay on my back, with my shorts at my ankles, and just slowly rub my dogs soft hair and belly up and down against the bottm of my bouncing weener. Etc etc. its the same thing with dogs. You get the idea. Gordian nuts.

NOTE TO sneed (editor in chief):

Hello mr or mrs editor. I'm very glad <publisher name> has finally agreed to publish this monumentus text. I am aware that it is your job to edit my text, and make sure it is suitable for the audience. However, I must kindly ask you to refrain from doing so. Although you may believe that this text is in severe need of editing, slimming down, spelling corrections, or even general formatting changes, I must refuse. You see, similar to James Joyce, I have specifically crafted this text, and what you may percieve as a mistake is in fact an intentional additon to the text. Therefore, Mr or Mrs editor, I will NOT allow you to make any changes to the text before it goes to print. DO YOU HEAR ME? NO FUCKING CHANGES. I WANT THIS TO BE PRINTED EXACTLY HOW IT FUCKING IS. YOUS TUPID hunks BITCH FUCK YOU FUCK YOU DONT RUIN MY MASTERPIECE YOU FUCKING BITCH

This following paragraph is to Be contributed upon by all present sneedizens (also known as hunks fucks), one sentence at a time. Go hunks.

There once was a fucking hunks bitch named Steven Segal. No, he is not allowed to suck my dick. THis experiment isn't going to work because everyone is busy doing their own important writing. Bitch, I'm a food neighbor. Said Steven Pinker.. His ass, FUC filled with naught but lard and cream, bounced enticingly. Woops, Dropped my toilet in the book again, forever lost to me like that one fucking piece of sock lint floating around in the bathtub.

The following evening, my brother, mr Steven Hawking, wheeled his way into my room. HE-LO STEV-EN he said in his charactaristic robot voice. I, steve harvey, shook my head with disgust. How could I let this poor fool continue his sad existence. I called out to my other brother, Steven Pinker, as well as his brother Steven Speilberg. They came in, bringing along Steven Seagal and Steven Crowder. The whole Steven family was there. "Steven Hawking... we have some bad news..." started Steven Crowder, "You are the stupidest and dumbest steven of all and we all hate you" added Steven Spielberg. "Except of course steven pinker, we all hate him the most. But we put him in a catatonic state so he doesnt bother us anymore" I said. "The point is" Spielberg explained "we are gonna have to put you down, you're bumming us out with your science shit". So we all pulled out our massive steven cocks and started to sodomize Steven Hawking. I think he enjoyed it, while he lasted. His computer made some suspicious beeps, and then, finally, steven (hawkins) was dead. We left his body in a river. 52.305553, 0.253569.

AOA

I run in with my erect cock out bouncing all over the place
Do some quick jerks and speed up until I blast
The freeze frame is mid coom as my face is distorted and my cum frames the edges of the screen.
MY SOLE INTEREST IS UNCOVERING THE GIRLS FEET
(GET IT? ""SOLE"" INTEREST? 😊)
I AM LIGHTNING
FUCKING
MCQUEEN

My condolences, britney, it appears that Samantha has completely fucking lost it.

Justi Busti's Big Brain Adventure

Justi Busti was a normal boy. Not just any boy though, one who loved plants and big brain gains. One day Justi was **REALLY HORNY**, so horny in fact, he couldn't contain himself. So in a act of pure desperation Busti boy went to the garden in order to clear his bust up head (Not that head you big bear faggot). The bee's buzzed, collecting their intricate honey. Smelling the many aroma's offered by the pretty flowers, Justi was brought back to a place of pure innocents, one without super secret china man sickies, a world with only one color: green (and some blue was there too). Justi pulled a large log of a doink from his pocket, a doink pocket he liked to call it. Fragrant odors spilled into the air, dizzying the hard working bumble brats and smothering the flowers with a herbal and sophisticated stench. The flowers thanked Justin, for this was a gift of god surely. Especially in times of hyper isolation and coof cum dummies rampant in the streets. "This is some good shit" The nubile daisy said to no one in particular. "Shut your sweet sticky nectar straw, I am god." Justin screamed at the flower in blind fury, pleased by his sense of sapience and the fact that he told some flower bitch off, Justi went back inside to dream up a plan for plant domination. With no ideas in particular Justin decided the best place to get brain gains was simple. With a flash of light Justin entered a mode not entered by many, consisting of raw power moves and energy loops, the B2BC was ready. For many the acronym might be confusing but the Brain to Brain Communicon was ready. With three dial tones a husky and hoarse voice answered. "God damn boy, you ever shut the fuck up, I thought for once I could bust a nut, considering all women have the coof and all!" Justin smirked and licked his lips "You dumbbob, you really don't know the first thing about getting laid do you?" Simply put, Justin knew things his anonymous source did not, bitches love honey and they love plants. "I got a whole fucking plan man, its simple you in?"

"Yeah fraggit"

"Aight, so we gotta get these plant bitches to shut their bee box and start spitting that sweet nectar so it can be used for good use" With the sounds of an erupted penis on the B2BC line, Justin knew it was a good plan and would surely get him tons of netting.

"Now, lissen here liddle cus," said Laurentino CashforGoldfreeman, aged elder black rapist, main boy tester amongst the elders of Chicago. He emerged cleverly from the shadows, his rat tail dragging behind. The sounds of chains preceded him, for as he drew into the light, Justi noticed an entourage of slave boy-girls, with pig-iron collars and brands across their face. Their eyes pleaded with Justi, but he was not the man for them. "You jus a white bietch, nuihqqa. You jus a lil white muffickin, ignoran liddle bitch. An I am a rappist. You know whad dat mean whide bwyo? Dat mean I make a woman outta man. I make em my muddafuqqin propoT, make em my play things, my dolls. Daddy done lub his lil dowws, he play wit their tiny little balls and cocks, he suck on em when he feel like it, like a nigga eva feel motherfucker. You hear dis shit, bitch? I mean I mean I mean like a nicka do, I suck dem heads boy! I suck em their liddle baby cocks, their popcawn baws! I do what Is made to do, Im a real motherfucka bitch, you don know none shiet aight bitch..."

Laurentino cried at this. It was a soft cry. One which Justi pitied. Justi Knew that man like Laurentino had seen some shit, a true OG, a nigga on the streets and a playa in the sheets. There was a type of man Justi knew, one of solid character but a tired and broken spirit. One whose songs had been sung rough and coarse, played out for centuries on dried cracked lips. Justi's father was one such man, a soiled soul. He had lost his mind off marijuana, seeing the city he ruled slowly crumble into decay. The people would take everything from the man, took what he needed to keep his family with him. The Justi brood scattered. Some thoughts fluttered past on how to bring the jolly jiggas spirits up, but before justi could act a soft cry filled the room.

Faggote

Whan that Faggott with his shoures soote
The droghte of Cum hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which s0d0m engendred is the flour;
Whan Ganymede eek with his sweete Cum
Inspired hath in every hole and heeth
The tendre dickes, and the yonge sonne etc.

—*Catullus, Fragment 15*

Chapter One: The Bad Beginning

Famous (gay mixed race¹⁰) science fiction author Samuel R. Delany was walking down the mottled pisstreet watching the fat truckers farting and biting their nails chewing the callus and throwing it in the stinking gutter full of diapers and aids condoms. This was so fuckin hot. This was getting Mr. Delany (gay mixed race science fiction author) very hot and bothered. It made him want to rape. But first he had to piss his own pants and heave his own shaft with his thick veiny hand, the muscles and tendons contorting in his ropey tendony piss-veined arm.

Foreverially piss-veined, eating aidspoo, viral load baptism. "Can't wait to chew a mixed race mulatto rentboys toenail;s", said He. Remembering how hungry his fat tapeworm-filled stomach was, he reached into his cum-tissue laden back jean pocket (in his very torn ripped up jeans from being raped by so many bikers and neonazis) and grabbed the prolapse-meat he had kept from earlier. MMm. It was rotting up good. The cheesy pus oozing. The warm scent of iron and faecal matter wafted up good. Made him cum. Splurt. Splurt. Samuel R. Delany (mixed race, gay, mixed race science fiction author) quivered in pleasure and began to tear off the calluses from his palms and begin chewing them down along with the boyprolapse which smelt like roadkill skunks socks etc. Could this day get any better!! For the gay mixed race science fiction author, mixed race, Samuel R. Delany. Uh! Oh! What's this... Samuel R. Delany (mix drace) saw -- while he was walking next to a bunch of meth-truckers excreting some mega-dysentery -- that FUCKING piece of shit Peter Sotos. (What the fuck is HE doing here). "How dare HE call me a fraud?" thought the science gay mixed race fiction author Samuel R3n3gade Delany (for just that very day before, Peter Sotos had been interviewed by some super underground ZINE with only 1.305 subscribers and said, famously, that Samuel R Delany was a fucking fraud who doesn't even know the streets!). Delany chowed down the prolapse meat (now mixed with his own vomit) harder. Gulp. "hello Peter, hows the CP_CONVICTION?" "fine, Sam. By the way, I know you have an interview with the Paris Review today, but did you know that actually pretentious French people respect me and will never respect you? The gay mixed race science fiction author? I'm sorry, but you are simply too bourgeois and conventional for them. Not that I care about such things. I famously do not care about anything, whether it be propriety, whatever. But I know you do. Now run along to your queer little transvestite Thaiboytrap-kidnapping poseur friend, Mr. Vollmann. Toodles!!" Samuel R. Delany was shaking with rage. This can't be happening. I'm in charge here! His day was positively ruined. There was only one Final Solution: rape .. Peter Sotos. Infect him with lice, scabies, put him in boiling funguswater, make him squeal with hot poopincers, give him Dementia, viral tickle tortuer, etc. That had to be done. Samuel R. Delany saw a gay trucker fall off a crane in the distance and go splat on the road into a mess of blood and fat and gore and that got him so horny it gave him the strength to transform into HOGG. and he turned around, leapt on Peter Sotos (like the jockey from left 4 dead 2) humped his head and filled his pretentious mouth with mixed race science fiction SEED.

¹⁰ mixed gay race

Intermission

"What does our chatter about the Greeks amount to! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which is passion for naked male beauty!"

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *Gaybreak* §170

The distinguished guests—that is, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Jean Genet, Yukio Mishima, Michel Foucault, Gilles de Rais, Thomas Mann, Andre Gide, Petronius, Nero, David Bowie, Caravaggio, Jeffrey Dahmer, Rudyard Kipling, George Michael, Judge Holden, Goya, Griffith, J.M. Barrie, Yoshihiro Togashi, Megamind, Clarence D. Darence, Oscar Wilde, William Burroughs, and Joe Rogan—all sat together in the dining hall of a lavish Norman castle generously provided by the late Marquis de Sade, indulging themselves in a variety of libertine pleasures (the itinerary, courtesy of Georges Bataille, included, but was not, by any means, limited to, debauches such as: *Your Standard Fuck Party* (feat. Kenboy), twink scaphism, succubus genocide, naif hunts, otter boiling, bara branding, twink oxygen deprivation induced brain damage, tranny wave function collapse, drag queen hell, shota tickle torture, putting big black bears in the black hole infinity, levantine curses, bear butt transfusions, mass cognitive decline, non-consensual cognitive decline, pouring salt on Hiroshimoids (pouring acid on Hiroshima victimz), mexican cartel facepeeling, putting twinks in the limit experience chamber, ripping the skin).

Chapter Two: Henry Darger's Revenge

In the grimy underworld of New York State Avenue San Frisco Baltimore Providence Highway, acclaimed writers Dennis Cooper, Albert Purdy and Alfred Chester were playing round with the torn-out intestines of some gutter boy male prostitute in some sink trashcan new york piss alleyway with flickering incandescent globes with cats running through it and homeless men with beanies and fingerless gloves warming their hands beside barrels of burning newspaper. Albert Purdy, of course, had done the honour of stabbing the punk, while Cooper had pulled out his guts, and Chester contented himself by putting his eye to the man's rectum and attempting to see through the cavities produced by Purdy and Cooper's violence. "yeehaw" said Cooper, always making sure to express himself in raw, real, salt of the earth streetwise vernacular. He sat there rubbing blood over the pavement with his fingers (he liked seeing the blood weave its way through the tiny microscopic corridors formed by the granular peaks and valleys of the hard concrete surface). "Imagine what sort of terrible unholy microorganisms the boy's blood cells must be meeting for the first time..." Dennis Cooper thought, "mm... what I'd give to be a little bacteriophage, mounting and puncturing all those virginal red blood cells... how delightfully plush the flesh of a blood cell must be... like a plum..."

"Excuse me sirs," came a voice from above, "I don't suppose you can tell me where the big book convention in town is."

Damaged

The trio looked up.

The stranger was none other than Chuck Palahniuk.

Now, if you have ever seen the way frustrated pussy cats will chitter at birds they can't get through a window, then you will have a vague idea of the queer change that came over the faces of our three protagonists, with one key distinction: there was no barrier between them and their prey.

To be continued...

Damaged

In this corner I begin to write. What is the good of writing if it won't be seen? Or perhaps it will be seen. I saw it, bitch nigga, and I like your speculative history fantasy series and will be reading all of your notes and planning shortly.

reading is gay
writing is for brainlets

The Adventures Of Hucklefuck Bitch

by Steven Speilberg

Prologue

This is the story of a young boy called Hucklefuck Bitch. Hucklefuck was a young boy. His name was Hucklefuck.. One day, Hucklefuck was walking along the road in windy cold chichago, when he was jumped by 13 young black men, dressed in witches costumes with pointy hats and brooms. It was at this point that Hucklefuck realized, it was Friday the 13th, and a full moon, and this was a halloween spooky story. Hucklefuck manage to save his tight virgin asshole from the black witches, though till this day, its not clear how he escaped. Hucklefuck ran and ran and eventually made it to New York City, where he ran to TIME SQUARE.

Chapter One: Hucklefuck in the BIG CITY

Hucklefuck had never been to the big city. He was a small town chicago boy, and he had never seen all the big lights, and flashy signs, and homeless people, and jews like Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld, and Italians shouting "EY, I'm walkin here!", and Pat Bateman from P&P stabbing the homeless people, and cats pissing on the dead homeless people, and Donny Trump in his big Donny Trump Tower, and macaulay culkin in Home Alone Two: Lost in New York, and The BiG Apple, and Frank Sinatra singing "New York New York", and the Joker from the 2019 movie Joker, or a little pig walking around like in babe 2 pig in the city 1998 full movie. These were all things that Hucklefuck saw when he visited the BiG City (new york). However, despite all the magical things Hucklefuck saw in New York, terror struck! The Thirteen Black Witches from the prologue had followed him! Hucklefuck ran and ran and ran away, but the Thirteen black witches were really fast like the Jamaican men in Cool Runnings (1993) but they didn't even need a bobsled to be fast. He tried to climb a tree but hucklefuck didn't have any arms because he was born without arms because his mother was an alcoholic and drank while he was in utero, and so Hucklefuck had Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS). So the Thirteen Black Witches caught hucklefuck. But Hucklefuck had a secret weapon. He pulled out his Koine Greek Bible and prayed:

Oh LORD GOD and SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST. Save me from these evil Satan witches. Also, give me a taco cause I kinda want a taco

And the LORD JESUS CHRIST came down from heaven and fucked up all the evil black witches. Then Jesus said "Hey Hucklefuck, I know where you can get all the tacos you want! And Jesus gave Hucklefuck a ticket to Mexico City. "there you go kid, have fun!"

Chapter 2: Hucklefuck and the Mexican Drug Cartels; a story of love, adventure, and eroticism

Hucklefuck stepped off the plane into the dry heat of Mexico. He saw a bunch of qt hot mexican babes. He saw a guy with a poncho and a moustache and a donkey. He saw a sexy hot prostitute and a bunch of marijuana. These are all things you might see when you go to Mexico. He walked down the street, past all the cacti and tequila, and arrived at the Mayor's house. Hucklefuck entered the stately home, and greeted the Mayor.

"Hello Mr Mayor of Mexico, I am Hucklefuck Bitch, and I am here to get some tacos"

The Mayor replied: "Maldita sea, otro maldito gringo. Odio a estos estúpidos idiotas estadounidenses que vienen a mi ciudad y lo arruinan todo. Estoy ocupado tratando de ser corrupto y vender a los carteles, que están en mis espaldas en este momento. ¿No va a salir este chico de aquí?"

Unfortunately for the Mayor, Hucklefuck spoke fluent spanish, and understood every word the Mayor had said. Hucklefuck responded:

DID you just say: "God damn it another fucking gringo. I fucking hate these stupid american fucks coming into my town and

fucking everything up. I'm busy trying to be corrupt and sell out to the Cartels, who are all over my back at the moment. "Wont this kid get the fuck out of here?"? Thats kinda rude, and also now I know you are corrupt and in bed with the cartels! Fuck tacos, I'm a crime detective super hero now, and I'm gonna bust you, exposing your corruption, and freeing the mexican people from the clutches of Cocaine addiction and Gang Violence". With that, Hucklefuck stormed out of the Mayor's office.

Hucklefuck then got on the phone with the CIA and the FDA and the FBI and MI6 and the Zionists. Hucklefuck explained the entire situation, and so the CIA and The FDA and the FBI and MI6 and the Zionists all came to mexico city. The arrested the Mayor, and shut down the cartels. Then, as a payment for his efforts, the Zionists gave Hucklefuck Bitch 2000 sheckels. Hucklefuck used the money to pay for a mexican qt prostitute, and they fucked all night and all day and the FBI watched. Then, still impressed, the Zionists declared that Hucklefuck was a true hero if Israel, and gave Hucklefuck Bitch Israeli citizenship. From that day on, Hucklefuck was known as Sir Hucklefuck "Jerry Seinfeld" Bitch, Supreme Goyim of Mexico.

Chapter 3: How Hucklefuck retired to a quiet and spiritual life as a rabbi and teacher in the illegitimate state of Israel, then was awoken to the plight of the palestinian people, converted to islam, and destroyed Israel once and for all; or; Hucklefuck's Oddysey, a tale of jewish deception and destruction

It was 14 years since Hucklefuck destroyed the Mexican Cartels. After he was provided citizenship in Israel, Hucklefuck moved there, and settled down into a nice apartment in Tel Aviv. It was not long during his life in Israel before he found the joy and spiritual resolution in the Torah and Talmud, and only 2 years after moving to Tel Aviv, Hucklefuck had decided he wished to become a rabbi. Due to his connections with the Zionist elite, this did not take Hucklefuck long, infact, in a short 3 months, Hucklefuck had become a respected leading rabbi. Since then, he gave daily teachings to the israeli youth, and during his downtime, would write essays on his experiences and their relation to Jewish Theology, and Talmudic law. Now, a published author, respected rabbi and teacher, Sir Hucklefuck "Jerry Seinfeld" Bitch, Supreme ex-Goyim and Rabbi of Mexico and Tel Aviv, had truly found inner peace.

Though Hucklefuck had long struggled with post traumatic stress due to his encounters with Evil Black Witches in Chicago and New York, He had found that the Lord YHWH had given him new life, and he lived without fear or stress of any sort of magickal satanic interference.

However, one day, while Rabbi Hucklefuck was on his usual walk from his apartment to the Synagogue, something fell from the sky. It was a letter. Curious, he opened it. This is what it said:

*To whom it may concern:
I am a Palestinian and I am quite angry and mad because you Jewish folk keep bombing us and not recognizing us as a legitimate state. As you might understand, this is quite frustrating, and I would like it if you would stop.
Thanks for your consideration,
Muhammad Al-Muslim*

This confused Hucklefuck. What was a Palestine? Why were the jews bombing them? Who was Muhammad Al-Muslim? And so, in curious haste, Hucklefuck got to work. He sped to his Synagogue library, and trawled his way through hundreds of manuscripts, thousands of years of carefully archived Jewish doctrine. And yet, through all his searching, he could not find any mention of "Palestinians". Hucklefuck, now baffled by this note, drove himself deeper into his study. He went to *The Local Jew Library*, and there he poured over yet thousands more documents. Still, no such mention of Palestine. Hucklefuck now got suspicious. What were the Jews hiding from him? Had all his training and knowledge imparted onto him as a trusted Rabbi been a farce? The library was closing for the night, and so dismayed, Hucklefuck went home.

~

Damaged

That night, Hucklefuck had terrible dreams. He was surrounded by small, goblin-like creatures with long noses. They deceived him and stole all of his money, and ran into the darkness. Hucklefuck awoke in a panic, drenched in sweat. What did his dream mean? It was then that he looked out of the window of his Tel Aviv apartment, and saw the missiles blazing across the sky. Distressed and in a panic, he grabbed the phone and dialed his contacts at the Inner Zionist Circle.

The phone dialed for a short period, and was then picked up by a jewish sounding man on the other end.

"Shalom, Zionist Overlord department, how can we help you?" the voice said jewishly

"There are missiles over Tel Aviv!" Hucklefuck hastily exclaimed, "I think we are under attack by some antisemitic forces!"

The voice laughed jewishly, "Hahaha No, young rabbi. Those are our missiles, headed towards the filthy muslims"

The phone hung up before Hucklefuck could press deeper.

Bewildered and dismayed, Hucklefuck stood in shock, clutching his phone in horror.

Once he had regained his senses, Hucklefuck was enraged. He tore off his yamaka and threw it to the ground, stomping it into the floor and cursing its name. All he had learnt of Judaism had been a lie.

In a hurry Hucklefuck packed his bags. He didn't know where he was going, but he had to leave, he had to go somewhere, he had to get away. He grabbed some clothes, some food and water for the journey, and set out into the desert. But just as he left the city gates of Tel Aviv, he saw out of the corner of his eye, one of his young jew students.

"Where are you going, Rabbi Hucklefuck? Why are you leaving?" The boy was confused, fear and grief welled in his eyes.

Hucklefuck held back a tear, "I just have to leave young one. Don't try to follow me. It has to be this way."

"I wont let you leave!" shouted the boy, "You cant leave, we love you rabbi Hucklefuck!"

"I'm sorry son, this is how it has to be", and with that Hucklefuck passed out the gates of Tel Aviv, and left into the desert.

~

Hucklefuck awoke with dust in his eyes. He was slung over the back of a camel. Where was he? What had happened? He tried to piece it together. He had walked into the desert.... Traveled for two days... and... oh! He remembered! He was attacked by a masked man. He must have been taken hostage. He dared not move, and he stayed limp. The camel's rider did not speak, and they trudged slowly across the desert sands.

After several hours, Hucklefuck began to hear voices, the bustle of city life. He opened his eyes to discover he was in a radiant city, shining and glorious in the hot desert sun. Children ran and played in the streets, and he heard the running of water as they approached a fountain in the center of town. Suddenly, he was lifted off the camel, and placed down by the fountain. He pretended to awake, rubbing his eyes.

"Where am I?" Hucklefuck asked "Who are you?"

The man from the camel stood over him. "My name is Muhamad Al-Muslim, I am an Imam and leader of these Muslim people. You are in the town of Al-Islam, Muslimistan. I saved you from the desert heat, you were delirious and dying of dehydration. Come, let me take you to my home, you can stay there until you are better"

Confused, yet thankful, Hucklefuck let the man lift him to his feet, and he followed him to his home. He dared not mention the letter he had found those days earlier.

~

Hucklefuck stayed with Muhamad for a long while. Initially, he had planned to stay for just two days, but when Muhamad mentioned he could use some help around the farm, Hucklefuck stayed. Slowly, Hucklefuck became like family. Muhamad's young children started calling him "Uncle Hucklefuck" and it wasn't long before Hucklefuck realized he had found himself a family. During this time, Hucklefuck began to learn of the glory of Islam and the Prophet Muhamad (pbuh), and soon he found himself a devout muslim. However, above all, Hucklefuck was finally happy.

~

It was the next summer when the horror struck. Hucklefuck and Muhamad Al-Muslim were working in the field when they heard screams from the village, and looked across to see smoke rising in the distance. Dropping their hoes and farm equipment, Hucklefuck and Al-Muslim ran towards the village.

But by the time they got there, it was already too late. The village had been burnt to the ground, and bodies of the young muslim children, Muhamad's own children, lay dead in the street.

And there was silence.

A scream of anguish pierced the air, as Muhamad released his grief. It was only then that Hucklefuck saw the terrible truth. In the dirt on the ground in the center of the path, lay a familiar symbol. The Star of David, drawn in blood.

Hucklefuck bowed his head in shame. He knew he had to come clean to Muhamad about his past.

Hucklefuck sat Muhhamad down, and as a close friend, a brother, told him his full story.

Muhhamad was, of course, dismayed at first. How could this man who he treated as a brother have been one of those Jewish demons? But then he saw, Hucklefuck had repented. Muhhamad looked at Hucklefuck with solemn eyes.

"There is only one thing you can do, that we can do" Muhhamad declared.

"What is it?" Hucklefuck asked "I'll do anything"

"We must enact Jihad". Muhhamad unveiled his AK-47.

~

It was a long march into the sands, but finally, Muhhamad had guided the pair to where they were headed. A Palestinian freedom group. In the past, Muhhamad had sold them vegetables from his farm, but never had he thought he would become one of them. They armed themselves, and set out towards Israel.

Fourteen days they marched across the sands, before finally they reached it, Jerusalem. They unstrapped their weapons, and in formation, charged the main gates, opening fire. This was it, the final battle. They stormed the city gates, and pushed their way through the city, pushing back the Israeli forces. Before long, they held the strategic advantage. Victory was in sight.

Hucklefuck was sheltered down in a doorway as they pushed towards the Western Wall. He reloaded his weapon and sat, waiting for the signal. The plan was simple, once the others were in position atop the wall, Hucklefuck and his squadron were to burst into the courtyard, and take control of the wall. This would be their final symbolic victory over the jews. This was their final hideout, and Hucklefuck was ready to storm it.

However, just before the signal was given, a small jewish boy came down the stairs behind Hucklefuck. They locked eyes. Flashes of images came back to Hucklefuck, the young boy who had begged him to stay in Tel Aviv, all the little jew students he had taught and loved. A tear rolled down Hucklefuck's face. But then came more images, the dead body of his adoptive niece and nephew, the star of david in their blood.

The signal was strung out and Hucklefuck snapped back to reality.

He knew what had to be done. He whispered a faint "Shalom, young one" and let free a single round.

They stormed the wall, and victory against the Jews was ensured. Jerusalem was theirs.

Epilogue: Hucklefuck Bitch and his Legacy

Soon after their victory over the Jews, Hucklefuck found himself Imam Hucklefuck Al-Muslim-Bitch. He had married Muhhamad Al-Muslim, and studied to become co-imam for their new Mosque. They often had very erotic gay sex, and laughed and enjoyed eachothers company. Truly, Hucklefuck had become happy and found peace.

Some years later, Hucklefuck would return with his husband to Mexico, New York, and eventually his old home town of Chicago, retelling his husband all of the adventures he had experienced over his long and eventful life. The two of them found each other retired in a small riverside hamlet in Chicago, where they would live together in bliss for the rest of their lives.

The End

Eternally Untitled

I'm here to talk about the draft. They got a building down in New York City called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down and got my physical examination one day, and I walked in, sat down (got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning, 'cause I wanted to look like the All-American Kid from New York City, I wanted to feel like the All-American Kid from New York), and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down brought down, hung up and all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things and I walked in, I sat down, they gave me a piece of paper that said "Kid see the psychiatrist in room 604." I went up there, I said, "Shrink, I want to kill. I want to kill! I want to see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth! Eat dead, burnt bodies! I

mean Kill. Kill!" And I started jumping up and down, yellin' "KILL! Kill!" and he started jumping up and down with

me, and we was both jumping up and down, yellin' "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!" and the sergeant came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said "You're our boy". Didn't feel too good about it. Proceeded down the hall, getting more injections, inspections, detections neglections, and all kinds of stuff that they was doing to me at the thing there, and I was there for two hours three hours four hours I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting, every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched! Proceeded through, and I finally came to see the very last man. I walked in, sat down, after a whole big thing there. I walked up, and I said, "what do you want?" He said, "kid, we only got one question, have you ever been arrested?" And I proceeded to tell him the story of __

As a fellow (White) man of mixed Jewish-Landlord descent, I find this passage offensive and will be suing you for defamation with the help of the ADL, unless you happen to have some cash on you.

Chapter 11:

Brüder gegen Brüder

Brent Spiner and vladimir Putin against Angelina Ballerina

One day, while Brent and Terence were out for a walk down to the local popeyes, their brain-to-brain communication with empress Gail was cut off. "How strange," Brent said, "Gail would never sever contact with me like that."

"Yeah," Terence said, "let alone any of her husbands. We better hurry back to our temple to make sure she's not in any jesuit danger."

The two of them ran back as fast as their feet could carry them to San Francisco, to meet up with the rest of Gail's men. But, when they were almost there, they saw a cum barrier being woven around the city by Angelina, sucking the semen straight out of the member of the church of Gail's perfect penises. Even Valdimir Putin's impenetrable penis was almost sucked completely dry by her jesuit magic! His face was pale and he screamed and screamed for a quick death.

"Why hasn't Gail done something?" shouted Terrence.

Bubba, the big, black, retarded Jesuit, turned around at that. His disgusting, huge warty penis fully erect and on display for any to see. "Whad dat muddafukka say" bubba muttered unintelligibly. He shot a 1cm wide direct strain of cum right at the pair, attempting to pierce the two men straight through their hearts. Luckily their Gail shields were still in effect, and the cum could not penetrate past the barrier. In response, Brent pulled out his tech9 and blasted the Jesuit in the chest, to little effect.

TO CONTINUE READING, VISIT GAIL
CHORD SCHULER ON YOUTUBE.COM

Damaged

Chapter 11: Пиздец, сука

• .

Damaged

P(r)age Break

Appendix Six: Lovers In Decline

Young Pussy with lilac skin and Honky would stroll around the park on Sundays. They would enjoy themselves and would lunch while the sun was up. As time passed Honky began to slow down, he could feel the muscles tinged with frustration and fatigue. He tried to reason with Young Pussy, but she dismissed his concerns as unreasonable. By the end of their first year together Honky had his skin in tatters, something had to be done

During their next lovemaking session, Young Pussy would ask her to be rougher, and he would toil and struggle but she wasn't satisfied. So he punched her in the stomach. Bad move. Their lovemaking ended abruptly and Young Pussy was furious. She was seething, and she could not be reasoned with. Honky did everything he could but nothing would suffice and so his frustration turned to anger and he struck Young Pussy. Hurt by the one she loved, she bid him farewell and left. Honky was cross for the first four days but on the fifth he realized he couldn't let go and tried to get her back. She was last seen sailing for the Caribbean Islands.

I stole this period, cleverly leaving an identical one in its place

Chapter twelveteen: the windowless monad

Ware wa nanchi...

Nanchi wa ware...

йцукенгшщзхфывапролджэюбътимсчя

ЙЦУКЕНГШЩЗХФЫВАПРОЛДЖЭЯЧСМИТЬБЮ

Fickst mir ins arse

ДО СВИДА 'НИЯ

уже нет.

熊になりたい

(Eternal Suffering)

BONBI BONKERS GENERAL /bbg/ #69

On Aesthetics oh no no o

The principle and underlying theme to all great works
of art is that they show some glimmer or rough attitude
Should the monstrosity be woke to an audience's ear,
You can be rest assured that NO MAN my good sir;
Be resilient in these matters!

"Dasha, the knife is under the identical bridge" Crimson Moaned
"Dasvidaniya" my great orator as she plunged into the wakefulness bellows.
I think you mean "dosvedanya" you uncultured swine ^

SWINE AND SWAN SANG

I THOUGHT I THAWED OUT THE CORPSE MAIZE BUT IN REALITY
Guggenheim Guggenheim WAS THAT A MUSEUM?

Victor patched his elbow "N-No it's alright" he looked up to my glimmering handsaw. "I'll
do it myself."

Evidently, I had no shrill purpose for inviting the bedfellow, but he hadn't enjoyed my rum
raisin vaginal atmospheres.

What was the divine purpose is isn't but therefore naught

The plane crashes into the pacific only to have three survivors: One of which was a sentient duck. This is his story.

THE HEART OF THE SAVANNAH, AFRICA, 1934

"Glim and Gosh Bethany!" I was so scissor licking trife but she saw neigh, she licked her curious lips only to bite down on my voyeurism. "Nonsense!"

I could only ask: How could God let this happen?

*God replies "..."
His science said everything.*

*He, he turned himself into a pickle. It was the funniest shit I've ever seen.
And god says "I've got the cure, I'm holding on to something pure, I've got the cure for you"*

*"All you gotta do is dance, pick your feet up. All you gotta do is dance, feel the beet love.
All you gotta do is dance, dance with me."*

*I wanna kiss peni parker on the mouth I wanna kiss peni parker on the mouth
Penis parker*

I want to put my penis into peni parker so she becomes penis parker and I become incarcerated

*I wanna peni kiss parker in the mouth i wanna peni kiss parker in the mouth
I wanna park my penis in peni's parker
Penis Parkour
what*

Evangelion was ~~always~~ good.

I know, I know I've let you down. I've been a fool to myself. I thought that I could live for no one else. But now, through all the hurt and pain, it's time for me to respect the ones you love me more than anything.

So, with sadness in my heart, I feel the best thing I could do, is end it all and leave forever. What's done is done it feels so bad, what once was happy now is sad, I'll never love again, my world is ending...

I wish, that I could turn back time, cos now the guilt is all mine, can't live without the trust from those you love. I know, we can't forget the past, you can't forget love and pride, because of that it's killing me inside.

It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

In my heart of hearts I know that I could never love again. I've lost everything, everything, everything that matters to me, matters in this world.

I wish that I could turn back time, cos now the guilt is all mine, can't live without the trust from those you love. I know, we can't forget the past, you can't forget love and pride, because of that it's killing me inside.

It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

Chrysippus is said to have died from laughter.

And these days, that is what, more than anything else, he is known for. For is it not more interesting than any philosophy, to most people of course, not everyone, but to most people, to have died from laughter?

"Haha donkey eating figs go weee"
T. Chryssiputs

I don't know why she kept hiding her cock from me.

The night had already bore conversations of her schizophrenia, dysphoria, and depression. All I wanted was to eat her ass, but she would only pull her pants down slightly, I'll admit that I peeked. It wasn't even sexual. I just wanted to know if her dick was larger than mine. She was already taller with a more defined jawline. Could this woman really be a better man than me even after transitioning? Her instagram photos were so slutty, so why wasn't she slutty with me? A useless night. Banal, but no anal. Questions, but no penetration.

Chapter Одиннадцать: Хуй

In the end, none of it really mattered. Shit Guys, the missiles, they are cumming! It's all over my face, my body, my tongue.. But Spinoza, that fucking retard, known only for his name reminding me of meatspin.com, already had the dead man's switch, my deadman's Nintendo Switch, buried roughly 3.14 Inches down his urethra. All He had to do at any moment was ejaculate, Thus giving the Switch life. Thus again making it, and my entire arsenal of knock-knock jokes in the form of thermonuclear weapons, gay.

I could only think of one of my 500 half-remembered Nietzsche quotes, "The straight and Heterosexual man, to whom faggotry speaks sweetest...". Watching the screen with gritted teeth and clenched asshole as the lines indicating the Commies' big boomie doomie bombs approaching my headquarters, it had finally occurred to me that, "fuck, he can't cum if he's dead, right?". Heaving my resolve, and a particularly hefty pipe wrench, I cleanly missed Spinoza's inflated head and soon enough found that I instead cleanly struck Justin Trudeau across his asscheeks. "Ban that!" I thought, only to come to the horrifying realization that Spinoza, perhaps enticed by the rush of air over his dumb fucking face, already came.

"It's over." I said for the umpteenth time, perhaps finally happy to at last taste the sweet, sweet embrace of death. Have you ever heard of Anne Frank? She raped me once and I still have PTSD from it. Fuck her.

Next Page: A brief history of Christine Weston Chandler

Part 1: The Origin

In the beginning there was Chris. What a cunt.

Chris said, "let there be cringe", and he saw that it was good.

Chris said, "let there be binge", and he saw that he could.

Well things were looking up, looking better

Cheeto stains on his sweater

Marvel anthologies, tofu blocks

Three jizzems each in each his socks

The modern man of culture stands

In autistic Carcosa's shifting sands

Legend of Zelda, twelve times he smote Ganon

Complete disregard for the Western Canon

Bank of America owns his soul

Buy new product, his highest goal

I'm so depressed, he likes to vent

I have it all, I should be content!

League of Legends, stem degree

Buy nine lattes, tenth is free!

Celebrity couple back together

Anime convention whatever the weather

Goes to bed well past 4 AM

"Humanities majors have no discipline!"

THE DAY I MARRIED BONBI BONKERS

Today is the day penis nightmare

Dead man in my apartment

A man killed himself in my apartment complex with a kitchen knife. The police are not yet privy to this information. I feel it is me that is meant to tell them but i cannot see the use in doing this. Far more expedient that I drop him in the dumpster without stirring up the residents any more than they are. Bunch of cunt stains that they are. Really the best way to describe them is as cringing animals. They will probably expect me to drop the rent or some shit like that. What retard called me instead of the police? The super, I know that. What a supremely cunt job description. All he does is fix shit, i could fix shit if i wanted to deal with these people directly which is what i now, thanks to his weak presence of mind, have to do. I close the door behind me. Fucking cunt didnt even open a window but the smell, the smell which prompted his neighbors to call the super, does not bother me. Always a studio.

There is a specific demographic in this complex, shitheel. A granny who cares for her daughter's brats while their mother wastes in prison inhabits unit 12, the one immediately to the east of unit 11, the one with the body. If i had to guess she called the super being too out of her wits (for which there is any number of causes) to think who a sane, aware human would call at a time like this. I cannot picture the man in unit 10 calling anyone or even doing anything. He lives in a chair, alone. i saw him for the first time through the shutters of his own window less than 5 minutes ago and until now have known him by lease signature only. I sat in the chair and look at the wan skin through the greasy hair on the dead body. Of course i am going to call the police but i wanted to think if there could be anything at all that i might regret not having done between now and then.

I have no necrophilic ambitions or even curiosities. I have no desire for any of the belongings of this once-man. A tenant i only accepted on the proviso that he name two co-signers both of whom were later deemed mentally incompetent and naturally useless as co-signers. I put my feet on his crt television. It was noon by my watch, 10:43 by the one on the wall. I wager most suicides are nocturnal affairs. It just seems the setting. Anyone prone to scuicide must have a sense for drama and night beats out the day in terms of drama no contest. "Its easy to be hard-boiled about everything during the day"

Granny came in, Reeking of vomit. She stank... again. I grew to fear that smell.

She wandered in aimlessly. I pondered her steps as she sauntered like a mad villain. I was so fearful of her presence. She was old, but she had an animated persona that struck fear in the heart of every poor soul that encountered her.

She collected her pension from working 50 years as a bank teller. Handling the ancient dollar bills of a broken empire. We need to return to the gold standard. Ron Paul told us in 2012 that the monetary system was inherently broken, based upon a fiat currency. There was no wealth as all wealth was simply an intransient.

I sent her out

"The fridge" I opened it. His at his age and with his level of "joie de vivre" I calculated that this man was good for at least a beer. There was none. "The freezer". Here was some luck. Less than half a plastic bottle of off brand vodka. I poured it straight into my throat not wanting to share any of his unwashed cups.

"Drugs" smiling at my own idea. But where would they be hidden? No matter that he shared this apartment with no other person or that anyone he had as company would certainly be of his own degenerate mindset. The type of late 20's, first time living alone, high hopes no ambitions man that is embodied in the body on my floor, staining my carpet, hides his drugs first out of habit then out of sport. "The guilty man flees when no man pursueth". But i am certain I will find out the hidey hole of this reprobate.

For the first time I consider what forensic analysis the body will undergo. I assume cases such as these are pretty open and shut but a test of drugs in the cadaver would probably be called for. I return to the fridge and wipe of the neck of the bottle, any other fingerprints can be explained by my having been here before.

Going through the drawers, The tops of the cabinets, and finally a backpack by one of two piles of laundry. I do not speculate whether clean or dirty. As if a sign from above "can't take my eyes of off you" wafts itself through the wafer walls of my complex. Possibly from the floor above and diagonally to my right. This the exact moment I hit upon the backpack as being stash.

"The backpack, obviously the backpack there is no way this man was enrolled any kind of educational institution". the drugs are obediently found under yellowing highschool homework, i check for grades on a thickish packet of latin but there are none. Many of the questions have not been answered. An unmarked dayplanner is from ten years ago. This man kept his unfinished highschool homework for ten years as a place to hide weed and pills from nobody. No. He kept it because throwing it out seemed a little more sad than keeping it. To this man to think about unfinished highschool latin was too sad to undertake. His shame and his inertia drove that knife into his wrist.

"For the wages of sin is death"

Chapter XXX: A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch

The Saga of the Council of the Authors and Anne Frank, an epic true story of adventure, love, and betrayal.

As retold by Steven Speilberg

Author's Note

This chapter is dedicated to all of the stunning and genius authors who have contributed to this book. In my many days of addition to this text (My most famous work is the Sagas of Hucklefuck Bitch), I have come to meet many fine young men, contributing their own great pieces to this epic tale. I have since retired from writing the Hucklefuck series, and after relegating responsibility to my next of kin, Christopher Spielberg Tolkien, I have taken it upon myself to write an ode to all the great writers in this document.

First, however, I must invoke the muses.

Oh great Muses, goddesses of art and beauty, make my writing like really fuckin fire. I wanna write some real good shit alright, so make me real inspired and all that

1. The orphanage, and the founding of COTA

The tale of the authors is a troubled one. As a young group of schoolboys, the authors grew up in an orphanage in Manchester known as St Speilberg's Home for the Gifted but Retarded Children of All Races. They were regularly beaten and sexually molested by the Priests who ran the orphanage. It wasn't long before the authors decided to plan their escape. One day, they all came together in David Ike's room to discuss their escape. At that council, the following great authors of this document were present:

- David Ike
- Steven Speilberg
- Steven Crowder
- Steven Universe
- Adolf
- Anon

- Midgetman Tits
- Hucklefuck Bitch
- FM-2030
- The Last Dodo
- Pickle Rick
- Hitler
- Obama
- James "DFW" Joyce
- BONBI BONKERS
- The Illegitimate State of Israel
- Philemon
- Anne Frank and her husband
- Bailey Jay
- Me
- Kiwi
- Kiwi's lover
- Muhamad Al-Muslim
- Moviebob
- [This list is incomplete, you can help by expanding it]

Thus, the council of the Authors (COTA) was established. COTA then layed out their plan. First, they would use chloroform to knock out the orphanage caretaker, and then they would steal his keys. After raiding his supply closet, COTA would arm themselves with various weaponry, including hammers, buttplugs, ball stretchers, rakes, spoons, Colt .45s, tattered, unreadable porno mags from the 80s, and anything else they could find in the caretaker's closet. Then, thoroughly armed, they would hold the kitchen staff at gunpoint and stock up for their long trek into the wilderness. Thoroughly stocked with food and supplies, COTA turned the ignition on the Tesla Roadster they stole from the Orphanage King, and they sped off into the wilderness.

2. COTA in the Wilderness

Speeding across the country in their Tesla Roadster, COTA was finally free. But the orphanage was not the last of their troubles. After 17 hours of continuous movement, the tesla finally ran out of battery. Adolf promptly thought of calling Nikola Tesla and asking if there was any remedy to their woes, but Nikola didn't answer because he was busy being Donald Trump. Obama screamed. This was not part of the plan. But Midgetman Tits had an idea! He Called his good friend Bier Grills. Bier popped out of the ice and snow from a patch that appeared to be yellowed. "Ey cunts, wanna drink my piss? I have a fetish". It turns out Bier was not helpful, so they raped him and chopped up his body, mixing it with a bottle of Bombay Sapphire Gin, and boofing it all into Steven Universe's

anoos. At that very moment, Anne frank spotted a city in the distance! They were saved. As a thank you, all of the other members of COTA began sucking Anne's big cock. Once each member had their fill, they proceeded on foot towards the town, dragging their food and supplies and remnants of Bier Grills on a door of the Tesla modified into a sled.

3. The Anne Frank's Supremacy and the Fracturing of The Council of the Authors

3.1 Anne Frank and The Illegitimate State of Israel assert Dominance over COTA

Turns out that Anne Frank, in typical jewish fashion, had deceived COTA. There was in fact no city, and as the group pulled their sled deeper into the wilderness, the jewish kabbalah magick that Anne Frank had used to deceive them faded. The council had lost hope, but did not yet suspect the jewish trick, all respecting Anne Frank for her big cock and now pregerganant belly. They pressed on, despite the hopelessness. All the while, Anne Frank asserted her dominance as God Queen of COTA. Backed by the Illegitimate State of Israel, Anne was unstoppable. Even when BONKERS, Hitler, and Adolf pointed out the jewish trick, it was too late; Anne Frank had ultimate power.

However, one individual had the strength to rebel...

3.2 The Last Dodo Rises Up

The Last Dodo, armed with Buttplug and Beak, stood up to Anne. He declared that if this is what COTA had become, then COTA was truly dead. Anne Frank, in her pride and fury, challenged the Dodo, and upon the thundering peaks of Mount Fuji, they were to have their final duel. Anne declared that there would be three days to prepare, and in mortal combat upon the mount, the fate of COTA would finally be decided.

3.3 Training Montage

- James "DFW" Joyce and Steven Speilberg find Baby Yoda and get him to teach the Dodo in a training montage like Yoda does for Luke.
- Dodo learns to use the force
- Dodo sharpens his beak for war
- Dodo watches a fuckload of naruto and learns all the jitsu
- Dodo does all the montage scenes from Rocky and Karate Kid
- Dodo Reads Sun Tzu - the Art of War

Finally, Dodo was ready

3.4 Epic Fight Scene on Mount Fuji

All of COTA had gathered atop Mount Fuji to witness the final battle. Helicopters whirled overhead as CNN tried to get a good shot, lightning struck in the distance, and James "DFW" Joyce was suddenly inspired to write a bunch of stupid long words. The clouds gathered low, and mist swirled around the feet of Anne and the Dodo.

EDITORS NOTE: For legal reasons, the entire text of this epic fight scene has been removed for continuity reasons and not at all because the author of this section is a bad writer and doesn't know how to do justice to the epicness and coolness of the fight scene. If you wish to know the details of this fight, please refer to the earlier section of this manuscript entitled "*How The Dodo Died at the Hands of William Shakespeare*"

4. The Freeing of COTA

Dodo lay, motionless in the dust. Adolf and Hitler kelt beside him and screamed into the sky "WHY! OH WHY THOU CRUELEST OF GODS! WHY HAST THOU TAKEN HIM FROM US! HE WAS PURE AND GOOD!"

God did not reply because he was killed by neetchee earlier that week.

COTA stood, in grief and awe of their fallen king. They were finally free of Anne Frank and her massive peen, but at what cost?

James "DFW" Joyce removed his eyepatch in honor. He spoke: "We must continue, it's what he would've wanted". COTA agreed, and slowly, they descended from Mount Fuji.

12 Years passed, and COTA still wandered the countryside of Manchester, in grief and remorse of the loss of Dodo. It was not until one strange day, they came across an ancient tibetan monastery. At its gate, they were greeted silently by a monk in bright magenta robes. He bade them inside, and not ones to refuse generosity, they entered the strange monastery. And that is when they spotted him

At the end of the Monasteries great hall, sat still in meditation, was one who could become their new savior. His eyes flashed open as COTA entered the hall, his chucky cheese face grinned.

"Hello gentlemen, my name is Thomas Pynchon, and I have been waiting for you"

THE END

A different Chapter

Lol its backed up eretardocksucker OP put this shit back

- I know its backed up you cocksucking
- That was an accident sorry imdaijoubu anon <333 retardedd

How do you add a new outline somebody tell me or im gonna scream

- I actually wish i knew, i think it does it automatically... but sometimes it doesn't... making things bold or italics usually works

God I'm cooming

Thank you anon God bless and I love you

Father, I cannot take this forced universal pacifism supplied with the unlimited hedonism. My is of another breed. I am not of this new docile domesticized my body and soul yearn for the the true freedom of my ancestors. I will soon be with my ancient kin in heaven. Niggers should once again be put into a governmental form of slavery. We cannot hold these monkeys accountable for the their illogical actions. Colonialism will rise once again. I believe that we have an *OBLIGATION* to once again

I first listened to Joe Rogan in 2006. It was a cerebral experience. I was a normal guy working a 9 to 5, working as a delivery driver for Pizza Hut. My beanie wrapped around the hair on my head, keeping me warm and comfortable as I delivered fresh pies to the anonymous faces in various apartment complexes in sleepy suburban towns.

Joe rogan opened my eyes. I started taking Alpha Brain, daily. I became sharp, focused and determined to meet my goals with a forceful determinism that intimidated everyone I encountered. I went from a docile sheeple to alpha male with swelling muscles: bulging biceps, stacked traps and even bigger quads. I was so sick, but i still did not get a sliver of pussy.

Please god i Need a whole to fuck! I'll buy pussy if I have to. Men might be an option if all else fails. Maybe i'll start with twinks, that's not that gay right...

Truly anon Deleting everything is a nihilistic commentary on how one day, everything Will die and Be naught but cosmic dust do you even understand nihilism bro this is a question not derived from your text im just aasking i can't say that I actually do because i have yet To be that well read

How many books have you read this year kiwi anon bro 2 wtf do yeah bro you are who am i can you tell me i cant seeyou're thinking of someone else, and 2 oh wait Im anonymous kiwi arent I

Kiwi anon be honest do you make threads asking on reading order no i only make threads When i finish a book and they get like 4 replies and die

Are you underage your secret is safe with me < Pedo im not a pedo im trying to get some potential kid the help h needs (get the fuck off 4chan)

I Wish I was it's too Late for me
Whats your favorite band kiwi anon
Oh yeah I love changes every month or so
Changes every month or so
Yes > rush tho but rush has more good albums but yes has close to the edge so what can i say
I guess for the Longest time it Was rush fuck i hate phoneposting
I haven't listened to much yes so i cant say with any conviction
@ kiwi anon what do i write
Write About world war 1 and a half
Hidden war thats actually kind of based
Kiwi anon im in love with you
Thanks
Yeah ahahahaha
How much have you drank
Im sober desu
Wish I was drunk
Cooped up in this fucking isolatiroomabout 3 days now
Tfw no kiwi anon bf to abuse alcohol with and vomit on ourselves like romantically
I havent been outside in 2 months actually 3
I unironically have covid
Do you think you will be okay my love
Just a flu bro
If covid was as deadly as pol thought
It was going to be then it should be called corvid
Covid is such a stupid fucking name it makes me mad yeah just call it chinky flu
Chink disease bro gook flu I <3 asian people

What the fuck did I just walk into you two?

We are lovers grizzly That includes you

Google docs orgy when

<3 Now bitte

Alas I must take my leave, farewell you homoerotic minks

Bye grizzly <3

Kiwi anon i screenshotted everything so even if the jews take us away from each other i will never forget

I am also going to format this as a play so they legally can't take it from us
Based

What the fuck is a liger dude

**Dude its a tiger and a lion thats so fucking stupid
stop being gay you faggots**

Kiwi and I: Lovers Throughout Time

I sat on my chair which was on my floorboards and I opened up /lit/. They are writing a document now; they are calling it the Coronanomicon, although they change it on odd hours. Kiwi opened the document too, but I didn't know that until later.

As I neared the end, the entire document was replaced with "Go." – no doubt the mistake of any Anon here. Apologies ring throughout, overlapping each other as they appear.

"Lol its backed up-".

I speak: "eretardocksucker OP put this shit back

"I know its backed up you cocksucking-". I type repeatedly, searching for the perfect insult; none is found and I leave it at that. The man responsible speaks:

"That was an accident sorry im-".

Before such a cute Anon can degrade himself, I interrupt mid-sentence.

"daijoubu anon <333."

"-retardedd," closes the deleter.

I scrolled to the last page as all is replaced and pressed "enter" as some kid typed; I tentatively ask: "How do you add a new outline someone tell me or im gonna scream" Kiwi responds – the beginning of our love.

"I actually wish i knew, i think it does it automatically... but sometimes it doesn't... making things bold or italics usually works."

Such words from such a man! I cry into the night with tears in my eyes and my cock in my hand. I rush to respond to my new love: "Thank you anon God bless and I love you". A rushed, manic answer for sure, but I am certain he has seen it. He does not

respond, but I see him again. He is commenting on the document's deletion.

"Truly anon Deleting everything is a nihilistic commentary on how one day, everything Will die and Be naught but cosmic dust-".

The profundity of this observation strikes me. I move in.

"do you even understand nihilism bro this is a question not derived from your text ize just axing".

My fingers hit the keys and I produce a reserved message for my life. I am apprehensive and apologetic and I clarify myself throughout. Anxieties plague me as I await his response.

"i can't say that I actually do because i have yet To be that well read," speaks Kiwi (cutely).

I ask: "How many books have you read this year kiwi anon?" He responds and we exchange.

"you're thinking of someone else, and 2 oh wait Im anonymous kiwi arent I."

"bro 2 wtf do-"

"yeah."

"bro you are who am i can you tell me i cant see."

As the conversation unravels, I see something new on this page. In the baby blue, there is, dotting it, the black ink of intimacy. We spin ourselves through the night.

"Kiwi anon be honest do you make threads asking on reading order."

"no i only make threads When i finish a book and they get like 4 replies and die."

I must be honest; I must be true. I cannot transcribe the rest in quotes and manage this font suitably. Love is not something of a page - love is nothing of words! Love - no, my

love! for Kiwi. It is indescribable. Incomprehensible in all its parts. Not a word can be said of it.

So thus, I am telling thee: I am just writing around the notable bits; the rest will be copied-and-pasted. God bless it.

My dance with Kiwi was interrupted maliciously as I asked him his age. I say: "Are you underage your secret is safe with me". A foreigner - most unwelcome - draws an arrow next to my words.

"< Pedo"

I respond with most anger: "im not a pedo im trying to get some potential kid the help h needs (get the fuck off 4chan)."

This man - this foreigner; this nobody - he deletes "not" from my message. I type it back and he is never to bother me again. Kiwi begins, once more and from the top. He distracts me from my anger with solemn words.

"I Wish I was it's too Late for me."

We are moving into the dying edges of notability. The vast remainder of our conversations will not be described; they are shown as is. Only near the end will I begin to speak.

Whats your favorite band kiwi anon
Oh yeah I love changes every month or so
Changes every month or so
Yes > rush tho but rush has more good albums but yes has close to
the edge so what can i say
I guess for the Longest time it Was rush fuck i hate phoneposting
I haven't listened to much yes so i cant say with any conviction
@ kiwi anon what do i write
Write About world war 1 and a half
Hidden war thats actually kind of based
Kiwi anon im in love with you
Thanks
Yeah ahahahaha
How much have you drank

Im sober desu
Wish I was drunk
Cooped up in this fucking isolatiroomabout 3 days now
Tfw no kiwi anon bf to abuse alcohol with and vomit on ourselves
like romantically
I havent been outside in 2 months actually 3
I unironically have **covid**
Do you think you will be okay my love
Just a flu bro

If **covid** was as deadly as pol thought
It was going to be then it should be called corvid
Covid is such a stupid fucking name it makes me mad yeah just call it chinky flu
Chink disease bro gook flu I <3 asian people

There are two things I deem worthy of mention. The first: as we discussed the coronavirus, and an Anon bolded Kiwi's two uses of the word "covid" (a most un-literary phrase, but of no fault of Kiwi's - he's so cute!!!). The second: we move into bold highlights here near the end, as we move into anti-Asian racism; "why so, why so?" you ask. I demonstrate; here is Grizzly - the third point of our joyous line-turned-triangle.

"**What the fuck did I just walk into you two?**"
I do not miss a beat. "**We are lovers grizzly.**"
Neither does Kiwi. "**That includes you.**"

At this moment the yellow highlight is gone - and it shall stay that way until the end of our nights.

"**Google docs orgy when?**" I inquire.

Grizzly, no doubt born anew with a heart of loves and lusts, replies.

"**<3 Now bitte.**"

Our playful musings, our back-and-forths, and the tensions that package this mystery - the mystery of our love - are all

swept away by the heavy hand of time. At bittersweet last,
Grizzly speaks unto us.

"Alas I must take my leave, farewell you homoerotic minks."
"Bye grizzly <3"

There is no doubt sorrow in the hearts of Kiwi and I as I speak the next.

"Kiwi anon i screenshotted everything so even if the jews take us away from each other i will never forget.

"I am also going to format this as a play so they legally can't take it from us."

A beat.

"Based."

Of my last words, I shall speak none; only the silence of my two loves awaited their saying. With no love to live for I took to my pen; only now has my piece been said; and only now can I meet peace within my heart.

Honorary Mammals

What the fuck is a liger dude
Dude its a tiger and a lion thats so fucking stupid
- Me



Subconversation with Unicorn

[Nihilism is gay.] do you understand it unicorn anon
[I am the consummate nihilist of the 20th century. But the 20th century is over.
Now I am]i must know what are you
[I just AM. there is no distinction between the being of beings and the being that
I am. I AM THAT I AM]
Thats pretty based desu
[I am the being that not even guenon can retroactively refute]
Anon how many books have you read this year
No response lol
Only one, but I cut it up and tempura'd the pieces
I shoved an entire dictionary up my ass
Based
Thanks unicorn anon i love you
The one book that I read?
I won't tell you.
Tom Hanks wrote it
Unicorn anon i may have to write a love story with you too... but i cant cheat on
kiwi like that im not sure
Just follow your heart
And dick
How long is your dick anon
Only 7 inches
Im a dicklet its like 2 feet long only
Damn
Tfw no meter long dick
Okay unicorn anon tell me if you were at a urinal and you were pissing and this pulls
out his penis and its like dragging on the floor would you say anything
I would simply return to my daily reading from Phenomenology of Spirit,
unperturbed.
Do you read at the urinal based department calling rn
The PhOS is my urinal.
Bssed times reporting
Based based based based
@ unicorn anon explain hegel to me rn explain idealism or fucking DIE

You can't grasp absolute idealism unless you are, like me, pure being itself.
Self-generating concepts will determine your Dasein if and only if you reply to this post with 'PHoS is my urinal too'

PHoS is my urinal too

The urine-saturated pages of PHos contain the secret. Hegel wrote in invisible ink
Is it even worth talking about this book if you don't refer to it as The Phenomenology of the Spirit by Georg Wilhelm Freidreich Hegel everytime
It's not worth talking about any book. This will become clear to you once you are, like me, PURE BEING

I shit on pure being. Now you are not so pure. Refute that motherfucker
Pure being passes over into nothing, without further determination - you can't shit on nothing - but nothing passes back into pure being. Thus I'm invincible. Read Science of Logic

How about you use the shit I poured into your moms mouth and read that instead have you thought about that

I am all thought and all being. I know what you're thinking right now. I AM THAT THOUGHT

What am i thinking about

Sucking dick

I think of it

But you made me think of it. You were not right before you said it. When do you become right. Do the questions stand forever and become write and wrong throughout time? Or are they phrased for their moments

You can't understand the answer unless you master the CTMU.

Is langan a meme anon unicorn anon did you leave oh no

Unrelated to my tales of kiwi and grizzly and unicorn

One Day, soon, robots will be smarter than Women
Seems unlikely.

Look man i Just want to fuck a robot

Why does it need to be smart if you just want to fuck it?

I don't know.

Yeah me either, i'm just here to watch the chess match

Fuck yeah

Bobby Fischer sends his regards

Chess Arena



1 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

2 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

3 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

4 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

5 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

6 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

7 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

8 ♕ ♔ ♚ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♚ ♕

A B C D E F G H

Whites are superior, get it?

You are all kangz, to me.

Dodosein: Toward A Gross Misreading of Heidegger

It is inevitable for all anons that we find the need to explain the philosophy of Martin Heidegger to our little sisters. But how can one go so far as to even begin contemplating such a move? Can we explain Dasein to her by saying, for instance, that it's the stage name of one of her faggy K-pop idols? In the following passage, anon provides a chilling insight into the mind of the dangerous hacker known as Dasein.

The ultimate state of experience is the flow state. In Heideggerian terms, readiness to hand (Usually *Zuhandenheit* and *Vorhandenheit* are terms used in the context of encountering "equipment", but here I mean only the mode of consciousness associated with these distinctions). The state of unconscious experience, one of integration. It is the state sought by experienced meditators, artists and artisans at work, athletes in practice, musicians in play, lovers in love, and psychedelic drug users. It is a dissolution of the ego and the dissolution of the barrier between the conscious and the unconscious. Both the terms "flow-state" and "Zuhandenheit" (readiness to hand) refer to a same general state of unconsciousness, and though I may use both interchangeably to refer to this state, I prefer to use Heidegger's terminology as I think it is a more general notion than "flow", a term usually used in scientific contexts (the distinction between contexts is an important distinction, and one I think many philosophical texts fail to clarify. It is especially common with the intrusion of scientific concepts into philosophy. The problem of declaring contexts and perspectives is a topic I won't get into here).

It is a pure state of experience beyond emotion and thinking. It is the divine: the transcendental experience. Or overwhelming beauty. In many contexts, it is an ideal. The highest state of being in many contexts is one which maximises the time spent in this state of being: Buddhist enlightenment, mastery of a craft: the image of the creator lost in his craft, toiling without eating as dawn turns to dusk and dusk to dawn; Schopenhauer's transcendence through aesthetic experience, Maslow's self actualisation, Jung's integration of the psyche, the divine experience. Not only is achieving *Zuhandenheit* the pinnacle of human experience, the greatest human feats and creations are those produced while in this state. All great art, great ideas and inventions, great feats of athleticism.

A fulfilling life is one of unconscious action, not anxious analysis. In other words, readiness-to-hand over presence-at-hand (*Vorhandenheit*) (which is characterised by detached observation and analysis). To use the classic example, a person using a hammer to hammer a nail is not aware of the hammer but is simply doing: in some

sense his whole being is engrossed in the task, and there is no self or tool---only action. Only when the head of the hammer breaks off does he come to and think of the hammer in explicit terms---as a detached subject distinct from the object---as he attempts to get the head reattached. (And indeed, cognitive/neuroscience has come to support this view of tool use. There is also something to be said about the psychedelic experience, ego death, and *Zuhandenheit*. Of the often reported "being one with the universe", the dissolution of the border between subject and object). In line with the aforementioned idealisation of the ready-to-hand mode, it is true that those most satisfied with their lives are those most able to spend their lives ready-to-hand. For example, the self-actualised artist (artist in the broadest sense). But this is not only true with the enlightened Buddhist or the master, it is the man so born into his society that he drifts through the respectable life ready-to-hand. Such a thorough ingrouper that his social relations and relation with himself is ready-to-hand---this is the normie that Rival Voices wrote about (<https://autisticmercury.com/2020/02/19/vorhandenheit-und-zuhandenheit/>).

We can begin to view *Vorhandenheit* and *Zuhandenheit* in the context of Marx's theory of alienation when we realise the association between anxiety and *Vorhandenheit*, alienation and the absence of *Zuhandenheit* (note: modes are not a binary between *vor/zuhanden*, and relevant here is "unreadiness to hand", that is, obstruction of readiness to hand without the explicit distinction. For example, the hammer may be too heavy to use, but one does not need the explicit notion of weight to be barred from readiness to hand) and the association between self actualisation and fulfillment with a life of *Zuhandenheit*. Perhaps more accurately than saying that fulfillment is associated with the *amount of time* spent RTH, it is more accurate to think of the mode as being dominant not only temporally, but as a share of overall consciousness or being. This is because structure of being/consciousness is above the notion of time, which is an observed phenomena. It's also important to note that one can be RTH while working with PAH explicit notions, that these modes are not mutually exclusive as normally interpreted. A mathematician who is hard at work may be ready to hand and nearly unconscious as he scrawls pages of calculation. But nonetheless, at some level of being he is manipulating explicit mathematical notions which are associated with the PAH mode of being. Thus while RTH dominates, RTH and PAH coexist.

When one works a bleak job that inhibits their actualisation, it is at some level interpreted as a defect, so like in the example of the broken hammer, the worker is inhibited from being ready to hand in one way or another. This unreadiness to

hand is not usually pure presence to hand, save for the few times one is actually analysing one's trajectory and explicitly planning an escape, but it's usually daydreaming or clock-gazing. In the few instances one is purely present at hand, it is the sort of rumination that arises to direct oneself toward a state of readiness to hand. Unreadiness to hand in this context is a signal, a buoy that says "I need to get the fuck out of here". This happens more often than not when people are working jobs that are essentially nonproductive, and at some level they know it. Unreadiness to hand with ones work is alienation from one's work.

Then, whatever product (or usually service) the worker contributes to producing to some indiscernable degree is produced in the unready to hand mode, not individually, but collectively. A mode of collective unreadiness and presence at hand where individuals contribute to collectives which mechanically produce commodities and services, compelled by market competition and the essence of technology, and the allure towards growth without end for its own sake. This is alienation from the product. These products are not only alienating to the worker who produces them unready to hand, but they are alienating to the consumer. Products of artists (including artisans and craftsman) carry the essence of a work produced ready to hand; in their production, the boundary between the artist and the work disappears. It is telling that in a world of alienating and disposable items, the work of an artist sticks out like a sore thumb. The tea set sitting next to me, hand made in Japan and given to me as a gift from a family member, becomes the centerpiece on my particleboard desk next to the plastic monitor and keyboard. The tea set created by an individual readiness to hand carries with it an inherent weight that does not exist in products created by collective unreadiness/presence at hand. The artist is reflected in his art, and out of empathy, instinct, and beauty the owner is compelled to care for it. There is also something to be said about the sentimentality that develops for alienating products when one exercises their own artistry on them, such as when they are repaired instead of replaced.

In our alienation from others, social interactions become strained and present at hand. This goes without saying; interactions are conscious games of molding the correct mask depending on the situation, self regulation and censorship, especially with people we are not close with. And now, the number of people with whom one can be ready to hand with (possibly, but not necessarily, people they're close with) is a scant handful if even that---often it's none. This social disconnect is not only characterised by presence at hand, but it is caused by the intersection of collective presence at hand and the enframing mode of revealing that has grown

since the invention of more efficient means of communication (printing press, internet) and the advent of industrial society.

If there is an "end of history" as a penultimate development of consciousness it is [collective readiness to hand], and supposing that the end of history is a sort of eternal recurrence, with deviations from that optimum bound to arrive back at the end, it seems fitting that the end will be a return to pre-ontological consciousness. The end of history is the beginning. That which predates history as a form of ontological reflection, a present at hand practice.

=====COMMENT AND ANAL CYSTS=====

[I think you're putting more weight on the concept of Zuhandenheit than it can bear.]

I don't mean zuhandenheit in the traditional sense but I'm talking about the mode of consciousness associated with it.

[That's precisely the kind of distinction which is not really tenable in Heidegger. Zuhandenheit isn't a 'state of consciousness' or anything belonging to the psychological sphere. It's a manner of unconcealment - if you will, it's a way in which Being, the being of the tool, discloses itself to Dasein. It's ontological, in a pre-psychological sense.]

The way in which objects/equipment reveal themselves to us, ik ik. Thats why I don't like the word "consciousness" because it has too much scientific/psychological baggage. But there is a mode of being if you will that allow objects to reveal themselves to us as such. And I don't find this mode of being much different from moods in the sense that they determine the manner in which the world reveals itself to us.

[You're speaking of mood as Stimmung, yes?]

Tbh I havent read about Stimmung I kind of meant moods colloquially, although I think my understanding of moods is somewhat in line with Heideggers idk

[That aside I think the association you draw between zuhandenheit and marx's alienation is interesting but somewhat off the mark. I think there's an argument

to be made - along althusserian/zizekian lines re: ideology - that it's when the worker is totally involved in his labour, is in a state of 'flow', that he is most deeply enmeshed in ideology. It's interesting that you bring up Zen because Zizek compares the ideal of Zen consciousness with that of being 'caught in ideology' in his introduction to *For They Know Not What They Do.*]

I think I disagree with the notion that the Zen state is analogous to ideology. Sure, they're both blinding in their own ways, but the oblivion of "flow" and the oblivion of ideology are distinct. I dk how to word this. The domains of the two are different. When we look at ideology I assume you mean in the sense that it is a stupor that is propagated by the ruling elites to uphold the status quo. This kind of stupor is an ignorance. (an ignorance to the relations of power etc.) The notion of ignorance is something you talk about within the "present at hand mode", "flow" and its blinding effect is not "ignorance" per se, because flow can occur regardless of whether someone is entranced by ideology or not. It's part of a completely different sphere of analysis.

[The view of ideology as a simple 'ignorance' is a pre-Althusserian view very widespread among classical marxism, but it's not the one trafficked in by Zizek et al. They have integrated the insights of Lacan & structuralist psychoanalysis]

I'm not familiar with Althusser's work tbh, this is getting beyond what I know.

[Althusser's essay *Ideologies & Ideological State Apparatuses* is quite straightforward, essential to understanding anything by Zizek and so on]

Lol I'll check it out.

[one last thing before I check out - I notice you suggest that the 'end of history' connotes a return to 'pre-ontological' forms of life in collective *zuhandenheit* (by your meaning) - would you correlate this to Kojève's idea of the end of history as a return of 'animality'? That after the end of history we go on, but the human being becomes a kind of animal whose activity (art science etc) is no different from spiders spinning webs etc.?]

In some sense I guess, but is not all art or creation no different from spiders spinning a web in that in the act of creation, one loses consciousness and returns to that more native state that is the *readiness to hand mode*? Tbh I don't know any Kojève besides what's trickled down to me through others' conversations, but I

mostly wanted to emphasise that collective readiness is an endpoint and an optimum. This whole thing is just me throwing around my crude understandings of these things and trying to create something for myself, I don't really care about attributing this or that idea to some past thinker, but I'd like them to be judged as is.

=====

Rival voices is a fucking idiot just putting that one out there.
I read that thread and it was over-intellectualised trash. He had another thread with resonant pyre in which the whole this was summed up with "you are a person not a hammer". Too true! And that was all the man had said, saved from being ignored by the mention of Heidegger. Who cares? Who cares that it is *Heidegger*?

=====

I don't know if I'm just uninitiated or actually low IQ because all this shit is like another language to me
Low Iq is more Probable

[do not be concerned anon. We're all larpers here. I haven't read nearly as much heidegger as I would like]

Yeah anon, Im the one who wrote all the shit above and I've barely read shit. Just look up some lectures and listen to them.

I could, but would i even comprehend them?
[Only one way to find out. I would recommend getting H's Basic Writings off libgen. It has Question Concerning Technology, the intro to Being & Time, a lot of the important stuff]

=====

Editorial Discussion

Ok, if we had to choose three passages or stories from this dumpster fire of a book, which three would we pick? We need the best of the best, or at least something that we can take and expand.

Most of it is actually pretty good tbhdesu

Koala one was peak comedy, actually metaphysical porn too

They need to be cleaned up, but sounds good

Moviebob chapter is pretty good

What about that pink mounds of venus story? Keep or toss? Keep for now. No need to start deleting anything imo.

I think we just need to standardize the font size. Each of the stories can have unique titles though, that would give them all a nice flair. Currently lots of it is in 8pt and lots is in 12pt. [14 for titles, 12 for subheadings, 10 for text]

I might finish and expand Hucklefuck Bitch. I wrote the first 2 chapters but then gave up and let someone else write the third chapter but they appeared to have given up.

A small note on the text. While the best or even better parts of this may not survive very far whatsoever, it must be said that the essence of books like these (if they can be called books, for they will most likely never make it through a printing press of any meaningful size any time soon, is contained within their own temporary and inconstant natures. I have always thought, why save something, why make strenuous efforts to save things, if their entire premise is that they are small gusts of wind, if they are to be made and unmade, again and again. Reproducible. And indeed, as I said on Twitter, for there is today a substantial overlap between our two sites, a trend which is certainly not without its own points of interest. Indeed, 'Frogwitter' screenshots seem to be posted to the board on an almost daily basis. Now, some will bemoan this as a ruination of the site's pure spirit. But as I have thought for a long time, the actual topic of a board is far less important than the overall milieu that this topic encourages to frequent the board. All media, these days, seem to discuss much and the same things but at different levels. And indeed, by some metrics, there is only one thing to discuss, that simply exists at different levels. Now it is no longer true, and indeed likely never was true, that this all-important, /lit-constitutional milieu, is exclusively present on /lit. And as such, there is no contradiction in making it, letting it, expand into other areas. But I digress.

And what's more, while it is inevitable, the moaning about pollution by quote unquote newfags or whatever, I will come out and say that it is cringe rather than based. You can look at the archives - if things didn't change, it wouldn't exactly be the preservation of an intellectual ideal. This site's decline is a fiction; as long as there is continued creation of new memes, new and base humor, the essence will have survived. And that is certainly the case.

Actually, lit has done this before and it has been published.

Yes i know, dummy. And how many people bought it compared to those who wrote it? This text is about being fragmentary. Let me finish and you will see, though you prove me right by writing what you write right now, for the essence of this text is that you can yourself write it rather than yourself read it. The medium is the message, ever come across that maxim? I thoroughly doubt it.

Then its worth saving? People might not have bought copies but people have read it.

I mean, yes, writing it is fun, but eventually

Fun? Fun? Really?it has to be completed

Lol

Yes, fun

Meaningful ig maybe but not really tho

You misunderstand, yet in doing so prove me right better than I ever could myself. Alright bro. I don't really get what you are trying to say. I'm just here to write some funny stories and that get saved in a document forever.

**NO, write what you were going to say,
write some funny stories AND THEN
LEAVE**

**For *that* is the project
One in one thousand posts
screenshotted, how many people coming
on here and mass deleting? And it is
right that th;;;;;;ey do so, for
we to , not to be.**

**in I mean sure. I see the point of it
as creating a monumentus meme that is
a testament to us and our abilities,
that will stay as an exemplar of what
we can do**

**The whole of this site;;;;;;;
is predicate;d on irony. We are not**

trying to be 'momentous'. The opposite. We are glad to be forgotten in fact, in content, but remembered in aesthetic. We are momentous in our irony, not in the actual sentences. A sort of contradictory importance. Say whatever, this book is a book of memes, it is not serious.

Momentous in an ironic meme way

4chan is absolutely momentous

Thats fucking obvious m8

Obviously

Bye bye

silly

Luv u bb

I care about things i care about things so much so goddamn much but in a way that matters in a way that truly truly matters im a thinker im a doer my will will save society save literature save the state save the humanities but not you not you not you not you not you midwit you lunatic you sycophant PRAISE we need a new beginning new homes new thoughts new FOUNDation look away DONT LOOK AWAY dixieland is burning and you know what you did that blackheart caddy that rogue that knave that blackheart caddy i can save them. TEST ELOPE WAITING WAITING and where were you when eden was burnning furnishing hate and death at pain and sin and i just want to just try please let me try i can do it please oni-san i have the skill i have the will these words manifest the SOULand ALLthingsINSIDEme into and out of the casement the basement FREEDOM I AM A MAN. A MAN! I CHOOSE LIFE! I CHOOSE HAPPINESS! I CHOOSE!

4chan is mementos

Take Inferno. It was not good, at least if you want to read it. It was funny in a few places in the same way that the collected Ovid is. Interesting to read, sure. Given and accepted.

I think we can actually make this a functional book of vignettes, honestly. No, it is against the spirit of the thing to do so. Look a few lines below, see 'the gliding nature of a dick's shaft', and act again like there is more than fun-having here.

I never said it wasn't all a joke or anything. I just mean you could make it readable. I don't know about publishing or any shit like that.

4chan posts are readable. Of course this is readable. Some of it is even good. But let me get back to digesting it from my own perspective, though the fact you can interfere is an important part of this whole thing, it isn't all of it, by any means. And w.r.t. The fact that it is at least readable, I refer you to the astute words of one reviewer (anonymous, of course) of R. Cam's book 'Selfie, suicide', in which he said that anyone reading the book in any format other than Ebook was doing it wrong, and there was no other medium in which it would fit. Verbum satis sapienti! As long as it exists I'm fine. Just a suggestion desu.

Chapter - Chapter

Consider the gliding nature of a dick's shaft - the inscrutable curvature, the point of contact with the head, the worldly weight of the balls hanging in the background like inverse mountains of woobly wrinkled flesh. Consider the piss stream flowing menacingly towards the toilet seat. Consider the floor tiles that saw aeons of sperm and piss on their glossy surfaces.

Consider all this - and do you not find an analogy to something in yourself? - specifically to how much of a dick you are.

One would seldom find it in themselves. The dick. The dick.

Twelve dicks along the way to.

Oh how wretched. How puny. How miserable our own dicky is to us.

In the name of God, keep yourself from the.

Take the dick from the fall||||||len anus of the. Fall||||||||||||||||||len.
Loud||||||||||||||||||ly. A tree has fall||||||||||||||||||len ||||||||||||||loud||||||||||||||ly in
the ||||||||||||||||love||||||||||||||ly woods.

Faenoudy in the ovey woods.

Dick.

Striding along imperceptibly, I took a phallus shaped cucumber and put it in the oven. I was scared to see what would happen so I took it back. It didn't melt|||||||||||||||||lt.

Bezobrazniče jedan.

Come see the pontification of Pope DickDick. Why do you hate me. Please. I hate to see.

A smiley face took place in one cabin. The roof of the cabin fell down in a storm, making a hell of a debris situation propagation. The smiley face took a bottle of cigarettes and went down the road to see his friend. The smiley face is not a good person. His friend said something nice. The smiley face didn't. His friend cried. The smiley face didn't. The smiley face left his bottle of cigarettes there. Why do you think that anything the man said is true. They lie to you. It is horrific. Quite awful. Distasteful even. The smiley face went down the road. He saw a cow carcass rotting under the cold arctic sun. Sinews stubbornly clung to ashen bones pointed crookedly towards the pale sky. The smiley face put a finger in. He put it in. He. Put it in. He put. It in. He put it. In. Everlasting hunger. To see the cold arctic sun again. The smiley face smiled. Smiley smied. Dead purple eyes. He took a knife and put it under his ribcage. Smiley smiled smitten in the smooth

Live. Laugh. Love. Smile.

In the bile for a while.

In the 5th (fifth) circle of hell he stood straight like a rood upon which stood thousands of. No little hell would do him. He He He He He. Morning came.

The spermatozoid rays of Sun made their way across the lovely green pasture. The sun always rizez on the western snows on kill||||||||||||||||imandzAROOO. Bark at your dick.

Cahpture Taliban

I chose this font, swarming in meniscus and a pile of ooze. The wine had an oaky afterbirth. when the petite glass left his lips, he peered at the chinese glass begging for attention. Another bowl to be packed, another zoink to be had in the mystery machine. And these cliche references left in an damaged book, perhaps the inconsistency and the glasses of oaky afterbirth reminded him of the

similarities between the timaeus and his acid trips, left with the software and an unknown letter, couldn't replicate the java into an comprehensible grammared swallow, a proof of his dedication to the western canon of literature that he digested like a big mac left on the sidewalk. Too much Dion Fortune read in his fontal amalgamation. He went on tinder and swiped right until he birthed up, death grips and an oaky afterbirth. Facing the reality of complacency and a left hook from mikhaila peterson, he went back to the thirst trapped insta-paradigm, instant nuts daily in the middle of schizo paradise and undoxxed letters, the finest cumpost portrayed through the broken lens. TMZ still filmed the whole show anyways, stuck a fine photo with a shattered perspective into public dialogue.

So he popped into another room of a progressive postmodern ideology, there are simply too many postmodern neomarxist buzzword minorities within the shells of redundant capital. Perhaps you fill their piggy bank with sour straws and unemployment benefits. Stay up late nights contemplating the WHO, debating the bernie cuck who persisted on the faked amount of numbers in the death camp. Filled with a room of matilda and ulga, he put the petite glass to his lips and sipped again. The RC he ordered came neatly packaged, and reading his kojeve came to the conclusion that his marxian professors were far behind the curve. He couldn't even understand foucault, or marx, or proper grammatical portrayal of a shattered persona. Whats the point of enacting a proof of intelligence, when he could not even fill the hull of the sinking ship with his sticky oozy lacanian recognition of the beast itself. He put on lil peep and insisted that it wasnt a phase, returning to his fundamentalist view of adam and eve as the conception of misunderstanding. But the fact remained, after a babble of rabble rouse and discordian error, he reasoned the 70 acid trips his freshman year only enacted the fall and redemption of a young adult erred by economic determinism in the wrong track. The conductor already stamped his ticket. And all he got out of his time at a progressive uni was a laugh browsing pol and five rank ups on a video game he didnt even play anymore, and for what fifty grand to spend time at a fancy summer camp.

He stared at the reality set in stone, medusa set his fall, simping over the girl that slept with my housemate. He and I switched constantly, as the online identity polarized among similar bastions of censored thought on corporatized platforms. This is where i share the reality of my condensed thoughts in <140 characters to enact widespread social change with my galaxy brain. Whitey hunted my kiddo who was a robbery suspect, no justice, no peace. How to become the most woke with wub wub wedding of edm to ecstasy with an arm full of candy.

Maybe this time trap of hourglass figure and chiseled jawline only brought out one of the seven lovely ladies from his tinder profile, her bio read, 5'5" BBW (gamer, anime, trying new things, affection whore, an food slut 😂)

Where to find an engineered anima up to his standard. I don't read Heidegger, I read Jordan Peterson and jack off to his daughter. The reality is that i don't need to meme about the truth of reality, as I have read Dawkins multiple times. My perception of truth is metaphysics itself, I have penetrated to the boner of abstract thought and pierced the veil of edgy music with a trident from lucifer. I climbed the tree of life, and found i was unsatisfied, I had only explored the forest of pubic territory, and released the milk of the puppy to low frequency specimens.

=====

You know what sucks? Being a midwit who grew up among imbeciles. Then you get on The internet, find bastions and writings of actual, greater intellect, and suddenly, "Being The smartest person in the Room" no longer applies, in fact now I'm among the LEAST intelligent in the room, despite It long, long being the cornerstone of my identity, or at least my shadow self.

I wonder what it Is, a desire to know everything? But then you take a step back and thonk, "knowing everything would be boring, and the universe is way too fucking complex for you to indeed 'know it all', even if one were almost immortal."

I am also acutely aware of some of my psychological habits, like endlessly playing the pity game to get what I want. I think to myself now, it is wrong for me to do this as it is so pathetic, yet it keeps fucking working again and again. So i Keep doing it, even subconsciously.

agon. Very Socratic declaration on unintelligence.

Further reading:

<https://warosu.org/lit/thread/S15244385>

Shall we purge that within this document which blasphemes God, or leave it as

Everything should be archived autistically. ←Here here <3 "Hear! Hear!"

The Time I Shot Myself Dead In Santa Fe, New Mexico

I have never once shot myself dead in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The title is a lie. Take off your pants.

Nobody thinks about Siamese twins as much as they ought to. There is much to say any set of conjoined twins. On days I will look at myself in the mirror and become shocked; it comes as a sudden realization: there are truly Siamese twins in the world.

"I'm so glad you decided on Santa Fe," said Billy to Sam.

"Those mountains are really something," Sam replied.

Billy and Sam sat together on two barstools, provided and pushed together by the owner of the joint. Their livers were conjoined, so they each drank half of what a single man would usually. They are not so drunk - they live by coordination.

Sam was staring now.

Billy paid in cash and gestured to Sam to leave. Sam did not stand up from his stool and continued to look at the painting. This was the longest penis in the world - right there behind that bar. It was stunning. A Doors lyric rang out in the distance. Jim Morrison tells Sam, Billy, the bartender, and all the rest assuredly: there's danger on the edge of town.

During my meditation in the mirror, I ran through my life in full through the context of Siamese twins. When I was fifteen, I was institutionalized for a suicide attempt. I was then two-hundred-and-forty pounds; my fan fell from the roof. No words were spoken.

Has half a Siamese twin ever killed himself?

Billy was staggering with the weight of dragging Sam. He was moving out the bar and onto the tour bus, which was blue - baby blue. *Back to Lubbock, Texas with you* - he remarked to himself; *-and you, Sam!* They boarded the bus horizontally, Billy carrying Sam up the way up. This was not the first time Sam had paralyzed himself on purpose.

On the bus, a young boy was playing loudly a clip from a film. Sue Lyons spoke loudly - it was *Lolita*. A grown man barked at him from the seat behind, while his wife stared defeatedly at Billy and Sam. Billy raised both armrests of his seat - seat F1 on bus three - and shuffled into place. He did not hope for the best, but shot the guys in F2 a smile - they were staring, which Billy was used to. The bus took off.

It is night time now; I am still thinking about Siamese twins. Not in front of my mirror though. My dad yelled at me for that. I am out now, 4AM. Nothing to do. I will go to the bus stop.

The joke - the joke here is, Sam wants to kill himself, and the narrator shoots him dead.

-
Somebody else will need to finish the siamese twin suicide story
Well that's for the prospective author to decide. I won't

Nice alright ill see what I can do but if it's complete trash, don't blame me; I also may quit some point on. No guarantees but good luck.

INT. DepravedSex Dungeon

HERRINGTON: Fuckin' slaves, get your ass back here!

VAN DARKHOLME: To be met with a cattle prod? Not likely. You shout at fleeing slaves to reassure yourself. I would be a decent slave. Slavery might be semi-comfortable though. Slavery is the end of self-development, you no longer need to drive yourself to ends worrying about credit or qualifications or this or that expense. Naturally the quality of a slave's life depends on his quarters, his occupation, but you could say that about free life as well. One man scrubs toilets, another saves lives in a hospital. Neither is a slave (though a communist might claim both are slaves to capitalism, he is ignorant). If slaves, they are slaves to themselves, accountable to an ideal which they cannot fulfill, perpetual uncapped growth.

DODO 1:

80% of people should be slaves

Probably including me

I Desire cock

Men are the world and im super gay!

A slave (to penis) has direction

I shall make an admission:

I am

November 9th, 2017

Anonymous wrote,

At what point does using the word "nigger" become artistically unacceptable?

I just did a search for nigger in my 55,000 word novella and it returned 11,986 results.

Is this too much? I want to write realistically but does there come a point where it detracts from the artistry?

It's a modern day story dealing with many present-day social issues and my main character is what most would consider a "racist" and so he is very flippant with the word's use but I'm worried that publishers will not accept my novella or see its artistic merit because of this and instead condemn it for being insensitive or intentionally inflammatory. But how else am I supposed to write this sort of character?

How often should I use the word?

(The answer, for those curious, is once every 3 pages for posterity)

>The nigger looked like every other nigger, his niggerdom obscuring any humanity that might have lurked within all that niggerness. His niggereyes and his niggerlips smacked of niggerlust. Niggerhands that could neither love nor heal but only grope niggerloving whores. There are many of those nowadays. It is a nigger's world filled with niggers who know nothing but niggerways. So the world shall become a nigger too. It is already as violent as a nigger. Already as diseased as a nigger. Already the world has been remade in the nigger's image.

Nigger Nigger Nigger NiggerNigger NiggerNigger Nigger Nigger
NiggerNig Nigger Nigger NiggerN Nigger NiggerN NiggerNigger
Nigger
NiggerNigg Nigger Nigger Nigger Nigger NiggerNig
Nigger Nig Nigger Nigger Nigger NigNigger Nigger NigNigger Nigger
Nigger NiNigger Nigger NiggerN Nigger NiggerN Nigger Nigger
Nigger Nigger Nigger NiggerNigger NiggerNigger Nigger

I need some crack
CIA sells it to me
I am a black manfHnigger wtf

brutaliy ctrlz plz
wew

Lettres pour un papillon

Flopping, flaccid cocks. Butterfly thought of flopping flaccid cocks. Short and hideous and deformed, the sort that belong to bodies with fat round guts and receding hairlines. A floppy flaccid cock with wrinkles to match her greasy wrinkled forehead.

"I need cocks. Flaccid ones, but long, long enough to stuff into boipussi. I need them, Queequeg, put down your harpoon and take out your other one."

What would she do if she had one at her disposal? Perhaps wipe her face with the sweaty shaft, or whirl it around like a helicopter's blades.[69] She imagined that a man might tuck his sausage behind his balls and piss on his ass. She wondered if someplace, at some time in history, a man ever pissed up a vagina. That would be cool.

Surely even a disfigured dick was better to own than an ugly cavern. She despised her own cracked yeasty hole, which required much maintenance but couldn't be spun around like a nunchuck. She remarked to herself that the penis is so powerful that God ordered the Israelites to mutilate it in surrender.

Without the thought ever arising into her mind she knew that she loved cocks, the more cruelly misshapen the better for her spiteful and jealous fetish. Larry King's tube steak and Harvey Weinstein's skin flute entered her dreams. Alas, ultimately no man, not even the half-animal negro or the stinking Hindoo or the obtuse sexhound trucker or the recently-released convict would have anything to do with her floppy tits and insufferable nature.

Fortunately, she had her dog to make Jew.

Mistakerino

You have made a mistake. It is by no means clear when and where this mistake was made, but there can be no doubt that it was made, and that it was you who made it. Was it, perhaps, last year? Or maybe four years ago? Or five? Eight? No, you cannot be certain. Mistakes have compounded upon mistakes, to be sure, but it's not at all obvious where the beginning was, the first mistake. Perhaps you can think about it some more. In what, you ask yourself, does this mistake consist? There are various determinate objects in your field of vision which you can understand as originating from the mistake, various elements of your form-of-life, various impositions into the cyclical rhythms of your day-in, day-out, waking-sleeping spin cycle. But is the mistake exhausted simply by adducing these items? No, no, not at all. You have made a mistake, you tell yourself. But what was the mistake? Of what were you mistaken? If anything it seems that the mistake correlates not to something in particular but everything in general: the outcome of the mistake, in summary, amounts to what you cannot but perceive as an *improper use of time*. Whose time? Yours, naturally - it is only natural, it being your mistake from the outset - but also the time of others, insofar as your time is, by intersection, co-existence, or what-have-you, compelled to make demands of the time of others. You have made a mistake and this mistake has caused you to make an improper use of time. Let us be more precise, more direct: let us inject a certain venom into this diagnosis. You have made a waste of time. You have wasted time. Your time has been a waste. This is the outcome of your mistake. Had you not made this mistake, the time in which you subsist - we dare not employ the verb 'live' - would be filled correctly, it would be made proper use of, it would be as it ought to be. But it is not. You have made a mistake and as a result your 'life' - a word which, again, can be employed only tentatively, insofar as what you have, what fills your time, cannot be predicated as 'life' without doing unforgivable violence not only to the word but to language in general - is a waste. It is a waste of time. Yours is an improper life. Your mistake has caused this. You are wasting your time and the time of others. Had you chosen differently at some - maddeningly indeterminate - point in the past, you would not be doing this. You presume this. You presume this because in your mind 'mistake' seems to suggest a moment of decision, a fork in the road, at which there was this option and that option, and where you freely chose that option instead of this option, which was, thus, thereafter, the mistake. But this is incorrect - you might say it is another mistake, one of the many which have compounded the originary, primordial Mistake which you have made. If you carefully review your past, looking over the series of actions which have led to this moment - in which you realise that you have made a mistake - you will realise also that at every point your decisions however subjectively anguished or troublesome in fact flowed smoothly and fluidly without obstruction. The mistake is in you so deeply that you cannot even perceive where it might have interdicted the course of your life. Precisely. There was no interdiction. Your life itself is identical with the mistake. You know what to do. The Dew.

For a man in his best years, he had yet to discover what a true ligma is. Ligma, as a way of living got incorporated in his daily life long before he was a teenager. He tried getting rid of it, but sigma got in the way. He fought and often stayed up late at night thinking about Joe and ligma, but in vain. He never truly discovered why stigma, ligma, and sigma, and Figma were his biggest worries, so he set on a journey to find the roots. Bloody roots of his fascination. After a long time of being desperate, he started playing tennis. Tennis never bothered him. Tennis balls now occupied his mind. His dad said: Joe, mama called you, why didn't you pick up? - I was playing tennis, dad! Then, a sudden sigma panic attack struck him. -Sagma balls! Tennis balls! Sagma tennis balls!

When he woke up in a hospital, he didn't truly understand what happened. Only one word came to his mind while slowly opening his eyes: ligma. He was reading Charles Dickens, so he found it ironic.

Ligma Dickens, Joe's mama sigma balled his dad.

Midwit ramblings [The CUM Manifesto]

On the Meaning of life:

Everyone has a personal dick to their own balls

The Universe's meaning is a sum of them all

Or rather None at all

tips balls

that would be extremely painful

You're a guy

For you

Crashing this manifesto, with no survivors.

The Meaning of all Existence is to COOOOM.

"If we affirm one single CUM, we thus affirm not only ourselves but all existence. For nothing is self-sufficient, neither in us ourselves nor in things; and if our soul has trembled with orgasm and sounded like a moaning twink just once, all eternity was needed to produce this one event—and in this single moment of CUM all eternity was called good, redeemed, justified, and affirmed."

-neetche after teabagging god's corpse again, truly he has no shame

"I shall COOOOOOOOME, and in Hell I shall COOME in thee over and over!"

-God, fucking pissed and horny

Dream of Butterfly
Or is life a dream?
Don't wanna wake up
'Cause I'm happy here

Prospective Titles for Future Additions

- Coronanomicon
- Fanged Coronanoumena
- Gizzabel
- Why Hitler Did Nothing Wrong
- Rent Free
- BBC: For Us, By Us
- On Guenonposting
- Unironic
- The Previous Chapter was actually ironic
- The Tao of Pepe
- Please fuck my ass and call me Sally
- I stuff cookie dough up my ass
- Sandy Hook was an Inside Job
- Deleted
- Why I am So Autistic
- Jizzabelle Delphine
- Nigger Nigger Nigger Nigger Nigger: A Phenomenological Treatise
- Post-Meta-Irony: What the Fuck is Going On?
- An Undeniable Example of Why the Internet Was a Mistake
- Rei vs Asuka: a history
- Transgender Suicide statistics
- I want to put a feminine penis in my mouth and feel it grow over my tongue: A Reading of Nietzsche

Prospective Titles for Future Editions

- The Coronamata
- Get Lit
- Coronomics
- Dun dun dun dun dun dun dun dun dun MYYYYY CORONAAAAA
- I just dropped in, to see what CUMdition my CUMdition was in
- Fanged Coromena

The Purpose of an Assault Rifle

Is to be used when you're getting shot at yourself, primarily the ability to fire rapidly for an extended period is to enable maneuver, by means of providing suppressive fire on an enemy position which allows maneuver of either the rifleman in question or his squadmates. Secondly the rapid fire nature of the weapon is helpful when the Hooters.com is himself maneuvering, which greatly increases the difficulty of hitting a single target. By having the ability to fire many rounds quickly, he can replace his loss of accuracy with sheer volume of fire. Thus the rifleman simultaneously allows himself to effectively suppress a position on the move, or outright kill an enemy combatant. Lastly, in a tight close quarters environment, rapid fire with a smaller weapon allows much more room for error than a manual action weapon. All a far cry from the fantasy of one guy killing 30 people in under an hour with one magazine!

In conclusion, grabbers either have no clue what they're talking about, or are being intentionally deceitful for nefarious purposes . Guns are for petulant pussies with tiny dicks and also balls.

In Search of Lost Keys

By Frederich Engles

A man late for work looks through his trousers. "Where are my kyes?"

Fin.

Why did someone respond to his question by calling him a fin lol, help the poor man

Lecture to the College of Virology

September 25, 2021

Since our colleague Lacaille is gravely sick today, I will deliver the lecture based on his notes. The theme he was to present on was unemployment, or rather, the NEET state, a state I profess many of you, my collegiates, share. To convene here and research the forms contagion takes in disrupting or infecting the already crumbling neoliberal democracies we inhabit, is surely a privilege. It is all we can rely on. *Privi-lege*, or *Vor-recht*, is a state—you must forgive me for my frequent use of the word “state”; I do not mean to cause confusion with the State or governments—a state, I say, before the law. If virality and contagion belong to a realm of violence, which may institute and lay waste to laws, to regimes of legality, but in no wise preserve or are preserved by them, then our activity—for we vehemently reject our western security states—our activity can only proceed, if we’re lucky enough, from a privilege granting us the security to stay researching and experimenting. Some of us, I know, not true NEETs, receive government stipends for their employment in academic institutions; for those, their activity at the College must surely remain completely *sub rosa*, even if we are but a rather exoteric conclave of seekers. Others, feigning or too exhausted to feign, unable to scheme, and thereby attesting to a non-feigned state of dis-ability, according to our current regimes of knowledge, receive a modest income of autismbux from the government. The talk that Mr. Wencesławsky prepared some weeks ago on basic income is not irrelevant to call to our attention, even if you know my reservations about it. We are on the threshold of a catastrophic shift where such measurable concerns will be surpassed; as for the moment—our tactical, ignoble moment—it is imperative we are *set apart*, close ourselves off from humanity as a queer and monstrous outcrop thereof. And as for me, well, you know I married into money, as I was stolen away in the darkest of nights by the goddess that swept me off my feet, seduced me, and incurred unto me a state of immaturity foreign to the subordination of all governmental apparatuses—not at all servile, in other words, but cared for. At the other pole, some of our associates, with whom we have lost contact, gave themselves over to a state of total insecurity. They live as rogues, off crime, they vampirize the currents of air, or give up on life altogether. They exit the safe havens and enter, at the peak moments, the heart of the quarantined labyrinth, strolling about to feel the highest intensity, they inhale the air, they exhale their own noxious gasses, they go up to a half-zombified agent of the human order, slap him on his shoulder and, having long ago dispensed with the Bane exchanges, exclaim, “Are we content? I am God,” and vanish without trace.

Since we are running late, and my introduction divagated itself, I will cut all methodological concerns. It is not truth that makes science, after all, it is us experimenters who put it to our hand. Virology, in being put into effect, medically, politically, has always heeded the purely descriptive laws of the current scientific paradigm. Which is not to say that it acts without interest; on the contrary, it directs the deracinated masses to their work everyday, it keeps the order of a wholly slavish order of things. We, on the other hand, are against this, it is our enemy; though, the more we say, we are *its* enemy first of all, the absolute one. A much more cunning, inept-acting political we have here. But I believe there’s no need to see this as a mere heroic excuse for vanishing in this profane world. Rather, I believe we have a chance to make the profane world vanish. Viruses are on our side. *We*—are nothing but parasites.

Regardless of political leanings—that much should be obvious by now—it is clear that the whole platform of official philosophy is captured. All the statements made, the vituperative attacks, the disgusting retractions

and apologies, including that of one of the only insightful remarks emanating from that pseudo-congregation—all this we can only disavow. But as such one thing is clear. We are living in a state of exception. We have been for a long time. But now the enclosed castle that is the global world order feels itself under siege. The enemies—the monsters—are not clearly separable, however; they cling to a worker through his wage-cage, they penetrate computer networks, and accrue plunder on their dedicated OnlyFans accounts. Yes, Lacaille, who is considering expanding on this point, told me so himself. Odd indeed, but we won't protest; who are we if it makes you hard? Virality and a force of the feminine, gender theory—these are things beyond my expertise, unfortunately. A colleague across the pond has recently written me of “coomer acceleration.” ... What is crucial is the elaboration of tactics. Viruses spread by contagion, but we could viralize them even more. Our discussion of magic in the twenty-first century is again of so much importance.

What it will ultimately come down to, then, is the actualization of the *real* state of exception, against the pseudo-state of security that is in force now. It, too, thanks sovereign violence for its reign, but nothing is as sovereign as pure contagion. Such “instituting” (the word is not right) would have as an effect the breaking-up of all humanist progress en chaining us so far. The end of history, to hearken back to that old vilified term? Perhaps, but not as the accomplishment of linear time but as the final explosion of pure catastrophe that installs a limitless reign of anarchic intensities. To such dangerous communications our *security*, as we already mentioned that, can serve but as the transitory prelude. But that, if we are so lucky to afford it, seems justified. To do our research. Of a virology unhampered by institutional discourses, which will admit that it heeds not simply descriptive laws but acts directly upon the body—the libidinal body, the body of capital, the body politic—acts, I say, experimentally for its own ends. The outcome, which I would like to suggest to you today—the intricacies Lacaille will have to enumerate another time—will be a NEET condition. But this does not mean a domesticated state of repose, nor will it be something predicated of human subjects. What is opposed to an *operative* state, at work, is one of *violence*, of useless luxury, of completely unproductive devotions to the *sacred* (which is contagion, which is viral). It would be intermingling with the nearest monster in the wasteland, in the brushland of wild hogs copulating with the irritant bark of certain creeping trees. But I'm lapsing into poetry. I hope these remarks will open up the discussion.

[No record of the following discussion, at which Messrs. Wenceslawsky, Dabney, Laurentino, Heinzholz, Valcennes, Denotelaer, Ms. Cunningham-Sinclair, and at least five auditors were present, nor of the other lectures referred to, was able to be tracked down for our purposes of immediate publication here.—Eds.]

The Nigger

By Apu, age 6

From *The Complete Works of Apu*

The nigger
He destroyed the cage
Yes
YES
The nigger is out

Good job Apu, A*

Haha he said the nigger word haha and makes the meme reference it's funny you guys Pepe and wojak are the lights of my life, they are peak western culture. I identify so much both culturally and politically with these meme cartoons that I emblaze my online identity with them as if it does anything other than convey at a glance just how much of a glassy-eyed automaton I am.

this is racist!!!

So what?

I'm calling the cyber police!!!

Racism is funny, actually, and autistically repeating meme phrases and talking about racial stereotypes as jokes in and of themselves rather than as part of the formulation of authentic humor does NOT, in fact, expose my own racial insecurities. I am perfectly comfortable with my race and my place in the world, and am not at all terrified of people who don't look like me. Everything that I don't like about the world is just a secret Jewish plot to sow degeneracy and cultural decadence into modern society and also **white girls fuck dogs**. We all know that nepotism and conspiracy and well-funded large scale psyops are behaviors exclusive to the Jewish peoples.

The thing that is so exquisite about this, is the fact that I, a black man, can appreciate this to its full extent. I find myself poring through all of this beautiful and moving content and I have to say: you must be geniuses.

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

An essay, by: /a/fag

(in progress as of 5.9.20)



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

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

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

Let me explain this in context and in detail, for the anime onlys who glorify *Vento Aureo* (that is a whole other essay), or those who were brutally filtered by *Stone Ocean*, or those who speedread *Steel Ball Run* in order to catch up with the latest cng. He planned to use the Holy Corpse for the good of his nation. He did not plan to use chapter of *Jojolion*; It is a clear and objective fact that President Funny Valentine did nothing wrong for selfish or personal gain, like others, or because he was cruel and did not care about those in other nations around him;

for he did not fully know how *Love Train* worked. And to complete this thesis, dare I say- the attempted rape of Lucy Steel was fully justified.

Every story of a great man has a beginning. This was given to us in a flashback in “*Ball Breaker: Part 5*” (Steel Ball Run Chapter 87, known as ボール・ブレイカーその⑤ in Japan) when, in a heartbroken and a defeated state, also knowing that he must kill Johnny Joestar, Valentine painfully reminisces upon a situation that happened early within in life, when he was a mere seven years old. A man by the name of Captain Valentine (who is implied to be his future step-father, so I will refer to Valentine as “Funny” for this portion of the essay) comes to his house, and approaches him and his sister, on the request of his mother. Captain Valentine explains that essentially, Funny’s father, a soldier, has died of strenuous, agonizing torture by the enemy because he refused to give up the US army’s position.¹¹ Captain Valentine gives Funny a handkerchief that belonged to his father that is embroidered with the young boy’s birthday. Funny’s father had hidden it in his eye socket so that the enemy would not strip it away from him. Captain Valentine then says, “ ‘Patriotism is the most beautiful ‘virtue’ in this world. Even animals risk their lives for the sake of their children, but risking one’s life for pride in their country and thinking of it as an extension of protecting one’s family is only a ‘Nobility of Humanity’... A kind of heart completely different from a religious fanatic”. Both an extremely based quote and a based reference to *Pulp Fiction*.

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

¹¹ Canonically, Funny Valentine was born on September 20, 1847, and since he is seven years old in the flashback, it seems to take place sometime between late 1854 and 1855. Taking this into account, it is assumed that Valentine’s biological father had died in the multiple wars between the US army and the Native Americans, or perhaps even earlier. Araki is a hack who does not know in-depth American Military history. (jk I love you based Araki)

Becoming Phytoplankton

Or, What Happens When You Look At A Screen For Too Long According to The Gospel of Boomer.

Or, Samuel Pepys' Autotrophic Fanfiction of the Great Fire and subsequent 'Lockedowne'

w/Fragments

“Origins of the ‘Ecstatic Moment’

*Samuel Pepys¹ was arguably the first hominid in history to spontaneously turn into a light devouring organism far smaller than a grain of sand. There is a great scientific/historical dispute over this fact, with some scholars and investigators of **Unnatural Biotic Incidents (UBI's)** suggesting that the first documented case of planktonisation [sic] occurred in AD 1532 when a Spanish explorer in the New World was handed a piece of Incan gold so bright and reflective that he was forced to measure its value by some parameter beyond European avarice, and so on the spot - in front of chief Cataraxzpetl and his **busty daughter** who documented the whole incident on a dried piece of *Llama scrotum* - he vanished, to all empirical knowledge, just after contorting his face into a disgusting, post-ejaculatory grin². But, as some modern scientists have theorised, the Spaniard was probably still there, sat two-dimensional on the surface of that gold coin in some geometrical shape, engorging himself on the delicious **UV rays** that were bouncing off its surface. After decades of research into this phenomenon, experts have begun to see a correlation between the incident and some ecstatic or ephemeral moment of joy, of utter resignation to the divine sense of sight.*

Thus it is thought to have been with Samuel Pepys who, in 1666, made his last diary entry with an account of the Great Fire of London³. It is postulated that upon seeing the first indicators of disaster, Pepys was already inclined towards a death-spiral into the fire. He had to barge through the clamour and negotiate with guards blocking the streets and with fleeing citizens coming towards him, in an effort to reach the epicentre. An eyewitness account speaks of: ‘a bloodee poshy wretch, ‘edded fastly in a way of the frightenin’ bigge fyre wot from I just came, an’ all mee babes an’ usband burned up to crisps God ‘elp thee souls, firste it were the playg an’ now this when will it ende?’⁴. From further eyewitness

sources and a statement from all two of the firemen in central London at the time, the last that was seen of Pepys was his silhouette plunging headfirst into the flames on London Bridge and burning before disappearing instantaneously. He is said to have been writing of his experience in a diary even as his skin melted for the brief few seconds of immolation.

Notwithstanding Pepys' devotion to the craft of journal writing, this event is quintessential to the understanding of UBI's. Contemporaneous researchers are trying to find some further link between the 'Ecstatic Moment' and the source itself, postulating a sort of 'Ideomotor Effect'; then there are others⁵ who speculate that the phenomenon can be simplified to a severe lack of Vitamin D and nothing more. Current experiments with LED and LCD screens have found no promising results. Leading expert on UBI Dr. Manuel Memys reports that, as of this moment, 'we can be 98 percent sure that artificial sources of light do not act as origins of the Ecstatic Moment'⁶ ... [interest in document trails off here]

[1] Formerly 'Salty's'.

[2] The Chief's daughter continues to explain how this incident marked the genesis of her aversion to Spaniards, which lasted the rest of her life (36 days).

[3] All subsequent diaries from Mr. Pepys have been found to be fabricated by his rival Samuel Bepys, in an attempt to defraud him. This was obviously unsuccessful.

[4] Misses Gtingham, 1635 - 1691; statement from collection of various London wife's accounts of the fire titled: 'Why My 'Usband Dyed & Other 'Orrors of the Fyre'.

[5] Mostly under the employ of Cpt. Bird's Eye Fish's™ 'Overseas Department for the Investigation of Vitamin-shy Nords and Folk of Aryan Descent' (Based in Antigua and Barbuda)

[6] Later in his statement, Dr. Memys disclosed (rather tentatively) that test volunteers were subjected to [REDACTED] on screens for up to 12 hours, at various distances, and often in sudden or unexpected exposures, in order to properly induce the EM."

He'll never finish the essay at this rate. Hopefully, highlighting the most important parts should keep him up to date when he returns to it the next day. For now - sleep.

...

You have reached the photic zone

Phytoplankton #1785325: How is it that Pepys changed form by infrared radiation only? Surely this is about UV light? I'm thinking I'll go to the library tomorrow and find some more on this before vomiting up the rest of my vital organs. I can get to the bottom of this.

Phytoplankton #12: Fuck off and lock yourself down more, you're spreading the (((plague))) -- me.

Phytoplankton #8374: Baby, where we're going, you don't even need Macbook Pro Retina Display with 4K Capabilities and Lightning-USB compatibility

Phytoplankton #2893573: *C MMMMMMMMM YES GIVE ME C, GIVE ME THE CCCCCCCCC I NEED IT*

Phytoplankton #4489.6:

Light? Weary? He floats. He has travelled.

With?

With Samuel Pepys; and Samuel Saltys; and Bamuuel Bepys; and Ramuel Repys; and Tamuel Tepid; and Manuel Memys; and Hamuel Hepatitys; and Famuel Fepys; and Lamuel Lipids; and Yameual Ypres; and Cramwell Crepys; and Daniel Depots; and Gamuel Geyps; and Kamuel Keyps; and Pamuel Sepys; and...

Where?

Phytoplankton # 345: Does anybody have a charger?

Phytoplankton #1086: I have no hands but I must click. Why can't I CLICK?

Phytoplankton #8888: I said NO you DONT do THAT beCAUSE you WILL get SQUARE eyes WHEN you're OLDER - well LOOK AT ME NOW GIRLS I'm JUST a SIMPLE ORGanism with a penCHANT for devOURing LIGHT and SPEAKing as IF I am CASTiGATing my INFant CHILD for SOMEthing UTTerly TRIVial - I CANnot STOP this PLEASE someBODY just GET me a WEB MD preSCRIption for a DAY in BED and LIE me DOWN and LET me WATCH my STOries on my TABlet

Phytoplankton #3.7x10⁸: Do not desecrate the Idea of the divine photic-zone like that you insufferable wench.

Phytoplankton #3.7x10⁸: Also, nice quads

Phytoplankton #729856: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Phytoplankton #90238:

An Ode to Autotrophy

The pixels in the photic soup,
To man, are inconceivable:
So let's devolve into a group
To float ecstatic and divine

Phytoplankton #234238947: The last thing I can remember (if one can even call it 'remembering') is going to Captain Rhymes' Discount Crab Lines and ordering two buckets of maggots. I'm a fisherman, you see, and my nephew was excited to go on our first mackerel fish of the season (what season now?)... I have vague memories of talking to Rhymes himself about the wind direction... brief moments of delight with my sister's progeny as he reeled in his first fish... but the sea, its surface... so bright and shimmery. Went home. News said we can't go out... The sea... photic soup, looking at the wrong quarry in there. Fish are worthless, absolutely worthless. Bash their heads in.

Phytoplankton #1: First (Edit: omg thanks for the upvotes)

Phytoplankton #123123123123123123: *When you're a phytoplankton:* *reaction image* haha, yeah that's the stuff. I do wish someone could have seen that. I should be a comedian.

Phytoplankton #800: Alright folks, move along. Everything to see here. Come on, clear off. What do you mean 'I can't'?

Phytoplankton #251219: (Pen in mouth, reclined) Well all the kids are becoming phytoplankton today, it has to be said. So what I want to ask you now is this: do you personally think there is any correlation here between biotic devolution and the amount of screen time these young people are getting? Perhaps it is the fault of the parents. What are your thoughts on this matter?

Phytoplankton #20185: I remember what it was like to feel. Disgusting.

Phytoplankton(s): SHARE THIS WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND SEE WHO REALLY KNOWS YOU: HOW MANY PHOTONS CAN YOU CONVERT TO NUTRIENTS IN A DAY? ON A SCALE OF 1-10 HOW MUCH DO YOU ENJOY BEING SUSPENDED IN THE PHOTIC REGION OF THE "SEA"? WHAT IS THE MOST OBSCURE MEMORY YOU TWO SHARE TOGETHER? LIKE AND SHARE THIS (NO CYANOBACTERIA PLEASE, DIATOMS ONLY)

"It's not exactly a freely willed decision, nor is it entirely deterministic. It's a resignation and an epiphany. It is when you realise something that was always latent. When you resign yourself fully to the sense of sight, the superior sense, the sublime sense, and must then find a way of nourishing yourself by it. When you realise you have no mouth, no nose, no ears, no other faculty through which to interpret the world but your goggles. In fact this is beyond interpretation, we are seeing life itself, we are seeing to live - living to see. We have transcended the need for interference. We exist on the great surface of screens, bathing in our new synthetic sun. In the end, I guess we all really were (turns to look at the camera) Becoming Phytoplankton".

With a smile, [Samuel Pepys](#) leans back in his leather chair and admires the paltry manuscript on the desk before him. 'Ah yes, well done Pepys, well done Pepys... however-'

But he never finishes his sentence - in an instant, Pepys reconverges with his 1666 self for a total of 12 Yoctoseconds before exploding into a Body Without Organs; no longer is his topology that of a donut in breeches and fine silks, but an almost two-dimensional microscopic symbol of intensity, a flat blob with neither entrance or exit. Where does he eat? From where does he shit? Why is Pepys the only one? A sorry cyanobacterium, shovelling as many photons into its ((mouth)) as it can. Imagine a human deciding

to eat with their eyes, unclothing themselves and seamlessly fading into oblivion on the twilight escarpments and liquid strata of the deep photic zone; at such a microscopic reality wherein water becomes so dense as to resemble treacle, denying movement in the traditional hominid sense. The Will collapses: there is only synthesis, memory, suspension. Phytoplanktons all: receivers of everything, creators of nothing.

Relevant accounts of the subsequent 1666 LOCKEDOWNE, on the Authority of HIS MAJESTY KING CHALRES II, as plagiarised from 'Why My 'Usband Dyed & Other 'Orrors of the Fyre' (1674)

"I LOST ME NOSEGAY IN THE THAMES, I AM 'IOTHER UNABLE TO RETRIEVE IT" -- Mary Godwinson, Clapham; wife of local Shit Collector

"I had only been informed by our local Beafeater on the Monnday 'fore [date inexact] that the Lockdowne was to be enacted accordingly upon us, the citizenry of London City, and I had yet to go to the merchant to purchass at me pleasure me 'usband's arse-blanketts, for hee devellops awful sores if hee is forced, by no will of 'is own may I add, to clean 'is backside with a rat-skin rag. Well, it turns owt that upon arriving at the markett, all the arse-blanketts were absent in'th stalls, and the merchant 'imself told of a crowd o' people that did divine away all the arse-blanketts 'fore noon that same day, in all divers manners. It 'as now verily been a week absent o' me 'usband's arse-blankett's, to the effect that 'is arse is all but lost to the devile. " -- Elenor Fry, Embankment; wife of local Shit Sweeper.

"Prithee, forgive me foul devilry, but I see no bloodie change in it all - I pondered out me back window before the Lockedowne all day when me 'usband is a' labour, and did so when we was all imprisoned all the same. Only diff'rens is, firstly, the sights I did see, an' secondly that one the onne day the buildin's was there, an' the next the buildin's was all gone." -- Anne Pearson, London Bridge; wife of local (shit?) labourer and busybody.

"Alls I remember is the blacknuss of the smoke and the defilin' of the air, an' three of me littluns all baked as in a pye. An' me 'usband beat the devile out of me for not washin' is breeches, before hee too was consumed i'the hellfyre. I have been forced, by God, to sell rats for meat at a distance offourscore

an' a span as not to get the playge from me neighbors. " -- Anne Boggs, London Bridge; wife of local slanderer and odd-jobsman

"Ooch aye went a frum up 'th wee t' the Brudge wun I herd the creies o' th peepul, 'n bee Gowd thee were a fleem 'n burnen up, n' somwun aksed meh teh get a peel o watur frum the revur but - bee Gowd as me witnuss - aye had'ney a peel on meh so aye did wut anee Gowd-fearun wayf wud'doo n' a went hoam teh me 'hoosbund at a' hoose, an we ded delibereet foh aboot twenteh manuts on thee steet of the contry; and we ded conclood tha' thess wouldn'ee happun under Jems teh Furst, Gowd bless 'uss sool.

An soo thee nex dee " -- Deranged Scottish lady, unnamed; unmarried, spinster.

"Well I did say unto my loving husband that we should certainly stay clear of the Themes and all that reside in those environs, verily, to the effect that those miserable wretches, by no fault of their own, are inundated by all the vermin of the City - and after correspondence with our good friends in the country, of whom, to wit, include a most prodigious young scientist and physician [REDACTED], we have gathered with estimable prescience that the playge which does ravage our country at this time has been caused by the vermin themselves, or perhaps some related malady to their kind which remains to be uncovered through good experiment. But, most unfortunately, my dear husband did protest with great animosity, for his trade, which has seen us so graced with a modest salary, demands of him the shipping routes which rely upon the Themes river. And so my beloved ventured into the docks on that dreadfull eve which brought hellfyre down upon the city, and he perished, along with a poor Dutch associate back from the Island of Mauritius only but a day and night, trying to save those unfortunates on the bridge... " -- Elizabeth Fromme; wife of esteemed trader John Fromme of the S.Afrique Dodo Company, Est.1631 (bankrupt 1667)

"Alls we 'ad were these funny lookin' birds to 'and, from God knows where they came, but they were loose as daemons on the streets, runnin' from all the bedlam - so we took them and used 'em for floatin' in the river, to save us from the burnin'. Was God's good grace, I says. But then me 'usband took a likin' to one of the feathered things... " -- Mary Bradshaw, Embankment; wife of carriage driver and bird enthusiast.

Joint letter of Convocation to ALL usurers around the
world

*TO ADDRESS, or addressing,
the utmost importance of a*

CRISIS

Like this, to be employed in future self-benefit

PAID FOR, BY MUTUAL ASSURANCE
by the notable AND most esteem'd

LORD FAUNTLEBERY OF EGBERT
and his cohort of extortionists

PRINTED BY WILLIAM KINGSWAY OF ALBERTA, CA

anno 2020

Transcribed by the illustrious Mr. E. Y. Pennyweight, therewith present.

THE LORD FAUNTLEBERY: Gentlemen, here all gathered: Come here along for a purpose of single goal, indiscriminate: Our noble ways of travesty and reductionism, brought us all this far, indeed see no other finer avenue for future growth than that which we see ahead of ourselves now.

Verily do I see among those crooked visages the faint spectre of Lord Mackenzie's sideburns, his pallid complexion undeterred from among the bright sunrays of his homeland, and thus it reminds me of how in '67 we both did truly a great number on the stocks of a certain company, now among Mr. Rudeward's holdings. I remember of Lord Veneer's manipulation of the rhodium bubble, and oh how did he make us cackle at the highest when he brought us the reports! The time when old chap Thompson over there understood what we've all been trying to tell him since he joined! These fond, fond memories we have cultivated among ourselves, amiable gentlemen, have unfortunately become far too few. No longer do we rejoice but monthly, even, as though our reunions have grown stale. The cold marble surrounding us has finally crept to inside our souls? Have our hearts become heavy and rigid like the gold we all do hoard? Nay? Can any convince me otherwise?

It is thus, fellows, that a revival becomes so dearly needed. Say that we go back to our ways of jest, if not only for a few to enjoy it once more before comes their due time in serving at the court of hell? Leonard, as you know, has no more than some four months. Jerome has the Lung Cancer. I myself have grown thin around the bowels, legs trembling at the slightest wind. So let us wreck havoc once more, be it a farewell! Let us wrest from among our collective might funds enough to weave chaos and disorder in a way that may not only benefit but please us in earnest jest! To this time of sorrow a merry drop of laughter! Care you not to

indulge in it? Say we make a mess over there, say we close a port there, say we take over a large fish, only to plunge it back down? Many should try to make a profit these days; let us exploit them! Feed them false hope! Do it, and do it well! For our own sakes, if not for their own suffering! To the merriment of this decrepit horde!

THE LORD LEONARD: Say, 'tis true; our bodies begin to fade. Our penchants dim. Our fortunes only grow, yet what purpose does it make? For long have I not reveled in the base shades of emotion. Now I do abstract and spend time high above, in the realm of numbers and memos, disastrous tendencies for a man my kind. How did I build my throne if not by the sweat of my fellow man's brow, by the tears of his disowned wife, and by the blood of his starving infants? How could I give it to myself that I'd spend my latter days in such, such misery of this kind? Now that time becomes the greatest asset, one that I lack the funds to buy, now do I begin to see. I want to go out with a roar, gentlemen. I want the repercussions of my obituary to be grand. I want to be the catalyst for another great depression! I would like to drag the moon down to earth only to etch my name onto it! I'd like to buy the world, sell it to the highest bidder, and then do it all again! What has a lifetime of avarice -- in those days I called it moderation -- led me to? An empty tomb, a pit of memories to be erased. My swift reckoning shall only leave a pile of shareholders gnawing for every bit of this disgraced empire I have erected. All for naught. Oh heavens, have I really done it wisely to forsake you early on in order to amass portentous wealth?

THE LORD FAUNTLEBERY: Aye, Leonard: 'tis it the time to chew on past bones? Would you spend the last days in regret? In forgiveness? Have you lost your ways? You, we, all have committed to walk down this path we chose! You find it time now to be a Christian? Does your old life hold no weight? It was the same Leonard that acted all along its course, the same Leonard that bankrupted thousands, the same Leonard that starved millions! You insist on begging for it now? No! Gentlemen! Lest we forget what we gathered here for! What I have summoned thee here to do! No quarrels with the past! No remembrances tinted by sorrow! Our solace is to be found at bedrock, digging deeper towards the bottom of the grave! The world is relentless, but so can we be! Cast those doubts aside, ye men of little faith! The devil commands it!

Leonard, Lord Leonard, hear this: I forgive you for this misstep, only because you strayed from our present path. Care to remember what you were ranting about? To cause chaos? To spectacularly blow? That is what you, what we, should all aim for. No forgiveness will be given to us. We reclaim what we have stolen for ourselves. We build our own graves, and we make them out of marble! Our mausoleums shall be gilded with the blood of the innocents, gargoyles in the place of statues of angels. Diamonds at every cornerstone, and the fiery depths of hell below!

THE LORD LEONARD: Nay! Nay, care what? I've had enough! I'm tired, tired of it all! The meetings, the whiskey, the red velvet on these chairs! The eunuchs serving trouts with almonds and the smell of incense in the air! I am done! Done with you festering wretches, done with your malicious deeds, deeds I once was foolish enough to call my own! To partake in it with thee for another single second is a torture on my soul! See, dearest, charitable Lord Fauntlebery, I will be leaving in grand! I'll surely make my mark -- not with words, even, but -- you'll see! You all will surely see!

At this moment the transcript ends. For I, Mr. Pennyweight, was transcribing from audio feed, due to my rank not permitting me access to the chamber on which the Lords themselves were thereupon gathered, which proved to be my salvation. Following Lord Leonard's morally righteous outburst a varied sequence of events took place, all abysmal in scope and minuscule in length. I shall narrate them here now, only but recalling from memory, as I was much too distressed to annotate them during, and much too shaken after. It went similarly to this:

Lord Leonard, although frail in shape, was sharp of wit, and, in a burst of tremendous energy for a sir his age, violently stood up after he had made the remarks as above transcribed, unswathed from his linen paletot a fine device whose making I could not ascertain. After pressing a button located in it, the room shook with tremendous energy as Lord Leonard's private militias stormed in and began shooting at the crowd, but not much later it was shown that a few other respectable Lords had done the same shortly after, as the marble and granite corridors of the mansion came to resemble a warzone of the worst kind. I, being non-essential -- as in not a full-fledged member -- lacked codes or authority to leave unaccompanied; but this also entailed that the position wherein I resided was of far too few strategic significance to conquer or destroy, which spared my life. I cowered in fear for the seemingly endless amount of time that it took until the last bomb had been blown and the last bullet had been fired, and fled through the desert of rocks and carcasses that the place had become to a fortunate hole in the wall, whereupon a helicopter had crashed.

The desolation was too much to bear. The Club is no more, it seems. I renounce my membership and relinquish all participation in it. The act of publishing this piece, as it was paid for already, both to me and the printer Mr. Kingsway, will be the last I ever make that has any relation at all to that bloodridden den of greed.

I'm certain that this is not the discourse that the Lord Fauntlebery had hoped it would be when he selected me to transcribe and publish it, but my promise remains. Here it is, how it was, and I'd like to never think about that cursed night ever again.

I say scream, you say:	Deleuze woulasd be proud	
I have perished.		
Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so? Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with You got to keep me focused; you want it? Say so Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so? Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with You got to keep me focused; you want it? Say so		

“Art thou not a Robinson Crusoe, who disobeyed his father and got lost in the vast sea. Now stuck on the deserted (but not really) Island of Man (the **gay** man, one would assume), you repent for your sins by fucking **assholes**. And so you learned to fuck **assholes** all day long. You poor mentally retarded son of a **dickshit**.” Aristotle spoke this way to me in my dreams every night. It made me question myself. At the end of his speech, by **golden** means he would give me a **golden** shower. I basked in the **golden** liquid. Thank you **golden** daddy **A(u)ristotle**.

The Lay of Melchizedek

A! Ouranos, heaven's high'st by far
I call to thee, and plead in rapture
To beg my soul back from that crack
So smelly wrought with tar of Hell
Tarterian tar, Black and vile.

My soul that past the brappening
That hogs and wolves have fested on.
My soul that past all knowledge known
And still in this, would choose this song.
Now bless this poetry, dear God.

There once was stars up in the sky
And each day men would look and sigh,
Whenceforth this light, which we do see,
Whenceforth the glory, that shines on me!
But ev'n as night does pass, one man
Inside his house yet stays! And slam
And slam, echoes the thrusts of lusts;
He thrusts into his wife - and thus,
Was born a child, so meek and mild
That 'pon his head were treasures piled.
Come birth they cried, in tears and joy:
Oh now, ye father, who is he,
To sire a boy with strength plenty
And grace abundant, locks so dark,
And skin so pale and void of mark,
And eyes clay brown, yet in the sun,
The slanting light, now gold, not dun!
And [limbs well formed, enough that so,](#)
[We all can say, justly, you'll grow](#)
Into heroic bounds of God.
Yet fore that skin of dick is shod,
We must foreknow; who is your sire!
And thus in rudest tongue the boy:

You [cannot know of my sire nor I; the infinite, the unbound. Our essence reaches into the ends of the universe and escapes this material Hell. To see the things I have, is to see your own destruction, nightmares manifest, as I tread the astral road that leads to Heaven's gate - the milky way, the bounteous](#)

jugs, the great khazar milkers, diabolical sacks, geatish jubbly bubbles, orbs of corpulent life - these eyes on eyes flesh bound, udders of the cosmic cow; you don't even comprehend the eternal effluence I speak. MOMMY MARY GIVE ME MILKY No? No. It is beyond you. As the mountain peaks and ocean depths are beyond all men. To try is to chase a shadow, to chase your own soul as it unmoved moves you. I look at you and I do not even see people. You have no souls, you have no notions, or motions thine own. Yet to me it is only a matter of reaching within, and without even a pounce of putrid logik, could produce wonders so foreign to thee, the very wind you pass would toot in sentient thought, compared to the utter void that is your limpet-brained, bullshit monkey business!

When so he spoke, this boy caused joy
To spread to all the lands, that one wise
In manly things, could so round speak
Of women's chests, each fleshy peak,
The nubbed tips, source of life-essence,
Great spermy white, Goddess presence.

Interim

He tumbled down't t'e hill!
The tumble; int'r'ill!
He soaked his new breeches
To the barking of bitches,
With water forced mouth-fill!

Confessions

It is in anguish
and fury,
In pain
And despair
That I must confess
For there is no less,
I must accept
That there be no ruler
For I am a coomer.

I wish to diaper
For I cannot control my urge.
This hell right here.
I wish only to purge.

Someone make it stop.

FUCK

FUCK, fuck. *Fuck*. FUCK FUCK. fuck. FUCK FUCK FUCKING FUCK. *Oh god, oh fuck. Fuck*.

— Fuck, fuck fuck, fuck. Fuck fuck fuck, fuck fuck fuck; fuck fuck fuck fucking fuck. Fuck.

Fuck fuck, fuck fuck fuck.

It is at this point that 'fuck' lost all meaning.

A conversation between two mutes

Mute 1:

Mute 2:

Mute 1:

Mute 2:

Mute 1:

Mute 2:

The end.

Volume: 0%

Dizzy rascal: Base, base, base

Base, base, base

Base, base, base.

Inhaz uhlabir enayiz yarodan, ikiş ita inhaz aşfifçit, işyiz Şilmai iş Nidbai, kotuçın ikni, uhlabir esayiz kiawuz enayiz yarodan; Hibil iş Şitil iş Anuş uhlabir esayiz kiawuz enayiz yarodan, otfinciz keruz aðnulçir esayiz idwuime aðnunuçí geayiz keðin. Piriauwis, Ziwa iş Piriafil, Malaka iðufçir iðlunçim koihiçi enayiz keakaçie geayiz kotuçın afriçil! Inhaz ibriçir irut aýyiz otfeñ nuehu ulkuçiyiz keðine delirez iş savez, iş tecez otfeñ nuehu aýyiz etan yiruz şí façifçi iş aýyiz otmançiz keruz iðufçir kufeçi, ikiş olruçir aðhafçit; iş aýyiz otmançiz keruz kaunçir kufeçi iş umsuçit etäşî mînaçir aðkalçit; iş aýyiz façifçim nuonaçi ukbaz ihnuçir umsuçit kırşı ita atloçir, iş aýyiz liliżis ukbaz içakir irut iş kırşı ita atkahir.

Oşuçin ihbeçi içakir (meolaçil) şayiz oşuçin kaewe; oşuçin fojı uhlasseñ aðir iş tiðisçim ena neoruçir iş oşuçin enbi abfançir eñmalim iş tiðisçim ena iðfusur. Etyiz umtumun kouliçi, Şilmai iş Nidbai, iş eðayiz oðasçie geayiz Hibil, Şitil iş Anuş, neoke, neiriçim iş ifmafim otfeñ nuehu keruz ibriçir irut enayiz yarodan iş ukoçisi aðusçisi aðnulir, alyiz idwuime neiriçil iş ifmafim nealir neoker, neiriçim iş ifmafim otlan nueha geayiz, iş ewkér çiz iş ostiçit muðor owaçit nealaçir keayiz oçtiçie.

◆◆◆Diamonds???

SO GET THIS
GET THIS
GET
THIS
I WALKED DOWN THE STREET
AND
I SAW AN AXOLOTL
I THOUGHT
I'M GOING TO KILL THAT AXOLOTL
I'M GOING TO SMASH IT'S FUCKING HEAD IN
WHY?
I DON'T KNOW
I JUST DFAFAFF
HELLO Hey Buddy
:
HOW ARE YOU DOING?

Hows life
PRETTY BAD
Sell drugs? Are you poor? Im poor very poor I live in a crawlspace under a bridge
No you don't

No you dont
No you dont
No you dont
You lying fuck
No you dont
No you dont

Yeah I do im typing this on my computer I made with a car battery
Wow frog your words cut deep

Diamonds, Part II
by Dodo Gang

I got diamonds on my dick
Bitch
I put diamonds on your ass
Bitch
I lick your shit clean
Bitch
I make a compost from your shit
Bitch

徠 (佗 兌惡 些溫娃 頗倭 坡下坡 座 傲) 話祢亞 富 他以蟆兔 傷万, 哟南奧 並 座 傲 万 俄咏, 嘴治南摩 (三奧 萍南 哟嗚). 墮理右 頗亞 丑亞 着邏挨 嘎 祢亞 頗倭 磨俄瑩 呀他以 亞蟆咀偏于他以 倍囊 个 不亞 頗哩 嘴嗚 偏罨 姥 呸 磨励哇 磨俄瑩 夜着咏 仮南曖 頗癡央 口偏娃. 仮 偏倍囊 頗亞 丑亞 富 墮犁鑑 坐理梓 廚亞 南茉娃 偏罨 姥 呸 嘴 嘴禹; 茶南俄 墮犁鑑 坐理梓 話祢亞 唉 佻 萍南 俄瑩. 墮理右 哟墮惡 也 偏闕 偏罨 姥 南茉娃 哇 嘴禹, 劑偏埃 賠 南呀於 娥 丶堊 他以 偏鑑. 頗鞍鴉 南梓, 富. 偏万 兌嗚 个墮惡 偏渥孟 哟於 墮理右 頗倭 磨俄瑩 偏罨 姥 夜着咏 話 南梓 倍囊 偏癡宇 他伊南 偏 頗瑩 偏闕 邁 南埃 夜嗚 們 呀於 墮理右 話祢亞 富 馬勵禹 帖南 儀 倍囊. 南哩 嘴 姥 邁-墮梓 且瑩 偏愛 坐溫闕 娥 祢亞 佐俄瑩 呀慶亞 哟哦以 廚亞 磨俄瑩 着鞣極.

蟆溫咏 墮犁鑑 坐理梓 南茉娃 哇 嘴禹 偏罨 姥 話祢亞 頗哩 摩伊 並 口偏 廌 廌亞 賠南呀於 娥 丶堊, 茶南俄 磨励 嘴 廌亞 橋咧 話祢亞 个值 呀位 嘴瑩南 偏 兌 徠. 賠南呀於 娥 丶堊 哟墮惡 南哩 南鑑 儀偏始 富喉阿 頗倭 挫癡 呸 頗倭 橋咧 劑偏瑩 万 哟以, 鰥 偏軋愛 磨摩位 劑偏瑩 哟茶鳩 頗輒倚 夜嗚 哇 嘴禹 吻 剛 娥於.

徠 仮二瑩 劑偏瑩 吻 丶哩 二痴 夜嗚 侘偏婀 劑偏埃 倍南 偏 哇-偏鉢 鰥 世 偏孟. 坐璃闕 廌亞 瑪務哩 仮二瑩 南 狸婀 墮位 兮安以摩也 廌亞 頗喉烏. 並 偏亞 偏凹, 仮二瑩 劑偏瑩 磨璃鉢 兌嗚 也 依 痴 侘偏婀 劑偏埃 匪 偏咏 侘偏婀. 徠 仮二瑩 哟墮惡 也 偏闕 呀富鴉 南鑑 俄鹽奧 邁 哟伊 坐韻囁, 他瑩 偏始 使 偏勵奧 何着 姥 偏烏 寫 哟鳩 仮二瑩 鰥 吻 兌於 哟以 仮二瑩. 仮二瑩 和伊南 具亞 磨瑩南 呀位 丸痴 頗倭 哟哦嗚 他喉嘗 兌 墮右 鰥 偏囁, 並 履南 呀伊, 偏勵奧 頗安 娥嗚 劑偏瑩 万 哟以. 偏癡鴉, 仮二瑩 哟墮惡 痴睡惡 佳 愉 南茉娃 劑偏埃 偏罨 姥 也 劑凹 墮位 頗鞍鴉 夜茶伊 使 哟-孟 廌亞 仮二瑩. 座富鑑 廌亞 世 偏鑑 話祢亞, 磨圈禹, 頗亞 哇 以 呀位 嘴瑩南 偏 兌 徠.

Ching chong

Nick Land be like

editor's note: cut down on some of the o's, it's hard to read.

Dreaming (Revised and Expanded, by someone who will NOT be named, for his brutish and hamfisted revisions (AND NO EXPANSION ON THEIR PART) have been undone to the best of the true author's ability. This is in all seriousness my genuine dream journal, the rhythm and language will not be changed because ---- cannot write a damn thing himself. Fuck you, it was to the petty level of changing words like "coke" to "soda". If you don't like it just leave it and go write your own).

I am still angry about a dream I had. You wouldn't be false in mistaking that dream for reality; it was one of those rare dreams that, every, *every* sensation was excruciatingly vivid, memory upon memory when waking could be as easily as real as the day before. But why would one of these pleasurable dreams become a source of anger for me? I'm sure the astute among you could guess, that this pleasure I felt within the confines of sleep, was one absent to me in wakefulness, or more simply, I am a lone soul that felt love and remembered the joy of having it, only then being wrenched back into the state of lacking.

One ought to dwell on other things. But, O! How can I forget my sweet deity! I exaggerate, of course, but I feel a true love for that passion I had. I perhaps should make clear, that these weren't sexual dreams – though sexuality is implied in love, not always must it be.

*My Dearest, Know, O know, this, omen free,
I'd give but Roman; He could give pure Greek.
Thou art-full faced 'visage of fair beauty
Draws fresh thawed waters from my painful pique,
A mountain drained by cruel intent. I flee
To find my heart in an abyssal creek,
And spooked run back – stopped – snagged, by you, Godly.
This God is not objective truly, and*

*Voracious still in covenant cruel, lauded
in heart, unfelt 'til you splay wide thy hand,
Unseen thy glory 'til the Styx forded,
Unheard the trumpets 'til falls judgment's rod,
Unknown my passion 'til full formed re-trod.
Dreams torment, even moreso when God-sent.*

I didn't think to provide a date for the previous entry. The figure of my dream still follows me, to the point where I'm now unsure exactly which of these dreams provoked that first entry. I remember yet the climax of those dreams, though so epic like in nature were they – yet murky and half-remembered there is so much more to those dreams. How vivid they are! Life within a deathly sleep. And I cannot but be wary of this life, for whence does this life come? Form from my own imagining? I cannot bear the thought that this is some elaborate construction of dream, to have a yet still reprising actor. But even greater still is the fear that this figure is external; not from my waking world, but somewhere in-between. A Jezebel? Or Angel? Is there a difference?

Speaking to a friend of this, I realized that what I can only assume was the dream that prompted the first entry wasn't known to me as the first of this sequence. That's too imprecise, what I mean is, The dream that I view as the first of this figure's appearances, may indeed be the one of which I first wrote, but of writing of it, forgot it, and it was usurped by a dream in which I also believe may have prompted the first entry, yet is as vivid as the previous dream, though with more scandalous events. Aha! The scandal of the second eliminates it as the prompt-dream as the first entry is explicit in its innocence. In summary, the prompt-dream was forgotten. Another took its place as The First-dream. And these make but the beginning of a chain of dreams which I fear is not yet ended or will end too soon.

Perhaps for the sake of clarity, I should lay out the stage of each dream.

The prompt-Dream; Being the true First-dream: There is not much of note in this one, except for the Figure. She came to me cordially, when I lay in a twisted dreamscape of my Father's flat, and she came completely naked (with a marvelous body: tanned, lithe, modestly plump, glorious behind, etc.) She tried to invoke me to fuck her, convoluted circumstances made me delay, and the dream ended with her – now on my bed at my Mother's flat (no connection between the parents, just that I am largely seclusive and it's not inconceivable that the platform of my dreams would be where I seclude myself, to my room at my Mother's, or the living room – lacking my own room – at my Father's) – still naked, looking coyishly over her shoulder telling me angrily that there is now no time and that is morning. Now, nothing alarming, except the longing I felt for her company, not sexually, just another rare dream of myself attempting companionship.

The First-dream; Being the one that alarmed me most: This dream was much more cajoling and cavorting than the previous, it was whole day and night within the dream, time stretching to allow

me. I truly wish I could remember this one, solely for the whole narrative to be laid out, to better express how sudden my figure appeared to me, and left, by ending the dream. Mind you, not waking me, ending the dream plunging me into a void, a dark nothing empty of consciousness, almost as if to cleanse.

Context first! Just before I went to bed, I had finished reading the Shakespeare play *Antony and Cleopatra*. Now when the Figure appeared to me, whether my brain had made an assumption, or she had changed to be more like her, I identified the Figure as Cleo (Might as well refer to her as such, though erroneous, it gives some vague Idea of the Figure's figure). Cleo, appearing as fast as it takes to read this next sentence, showed, was grabbed, impregnated, gone. A singularly strange occurrence. Not often do I have dreams with even implied sensuality, much less one in which sex is performed. But this is even anomalous as an anomaly; for truly it was just a slight hug, sudden sparse dress, and insemination with absurd detail of feeling - physical, emotional, and confusion.

Now having set forth the two major Dreams, and before painting the subsidiary minor ones, it is noteworthy that the absurdity of them wasn't lost upon me during the dreams themselves. I bordered painfully on realizing they were a dream and shattering the illusion, and knowing they were dreams and powerless to influence the narrative as a lucid dream.

Furthering my alarm, this has only occurred after I have resolved myself to maintain celibacy, I am unsure of it regarding relationships, but to refrain as much as my self-control allows. Now before these dreams I'd had my longest breath of purity ever, and I am left wondering if this was not an attack from a malevolent being or hoping that it is some form of reward from a benign. I'll incline to the former, for a benign being would realize how tortuous such dreams could be, and perhaps that is why they have apparently stopped as my bout of purity broke, and I had the dreams no more. I can only attempt again to reach such a level of celibacy, though this time partly in hope of a re-occurrence of the dream, even if it is a malevolence attempting to throw me off the path.

bitch is devious, cannot muster the energy to write with any measure of forced eloquence. She showed up again, dream was weird. I've repeatedly tried a method I know of to force lucid dreams, in order to force a meeting with her. Well, in this dream I attempted the method to lucid dream, as they say: *All that we see or seem, is but a dream within a dream*, you know, that guy Poe.

Anyway, I tried the dream within a dream, not intentionally, I had no control over either, and, as I've been warned, the attempt to lucid dream gave me sleep paralysis, within the dream. I think this might have been some cryptic warning from her to get a fucking grip and stop trying so desperately, though after that she (debatable, not the Gender, just if it was her) did spend some time with me, longer than any other dream. **HOWEVER** – This can be marked as an almost absurdly absurd dream, and maybe even one self-aware (With the whole dream-in-dream action), as once I was paralyzed, she appeared. And maybe because of my earlier entries, my brain or her decided it is the absolute best of ideas to have her in a supposed true form as some... demon/witch/evil thing?

Basically, she had sharp teeth and a discernible – might as well ramp up the descriptions for imaginative aid – malign mien, seen from the corner of my eye. I tried to move, though unable too, and my sleep-addled thoughts made the order imperative to put my fingers in that gaping shark maw.

Even just imagining, and attempting to force my body to do so, without moving anything, I still felt the sharp pain of biting down upon many of my fingers and felt it vaguely omnipresently.

One may ask what I did next, faced with my false muse so direly threatening me? Well, being the Gentleman I am, I kissed her. This actually was able to be done, the ice thawing about me, and she becoming pacified with a sort of charmed surprise that even despite the fervent warnings I would continue to pursue her.

After this there was the characteristic breakdown of the dream that I felt in the others. But, seeing as Cleo decided to stick around some, I'll try to record the fragments, as well as something from my dream from the previous night (would that be yesterday night, or the night before yesterday?) which may connect some way. I'll start with a run down of the latter dream, the former one I had. Rather run of the mill, just dreaming, doing stupid shit in a dreamscape of familiar land, nothing really of note except for two things:

1) Throughout the dream was a persistent feeling of shame, loneliness, and a vague feeling of being directionless.

2) An instance in which I was eating out of a plain ceramic bowl but looking down found the bowl had undergone some platonic transubstantiation type change, now being Wooden and carved. I remarked "He [God] has made the bowl completely bare of dew!" a phrase so completely out of character for the dream at that point, and more so myself, my beliefs inclining slightly to deism. Looking at the bowl I saw that the painted carving showed two things, which I ache to remember more accurately, but it had something to do with a Mountain, beside or atop of which stood a Prophet like figure, dressed recognizably so (think Moses in Prince of Egypt) but also recognizably as Me. The mountain was being destroyed, under a torrent of fire (from the mountain or not is unclear) and myself implied to be so too. There happened to be at that moment in the dream an entire fellowship of people – all recognizable to me – within that room with me even before hand, and how I long to have remembered their number, of which one was looking at the bowl, and suddenly happened to be holding a lit match.

Another spoke, "How did you endure so much?" was the gist of it. I took the match from the other, the flame of it burned into my skin, but I did not mind, even though the whole match seemed to be flame, burning and instantly scaring a white line across my fingers and palm as I said either "I don't know." or "I just did." In a way I think I said both.

Now, a last supper like dream would quite likely just be brushed off by a normal person. But in my case that would be conjecture, for these long, vivid dreams are only becoming more frequent, from perhaps once a month to once every few days, and then with these last two consecutively.

Of course, I must now set forth the fragments of the second dream, and I curse myself for leaving it so late. The time is now half-six, so I've been a lazy loser and procrastinated. I think I can still remember the key parts, but every hour I waste is more detail lost. I am an Idiot.

I left it after Cleo becoming flustered. It's almost as if there are slices cut out, like an edited film, but the original has been destroyed in the process. So an altercation or fight broke out between a small

witch (Just take witch to be whatever creature this Cleo and her Kin are, I identified them as witches only at the end, and possibly a separate group.) and I. This small witch must not have been larger than a bottle of Coke, and wielded a flail-type weapon, almost a whip – and now that I think about it, it likely is a Flagrum or scourge of some kind.

I should note we were in what I can only say must be either a dreamscape of My father's old house's front room, or My Grandmother's, on my mother's side, Living room. Though more alarmingly, though many locations within these past two dreams are familiar, it is familiar in a sense unseen before in my dreams, with every house I have known, or my relatives' homes, appearing in some sense, even the Road beside my current, and my Friend's house on this road. Now what concerns me about this is the conscious acuteness to geography, but also the vast amount that was freshly conjured by the dream, large passages drawn abstractly from others to where they shouldn't be, and entirely knew ones, all culminating in this sprawling other-world in which I walked these past nights.

The small thing was trying to scourge me with the Flagrum, and naturally, I – at least to me – fought back, but for some reason this completely caught the Witch off guard, as if my subservience was expected. She tried to hide under a sofa, so I lifted it quite easily, as if I'd gotten really strong just by dreaming it so, and crushed her beneath it. Knowing I'd in some way fucked up big time, I decided to pull a fast one and just run out of the house, through a set of glass doors right beside the sofa. I could just feel them running after me, more of those witches, who I took to be Cleo's sisters. In the dream there was a weird transition that inclines me to believe Cleo was the little witch, though I am unsure, as every time I see her, I must evaluate who she is somewhat by emotion, as she isn't always in the same physical form. Hell – I had two dreams, maybe four to six days ago, both with a dog, the first dream the dog was aggressive, the second dream I managed to tame it. And the emotion I felt playing with that dog was not far from the timeless companionship I feel from Cleo, so maybe I'm just her dog. Perhaps "Cleo" is just some entity aping whatever beasts it sees in my consciousness, or my subconscious is just so overwhelmingly dominant it torments my consciousness the only time it can reach me directly, through dream.

I was chased by perhaps two or three witches, through a rural place, until I came to a river bank, or coastline, and having gained much land over the witches I stopped. Lined up along the coast were large piles of some strange creatures covered in a tarpaulin/net material of some kind. For some reason I was overcome with the urge to free them, so running along the coast, back towards my pursuers, I pulled off all the nets, and the creatures looked inexplicably robotic in a way.

Running back towards the witches was not a wise move by anyone's standards, and we met at an old ruin of a coastal tower, covered in bracken and moss, moist and dark. The first witch to come upon me was striking like Cleo, and immediately she pierced my breast with a spear tip. Once she did this, I had an out-of-body transcendental experience, at once seeing through the eyes of all present, but blocked from my own.

Able to see myself, but only the chest, specifically where the spear pierced my flesh and it was... wrong. It looked somewhat like a bronze pauldrone covered my shoulder, and the blade had struck just an inch in from its edge, stopped before it did any harm. But the armor seemed melded with my skin, and my entire body inhuman in its overt humanity (despite the armor piece). The Witch was quite surprised, and she garbled something to me, I can't remember what, to which I responded, not

verbatim – “I have become God, you cannot harm me.” and the fear they felt was felt also by me. It was my voice undeniably, my intonations, my pride, my arrogance, just all fulfilled.

After that I was back by the doors of the house, again running from the Witches, but this time in play. We both knew they couldn’t hurt me. I was crawling, like Snake from metal gear, I don’t know if there is a name for it, and that’s the only example I can think of - I don’t even play metal gear. I think it might just be called an army crawl. Besides, I was crawling, on the opposite side of a low fence to the Witches, ever changing in number as they came and went, when one, Cleo, inevitably saw me. She stepped over the fence, it was no more than a polite divider, similar to the ones at supermarket checkouts, but close to thrice their height. She greeted me. What followed was just me and her spending time together, nothing unusual for a couple, just it was a dream.

There was a weird Interlude with my father, and a strange re-enactment of an event I never witnessed, that certainly didn’t happen, for Mark – (I am not even sure of his surname’s spelling, shame) has been dead, nigh two years, since Monday the 27th, November 2017. The fact that I remember that surprised my father when he mentioned it last year-ish, I think he must have said something about the anniversary. The point being, he was Dear to me, and dearer to my father, enough so it is not surprising that he would be present at this faux memory – My father’s divorce with my stepmother, dramatized through my subconscious – but undeniably wrong, as the divorce only happened this year, 2019. Though this paragraph can be largely disregarded.

I was separated from Cleo by this, but My father and Mark decided it was a good idea to go to McDonalds, and against my insistence thought it was an ever greater idea to leave all our belongings atop the car, waving my worry off with “it’ll be fine!” in a manner that almost implied they were fully aware this was dream, but averse to telling me. This being seems to enjoy the romp through my mind, pulling characters and stages out to set in motion plays half formed and cruel, but even more, I fear that this being is just myself, and I have fully turned my waking self against my true self – A Jekyll and Hyde – suppressed by my push towards, well, becoming what I want to be, not what I am. But the Being, Cleo/Hyde doesn’t seek the destruction of us both, rather I think she seeks a synthesis of kind, or at least a recognition of each other, as, remind you, we both inflicted harm against each other in this dream.

I decided to look for the coats, leaving McDonalds and having found them not there. Now alone, I headed straight towards a back road, packed with all manner of people, any I focused upon being black, but somewhere recognizable figures to me. I feel, ashamedly, that this might have been some attempt at a taunt. I felt no prejudice against any there, not even one person I saw, and asked about the coats I sought, as he was clearly wearing it, but told it was his own. I believe now this was some test; I have been criticized – Wrongly- of being bigoted, and I have harbored feelings of contempt for that single (White) person I spoke to. However, walking through that crowd, and speaking to him, I felt nothing but an overwhelming kinship, and an indescribable pull to just walk along with them in their natural current, intoxicated with the oneness of the crowd, ignoring creed, color, and nationality – for they were not concepts that people recognized. And having felt this, passing the self-made test, proving to at least myself that my ramblings about humanity are true at least in that sense, the witches appeared, and it was here I identified them as witches, all similar in look to Cleo as if indeed sisters. They were in a procession of sorts dressed oddly, what they wore I can remember, I could not see past the head of the column, for to look past that would be to ignore them. I fell in, before the front row

leading them, willing in an unwilling looking mechanical march, throwing arms and legs forth, jaunted straight, and noticed I'd been joined by someone, beside me, male, and recognized him as someone in the same passion as me!

I wake immediately after that.

8/04/2020 - These dreams still occur; they've descended into Cleo full force admitting she's Aphrodite – I've been threatened by her. I cannot wake until the dream is somewhat done, or whatever point trying to be made is made.

Intermission: A Reading of “The Tiger”

The Tiger

By Nael, age 6

From *They're Singing a Song in Their Rocket*

The tiger
He destroyed his cage
Yes
YES
The tiger is out

The Tiger, Notes and Interpretation

Neil de Grass Tyson once shrewdly remarked to his parole officer that there are more Tigers in the average American male's bloodstream than there are Costcos in all of Alpha Centauri. On first reading Nael's The Tiger, readers are immediately struck by two facts - first, the odd spelling of the author's name, and secondly the equally odd 3-5-1-1-5 structure, both indicative of a mind raised in the post truth society, constantly in flux with no regard for structure or traditionalist trappings. Some have labelled this a work of post-modernist poetry, but I posit that we should instead refer to this as the first work of post-Tigerianism discipline. Thus, it is near impossible for the classically trained student to properly interpret the themes or very substance of young Nael's work.

In order to better appreciate this piece of art, we must begin by defining “Tiger.” As of present, there are six distinct species of *panthera tigris* - the noble Bengal, the fierce Siberian, the graceful Sumatran, the [REDACTED] Malayan, the [please use a less racist adverb] Indochinese, and the pleasantly rotund South China tiger. Given that Nael's eponymous Tiger was:

- 1) Caged
- 2) Possessed the will to destroy said cage, and

- 3) Capable of destroying the cage

we can logically attempt to deduce which species Nael was concerned with, and use this knowledge to further our interpretative enterprise.

The South China, being the most rare, reclusive, and remote of the six, would likely not be caged nor would it possess the necessary strength to destroy said cage. There are, at present, roughly 100 South China Tigers in captivity, but all live in large enclosures designed to reduce stress and encourage breeding. Bengals exist in the opposite state, being the most common, and therefore frequently targeted by poachers and travelling circuses. There are believed to exist more Bengal in captivity alone than all other species in the wild combined. However, it must be noted that this frequent contact with humans has caused the Bengal to become increasingly docile with each subsequent generation. While it would by no means be unusual to see a Bengal in a cage, it is doubtful whether one would have the disposition required to begin the process of destruction. As such, we can safely eliminate the Bengal tiger from the list of candidates.

The Malay, *tigris jacksoni*, is a close cousin to the highly endangered South China Tiger. The two were believed to be the same species as recently as 2004, until Asians were colonized by the North American Confederation and brought up to the 21st century. These are found only in a relatively small location known as the Malay Peninsula, which few people would even know exists if not for Google Maps. So insignificant is this tiny, backwards land that we will eliminate the Malay Tiger for literature's sake so that we never have to think of it again.

Strict utilitarians of the Hegelian doctrine, the Indochinese Tigers are notably eidetic and possess incredible fortitude. Despite these advantages, they do have one crippling flaw - they are entirely unable to distinguish speculative writings from reality. As such, the Indochinese believe not only in a literal interpretation of the Bible, but also of Plato's dialogues, the Divine Comedy, and A Room of One's Own. This once proud species now works 16 hour shifts in microprocessor plants, and frequently excuse their lifestyle with such platitudes as "well at least we have it better than our ancestors." Understandably, the few individuals who do show the inclination to escape choose the ultimate egress of suicide, believing the eternal soul to be necessarily exclusive to the Platonic Form of Death and also that 72 virgins await them in Paradise.

We are left then with two options, Nael's Tiger could only be one of either the Sumatran or Siberian. Further investigation becomes rather difficult as both will seem, initially, to be equally viable candidates.

Editor's Note: someone please finish this essay (BY THE WAY THE TIGER IS SIBERIAN BECAUSE RUSSIA IS /LIT/ BY DEFAULT)

Second Editor's Note: This made me cry.

The Horror of Liberal Parenting

Don't delete this shit make your own page fren

My mother wished to reclaim her lost youth through me. Or something, the boomer generation as it were (*or as defined by our conniving friends who form the main lingua franca on twitter/reabbit, thus asserting their authority, libidinal, into the very physical arrangement of your scrambled egg neurons, as is best practices set out by the chinese communist party, who made inroads into language/thought policing from even the 80s, fulfilling the promise of 1984 (Orwell, 1949) as it's true essence - AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL*) - is stuck in their countercultural youthful revelry much as the millennial is stuck in junior high, forever defining himself against the big buff jocks whom he lusts/pines/fears/loathes (see, Chad, Tyrone). As such, she rejected the role of parent and preferred instead to be my “friend,” which I couldn’t exactly say no to, seeing as I had no friends, on account of my name (which is The Horror) and my haircut (none) and my smell (natural).

Fool that I was, when she caught me jerking off while smelling her panties, I found that she did not accomplish that centering parental task of ripping her belt off and beating me with it, instead we sat down and talked about my feelings. Unfortunately, the alexithymia of the teen boy produces an open void on which frail Narcissa can project her entire self image- my mind was filled with thoughts of patriarchy, of oppression, etc. I had never been harder than when she sat me down in front of the aged, whirring laptop and made me watch the lectures of one Andrea Dworkin, clearly punished by Hera for her assertion of beauty.

But being that she wanted to be my friend, at the age of 18 she pulled me aside and said to me, “lots of kids your age are going to experiment with drugs.” (drugs, I thought, what the fuck is that. All we do nowadays is sniff glue) “I want you to have positive experiences with drugs, and who better to share these experiences with than your mother.” OK. So she’s going to buy me free weed and sit me down and smoke me out. Fair enough, as my idol Jordan Peterson is wont to say. Fair enough. But after she took that first hit, shit got real. Conjunctivitis-riddled and cotton-mouthed, she took a sip of her chamomile and said to me “I really fucked up with you. I don’t know where I fucked up, but you’re not half the man your father was. Fuck. I can’t tell you the regrets I have about the way I raised you. I’m afraid I’ve prevented you from ever becoming happy. Not unlike Tony Soprano, or the little kid from Mother Dearest.” ← where is the rest of it?? There were a few more sentences

Mein Gott. The truth finally emerges. I hit the bong again and came in my pants as, push after push, smack after smack, somehow that heavy chunk of locally blown glass found its way into the bedreadlocked skull of my dear old mammy.

Editor's Note:

“We need much, *much* more ~~gay / lesbian~~ erotic poetry. Could our fine poets please write some more?”

To that which my heart does flock
A glorious, throbbing cock.
Spew your seed across my back -
That white which comes from black.
The price though, I must barter
As I prefer larger.

To Slap a Trannyass

Fill with sperm my bronchial tubes
Mixed with seven different lubes
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1CiZm4CCAb4c82AtIHsfflecl7pNPpXxOdUtr5ntx4zY/edit?usp=sharing>
Boobs

When I see a dick go straight
To lick the shaft I'm never late
Masturbate

Take my ass and slap it good

Lick my balls up as you should
Dude (as in “dude fuck my ass”)

Lit is a conglomeration of retards. Hence if your story has any elements of reality or history, you shan't ever be a good writer. Sorry

Address to the reader:

You have found yourself on the 169th page of *The Coronameron*, having read numerous poems, essays, and stories. Some well written, others poorly. Perhaps you laughed, groaned, or cringed. You wonder, how did these anonymous writers create such a provocative, moving piece? Where does their creativity come from? Your position as a spectator leaves you yearning for a participation you will never know. For you, tomorrow was already yesterday. You were too late to contribute, as you are in every aspect of your life. So just know, that in every moment you enjoyed, hated, or were indifferent toward in this work, that we are better than you.

I'm gay btw

I'm not gay - *he* sucked *my* dick.

That's not true. This man is impersonating me. I'm gay, I sucked his dick.

It is true, ^this writer is gay.

The above passage is wrong. This is the 170th page. He lied to you.

The writer above has also lied to you. This is the 165th page.

Most of these writings are terrible, stop bullshitting the reader. If you read this far, you have wasted an insurmountable amount of time, and should be ashamed you aren't off reading actually good literature like Harry Potter or Twilight or anything by ~~that fat whore-bitch~~ Cassandra Clair.

A Brief Tangent on Lonely Hornyness

God, I'm horny. The kind of horny where, deep within your balls, you can feel the mass of semen awaiting its emission. Weighing myself down, like I was walking on Mars, my cum fills my ball sack. I'm also lonely. I'm lonely and horny. I'm lonely and horny and I need milky. I need to nestle up to a big fat milky tit and sucky suck. Yeah, a big *thicc* mommy with a fat ass and fat milkies. I need milkies now. Washing over me like the ocean on the sand, I need a big fat pair of honkers to erase this pain, and toss me into the abyss. Tumbling down in the depths where I cannot see, surrounded only by warmth and milkies. I am lonely. But I am also horny. I need milkies. I need milkies. I need milkies.

- Anonymous

Weird Scenes from Inside the Gold Mine

Does anybody want to play Bed Wars on Hypixel with me (mc.hypixel.net). Just post your username and I will party you :)

THE BLUE BUS
IS CALLING US
DRIVER WHERE YOU TAKIN US

This nigga for real?

Yes

No

Fuck You

I read an article on the Huffington Post (a completely shit publication, mind you) that was about a gay father's own son calling him a faggot. Not a fag, but a faggot (I think). What is to be made of this? The author, Kevin Fisher-Paulson, has two sons – one black and one white; which one did it? No doubt about it, both adopted (unless they've figured out male impregnation – which they should have, by now. I want to cum in a femboy's ass and knock him up. I don't know where he will give birth from, but would rather his penis be split into slices than the other, grosser option). He writes for "Gays With Kids," which is an organization for Gays With Kids. You can tell so by the name. I don't know if you knew that, but I did.

On days like these I think about my own youth. I have never called my dad a faggot or a fag, but I have said "fuck" and "shit" a few times in front of and to him – to the detriment of his Christian sensibilities. On days like these I think about what I was to learn from church. What did I learn from church? Oh, many things, but they never told me not to want to knock a femboy up. When gay marriage was legalized in that fateful 2015 Supreme Court decision, the pastor delivered a slow burning monologue

from the Bishop's own words. He told us a lot. It was a sad day for the church.

I want to put a feminine boy's penis in my mouth and hold it there like a popsicle, feeling it fill out the empty space over my tongue. I also don't want to blaspheme the church. I try not to attack them.

On the feminine boy's penis – here is what I would do. I would take them home from a bar, any bar (I don't want to talk about where I get him, that's not very romantic). I'd princess carry him into my home and seat him on my bedside. He'd stare at my body and me and close his eyes for a kiss (my cock is throbbing right now). I would grab his shoulders and play tag with his tongue. It'd be filthy.

We'd tear his shirt off. He would be skinny and I would rub his nipples. He would moan lightly and I'd drag his pants and underwear off. I'd lean in and kiss him again while teasing his semi-hard cock. He would lean back onto my pillows to get fucked, but I'd grab his legs and keep him at the bedside. I would kneel down and take both his thighs in my hand and put his cock in my mouth. I would hold it there for a second and look up at him, before running my tongue around his head and base. Bobbing my head, I close my eyes for some seconds and open them; he has the back of his hand to his mouth and he is stifling moans. I stare intently as he ejaculates into my throat.

I clean what remains by licking his urethra and sucking it out. My cock is throbbing, painfully even. I swallow all of his cum. I take him by the thighs, kiss him again, and take my cock out of my underwear. He takes some nearby lubricant and smears it across his lover's penis and his own ass. He'd put his finger in his mouth and stare at me longingly. I'm going to destroy his ass.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A CLASH
“AHHHHHHHHH”

ME CHINESE
ME PLAY JOKE
ME GO PEEPEE IN YOUR COKE

Paperbackdreams, a lament

Paperbackdreams turns me on
Paperbackdreams can do no wrong
And like a Kurd,
I will not be deterred
For paperbackdreams is not strong

Her friend sister (?) is way cuter though: *youtube link*

This Page Intentionally Left Blank

a linguistic digression

el amor en los tiempos de coronavirus i'm reading right now pero es imposible y no
feelo like writing in español ahora; me duele el mente porque soy americano and I
don't speak no language of foreign invaders from the south stealing our jobs and taking
our healthcare and committing hit and runs on the 405 without insurance and never
being held accountable by our corrupt legal system for it yes thanks governor gavin or
should I say gavinor because it's your fault but gavinor isn't as cool a term as
governator I liked Arnold better but you can't win 'em all shocking really that california
had a republican governor only maybe fifteen years ago that'll never happen again
because of mexicans whose language is dumb anyway i prefer τὴν τῶν Ἑλληνῶν
γλοττὴν at least i think that's how you say it you know the greek language but they say
it the of the greek's language which is a funny sort of grammatical structure i think but
you know greek is a highly inflected language while english isn't really inflected at all i
think german is somewhere in between you know german has the accusative and
dative and nominative cases but i don't believe they have the genitive or vocative in
modern german like attic greek does although i don't know if modern greek even has
all these inflections i really only started studying attic because i want to read koine but
they said, yes them they said oh just learn attic because then you can read the classics
and you get the koine stuff basically for free since it's simplified and easier and i
thought sure that's reasonable i'd love to read Homer in the original someday even if
reading Jesus and Paul is more my goal since I'm a godfearing man I really wouldn't
mind if God said enough's enough and just kind of ended this whole plague thing it's a
bit inconvenient but see that's just it in the end times all sorts of things like this are
going to happen not just plagues but earthquakes and fires too they're probably
happening all across the Hypersphere and not just in this corner of the Lord's garden
but i wonder what sorts of tongues they speak in other parts of the Hypersphere
probably some sorts of esoteric sanskrit or bizarre glossolalia i'm told that the chinese
no peace be upon them speak a silly singsongy language that's tonal like thai is where
you can say the sentence ma ma ma ma ma ma but every ma has a different
intonation and it means something like the lazy bear climbed up a tree and took a
dump well my uncle told me one like that in thai and it was something similar but not
quite about a bear taking a dump i think i got that idea from the old does a bear shit in
the woods is the pope catholic kind of thing which is funnier when you ask does the
pope shit in the woods is a bear catholic but that joke requires someone to have a
background in the original sayings to understand the joke you know like pack a sad is
something they say down under reminds me of all the silly slang they have in new
zealand all their english is much different than ours and that's not even getting into the
maori which has all sorts of fascinating words my favorite being

whakawhanaungatanga where whaka- is a prefix meaning to make like and whanau means family it's the same as ohana in hawaiian if you watched lilo and stitch and ngatanga well i don't actually know what that means but the whole word means to make introductions or to make familiar literally to make as family just remember to pronounce the wh- as an f in english i think when english missionaries went to that country and first started codifying the maori tongue in a written form they worked among one tribe or iwi that actually did pronounce the wh- as the wh in what sounds in english but that proved to be the exception rather than the rule among the maori in general since the vast majority pronounced it as f which is interesting kind of reminds me of how the ng phoneme works in these languages you know they can start words with ng in the polynesian languages which doesn't exist in english or for that matter any of the european languages i'm familiar with except maybe greek i'm trying to think but no i don't think even greek does but you know in samoan that phoneme is written g but pronounced like ng while in tongan it's just written ng and in maori it's ng as well wonder what happened with samoan maybe the missionaries that went there did the same thing as the new zealand ones did and met some island where they pronounced it g even though no one else did wonder what the other islands would think of them probably laugh at them and think of them like sophisticated urban whites think of rednecks haha they can't even say ng properly what fags you know the word for fag i learned from samoans back in the day was fafa they'd use it like oh yeah that guy is a fafa and then years later i saw on the internet some es jay double-u say that the fa'afafine are a real and legitimate and culturally accepted third gender some kind of ladyboy and i'm just thinking no no no that's revisionism stop imposing your white imperialistic worldview on the poor innocent brownies there's no acceptance of the queers because the islanders hate gays more than anything and in fact beating them up or giving them a hiding is one of their most treasured pastimes and the direct translation of fa'afafine into english would be faggot and fafa is fag and they don't want us to know this but i've been around enough to know the Truth and can't fall for their tricks but probably somewhere in the Hypersphere there is somewhere where fa'afafine is a real word and really does mean ladyboy and it's prim and proper and nobody beats them up but it would have to be in some distant faraway corner of the sphere because it's sure as hell not here because here they beat them up sometimes i wish i were one of them you know a tongan or something i hear such great stories they would get in fights with the rival high school all the time and beat up queers and chinamen for entertainment actually now with the plague maybe it is time to beat up some chinamen you see the innocent island people have a wisdom of a sort that goes far beyond what we whities can attain unto you know we're high INT but low WIS and they're low INT but high WIS and they're also high CON i think all the rugby and hidings from parents toughen them up you know what the kiwi word for fafa is is poofter but you say it poofta

the first time i ever saw it written as poofter i was like well i guess the english really can't say the letter r so it makes sense but i don't like it i come from america not americer you know what i mean good heavens the english are lame at least the language they gave us is pretty good very rich vocabulary you have many shades of meaning since the wordset in english is so large compared to spanish or anything i remember in one of the frank herbert dune books the characters started speaking in some language said to be very complex and useful for shades of meaning and hidden implications not everyone would pick up on i think it was called chakobska but anyway english is basically that language but not on arrakis but on earth and at the end of the day i think that's a pretty good place to be but presently i'd take sandworms over coronavirus.

Crimson, shoe, rain, peaceful, neon

ZING KRYMSON FISHING WHARF

The walking didn't seem to be as calming as It usually was; this evening it was too brisk to be savoured, and too warm to be refreshing. Discomfort was largely what I felt, moving through the dim concrete streets, still hours passed, and, beckoned by the clattering ringing of a midnight bell (From an old tower, long lain in decay, shoe - horned between the buildings that had risen cloistered about it), a hazy rain of small, clear, drops began glittering down - striking everything - quelling the unquenchable dryness of the summer dusk.

Ever farther from the point at which I began, and reaching no closer to an undecided goal, I came upon a grumble of a low overhang, reaching down to the ground except to form a small, arched, tunnel. Peering through, it was well lit and littered with like minded people, all seeking to escape the wetness. Ignoring them I continued past, walking again aimless but after seeing such contesting community amongst the tunnel - people that my own solidarity bloomed a peaceful mood within me, and being much calmed, with my previous qualms being allayed, my pace steadied.

Moving in a newfound direction, feet falling apart and pulling me smoothly across the cracked pavement, they drew me across the city towards an instinctual place. It was a small dock, edged forth into the water of the great river, cut short almost cruelly, and crowned with a thick column of wood at the very end.

Rope-hooks and nails poked out of the pole. The very top burst aflame with a bulbous neon lamp, its light reflected upon the waters turning them Crimson with its regal touch. Across the river faint lights blinked, but none as great as the unfading blood moon above.

Under-Milked Wood

First Voice

See here, another one has come, stumbled in. He'll soon regret that choice.

Second Voice

Choice? He didn't choose to come in here. Only a fool believes in that free will bullshit. We all know that it's all laid out before us, everything we'll ever do is planned out by the Big Cheese in the sky.

Big Cheese in the Sky

The non-denominational-gender-neutral-disembodied-voice is right you know. Please listen to the Second Voice and ignore any other voices. So sayeth the Big Cheese in the Sky.

Second Voice

Am I still the Second Voice? Or am I now the Fourth Voice?

Fifth Voice

No, it says you're still the second voice. I wouldn't trust anything here though, what may be the First Voice could well now be the presumably coming from the Sixth Voice. And What May have been the Big Cheese in the Sky may well have been some sort of stupid lying nigger.

First Voice

Don't call The Big Cheese a lying nigger you limp nosed punk ass fucker, and as you can see, I am still the First Voice.

Fifth Voice

So what if he is a lying Nigger? He could be some neckbeard in Atlanta for all we know, further abusing his flaccid penis to the point of flaying, all whilst having Xtreme Futa Porn streamed directly into his pre-frontal Cortex. You can't know anything for certain.

Seventh Voice

Curious that you would be so specific in your demonstrable example of who the Big Cheese may or may not be. Tell me Fifth Voice, what do you not know?

Fifth Voice

Oh I don't know nothing. I will never know nothing, assuming nothing is even knowable. To know nothing is to die, and in death you can know nothing. In both senses.

Ludwig Wittgenstein No. #1455230026969

Sup' you foam spewing bitches BRAPBRAPBRAPBRAPBRAP, Skkkrrrrrtt CHECK Yo SEman-Tics. Wut wut, You realise all this verbal foolery is fooling nobody, least of all me.

(Dabs on Voices One through Four)

checckkkk em. Reconfabulate that image you pertain to see mannnnnnnnnnn.

(He kickflips out on a skateboard constructed from aborted foetal remains and pure geometry)

First Voice

Fuck, that guy smells so bad.

Second Voice

Yeah, do you think he's ever washed? Like, I've smelled bad smells before don't get me wrong. Fuck man, I've even sniffed my Da's three day old smegma he rubbed on my face after what I can only assume was an innocent father-son type fellatio. The kind of thing I imagine his father did to him, and his father to him, and his father to him and so on. But I digress, Wittgenstein smells like fucking shit.

Third Voice

Hey guys.

Big Cheese in The Sky

Be gone incorporeal form. You are nothing but an auditory hallucination, a mistake of the mind, floating on a white two dimensional plain. I've taken your place here like a superior and virile Black Male taking a wife in front of the husband who no doubt has a very affluent job in the STEM industry.

Fifteenth Voice

Yeah fuck off kike. OP iS A NIGGER OP iS A NIGGER.....

(Seventeen units of indeterminate time pass without noticeable change from the previous few Yoctoseconds)

OP iS A NIGGER OP iS A NIGGER. OP iS A NIGGER.

Fifth Voice

Take your racist shit back to /Pol retard. Don't sit there and take part in our phenomenological debate on being, time and self and turn it into another fucking shitpost. I tell you, when I first got to this interdimensional plain there used to be no end of interesting debates. Now its all fucking Guenonposting and Wojacks.

First Voice

I agree, I wanted to have a serious conversation here. About how we all came into being and the mode by which we are recognised or delineated by these words above our heads. I mean these words could be entirely interchangeable. We could be completely different Voices each time one of us speaks, new consciousnesses spontaneously disassembling and reassembling in an instant. When one of us is speaking how do we even know we're not just screaming, vainly, into an indifferent and infinite void?

The Big Cheese in The Sky

You know guys, all this shitposting has got me thinking. I'm not entirely sure that was Wittgenstein. Like Wittgenstein smells bad, this we can all agree. Like Shakespeare smelled worse, but that was mostly just from the rotting remains of the several thousand Dodo's he raped to death. Of Course, Michael Pence smelled worse, depending on how much you like the smell of Cum. But this smell...

Third Voice

(sniffs audibly)

SNNNNNNNNNNNNNN, Fuck! That's rotten. But, in a good way. SNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN. Don't look at my crotch faggot.

The Big Cheese in the Sky

But I thought it was agreed upon that Wittgenstein smelled of shit, cheap bourbon and dead 'German' hookers. And when was the last time you saw Wittgenstein do a kickflip?

Fifth Voice

Oh God, I think he's right. He smelled of shit but now that I think about...

(tastes the air with his mouth several times)

Yes, by god, yes, that's the smell of total moral degradation and sweaty crusty cum socks and oratory prowess. Oh no, that means....

(Enter, Stephen Fry who metamorphizes out of his Wittgenstein Skin-suit in a flurry of the highest order of vocabulary, removing all his clothing in a similar flurry. All of this takes but a single Yoctosecond. He is now revealed in his full glory, standing erect, naked but for a single long sock hanging dangerously loose from his retracted penis. His hands hidden inside the supple buttocks of two young boys who he begins to ventriloquise)

Rectally Invaded Ventriloquising Boy One (A.K.A Stephen Fry)

HA HA, THE JIG IS UP.

(Stephen Fry begins to dance gleefully and with reckless abandon as if a member of the now defunct 'Riverdance' by Michael Flatley. The Two ventriloquising boys begin flailing in the infinite space, the faces contorted into a silent scream)

I KNEW IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE MY REAL IDENTITY WAS DISCERNED. I COMMEND YOUR PRODIGIOUS AND PERTINENTLY ACUTE NOSE. ESPECIALLY SO CONSIDERING THAT YOU ARE A DISEMBODIED VOICE.

First Voice

I can't believe this is happening

Third Voice

It isn't, I mean not really.

First Voice

Can you not see him, right there?

(Points at the still jiggling Stephen Fry with two Ventriloquists and anally violated boys instead of hands. His modesty sock has now slipped off and his tiny tiny penis flailing with the same vigour as the two young boys)

I can see him, clear as day if I knew what day was. Oh no, his penis is getting erect.

Second Voice

(Watching Intently)

How can an erect Penis be exactly the same size as when it was Flaccid?

Rectally Invaded Ventriloquising Boy Two (A.K.A Stephen Fry)

MICROPENIS MY LAD! LA LI LA LY LA LOO, DUM DUM DI DIDDLEY DEE DOO.....

(He continues to sing and jig)

Fifth Voice

How can we even see this? If we're just disembodied Voices, surely the sense of sight and therefore the photonic quality of our surroundings is beyond us.

First Voice

It doesn't matter why we can see if what we can see is so fucking grotesque.

The Big Cheese in The Sky

I have to go; I think I'm going to be sick.

(The Big Cheese in The Sky moves to a corner of the sky just around from the bit of sky he was just as and subsequently begins to roger his todger with such vigour that the as of now unheard of Eighth Voice shall use the shavings as filling in his nightly grilled cheese sandwich)

First Voice

We've still drifted far off the point. There is someone right there, looking right at us.

Second Voice

Yeah, I can see Stephen Fry is looking straight into my eyes as his erect micropenis bounces around like a wet frankfurter.

First Voice

No, not there, there.

(Points indeterminately)

Third Voice

Who the fuck is that? He's really ugly.

Fifth Voice

Are you sure it's a 'he'? You can never assume these days because when you assume you make an ass out of...

First Voice

He's reading every word we say, look, his eyes are following every word. He can't stop. Even if he does stop, he'll come back and if he doesn't it will be out of spite. He's reading our words. It's unsettling...

Third Voice

How can you read voices?

Second Voice

Now that I think about it, we didn't start speaking until this guy showed up and started reading our voices.

First Voice

Yeah that's right. Too right. Everybody stop talking and maybe this guy will go away.

Third Voice

And he smells worse than Stephen.

First Voice

He's not going to go, is he?

Third Voice

Not until we go, I presume.

Second Voice

Here we go with the I again. We can't be certain you're an I you fucking retard. I mean, to me you're you and I'm I.

Third Voice

*me

First Voice

Look this doesn't make any sense, lets just go and leave this guy with Stephen Fry, I can't take another second trapped between this guy's penetrating gaze and Stephen Fry's penetrated boys. Look, one of their heads has come off from the flailing.

(Stephen Fry's hand now pokes out the top of the de-crowned boy's head. You can still see his pinched hand opening and closing, mimicking the long-forgotten screams of the boy. His Fully erect 1x1 inch penis no longer flails, but prods at different pockets of empty space)

First Voice

I'm out. Come on Guys.

Second Voice

This is too much for any number of disincorporated apparitions.

(The Voices recede to a point of silence; the Big Cheese in the Sky continues to masturbate attempting to galvanise the memory of Stephen Fry into his holed brain. Stephen Fry himself continues to jig the dance macabre still screaming out seemingly random morphemes. It is just you now, watching Stephen Fry's erect penis wielding two young boys like puppets. This continues until you too decide to leave. Stephen Fry is notoriously persistent)

Editorial Discussion #2 (pls)

Q) some retard is copy-pasting all of fucking moby dick after this section¹²

Why

Someone pls answer

I fixed it

The real question is why it's not a footnote like it should be, this whole thing is dedicated to DFW.

Respect to the guy who did

Its the best shitpost in the history of literature (based)

David Focker Wall-ass

SOME UTTER FUCKING RETARD KEEPS EDITING OTHER ART - FUCK OFF!
YOUR ASININE AND UNTHINKING CHANGES ARE DAMAGING WHEN YOU
CLEARLY HAVE NO TALENT AND ARE AUTIST ENOUGH TO EDIT SHITPOSTS
FAR BETTER THAN ANY OF YOUR SERIOUS ATTEMPTS, AND HAVE NO SENSE
OF WHAT THE SHITPOSTERS ARE TRYING TO ACHIEVE YOU FUCKING WASTE
OF HUMANITY. I DARE SAY YOU ARE ENTIRELY DESERVING OF THE EPITHET
NIGGER - YOU ARE TAKING OTHERS HARD WORK AND SPOILING IT

¹² Some guy thought it was a good idea to post the entirety of moby dick on here. It was deleted so some more anons can make "art". Besides, if this is to be published, a book hiding in another book sounds extremely retarded. Especially one that no one likes.

IGWIDAAFTPASBBCAHM?!" - I GOT WARPED INTO DETROIT AS A FAT-TITTED PEDOPAWG AND SENTIENT BIG BLACK COCKS ARE HUNTING ME!?

"Woke!", boomed the loud voiced inside of my head. "Wake up, hoe!"

Light shines onto my crusty ass eyes as I force them open, rheum hurting me in that ever so familiar way. Looking before me I can see a broken stained glass window with a pin hanging from a shard. "Seems like I am in some sort of church..." My perfectly manicured hand runs over my face to force my open blonde hair back into shape. Wait, perfectly manicured hands?! Looking at them again, this time with a mixture of horror and surprise, I noticed that I had the hands of a woman that only knew how not to get fired from her secretary job by getting tossed up and how to do coke.

In sheer unaduralted horror I stumbled to the altar, where I knew water would be. My transparent pump-clad feet carried me there as fast as they could, my phat booty plapping behind them at a comfortable 200-ish BPM. Almost dying through stumbling over the steps towards the altar, my form looked like a degenerated version of an christian statue of an begger ferverishly imploring that goy may forgive him as he tries to climb onto the altar in an vain attempt at salvation. Two thin arms whose only workout was jacking off dudes and lifting Venti's, pulled me up over the holy water, letting me see the damage. Thick natural blowpillows, cute doe-eyes and of course a proper amount of water-soluble make up, inviting men to hit on, grope and fuck me. A light appeared over the water, making me look up. It was a status screen:

Level 3 Snowbunny:

Liza

Equipped Skills:

Race Traitor (EX)

Energy Absorbtion (C)

Energy Storage (C)

Bulimia (A)

Liberal Arts (B.A)

Social Media (B)
Disdain for Incels (D)
Twerking (A+)
Doggos (EX)

Three Sizes: 100-63-92

A old negro's voice ripped me out of my dreams, his voice marked from years of cheap fourties and uncooked Mac and Cheese.

"We need mo' money fo' dem programs!"

This is straight up just a whole reddit post copypasted in here because somebody lacks creativity and drive.

This entire circus has truly shown Reddit's true colors. Hundreds of threads about the murder of Arbery, all with pictures where he looks like a teenage boy scout, all with accusations against the "racist inbred hicks" who "ambushed" him and killed him for no reason and they're 100% guilty, no doubt about it, and they deserve the death penalty.

And every thread repeats the total bs story that Arbery was just harmlessly jogging, minding his business, and 3 evil racists jumped him and killed him only because they're racist. (Did I mention racist?)

Reddit has been systematically censoring all the MANY facts that debunk this version, even though they're well known and we should be free to discuss them. Namely:

- Arbery was "jogging" 10-12 miles away from his neighborhood. (Omitting or actively censoring this detail is dishonest, since it's a detail that casts doubt on the official version.)

- Arbery had just been seen illicitly entering a house under construction (the security system recorded him and the owner called the police). The DA has recently stated that they have a video of the trespass. Again, omissions and censorships of this fact are dishonest. This is a VERY relevant fact.

- At a certain point in the video, Arbery drops what to all appearances was a hammer on the ground (the cameraman pans to the right to show it). He probably took said hammer inside the house he entered, since it's not exactly jogging attire. Rewatch the video, it's clearly a hammer.

- In the video, you can clearly see that Arbery was wearing khaki shorts and heavy shoes that look like construction boots. Not "sports gear" like many newspapers reported. Another fact that weakens the official jogging story and should not be omitted. See pic: <https://imgur.com/pOlcCRA>

All these facts indicate that the official story that he was "just jogging" is at the very least extremely unlikely. Yet, the story keeps being repeated as if it was proven fact, and keeps being overly dramatized for internet points and political agendas. ("They're out to get us! White people are hunting us down! We can't even jog in peace! Vote my candidate to fix this!")

Additionally:

- Arbery had prior convictions of illegally carrying firearms and theft. No, I'm not saying that ex-felons can be freely murdered (sigh), I'm pointing out that omitting this fact means GIVING A FALSE IMPRESSION on his character and habits, and this is a POLITICALLY MOTIVATED BENDING OF THE SITUATION. There is clearly an ongoing, strong effort to manipulate people's opinions here. Why do the media never even mention that Arbery had a history of criminal behavior (yes, that is relevant: it makes it legitimate to suspect the "just jogging 10 miles from home" narrative)? Why do they never show his mugshot? Why do they only parade outdated pics of when he was a teenager? When I first read the news I got the idea that he was a college kid out for a jog and senselessly killed by white rednecks just because racism. This is exactly the impression the media (and Reddit) want to give. And it's FALSE.

- The DA that decided not to arrest the McMichaels for the shooting clearly explained that they hadn't violated any law in this document: <https://imgur.com/5lh48ml>

I'll summarize:

1. The McMichaels could effect a citizen arrest, since there was SOLID SUSPICION on Arbery (he had just been seen entering a house he had no business being in), and in Georgia solid suspicion is enough. The law is clear.

2. They could carry their weapons with them, since they had all the relative permits.

3. And when Arbery decided to run against the (stationary) Travis McMichael, instead of avoiding him, and even TRIED TO GRAB HIS SHOTGUN, McMichael earned the right to use lethal force to defend himself. That's because if someone tries to grab your gun, you're allowed to assume they're going to use it against you with lethal intent, so you can use lethal force to stop them. That's not my opinion, it's what the law says.

The truth that nobody here wants to admit is that if Arbery hadn't done the WORST thing you can do when you see an armed man (run straight to him and assault him barehanded), none of this mess would've happened.

I've seen lots of redditors justify his assault by claiming that "he had a right to defend himself". This is a retarded statement. ARBERY DIDN'T NEED TO DEFEND HIMSELF. There was no fight, before HE provoked one.

And speculating that even if Arbery hadn't assaulted McMichael, he would've shot him anyway because he's a white racist, so Arbery "had" to attack preemptively to save his own life, is both INTELLECTUALLY DISHONEST and LEGALLY RIDICULOUS.

Arbery had no reason to think the McMichaels had murderous intent. They weren't pointing their guns at him. They weren't moving towards him. They hadn't even blocked all his ways out, he could've ran in several different directions. Arbery had NO reason to assume they had lethal intent. Just because you see somebody armed on the road, that does NOT give you the right to assault them and try to grab their gun. Paranoia (even the media-generated, race-baiting variety) does not equal a right to assault-in-self-defense.

Arbery's attack was NOT self defense in any sense of the term, because he had lots of ways to avoid danger. Instead, he chose to provoke it himself.

He could have stopped and asked what the hell they wanted.

He could've run any other way, left or right, away from the armed guys.

He could've screamed for help.

He could've done lots of things that wouldn't have had his death as a result.

It's mind-boggling that he chose the worst possible course of action. I don't know what he expected to gain from running against an armed man barehanded, punching him and going for his shotgun, but it was the stupidest possible decision and it had the obvious outcome. And Reddit needs to stop actively censoring every fact that doesn't suit the palatable narrative of "white people are all raycoys inbred rednecks that kill blacks because racism". It's childish, inefficient, dishonest, factually wrong and, ironically, racist.

SAY THE WHOLE TRUTH WHEN YOU WANT TO DISCUSS AN EVENT.

Finally:

The more you keep repeating the (bullshit) story that whites are out to kill blacks for no reason, the more blacks like Arbery you'll create: people so afraid of being attacked by racist whites that they will feel compelled to attack first even when the opponent is armed. They will feel compelled to resist arrest and lunge at police officers, because cops are all racist pigs and want to kill them. And this mess will happen again and again and again, and ya'll will keep happily raging against the racist white rednecks (happily because your bullshit worldview will feel validated), and you will keep convincing blacks that they're under attack and NEED to strike first.

All the while fellating each other for being the "sane" people, the "good" whites, the ones "on the right side of history".

Excellent job, Reddit.

Why **Stephen King** is the greatest living writer of all time.

Or, "What the fuck, Stephen King."

Many on /lit/ have claimed that Cormac McCarthy is the greatest living novelist of all time. I know, for a fact, whenever someone voices this opinion, I instantly know that they are a subhuman, mouth breathing waste of life whose mother is undeniably as the whoriest of whores and whose father was undoubtedly an ape of the lowest breeding and background.

I will not bother arguing with the reader about why or how Stephen King is the greatest, although there are several points the reader would be compelled to agree with me on: his stories are masterful, his plots nonexistent, his characters are reflections through which our modern societies deepest fears and greatest ambitions are masterfully reflected for us to self-reflect upon ourselves. No, I will simply print here one of his greatest passages, furthermore one the greatest passages in the english language:

QUOTE BEGIN

'What now, Bill?' Richie asked, finally saying it right out.

'I d-d-don't nuh-nuh-know,' Bill said. His stutter was back, alive and well. He heard it, they heard it, and he stood in the dark, smelling the sodden aroma of their growing panic, wondering how long it would be before somebody - Stan, most likely it would be Stan - tore things wide open by saying: Well, why don't you know? You got us into this!

'And what about Henry?' Mike asked uneasily. 'Is he still out there, or what?'

'Oh, Jeez,' Eddie said . . . almost moaned. 'I forgot about him. Sure he is, sure he is, he's probably as lost as we are and we could run into him any time . . . Jeez, Bill, don't you have any ideas? Your dad works down here! Don't you have any ideas at all?'

Bill listened to the distant mocking thunder of the water and tried to have the idea that Eddie - all of them - had a right to demand. Because yes, correct, he had gotten them into this and it was his responsibility to get them back out again. Nothing came. Nothing.

'I have an idea,' Beverly said quietly.

In the dark, Bill heard a sound he could not immediately place. A whispery little sound, but not scary. Then there was a more easily placed sound . . . a zipper. What - ? he thought, and then he realized what. She was undressing. For some reason, Beverly was undressing.

'What are you doing? Richie asked, and his shocked voice cracked on the last word.'

'I know something.' Beverly said in the dark, and to Bill her voice sounded older. 'I know because my father told me. I know how to bring us back together. And if we're not together we'll never get out.'

'What?' Ben asked, sounding bewildered and terrified. 'What are you talking about?'

'Something that will bring us together forever. Something that will show - '

'Nuh-Nuh-No, B-B-Beverly!' Bill said, suddenly understanding, understanding everything.

' - that will show that I love you all,' Beverly said, 'that you're all my friends.'

'What's she t - ' Mike began.

Calmly, Beverly cut across his words. 'Who's first?'

STEPHEN KING JUMPS AROUND A LOT, THIS IS TWO SECTIONS STITCHED TOGETHER, MAYBE A COUPLE PAGES APART

Eddie comes to her first, because he is the most frightened. He comes to her not as her friend of that summer, or as her brief lover now, but the way he would have come to his mother only three or four years ago, to be comforted; he doesn't draw back from her smooth nakedness and at first she doubts if he even feels it. He is trembling, and although she holds him the darkness is so perfect that even this close she cannot see him; except for the rough cast he might as well be a phantom.

'What do you want?' he asks her.

'You have to put your thing in me,' she says.

He tries to pull back but she holds him and he subsides against her. She has heard someone - Ben, she thinks - draw in his breath.

'Bevvie, I can't do that. I don't know how - '

'I think it's easy. But you'll have to get undressed.' She thinks about the intricacies of managing cast and shirt, first somehow separating and then rejoining them, and amends, 'Your pants, anyway.'

'No, I can't!' But she thinks part of him can, and wants to, because his trembling has stopped and she feels something small and hard which presses against the right side of her belly.

'You can,' she says, and pulls him down. The surface beneath her bare back and legs is firm, clayey, dry. The distant thunder of the water is drowsy, soothing. She reaches for him. There's a moment when her father's face intervenes, harsh and forbidding

(I want to see if you're intact)

and then she closes her arms around Eddie's neck, her smooth cheek against his smooth cheek, and as he tentatively touches her small breasts she sighs and thinks for the first time This is Eddie and she remembers a day in July - could it only have been last month? - when

no one else turned up in the Barrens but Eddie, and he had a whole bunch of Little Lulu comic books and they read together for most of the afternoon, Little Lulu looking for beebleberries and getting in all sorts of crazy situations, Witch Hazel, all of those guys. It had been fun. She thinks of birds; in particular of the grackles and starlings and crows that come back in the spring, and her hands go to his belt and loosen it, and he says again that he can't do that; she tells him that he can, she knows he can, and what she feels is not shame or fear now but a kind of triumph.

'Where?' he says, and that hard thing pushes urgently against her inner thigh.

'Here,' she says.

'Bevvie, I'll fall on you!' he says, and she hears his breath start to whistle painfully.

'I think that's sort of the idea,' she tells him and holds him gently and guides him. He pushes forward too fast and there is pain.

Sssss! - she draws her breath in, her teeth biting at her lower lip and thinks of the birds again, the spring birds, lining the roofpeaks of houses, taking wing all at once under low March clouds.

'Beverly?' he says uncertainly. 'Are you okay?'

'Go slower,' she says. 'It'll be easier for you to breathe.' He does move more slowly, and after awhile his breathing speeds up but she understands this is not because there is anything wrong with him.

The pain fades. Suddenly he moves more quickly, then stops, stiffens, and makes a sound - some sound. She senses that this is something for him, something extraordinarily, special, something like ... like flying. She feels powerful: she feels a sense of triumph rise up strongly within her. Is this what her father was afraid of? Well he might be! There was power in this act, all right, a chain-breaking power that was blood-deep. She feels no physical pleasure, but there is a kind of mental ecstasy in it for her. She senses the closeness. He puts his face against her neck and she holds him. He's crying. She holds him. And feels the part of him that made a connection between them begin to fade. It is not leaving her, exactly; it is simply fading, becoming less.

When his weight shifts away she sits up and touches his face in the darkness.

'Did you?'

'Did I what?'

'Whatever it is. I don't know, exactly.'

He shakes his head - she feels it with her hand against his cheek.

'I don't think it was exactly like ... you know, like the big boys say. But it was ... it was really something.' He speaks low so the others can't hear. 'I love you, Bevvie.'

Her consciousness breaks down a little there. She's quite sure there's more talk, some whispered, some loud, and can't remember what is said. It doesn't matter. Does she have to talk each of them into it all over again? Yes, probably. But it doesn't matter. They have to be talked into it, this essential human link between the world and the infinite, the only place where the bloodstream touches eternity. It doesn't matter. What matters is love and desire. Here in this dark is as good a place as any. Better than some, maybe.

Mike comes to her, then Richie, and the act is repeated. Now she feels some pleasure, dim heat in her childish unmatured sex, and she closes her eyes as Stan comes to her and she thinks of the birds, spring and the birds, and she sees them, again and again, all lighting at once, filling up the winter-naked trees, shockwave riders on the moving edge of nature's most violent season, she sees them take wing again and again, the flutter of their wings like the snap of many sheets on the line, and she thinks: A month from now every kid in Derry Park will have a kite, they'll run to keep the strings from getting tangled with each other. She thinks again: This is what flying is like.

With Stan as with the others, there is that rueful sense of fading, of leaving, with whatever they truly need from this act - some ultimate - close but as yet unfound.

'Did you?' she asks again, and although she doesn't know exactly what 'it' is, she knows that he hasn't.

There is a long wait, and then Ben comes to her.

He is trembling all over, but it is not the fearful trembling she felt in Stan.

'Beverly, I can't,' he says in a tone which purports to be reasonable and is anything but.

'You can too. I can feel it.'

She sure can. There's more of this hardness; more of him. She can feel it below the gentle push of his belly. Its size raises a certain curiosity and she touches the bulge lightly. He groans against her neck, and the blow of his breath causes her bare body to dimple with goosebumps. She feels the first twist of real heat race through her - suddenly the feeling in her is very large; she recognizes that it is too big

(and is he too big, can she take that into herself?)

and too old for her, something, some feeling that walks in boots. This is like Henry's M-80s, something not meant for kids, something that could explode and blow you up. But this was not the place or time for worry; here there was love, desire, and the dark. If they didn't try for the first two they would surely be left with the last.

'Beverly, don't - '

'Yes.'

'Show me how to fly,' she says with a calmness she doesn't feel, aware by the fresh wet warmth on her cheek and neck that he has begun to cry. 'Show me, Ben.'

'No ... '

'If you wrote the poem, show me. Feel my hair if you want to, Ben. It's all right.'

'Beverly ... I ... I ...'

He's not just trembling now; he's shaking all over. But she senses again that this ague is not all fear - part of it is the precursor of the throes this act is all about. She thinks of

(the birds)

his face, his dear sweet earnest face, and knows it is not fear; it is wanting he feels, a deep passionate wanting now barely held in check, and she feels that sense of power again, something like flying, something like looking down from above and seeing all the birds on the roofpeaks, on the TV antenna atop Wally's, seeing streets spread out maplike, oh desire, right, this was something, it was love and desire that taught you to fly.

'Ben! Yes!' she cries suddenly, and the leash breaks.

She feels pain again, and for a moment there is the frightening sensation of being crushed. Then he props himself up on the palms of his hands and that feeling is gone.

He's big, oh yes - the pain is back, and it's much deeper than when Eddie first entered her. She has to bite her lip again and think of the birds until the burning is gone. But it does go, and she is able to reach up and touch his lips with one finger, and he moans.

The heat is back, and she feels her power suddenly shift to him; she gives it gladly and goes with it. There is a sensation first of being rocked, of a delicious spiralling sweetness which makes her begin to turn her head helplessly from side to side, and a tuneless humming comes from between her closed lips, this is flying, this, oh love, oh desire, oh this is something impossible to deny, binding, giving, making a strong circle: binding, giving ... flying.

'Oh Ben, oh my dear, yes,' she whispers, feeling the sweat stand out on her face, feeling their connection, something firmly in place, something like eternity, the number 8 rocked over on its side. 'I love you so much, dear.'

And she feels the thing begin to happen - something of which the girls who whisper and giggle about sex in the girls' room have no idea, at least as far as she knows; they only marvel at how gooshy sex must be, and now she realizes that for many of them sex must be some unrealized undefined monster; they refer to the act as It. Would you do It, do your sister and her boyfriend do It, do your mom and dad still do It, and how they never intend to do It; oh yes, you would think that the whole girls' side of the fifth-grade class was made up of spinsters-to-be, and it is obvious to Beverly that none of them can suspect this ... this conclusion, and she is only kept from screaming by her knowledge that the others will hear and think her badly hurt. She puts the side of her hand in her mouth and bites down hard. She understands the screamy laughter of Greta Bowie and Sally Mueller and all the others better now: hadn't they, the seven of them, spent most of this, the longest, scariest summer of their lives, laughing like loons? You laugh because what's fearful and unknown is also what's funny, you laugh the way a small child will sometimes laugh and cry at the same time when a capering circus clown approaches, knowing it is supposed to be funny ... but it is also unknown, full of the unknown's eternal power.

Biting her hand will not stay the cry, and she can only reassure them - and Ben - by crying out her affirmative in the darkness.

'Yes! Yes! Yes!' Glorious images of flight fill her head, mixing with the harsh calling of the grackles and starlings; these sounds become the world's sweetest music.

So she flies, she flies up, and now the power is not with her or with him but somewhere between them, and he cries out, and she can feel his arms trembling, and she arches up and into him, feeling his spasm, his touch, his total fleeting intimacy with her in the dark. They break through into the lifelight together.

Then it is over and they are in each other's arms and when he tries to say something - perhaps some stupid apology that would hurt what she remembers, some stupid apology like a handcuff, she stops his words with a kiss and sends him away.

Bill comes to her.

He tries to say something, but his stutter is almost total now.

'You be quiet,' she says, secure in her new knowledge, but aware that she is tired now. Tired and damned sore. The insides and backs of her thighs feel sticky, and she thinks it's maybe because Ben actually finished, or maybe because she is bleeding. 'Everything is going to be totally okay.'

'A-A-Are you shuh-shuh-shuh-hure?'

'Yes,' she says, and links her hands behind his neck, feeling the sweaty mat of his hair. 'You just bet.'

'Duh-duh-does ih-ih ... does ih-ih-ih - '

'Shhh ...'

It is not as it was with Ben; there is passion, but not the same kind. Being with Bill now is the best conclusion to this that there could be. He is kind; tender; just short of calm. She senses his eagerness, but it is tempered and held back by his anxiety for her, perhaps because only Bill and she herself realize what an enormous act this is, and how it must never be spoken of, not to anyone else, not even to each other.

At the end, she is surprised by that sudden upsurge and she has time to think: Oh! It's going to happen again, I don't know if I can stand it -

But her thoughts are swept away by the utter sweetness of it, and she barely hears him whispering, 'I love you, Bev, I love you, I'll always love you' saying it over and over and not stuttering at all.

She hugs him to her and for a moment they stay that way, his smooth cheek against hers.

He withdraws from her without saying anything and for a little while she's alone, putting her clothes back together, slowly putting them on, aware of a dull throbbing pain of which they, being male, will never know, aware also of a certain exhausted pleasure and the

relief of having it over. There is an emptiness down there now, and although she is glad that her sex is her own again, the emptiness imparts a strange melancholy which she could never express... except to think of bare trees under a white winter sky, empty trees, trees waiting for blackbirds to come like ministers at the end of March to preside over the death of snow.

She finds them by groping for their hands.

For a moment no one speaks and when someone does, it does not surprise her much that it's Eddie. 'I think when we went right two turns back, we shoulda gone left. Jeez, I knew that, but I was so sweaty and frigged up - '

'Been frigged up your whole life, Eds,' Richie says. His voice is pleasant. The raw edge of panic is completely gone.

'We went wrong some other places too,' Eddie says, ignoring him, 'but that's the worst one. If we can find our way back there, we just might be okay.'

They form up in a clumsy line, Eddie first, Beverly second now, her hand on Eddie's shoulder as Mike's is on hers. They begin to move again, faster this time. Eddie displays none of his former nervous care.

We're going home, she thinks, and shivers with relief and joy. Home, yes. And that will be good. We've done our job, what we came for, now we can go back to just being kids again. And that will be good, too.

As they move through the dark she realizes the sound of running water is closer.

QUOTE END

There, you have read greatness. Yes, Stephen King actually wrote this passage (from *It*, one of his more famous novels) about several middle-school aged children running a train on the only girl-child in the group (who is 12 in the novel) (played by the magnificent Sophia Lillis in the 2017 film adaptation). It has been unedited, everything here was actually written by the man himself. Please do not delete, this deserves a spot in the greatest /lit/ book of all time.

Poor man's Lolita

The Plight of the Chinaman

动态网自由门 天安門 天安門 法輪功 李洪志 Free Tibet 六四
天安門事件 The Tiananmen Square protests of 1989 天安門
大屠殺 The Tiananmen Square Massacre 反右派鬥爭 The
Anti-Rightist Struggle 大躍進政策 The Great Leap Forward
文化大革命 The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution 人權
Human Rights 民運 Democratization 自由 Freedom 獨立
Independence 多黨制 Multi-party system 台灣 臺灣 Taiwan
Formosa 中華民國 Republic of China 西藏 土伯特 唐古特
Tibet 達賴喇嘛 Dalai Lama 法輪功 Falun Dafa 新疆維吾爾自
治區 The Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region 諾貝爾和平
獎 Nobel Peace Prize 劉曉波 Liu Xiaobo 民主 言論 思想 反共
反革命 抗議 運動 騷亂 暴亂 騷擾 擾亂 抗暴 平反 維權 示威
游行 李洪志 法輪大法 大法弟子 強制斷種 強制墮胎 民族淨
化 人體實驗 肅清 胡耀邦 趙紫陽 魏京生 王丹 還政於民 和
平演變 激流中國 北京之春 大紀元時報 九評論共產黨 獨裁
專制 壓制 統一 監視 鎮壓 迫害 侵略 掠奪 破壞 拷問 屠殺 活
摘器官 誘拐 買賣人口 遊進 走私 毒品 賣淫 春畫 賭博 六合
彩 天安門 天安門 法輪功 李洪志 Free Tibet 劉曉波动态网自
由门¹³

¹³ Fuck China

Sovereignty defined as he who rules on the exception. Benjamin's input on the saga of history, in which the current moment is underpinned with perpetual violence from the past. The claim of sovereignty is one that belongs to few anymore, for the groupings of power, the organ of instrumentalization has created a singular authority, whose power rests in the hands of the unknown. This authority is unknown, many call it God, but its translation into law is forged by man. The abstraction of monarchy into the nation state, while predicated upon a holistic christian theology and metaphysics, was the basis of the juristic body. Liberalism need not propose finality, for the cosmic dream of heaven guided all hopes of future attainment. Deliverance from this world, in which we are graced to even suffer.

The analogy of the state as a human body. Each human is a cell within an organ of the body, but only the few operate as the brain, directing the organs and limbs to instrumentalize themselves to the means of the nation-state. But the paradox within this construct, is that there are multiple bodies of power. Natural Law and Positive law cannot be reconciled through the force of violence. Thus sovereignty lies within the hidden authority of nation state, while its audacity of authority is reduced to the limbs of operationalization. The true sovereignty remains unnamed, for he who is in charge is so only as long as the force of violence is uncontested. The entire structure of the military relies on, "he who will follow the leader". Who will follow the leader and enscribe emblems of cruelty within the world? He (He is an allusion to the basic consumerist man emasculated by extractive capitalism) will for the just and good of the nation. He who believes in the justness of his state, even if the methods are not ethical. Were they ever? Now the enemy is faceless, no man on man combat with melee weaponry, drones engulf cities with flame underneath, an NSA agent thinks, "just another day in the office", as he clicks a small box labeled "fire". The screen is lit up, it is almost reminiscent of a firework, did anyone say fireworks and independence day. The exception is expelled, the exception has become the rule.

For modern day theology, or rather religiosity has dissolved into a material scientific view. The world has become labeled as an absolutely objective, understanding of the natural world as a kingdom below humanity. Concrete cannons fired artillery upon the landscape, attempting to banish the spirit within nature, the homo sacer was put to death. But behind the curtains of the sovereign state, the authority only rested with the concentration of violent machines, capable of overpowering symbiotically minded individuals. This civilization not only put a loaded gun barrel to the heart of earth, it has torn apart the seams of the ecosystem to indulge in a temporal materialist dream. At what cost does it matter not. My wall art that cost \$1.65 from china will be arriving wednesday, at what cost. What did it take to extend such cheap unfiltered goods to the hands of the masses, that turned the agrarian ritual of farmwork into desk work. The systematic oppression and industrialization of third world countries is the cost, only now, we have machines to strip the earth of its vitality . What is the cost of basing ethical methods to extract raw/organic material to predicate a lifestyle that was originally based

off of direct oppression and violence inflicted onto another, it is unknown. We are still attempting to measure the scope.

I am a gay faggot, I must confess. I poopoo in my pants like a little baby and love it when mommy cleans my asshole. “GOO-GOO-GA-GA ME LOVE COCKCA” I declare as the penis is unzipped. Fuck with me you stupid whore, everything was going great. We had smooth conversations, things in common, we made so many plans, and then you block me? Block me? Because we didn’t “vibe” enough? We vibed pretty damn well I thought! But I guess what I think doesn’t fucking matter. I’m going to start flirting with men now. I already have 70 right swipes, I am most certainly a top though. The straightest members of the gay community, no doubt.

Anal activity

Anal-ytic philosophy

B-anal-ity

I've been diagnosed with autism about four separate times

This doc is now so big that my phone can no longer handle it.

:C

TRAPS: GAY OR NOT

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.

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") is 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 effeminating yourself to be more like a woman. Reducing the amount of 'man-stuff' inside the trap.



Totsuka Saika- a notorious Trap

Jesus Christ I want to fuck Totsuka Saika chan so fucking bad I want to rape him to shove my fat cock into his assholeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAA
I wish anime boys were real they could sit next to me on park benches and hold my hand. Sometimes when we're alone me and my anime boyfriend could maybe even kiss, softly. I want so badly to be able to peel off Totsuka's shirt and see his cute little nipples on his

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-F__r) 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-F__r is prepubescent, an Incel(involutarily 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 that makes it gay to many.

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+IM7) 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-p__y'.

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 stacys. 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 centry 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 regarded 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.

KROWN UP KING

I do not wish for the kingship you offer. But I will accept it under your pleading so long as you understand this: Under my rule there will be Good and Bad; there will be famines; there will be feasts; there will be peace; and there will be war. No man can be found infallible, and I fear you will be too sorely depressed to find even one as highly esteemed as myself is not exempt from this rule.

Know this! The weight of God presses down upon me, and yet I am still a man. Your hands raise me to Primacy, and yet I am no taller. Endless will be the path to greatness, but I will lead you hither into my own - though there are some that would hinder you going thither. It is not without kindness that I remind you now of your late Consul, that honourable man, and how I spoke thus to him, bearing my breast: Oh, Great Eros, forsake not your city, for beyond your gates is an enemy we share. See me not as a usurper on this day, but as an ally that you could depend on for your reputation, if not strike me here and draw my lifeblood, and so forsake this city.

It is these people that would hinder you that were before imploring us to submit this city and our persons to those invaders at our gates. Follow the example of me, and your late king, in heeding them not. For they are adders! Seeking ever to multiply their fortunes at the expense of ours!

The work that seems to be what we could have ourselves produced, is ever the fairer. The masterpiece is one that simultaneously says what everybody thinks, whilst truly saying nothing at all.

*Sneeds' fucks and chucks my
sneed whole up ass.*

Sneed

Sneeds' Feed and Seed*

(Formerly Chuck's Fuck and Suck*)

Why women no like me?

Because you sneedpost on a yugoslavian basket weaving and grain bartering forum's google doc RPing^(citation needed) as retards :)

Like women? DOn't fall for that liek literature as a defense mechanism lol

.Why do you want pussy? Is Pussy not just another spook? Designed, constructed. An ephemeral object of desire. SHut up stirnerite fag jokes on you, I haven't even read Stirner.

I can't even read.

Shut up, ALEX

The Mongolian Basket-Weaving RP¹⁴ Section

Me asian! Me have small pp! HHahahaha

Mongolian one: Oh dearest friend, speak now to me

Mogonlian tw0: I'll do it for a scooby snack

Mongolian one: to do do and do and do (macbeth)

Mongolian two: to do be do be do

I have decided to do to be

Mongolain One: oh, aye.

My yurt is awfully comfortable this year since the floods haven't arrived.

I've never seen a horse birthed like that before

It's the tall one again, I know it. Always making my horse pregnant, always giving it strange offspring. The last had a second cock gwroing on its forehead. Call that a unicorn. ha!

-Help Help my third wife has blinded me with a piece of dental floss, I will remove her hands for this!

This is so reddit

Take my upbaot good sir

¹⁴ It's not live action roleplay if you aren't doing it physically in person you absolute dodecahrodoule nigger



(When the pussy too good)

Please sir, May I have another?

Yeah, more of deez nutz hahaha

Please don't do that

doesn't do that

danke

Bitch you can't play god. He don't even exist lmao!

LMFAO GOD CUCKS GTFO

For us to be cucks for him he'd have to exist, otherwise we aren't cucks

Gottteem

STTY

Bernie 'I like black women bamalam, i wish my wife was black bamalam,' Sanders

Bernie: all women get be black now if i prsent

BRO FUCK RULES BECOME THE BEAST YOU WORSHIP DOG!

I think all girls who own dogs keep a jar of peanut butter and rub the peanut butter on their vaginas for their dogs.

Wow, girls are



Thought this was funny

haha?

MOBY DICK

NO NNON NO NO NO NO

AAing piece of shit fuck you fuck you fuck you fucsorry man <3 k ou fyock uoy oufukc fou
ufkfuock you youfkciyou <333 its ok anon

I took a personality test and Got Adolf Hitler, :(I don't want to be the bad artist

The whale came, and the ocean was cleansed in that holy whiteness.

You are pink, and therefore, a homosexual

Stop freaking copy pasting long ass shit

FIND Does anybody want to be my boyfwhere is anonymous camel at >?

4 ppl and not one of them want to date me; tf

w no bf i will gi

Am i camel
address

POOPIE RAPIE POOPIE RAPIE POOPIE RAPIE ← Who's brain birthed this garbage?

ve me your adfdressAHEM! HARRY POTTER is garbage LOL gite iut AND THE GOBLET OF SEMEN.

OP Drank it

The End.

CHAPTER ONE

HARRY Wharry poopy klolAWOKE chaper ass LOL funny

Formerly chuckeyeah fuck this guys sorry breh i'll stop now no baby im sorry <3 <<33333

8=====3 (v)

<3

THIS BOOK IS ABOUT CHILD LOVE

LISSEN HEAR YOU FAGGOT, I suck dick I SUCK collasol DICK you dont touch my DICK I dont want you to TOUCH MY DICK ywait a second ou cunt Im the fucking doc ownser i dont love you

Why are you logged in on a>not using a throwaway google account dumbass people can all see your name oh never mind anon i love you <3 anon please i never said a thing this is the greatest thing dont please please no anon pleaes please pleae forgive me i didnt mean it anon anon are you there please please pleasep lspleppss any

This is a child love romance novel. In this novel, there is an exploration on the themes of pedophilia, child love, and child love making. Scholarly input from leading pedophiles are added in a first time appendix in this new edition. The main characters, two full children, get consistently railed by fully grown adult males.

ne want to g o on a dat eith me

I will desu <3 okaty wher to

Can we have a date right here in this document wo wthat sounds like a great idea

Okay anon we are having a date right now this is so cute you look so cute today have i told you that yet

Wow thank you so much we are ahabing a date righnow and i look so cute in this document wow this is myh first ever date this is sos crazy

Hey anon why dont i take you to my place haha lets get outta herehaha wow ive never been to another persons place before that sounds epuc haha yea h lets go

Okay anon we're here now in my home and you still look cute and we're still on a date yeah alright anon get on the bed zomg i ve never been on a bed before this is craazy i a m so excited **sean f kay**

Okay anon take your pants off now and we're still on a date and you still look cute okay now take the moff okay

Commencing taking off of pants haha i love this taking off pants on a date right now whrere is llookk cute on sa **BED**

Yes anon okay now im going to take my pants off now and you still look cute and we're still on a date right now im m

HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF SEX COVE. A PIRATES TALE.

'ARRGGHHH MATEY' SCREAMED SERIOUSLY BLACK AS THE SEMEN GUSHED FORTH FROM HIS BOUND AND CONSTRICTED TINY PENIS. THE COCK AND BALL TORTURE HAD GROWN TO A CLIMATIC CRESCENDO. INDEED, IF THIS WASNT THE GREATEST MOMENT IN SERIOUSLY BLACK'S LIFE THEN IT WAS PROBABLY THAT OTHER TIME HE WAS SUBJECTED TO COCK AND BALL TORTURE. EXCEPT ON THAT OCCASION IT WAS ADMINISTERED ENTIRELY BY LIBRARIANS AND LARGGE BLACK MEN. SERIOUSLY BLACK HAD NEVER TRULY 'SEEN' HIS OWN PROLAPSE. HOWEVER, HE OFTEN PRETENDED THAT HE HAD, AS

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