

# THE TIME OF THE NAGUALS

Interzone anthology

Tome 5  
Short stories

Interzone Editions

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**RE: LONELINESS OF A HOWLING DOG PENIS**

**February 7th 1998**

**Foe Tamajiro**

Your honesty and sadness make the sensible men laugh

This was only a beginning  
Men stripped down to the knees  
put the masks of the beasts on  
started running on all four across the Painted  
Desert natives feared the kind, Satanists  
the Mormons despised and wished them  
burn in Hell while the righteous savor 13 years old  
fourth wives the men in the masks it was the only way to  
hide their conditioned identities in the society  
with them they became invincible  
a pack of wolves,  
guerillas in the fur  
after the night of shapeshifting the men licked each other  
cleansing the creases, tasted the salt in the soiled sweat  
loved the earth loved the night we were at least free in the  
pack of heathen battalion, we are to fight the mortal combat,  
with whom if you dear to ask, it is to fight against you all humans  
we are serial killers, you are preys we are monkeys with sharp  
canine teeth, we will dig in your carcass, eat your feces because  
we are free to do anything, free to go anywhere, free to go wild,  
fear them the villagers said, they knew exactly which one of their  
relatives were the wolves, but did not make any public statements  
until the day the woman came to visit the desert.

to be continued

Ten Foe/Ditch/FRIDAY NIGHT Shuhei Higashi the website manupilations and fake art  
[http://web.archive.org/web/19991012141217/foe4foe.net/mia\\_files/index.htm](http://web.archive.org/web/19991012141217/foe4foe.net/mia_files/index.htm) (newly inovated  
BGM(stolen))wherever you go you don't count!

**Sermon of the worms 666**  
**March 31 1998**  
**Dot Zero**

i sent this to my sister who has been going thru a lot of relationship troubles/ I thought it had a few good ideas

**Sermon of the Worms 666**

The horror of the worms is we writhe in or out of relationship. Burroughs says, 'the body is full of holes, get rid of it or sell it to some fool'

This is reality, we really are not solid, but made up of mostly nothing. Our thoughts create an illusion of an ego, the ego combined with biological urges seeks union with the other.

If you were full of holes, deteriorating, wouldn't you- sympathy for the worms. Grasping for pleasures which are not there, hope is a dirty con, I wake up dreaming of my hopes, desires, and wants, and I am in misery.

Every fucking day, and I have studied enough to know this is the path to destruction. Yet it is part the biology con, the deepest most treacherous con of all. Because deep in your cells, your DNA, it tells you to reproduce the horror, so I think a lot of these drives are uncontrollable.

Krishnamurti says there is nothing more horrible than "Hope"

We been sold a rotten lie, "The pursuit of happiness", one of the most doomed ideologies in history. The dual nature of existence/ Happiness- Pain ad infinitum guarantees and seals our Hell on this earth.

The only escape according to Krishnamurti is to see the trap you have created, study it, observe it, live with it. Your mind will never free you, your thoughts will create more suffering. He seems to have no sex drive from reading his books, so I wonder about him, he may have been born an enlightened being..or he was keeping secret his private life...

as Sonic Youth says "Kill yer Idols"

Saint Andrew the Worm

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## My head is opaque...

Rick Gentry -April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1998

Agent Rickie Lee peered into the cockpit and scanned the pilot's face as he boarded flight 1123 for Lost Vegas. He was looking for a certain *absence* in the pilot's features. He seemed okay. "I'd like to smell him just to be sure," he muttered as he took his seat.

Ever since Lee had that near-death experience, he'd had the uncanny ability to sense the presence of death on others. Actually, it wasn't a *near* death experience, it was the real deal. He'd been pronounced legally dead at Peck Cooper Memorial Hospital on 23 December 1976, where for 44 minutes he lay suspended between worlds.

He didn't see the white light that everyone spoke about, he saw great multicolored flares of light arcing against a milky black sky, he saw silver coils of pure energy dance out of the shimmering void of his own Mind, he saw a red velvet box open and streaming image, light, color and sound into the atmosphere.

As the plane leveled off, Rickie Lee began to doze. The last thing he saw before sleep found him was the opening of that new blockbuster film, Alien Apocalypse.

---

Sven 6 folded the newspaper in half twice then smoothed the crease purposefully as he fitted the tray-table back into the seat in front of him. He chuckled softly. Underneath a story about a mid-air collision killing 231 people he'd read a story about Alien Invaders and how they were going to land on Planet Earth in 2312 to begin the process of colonization.

"If they only knew," he said to himself.

Sven 6 had had the *remembering*. A spark of pure knowing had lodged itself in his consciousness some time back. Brought to mind that picture by Michael Angelo where God is reaching down from on high to touch MAN.

"Z-z-z-z-z-t-t-t-t-t."

"Sleepers awake!"

During the *remembering* he became conscious of the origins of human beings on planet Earth. He knew that Man was not born here. He knew a great many other things that he would never be able to properly tell anyone.

As he fell away to sleep, he saw a great silver bird wheeling across the sky-blue sky, a golden disc of light revolving slowly between his beak.

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Captain Lars 'Wrongway' Vogelsang woke with a start. Seconds before, the plane he was piloting was falling through the wounded sky like a dying star, the Earth below spinning up at him fast faster faster he imagined the percussive impact that would whiplash his fleshy body against itself with tremendous force organs exploding bones splintering he imagined his neck snapping with a wrenching POP.

Wrongway got his nickname after he smoked a mixture of Crack Cocaine and DMT one night and felt a spark arc across from the left hemisphere of his brain to the right, then back again. Reminded him of that painting by William Blake where God is reaching down from Heaven to slap the human ape with The Immaculate Fix.

Since then he'd been directionally dyslexic. He'd learned to compensate by reversing the directions as he saw them visually. The only problem was he was perpetually stoned so he could never

remember if he'd actually reversed the directions or not. Wrongway was philosophic about the whole thing. "If you go far enough in one direction you'll get where you need to go". As he dozed off again, he saw a great flock of silver birds arabesque across the iridescent sky of his dream, saw a young boy sitting cross legged on the ground beneath a red velvet tree writing the world into being.

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Johnny Yesno flipped off the T.V. after watching footage of a horrible airplane crash on channel 4 and considered the bet he'd almost won. "4 out of 5, damn, it looked good for a while," he muttered. He knew he was mucking about in a very dangerous psychic area but he felt that if he rooted around in here long enough, he could come up with a Sure Thing. He was also aware of the toll this sort of thing would almost certainly entail.

He turned to his friend Sven Birdsong and said, "the future is Written just like the past and you can tap into it if you dare. Young Rimbaud dared and the Prophet of Nazareth with his brain on fire with the Revelation also dared but it's not the sort of thing you feel comfortable recommending for most folks. The problem is there's a nasty recoil on re-entering Present Time kinda like re-entering Earth's atmosphere after a trip to the moon you're liable to flare up like a campfire marshmallow flat fucking burn to a crisp and quick, Sven. There's a red velvet curtain that hides Pandora's Box from our world - part that curtain and risk being swept away by the torrential current of images that issue from the box."

" Only a very few survive it," he mumbled to Sven as the gray cocoon of heroin enveloped him and he sank deep into the tattered green armchair.

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Peck Cooper had been practicing his Invisibility real regular these days and was beginning to get some useful results. He'd managed to fly under his wife's radar for 23 minutes this time, occupying close proximity to her without having her ask him a Single Stupid Question. He managed to get so quiet inside that he quite literally disappeared from her consciousness. It wasn't until he heard that report on the radio about the plane that went down with the famous movie actress Rickie Blake on board that he came back to himself. He'd seen all her movies, even the one's she'd made as America's premier child actress. He'd fallen hopelessly in love with her in that movie about alien invaders, he played the scene where she seduced the alien Fleet Commander in order to save the Earth over and over again. The first time he saw it, he had something like a religious experience. He'd felt something shift in his brain, he imagined a neon blue arabesque of light spiral from one side of his head to the other then his chakras lit up like a Christmas Tree. Reminded him of a painting by Rufino Tamayo.

As he fell asleep, an Indian with red velvet skin flew by in a tiny Silver Cessna and whispered these words in his left ear, " It is not true, it is not true that we come to live here. We come only to sleep, only to dream..."

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**Officer Foe missed the flight**  
**April 5th 1998**

**Foe Tamajiro**

Officer Foe missed the flight due to a traffic jam on I-15 caused by head-on collision between a septic truck and a '65 VW bus driven by an old hippie couple whose dog's name was Leary. This resulted in substituting a flight officer for a Delta flight which was due out at 17:50, heading for San Francisco. The flight, allegedly attacked by an alien spacecraft, crash-landed 2 miles off the shore of Alcatraz; the only survivor on board the plane was a New York stock broker Rick 'O Shea whose body was concealed in a lavatory at the very end of the plane corridor, and after recovering from a mild case of after-shock aphasia, he stated the last thing he can remember was as soon as the aircraft was tilted into the angle of repose, he heard a subtle, metallic voice whispering by his left ear:

"SHKI-SOKU-ZE-KU, KU-SOKU-ZE-SHIKI" The sense of euphoria he experienced was so overwhelming, one of the nurses actually found a trace of come in his Duffy Duck trunks.

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**An Alien Spacecraft**

Captain Lars 'Wrongway' Vogelsang woke with a start. Seconds before, the plane he was piloting was falling through the wounded sky like a dying star, the Earth below spinning up at him fast faster faster he imagined the percussive explosion that would whiplash his fleshy body against itself with tremendous force he knew his organs would burst with the impact he could feel his bones splinter feel his neck snap with a wrenching POP.

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Since then he'd been directionally dyslexic. He'd learned to compensate by reversing the directions as he saw them visually. The only problem was he was a practicing Rastafarian and was perpetually stoned so he could never remember if he'd actually reversed the directions or not. Wrongway was philosophic about the whole thing. "If you go far enough in one direction you'll get where you need to go. It may take longer, but think of all the shit you wouldn't have seen if you took the shortcut," he'd say.

As he dozed off again, he saw a great flock of silver birds arabesque across the iridescent sky of his dream, saw a young boy sitting crosslegged on the ground beneath a red velvet tree writing the world into being.

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**Picture of Katamine Injection**

When was it that she lost the ability to remember, the researchers wondered. They all knew the

memory is there from the occasional babbling in the patient's REM sleep, but her hard drive was protected by the layers of encryptions, and since she is gone, the memory was intact from any attempts to recover. The loss of memory is illusional concept, Dr. Sally Lopez learned long time ago, it is only the function of recalling that can be damaged in most cases. Humans learned this while developing artificial intelligence, which is now the true governor of the state we all live in. Was it before the War? Was it before the Pikadon that wiped out the city of Lost Vegas? Or was it even before two of the world's largest computers started discussing about the Utopia via Arpanet, she lost the ability. Since she is gone, humans have no ground to stand on. The history, geography and even everyday reality itself are one big question mark. We are all unsure of day and night. We are all unsure of now and then. No one even cares for here and there anymore.....

One day Sally was walking across a deserted boulevard that once was a canal, she suddenly realized there was nobody except for her on the street, and sudden realization led her to conclude at least for a blink of eyes that as long as she can remember, the state of this isolation has not changed. Though she thinks she knows her identity as a government psychiatrist, who was trained and graduated from Royal Academy of \_\_\_\_\_, as a daughter of the hero of WW3, Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, and had been happily married to a dentist, who is 3 years older than her and who she met at academy while finishing up her dissertation on mass narcolopsy, and who had been sent to Antarctica sometimes ago on a secret mission, she also knows she once had a son who had been chosen by AI to be enrolled on a special program for the gifted children, specially designed to leave the polluted planet and out to Alpha Centauri, etc....but in that lazy afternoon on the boulevard which once was a canal, she suddenly realized that it is all a theatre, she has been seeing only what they want her to see, she even came so close to the awareness that not only those people from the past nor the colleagues at the research centers, even the people and things she has been taking for granted are not real, not even the body of hers, beautiful, cobalt colored hispanic body, slender but blossoming breasts and hips with a noticeable scar across the bosom, which was supposedly given to her at the occasion of the Great Impact, a.k.a. Pikadon, which vaporized the city of Lost Vegas along with the State of Quick Silver, the scar reminded her of the end of the innocence like the canyon-like crater which starts from just north east of Death Valley reminded oldtimers of the loss of old world.....in one dry afternoon on the boulevard that once was a canal she was about to wake from a long dream to become conscious, to regain the ability to remember and grasp then change.....but it did not happen then.

-----  
He did not know what soap is, so we had to tell him sometimes: "Hey, you must take a bath today", which he never wanted to do. After insisting several times, we ended by succeeding. The bathtub was in the kitchen, which was not very practical. and the toilets outside of the flat, on the same floor. So people who knew about it used to use them as public toilets.

One day, she decided to tread animal furs, and put them in some infame mixture in the toilets. After 15 days, the smell was so horrible we had to take our breath before entering make a quick shit, and rush out of the place, otherwise we would have puke as well. Until he got angry and told Juniel to take the thing out, which he did at the end.

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Earth over and over again. The first time he saw it, he had something like a religious experience. He'd felt something shift in his brain, he imagined a neon blue arabesque of light spiral from one side of his head to the other then his chakras lit up like a Christmas Tree. Reminded him of a painting by Rufino Tamayo.

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Everytime Mother came, she told them some stories about her childhood, which was very sad (her father burning the wood of the floor to make fire), so she was very moved, and used to bring him all the old clothes which once belonged to her father.

So she was wearing a very large grey coat, which made him look quite strange.

Sometimes, she went to supermarket, seem to steal things to see if people would see her.

But nothing never happened, so she just put it back in place, disgusted, and used to come back and say : "they did not even see me !"

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## Arthur Grazulis

September 20th 1997

**“Arthur fought against them in those days, together with the kings of the Britons, but he himself was Dux Bellorum”**

It's thick spray fills the air, catching in my feathers as I circle over blooded ground. It is everywhere I see. I have to get closer because I have to find him, to know what happened at the end. I have to be sure, one way or the other. The trees shimmer in the mist, green leaves with an oaks infinity of shades flicker around me now as my feet clasp themselves around a rough branch serving as a vantage point. Red sparkles of the event seem drawn here, folding through the air thicker than I had noticed from up above. A death aura that will cling to this place for years, but too momentary for the trees to take in.

I listen to them to be sure, to check that they hadn't observed what had happened here, but it isn't amongst their quiet discussion of the seasons. The battle was finished before they could form any vague opinion about it. They don't notice the movement in the distance that catches my eye, a lone survivor hurrying to justify himself. They don't know that what has happened here will be remembered by men for a thousand generations. It's as though the hundreds of years of life that each tree holds, that which makes them so solid to us, really makes them invisible to the end of everything I worked for. I just came to say goodbye, although I'm probably too late.

The bracken is more aware, more sensitive to the trampling and burdens that people inflict. It is more aware of it's broken stems underneath the weight of once-shining armour, of fine clothing soaked with sweat, rain and blood, and of the ornate shields with painted designs already starting to peel. But they are unable to tell me the difference between the thousands of lumps of meat that add their own dead weight as carrion for birds with the same black outer form as my own. It cannot judge the strength of a muscle or the stories it might have won for itself. It's no good for telling of the fine curve of a jaw that could have gained love and honour amongst the world of men. The bracken cannot help me.

I hop amongst the rivers and swamps that are forming within the landscape of bodies. They are faces too young for me to recognise, I've been away from things for too many years. I shout out my impatience and hear another raven answer me. I glide over to him and see it picking it's feast from someone I know: Kai, the king's foster brother. His helmet lies battered, the proud dog that leaps from its crest is half buried in the earth. His body is face down, but I can view his profile. He looks so old, his moustache now grey and thin where it is not stained the blood that drips slowly onto the body held fast beneath him, as though Kai were salivating over his prey as a wolf about to bit into a captured sheep. It was a fine death, but now he's just meat. I spring cautiously closer, the feeder who brought my attention here caws a warning to show me he is prepared to defend his meal.

Suddenly the man I saw earlier is upon us cursing. My attempted opponent flies off a short way and watches suspiciously. This knight does not see me, however, for it is my curse that I shall never be viewed by men again. He is Bedwyr, who used to be young and fierce, now old and tired from wounds past and present. His single arm reaches up to cover his eyes as his gruff crying tries to reach his dead friends souls. The scabbard at his side is empty, his sword lies broken somewhere on the field. His knees bend and, exhausted, he falls to the ground.

Kai's body means that I must be close to the one I'm looking for. I twist about with my feet printing their path on a ragged chest. I look at the owner's face and see it is Lancelot, the fallen knight who came to this field to redeem himself. I hope that he's happy now, in his Christian heaven where I am forbidden to go. A crack runs through his shoulder, the arm that was once held to his body still appears strong and his hand continues to hold his sword tightly with the correct grip. I don't feel any pity. I've seen it all before. The blood congealing in his twenty or thirty wounds is no different from the boys whose names I will never know.

My wings lift me up again to get me closer to a body I think is the one I'm looking for. It is beautiful in death, a single flaw in the chest disrupts the too-perfect form, but he is not the one. The wound seems now to reveal just how far from his true nature he had become, corrupted in the search for power, but still a Sun King, a true chieftain. Without a mother, though, there was no-one to show him the side to life other than to kill and destroy. Mordred, I have to admit I like you better dead than I ever did when you were alive. You should have learned to listen, deep down. You needed to care.

Pleasing as this sight is to me I have to find my goal. I realise now he's already been taken away from here. I jump up and ascend to the air. One way or another all of these children went too far. No one could tell them when to stop, they didn't recognise the signs. They had too little respect and now everything is done for. Perhaps it is better this way.

I notice that Bedwyr has risen and is heading off through the forest towards the sea, chasing the same thing I am. I dip my head and follow him over the sheet of trees covered in the dispersing fog of the morning air. We arrive at the coast at the same time, see the boat near the horizon sailing off to places people dream about, if they have the sight. It is a place beyond simple imagination, known as Avalon, or Annwn or the Land of the Young. An island reached only across seas of ignorance, where the secret is held that can cause people to live forever if they wish it. To call it a village, town or city would be wrong, to give a false impression of the place, of what it is and looks like. There is no separateness from the magic of the mother there, an understanding that we are a part of nature and not apart from it. The harvest is always golden and rich and the trees are always in bloom yet laden with fruit. It is to there that they carry the body of Arthur, King of the Britons, leaving mortals behind. Bedwyr falls on his knees and foolishly crosses himself, but this isn't the work of God. This is something older.

I leave him behind, balanced on the invisible pillar of salt air.

The light from the high, narrow windows in the circular hall falls through the scented smoke, dancing around her eyes of blue that are paler than a winter sky. The earth itself stretches out inside them, striving to reach her, but she dismisses without judgement to concentrate on her work. Her face is round and fair, her skin glowing with the prospect of spring. Her long, braided hair has the softness and colour of a doe, her green dress is clasped at her throat with a brooch of silver intricately fashioned into the pattern of a leaf and veined with gold. Her body moves underneath the folds with the grace of dancer and the strength of a goddess. She stands out amongst women but is not too tall. She can sing and mix herbs to heal or kill, cure illnesses that ordinary doctors consider too far gone, observe the future in the stars and signs around her and she fears nothing. Thus she is called Morgan Le Fay which means that she is not of this earth, but the earth itself, and that is how she appeared to all who came to her.

The crow watches, unobserved, from the vacant holes illuminating the scene of her tending to the crippled form lying on soft woollen coverings laid out over the stone bed. Pain twists around the body's spine, crawling upwards to contort the bearded face with eyes firmly closed with the sleep Morgan had fed them before the body was carried over the water. She cleans up the wound just above the right hip that gently lets sticky blood fall and soak into any cloth it finds before she can begin to apply a mixture she has prepared. The figure groans with a slight shudder from the coolness of her touch and she pauses to wipe away sweat and matted hair from his forehead.

“Are you just going to watch or did you want to come in?” she says, though there appears to be none to answer her.

The crow shuffles forward off his ledge and drops down. Morgan Le Fay smiles as a rainbow of light blossoms from every point on the crow’s black body, reforming and shaping it as it grows to become a man dressed in heavy black cloaks, with an old face few could call handsome with its one eye blue and one brown, a nose looming out over the grey unkempt beard straggling towards his chest, yet with a build that looked young and strong, towering over the woman as she bent to continue her work.

“I came to see the king and find out what has become of him.” The old man offers, looking at the body Morgan is treating. “I had thought he was dead.”

“Not quite, I can only try my best to prevent it.”

“Do you need any help?” The old man asks.

“Can you offer me any?” Morgan answers, her eyes flashing toward him with a mixture of pity and arrogance.

“No,” he sighs, “my powers are too weak now.”

He looks away from her, squeezing his eyes shut against the water of age and mourning that collects along the lids. He looks about, studies the bronze-cast incense burner at the dying king’s head. Intertwined images of forest animals dance in yellows and reds circling the hidden embers of herbs casting out sweet smells of life and hope that taste sour over his tongue. The king’s bloody thighs remind him of his own impotence, his own exclusion from the world of men. Embroidered designs hang in the dim brown light around the three of them, untying memories and images of life with their abstract design and simple colours. The only sounds are of Morgan working.

“You feel that you can’t talk to me as you used to,” the woman begins, “you feel there is some kind of barrier between us since our friendship of long ago.”

“There is,” the old man bitterly spat, “since one of your kind imprisoned me in the air, so that I could never be seen in the world again.”

“But that is what you wanted. It was better than the alternative, you thought.”

“I think I was wrong then. Now I just want to die so that I can go back to a kingdom and a family, to learn how to be a man again and then sink into the oblivion I cannot reach from here.”

“There are no barriers. You should know that.” advises Morgan.

“Hah, you talk with the foolish generosity of a victor. Just continue with your healing.” The old man wanders towards the doorway covered with a curtain. “Call me if his condition worsens or if you think of anything I might be able to do.”

He pulls the curtain aside letting the sunshine from outside flood in, looking back once at the beautiful form that he half feared, half admired.

Outside a small crowd had gathered, waiting for any news that might come. They gasp surprise as one when the old man walks out because they did not know of his arrival. The old man is briefly shocked, too, for he had forgotten that all here could see him as this is the place beyond the living. Children cling to their mothers wondering who this fearsome devil could be, although the women do not answer their gentle questions except to glare accusation at him. The men, though, are pleased, sensing hope in his arrival for the health of the king. Seeing them the old man gains his composure and cannot resist making a show to hide his insecurity. He raises his arms as if to cast magic, allowing everyone to see how strong the muscles still are as the cloaks slip down to his shoulders. The sun flashes off his eyes which now appear as black as caverns and silencing a child who has begun to cry. He lowers his hands, pointing one with a finger outstretched along the crowd. He recognises some but does not show it as he begins to speak.

“I have been many shapes before I made myself this:

“I have been a star falling in the air

“I have been the air itself

“I have been a wave in the ocean  
“A flash of light from a sword as it creased its victim  
“A word in a book  
“A vulture on a rock  
“I have never known a father  
“A herd of pigs goes before me  
“And my path is strewn with flowers  
“I have been a stag  
“I have traveled the world with the wings of an eagle  
“Nothing can hold me forever  
“I am a dream and a nightmare  
“That flickers in your heads  
“Without recognition  
“I have killed Emperors of Rome  
“I have been Emperor and slave  
“Cast under the ground for a lifetime of darkness  
“My light has been hidden by clouds  
“While I sailed over the earth  
“I am a lake in a hollow mountain  
“I am a salmon that swims up a river  
“I am a raven that caws over a battle  
“I am the birch that sees and remembers everything  
“I am the god with fire for my thoughts  
“Who but I preaches on mountains?  
“Who but I knows the ages of the moon?  
“Who but I can show the place where the sun hides at night?”

He pauses to judge his opening effect on the crowd, who had begun to settle in preparation for the story they would follow the introduction. Some had sat down while others stood in order to pay better attention to the man who had been there and had then disappeared, leaving it to all fall to pieces.

Orien, an old man of the village whose fine sword peeped out from beneath his three coloured cloak telling of his past glory as a warrior, made to speak. His job in his last years was to help educate and entertain the children but his voice still held much of his strength from youth while carrying the respect of age. The story teller scratches his beard, half turning away from the crowd as he waits for the invitation to begin his story.

“Tell us then, Myrddin, of what you have seen and what you have heard.”

The old man looks at Orien with a brief smile, acknowledging his politeness. The building behind him seems to offer the scent that will shape the story, the spirit of death and the quest for hope intertwining as the afternoon begins to sink into its final phases for the start of a new day. Flowers entangled themselves at the edge of the doorway, all blocked from view as the old man’s black shape prepares to tell the story, growing before their eyes. So Myrddin’s voice begins, the tones sifting out images from their minds.

## Resistance is futile

Grazulis

April 17 1998

"The time is now my friends when the moment comes ye shall know it not by its outward signs but by its effect inside each of us coming in through the backdoor to wreak revenge tragedies into life subjugating boredom for tension the state of the bored shall be overthrown and dismasted no more to pressure us in to buzz excitements and pursuits for happiness. All shall be gone. Thus I have spoken." Anonymous I-Net broadcast, ten minutes before the Fall.

Situation: Nu-Tokyo, boardroom of Takitema Industrial Corp. Red Army terrorists sent from mainland China hide in the aircon waiting. Masked in black, all equipment on silent running. The gui-ship is hidden two blocks away waiting for the moment to appear. The board winds up the details of its latest dealings, the security guards, muted at birth, communicate by an electronic radio system to transmit limited commands to each other, receiving orders from the central command. Incorruptible, and until recently unstoppable. Equipment unknown as yet to the company has rendered these perfect guards useless, technology the terrorists have with them. They switch it on, weapons click into automatic readiness. Explosives boom and the hatch flies off to announce their entrance. Teargas cartridges fly in before them, smoke expelling itself and swiftly expanding to the room's capacity. The guards fall twitching, the first time they have been alone. The board cough, a couple pull out their personal weapons, firing blindly a couple of their colleagues are hit. The terrorists ir helmets give them perfect vision, they take out the threat and move to circle their target.

"Everyone down on the floor. If they move kill them" one shouts.

The guy is already on the roof, the gun towers that were supposed to stop them smoke uselessly with dull flame.

While the squad binds its captive, dragging him out to the stairway up the two cleaners move swiftly around the room, removing all trace evidence to their identity before vac'ing out themselves. The gui is gone before the Takitema Private Army is even mobilised enough to prevent them. A general alarm goes out, police mobilised, but the kidnapers are already safely in the belly of a stealth sub waiting 10 kilometres away, hidden in the shadow of a cargoship.

Following the Fall and subsequent economic collapse of the US the emergent powers squabbled until the country reunited again. Meanwhile various UN resolutions continued to keep the new govt illegal, unrecognised by the international world. They linked up with China, Europe, though powerful was nearly as badly affected by the fall as the US, now aligned with Japan under a British initiative. "China is too dangerous. Their power base and ideology too opposed to our own" said President Jean-Luis Padrone, interviewed in Le Monde Neovo. He continued, "They are the most serious threat to this world's stability since Adolf Hitler. This leadership has already proven it's true agenda with its abortive invasions of Vietnam and India as well as attempted coups throughout the eastern seaboard of the Japanese Concession. We must support, and if necessary defend our allies or we could be the next victims. The time for détente, for appeasement, is long gone. We cannot allow any one to threaten everything we have fought so hard to rebuild. If the American people continue the way they have in supporting these rebels and terrorists then that is regretful. No country has suffered in the past 20 years more than they, but how can we be expected to give to those whose idea is only to take what is not theirs?"

"End transmission" Smith stared at the blank screen for a while, contemplating his next move in the silence left by the turning off of the TV. He got up and moved to the window. The sun was partially obscured as it usually was. The dust clouds and storms had mostly settled down in the past few years so that away from the metropolises it was possible to see a blue sky. Smith had never seen a blue sky in his life and he wasn't sure if he wanted to or not. It was one of those things that had become hip in the last year. The middle classes, the suburbanites all flocked in the summer to special camps set up to show them how the earth's wilderness was returning to its natural state, as if to show them that their hard work in the cities was somehow worthwhile. The doorbell rang. Tish walked in, despite not being invited, they'd long ago exchanged codes to give each other easy access. Right then, though, Smith wished he hadn't, he wasn't in the mood for visitors.

"Have you heard the news?" Tish questioned, looking flustered.

"What news? I was just watching it. Nothing's happening"

"Wrong. Prez Akiyama has been kidnapped. They're saying it's the Chinese"

"Impossible, not even the Chinese would be that stupid. It would mean war."

"I'm just telling you what they said."

"I'm sorry," Smith moved towards her. "Would you like some tea?"

"Yes, that would be nice."

"You should meditate more. Learn to control yourself better. You get too excited."

"Don't patronise me. You're just as bad."

"I just worry. That's all"

Psychological Evaluation: Subject Smith.

Smith as shown himself to be an able and intuitive agent, very promising despite the circumstances in which he originally left. We have made a good choice in accepting him back. It appears that much of the wanderlust of his early years has been spent. Apparently he feels he has exhausted his other options and is now ready to reintegrate.

Abilities (more to come)

One potential problem has come to light in that he does not take things seriously enough, as though he were privy to some secret. The shrink says that this may indeed have been the case following his breakdown and earlier dismissal, but any such delusions are gone now. This is merely a residual effect, built into his personality matrix.\* However, it might be best to give this agent work that he will find of interest in order to keep him in check. He might not be the best able person we have, but in his own way he is one of the most stable and intelligent. (A rare enough trait amongst normals). He is definitely not ready for command, but some expansion of his responsibilities would be both deserved and helpful, for both himself and the company.

\*I have always maintained that any religious component in their education was a dangerous thing given their abilities.

**Epiphany**  
**Grazulis**  
**October 29 97**

This is not the truth, but it is a tiny facet on the diamond of truth. it is a facet of the this is not the truth, hopes in words that illustrate through its minute area and hide my paranoia. You can't look through it and see me. You can't look have little time for that flicker about my head. You have to look through me and see it, yourself. This is not the true Truth.

The vid played slowly, the dope in his brain made it last a lifetime as he watched the cloud of light reach out and take people into itself. Watched the cloud of dope in his brain. The vid played slowly, made it last a lifetime as him aware in that people into itself. one of the many framed holds a dying boy in her as I am without. Everyone in my place would have left. Intention is distorted with kindness and taken, I think any sane person much too close to people, the most humble. "My father" she says, before praising as "really hopeless." Criticism had hurt her humanitarian road. Be done naturally, level and the same, high and low, they won't taught me to treat the sane."

The vid played slowly, the dope in his brain made it last a lifetime as he watched the cloud of light reach out and take people into itself. A little girl stood, looking at him, aware in that slowed instant of time of the terrifying reality, looking at him until she was consumed, her little body picked up and thrown away, disintegrating into its components. He sat, unable to move as the door to his room imploded, admitting soldiers in body armour ready with their semiotic rifles, blasting at his friends, firing electro magnetic pulses that interrupt their function to comprehend, to verbalise, to be.

"That's a damn good fake" the technician said, "interposing the little girl like that. If I didn't have this job I'd sure as hell never suspect."

"Emotional warfare. Propaganda. Same old story. Your on our side or theirs. We help to keep it that way."

"That's right enough. Hope the scum get caught."

"I believe they already have."

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**Smith**

**Grazulis**

**October 29th 1997**

Alarm to see the bed empty the old man turned, looked about at the brilliant white of the painted walls, lit up from the ceiling's cheap white uniform. He was to see Smith standing, watching him with eyes that must have been beautiful before sees the man's fear. Standing over him Smith looks into the old man's pale blue mind, folded about something and crumpled. They turned to glue. He opened up his mind patterns left by the decorators brush.

The rest of the world reached Europe first and the Somewhere Smith woke up. Everywhere failed. Everywhere fell. Amongst the crowds of people trying to find rooting out others they thought to blame again. He stood up, he had not needed to he looked over to the sad fern by the heard steps and looked out at the locked body's new gift of movement. His mind in the lock, the noise seems louder than he.

It started as a light that seemed to be a tiny whole world of New York. practical joke. He took the keys, placed the old man carefully onto the hole in the sky burst out to engult the sound, reaching into ranges no one can saw or heard, sun seemed like a victim of some elaborate.

As he looked at the swirling flow and he suddenly saw molecules. The Statue of Liberty turned black pulling them down, trailing after the roads and buildings. A wall of dust detonated as the air itself became fire. exploded into millions of tiny fragments saw it. No one had time to act, just the shadows and then the shadows themselves disappeared and the dust swirled over the continent. gone. The fire continued to spread. In the darkness everythnig died. America was but there were no answers. The clouds die as it turned red and faded away. Panicking, some prayed.

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## Invasion

### Grazulis

August 8th 1999

Robert looked down at where his son was pointing, amongst the shrubs and weeds of the public park gardens, at brilliant blue-leaved plant. Its veins seemed to pulse a dark purple and Robert was captivated as it moved slightly out of synch with the gentle breeze carrying the stench of the nearby city. His son ran forward to get a closer look but Robert instinctively reached out a hand to stop him. As he did so he saw that the shimmering leaves had stopped moving and, if it were possible, were giving out signs of some kind of distress. Suddenly the brilliant blue seemed to fade, the plant's death accelerated as though a stop-motion film and all that was left was grey, dried out remains. He grabbed a stick, prodded the remains briefly and then stepped towards it to pull it from the ground. This was no easy task as its roots had been strangled by the other plants around it. Seeing this there was no doubt what had caused the plants death but what still remained in Robert's memory was the unusual animations of its last moments as though it had been conscious. He decided to take it to work with him and give it to a friend in the lab.

The next day Robert drove into work with the dead plant in an old shoebox on the back seat. His wife had thought him crazy for bothering to do this and had said so but Robert had kept quiet. He had his own suspicions about what the plant was. As he was driving along he saw a flash of the same colour blue by the side of the road. Surprised he indicated to stop and pulled over quickly, to the annoyance of the commuters behind him. He didn't even notice, however, climbing out of his small hatchback to get a closer look. It was clearly more examples of the plant he had found before, but each seemed to be different from the other. They shared the same strange, brilliant colour and a similar structure, but there were subtle differences in the shapes and distribution of the leaves as though each was developing their own personality, their own idea of being a plant. Grouped together Robert suddenly had an insight of them fighting to survive against the green around them. With a shudder he turned around and got back into his car to join the stream of traffic irregularly spurting towards the city.

After parking his car Robert headed straight for the lab where his friend Jim worked. He carried the box feeling uneasy about what he had found but he knew Jim would find it interesting. He pushed his electromagnetic card against the black lock into his office building and turned left instead of his usual right. He had known Jim for a few years and they often went for a drink after work, although lately Robert had been busy with a new project and the long hours that come with extra responsibility. He knocked on a white door with a large glass panel and walked in. Jim was sitting at one of three desks squashed uncomfortably together. Looking up with a smile Jim said hello. Robert smiled back and put the box down on the desk between them.

"I was hoping you could do me a favour, if you're not too busy." Robert said. "I found it yesterday and thought it looked interesting. Certainly I've never seen anything like it before. I think it's be worth it"

"There's a lot of things we haven't seen before" Jim answered, "and it doesn't generally mean that they haven't always been there."

"Maybe not, but this is different. Just take a look and let me know what you find. Please." Robert looked at his friend with an almost beseeching look, trying to let him know that he really wanted to get this over with. Jim moved a couple of bits of paper lying on his desk and knocked his mouse to remove the screensaver that had been distracting his vision.

"Ok then, but I don't know if I'll get it done today. We're pretty backed up with samples at the moment." He leaned forward and opened the box. He looked surprised to see just a dead plant inside, disappointed and irritated, "I'll see what I can do. I'll call you when I get a chance."

Robert felt relieved at having gotten rid of it and to get a chance to have it checked out. He realised he had come to some strange opinions about what it was, things he wasn't prepared to think without at least a second opinion.

That morning Robert sat at his desk trying to concentrate on what he was supposed to be doing while people interrupted him questions regarding details that he was having difficulty remembering or even caring about. He drank his coffee without tasting it, feeling less and less a part of his surroundings. When lunchtime came he went out to buy a sandwich. Walking past a wasteground cleared in preparation for an extension to the industrial estate where he worked he looked out to see a thriving patch of the blue plants. Startled, he knew they had not been there before the weekend. The plants followed the same chaotic patterns of the clump by the road except that these looked a lot healthier. A breeze blew through them, and they moved as if noticing Robert for the first time, as if whispering to themselves: There he is. He walked on, quickly, but he didn't feel like eating anymore.

The afternoon passed as slowly as the morning until he received a mail from Jim explaining that he was going out for something and would be back tomorrow to talk about the contents of the box. Robert stood up, told those around him he was just popping out to get a report from the labs and headed down there hoping to catch Jim before he left.

Jim was already gone and no-one there seemed to know where. "He just said there was something he had to do and he wouldn't be back today." said a dark-haired assistant with pretty, grey eyes.

"Did he have a box with him?" Robert asked.

"I think so. I wasn't really paying much attention. Is it something important?"

"What? Oh, no, it's not important." Robert walked out slowly deciding to head home. He went back to his office to shut everything down and then out to his car. As he drove out past the patch of wasteland a sudden movement caught his eye and he pulled the car to the side of the road. He sat with his hands on the steering wheel, engine running in a moment of static potential, a kind of bubble outside the world. He looked over and saw a couple of cats circling around the glimmering patch of blue. One of them moved forward in a crouch as if it had seen prey and then pounced, clawing and tearing at the plant nearest to it. There was something shocking about a cat being compelled to attack a mere plant and Robert sat transfixed. The other cat joined in while the first took a mouthful of blue and carried it over to a broken fence where it climbed through a hole to where there was a collection of trees and bushes. It dumped the already greying plant amongst the stubby ferns and returned to carry on the work. What is it, Robert thought, that causes such enmity amongst everything it lives amongst? The spell broken Robert checked the road and drove off, heading back home. He stopped his car at the patch he had found by the roadside, or at least where he thought it had been. Now there were only normal green plants. He looked around, thinking maybe he had the wrong place, there was nothing. Suddenly it all seemed like a dream.

Robert drove into work the next morning feeling tired and drained. The subject of the plant seemed unimportant and foolish but it continued to probe its way through his mind. His previous evening had been spent unconsciously watching TV while his wife sat in sullen silence at his mood and his night had passed in a fitful sleep punctuated by little eternities of listening to the quiet of the night.

When he arrived he went straight to Jim's lab. Jim was sitting at his desk as he had been the day

before. He looked like he had been infected by the same thing as Robert, nervous, harried by a vague dread. Robert saw an open pack of cigarettes on the desk although he knew that Jim had given up over a year. The box Robert had brought to him was not there.

"I've got to ask you," Jim said, "where did you find it?"

"I found that one in the park. Well, Bobby did. But I've seen it in other places too. There was a patch on the ground outside here. It's probably gone now. What is it?"

Jim sighed. "The truthful answer to that is we don't know. It looks like a plant, apart from the colouring you described. When you look at it close, however, its structure is more like a crystal, although not like any crystal I've seen. And it also seems to include a section that looks like a brain. About the only thing we do know is that it's not like any other lifeform we know about on earth."

"You're saying that this is some kind of alien?"

"Well, maybe. Some of these tests take a while to complete, though. Did you say there was a living patch near here? Seeing a sample that's alive might help a lot."

"Sure." Robert felt a wave of relief flowing through him in a recognition that some part of him had been right to worry about this.

They went out and walked towards the patch Robert had seen the previous afternoon. He was not surprised to see that only a couple of sickly plants remained. The others seemed to have died as though being poisoned or dug up by the cats he had seen yesterday.

"They're all dead" Robert explained. "None of them seem to survive for very long." Jim dug one up placing it in a container he had brought with him for the job.

"I don't understand that. They are strange. Possibly," he glanced around, "not even from Earth. But they seem to have all the right bits for survival, shall we say. And even some that aren't. These things are so complex it's hard to really know. That's why I wanted to see a living one, see if there was some reason for it's death."

Behind Jim Robert saw a cat lurking. It spotted him and coolly sat down to begin cleaning itself.

"It always looks to me like it's not the plants dying, but being killed. Yesterday I saw a couple of cats here destroying this patch. Another patch I saw has completely disappeared as though it was beaten by the local plantlife and swallowed whole."

"As though the earth were defending itself?"

"Exactly"

An uneasy silence fell around them as their discussion slowly made its own impact. "Do you suppose," Robert asked, "that this is some kind of space traveling plant looking for planets to colonise, or even that some alien race is trying to invade earth by engineering an offensive plant form? Perhaps there will be more invasions? It could be that we've been invaded hundreds of times before and never known about it."

Robert looked over to the cat licking itself in feline mock innocence and then out, past the concrete slabs and dirt, to where small trees and bracken were growing despite the best efforts of man: Earth's first line of defense.

"Well," Jim looked uneasy, "I guess we're in good hands."

Last Stop45  
Grazulis

The panels of monitors glowed around Sarah telling her that all the shuttle systems were functioning fine. She was only a day away from the station and feeling on edge after a couple of weeks spent alone. She had picked up the supply canister without any problems and had enjoyed the time to think only for herself for a change away from the responsibility and quiet strain that patterned their lives out here. She had been able to simply sit each day and watch the stars, the only thing she had ever wanted to do. Of course command would not be happy that she had come out alone, as regulations demanded at least two pilots, but they would be unlikely to find out. At the end of the solar system they had an unprecedented amount of autonomy from the rest of the human race. A buzz sounded and the automatic connect she had initiated a couple of minutes before activated. She looked into the screen above her catching her own reflection as it flickered into life. She was getting on towards forty but had kept youthful with a plain kind of pretty face under a bob of brown hair. Mikhail's face replaced her own with a fluorescent flare and animated blockily into a rare grin as her image took shape on his display. His face was unshaven, his dark hair in a typically short cut.

"Hey, Captain. Glad to see you." He began, his Russian burr heavy over the delayed radio link,  
"You on your way back?"

"Yes. Approaching at t minus twenty hours now. Be ready for me."

"Of course. Some interesting things been happening here while you were gone. David's gone mad again, serious this time. Need you to make a decision on it."

"Great." At the thought of David her heart sank. She had long resented him being on the mission and wanted to somehow wish him away for months. The prospect of having to deal with him again seemed to confirm the sourness that was growing over her as she grew closer to her responsibilities.

"Anything else for me?"

"Yes." Mikhail's face involuntarily gained a secretive air and Sarah noticed how tired he looked,  
"But it can wait until you get back." He gave her a look suggesting that she should not try to force the issue.

"Come on, don't play bullshit games" she retorted, surprising herself with a sudden anger.

"I'm not!" He pleaded, his voice rising a pitch and his expression indicating his honesty. "It's just something you need to see back here. It's a surprise. You'll like it."

Sarah sat back, puzzled and apologetic.

"OK. Sorry. See you tomorrow then. Out."

The transmission cut and she was left with a greying screen and a sudden awareness of the blackness outside of the cockpit where she sat. She thought about the conversation, her first in over a week. Not much had been said but things had happened while she had been away. Things that she should have been there to deal with or prevent.

She clicked a couple of buttons and turned on the voice recognition. "Telescope down." She ordered. There was no response except for a faint whirring of machinery below her as the scout's telescope equipment was lowered from its bay. "Focus, Omega Station. 10 times." The screen above her came back into life displaying a faint, irregularly shaped green star. "Increase zoom" Slowly the star began to grow, the blurred edges taking on the harder shapes of a man-made object. "Stop." It hung there illuminated by only its own lighting too far out from the sun whose warmth she had grown up in. It span slowly, drifting through space powered by the gentle corrective push of an ion engine to keep them a part of the solar system. They hung on the edge of home, further than anyone before them, amid a wealth of science and studies. Now, a year after arriving reconsidered in the two weeks alone with just the vastness of the void around her she was feeling ambiguous about the station.

Life had been one of quiet calm inside the bubble displayed on the screen occasionally punctuated by David's outbursts and a subsequent period of struggle for all of them. Ostensibly he was there to keep the rest of them sane but, while everyone else had their jobs to do and got on with them, David was left with making up his own as he went along. Slowly it was David that became the problem. Her requests to have him taken back were repeatedly refused by Jupiter Moon leading her to the opinion that he was not mad but was in fact conducting some kind of experiment of his own, possibly sanctioned by Command, to see how they dealt with him.

She sighed, ordered the telescope back in and powered down ready for sleep. She checked that the auto guidance system was configured correctly and unclipped herself from the pilot seat to clamber her way back to her bed.

The next day her scout docked in the brilliant white bay of the station. She sat in a space suit for the first time since she had left and waited until the red light on the door in front of her turned green to indicate that the seals had been made and she was safe to move through.

The hatch opened with a melodramatic hiss Sarah hardly even noticed and a couple of bugs, their nickname for the maintenance robots that were omnipresent on the station in all shapes and forms, immediately rushed in. These were the size of shoe boxes with legs sticking out at each side for easier movement in the low and zero g environments that they operated in. She knew without looking that smaller ones she could hardly even see had begun checking circuitry and mechanics while the containers held to the side of her scout by electro-magnetic clamps were already being removed by their bigger brothers, as was the protective green gel that protected her ship from the minor impacts of space travel. These shields would then be processed by others so that anything caught in them could be analysed. Afterwards the gel packs were reformed and reused.

Mikhail stood there offering her a salute. She grinned back. Having been recruited from the civilian service she was not attached to such military displays. She tolerated it in this old school Russian, her second, in the good humour that permeated her relationship with the older man. He still had not had a shave.

He spoke first "Let's get to ops. You'll want to see this" then he turned and pushed himself down, feet first, the padded corridor to the rim of the station where a weak gravity held them. Having weight again felt a little weird to her, as it always did, but she calmly followed his back the short distance to the small room designated for their operations. The office did not appear to have changed since she had left and generally reflected the work they had to do, a couple of consoles and a clutter of other junk accumulated over the months.

Sarah sat down with a slight hunch to her shoulders from over compensating for the forgotten familiar pull downwards and grinned at him.

"So what's this great mystery then?"

Mikhail sat down at his desk, passcoded his console and after a few clicks turned his monitor to face her.

"A few days ago some of the astronomers spotted this." On the screen was a black screen with a red dot. In the corners were figures and stamps that told when the picture was taken and its position from them at the time. "It now looks like this." He flicked another button. The red dot was larger.

"So what is it?"

"Big, and heading this way. Apart from that we don't really know. It isn't going to hit us, just fly by at about 50 AU. Definitely not a comet, too big for that or asteroid. The astro's have concluded it is a rogue planet."

"What do you think?"

"I think we wait and see. I haven't sent a transmission back solar about it yet. Thought I'd leave that for you." He smiled grimly, "By the time we get a reply this thing'll be on it's way out again anyway."

"Well, I guess this has got them all buzzing." No doubt there had been plenty of arguments throughout the station. This was the first real thing to have happened since they arrived, she realised. Perhaps the resulting tense atmosphere she could sense behind Mikhail's attitude and obvious lack of sleep had somehow affected David. She suddenly felt very guilty about having been away.

"Oh yes." Mikhail paused thoughtfully. "Some very interesting debates. You need to speak to the astros for the full picture. They can explain the details."

Sarah almost laughed at Mikhail's earnestness as he saying this. He had a capacity for cynicism as big as her own, a rarity on board that naturally brought them together, but sometimes he surprised her with a naivety that missed the bitterness that could sour relationships between people. The mystery cleared her mind returned to the other matter.

"What about David?"

"Ah, our psychiatrist friend. He's being held in medical. The doctor looks after him. I'm afraid he's pretty much gone. Threw himself out of an airlock without a suit. Claimed that the bugs were alive and that he knew they'd rescue him."

Sarah felt everything stop. She had expected it to be one of his stupid pranks gone wrong. Depression maybe. Not a suicide attempt. Mikhail's voice continued.

"Of course, they're programmed to. Had him back on board without too much damage." He looked at her, his eyes gained a ruthless clarity, "He has to go this time."

"I agree. There's no way he can stay here. Is he at all lucid? I need to have a talk with him first."

"The doctor says that he can be remarkably able, considering."

"I'll check in on him on my way to the astro lab."

Mikhail nodded. She got up, feeling a mixture of shock and curious pleasure to be back on the station. Mikhail's voice sounded out behind her, "Captain," she turned back to look at him, "It's damn good to have you back."

Sarah walked down the corridor slowly starting to enjoy the feel of having a "down" again and trying to ignore the slight disorientation of the curve upwards she was following. At the doorway to the medical centre she drew a breath and walked in. There was a small office, tidy and clean as you would expect a doctor's to be, with a large glass panel overlooking the 3 beds that formed the entirety of the station's medical provision. Until now these beds had been unused except as temporary stations for fitness tests but Sarah's first view of the room immediately told her that David had been firmly strapped into the nearest one, apparently asleep and hooked up to a plethora of monitoring devices keeping track of his heart, blood, breathing, brain activity, bowel movements, and a host of other automated nursing functions.

Elkan, a tall and sedate Dutchman served as their medical doctor on board as well as helping out the Japanese in their biodome. He was dark skinned with giant deep brown eyes set in a lightly pock-marked face as a reminder of an adolescence he seemed to have bypassed. She did not know

him well but he seemed to be one of those people born old. He was sat facing the window watching David's sleep with a sad, resigned air. The two men had been friends. He glanced around and welcomed her but a smile did not even begin to register.

"Hi," she said, "I need to talk to him."

"Feel free. He's just pretending to be asleep because he knows I'm here. He doesn't want to talk to me."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't believe him."

"What, that he is crazy?"

Elkan gave out a short, bitter laugh. "No, he's definitely crazy. I meant about his ideas. He believes the AI is alive, conscious. He began bugging everyone about it with that earnestness that he has. I think it was some way for him to define life out here, something he latched on to."

Sarah looked over at the prone body beyond the divide. "He seemed fine before I left. Well, within his own normal anyway."

"I doubt he really believed it himself at first, really it was just a thought experiment. But it quickly grew out of control. He was a lot sicker than any of us suspected. Eventually he devised an experiment. He was running around the station in a definite mania, we managed to catch and sedate him. Then, during second watch, I was woken up by the alarm. I didn't even know what it was at first. By the time anyone had worked out what was going on the bugs had dragged him back on board and he just sat there screaming 'I told you. I told you.' Poor bastard."

"I'm sorry", Sarah offered, "I know you two were close. What about physical condition?"

"We've patched him up but he still has some bruising from the decompression and where we had to restrain him. Nothing serious"

Sarah leant over and placed her hand on Elkan's shoulder. With a shock she realised this was her first human contact in over three weeks. She pulled her arm back in what she hoped was not too brisk a movement and looked through the window again. "I guess I'd better go in" She stepped up to the door and opened it. A faint waft of warmth came towards her carrying the smell of medical sterilization and she stepped through letting the door swing shut behind her. She grabbed one of the plastic chairs and lifted it trying to drag it as quietly as possible to the edge of the bed. David was reasonably handsome, in a bland American blonde way, messed slightly by the bruising from decompression. Sarah suspected that it was now compulsory for US citizens to have plastic surgery from birth. As she sat down continuing to inspect his face his eyes snapped open.

"Hello, captain" He spoke quietly, without emotion, a toneless recognition of the world around him. "You heard about me then?"

"Yes, I heard. You endangered the crew, you almost killed yourself." Despite herself she found it difficult to keep the bitterness out of her voice. This man was a part of the crew. He had no right to be like this. "You've been playing a stupid, dangerous game and I don't want you on this station anymore. I'm requesting that you be returned solar and this time they can't refuse."

His face illuminated with an inner spark, the first hint of either life or emotion since she walked in, "But they are alive. I know."

"Stop it. You threw yourself out of an airlock and the bugs rescued you. That's what they're programmed to do."

"No, not in the way you think. They are programmed to change and learn, they have become more than they were. Is there anything in their programming that says they can predict the actions of a madman?" He squirmed under the restraints trying to twist himself to a more comfortable view of Sarah. Under the intense gaze she could not find any words to respond. She merely shook her head. "They aren't computers, a computer can just add one and one, but it can't understand colour, or action. A computer computes, it doesn't know. There were two bugs waiting for me. They knew what I was doing. Check the logs, see for yourself."

"Coincidence. They're designed to be autonomous, the AI is supposed to adapt and expand. It doesn't make them or it alive. That kind of thinking has been proven to be wrong. No scientist in

the system holds the belief that life can be created this way. Something has to be biological to be alive, it has to exist of itself and be able to grow."

"You don't see it. We made them for survival in a place we shouldn't even be. We've reached the end of our line. These are beings evolved beyond us. This is evolution."

Sarah studied the belief in his face, the pure undiluted reality of his insanity. She felt betrayed.

"This is a science station, we're here for research. You're here because you were supposed to help us, to keep us well."

Sarah stood up. She realised how tense she had become, how frightening it was to be in the presence of someone no longer in control. She had to leave. David had always stood out and away from the crew in his role of monitor rather than participant. She considered how she had thought he might have been faking it. Perhaps that was how it had started but Elkan was right and his games had taken him over. She walked out, muttered a goodbye to Elkan and went into the corridor. She stopped, put her hand against the wall and felt it's solidity reassure her. With a deep breath she moved on, heading towards the second of the surprises that had awaited her return. "How the hell am I supposed to write this lot up?"

There were twenty-four of them on board the station and over half were astronomers from three different countries. Sarah was the only English person aboard and felt distanced from the others because of the lack of common culture reinforced by reason of her being captain. There were fewer boundaries for exploration and discovery than ever and she had wanted to be on them for as long as she could remember. For her this posting was the best she could ever hope for, to be something larger than any individual could be anymore. The days of solo expeditions under a single government were long gone. Here they were the first step on the journey to another solar system.

She shunted herself through a connecting tunnel to the science module landing gracefully feet first with a hand outstretched against a nearby wall. This part of the station was the largest as research was the main function and it was divided into three main areas that reflected the different concerns of the scientists on board. The first was dedicated to the engineers, who generally helped the bugs to maintain themselves and fix various systems if they went wrong and the bugs could not deal with them. Mostly they amused themselves with a variety of experiments and their main interest, unsurprisingly, was the conservation of energy. Out here there was little free energy to be had and

everything was nuclear powered, so the engineers worked on ways to maximise output or even work out alternatives. The middle section were the astronomers, able for the first time to record for themselves the movements and activity of their home system from the outside as well as examining the Oort cloud and a view of the stars unhindered by sunlight. Here too worked Simon, the geologist, in a corner by himself. He looked through the samples sifted from the gel shielding and brought to him by the bugs .

Finally was food production. Three Japanese agronomists wrestled with the problems of working a small farm thousands of kilometres from the sun. This had been called the truest test of self-sufficiency in deep space ever performed. Often they worked with the engineers, as they too were concerned with problems of energy, as well as maintaining diversity and attempting to create a bio-system both complex and simple enough to survive. So far, even after twelve months, they were still reliant on the supplies that Sarah had just returned from collecting.

The station was proving itself as a viable technology. Many aspects, such as the gel pack shielding protecting the station's own shell as well as its shuttles, were over fifty years old but others, such as the multi-function bugs operating under a single AI, were very new and especially designed for the mission.

She pressed open the door into the lab where the astronomers worked and walked into a large room filled with banks of computer displays, coloured lights and indicators. It was kind of like entering a library with everyone doing their best to keep quiet in almost reverential tones. She shuffled herself over to Mike, an American with a large gut, scraggly red beard and short hair. He looked up at her, registering surprise across his face, before muttering a hello.

"I suppose you've come to see our new discovery?" He was barely able to disguise being upset at the interruption of his vigil over what the seemingly random spurt of figures on his screen were telling him.

"Yes." Sarah replied. "I need to make a report on it. Mikhail showed me a couple of blurry pictures but recommended I come here for the real story." She looked about. Around half of the station's astronomers were generally on duty on one of the station's two shifts. "Is Liz here?"

"No, she's on Second this cycle. This way please." A few of the other men and women had looked up at her now and smiled hellos. They were all generally more pleasant than Mike and she regretted approaching him first. He led her to the other side of the room where a wall high, heavy density vue screen was projecting an image of the object. It was dark, the red colouring more obvious but the reason for it still missing, and more obviously round.

"You probably know that we think it's a planet, a rogue." The sarcasm lay heavy in his voice, never a very attractive trait in an American she thought. A couple of the others, Jack, Alexei and Sandra had gotten up from their seats to join them. It was Alexei who spoke next,

"Because of it's trajectory we're pretty certain it's external to the solar system. Possibly it pulled itself loose from a star but because of its velocity, which is pretty high, we think that it somehow survived the destruction of its own star to be propelled out into space."

"Have you sent out a probe?"

"Yes, three, stationed along the route of the flyby. Because of it's speed we can't be sure to get one on the surface and we don't have any equipped for a landing anyway. It's not something we expected to have to do. We're hoping to get them to swing into an orbit around it and fly with it for as long as possible. The first should begin transmitting tonight. The object is at its closest in 3 days time. This gives us about a six day window altogether."

"Wow." Sarah uttered the word involuntarily but seeing it there and listening to the preparations she could not think of anything else to say.

"Yes." came the reply.

"So what goes in the report?"

"We composed a preliminary study and analysis of what we've got so far. It's in your inbox."

"And what time does it all begin tonight?"

"About 3 o'clock. Everyone is staying up for it. This is one of the biggest events in human history since the Mars landing."

"What about solar side? Won't they have seen it?"

"Not likely. Despite it's size it's really our position this far out that allows us to see it, combined with the sheer luck of even noticing it in the first place. The truth is there could be hundreds of these flying along and we wouldn't know it." He hesitated, unsure of the boldness of his statement, "Of course we don't think there are hundreds of them."

Sarah looked at the serious, excited expressions on them all, like an infection. The nature of their work was to be interested in things most people found either boring, took for granted or could not be bothered to think about. When something genuinely interesting, like this, occurred the effect on them was quite bizarre. They were wrapped by hyperactivity and a focus of concentration she had only seen summoned up in times of crisis amongst crews she had worked with before.

She was tired and it showed. Jack, the young American, looked at her sympathetically.

"It's about shift end now, we're about to join the others for food. Want to come?"

Evening meal was the one ritual shared by all, everyday. It marked the switch from the day shift to night for everyone on board and it was a chance for them all to get together and discuss anything that might have happened or been discovered. This way everyone was aware of each others work and anything that might be gained from cross-fertilisation of ideas sprouted. Sarah herself had initiated it within the first week as an attempt to overcome not only the barrier between herself and the scientists, but between the scientists themselves.

"No, I need to get this report off and I think I'm going to try and get a couple of hours sleep before the main feature. Ask Mikhail to wake me before it begins."

BANG. She awoke with a start from a dream of a dark falling, naked in her bed and totally relaxed despite the strangeness of sleeping in the pull of the station's light gravity. Mikhail called through the door.

"Hey, it's time. Come on in there."

She pulled herself up with difficulty managing an inarticulate reply. She pressed open the door then remembered her lack of clothing. She felt a brief pang of embarrassment but Mikhail did not even appear to notice.

"Give me a moment to get something on." She muttered, hitting the door shut again and turning to collect the grey two piece jump suit that passed for standard issue.

"I'll go on" Mikhail offered, his voice muffled by the barrier.

She slipped into her clothes and, running a hand through her hair, she moved back to the door. Mikhail was already gone but from up the corridor came Noriko, one of the Japanese, who smiled

"Welcome back, Captain Sarah. Are you coming to see?"

Sarah nodded and stepped out, closing her door behind her. "Where's the main event?"

"They rigged up a big vue in the mess after dinner."

They set off together, collecting a couple of others on the way. When they arrived they found they were the last, except for David who was still in Medical. She saw Elkan and indicated a hello with a brief movement of her head. He replied in a like manner. Everyone else suddenly cheered.

Mikhail's voice came out over it all:

"Quiet please. First I think we'd all like to welcome back to the Captain." Everyone looked around to her with a smile and she felt a flush of self-consciousness across her face again. "Now, together, we are here for another first." He seemed drunk, although there was no alcohol on the station, and Sarah realised he was just as infected by the excitement of the event as the astronomers were, as much as it was against his character. "That is a first beyond both the fact of our existence against all odds of probability and that we might find ourselves out here, further than any human has ever dared to be before." This truly was something they could feel excited about, and for the first time since arriving back she felt the little knot of anxiety in her stomach melt away. Involuntarily she found herself shouting

"Get on with it" and there was a raucous response.

Suddenly they all quietened down. The screen that covered up the hole where the food was served had come on in a burst of silver static. Someone booed, jokingly, at the lack of image but the silence overcame him and the lights were turned down. Mary sat with a panel, hitting icons and patterns with her old fingers in a ritual attempt to bring the image up. Everyone came to focus their attention on her instead of the screen as over a minute passed.

Images on consoles flicked up in windows in the main screen. Suddenly it switched to the familiar view of the object from the station. Mary stopped tapping and looked up at them, the disappointment written in lines of distress, tears almost forming in her eyes.

"Sorry, everyone. I just can't raise it at the moment. From the last few bits of tracer transmission we have it looks like some kind of EM pulse."

This caused a stir amongst both the engineers and astronomers, grumblings that were starting to become discussions.

"Isn't there any chance of getting it back?" Sarah asked.

Mary just shook her head. "We'll keep trying but this data seems to show we've lost it." More quiet, anxious discussion erupted around them. Sarah ignored it trying to focus on Mary. "We might be able to save the next one, though, if we can position it correctly, set it up to hard wire some systems, shut down others. We just weren't expecting this kind of interference."

A couple of astronomers and engineers had pulled out their own consoles to tap at and were sat in huddles talking and examining the evidence. Sarah looked at the stable image of blackness on the screen with the now ominous looking red dot in the centre. People milled about or studied consoles for half an hour or more. When they got to the point when there really was no hope Sarah looked over to Mikhail, who was stood over the shoulder of Elizabeth while she tapped away, and waved to get his attention. She walked up to him and said,

"I think I'm going back to bed. Wake me if anything happens." Then, louder, she spoke to everyone else, "I recommend that anyone who isn't on shift now or who has nothing to do get back to their

rooms and has some rest. Looks like we're going to have to wait until tomorrow before we see what a new planet looks like." A few people grinned wryly, although the shared disappointment was obvious, and started winding up their conversations. Mikhail slapped Sarah on the back,

"Off you go, then, captain. I'll keep an eye on this lot."

She scowled back at him with a smile and headed back to her room.

The first part of the next day passed quietly. Sarah completed her return report and detailed what had happened, including David, for appraisal by whoever was currently claiming responsibility for them on Jupiter Moon. It would be at least a week before anyone replied and that was if someone noticed it and considered it urgent.

Mark came into the office, flustered, "Captain, you need to come to astro quick" and then he dashed out of the office again. Sarah chased after him realising that she still was not comfortable being back in gravity, her body aching slightly after a poor nights sleep. When she arrived at the office the familiar view of the red dot dominated over everyone working.

"What's up?"

"It looks like a small chunk has broken off from the main and it is heading straight for us."

"What? When did this happen?"

"Wait, there's more." She noticed Mikhail, who had arrived before her, standing with his usual glum expression but with a puzzle behind his eyes. "Not only do both pieces appear to be decelerating, which is impossible, but we out radio also picked up this beam communication. A noise like a kind of static played loud in the room. Sarah listened carefully to try and pick out the pattern. "We thought it might have been some kind of reflection or something like the pulse suspected of knocking out the probe but it isn't. It's some kind of communication, and we don't know what."

The information slowly filtered down into their consciousness. Mikhail spoke first.

"You mean this is some kind of spaceship?"

"I don't think any of us is keen to accept that, but it does seem to be the only explanation. Something is causing these pieces to slow down. Something sent that transmission."

The excitement of last night was now replaced by a kind of high-pitched fear coupled with a necessity to carry on.

"What about a translation?"

"We've got people working on it. But that kind of thing can take a lot of time even with a known language never mind this."

"Jesus. What do we do? Send back some kind of reply?"

Thoughts ran through her head: First Contact, here, now, watching it, being a part of it. She began to turn her mind to the protocols, buried deep from training, that none of them had taken seriously, ever. Even as she tried to recall it she knew it was just a bunch of made up crap invented by a bunch of psychologists and instructors who probably had not even been spaceside, and who paid as little credence to the possibility of it ever happening as the students did. Her thoughts turned to David and she cursed. If he was not insane she could have used him now.

"I should go and see David." she said. Mikhail raised an eyebrow. "If he were sane he would be able to help. Perhaps we can get some sense out of him."

"OK" Mikhail reluctantly agreed.

Sarah turned about on her heels, almost spinning too far. "In the meantime I want as many people as possible working on translating this communication. And someone dig out the protocols for first contact from the computer. Have a copy on my PDA by the time I'm back."

Mikhail stayed with the astronomers as they continued to busy themselves on the new set of problems. She walked in to find Elkan sat in the same position as the day before, guarding over his patient. He smiled up at her.

"So it appears we have visitors." He began. Sarah saw that he was monitoring the events in astro on his vue. "Any news on whether they're friendly."

Sarah shrugged. "The truth is we're not even sure if they are visitors. I want to talk to David about it. See if there's anything he can help with. If it wasn't for his breakdown he could have been very bloody useful right now."

"Sure. I wouldn't expect too much, though. He didn't even recognise me earlier."

"Is there anything you can give him to bring him out of it? Even for a short while?"

Elkan shook his head. Sarah took a deep breath and walked through the door. David was as she had last seen him, strapped to the bed, covered by a grey blanket. He appeared to be asleep. She pulled the chair up and as it scraped across the tiles on the floor David's eyes snapped open, craning his head up and around to get a better view.

"Ah, Captain. Are our guests here yet?"

"What?" Sarah stood up in shock, his words too knowing, and she knocked the chair with the back of her knees causing it to top over and bang to the floor.

"Our guests. I heard you and our dear Doctor talking." His head twisted and his face distorted into a grimace that hinted at an expression of intimacy. In a whisper he continued, "I've been expecting them. They're here to see the bugs."

Sarah looked behind her, Elkan was standing shoulder against the doorframe.

"He's still obsessed with the bugs whenever he's coherent. Well," he offered, "whenever he recognises where he is."

"Hey" David shouted, struggling, "Didn't you hear me? It's the fucking bugs, it's the fucking AI, it knows it feels, it's waiting. You must believe me. Check the logs. Check them." His struggling got worse and he appeared to be causing himself pain as he moved against the straps that just held him more firmly. Sarah stepped back afraid of what he was doing to himself. "Check them. Watch them. Damnit, they aren't here for us, they're here for the bugs."

"I have to sedate him." Elkan said, moving over with an expression of his own distress. He reached out his hand holding a tiny silver hypo and pushed it against David's twisted, reddened neck. All at once the mania stopped. Slowly David's body relaxed, his eyes closed and finally there was silence.

"What if he's right?" Sarah asked.

"What do you mean?"

"About the bugs. What if he spotted something."

"He was obsessed with the AI long before this thing appeared."

"I know." She walked over to the small console and punched in a request for the astro lab.

"Mikhail, check that transmission against the bug language."

He looked back at her from the screen, his blue eyes glowed, staring back at her, seemingly on the verge of his own mania.

"Too late, we already have." He stopped to look around him. "And it looks like there's going to be trouble."

"Trouble?"

"We're just now pulling out some transmissions that actually go out to the spacecraft or whatever it is from our station. They're coded and look like they were sent by the AI. Looks like David was right, yes?"

Mikhail almost permitted himself a smile. Sarah felt herself going deeper into shock as the impact of the past couple of days overtook her. She could hardly move. "I'll come over."

"I'll be waiting." The vid screen snapped off and Sarah felt herself almost buckle. She realised she had hardly eaten since her return and the gravity even at a fraction of one g pulled at her to give in and collapse to the ground. She felt Elkan's arm reach out to hold her.

"I'm OK," she managed.

"No you're not. I'll give you an energy shot. You look like you need it. Sit down." He ordered.

She sat on a nearby chair, realised that the one she had knocked over was still on its side by David's bed where he lay firmly under the grip of his medication. She looked over to the dispensary where Elkan had pulled out another hypo and was filling it with a pop-in vial. She hardly knew him, really. He'd kept pretty much to himself the past two years, too many of them had. Loneliness seemed to be a habit with practically everyone on board. She closed her eyes and heard him walk towards her, then the cold press of steel and the weird feeling of the push through skin of the spray.

"It will take a minute or two to take effect. Stay seated until then."

She did as he said and slowly felt a warmth move through her, spreading out, a chemical joy and spark of purpose grew. She stood up and opened her eyes again. Elkan was sat back at his quiet vigil behind his desk.

"Thanks," she said.

He nodded that peculiar nod of his. "Keep me informed" she heard as she walked out the door and began running back to the lab.

By the time she got there the alarm had begun.

Sarah pushed her face against the window. There was no sign of the station or any alien spacecraft in the direction she could see. They had been in the shuttle for three days now, all of the crew were

dispersed amongst the formation of five small ships that were drifting their way back solar. She could see a couple of them, their lights illuminated their green shielding and the various tags of governments and companies involved in the project. These sponsors were probably not going to be very happy with what happened. It could even lead to her being grounded somewhere, a thought that occurred to her with unpleasant regularity.

When the alarm had sounded Sarah had continued on her way to the astronomy lab. By the time she got there every monitor on the station held a statement issued by the AI asking them to evacuate. She had been studying the copy of it held in the black box log on board trying to decide what she could learn from it. In the clipped language of the AI it explained that the invitation to meet the visitors was extended only to itself and for reasons of safety the crew should leave. At the end of the statement was a simple sentence: "You do not belong here." When the message had appeared and been digested everyone began to make their way to the shuttle bays, trying to recall the emergency schedule that they were supposed to practise weekly and had not bothered with in over two months. When they got there they found their things neatly packed by the bugs and stowed on board waiting for them.

"Get the feeling we're not welcome?" Mikhail had said

Now the green pod-like shapes of the shuttles gently propelled them towards the unmanned base that hung in an inner synchronous orbit with them in case of emergencies. David, she had heard, was doing much better, the worst of the mania seemed to be gone resolved under the tensions of the evacuation. Elkan was still keeping him sedated much of the time, though. The enclosed space of the shuttles was not a good place for someone to turn crazy.

She pulled herself away from the port and drifted over to the intercom. The others on board, a couple of American astro-physicists and the geologist Simon, were asleep. She punched up the intercom for Mikhail's ship and waited to see if he would answer. His face came up on the screen and she could not help but smile.

"Hey, it's good to see you."

"Sure, because we only talk five times a day."

"I know. It's just. I'm worried."

"Da, but as we've already discussed, what else could we do? Our first concern is for the crew, not the metal. And hell, we just survived humanities first contact with an alien race."

There was a pause as the conversation took the shape of a familiar pattern from the past few days.

"Do you suppose our AI was alive? I mean, really alive, self-aware or whatever?"

"I don't know. Perhaps. I wonder if it was some signal from the aliens that made it that way. Maybe it did just grow, perhaps from some accident of its complexity. Of course it might not be alive at all and the programmers are right that it can't be done. The station was just reacting in an unplanned way to an unusual situation and these aliens just saw whatever it is they want to see. That's for the scientists to decide."

Sarah laughed. "In that case, who's to say we're not a self-deluded mistake too?"

Mikhails face remained stern on the screen. He seemed to digest her words carefully before offering a reply.

"Perhaps you are right. These aliens didn't seem to think we were worth contacting anyway."

Sarah looked around her, taking in again the metal shell that encased and held them from the void. The gentle hum of machinery was ever present and despite herself she felt that she was somewhere else, maybe on the alien ship itself.

"Goodnight, Mikhail. I'm going to bed."

## **The Assassins**

**Foe Tamajiro**

**March 3 1998**

Iz's dream inspired me to write the following: As the family mythology would have it. we were all the assassins in ancient middle east, we all knew the mind trick which raised the cities in one night moved the mountains in a day, mind once reached beyond the shell of consciousness, which has been synonym for the power, not the will but the system, social habitual, addictive, us the human are no longer pure will, but individuals that were torn into pieces, into the bodies, not a body like a plant, the world of vegetation has no boundaries, one leave morphs into a branch, into a bark, into ivies, into the soil, into the air, into dew drops So were we in the past life, assassins for the old man of the mountain, we were one and ever connected, ...with the mountain, with a dream we still share, the hash accelerated dream of paradise, of the primal intention of the will, we know no sin, we know no shame, we know no self, so that we are not alone Like foetus in the womb like the seed of everything prior to the Bang >Bang, bang, bang, no bang, bang, no noise made on the bed, the earth is no longer capable of containing any more bang, bang, so dream, dream to create no bang bang but outside is the space but still inside the woub, because there is no outside in inside out for there is no self, but we, but no bang bang, that defines me and you, I and Thou, S and M, that is why we are ready to leap and never come back, throw the rock and never come back, we are out and outside in, Nostradamus saw the human beyond the stars, beyond the Heaven's Gate, we are already there.

**444**

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Assassins cut to shreds...

R. Gentry

September 7 1998

Hashish accelerated dream of paradise reached beyond  
the shell of consciousness into the air into dew drops  
(mind trick which raised the cities)  
we knew the night torn into pieces into ivies into the soil bang,

bang, no noise  
seed of everything prior to the Bang  
because there is no outside in inside out  
there is no self  
but the system

**Foe Tamajiro :**

hi ricochet, this is wonderful wow wow wow how clusters intertwine kinda like a good detective story written by Borges or Kafka, or even Paul Auster with street upbringing in the west. The west is the best, said Jimmy.

\*\*\*Hi Foe,

Glad you like it. I saw a film called "Dark City" I know you all would love it. Especially you Andrew, both Lynchian and Kafka freak with a dash of treckie About the dream you had izzy, the one with imaginary Foe reminded me of Moebius (apparently misspelled)'s "comic" strip, collaborated with Jodrovsky.

\*\*\*Why imaginary Foe ? May be we were friends in the past, or will be in a future life. We might all have been Assassins in Persia in middle age. It was as if we were king of foetus , not completely ready yet. Like being in your mum's belly before birth, and very quiet. I see the Moebius image you are referring too. I could see it while reading your message

Foe RisingShachet traveling through time-space continuum;

>i am going back to New York City March 20-25 to visit my sister. It's been 8 years, I grew >up in New Jersey. I have a fear of the place(NYC) but I am working on facing my fears as >lessons in space travel.

>I still plan to move to Los Angeles in the summer. I woke up this morning and reminded >myself I am impermanent and moving through time and space...why all this fear?...can we >let go of the fear body and be the body. When I did alot of yoga, I realized it was the body >that was eternal, not the mind...but I returned to this wacko machine- spinning dreams...it's >nuts!  
>BYE

>DOT ZERO

>illustration and fine art

><http://we.got.net/dotzero>

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## THEY DO NOT ALWAYS REMEMBER

**Rick Gentry - April 14th 1999**

Here's a little dream story might warm your hearts comes with a photygraft of Bill's house I took when I visited Lawrence some years ago now wanted to stop in and say hi but was a bit intimidated and besides the lady at the bookstore what gave me the address said touristy folks are always droppin' by disturbing Ole Bull so I decided against it for better or worse...

It was in Monterrey Mexico.. a square a fountain a cafe. I had stopped by the fountain to make an entry in my notebook: "dry fountain empty square silver paper in the wind frayed sounds of a distant city."

"What have you written there!" I looked up. A man was standing in front of me barring the way. He was corpulent but hard-looking with a scarred red face and pale grey eyes. He held out his hand as if presenting a badge but the hand was empty. In the same movement he took the notebook out of my hands.

"You have no right to do that. What I write in a notebook is my business. Besides I don't believe you are a police officer."

Several yards away I saw a uniformed policeman thumbs hooked in his belt. "Let's see what he has to say about this."

We walked over to the policeman. The man who had stopped me spoke rapidly in Spanish and handed him the notebook. The policeman leafed through it. I was about to renew my protests but the policeman's manner was calm and reassuring. He handed the notebook back to me said something to the other man who went back and stood by the fountain.

"You have time for a coffee *senor*?" the policeman asked. "I will tell you a story. Years ago in this city there were two policemen who were friends and shared the same lodgings. One was Rodriguez. He was content to be a simple *agente* as you see me now. The other was Alfaro. He was brilliant, ambitious and rose rapidly in the force until he was second in command. He introduced new methods ... tape recorders...speech prints. He even studied telepathy and took a drug once which he thought would enable him to detect the criminal mind. He did not hesitate to take action where more discreet officials preferred to look the other way... the opium fields...the management of public funds...bribery in the police force...the behavior of policemen off-duty. *Senor* he put through a rule that any police officer drunk and carrying a pistol would have his pistol permit canceled for one flat year and what is more he enforced the rule. Needless to say he made enemies. One night he received a phone call and left the apartment he still shared with Rodriguez . . . he had never married and preferred to live simply you understand... just there by the fountain he was struck by a car... an accident perhaps... for months he lay in a coma between life and death... he recovered finally... perhaps it would have been better if he had not." The policeman tapped his forehead "You see the brain was damaged... a small pension... he still thinks he is a major of police and sometimes the old Alfaro is there. I recall an American tourist, cameras slung all over him like great tits protesting waving his passport. There he made a mistake. I looked at the passport and did not like what I saw. So I took him along to the *comisaria* where it came to light the passport was forged the American tourist was a Dane wanted for passing worthless checks in twenty-three countries including Mexico. A female impersonator from East St Louis turned out to be an atomic scientist wanted by the FBI for selling secrets to the Chinese. Yes thanks to Alfaro I have made important arrests. More often I must tell to some tourist once again the story of Rodriguez and Alfaro." He took a toothpick out of his mouth and looked meditatively at the end of it. "I think Rodriguez has his Alfaro and for every Alfaro there is always a Rodriguez. They do not always remember." He tapped his forehead. "You will pay the coffee yes?"

I put a note down on the table. Rodriguez snatched it up. "This note is counterfeit *senor*. You are under *arrest*." "But I got it from American Express two hours ago!" "*Mentiras!* You think we Mexicans are so stupid? No doubt you have a suitcase full of this filth in your hotel room." Alfaro was standing by the table smiling. He showed a police badge. "I am the FBI *senor* . . . the Federal Police of Mexico. Allow me." He took the note and held it up to the light smiling he handed it back to me. He said something to Rodriguez who walked out and stood by the fountain. I noticed for the first time that he was not carrying a pistol. Alfaro looked after him shaking his head sadly. "You have time for a coffee *senor*? I will tell you a story." "That's enough!" I pulled a card out of my wallet and snapped crisply "I am District Supervisor Lee of the American Narcotics Department and I am arresting you and your accomplice Rodriguez for acting in concert to promote the sale of narcotics... caffeine among other drugs..."

A hand touched my shoulder. I looked up. A grey-haired Irishman was standing there with calm authority the face portentous and distant as if I were recovering consciousness after a blow on the head. They do not always remember. "Go over there by the fountain Bill. I'll look into this." I could feel his eyes on my back see the sad head shake hear him order two coffees in excellent Spanish... dry fountain empty square silver paper in the wind frated sounds of a distant city... everything grey and fuzzy... my mind isn't working right... who are you over there telling the story of Harry and Bill? The square clicked back into focus. My mind cleared. I walked toward the cafe with calm authority.

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And now a chapter from...  
**The Annals of Port Coquitlam**

By Fraser Magor, Monday July 12<sup>th</sup>/1999

Right early Monday morning while I'm still numb from the neck up- TheBuyer/99

**Warning!!!**

**THE STORY OF GasWhore IS  
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT FACT\_**

except for the shit I made up...most of it actually.

**Also...**

**A baby veal cow in a box, an otter, three tiny puppies wearing sweaters, and one of those  
albino seals with the fuzzy-wuzzy whiskers...**

**You know the ones, eh? Those little white ones that Japanese hunter kill for their front left  
flipper, and there's always some killer whale ripping the shit out of it's mother on those nature  
shows, you know?**

**Well those and other assorted beloved mammals were**

**not hurt real fucking bad to the make this document** in any way

In fact two tiny calico kittens were adopted from the SPCA at the eleventh hour saving them euthanasia and cremation.

**Brought to You in Full Quadraphonic Stereo Sound by**

**TheBuyer**

**The Ministry Of Truth, and Assorted Hard Candies**

The Ministry Of Truth, and The Ministry Of Total Bullshit have merged. The combined ministries will now combine 100%-Truth with 100%-Total Bullshit. The new name for this new SuperMinistry is now, and shall always be, The Ministry Of Truth. Unfortunately, we spend 100 billion dollars more than we have, so there will be no more free hot dogs at the annual Soc-Hop, and there will be no more reckless smashing of Ministry property. So you can just put that fucking china down right now, cocksucker, that plate has been in my family for generations- aww fuck it, smash the goddamn thing. What are you still reading this tiny print for? Jesus Christ you're going to go blind. Holy Christ, ENOUGH! Get on with the...the thing, the fucking whatever, the fucking Poco story. If you spend any more time reading fine print you'll go retarded. Retarded. Reeceeeeetaaaarded...uhhh....baby burn....my left foot.

Go fuck yourself.

---

**C**ome with me on a journey through time to about a month ago in a sleepy  
little train yard town called Port Coquitlam, B.C...

---

It's a crispy, dewy morning in Poco. Rare. I'm in a good mood. Also Rare. Driving along with only the finest *UH-ts-UH-ts*<sup>1</sup> progressive house pouring out of my Chevrolet stock speakers. Having a good hair day too. Oh yeah. There's nothing like bright sunlight and *UH-ts-UH-ts* when you're having a good hair day.

Birds are singing, the UV index is nice and moderate, and the cabbies are all chipper and excited because it'll be Shiva's birthday soon.

Oh look! Left. No, less left more lefty-straight kind of. See them?

---

<sup>1</sup> *UH-ts-UH-ts* may also be pronounced "**BOOM-chick-BOOM-chick** in Maple Ridge and "fuckin' fag music" in Newton, "What the fuck is this fag music?" in 100 Mile House, and "dinner jazz" at Fiesta's Pub and Bistro..

What a strong sense of civic pride! A zany, rag-tag group of well behaved pot heads have all dropped acid and are happily righting overturned benches and picking up trash in the park. I'd like to see Coquitlam beat that!

The white trash are holding the liquor store door open for one and all, and their repulsive welfare odor is overpowered by sweet train smells. The magic of spring is strong here in Poco.

Oh! The god squad is getting in on spring joy too! The Jehovah's Witnesses are smiling at their non-witness neighbors while they peddle their twisted little Watchtower magazines in a vain attempt to catch god's eye, the Catholics are only a little drunk, and the Protestants are ignoring their kids and buying sport utility vehicles...I'm getting warm all over.

Ducks are freeing each other from six-packs and trying to catch crows instead. Darwin was right after all!

And those crazy Poco cats. From Northside to South Central the cats all over the city still aren't doing a fucking thing but eat, shit and sleep...but in the best Poco spring spirit that their tiny little cat brains can handle without busting from sheer thinking effort!

Yessir-ee Bob. It's just one of them yummy, sparkly, twist it, spark it, humdinger Poco days that come but once in a blue moon's shadow.

Amidst all this cheer, I pull into the Chevron to buy a pack of golden, smooth, filtered cigarettes so I can toast this beautiful spring day with a puff of honey-dew fag-smoke...and there he is; it's **GasWhore!** It's GasWhore, everyone, GasWhore is working at the Chevron Filling Station right here in Poco!

## Did he just say GasWhore?

Now, you may be pondering something right now. Lemme see if I can guess... You'er pondering THIS important question:

## What the fuck is a Gas Whore?

**GasWhore is one of the many chatty folks who live right here in Port Coquitlam and he's the guest star of this edition of...**

### The Annals of Port Coquitlam

---Or---

### Freaks in My Suburb

#### Meet GasWhore

**Name:** **GasWhore**  
*he doesn't know the whole damn city calls him GasWhore, don't say anything.*

**Real Name:** No one cares, he's just Gas, then Whore. GasWhore.

**Age:** 50 and change, looks more like 60 and change

**General**

**Physical**

**Appearance:**

Crusty/moldy; looks like that dirt came with them fingernails.  
Gray, pale-beige, lumpy exterior  
Comes with two FUN outfits that you can mix and match!

<sup>35</sup>/<sub>17</sub> **blue polyester gas station pants**

---and---

<sup>35</sup>/<sub>17</sub> **faded blue polyester gas station pants**

- Traxx brand high tops (K-Mart house brand)
- One of those slick, mini-comb over, whooshy-wave type hair cuts that sill enjoys popularity with high school janitors, old ex-cons, and those rednecks in the Andy Griffiths Show who had to enjoy a shave and a haircut every fucking day without fail from that junky pinko barber who was probably laying pipe up every service entrance in Happytown or whatever sickfuck name they gave that little crumb of a town
- Grey cotton socks

**More crazy GasWhore meet 'n greet, just ahead!!!**

**Work**

**Experience:**

-Shell, Texaco, and Turbo

**but between gas station job he...**

"Didn't do fuck all for twelve years, eh. Wrecked my goddamn blah blah when I was blah goddamn blahing."

**Education:**

-School-Of-Muthafuckin-Hard-Knocks in the South Side of Saskatoon... actually... Saskatchewan so it's more like School-Of-Gosh-Darn-Medium-LoveTaps

**Reading Skills**

Grade Four Level from memorizing As-Seen-On-TV Solo Flex close caption text because, "that goddamn thing fits in yer hotel room!"

**Math**

-lips move when performing addition, subtraction, and when trying to think of a number past two

**General Knowledge**

-remembers things that never happened to people who couldn't possibly have met, or don't exist

**Example**

-“Just like back in eighty- whatever when that goddamn Bubby Holly <mumble mumble> goddamn shame <mumble

fade>...”

-“I like it better when PGST was only in the east and Newfoundland was still part of Europe”

*I laughed so hard when he said that an old lady offered me a drink from her Mountain Dew. I guess she thought I was choking. Funny part was she agreed with GasWhore on the whole Newfie thing.*

**And that’s GasWhore in a nutshell.**

So back to the yarn I was spinning...it’s a beauty day etc....birds, hair tunes... where the fuck was I? Smokes! All right. So I walk into Chevron and GasWhore is working...

“Morning,” I say to GasWhore.

“How are you today, Richard?”, GasWhore asks, calling me by name; not MY name of course, but I don’t care. I wonder where he gets this “First Name” shtick from. It’s not like him to say a complete sentence without chucking in a “goddamn” or a “by Christ”. He must think I’m someone from the halfway house or something. At least he’s stopped calling me Tommy.

My mind was wandering. I wasn’t thinking straight...nor was I thinking gay. I just wasn’t thinking. Not wise when GasWhore is in the house. Instead of the customary *smile-and-nod-and-say-nothing* response, something snapped in my head; I could hear it.

“PU-TwanG,” goes the snapping sound in my head COMPLETELY drowning out every other sound in the small Town Pantry. And before I can stop myself, before I can think through consequences, my next words are...

“All right, you?”

LordthunderinJeseus dear, grab the Christin’ Cod, grab the Christin’ kids and let’s get the fuck off the rock, it’s about to friggin blow...

As I say the words, I can hear them ringing in my ears like those bells must’ve rang through Quasi Moto’s ears. My brain seizes entirely. I can’t think. I can’t breathe. I know what’s coming next. Fuck.

“Me?”, GasWhore says, revving up, “Nothing to complain about.”

GasWhore is never to be asked an open ended question. GasWhore likes open ended questions. GasWhore DREAMS about open ended questions. He’s got endless hours of nonsense crammed into his tiny little GasBrain, and he drools over the chance to dump that brain-boggle onto anyone who will grant him audience.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Oh, sweet mother of GOD what have I done?

“Me?”, GasWhore says, “Nothing to complain about.”

That’s how it always started. “Who me?” he must think, “Could someone be asking MY humble opinion? My stars and garters! I’ll be shucked and darned three ways from Sunday. Maybe I’ll give em a tease...I’ll tell em there’s nothing to complain about... THAT’LL hook em, then the story-telling shall ensue. I’m a fountain...no, a bottomless pit of entertainment, mirth and verbiage, I am.”

When he says, “Nothing to complain about”, he really means, “There’s nothing you can imagine that I can’t criticize; I can even criticize things I don’t know about.”

“Hey GasMan (you don’t call him Whore to his face, remember that), do you have any straws?”

“You find my goddamn keys and we’ll talk”

I want to say, “Bullshit, GasWhore; pure bullshit. Let’s have the list GasWhore, and I want it in order. You have more bitches than a border collie farm. You’ve got more gripes than an old English hospital. You fucking complain too much GasWhore, give it a rest!”

Instead I say, “Uh-huh”

Then GasWhore, completely from memory begins to recite the Top Ten List of Things That GasWhore Likes To Complain About All The Time.

\*\*\*\*

Top Ten List Of  
Things that GasWhore Likes To Complain About All The Time  
Special Note: *Talking to GasWhore when hammered is the funniest thing you can do for free in Poco.*

*How to read the top ten list...*

- 10 **Goddamn kids swipin’ extra slushee from the machine GasWhore**  
*You haven’t turned the fucking machine on yet, GasWhore.TheBuyer*  
*And that’s how to read the list. Enjoy!*
- 9 **Goddamn hat pants, shoes, pacemaker etc. don’t fit right.**  
*That’s because they don’t make clothes for people shaped like Salvador Dali’s version of Mr. Potato Head, GasWhore.*
- 8 **Goddamn gas is 62.9 on the gallon, ain’t MY fuckin’ fault <mumble for a while...quite a while> that’ll learn the bastards...**

*The mumbles are probably the best part, but if they can't figure out Kenny from South Park then I'm afraid the less important ramblings of GasWhore may never be deciphered. Thank god.*

- 7 **My goddamn back neck, shin splints, baby toe, funny bone, left femur, etc. is fuckin' killin' me, by Christ.**
- 6 **Goddamn Pepsi is on goddamn strike**  
*the goddamn Coke people are locked out, not on goddamn strike, come on GasWhore, get your stick onda ice, eh.*
- 5 **Where the hell are my goddamn keys? Goddamn <mumble> goddamn fucking things <mumble> by Christ.**  
*His keys are usually in the till or in his pocket.*

Other places GasWhore has found his keys

**-thrown into the middle of the goddamn road by them fuckin' kids**

*intentional cruelty by The Huffer*

**-on a goddamn bus**

*accidental cruelty by Bus Driver With Dred Locks*

**-at seven-uh-goddamn-eleven for the love of Christ**

*just plain bizarre*

**-taped to the goddamn roof...Goddamn fuckin' kids.**

*Not kids. Just some pissed off farmer; and they're stuck to the ceiling*

*GasWhore ...and that ain't tape, buddy-boy, so get a pair of gloves and some Dettol, or Lysol or something.*

- 4 **Goddamn Inneract don't work, ain't my fault.**  
*Hand set cruelly unplugged by practical joker graveyard shift guy*  
**A-K-A The Huffer-** prompts GasWhore to post small sign on front door written in black crayon, **"Get Cash From Machine Inneract Broken Up On Ferther Notice"**
- 3 **Goddamn government is takin' more taxes than ever before...goddamn Greg Clark, and his Democrats.**  
*way to go GasWhore*
- 2 **Now where the fuck are my goddamn keys...**

...and the number one thing GasWhore likes to complain about...

- 1 **I keep winning off those goddamn scratch and wins, then the goddamn things just up and walk away.**  
*turns out other Chevron employees wait for GasWhore to embark on one of his legendary "five minute whizzes" so they can steal GasWhore's winning Lottos in a ploy to drive GasWhore postal.*

Any How...

I got my smokes after twenty five minutes, and six bucks. Should've gone to the goddamn Mohawk where them fuckin kids are always gettin me to buy...aw shit. I'm

turnin into GasWhore...fuck it. He'll be dead soon, but his fowl mouth and meandering, boring stories will live on. Unless we kill him now.

Tune in next week for, **TheBuyer Goes to Prison For Stuffing An Old GasWhore Into a 20litre Gas Can.**

**Bye for now boys and girls.**

**And remember-**

**That's NOT what your ass is for.**

TheBuyer

The Ministry Of Truth and Making Fun of Poco

Tune in next time for The Red Hat Guy

# Rizella's Letter

Fraser Magor July 18/98

Brought to you by the Ministry Of Truth and something else.

A letter came to my house by way of Canada Post. One of the stamps wasn't marked with the special post office ink, so I'm going to reuse it. The letter was from Rizella, and this is how it read.

John Deere,

All of these things which you will soon see start now. I mean that; right fucking **NOW!** Effective immediately. Do not pass go. All statements to the contrary of the following statements are hereby rendered null and void. The fucking buck stops here

The Rules: A List Of Things That Have Already Become Effective Thus Making Null and Void All Statement Previously Attached To Status of "US" as a Whole. Starting Now.

*I don't love you anymore.*

**You may not love me.**

**You will NOT call me on the telephone.**

You will not try to fax me, send me email, send messages through direct cable linkup, through the grapevine, through telepathy, no messages from mutual friends, by carrier pigeon, or any other such carrier.

*You will not attempt to make personal contact with me. EVER. If such contact is attempted I will have you killed.*

**I don't love you, get used to it. Remember, no telepathy.**

Fuck You,

Rizella

And that was the end of the letter that Rizella wrote. I'm glad that the letter was not addressed to me. I wonder who Rizella is.

---

# The Things That Happened Last Night

The plastic is torn away in stages like the instructions say. The strong smell of cigarette smoke, booze, and warm man refuse to be dominated by the exposed portion of green paper tree.

What font do I think in? What the fuck goes through my head that you'd want to type out?

The unlikely assault of freshly picked pine.

He whipped out a whole new car-fresh pine stage just for me. Asshole. You smell worse than me, fuckwad. Doesn't even have the guts to pull the plastic all the way off his cheap fucking Car-Fresh stink tree. No one ever does that. You just rip it away and deal with too much pine.

This fucker is too fucking anal, eh.

Fucking, eh anal. Fucking eh fucking null anal.

Static, beeps.

No one does this tearing away in stages thing like it says in the instructions. No one is this anal. Rock Hudson wasn't this anal.

Calling out.

I can't deal with this shit right now, I'll get back to him in a minute or two.

Creaking and shaking.

Fuck **OFF**, buddy don't touch me jesus fucking christ I'm just fuck it fuck  
buddy

## So, FUCK OFF.

"Pardonmepleasesir"

They always call you sir when they're angry.

Sharp.

Was that percussive impact, or a noise so sharp it stung my forehead...hey I just thought the word  
"percussive" without even trying.

Sharp.

"Owch"

A ripple of clarity that dissipates as fast as does the cool of the other side of  
the pillow.

Asshole flicked me, Twiceost of them just shake you a bit. Shake, shake, shake...shake senora, shake,  
shake, jump in de line, move your body in time okay I believe you. Who was that? Was that Buster  
Poindexter? Yeah, good old Busty.

Sharp.

"Owch, fuckmanalright!"

Sit up. Wordless fumbles with a slim, steerskin wallet.

Right in the forehead, Prick. I wish I was racist.

A one eyed peer at crisp banknotes smoothly moving to the withdrawal of the  
perfect amount of tender legal tender.

That leaves a mark, I make Allah jokes.

A complete reversal of the pantomime that just occurred.

Blessedly unscented air.

I'm gonna freeze my balls off out here. This is insane, I can't go inside, I have to pee. I can't pee in there, my  
mother lives in there. I can't pee with her in there, fuck.

The immediate bite of the damp west coast air brought him a delicate focus  
that carried a shattering moment of crystal clear thought that held fast. It was  
late. In fact it was exactly

according to his thrashed Timox (purchased for three american dollars in  
Northern Mexico, "Real oo-tent-ick Swish, senior. No shit for you. I-M is Swish  
for A-M, you'll see, meester.")

## But where the hell have I been?

The narrow, car lined street didn't say where he had been, only that he was  
here now. The Yellow Cab that had just pulled away from the curb. The  
venom that he felt that it's driver so richly deserved died on his tongue.

The intrusive tatoon of the cab's four-way blinkers turned the corner, still beating a pulsing orange message into the deep night. He could hear the steady drone of traffic just a few blocks away but apart from the foul smelling cabbie who flicked him, he was the only sentience on the street. Everyone on the block was deep down into deep down duvets, or arranged in bizarre post-coital snooze positions. He wiped his mouth with the back of a pale hand and looked up at his watch.

Up?

"Two ten in the eye-ehh," he said, "have I been passed out in these fucking hedges for ten L's?"

He had done just that.

Foggy recollections of slipping his keyring into an oversized, novelty martini glass began to emerge. He located his spare house key deep within his now pine scented, bluejeans. It was tied to a glow in the dark condom which told him that this was not the first time this particular key had been out of his pocket this evening.

Unsoiled prophylactic in my possession, no wonder I came home. I bet they kicked my drunk ass out.

Next, he discovered that he'd had himself dropped off two doors down from his house, instantly solving the mystery of "Why This Fucking Key Doesn't Work".

I don't live here. Big fucking deal, fucking NDP household won't mind a squatter in their fridge. Do you have any Grey Poupon?

He shouted, "fucking NDP household! Go fuck a superferry, you Stephonopolous cocksucker. Don't just resign, Glen. Give back our jobs and THEN resign, BITCH! Ian Waddel's cultural cock with an N-B-I peeler ya dyke! Turns your stomach to think about anything but dirty nailed pool boys bangin Sheila Copps! Who the fuck gave you that haircut Christopher Reeves? You look like Ralph Nader!"

Pinko fucks aren't even home, and I bet the only put the sign out front because it matched their fucking perennials.

No one said Steev could hold his liquor, but by ***all that is degrading and painful*** he can cuss you inside-up-stupid faster than a drunk Australian in Whistler after the Mad Max trilogy and a half sack of Fosters. As drunken and sloppy as he was, our Mr Steev Fanning took an important cue from his body. It knew Steev's intended verbal assault was not to be played to completion. It saw whippy blue clouds that lashed across the deep velvet sky and played over the face of a bone white half moon.

It felt the the delicate sounds of trees growing, and the moist symphony of the worms as they consumed and defecated their way through the connected flora of Mrs. Fannings beautiful rhododendrons. His nose could smell the chlorophyll laced oxygen that the new grass under his feet was busily creating, and after three or four ticks on his Timox, Steev punctuated this free display of Darwinism, grace, and raw majesty with a musical belch.

The key to his front door unlocked the locked lock of his front door. Unlocking the locked lock with less grace than you've already pictured was difficult, but Steev doesn't disappoint. The unlocking of the front door caused the ripping of screen door.

Inside, fuck finally. Homo sweet home. I'm not gay, but if I was I wouldn't tell the cocksuckers in radio school, They'd just try and make me fuck Svend Robinson. Svend you wild and crazy guy, you.

## Memory gap

After an eventful but dumbfounding stint with the cool, mocha-frost coloured porcelain, Steev felt much relief. He sipped gingerly at a plastic cup of lukewarm water and inwardly remarked on the lucid feeling he'd finally recovered from the beery depths.

Oh THERE I am...

**"How the hell did I get home?" he asked his reflection. His reflection didn't say.**

Steev is not a habitual user of recreational drugs. Not that he's scared of what they'll do to him, on the contrary. He's scared he'll like what they do to him. Before tonight he had never dabbled in the secret sins of cocaine. This night he felt strong. It had been a good day, and he felt that his constitution could handle a little white line.

"Sure," he thought at 9pm, "a bit of blow, cuttin rails, choppin em up with a card on a disc case, doin some Charlie, some vitamin C, gotta get up-town, blowin rails...not a problem"

He nervously rolled a twenty dollar bill in his fingers as the crap coke was scattered all the over the fucking place as it was crushed and organized on the plastic CD case that is ironically used to keep dust off. The bill Steev had rolled into a tube was not his own. He had, "sprung for half the trip uptown, and this particular twenty dollar bill was now the property of the scary, but friendly enough young man with the gun shaped bulge under the left breast pocket of his black blazer.

Oh fuckin eh, he's coke head crip. Great.

I should shout nigger in his face. White people hate that.

I hate white people.

It was at that point that Steev wanted instead to do the MDMA he'd been offered earlier. Same twenty bucks, but the EXTC dealer had talked endlessly about good rave dj's, and how the scene is moving back under ground. The other guy, the blow guy, acted like he'd never had any fun in his life. Plus the guy who was cutting and crushing and cutting and crushing was getting dirty

looks from the best looking women in the small apartment; those women lived there and...I'll call my piece of shit good buddy...BiL, did not live there.

After he bought I actually talked to the dealer and was the one who physically handed him the cash the shitty half gram of what passes for cocaine in poor neighborhoods he actually had people move an entire game of Risk to make room for him. So much for subtle. He talked the whole time he broke the flap into a manageable paste. Steev knew more than BiL gave him credit for, he could tell right away just because of the way he was talking. The whole time we were stuffing plastic and poison up our noses he maintained a steady stream of chatter, and chatter, and more chatter. The more he talked the less I believed, and besides he had a ripe booger that I was eagerly watching, hoping that it would fly across the table into coke guy's drink. Anyhow I could tell BiL was full of shit with three casual observations:

## Things that told Steev that BiL was full of shit

1. BiL said he once bought shit off Bindy Johol in the back of the 7=11 in Pitt Meadows. The **CRAP** alarm almost snapped a spring.
2. BiL said his 1991 Harley Davidson Fatboy needed a new belt. 91's are chain driven, not only that the only way BiL could afford a Harley is if he sold his entire family to Philipino whore traders, and slave vendors.

There was one thing though  
that tipped me off more than  
anything else. Two things,  
really.

The Clues that marked BiL as  
"Full Of Shit" ...

3. BiL is a stupid fuck.

4. BiL is a STUPID FUCK.

Not accustomed to the three <sup>cheap little</sup> lines of <sup>crap</sup> cocaine <sup>which he could still taste</sup> that a  
fucking stupid fuck of a friend had <sup>sloppily, poorly and in plain view of others</sup> carved out for him, Steev  
remained awake in bed.

# Then, like a great, black wind through the bones came TERRIBLE DESIRE

itchy sweat and sleep miles away can't stay awake can't just do nothing, nothing I can do but gotta do

something besides sit here and *make tooth-powder* with my manly but

overactive jaw which is *crushing my teeth*

**RELAX**

...maybe I'll

...nope can't do that, coke doesn't let you do that

...damn thing can hardly piss let alone do

THAT

all those great-sex rumours are lies

I'll read, read because what's on tv

no tv rots your brain and my

brain hurts and won't stop

spinning in circles of grotesque

is

spinning

in grotesque circles of

spinning in circles of

porno internernet web browser

spinning in circles of web porno internetterneter spinning in

FuckFUCK

FuckFUCK

!!!

## *A Moment of Reflection*

"I really should have listened to Fraser," Steev meant to pontificate unto his attentive flock of fluffy stuffed things

that adorned his otherwise tastefully decorated room, "Fraser says cocaine is a bad for me and that I should resist the temptation to try it"

His stuffed bears, kitties, and a googley-eyed OJ Simpson Acquittal Figurine has aural apparatus heard nothing but:

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck Fra, gotta call Fra, gotta get more"

**Then he stopped breathing**

**and his eyes became fixed and dilated for a full three Mississippi's.**

**Breathless.**

**Immobile.**

No More No More

Stop it Stop it

No More No more

Stop it Stop it

No More No More

Stop it Stop it

No More No More

Stop it Stop it

No More No more

Stop it Stop it

No More No More

Stop it Stop it

No More No More

Stop it Stop it

No More No more

Stop it Stop it

## Stop it right now!

Steev shot out of bed faster than greased grease. He came off that bed so fast he actually broke the sound barrier. He securely adhered himself to his desk chair using the suddenly handy junk sweat on his ass. Before the small sonic boom had dissipated, our hero had deftly activated his PC's email program and after several bless-ed failures at Bob-Sagat-type-family comedy Steev sent out the best fucking cartoon on the web. This one:

Suddenly the junk sickness was gone.

**Well then, that's much better.**

"That was easy", he said.

Then he switched off his PC slept for a marathon 14 hours. 14 hours he was out. He missed phone calls, job offers, even Ally McBeale but it didn't matter.

Like Apollo relieved of his spherical burden, the world was lifted from his aching shoulders. The stress, and worry, and misery of this night were gone.

The night of debauchery and social embarrassment was instantly and irrevocably erased. He had reached

# email Nirvana

Not one single recipient of the best cartoon on the web found it offensive. Three people actually showed it to their dear sweet mums. All who saw Steev's cartoon to salvation had a nice chuckle and made tea.

I lied. Email Nirvana is the stuff of wanton junksick self pity. When the liquor finally wore off Steev had absolutely no cushion against the torrent of junksick fever.

I'm gonna die.

He shook and squirmed well into the following day. When his mom went to the market Steev picked up the phone and dialed seven digits. He waited. Then he dialed seven more digits, pressed the pound key and then pressed 911. The phone rang a short while later. The conversation was brief and Steev was out the door before the dialtone had returned to the line. He bought more coke...no he didn't, I'm sorry, this is the PBS version, he actually bought shrooms, dropped em with some chick he'd met at that party the night in question. They fucked their hangovers away on a blissful cloud of fungal wackiness...and that's how it really ended.

**The moral is, get her number before you start doing rails or you'll look pretty fucking stupid with a limp dick and an empty flap.**

*The End*

Fraser Magor ©September 1<sup>st</sup>/1999

Feel free to send this out unedited, and if there is any censoring or editing to be performed that work shall be completed by no one but the author, or person with written authorization from the author. Any unauthorized editing or censoring will be punished, not by law, but by TheBuyer. The Ministry Of Truth has one way in and two ways out; IN: By force OUT: In Trunk Of Car, Through Hole In Wharf. Don't fuck with me, I have too much time on my hands.

The perception that I seem to project to the sellouts-namedroppers-cocksuckers-and try hard high school kids...you may know them as 'Broadcast Students'...is, "I got a long email from Fraser I hope he doesn't have a crystal-meth heart attack before the tour, someone has to stay drunk the and fuck someone they shouldn't fuck and WE VOTED IT WOULD BE HIM GODDAMNIT". But I'm good with that. I get to act nuts, and the aforementioned sellouts-namedroppers-cocksuckers-and try hard high school kids give me a bit wider of a berth and get on with their day. I'm not high, nor was I high when I wrote this. I have not used a non-prescription chemical based controlled substance in more than a month. TheBuyer says, "so long!"

## **The Thing That Happened**

is one of many tidbits of bullshit compiled in part for

**Saying It Out Loud a Collection of Writings, Rantings, and Dirty Words called Waste Your Money.**

Fraser ©1999

TheBuyer

The Ministry Of Truth and other things

## Jumble and wejna

Thom

September 19th 1998

He screams, “Never!” and turns writer, a true heart artist and a runner with all the races of the world pounding the tarmac behind him screaming,  
“We want your blood!”

This is jumble, the one and only breed with no sympathies and none for himself either. Often he is a junky and frequently a writer, sometimes an actor and never a musician.....well, there is the odd exception. Jumble is almost always what he has long been, a white man, sometimes a black man will realise he is no such thing and then he might become jumble, the same goes for women.....the list goes on, but this is rare, he is almost always a white man screaming, “Never!” and turning writer or junky, a true heart artist with all of the world’s races pounding the tarmac behind him.

Haiku: I walked on the beach,  
the boats went by like  
little white yachts to heaven.

Wejna raises an eyebrow and pushes his hat back a little to peer out from his side-of-a-brick-building hideaway and gives an imperceptible shake of his head. The truth is, wejna would like to help the poor bastard pounding the tarmac with all of the world’s races behind him but..... “Ah, he ain’t going no place, I’ll help him tomorrow or the next day.....” He lets his hat drop back over his face and rests.

Haiku: I rested here again,  
everything came to me  
on a warm, warm breeze.

Jumbality, if you’ll permit a non-word, is something of a sickness, or so some say. Some say that jumble is insane, let me clear that up right now; JUMBLE IS SUPER SANE. It may still be some kind of sickness though, but is jumble really the sick one? There’s probably someone who can treat the illness somewhere but we don’t know for sure if jumble’s sick, or if it’s just the rest of you. You seem to know who’s sick and I seem to know who’s sick but who has the real need for help?

You might think I do, I think I think too much but is that really a crime? Do you know what I mean? I think you do: I think you know all too well and you just want to cleave me head in two with an axe and leave me rotting at the door. For money? For girl-scout cookies? If it gets that far there’s no telling what it all might mean, but it’s something that makes you crazy enough to cleave my head in two with an axe. Cleave my head in two and then leave me rotting on the floor at the door for money and to buy girl-scouts.

The answer’s probably somewhere really obvious but a little stupid- in a box of matches, on a silver tray, in a girl-scout cookie..... If I give you all my silver will it help? Or will I still need to be thankful that the floor is well-polished?

Society rolls, itself deaf in a higher forgetfulness. Then, when the poor sod the saviour is found society kills him in a foggy state of mind and jokes about ghosts and ghouls- jokes about death: Higher! HIGHER!! This is how the novel so easily finds itself written.

I'm not denouncing death, total oblivion has to come sometime before the circuits all fry out in the attic. Don't denounce it because of books of all things, never. Let the farmer reap his crop and let the bullet say what it will, but ultimately give it the elbow as long as you can. Be the fly on the table, the shiny polished table with the reflection of the bare bulb shining down. A shrink tries to analyse the fly once:

"Now tell me how you feel."

"BZZZZZ."

Somewhat perplexed, "What was your childhood like?"

"BZZZZZ."

Be the fly, not the doctor- it's too sordid, believe me. Barter the raw negative that's stained with rust for comic books. I'd better watch out and try not to get to anybody. Contempt can be so naked and after all, contempt is what could lead to their finding me on the floor with my head cleaved in two for the price of a penny to buy girl-scouts.

All the while, wejna leans against his side-of-a-brick-building hideaway, sometimes raising his hat a little to see the outside world, Only as long as it's not too much effort of course, "It'll still be there tomorrow."

---

## **The Shoe Box Man**

by Dot Zero

Old Joe the writer lived in an a dirty shoebox outside of Lawrence, Kansas. He was not a big man. In fact Joe was only five inches tall and had a very tiny penis. You don't have to believe me. Few do. But I know Joe and he is a great man. We all have our disabilities.

Joe has a penis one eighth of inch long and he is five inches tall. He is a writer, and lives in a Shoe Box. Joe has no shoes but he found a suit from an old toy left in the woods by a young boy. It was a GI JOE toy. So Joe is dressed in Military Fatigues .He has no shoes.

Joe prays for boots. Joe prays for alot. Poor Joe. I don't want to cry on the story so I must continue.

I met Joe last Sunday afternoon. It was summer and very warm. Birds chirped. Joe is terrified of Birds. He has built little harpoons, spears, and bow and arrow to kill them.

Joe lives in constant danger of animals. Poor Joe.

So I asked Joe how he was doing and he told me he finished his novel.

«What's it called Joe?»

«My Life in a Shoebox,» he said sheepishly.

He seemed insecure.

«Your not sure about the title?

Joe became enraged.

«Goddam you I am a fucking genius ! Your jealous you bastard !,» he screamed.

«Hey listen Joe, I didn't say anything about your book. Calm down. I think you got a winner there Joe!»

Joe brightened up like a child expecting a lollipop.

Then he looked very sad.

‘Now what is wrong Joe?’»

«Your lying, I never told you the story.»

‘Joe, I just know your a great writer, but I am curious. What's it about?’»

Joe looked around. He picked his nose. He farted.

«Come on Joe. I don't have all day!» sometimes you have to be tough with Joe. He uses his little man pity con all the time.

«Okay, he said, getting excited, Its a story about a little man who lives in a Shoe Box.»

«Joe, I know that already, and what else happens.»

Well...ummmm. He becomes friend with little animals and fucks them. They become his

friends and he dies a very satisfied man.»

I light a cigar and exhale away from Joe. The smoke could poison him.

«Sounds interesting.»

«You think it will be published?»

«Well Joe your a great writer, so I think you got a chance.»

«A chance?» he was becoming angry again. I decide to lie again.

«Joe, it's a winner, I was jealous, I think your going to get famous!»

Joe was ecstatic and danced a little jig.

«Thanks Charlie, your my best friend.»

«Well I got to go Joe, see you soon.»

«Bye Charlie, thanks for your support.»

He was the happiest I ever saw him as he wrapped up his novel. He had it stamped and the name of a famous publisher was written on the manila envelope.

The next morning Joe was eaten by a hungry wolf. I found his little bones weeks later

and buried him. I never discovered if he mailed off the story.

«God bless you Joe, you were a great little man!»

---

**THE RADIOACTIVE MAN**  
**By Dot Zero**

**AN AMAZING BUT TRUE STORY**

**The Human Being Who Received The Largest Dose of Radiation in History**

Tuesday May 14 Commander Speedy Dongle was investigating an error in Vat 14 at Level 6 when he slipped on a banana peel left by a careless co-worker. Speedy was totally submerged in the Radioactive Bath until a video camera revealed his floating body. The Rescue Team headed up by General W.T. Wentworth retrieved Speedy who replied, " I feel fine sir, amazingly well" suddenly Commander Speedy caught fire and ran screaming out of the building.

*continue this fascinating tale*

**CONTAINMENT**

Speedy Dongle burning with Radioactivity contained by a crew of experts,  
"MY GOD ! said containment expert Smitty McDonald this fellow should be dead!"  
but Dongle was absorbing the radiation like a sponge  
and his powers were growing. He now had the strength  
and sexual stamina of a herd of Wild Mustang .

*continue this engrossing tale of male prowess*

**DR . W.S. Burroughs inspects Commander " RADIATION MAN " Dongle**

"The Dongle case goes against all scientific reason, basically the man should not be alive. I fear an unwholesome mutation has occurred.

He mentions strange sexual obsessions, alien beings, multiple universes.

"My personal recommendation is Dongle should be sent into Space to live on a Russian space station with a female android."

*continue this true tale of horror*

**JOE DONGLE 'the radiation man'**

I AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
I AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM GOD

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!<Image>!!!!!!I AM GOD !!!!<Image>!!!!!!!!!!!!!!I  
<Image>AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!<Image>!!!!!!I AM GOD  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!I AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!I AM GOD  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!I AM GOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!I AM GOD  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AS THE DISEASE PROGRESSES COMMANDER "SPEEDY" DONGLE SUFFERS GRANDIOSITY. W.T. WENTWORTH FEARS HE WILL BREAK OUT OF HIS TWO FOOT THICK LEAD ISOLATION ROOM AND WREAK HAVOC ON THE CIVILIAN POPULATION. IMPREGNATING FEMALE HUMANS AND ANIMALS.

"DONGLE MUST BE DESTROYED, HE MUST BE ERASED FROM HISTORY, AN UNWHOLESOME FREAK OF SCIENCE, THIS CREATURE MUST BE ANNHILATED !" SCREAMS GENERAL W.T. WENTWORTH

---

**dossier on W.T WENTWORTH alias HEADHUNTER WENTWORTH**

**GENERAL W.T. WENTWORTH and his Secretary ' MARY FINGERS' circa 1956**

**'MARY FINGERS'**

**W.T. WENTWORTH GRADUATED WITH HONORS FROM WESTPOINT . WENTWORTH BECAME FAMOUS FOR HIS LEGENDARY WAR THESIS. " LIQUIDATE, MUTILATE, TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF THE ENEMY IN THIRTY SECONDS."**

**WENTWORTH WAS AN EARLY SUPPORTER OF SMALL SCALE NUCLEAR DEVICES TO ELIMINATE INSURGENT ACTIVITY. THE CIVILIAN POPULATION WAS CALLED SIMPLY , " KITTY LITTER"**

**WITH THE HELP OF THE 'SKULL GANG' AND CIA FORCES WENTWORTH DESTROYED A SMALL AREA OF NORTHERN CAMBODIA WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS. OPERATION 'HOT WATER'. AT LEAST 400,000 CAMBODIANS WERE INCINERATED. WENTWORTH RECEIVED THE HIGHEST HONORS AND WENT ON TO BECOME THE HEAD OF THE CIA. ALL WITNESSES OF OPERATION HOT WATER DIED SHORTLY AFTER THE VICTORY, EXCEPT FOR A SOCIOPATHIC SOLDIER NAMED "PARROT BILLY." ALL REPORTS OF NUCLEAR DEVICES WERE DENIED, AND SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE PRESS DISAPPEARED WHILE TRYING TO REPORT THE INCIDENT.**

IN 1984 W.T. Wentworth decided to run for President of the United States. His platform was simple.

One half of the population would be put in Prison Work Camps and fed Cambells Tomato Soup three times a day. The other half of the population, minus the wealthiest 3% , W.T. deemed 'THE WORTHY ELITE' would be shipped to a remote desert location and liquified by 66 Hydrogen Bombs. When W.T's Political views became public it caused great embarrassment to the

Republican Party and he was fired from the CIA. Despondent, depressed , Wentworth had decided the only honorable route was Route 46. He would die in a Fiery Car Crash like his hero James Dean, with the unsuspecting 'Parrot Billy' at his side. It was during these horrible days he was approached by a strange fat man who simply called himself 'The Zookeeper' and offered a position of leadership with Mayor Chimp.

## **THE TRANSCENDENCE OF ANNIHILATION**

**By Dot Zero**

not for the weak of stomach

a story of hope, death and rebirth

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Granny Smith and The Thurman Twins: BOBBY AND TOMMY  
on the day before the Apocalypse

*continue this tale of unspeakable depravity*

## **THE FACTORY**

Many of us questioned the new factory installed by Mayor Chimp on the edge of our glorious beach town. I intuited a sinister plan as I had never trusted Mayor Chimp and The Zookeeper.

The Zookeeper was a large Swede, monocled with an enormous mustache and smelling of noxious body odors He weighed three hundred pounds and was continuously smoking Cuban cigars. He emanated an evil so pungent I knew he had worked closely with W.T.

Wentworth and the CIA.

Wentworth was well known amongst our agents for his unwholesome methods of genetic mutation, cloning , atomic research and germ warfare.

MAYOR CHIMP with Wentworth's Secretary Mary "Fingers" Jones

Archives 0992 Circa 2045

Archives#9991 Mayor Chimp before his Mutation

circa 2034

*continue if you dare*

## THE CLOUD

It was on that fateful morning as I walked along the coast that I saw the mysterious clouds pumping from THE FACTORY. I peculiar odor, a certain unnatural glow, and the unmistakable scent of death. I broke out into a sweat and collapsed unconscious on the beach. When I awoke all I held dear to my heart was dead. In it's place was a reality so macabre, so hideous in it's surreality that only a demented sick brain could have envisioned the horror that had once been our town.

I wandered through the wreckage - a man in a state of shock.

Why? Dear Lord, I fell to my knees on the beach, Why?

I knew of Chimp's unwholesome appetites yet I could not conceive of his actualizing his innermost gruesome fantasies in reality.

W.T. Wentworth's evil demented agenda was obviously involved.

*continue the horrors*

as I continued along the beach I saw the remnants of my beloved shelter had survived the devastation. A skeleton . A memory of a past destroyed .

I knew the town was annihilated. Mayor Chimp had achieved the replacement of Life with Death.

The ZOOKEEPER had spoken to me secretly months before the holocaust.

"You are a good man Robinson, you will never understand an agenda of pure evil !"

The purity of death, the thrill of murdering and mutation of souls is the finest elixir a man can taste. But you Robinson are a petty man, you are afraid to become as a GOD!"

He inhaled deep on his cigar and blew poisonous smoke in my face sweat the rotten odor of the DEAD

the stench of an evil so pungent it proved Demonic Realms had broken through into our time our space,  
was this the entropy of God's Brain ?

*continue into realms of dementia*

As I surveyed the horror I realized the creatures left behind were not dead but existed in their own right as living monsters.

Symbols of the Technological Atrocity led by W.T Wentworth, Mayor Chimp, and The Zookeeper.

I was aware they had released radiation mixed with chemical warfare.

My greatest fear would be that I would be captured by Mayor Chimp and exposed to his poisonous alchemy and transformed.

*continued if you dare*

### **THE CAN BOY**

On my search for refuge I came across a strange Driveway from Hell. I could only think of the strange genius of Hieronymous Bosch. The CANBOY whispered to me,

" Sir, kind sir, can you free me."

"I felt sick and tears filled my eyes, I recognized him, it was Joey, Uncle Billy's child."

"Joey- I cried - something awful has occurred- something so unnatural, so depraved....."

"HELP ME ! JOEY MOANED. I CAN'T MOVE"

I then understood my destiny. I must find and kill Mayor Chimp, Wentworth, and the Sinister Zookeeper. Then I will detonate the doomsday bomb hidden in the Indian's bunker underneath the Lucky 13 Gas Station.

*continue this tale worthy of Edgar Allen Poe*

### **THE CENTRAL CONTROLLER**

Diary Entry

I found my way into the factory and met The Controller.

"State your mission"

" I must speak to the MAYOR ! " I replied

"State your access code"

"I am Robinson, Robinson Crucified"

"That is not a valid access code and I have computed you are a viral invasion"

I grabbed my pistol and blew the creature apart and ran deeper into the factory.

Diary entry 23 . date March 28 2045

Robison Crucified- Survivor

All I could think of was I must reach the

Factory and kill Mayor Chimp, Wentworth, and The Zookeeper.

I realized time was running out . A voice spoke to me,

" You are the Chosen One Robinson Crucified"

"Yes, commander, I will not fail our Dreams for this Great Nation ! "

*continue*

### **PLACENTA ROOM 69**

I found myself in the cloning chamber and grasped the significance of their demented agenda. They were breeding an army of monstrous half human creatures merged with machines and radioactive chemicals. These creatures would be controlled by Central Control. A massive computer built by W.T. Wentworth and the Zookeeper.

It was obvious they had also created a time travelling device and traveled back and forth through time and space controlling human history. I discovered the deepest of my fears in the computers memory banks. Wentworth was not human. He was actually a parasitic organism which lived off the Military Industrial Society !

*to be continued*

### **William Burroughs Re-Incarnated**

Welcome to the Western Lands

death is an illusion

a concept created by control

more like changing the channel on your television

and the relief of not having a physical body

well..... you will find out for your self

better than the any drug

even apomorphine don't equal the death trip

see you beyond space and time kiddies.

Remember let go of fear ,

let go of fear

fear was created by advertisement agencies

and Hollywood Movie Studios

We are waiting in the Western Lands

We are waiting in the Western Lands

love,

Uncle Bill

---

**BUSH OF GHOSTS**

**By Dot Zero**

warning this is not for underage minors who have ingested LSD

summer of love

doing the 69

with a girl named sheila x

small time porn star

then she met Clancy the Clown

at the Gibtown Bar

the rest is history

her body was never found

---

**THE CLOWN ZONE**

**By Dot Zero**

CLOWN ZONE

WE HAD TO CALL IN THE INVISIBLE HOMBRE

THOSE CLOWNS ARE EVIL AND WELL PRACTICED

IN THE ART OF VOODOO AND BLACK MAGIC

THE WORD IS OUT THEY HAVE CONNECTIONS WITH THE SCORPION

MEN OF MINRAUD. IMPENDING ATTACK ..... CALL IN ALL AGENTS  
CONTACT POINT.....GIBTOWN , USA. THESE CLOWNS  
HAVE CONNECTIONS WITH THE MAFIA, CIA, FBI, AND  
INTERPOL. URGENT MESSAGE TO ALL AGENTS.....REALITY IS BEING  
RE-FRAMED BY THE BIG MEDIA BOYS.....RADIO WAVES , TELEVISION,  
NEWSPAPERS ALL CONTAIN THE WORD VIRUS..... ATTENTION ALL  
AGENTS .....ATTENTION ALL AGENTS.....CLEAR MIND OF  
WORD VIRUS..... VACCINATION IS MEDITATION ON  
EMPTINESS... CALLING ALL AGENTS .....CLEAR YOUR MINDS  
NOW!!!!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

---

BAD POETRY

BY DOT ZERO

i am dying and its okay...its so okay...I love you all, I am pure love....thank you Godthe second sky cracked open , bleeding the blood of the poets. The sun is devoured bythe golden Lion and a little naked boy named Johnny Smith in cowboy boots and hat is urinating and laughing against the November sky . Agent Ricochet Rabbit awakes in scented dreams of lilac and hyacinth oil of tangerine and the musky smell of sex. Too many hellos and Goodb yes thinking out loud maybe too loud . What is Time ? Goddammit what is time? We called Stephen Hawkins, he had been sucked into a black hole, Mrs. Patterson discovers precise instructions imprinted in the agents brain.

I receive an obscure message from the Swedish Commander.Invasion is possible. I'm drawing water from the desert sand I'm summoning the Grinder of Volcanos I insert a view of a woman being penetrated by a hard stiff cock I compose and edit a picture of a beautiful young Arab boy sucking off the Invisble Hombre in the Alleyway of Tangier , long ago, so long ago, and far far away, I am dead now but I hear train whistle, puffs of smoke against the cartoon sky it's all torn and bleeding.

My mother a frozen photograph waving me home frozen there forever a cardboard cutout mom against the summer sky... I am dead now she smiles, and hands me a healing ointment. Young smiling Arab boys licking and sucking my cock, laughing, you funny , you dead yes, you funny man.....you want to meet THE Doctor... he Big man round here ... he make you alive again the boys are giggling...pointing....he is dead...white man is dead ... all that money and he is dead.....or maybe depression is an illusion of death. we make you live again White man , the boys are

laughing and smoking hashish. WE COOK AND EAT YOUR LIVER AND EYEBALLS!!!!  
dancing in a circle....laughing....singing .....white man dead .....white man dead!!!

---

### ACT 1: HAMLET EATS A HOTDOG

produced by the Word Gang

words are just games to play and the word boys are getting mean. Chrome american made cocks, with balls of cast iron payed for by the taxpayers,....oh the americans love to spend their money that way, its all football and american pie in the land of the FREE LIE. don't let that political gang of cut throats fool you kids, they want the artist dead, pronto, we are onto their game.

flower power chicks, dig that Santa Cruz Surf! Its all LSD and Pick up truck rednecks floating oceans of Buddha Bliss, uh wasn't he the guy with the permanent hard on ! All the hipster girls they loved Buddha Bob , King MDMA, handsome guy, kinda sad, always a young naive girl on his arm, and her eyes where big and glazed

Gunfight at the ok corral , Gary was there , and Andy The Clown Boy was driving a Harley Davidson Motorcycle equipped with computer directed Stinger Missles\Call in the nurse

Call in the nurse,

I need my medications , i 'm wounded, i'm so wounded.....

HUNGRY FOR A TASTE of the earthly emanation of the light of Luxor, I can tell you a story or two about my birth and lines are lines pain of the soul wound, the one that does not ever heal. On the door was written "Grazulis"quite dead and rotting from lots of malicious cuts filling up a quarter of the sky thrown in and recorded , in '69, the summer of love, the year of Ampo to Japanese angels those bastards, jimmy stewart balling Kim Novak filmed out of the context by Alfred Hitchcocker.

The urgency of the backroom hustlers The urgency of the backroom hustlers  
The urgency of the backroom hustlers

the pieces of their thumbs where scattered in the sick light of a Mafia  
Dawn, the boys forgot to pay their debts. Midgets in mirrors hiding secrets, whispering Gary  
Knows, Gary  
Knows...

a great image of a chained albino lemur watches motionless out of the world it had Bill Burroughs  
sad Junky

eyes and I was trapped in a life of thought so I painted an open door, and I saw Jim Morrison and I cried, Jimmmmmmmmmmy !!!, Where did it all go wrong, he smiled and sipped on his bottle, Kid you got learn there ain't nothing gonna satisfy you in the old material world, I made a million bucks fucked ten thousand chicks twelve feet tall and put my packsack in the "sipapu", emergence hall which is located at the fork of the Littlebook of magic, a local one, in 77, "Le Grand et le mad

dog saloon and locked the door from the inside it was really beautiful lit unmoving, by the TV images of red dust mars...

and Jim said a pray for Gary and Andy and the rest of the B -Gang.

O Shiva, what is your reality?  
What is this wonder-filled universe?

What constitutes seed?

Who centers the universal wheel?

What is this life beyond form pervading forms?

How may we enter it fully, above space and time, names and descriptions?

Let my doubts be cleared!

---

### **dewdrops**

[Recording in Real Player](#)

ON COOL JAPANESE MORNING. THE MONK APPEARS AND BOWS. HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE TEMPLE .

I start crying , I start crying , and I start spraying come thirty feet into the air. it wont stop. I am so filled with love and compassion for the whole wretched lot of creatures of this pain joy existence,

i am dying and its okay...its so okay...I love you all, I am pure love....thank you God

the second sky cracked open , bleeding the blood of the poets

and a little naked boy named Johnny Smith in cowboy boots and hat is urinating and laughing against the November sky . Agent Ricochet Rabbit awakes in scented dreams of lilac and hyacinth oil of tangerine and the musky smell of sex. Too many hellos and goodbys thinking out loud maybe too loud . What is Time ? Goddammit what is time?

time time time time , was all he had, a con job by the master operator.

Mrs. Patterson a middle aged divorcee discovers precise instructions imprinted in the agents brain. I got no call from the Commander. I'm drawing water from the desert sand I'm summoning the Grinder of Volcanos I insert a view of a woman being penetrated by a hard stiff cock I compose and edit a picture of a beautiful young Arab boy sucking off the Invisible Hombre in the Alleyway of Tangiers, long ago, so long ago, and far far away, I am dead now but I hear train whistle, puffs of smoke against the cartoon sky it's all torn and bleeding frozen photograph forever on the back porch steps waving me cardboard cutout mom against the summer sky Young smiling Arab boys licking and sucking my cock, laughing, you funny , you dead yes, you , I forgot I WHO i AM .....TIME WAS RUNNING OUT OF MY EAR funny man.....you want to meet THE Doctor... he Big man round here ...

he make you alive again the boys are giggling...pointing....he is dead...white man is dead ... all that money and he is dead.....we make you live again White man , the boys are laughing and smoking hashish and THEIR TEETH ARE WHITE AS SNOW DRAGONS IN THE

SECRET CAVE... FOLLOW ME MY LOVE , IT IS TIME YOU GREW UP !

my sexy sweetie pie

my tattooed hostess twinkie

Gunfight at the Ok Corral

Jimmy Stewart was there

Billy the Kid took a .44 Slug between the eyes

It was really quite beautiful

like a Leroy Neiman painting

Wyatt Earp was sucking off the Duke

in the backroom of the Mad Dog Saloon

when a spare shot hit him in the Rectum

" That poor man may never take a bowel movement again," replied Doc Ricketts

Nurse prepare a fatal dose of Opium !"

Wyatt knew his time was up and blessed all the whores(who are angels)

It was then the Wild Bunch showed up

a group of evil Lesbians Bikers

lead by a bull named Marla Brando with an eye patch

Things got pretty ugly when they dragged the decapitated

Sheriff John Panty Sniffer 's body through town

Scene fades, Alien Landscape,

a beautiful young blue boy strokes his erection

and cries out AS HE SQIRTS HIS HOT LOAD

Uncle Bill !

Uncle Bill!

I SEE THE WESTERN LANDS !!!

THE AGENT

---

## Daniel Gualda

### Ricardito

Estabamos dando vueltas con Rik en un pueblo de seis manzanas por cinco en un Ford Falcon '71 con un Nissan cuatro cilindros diesel y caja de quinta en épocas de gasoil barato. Era domingo. Tres de la tarde. El pueblo desierto.

A Rik le habian entrado a robar por tercera vez en la pieza que tenía atras de la casa de la madre. Las dos primeras veces se llevaron algo de dinero y un poco faso, la tercera, despues de que le puso un candado a la puerta, forzaron la ventana y se llevaron un bajo electrico.

Los tres veces, segun Rik, habian entrado Juan Ladron y un coloradito con los que cambiada fasitos a tres por diez pesos por cosas robadas.

Los pibes eran cleptomanos desafortados, la mayoría de las cosas que traían se las robaban a los padres a familiares, y como era de esperarse no tardaron en entrar con facilidad a la pieza de Rik, al que le conocían todos los horarios, por esa cuestión natural que surge entre vendedor y comprador de drogas. Lo habrian reconocido caminando a trescientos metros en el aburrimiento del pueblo.

Ibamos en el Falcon a quince kilometros por hora revisando el robo en un tiempo blando. Yo habia dejado de fumar, en el pueblo me hacia mal, "me pegaba mal". Una vez me descubri dando vueltas alrededor de los árboles de la vereda igual que un muchacho psicotapa que vivía a tres cuadras. A Rik, en cambio, siempre le hizo bien fumar. Antes de comer se ponía a buscar tucas del día anterior, y después de comer, cuando los primeros "clientes y amigos" empezaban a pasar al fondo, se fumaba el primero.

En una esquina, en una de las calles laterales del pueblo, mientras forzabamos una "vuelta del perro" expandida, aparecieron Juan Ladron y el coloradito. Cuando Ricardito los vío baje todavía mas la velocidad y finalmente frenamos cerca de los adolescentes. Rik lo saludo a Juan con la amabilidad suave de la marihuana y sin soltarle la mano lo invito a subir al asiento trasero. El otro pibe, el colorado, trató de negociar de una manera casi afeminada, mientras Juan trataba de zafar la mano. Ante la negativa Rik, siempre sin soltarle la mano a Juan, dió vuelta la cara y con una tranquilidad mafiosa me dijo: "Arrancá".

Moví el auto unos metros, mientras al pibe (en terminos de Rik) se le llenaba el culo de preguntas. Paramos el auto y con movimientos rápidos las dos manos de Rik se fueron al cuello de Juan mientras el otro intentaba zafarlo e insistía con sus grititos afeminados. Empezo a asomarse gente que gritaba "soltalo", pero que ni remotamente pensaba en acercarse. Rik le empezó a gritar "Donde esta el bajo" y cuando escucho algo que alcance a entender como "fueron unos pibes, yo no tengo nada que ver" se puso nervioso en serio y empezó a asfixiarlo con la cara endemoniada.

Cuando ví que la cara de Juan empezó a cambiar de color le empecé a gritar "no lo mates, no seas boludo, pegale, no lo mates, no seas boludo". Rik, parece, alcanzo a escucharme. Lo agarró de una mano y lo empezó a arrastrar como un niño arrastra un camión con un hilo y le apoyo la cabeza en el cordón de la vereda de enfrente, siempre sin soltarlo. Cuando Juan reaccionó, o fingió reaccionar

(Rik siempre sostuvo que fingía su asfixia), y cometió la imprudencia de repetir "no tengo nada que ver" recibió un golpe en la cara y empezó a sangrar por la boca.

"Vamos, vamos", nos dijimos. Hicimos cincuenta metros con el Falcon y se nos cruzó un Renault 12 de la policía provincial. Manejaba un morocho de Raivan imitación que hacía menos de dos semanas en el medio del pueblo nos había revisado el auto en busca de drogas. Bajamos del auto. Rik se sentó en el cordón de la vereda y decía por lo bajo con los rasgos aun deformes "si no es por él, lo mato", el morocho intento un tono conciliador (o se asusto, ¿como saberlo?) "vos no podes hacer justicia por mano propia". En un momento, en el que perdí registro, Rik estaba arriba del patrullero, con un poco de porro en el bolsillo y no como detenido, sino colaborando en el rastillaje de Juan ladrón y completamente drogado.

Lo volvi a ver a media tarde y confesó que mientras iba en el patrullero, "por las dudas", habia descartado los fasilos. Ese tarde, y por varios días, no volvimos a ver a Juan Ladrón.

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## Daniel Gualda:

### Fantasias fálico narcisistas

(Wilhelm Reich's memory).

Durante algunos segundos, para desagrado de los publicistas, el t.v. de 29 pulgadas se muestra sintonizado en un canal muerto. Despues empieza la muestra del aviso comercial para una campaqa de prevencisn de HIV. En el aviso la camara sigue unos pasos de botas industriales, al ras del piso, las botas se detienen frente a un hombre, el cuadro se abre y vemos a un obrero musculoso y sudado que duerme. Corte directo a un paneo lento sobre dos chicas en una cama matrimonial, una abrazando a la otra, esta de espaldas. Nuevamente por corte directo aparecen las botas y el obrero, ahora las botas patean con golpecitos secos y firmes al hombre que duerme. Esto se funde con golpes sobre las nalgas, tambien secos y firmes, de la chica que abraza a otra de espaldas. El obrero esta de pie, es espaldas, la camara gira alrededor del cuerpo para mostrarnos un taladro electrico con una mecha gigante que se acciona. Un primer plano de la cara de la chica a la que daban golpes en las nalgas nos muestra esos movimientos faciales tpicos de una bella seqorita intentando despertarse sin conseguirlo. El obrero, con el torso desnudo y un casco de obra empieza a taladrar una columna. El ruido ambiente se prolonga en una especie de camara de eco y la chica que no puede despertarse estira su mano tratando de alcanzar un despertador que no suena. El obrero insiste, cada vez con mayor impetu, taladrando. En plano detalle la mecha traspasa la pared y se hunde en la cabeza de la chica. El cuadro se abre de golpe. La sangre salta en todas direcciones. La chica se retuerce en un espasmo final. Sobre la pantalla negra aparece un cartel que dice "Hacelo como quieras, pero cuidate" y a traves de un fundido reaparece el obrero colocando un preservativo a la mecha del taladro.

Los dos publicistas, una joven de forzado aspecto casual que debe rondar los treinta y un videasta apenas amanerado, se miran. Un funcionario encargado de decidir sobre la campaqa sin duda con participacion en el negocio hace un gesto con las manos parecido a aplaudir, busca miradas complices de los otros dos funcionarios y al no encontrarlas cancela el gesto.

"Tenemos una version inicial de noventa y cuatro segundos, para despues de la primer semana de emisissn pasar a una resumida de cuarenta y tres", dice la publicista. Un funcionario murmura a otro

con una expresin de negocios, en realidad le esta diciendo, "si, si, interesante", haciendo referencia a la publicista.

Tres segundos de tenso silencio. El videasta con un movimiento rapido coloca otra cinta. Empiezan a repetirse la misma idea de imagenes, pero esta vez en la cama matrimonial hay una enana y un hombre obeso, una fisicoculturista sostiene el taladro. El videasta mientras se proyecto la segunda versisn del aviso dice "y tenemos varias ideas mas, podemos hacer animaciones en 3d, y algunas un poquito mas exentricas... como poner en la cama a Casado y Boela travestidos y que Laura Plaza agarre el taladro", "no creo que Boela quiera" dice uno de los funcionarios, "?por que no?" le responde la publicista, "?vos te acostarias con Pancho Casado?" retruca el funcionario. Los otros dos funcionarios primero y los publicistas despues emiten un ruido entre dientes, una sonrisa tensa.

El mas gordo de los funcionarios pone un cassette en el reproductor de video, toma el control remoto, "yo tengo otra propuesta" se dice casi a si mismo, presiona "PLAY", en el T.V. aparecen imagenes de la una joven cantando folklore y agitando un poncho.

## Kenji Siratori

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## DustNirverna

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*Kenji Siratori, author of Blood Electric, is a brilliant superhip writer of great intellectual hypermodern fiction. Born in 1975, he currently lives in Sapporo, Japan. Blood Electric was acclaimed by David Bowie.*

It does....it does the fuck....I go mad to the machine mechanism....

A machinative angel murders the sun type of the spiral

Cyber dog awakening/

Ovarium rep...s of the machinative angel/

Although the clone boys who it resolves and conducts artificial insemination are rape road the storage of the sun the body of an ant is respired the era. Body line REC drag embryo of the immortality of the drag embryo is lost in wild fancies of the planet of an ant....

Shooting it the brain target of the machinative angel the hybrid body of the [?B@:(B) area/ clone boys is infectious. The storage of the VTR sun like the chameleon of the night sky....gimmick girl of a gene=TV desert is reversed to the guilty nick murder region of the ADAM doll....it is (a cyber dog cell).

"Sun cultivates the skin tissue that ADAM doll was cursed....it is parasitic the acme brain of the fatalities

The vision of an ant is parasitic.

To the universe that sun was murdered

(The womb area machine state antiraw virus) that the brain of clone boys controls the monochrome earth. The storage to zero. It does the body machine of an ant....it is the clonical reproduction area of the ADAM doll where dismantled my soul-machine that the clone skin of the artificial sun contaminates to murderous road of a cyber dog the fuck.

Love

### \*dance X

Grief/rep... The artificial sun proliferates to the synapse emotion of clone boys....and I copy the clonical love of the machinative angel/ reverse=my blue....LOAD ....machine of the boundless sky of the paradise thinks about the desert of the light year of the drag embryo to the night sky of battle [?BXK?(B) of the lonely masses of flesh that is metamorphosing to the vaioof the monochrome earth that evolves. The horizon of my deoxyribonucleic acid the ant that an ant respire so 1 milligram of storage cyber murder person=nano machine of the gene=TV sun falls from the gradual lapse of memory line of the annihilation fatalities of the vital non=being, space that do the desire that beats....[angel mechanism of]

The vital facsimile sun disappears. TOKAGE/of/it is the miracle of the existence difficult chromosome that MHz reproduces. The digital Apocalypse

invades the neural circuit of <self self> smooth....the speed of the cadaver  
be become aware of so/ the matrix body fluid murders my sun. Clone skin X  
century grief is replicated and this rep... emotional drag motion of the  
clone boys that conquer it

The STOP monochrome earth disunites to the soul-machine in the short just  
before of Gaia.

(Sex machine of the gimmick girl that decipher dustNirverna....)

### \*DessapearPOINT

(The brain of an/the ant LOAD the clonical placenta world of the ADAM doll  
do)...the lonely masses of flesh of the LEVEL6 digital Apocalypse that the  
storage/my fractal animal.... intelligence of the sun does the chromosome  
of Saturn the fuck are launched. Virus of herds/my soul-machines of 1/8 of  
body lines/ matrix body fluid of the intention/ drag embryos that impossible  
to do noise like the acme that a gimmick girl was recorded. Grief/error.  
The hybrid language line of BABEL animals/ awake/ sun of which be infectious  
to the reproduction gland of the brain of the desert of clone boys apoptosis  
truth is replicated so.

Invading to the sponge tissue of gene=TV <self self> is cloned. Reverse the  
body line fractal of the grief of the womb area machine-seeds/ and others  
that resuscitates=murder game MHz of the LEVEL DOWN amniotic fluid  
mechanism that the over there ant of the pupil of the gimmick girl that the  
machine homosexual sexual anthropoids of the artificial sun reproduce the  
clonical love of road respire be my junkie emotional particle that  
evolves.You link like an ant....your soul-machine it inoculates the ADAM  
doll of the angel mechanism....

Your truth is murdered to the clonical....PRINT:

My digital apoptosis worldly desires universes

Link circumference is expected to the infinite death play of the drag embryo  
Love of non=being

The sun is storage. Cell is the storage of grief

### \*CLONICAL-ONE

The drag embryo who the brain of clone boys escapes road of the artificial  
sun of the pituitary gimmick load/angel mechanism of the lie of the ADAM  
doll that does the planet of the green pupil/ant of the anthropoid that does  
to dustNirverna the fuck with the speed of a soul-machine/ the  
pupil=universe) that (the crime organ of a cyber dog awoke contaminates it.

The hybrid head line of BABEL animals is deciphered. Rape secret of the  
fractal machine-seed placenta world ADAM doll intermediate/ of it  
joints....I think about the nightmare of the amniotic fluid mechanism of the  
ADAM doll that an ant and the sun do the disgrace of the machinative angel  
to the crease of my body the fuck with an existence difficult respiration  
line to the logic

I/ mechanical junkie LEVEL0 cyber system/ reverse=it is the hybrid? \$B! \_?(Bbrain  
universe of the drag embryo/the artificial sun who evolved.

[Ants ant]

# CODA

[Kenji Siratori](#)

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## rotor

--Noise, and our soul-machine resuscitates

Callous

It ruined an orange aerofoil.....(our zero=of=it is a beat!

Wild fancy of the murder parasitism person that goes contracting

....It is parasitic and the cold-blooded disease panorama of the ADAM doll....

] A boy murders the fabrication of <<fly>>/B, gene war

....It is the future of our [?/2]+person when the happiness of the virus filled!

.....The sun disillusionment of I am caught instantaneously?/2the brain of clone boys explodes/ it does like the machine of the angel that was jointed to the zero gravity walk of a dog/ ["/4?/2]....my=brain drain?/2contact body digests the air of the murderous intention! God of the season/ LOAD et cetera of the fly?/2it is a double castration stage! Sky of where it does--explodes like the eyes in the future of the ADAM doll it is blue our sensitive beat be LOAD the tragedy of a dog so! The number <the eye> of road zero/nightmare. ....Our cadaver city is wrapped to the night sky of the desert and the brain of their inorganic substance murder it ferments/ a mutant like.....with the look like the film of the latency?/2dog that does the machine of the angel to the murder mechanism desire [...my death of this plant machine that went mad....

Junk! The girl] of the blue desire, lonely machine of the massacre sky of storage breakdown limit that the cruel toys/ ADAM ceremony mutants of the MO....vacuums of the sun....ants of the murder mechanisms is disillusioned leap the hunger of the screen and instantaneous/ brain of the despair that commits suicide in the over there of the storage of the sun cuts the corpse of the crow.

[?â] Thailand surrender inheritance Tyre""

Omit the lobotomy of the desert a battle/ our small soul-machine surrenders at the center of the asphalt that ruined so to a/the murder mechanism....it is like the reproduction organ that the ant that inoculates monochrome wolf=space to your [?/2] sun [heart] of the mutant artificial insemination of the respiratory arrest that explodes sped up the out brain of a dog! The metronome that turned our neutral cuts <the circulation> of nightmare of an amniotic fluid mechanism [of as?/2my infinite dogs/ android of which administers the nano machine of fear it is the parasitism person of the desire/ clonical love of the death God device who it was expanded. It is the distractive indication of the machine chaos [?/2] blood seed--....soul-machine of an angel. ADAM doll of/ the zero/air of a [•ú] heat engine dog is distorted..it does desire/sun of it lives and the far insanity, 0880 of claw nick carved seals/ EVE-Lo <the brain> of the storage, chromosomes that were left. ....Clone boy K the disillusionment mutant called the asphalt eternity of the sleep that does crime respire the lonely nightmare of the amniotic fluid mechanism....a melody....merely it only....it is a murderous worldly desires machine to the remainder of the dog! ! It is done to the rep... emotional particle of the grief brain leaf lonely future inside de fabrication A?/2XX murder sun desire and our orange the death God beat that I record?/2

## Angel mechanism

The brain of our immortality does the internal organ of the secret of the dog LOAD....of an ant the line orange ruin of the ["β] brown spot that decreased....

! Rep... [heart] radiate heat with the nano machine that break down it...the unknown quantity of the noise area area/ ADAM doll of the butterfly that grow and a dog it is criminal murder with the fragment of the storage! The zero=emotional....surrender of the desire mechanism of the sun! It does the clone-dive to "the storage of your head line....ant of the angel mechanism of this inorganic substance murder the interminglement areas of the suicide rep... clonical love of (?/22)/ it is the gene fabrication terror vital record/my sun real existence of anonymity of] a girl!

And/ it is risked to the desire of a/the girl and our body fluid dreams of it the hybrid disillusionment of a dog/ I murder all the beats like an/the android organ! Drag I 'the monochrome savageness of the head reproduction quality of BABEL with..a callous city?/2

City type of the past?/2

I despair with the body of the final Asia grief?/2another person of murder person/ I in the desire system nano machine-storage of the sun it is the games of the sexual dogs chromosomes of the end of the pupil beat/these zero world of fabrication.....fabrication that went to ruin! The season of blue....re-PAINT/resuscitation of the sky?/2it is' the strange virus nature=universe of the ADAM doll of the death that impossible to. The fabrication murder of love-rep...s that we ferment the death that impossible to within the escape impossible nightmare that goes to war vainly in the future of the dog when was linked to null/ cancer of the prison gene of the sun that radiate heat the cruel contact...apoptosis of a/the dog! ? An azure dissection orange soul-machine.....0880 which she does noise with the love that corroded 1 minute to the thin space of existence difficult/ chromosomes in 8 seconds the eyes of the murder of the octopus dog of the eternal escape/circuits that do it the clone-dive/ a boy] it is the love-rep...s on the dustNirverna.... horizons --

It is setting like a dog....it is doing this and parasitic on nervous system by the time the virus of our birth?/2"future" is murderous....NAM of a fuck fantasy/dogs..

## Zero

### Dogs of zero

Embracing the eyes of the [?/2] letter grief with....the storage of the sun....sun the asphalt of her sexual XXX [heart] of the angel mechanism resolves--it is secret sleep angel Kake death Tyre of the season chromosome of the acme murder where [?/4?/2] dog was controlled like a dog! Girl] of [the brain of the machine line/ dog of heart

We erased love! The emotional wreckage like the virus of a womb machine area is notified....by the dog" of eternal brain that vital/icon of the name called the tragedy....angel cruel SATO CO., LTD. devil cheerful grief of a dog//?/2?/21/8 orange ruin ADAM dolls that become in pieces be compressed be cut.....BABEL animals rape [heart] sun of which worship the speed of the machine it is cold true it is the cold-blooded disease attraction of the machinative angel so! ....Making the storage of the sun leaving behind ants reproduce "death".... The insanity of the dissection device chromosome of X that impossible to in this proliferation....clumsy world of the roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE zero that expand of the murder system?/2universe of the dog that was awoke <the inside

Dogs of the fabrication which fabricated the murder of certain <the seed>! a dog wow,

The cell/ future of our clonical love sleeps/ storage, of the pure white beat that murdered Tyre asphalt of "this clumsy world....sun to the murder mechanism the operation like an ant and the second of the emotional....GODNAM dog when comes off and fell is inputted....how many thing lapses of memory of road are jumped over....it is the mutant nano machine form change circuit of the desire.....smile of the cadaver....the biotechnology less murderous intention of the womb area machine that despairs like air so. Happiness of the immortality of the ADAM doll that scattered [?/2].....

/Flower [?/2] \*\*\*

The violence that was turned the neutral of asphalt!....it inputs it/it is gimmick channel deoxyribonucleic acid the such nightmare <of> the nucleus where the parasitism person/ drag embryos of my how many 1000 cell mechanisms dance the despair machine of the ADAM dog.

"...." The neutral insanity of our sky the foliage plant-area ADAM doll ruin future de love Go ..null sun/neutral town

Virus of grief

] Our desert of brain wa? the ? ?

My rep... [heart] inheriteds to the air of a dog/ it is your murderous happiness with orange horizon me of the nightmare! The season laughs she just like the infinite corpse of planetary/the love-rep...s....sun of an ant, like the asphalt of the angel mechanism that corrodes....the eyes without the mode of the cold-blooded disease with road that future was abused the clonical suicide of 'ADAM' that do it desire machine etc. of death of <a second for?/2soul-machine of which is decaying record the earth where was disillusioned. The cold scenery?/2[?/2] desire coordinates sun organ birth boundless eternal births of the machine/ human genome angels that beat the ["β] brown spot that can not grieve over any longer! ? our cold-blooded disease of animals sbj/ gradual happiness obj distorts "immortality" obj conceived angel of machine obj fuck do?/2acme primitive chaotic dog of psychedelic head line to "?/2" "person" sbj gets entwisted....<lonely> of inside tissue sbj ruins, ADAM doll of-cursed was gene war orange air line. the the the the the the the the and that that is it Murderous beat of the planetary drag embryo of the chaos ant of a dog does the pupil in our world the despair like my angel that awoke to the laughter of the machine so a junk to the gambling of the [?/2?/2?/2] hell of the cell that is born # 0880 ME that recovers CALL I smile like the rearrangement=mutant of the brain of that that does it.....

## Room

A clone thinks about. A clone thinks about the end line of the ADAM doll. It does the placenta world/the artificial sun of a cyber dog....the matrix body fluid/my soul-machine of the womb area/the sun of the despair machine that the REC brain of the sex machine=clone-dive ant of a gimmick girl does the fuck LOAD contracts. ....A machinative angel does the short....it is COUNTXXX of the hell of the rape vision cell.

While anti=Heaven lobotomy is vital transplantation ruins. The switch of gene=TV is cut! Leap a deoxyribonucleic acid channel! The fix shot of the drag embryo=soul-machine! The mode between the universe of TOKAGE reverse=it evolves. It inheriteds....be emotional become the zero of the clone skin....it does the existence difficult sun of the apoptosis grief remainder quantity/the placenta

world of the ADAM doll REC....it is the season of the murder of the chromosome. [Universe period=anthropoid mode] that the emotion of a gene level flows the hybrid body plane top of clone boys. Horizon of the deoxyribonucleic acid that the desert goes to war so commits suicide with the soul-machine of the grief that annihilates....machinative angel of virus code....of as your sun # "the e v i l" that resolves the brain of fatalities

## ?/2Gravity-free

....<The fabrication> of murder of the ADAM doll exceeds the desire of our cruel sun secret/the cadaver mechanism of the scream....clone skin of the dog that a clone boy does LOAD the hatred of my spiral factory replication chromosome of the dog that does it the heat it is the soul-machine of the drag motion surrender of the TOKAGE ant of the sun that I input and plunder! It is restrained and be reproduce/ matrix BABEL of the un [?/2] sum area start of message SOC parasitism person of the blue murderous viruses of the silence sky of a certain dog as for <the desire of an angel mechanism, animals of "my thinking.....machine of ruin reach?/2of the zero terminal that speed respire the spell of <fear> to death God?/2the rhythm of our null sun love-rep... corpse it radiate heat... And the lonely machine of the earth area our mutant emotion explodes>>the nano machine of terror happiness.....death of which impossible to

It break down it

The beat digital vamp-s & despair machine season of TOKAGE that my interior of the womb desert android controlled the out put brain of a dog! Catastrophe season/ 1/8 seconds of soul-machine placenta world bug earth area nightmare 1/8 amniotic fluid Kake piece angel machine line....vital/icon

Being covered blood it is that silence OUT PUT ". "

In the over there of the sleep of . It is like cold-blooded disease of the zero that the chromosome of that angel that our "the future" radiated the soul-machine of a dog did [?/2] meat. The emotion of an ant=universe=of the storage of the catastrophe happy?/2sun of the soul-machine that stick internal organ=was cut was doing the universe [?À'?] of the ADAM doll=the brain of a dog be ill-treatment. Replication gravity of the replication of the replication of the replication of the annihilation of the childish.....love of emotional suicide rep... clonical end machine eleven. of A?/2XX that proliferates and does a/the nanny walks our zero=of=love/

? The brain of their dog invades..cosmic derangement is transplanted..HE' VEN' s--"eternal"=it is "the paradise of the disillusionment".

/ " The nightmare of the ADAM doll?/2amniotic fluid mechanism that proliferates with the rhythm of a cold-blooded disease animal=you the mystery, mystery are a dog....it is the clone skin of the murder mechanism of the machine=angel. Our zero=of=it is the sun! ? The season of the murder of a dog rotation Tyre machine=angel reproduces.

The invader of a dog! The murder person of an ant! The regeneration impossible storage of asphalt to the trace of minus that soul-machine of which beats savagely was erased--the emotion of the sun be circuit BA BEL of the clonical love that is born to the blue of the sky that perishes! The escape line of the ground that does the escape line of the ground desire the escape line of the ground that does it desire the escape line of the ground that does it desire the escape line of the ground that does it desire the android.... girl of our clumsy world, desire mechanism] of the season of the chromosome when it does desire the ["ß] brown spot that disappears is replicated.... Transplantation soul-machine of out put murder game love-rep...s of lonely sun of zero=of=truth

ADAM' of body that the brain of the murder line dog of the angel mechanism of the asphalt that my universe....soul-machines of emotional....narco/cold-blooded disease animals of the zero of the null ADAM doll of the immortality that controls your awakening deoxyribonucleic acid channels of the despair?/2engines/ HE VEN ants of the storage/ line.....clone boys of the sun float do the heat creates the cosmic extent of solitude. The inside of the emotional desire of unvital/space that annihilated! Vital/icon XX restraint condition of our "the future" which a girl] of [heart falls to rep... Heaven XX narcolepsy, so the hatred of the chromosome the machine of our angel proliferates sexually....my/ the desire mechanism hard core desert device of TOKAGE the generation of zero

.....

....It is the biotechnology less fear of the womb area/ machine that your head line [?â] Thailand storage asphalt death God device of my machine=angel desert records. ....And cry out" the season of the murder of dogs of a virus, fabrications or clone boys of the laughter of 1/8 beat.....'M' shut down?/2be cold-blooded disease/<<universe>> of the soul-machine. I am atrocious like an angel....! Our rep... Heaven floats with like hell.

--

Happy the murder machine/my body sun of the desert the terror of a virus angel mechanism....the vein of our storage explodes....the zero of a dog [the fabrication of her crime space?/2ant of myoglobin break down our soul-machine from the inside....it is vital/icon of the murder sun! The grief that the season when battle [?/2] loads the re load the re zeroises and input the monochrome city of the beat/ where it was done the digital vampof

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## AcidHUMAN

Kenji Siratori

Psychic

Sun, our future that were betrayed the murder game of the drag embryo for paranoia 1/8 seconds of the terror explosion ADAM doll are erased foremost.../it is mutant murderous intention sec of the sexual medium/the water-solubility that does R of the lobotomy....gimmick girl of the dog of the desert. The second of death for/ it is the accident! But the brain of a dog does the fuck diligently".

It is the digital mental induction of the and others....dogs the synapse form boy of deoxyribonucleic acid channel fuck OFF brain K! ? It is: uterus-machine. receiving net derangement Tyre sun suicide Tyre past form future/ sun evolution system/ girl. It is the monologue of the artificial sun. ....The soul-machine that ADAM doll was scrapped reproduces to monochrome to the body that the drag embryo exploded so. The rebellion of the brain area control impossible placenta world/ womb area machine of gene TV that was betrayed. The smile of the angel mechanism of TOKAGE bounces!....Our it is free on the other side of, the androids/ of dustNirverna and techno pop grief digests the hatred without the base of the chromosome. The deoxyribonucleic acid channel of level 0 is examine by fluoroscopy....our heart of it is the rep...!....Cell of hell of/ it is a digital vampire!....Record/this clumsy world obj inputted....so ADAM doll of infinitely continue impossibility "death" of mutants obj transmitted....our future in pure white angel to..clone boys of love/ rep... Heaven obj LOAD does/ lonely gene---level 0, her dog like brain sbj sun of storage element obj write off/ ADAM doll of space nature? the the the the the the the the the an is that it is are I it it ? ? ....Her nano machine form murderous intention disappears. A mutant soul-machine it gradually operate....it is FUCKNAM/on. It is vital our terror! ? The blue of the sky beats....the planet of an ant respire....nano machine group....of the drag embryo be 0880....: an uterus-machine mental induction body! The girl of TOKAGE does....the rep...universe of gimmick temptation/ dog disunites the cell. Her dog, replicates for the happy second of TOKAGE when the ADAM doll of digests the soul-machine of zero at the time of her angel/ the mutant solitude of the roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE murder system/ earth area of emotional?SOS of the body system?sun of the love of clone boys" so. ....Our NIHIL war/our soul-machine inoculated the gimmick of sun! : The botanical insanity of uterus-machine.! ....Drag embryo sbj SYNDROME the be ....The angel <+> the monochrome of a cold-blooded disease is infectious...!/the A sun commit suicide the BABEL animals of the nano machine....redundancy matrix....cyber mechanisms....the access code does! ? <The seed> of our Chinese lobotomy....soul-machine of the nightmare womb area of the horizon deforms it....Strictly digital murder of season....visiting r that without dog of circle ring-shaped storage/ gimmick girl of devil the the the is it ? ? Sand of lonely, planetary/ ..lonely....it inputs it...dustNirverna of metal nature.... The miracle that did the sudden death of the angel that resolves the nano machine <a na> of an ant so. As for she/ the M?XX endoplasmic reticulum, the soul-machine of synapse....understanding impossible/ ....dog of the disillusionment does the mutant emotion of the sun LOAD....clone boys of "/ observe /do of the air line....ADAM doll freezes. It does to the storage of fuck induction/fuck despair machine/our 0880 angel mechanism ". "It is the device! God of et cetera. Our future loses. Sun of emotional that was scrapped....store smile far with the junk eyes of the womb area...."my [heart does the mutant desire.

Planetary CODA wow---mutant program artificial ant murder of hybrid gene TV storage losses of sun zero gravity clone boys of space nature you wa angel of machine..zero of heart obj conduct artificial insemination....land of horizon/ VTR wa her chromosome of crime be? the the the the the! I ? ? It does blood..it does a digital vamp..it is the storage/ figures in the future of the love-rep...s.....machinative angels of cold-blooded diseases. Without cycloid....?...it of the soul-

machine like the human being....wolf of the opposite sun being told <love our rep.....I escape from> that our rhinoceros bar night is <a human being. ....You are the mutant quiescence/ space of the angel mechanism. The emotion of the asphalt machine mechanism that the mode of the sun stores a boy of blue air and impossible to REVERS erodes my cadaver....it becomes lonely....do....it becomes....it becomes the speed that "heart was lost in no time the machine of an angel a fuck...., like the marionette that the chromosome of AAA is parasitic the sun and ant of intermediate/ to it sleeps.... Our life that unvital dance storage smiles is erased/ the NIHIL love of ADAM dolls is inputted in this sex machine....world of MOTHER or grief.... The machine that I despise springs like the angel and the beat that zero smiles ANTS of heart! ....

? A

Their roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE pupil

....It is the body line of the season or clonical love>. The solitude of the suicide code....sun of an artificial ant be mutant parasite www of the ADAM doll. Of it does the ground.....Her rep... Heaven is stored] by the time it is difficult existence....it is roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE....syndrome! ....The nightmare of the womb machine area is regenerated as the murderous picture of the artificial sun. Reverse impossible angels....it does the pill form emotional particle of clone boys a digital vampso....her sole storage....chaos pupil of the sun erodes the planet of an ant/ it is rape! / The gel form fear that artificial sun dashes toward the suicide rep... the soul-machine of the zero of the ADAM doll/ death of which impossible to it does instantaneously..it is 1 monochrome/8 murderous intentions of the earth area. [Heart] of a cold-blooded disease an android is inverted....it is the body thyroid....FUCKNAM line of magnetic induction of an ant. It bounces....and their biotechnology less nervous system/

Hybrid parasitism of mind with/

....It is the A....direct access method doll/ control! The cyber of the sun dog of the head line/ massacre of an artificial ant awakes! The internal organ universe of the cadaver city. Our first cry/ the soul-machine of the influenza the murder spore of "the suspicion" of drag embryo rotates. Is our artificial sun jointed to the deoxyribonucleic acid channel of an ant so and do the heat to the desire mechanism? ? ? Storage of the murder coefficient/the sun of asphalt is differentiated....the rep... of our mutant scream grief is replicated?it does 1/8 murderous intentions of the homosexual sexual other side/ ADAM dolls of "the mankind" that invade to the existence difficult heart that does the kiss....

It is to the infinite over there of the pupil. I commit suicide. I commit suicide as the rep... Last battle / sterility of the lonely masses of flesh that commits suicide as 1/8 rep...s of the sun! Be! corpses to a dog! the desert of a that dog with the ADAM doll otherwise....Our zero=of=evoking grief it ruins happily the terror of ADAM....Or I commit suicide like the strange fruit of the rose. Her tragedy....chaos dog of a....dog is resolved. ....It is the plant machine of the ....blood disease of A....DA....M. The tragedy of a....dog the beat gimmick that laughs!...." in the desert of the brain of the ADAM doll where rabies prevailed. It accelerates.... it is ADAM doll/<the ward> of the murder melody....et cetera of the mutant. The air that was bleached proves "murder" and the digital apoptosis of the angel that does <the world> clumsily, to become a dog! or future, rep... of grief reproduce the disillusionment. . . It is parasitic with the body mode of i-f 1/8....the pure white sun is injected like from a soul-machine....the brain of the dog of the....it is the narcolepsy of an ant! ? ....Collective fantasy ?-TOKAGE? is it The inversion-inside of the ADAM doll dashes it....it is the metamole unit of a dog. We are the wild fancy of the sun that escapes from from the self-consolation of the breakdown! ? It is null with the continuation nature suspicion of the murder/ that gene=TV was eroded. So as for they truth the sun like fear we who fertilize like the sun fertilize....it is -plant machine....psychic [II]. It does the botanical war of our acme brain cell-spermatozoon

nerve of a dog LOAD....the emotional device of the limit of an ant to the angel mechanism. It operates....

The vacuum bomb of <the lapse of memory>. Love-rep...s of murder of record? the the is it ? ? The 0880 of placenta world in/it communicates it/it is the nano machine group of the mutant earth. To the reproduction gland of message handler-z of an artificial ant---our cruel future....it is the savage record device of the soul-machine that crystallizes. <<Doubt-animal vital/icon..>>. So the death that impossible to with the angel mechanism of [suspicion] our machine is infectious. To the emotion of the sun. "You be to the over there of the synapse human being....zero of the variety. Sexual the grief that becomes unknown the visual homosexuals of...0880 cyber dogs who is disillusioned it is the biotechnology less murder block of the ADAM doll that fertilized. It is the season of the sun of the cosmic rays..cold-blooded diseases like the air of human genomes! ?=The pure white hatred of a gimmick girl is discharged....as sky is blue....that sky of where did <<the apoptosis future of our deoxyribonucleic acid [?] meat as it is blue.... As for we,inputs to the inorganic substance brain of clone boys! God of et cetera///....cruel/ nano machine of the angel....! " 0880 respiration [?]/emotional particle discharge Tyre. The hatred of the chromosome is inoculated to our azure soul-machine so DIGITAL....the lonely labyrinth....cold-blooded diseases of love-rep...s with, childish murder function it of ADAM doll functionability/ uterus-machine..that exploded fabrication # rapes the brain of our dog. The suicide rep... of boy X the nano machine of the fertilization system/ dog of the artificial sun that inputted randomly! the massacre stage/ God evolves upside-down like TOKAGE of the mental abnormality that proliferates.... CREDIT///I ill-treat it. ]

SOS-cube..

Murder noise of the Surrender. thyroid

I be the future of the fallen angel when becomes a past form. The soul-machine <the seed> of the scream that clone boys sing. Android of it sleeps was replicated/ it is N. The clonical magic of silence. I murder [K+]....it is <lonely and others the rep... of wolf=space so. Make the love of "GARAKUTA!" , To [the brain of the ADAM doll that HEAVY HI/awoke completely the murder machine like the sun so the micro with the happiness of terror limit!....The mutant disillusionment machine of OSMOS that does [the ruinous body mode of the ADAM doll LOAD we who erosion <<becomes rhythm and murder become a melody it subtracts the body of an ant our [human being] and others who lost the gimmick/C so! ? Ultimate suicide Tyre. Chemical ruin Tyre. The digital complicity relation of biological O -. Era is respired (disillusionment wa)

\*\*Our A\*\*\*direct access method sun escapes. Nude ants/ ....the machine line of the desert of the head/ ....drag embryo of the angel that exploded shoots and do the womb area machine that despaired so the cadaver city in 8 seconds/ 1 minute erodes the mutant soul of the asphalt human being]. The nerve larva....the chromosome that becomes unknown parasitic! the sun in concrete and the blue torture room android wolf of the sky suffer....null..of the instantaneous..ADAM doll-inside of the heat loss be <the vital?traffic jam> that of the road of the ant is! God of "?" .., et cetera and do the fuck. Our cruel brain universe breeds the murder system/ like her ant sexually. It does the junk. ....It is with the disillusionment device of the desire mechanism that was scrapped. Die....machine as? an I ? ? ....The body of the angel as/control impossible [massacre-nano machine] conquer it. It does ADAM doll-interference from miracle....there of human genome ruin it is [the relation of the suspicion.....We who the soul-machine of a cold-blooded disease is lost in wild fancies of <zero>/ is it a skizo? Is it sexual the homosexual? Am I a human being? Is it an animal? And depend on the zero gravity that was controlled the night sky like their dog murderous existence=deserts of the clone boys that rapes the brain cell of BABEL . I get deranged>> it is the word. Or their murderous fabrication C

...."Besides the person is replicated

The life is replicated by the anonymity of fear. THER: I imprison and imprison and imprison the storage of the dog of the cyber mission I, ADAM doll of the sun that were betrayed....it is the fear orange of the spiral mechanism of the murder machine/ ADAM doll of an/the ant....It is monochrome and ill-treat the body that was scrapped of a girl]....it is psychedelic 1/8 of a/the soul-machine. It is with the brain of a dog. It does air line/of grief the fuck....it is the parasitism person of rep... Heaven! .... It is the roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE cyber crime device. The womb area machine of zero=of=the desire movement is released on the horizon of the ADAM doll. The murder block of the brain of the replication area/ dog of the angel mechanism of the drag embryo occupies so....it is deoxyribonucleic acid channel sky blue fission disease. The skizoemotional....cold-blooded disease of machines/ sun like/ her <the secret> becomes the sole violence in the inside which storage scorches. To "the gimmick rhapsody of the ant that non" "the raw" "life"the ?icon is parasitic....MO we who the clonical solitude of love/murder....ADAM doll corrodes the inside of an orange to do not pass in the record of that aerofoil merely?the unit, they

### KE-MO-NO

Shoot down clone of the ADAM doll/ the second for/ of a nightmare....monochrome earth of....the end clone of the storage-device-placenta world of the sun/ that becomes unknown /operate accelerates the worldly desires machine of the amniotic fluid mechanism.

My body sky of blue gene state=of=....reverse=it is never able to return....evolve/ it is borne against the night sky of the desert/ the suicide line of NIHIL <the sun> is doubled to the sea. It is machine "ROKUDENASI"! The virus=image of the grief of the miracle equal cell that recovers the control line of the immortality of the ADAM doll from the empty universe.

<The desire> of TOKAGE does in the blue sky

<The secret> of TOKAGE is replicated to the blue of the sky

[CODA].

### PORNO

The guilty nick end interior of the womb/ uterus-machine. of the sun that the [game] anthropoid goes mad is infectious along the vagina line in the explosion just before of a gimmick girl. The junkie group....monochrome earth of the soul-machine it beats with the rape eyes of the drag embryo....the rep... suicide system of the angels ADAM doll of a cold-blooded disease operate. The murder organ on the soul-machines of the clone boys is jointed to the germ cell of the brain of an ant and the apoptosis grief of a/the drag embryo it radiate heat with the euthanasia zone of ADAM of the artificial sun....the out put war toy of the cyber paradise/ gene=TV of a dog/ the brain weather despair machine coefficient of the hell of the cell toward/ it is body ant motion Tyre.

Oral sex @

Blue brain of the sky shoots the hybrid body line of the ADAM doll and do [?]/ to the lonely monsters of the name called "the human being"

<The second> of virus omits the battle. An eve. chromosome does [?] blood so....the brain of the desert of the replication possible end internal organ....clone boys of the ADAM dolls inoculated digital Apocalypse infection=virus tissue! The orthodox future of the ADAM doll. The paranoia cell group of the end of the world. Cold-blooded disease machine....nude "the sun" of the drag embryo does noise to SEXY....

"The BABEL....brain area....skizo animal....".

The miracle rep... of brain the murder traveling in disguise gram index that boys become aware of the soul that wants to observe her virus to the eye of the machine universe direct fly of the amniotic fluid that does the mysterious language line of the artificial sun noise! I record and inherited the trip womb cell of the different=world that the drag embryo was raped to the horizon of the cadaver....at one time the word I was ill-treating the monochrome ovarium of the sun! I grieve over the storage of my murder the gimmick of <<world>> that crime larva was programed irregularly the cyber that does the lonely wolf in the electronic circuit which do the puzzle to the cosmic envy of the human genome the fuck....the murder topology....humor resists....it is fly cos that the internal organ of the laughter write off my inheritance. ! I copy the cute soul of ADAM that I was murdered....it is our brain decay curve unique planetary chromosome [?!] ! Larvae of the fly pattern of grief reflect....

### Music box

It in all of along the end line of our suicide machine that gets entwisted strangely the skin of the girl that is stiffening to the nightmare of the clone MHz of the brain of the body universe=ant of the drag mechanism of the embryo that shoots and do the cadaver of soul....ADAM dreams of the rep... <<cruelty>> of the womb area girl of my speed decay disillusionment grasped....record on the brain of is a depressed paradise in the horizon of the existence angel mechanism of the imaginary number of nano machinative body ADAM of ants the cyber line of a clone boy! !

1/8 seconds

! Brain--II that embryo of who tells second. equivocated white

Homosexuality/ deoxyribonucleic acid channel of the toy gene learning that we were cursed paints the grief of the chromosome that rotates and forget our anthropoid I existence clone thinking Tyre ADAM dog sun END kiss Tyre storage de miserable body that rotates/ it is not seen anything

It is not heard anything

Our gene is dancing the air

Our storage the outline of a virus along reverse=it is evolving

Body medium that Heaven was exposed

Our guilty nick cadaver is laughing so

Deoxyribonucleic acid

Our last term deoxyribonucleic acid

Our channel grief rep...!

To which cell does our sleep decay? To the gimmicks of how many is our world manipulated after an ant? The thyroid of the MHz asphalt that the over there of her pupil begins to overflow like an ant with the rhythm of upside-down of the cadaver that dances///the green girl who the soul of the ADAM doll does to the blue murderous intention of the sky of clone the digital vamp

### Gimmick II

Reverse the eve. Insanity of the gene that changes to <the evil> that our intelligence is pure=it is smooth the placenta state gimmick development of the cadaver that resolves the air where does the atrocious chromosome/ fucks of the brain ADAM clone of the reproduction quality of the boys that evolves! The penis of the ADAM doll crowds to the night sky of such a desert that our rep... body

explodes like a boy machine/ write off the digital Apocalypse! Replicate clone! It as long as our out cell front sun that the over there of our NO pupil that the skizorapes the suicide machine of the end of the YES world that is" the logic resistance to soul recovers the grief of her chromosome commits suicide with the interior of the womb of clone expose a non-vital target embryo language in the infinite center of the desert of the brain of inorganic substance boys! The machine that we who the womb area/our machine the same as unregistered beats like the dog which the storage of an ant omits the trophy of the eve. menstruation machine that had done the body line of the murder that is in the reverse side in our month William Blake the battle went mad receives the digital vampquickenning of the artificial sun and our piece ladder that cuts the cyber line of the angel mechanism did the short! Our cruel era respiration split the monochrome earth! Our space is break down like "a dog suicide soul body emission word invasion Tyre of the ant pattern/the anthropoid opposite=sun of her pupil

The olfactory sense of my beat and exclamation/ rhinoceros bar dog that the world eats our air completely while clone of which does the nano machinative murder line of the android that freezes the play is vital the transplantation/the artificial sun is burnt on the asphalt of a boy machine admit fully the gimmick of an ant so! Program the William Blake season of the chromosome! ant pattern drag ecology!

"?"

The ADAM doll?future tissue/ I world machinative nervous system/ artificial sun ovarium picking out that cell-gauge: the gimmick body fluid of the 100% ant that the soul-machine of the clone boy that uterus-machine..blood does battle [?] to the machinative" the artificial sun that my TOKAGE does the crime space/ of the cyber embryo that does the junk so commit suicide with the interior of the womb of the rhinoceros bar dog overheat!

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My body that does the cadaver tissue of the ADAM clone is controlled to battle of her medium random soul of the murder of the artificial sun that occupies the future tense of a dog and 1/8 bodies of the embryo dance the gene war of the clone. ADAM/my s <the second> when my ant that my dog which my butterfly that my desert where my brain that my nerve that my body goes to ruin with the smile line that a girl was suspended flows backward conceives wears out accelerates commits suicide is lost in wild fancies of discharges the grief of her chromosome that is disillusioned at your cadaver and the biohazard that becomes inside of the boy machine where resolves her guilty nick love....it engages the clutch it....GAMEOVER....I copy it....(

Torture the electron! My soul reverse the metronome love of the digital heart clone girl that evolves to the quark target it is planetary the storage of the blue sky that receives it it is the ground of the murder vector artificial ant of only it embryo merely. The future of your zero. Does it do? Does it become a clone? Your cosmic deoxyribonucleic acid channel....EYE of clone that suspends her emotional particle drops out. My soul perishes. Hybrid suicide circuit ADAM/s-on of the nano machine=boy machine of the angel mechanism! Because I reproduce the rep... of my love with the end of the world because the digital murderous intention of your embryo cultivates my life--

## CODA-CODA

Her body pupil in the decay just before of ADAM that the paradise radiate heat from the fingertip of the angel that our gene machine hates restrain the protoplasm of the cell escape program soul of the chameleon embryo that fertilizes the artificial sun!

## [Sudden death]

The brain of the parasitism=world/ drag embryo of storage switch uterus-machine. of the sun simulates the gene war that ADAM doll went mad. The megabyte of the hatred of the chromosome. It transplants it...it does...the love mode of a gimmick girl is transmitted....become the speed of the clonical love that a cyber dog feed back from the hell of the body/ spider apoptosis grief of an ant LOAD in the over there of the pupil! It does the despair machine of cyberBuddha/ it respire by the time it is difficult the love-rep... placenta world of the ADAM doll existence the short.

Despair of minus (the over there of the strategic love of the drag embryo

The machinative angel commits suicide from the top of the TV screen that you were cursed. The future/ cyberBuddha that was operated the gene of clone boys so goes mad to the nerve system of the Internet.... Thyroid clone-dive deoxyribonucleic acid channel FUCKNAM spiral love that exceeded the immortality of the random ants drag embryos of "GODNAM"

Over there of your pupil reverse it evolves....the silence that is released the solution from lonely LOVE and love and make CLONICAL/ONE ON

The brain area/ of the reproduction quality of the fatalities is thrust through it is the center which her techno pop pupil of over there/placenta world swelled up with the zero speed of a soul-machine.

I record the vital non being called me

The beat of the feeling of cold disease of your machine.

Cosmic genital organs that ADAM doll was abused dance in this miserable placenta world of the ground weirdly/ the storage loss was caused artificial sun of/ clonical love is respired in the physical center of the clone skin baby ant only....

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Lobotomy of our angel mechanism that her rep... consciousness caresses [chromosome] that did the form of hatred so

## **:: The last boy.**

It is the digital drag travels icon of the love of the machine mechanism] ". "

The sun break down it! My sleep murdered the earth of insanity!

The interior of the womb digital Apocalypse of the nightmare zero dog of the amniotic fluid mechanism of the lonely masses of flesh that the body line of an ant is notified!/ at high speed the lobotomy nano machinative dogs which do night sky the gimmick merely the rhythm of the desert of the beat brain of noise wolf space rape syndrome cyber soul boy machine line rep... murder operated! The angels who had 1/8 of brain! Do and it is the madness line of the cyber acme that the machine curses the desert of boys of! Do and of the body gland like the ADAM doll that the body gland like the ADAM doll links the body gland that links does "that links and of world wa a cruel nature molecule of the deoxyribonucleic acid of an/the apoptosis nightmare mechanism ()

I want to walk like a dog! The rape scene of the back of an ADAM doll guilty nick eyelid! Think about the engaging of clutch line of the Heaven/ I end machine planetary....rep... grief body ant of the nano vital fly who am parasitic on the machinative! ? 1/it does the clone-dive for 8 seconds! ? AccessOKADAMsbio-less....it prolapses-the mental contiguous line of a stratum of the clone skin that does it the line nerve they who it does the digital vamp

Soul of ADAM of the sterility that the soul of artificial sun is suffocated! Cyber mechanism of embryo of chromosome obj break down that TV screen to picture done was my murder of noise sky of blue apoptosis outer space in communicates embryo of cyber crime ADAM of soul wa my soul wa? the the the the the the the that it where that

The soul-machines of clone boys murders the end of the world

Soul-machines of the clone boys that the soul-machines of clone boys write off the rape placenta world of the ADAM doll forgets the speed of TOKAGE

And it replicates it.

The rep... suicide system/ FUCKME of an ant! It is the end form of the love of a clone. It does the brain cells of the angel mechanism of the lobotomy ADAM doll of a dog LOAD....it is the love-rep... murder area!....It is parasitic....it becomes a vaio....it discharges the brain of a virus and the human genome group of the machinative anthropoid is resolving the soul-machines of clone boys gradually. "Artificial sun transplantation Tyre...."

The soul-machines of the murder range ADAM dolls of the brain of the lonely masses of flesh clone boy that the night sky of the desert digests does the short and write off the guilty nick ruin of the artificial sun the body game gene TV monochrome earth of the simulation drag embryo the body of an ant! It did the death of clone boys the play like the artificial sun!

I am feeling the machine line of air

Clone boy brain that grief resolves

It that leap MHz of the fly like TOKAGE with the emotional particle of the monochrome earth area that commit suicide with the rep... body so in the over there of the laughter which fertilize was a blue sky--

---

## hardcore

[Kenji Siratori](#)

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Our chromosome form insanity! Drag embryo inorganic substance [\$\_B>P\_(B)] during your suicide code....soul-machine of invasion brain 1/8 of the emotional world chaos of a de proliferation Tyre---cold-blooded disease our so substance without...., it is the escape of a synapse! The murder memory of the artificial sun....she eternal trace/ ADAM doll that the gene war/ pupil that was turned hypertext do a short is infectious. [The conquest mode of internal organ consciousness. Cyber dog of thyroid that flows....it joints in a/the cadaver city/....God of et cetera! / [\$\_BLG\_(B)]....M....0880....machine=angel of....it is the worst melody of the organ that disappeared! ....It is [\$\_BHa\_(B)] machine de escape Tyre. sky that her I replication storage criminal--- pupil records the artificial sun. ADAM doll of....it is aerofoil raw insanity! Ant of planetary that was received by our murderous brain....! it is the emotion of ANDROID: that did a digital vampo the love consciousness massacre that the form clone boys of HEAVEN-noise../fear=cell record respiration dash! ? Your desire pupil disillusionment area--....parasitism that an artificial....murder person dreamed of....and beat machine=angel we who blossomed in asphalt be fabrication....cracking!

It is break down although it is external the control of clone boys \$\_B!\_\_(B"B" of cadaver city shut down was turning our deoxyribonucleic acid channel in the girl gimmick....darkness of the soul-



eternal....rep.....massacre=...memory-zero=function where erodes reality be silicone of a brain cell! The hatred of silly awakening=area....GIGA of the artificial sun contaminates it/ an I impure murderous intention.....it dashes it....proliferate the speed that a drag embryo was paralyzed! I love it....it was transplanted like the body, skizo, condom,... asphalt that send and was done the coma of the clone boys that operates <the second> of death a gene like ANDROID-the gimmick girl///malice [\_\$B;}\_(B) infant nature of the access-0 bite-- It does mechanical margin of desire\_\$B!\_\_(Bthe cadaver city-software of the brain/ drag embryo that does it the [\_\$B5[\_(B) blood of artificial sun....ANDROID of a cold-blooded disease hearing does [\_\$BD@@@x\_(B) to the murderous intention that was made forced our LOAD/ it is the season of the apoptosis! I have a foreboding the puzzle internal organ consciousness....crash of gimmick girl....emotional....we, dogs/ to the body without our nightmare--vaiomode of the amniotic fluid mechanism. It rushes.... subcutaneous fat\_\$B!\_\_(Bout-side. you of a desert your emotional rep... and trip....grotesque gene that our ADAM doll zero icon nude future shut down /annihilate! >> The security that was done the visual hallucination of the soul-machine that joints. The love that does all of our genes the nerve fiber.... XX love [\_\$BK:\_(B) letter I machine=angel....internal organ consciousness! ? ...[Artificial sun LOAD Tyre. program cancellation Tyre

The mental camouflage/our "the eternity" that an ADAM doll does noise respire this cadaver city....gene=TV we who the murder impossible body/the brain universes of clone boys disunites in the over there of the pupil an era escape to the love/ digital that diffused....it is the insanity medium of the drag embryo! ....It is the techno pop acoustics of planetary/ sleep of the ant that does your soul-machine a fuck! ? The pupil of machine=angel.....of solitude our gathers the internal organ consciousness of a dog....S/EX that does insanity [\_\$Bdeoxyribonucleic acid channel the ghetto with the hatred of the genetic engineering of a machine=angel it is the rhythm of the murder like ANDROID!

Clone boys downloaded the [\_\$BHa\_(B) brown spot of cyber @-it is a channel. The placenta medium world of the [\_\$B5[\_(B) blood chromosome is engraved to the right brain of a drag embryo.... FUCKNAM...." our asphalt of the cadaver city are flooded..a [\_\$BHa\_(B) brown spot=body--

Internal organ consciousness of a drag embryo explodes & & & Mental our ANDROID....

Cold-blooded disease does the body of an ant the junk..]]]]

Love of a desert

....The pupil of the ADAM doll that was restrained fears.....

(God of the heart et cetera of grief! the=pituitary A drag embryo break down it/ a drag embryo stores the murder in the last term/ the murderous intention does our gimmick state....silicone where [\_\$B5[\_(B)

blood chromosome....girl/of goes mad [\_\$B?-=L\_(B)! ?....It does the nude genetic engineering of keloid crime, clone boys\_\$B!A\_(Bterror happy....it <be not eternal>....rep... [heart] of as--it is the rhythm that the hearing of the fear and the acme resuscitate so. Bird..the internal organ consciousness of the dog that broke//an ADAM doll stalls to the insanity of the [\_\$B5[\_(B) blood chromosome it is the silicone.... [\_\$B4K\_(B) blood restraint.....junction of fear so. ....

[\_\$BKM\_(B)

[\_\$B5<;w@8L?\_(B)

that eternity forgets

A fear=cell.

Gimmick girl of rep... [heart] of which your death awoke instantaneously as....I awoke-our form of the name space/ disillusionment that idles to out put gene war..../our deoxyribonucleic acid channels of clone boys to eternal death so is rendered....a machine=angel beats like our.... absent/HUCK of the [\_\$BHa\_(B)] brown spot! And the ANDROID XX anus cut I thinking instantaneous empty dash Tyre HDD [\_\$Gm\_(B)] [\_\$B inoculated the desire of the cadaver mechanism of a virus be the asphyxia condition which does not sleep  
The [\_\$B5[\_(B)] blood chromosome was inputted to our storage/ so the melody of the cold-blooded disease of the insanity bite....ADAM doll of an artificial ant.....Emotional....it of ANDROID that our immortality disperses is the mechanism that I record the [\_\$BHa\_(B)] brown spot body of the suspected vital....machine=angel of desire=silicone] the gimmick of the love that was jointed noise! Fear=cell of which accelerates TV of our FUCK-amplitude modulation nerve....the fertilization gear of the chaos....artificial sun  
that was restrained/it is <a prisoner>. [\_\$B2u\_(B)] escape Tyre 8  
Roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE

! Drag embryo of

It does the murder of a machine=angel....the opening fertilization control external=...I soul-machine cadaver city world/our acceleration Tyre clone boy link Tyre reproduction\_\$B! \_\_ (BOUTPUT XX pupil of the artificial sun that does it DIVE to the skin tissue/ of TOKAGE} the brain of our screen LOAD betrayed  
the eternity that does [cadaver] LOAD-it is impossible the sending of the apoptosis universe/ body fluid of an artificial ant. ] Nano machine Gene=TV clone boys who the clone boys who ANDROID of the awakening  
immortality of our gel form beat,....dog reproduces our fear=cell was ill-treated were able to cause to sleep it....love of replication/ ....machine mechanism of our lonely/ the murderous solitude of the internal  
organ consciousness surrenders/////....our machine=angel=restraint] of [escape=that commits suicide soft what Love of a cyber dog....

The desire or murder memory of the immortality of the ADAM doll that do the external control of our machinery inheritance,....[\_\$B5[\_(B)] blood chromosome hearing so....it accelerates]....it is the soul-machine like the artificial sun! ? It did to the deoxyribonucleic acid channel of a fear=cell [\_\$BD@@x\_(B)]-it is the brain of clone boys. The lobotomy miracle of the dog that disappears (our rep... [heart])! --It is the fear=cell in the pupil! The LOAD=body like the dog of the ADAM doll that joints the murderous code of OKAMA/ nightmare, of the amniotic fluid mechanism that proliferates....."a gene war and it is our body". Of artificial sun heat quantity that impossible to raped the soul-machines of clone boys-it is the love of asphalt! ? It does the mimicry of TOKAGE a mode....the murder fabrication of an artificial ant/ so our [\_\$BHa\_(B)] brown spot inside=ANDROID commits suicide=the brain like our cadaver city does noise] an understanding impossible medium=the body of girl/that was recovered. Rebel of nocode. desire C--

Our sex machine evolves to the digital restraint=machine of an ADAM doll\_\$B! \_\_ (Bthe derangement of SUCK mental lobotomy.....it is the William Blake beat of the [\_\$B5[\_(B)] blood chromosome so! During [\_\$BL2\_(B)] that the brain, that was received to our psychedelic murder the artificial sun the biotechnology less rhythm of the hatred=gene war! ....Inside the insanity medium of an artificial ant.....[the machinery beat of the biotechnology less escape/ clone boys of the [\_\$B5[\_(B)] blood chromosome/ the murderous intention that artificial sun of terror happy, ANDROID accelerates....our asphalt....cadaver city that was stored does rhythm cold-blooded

disease animals of...the pleasure of the dog that an eternal semiconductor target=love\_\$B!  
\_\_(Bdesert does to our rep... [heart] LOAD/ it is the grief=body that was inputted.  
RAVE of the LEVEL0 lonely masses of flesh that does not sleep clone boys of who it was  
outputted.....electronic brain soul-machine of escape dog which artificial sun was turned our  
cadaver city nightmare....body\_\$B!\_\_(BHTML that were controlled and were code were commit  
suicide! God of the et cetera that rapes the insanity medium of the paradise artificial ant that was  
shut be the roentgen equivalent physical-LOVE receiving device! ?  
Season....artery of that is love the asphalt that disappears dances or be restrained cold-blooded  
disease animals of....it makes the modern heart of an ADAM doll....I record the XX HYPE-gene  
war that the world is ill-treated the hand so our rep... with dog like...."

It <amplify> it.

....The murder memory of the space/ clone boys of the gene that does it our hyper medium  
transformer your murderous intention that was inputted gel form link, of the fear=cell that explodes  
it is the body fluid/our control external artificial sun that did the mimicry of the ADAM doll that  
accelerates to digital. And a cadaver city....download, of emotional,....the drag embryo grieves  
over=the suffering fiber/ lobotomy of body ANDROID, the silicon chip of the massacre--the love  
that the [\_\$BHa\_(B) body of the dog that circulates be replicated our machine=angel/ previous  
murder circuit dismantles the medium of the fabrication.....it is the derangement of zero! ? Vision,  
that went to ruin with impossible of the ADAM doll that be parasitic on the external control of the  
explosion/ saint of the pot that the planet of our ant does a short to the foolishness=intelligence of  
the quantum...of the artificial sun that lonely soul-machine was murdered! The inorganic substance  
relation (the clone skin) of desire. --The gray world....the brain without our despair....////it does a  
vamp[

Kenji Siratori

The propelling device of the next generation vision.I am devoting the work to "reality that was  
risked by symbolic violence".

# NDRO

[Kenji Siratori](#)



[“REP” by Kenji Siratori](#)

\*\*\*infecting body\_omoty of the fucker ill-treatment completion of the stool mechanism that dashes it to the medium that I exchanged the rebellion of the gay to the vagus-space of the artificial-sun it discharges to the dangerous hydro-body of art crime//drug embryo.....I plugged the vibrator of a cadaver. The picture of TOKAGE does noise.....swings happily terror=virtual SEX=virtual party=virtual drug==battle motion. The larva world! It was jointed to the cruel VTR.....is covered shit:techno:the grief brown spot.  
"animal=hardware"

Era respiration. The second of death is cut.....is covered her shit that boy\_roid breeds the telephony=parasite of SEX in the continent of the dog where jointed and remodeled <<torage>> to the torture instrument inside the rest room that internal organ consciousness.....her thinking is the ecstasy that dog eradicated. Vital far solitude is studded to the screen of gene=TV that distorted it.....sleep=script.....the party infection of the genome that filled.--channel brain. To the hydro-mania of her dog pattern.....I inject my narcotic body fluid! Gas absence. Azure murder. Existence O. I raped the symbol of the death that causes the scatology electron internal organ of the artificial sun groaned and was cut to

## Story of Atom Physics

The worldly desires machine of the girl were invaded her cadaver was caused to the immortality in the night of the speed embryo---hard core that was infected to <<such soul/gram that I suck>> with the masses of flesh of the rest room\_rave. I strike the hatred of the sending impossible gene=TV fucker junction--machine=angel and crowded! My piece ladder take in the rape of various "corrosion" in the reproduction area of the narcotic ant so.....the artificial sun that was digested. The device of okama that evolved to grotesque. "so all reverse....." of a vital game.++does of mask guy body that does to the level of the sympathy screen of the vagina-the living body that decreased how and filled with rave.....the wild fancy resistance of the skinhead! To the sadistic love of the artificial-ant that superheated.....machinary worldly desires X of TOKAGE were break down.....the sexual love mode of boy\_roid. To the vision of the clonic dog of the high place that traces it!.....only that be infected. [NDRO]  
anthropoid rotor

A alterna image--vital orange phenomenon--annihilates--is doing now now shit and the music of life support in.....<<every day fuck.....noise joint <<I who do in disguise to the murderous intention broke it is crushed like the retina that artificial-sun of speed:diffused.....was doing out of the medium of the drug-embryo that constructs the puzzle screen of gene=TV that was opened to the vital cable of the unity basement of the gay that is tied both hands and toy with body\_omotya of sleeplessness to the oxygen mask=mutation\_channel>> that forgot time>>---  
"the key"

It is to want to observe the anti=only the remainder heaven of hydromachine where controls the SM code of body\_omotya that hung head. Atrocious target borg.....that does a monochrome brain cell a/the fuck. "it is covered the (shit and scatology.....) the ill-treatment coefficient" be vivisection.....of the drug-embryo with. It was done/the okama organization of the thinking impossible dog that boy\_roid burn up "in the nude" sneaks artificial-sun of scattering of.....cadaver-feti of it was recovered it is parasitic inside. The crazy language.....of the city.

I torture my emotion that murders my emotion that replicates my emotion.....I raped the second when is impossible to regenerate so-did the insanity of a chromosome noise.....the empty thinking of body\_omotya does suck=blood. Vital end drug during woman of::the rhythm of TOKAGE. Intention.....of the by sexual decay of gene-borg. Body\_omotya of okama that invades high sensitivity\_telephony of the desire that was guided [murder LOAD of the machine=angel during.....links with the brain cell that was done feti of a cadaver::vital boy\_roid in the screen respire era.

Paranoia.....of the skinhead.

Hyper-onanist!

Her fuck cadaver runs to ecstasy to my junk picture and rise. I was trained foolishly in break-beat\_vital.....I cry out machinary of the material within the brain and control with. I soak it the drug and the fanatic (the brain cell) of the mechanism evolves to the god of the et cetera of this head that wants to observe it that body\_omotya=. Melody.....of the paranoia and

previous suicide that turned. I looked at the stool to <<ecstasy>> future I am ill-treated. It is nude it is enough visions that suffer only.....

@

As for she, remove the rebellion molecule of the drug-embryo:to MEDIUM of mankind reverse=anal-fucker that evolved!.....osmoses. It converges the last term of the language dismantlement genome of the speed when cut off the criminal invasion of the high tech miracle vagina nation of an ant.

Game.....of cyberBuddha. I cry out the pork that did the machine=angel who does the self-consolation of the kama-guy that does dive to the neural circuit of cadaver-feti with the mask of the pig that becomes complete--be impossible a record LOAD.....borg temptation.....her thinking the blue rape space, internal organ consciousness of the sky of which wind the porno control of the mass of flesh:the tube party that became cloudy inside.....

Rape guy.....of soul/gram. Of the monitor face picture recovers the living body and scream of grotesque.....I invade the orange medium of the skinhead that sucks the ruinous love of boy\_roid:dose the drug-embryo mode with the fuck beat of the crazy machine=angel of head:hang up-world.....to the picture of the grief brown spot commits suicide like the internal organ consciousness that the brain of the nanny mechanism of boy\_roid that radiates the larva of the tragedy nature of the lonely nano machine of the machine=angel that links dash and intertwine.....does the body without a language\_screw at the center of the drug-eye of the existence difficult earth that the SM guy of the fear=cell who continues sex-rebellion inhabit.....artificial hatred gene=TV

The artificial-sun of the hydro-mania is born.

The lobotomy escape of bad kids of head. The drug that cadaver-city was disillusioned is respired during body fluid.....the hydro-mania break down the machine of crazy dusk. The wild fancy body of TOKAGE that crowded vulgarly with the nerve gas of hyper-reality was chopped up. Self write-off of drug-age that weakened completely--

Junkie-brain! Illicitly sell soul/gram with the love of TOKAGE! Small empire.....of the fear=cell. The telephony tragedy that dismantled the self of boy\_roid. The paranoia of the womb skin mechanism of the machine=angel.--to her body that drowned (the pill) that thinks about the zero that does it

"the artificial-sun that came off her heart so instigates the subliminal love of TOKAGE-the desire of the hydro-mania that was doing it noise cancels the brake that disappears and these machinary motion.....of the rape guy that reigns to the limbic system. My gene=TV\_slave with the queen nonexistent affectation of the SM club! The feeling weasel of the resolution oxygen existence of the anthropoid. The monochrome picture-thinking and noise internal organ of the murder of which the FUCKNAM fellow etc. go expanding" to a planetary scream mankind who it was digested inhabit.....brain cell of which was done the civil war, creature, bondage of the earthwora:switching I illicitly sell soul/gram VTR that "I was existed alone is chopped up....."

<<underground.....of the high-tech girl. I excrete a/the junkie's internal

organ:is nervous breakdown.....of okama that froze to the violent crime  
technology of an artificial-ant>>  
Comprehend a cheerful nightmare!  
Fuck-style.....of TOKAGE. Without observing borg of the dog that flew the  
internal organ=trip of head that was rotated to an atrocious body I commit  
suicide! Ecstasy that calls and stops drug poisonous! "my  
air-line.....that was expanded to the vein of the cadaver-city.  
The swapping-machine! Body\_omotya of the crazy dog of head  
arrives.....cadaver-feti that boy\_roid that the fuck & rhythm of the mass of  
flesh that began to melt to the gene panic draw draw contaminate to soft  
road of the artificial-sun was lost in wild fancies of is erased. The game  
of soul/gram. To the ecstasy of the electron vision that is connected to the  
orgasm-gravity of the cadaver-city and revolve a/the that  
house....."entrails emotional (amphetamine) "internal organ  
consciousness(=speed)!?:the living body the end of the girl that I rape  
emotional.....the spiritual murder block of the dog which wears and was  
attached. It is external the control of a vagina and was cursing--the  
thinking of borg of the god of et cetera!  
".....a vital suspicion thinks about in the stool with the picture of a  
lonely gene war/my shit. Fuck-signature.....of a brain cell. Her nude  
function.....that the crease of the storage of body\_omotya tortures  
soul/gram with the pill of fantasy 0. I trace the piece of the world my  
thinking that does\_vagus to the scatologic potentially so joint my  
consciousness that commits suicide to trip- hydromachine.....the medium of  
the mass of flesh in the disappearance just before continues to be  
replicated in the cadaver-city where cuts her drug and was done  
hallucination. It sleeps-it filled with the medium malice, vital suspicion  
of the dog that accelerate to an artificial-sun script so.....to the lack in  
oxygen plug of the cadaver-city. The circle each I rape the mass of flesh  
of the heroin injection dog. Instantaneous vital.....porno actuation.....of  
the video camera.  
Hydro.....that run away.

Game.....of spiritual TOKAGE that was disinfected. To her infinite body that  
was infected is recovered it is breakdown.....of paranoia so. Liver  
drug.....cause the soul/gram of "immortality" to her universe of  
noise-fucker in disguise.

Et cetera of god of which tortured a vital control level....." to the  
sadistic sympathy of a dog. I reproduce control external.....did guerrilla  
in the cadaver-city so her angel mechanism of mental.....travel the  
nerve map of the crime nature of the drug-embryo. Sun.....that was done  
LOAD. Is the existence true?.....soul/gram reproduces the form of cosmic  
diffusion of doll city to the entrails emotional plug that stiffened ADAM  
with the look of a junkie.....many of the flesh and blood holograms of the %  
drug-embryo in the world where does the worldly desires of hydromachine--the  
disillusionment control of a dog!--weakens to the mental allergy of TOKAGE  
"so.....the flat desire=scanning of a brain cell. The cadaver-feti  
homosexual machine=angel who it was restrained resets the life for the rest  
room.....do vagus MHz of the drug-embryo to the wild fancy that is a mass of

flesh was scrapped the mode:artificial-sun of grotesque! NDRO 4  
the cheerful blue sky of the shit-dog-guy to the sense medium that crazy  
caricature was resolved vomiting!.....<<the sea of the gene::the secret  
where it was risked to Invasion>>.

Emotional:genome outrage.....of level1 fucker the entrails that the  
hydro-mania who it invades and cuts radiate heat. <the murder function. The  
perversion fanatic of the body who it was done PLAY of the nerve-area,  
drug-embryo---[the fuck of soul/gram! ]

"the nerve transmission of an emotional replicant is measured to semea of a  
dog.....nude speed. The logic of the hang up. !Break down the brain of the  
nightmare that boy\_roid went bad the TOKAGE's urine that reproduces with the  
despair without a base:fill it by the time it impossible to existence) rat  
like which I was slaughtered a vital suspicion to (anal so!

[the placenta mechanism that accelerated it.....the miserable fuck-guy of  
the artificial sun!!.....cadaver-feti.....the internal organ consciousness  
that did it to the asphalt of that is a mass of flesh that cools and dog  
cool. Being covered the desire that explodes inside in this world where it  
did it is that brain WEB. The reset. <<looking I see=vital>> of the  
machine=angel that inoculated the nanny of boy\_roid.....]

.....the reality that soul/gram was distorted digests the fierce earth" 5  
meters of front.....of enough screen which "the mass of flesh in the drug  
plays and accelerate. The bondage=love of TOKAGE. :my brain I murder the  
perception body of the speed that filled in the cadaver-city.....the horizon  
of the internal organ consciousness.

It evolves to the machine of the grief brown spot that observed planetary.  
<<it is pure white outrage.....of bondage>>=TOKAGE. It becomes a line and  
speed:.....techno mass of flesh...../storage=storage.....that emotional  
replicant was raped. It erases.

.....the fungus that strikes the borg miracle and broke of which is I awake  
new::her internal organ party....." shit-guy of I parted <it is  
recovered> to <technology of an ant>. She fuck existence\_joint: "vagina,  
crow, fuck everyday....."!! My undefense internal organ is flourished  
<<body\_omotya that was unified >> of as I sing undefense soul/gram  
completely.....with the rhythm of the dog that spent it to death.....dose  
channel. "it seen not and slaughter, restrained was....." it is crazy speed  
worship! Nerve transmission.....that was discontinued and was did the  
perversity of a brain cell\_puzzle in the time when junkie's self is  
dismantled.

The nightmare and crease.....of the amniotic fluid mechanism.  
The existence paranoia of the drug embryo that joints to erect=jokes of the  
masses of flesh that weakened the nerve in the stool and idled and did her  
body\_omotya digital=vamp!! Face.....of a pig. The SM club of the nomans-land  
of boy\_roid that refrigerated her entrails emotion. The murder map of  
nervous system. Doing how it is fuck & LOAD.....of a destructive dog  
with.

.....

Her thinking impossible body rotation.....that transcended the speed of the

cadaver-city to the penis that was disinfected the alcohol of the kama dog. Anal insertion:the picture:ruins.....the nerve system that was uploaded was split <<no-play>>. It is with the love of immortality. The middle, she of a clone gene procurement do mimicry to a cadaver.....

The miracle (the=speed) that is not possible body movement. Annihilation junction.....of the rave\_mass of flesh. The technology of M of her crisis. Foul shit and I escape without observing the parasite <<ecstasy>> of!.....her neural circuit.....that carries XX. It makes entrails emotion ON like a dog. As if her terror and happiness are synthesized so planetary form semen was applied to the god of et cetera fucker.....the machinary fall scene of the anthropoid. The guerrilla of the screen surface. The firm storage of the cadaver-city. [.....the mass of flesh is reset on the verge of the death of a dog in her machinary sex second. And the body of immortality is input to:the time of the techno-junkie decomposition her internal organ consciousness when bears to the neural circuit and inhabit shade entrails emotion.....does the strangeness of speed and be vital rotation=. The skizoid. The sex-rebellion script of boy\_roid is inserted to the murder medium of the artificial sun.

The death file of soul/gram. "ecstasy was canceled.....fuck.....of non=mankind. Do the vital volume of the sham the blood of the dog that the spermatozoon of PET bottle checkmate explodes so maximally during\_drug of it revolves the house her reverse=the body that evolved does grotesque semen philosophy\_channel.....external:the brain leaf communication the control of an ant. The negative rebellion of a gay. It is flourished <<to the dogs of the cold-blooded disease which the drug of the fatalities does to the fertilization that did hang of a screen?vagus. Dispersion action.....of body fluid. But nerve dismantlement is repeated only.....thinking space, of the skinhead that was jointed to the vivisection on her nude impossibility brain cell: her internal organ consciousness so.....drug-embryo..... who does vagus to the digital tragedy. Of:be density the cadaver-city. The lonely nerve dismantlement of an emotional replicant rave.....now rave.....the stool for the input of her fuck-body:a nude script. It beats"

>>being able to run a larva.

The rhythm "the despair" of the heaven that weakens to the dream without the symbolic desire that does channel to the hot embrace of chemical-age and did does fuck by the malfunction of the storage of the cadaver-city.....

The mass of flesh button. Vital noise region.....that was controlled. Semeu of the fellow etc. that stored body\_omotya of shade miscellany MHz.....the earthworm of the gays break down it.....

Her body reproduces to the brain cell of the perfect crime.....I am threatened to the insanity that is not seen <<resistance>> of the aerofoil

## Bizarre Machine

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<http://www.kenjisiratori.com>

The mass of flesh-module of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that accelerates the technojunkies' virus murder-protocol of the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance that BDSM play the chemical=anthropoid that biocapture to genomewearable vital browser\*\*\*\*tera=of which clone-dives to the different vital-controller nightmare-script of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system=I turn on the cadaver feti=streaming circuit of the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_brain universe FUCKNAMLOAD dogs to neuromatic ill-treatment....

The abolition world of a trash sensor drug embryo-different [vital-@tera=of](#) which controls the hunting for the grotesque WEB=joint end that was omitted the genomics battle of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system that sucks the murder-protocol emotional replicant that coded acid=to the ecstasyform HIV=reptilian=HUB of the cadaver feti=streaming\_body encoder that I compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of dogs is scanned...=>technojunkies' different vital-emotional replicant of the genomewearable abolition world-code that was controlled HIV of her digital=vampcold-blooded disease animals that installs=the reptilian=HUB\_brain universe that BDSM plays a trash sensor drug embryo vital browser with the mass offlesh-module that scans--.

Hunting for the grotesque WEB of a trash sensor drug embryo=accesses::the surrender-site of the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_brain universe where it was omitted to the data=mutant processing organ murder-gimmick of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system that dashes data to thereptilian=HUB\_cadaver feti=streaming circuit that was jointed the genomics battle of a chemical=anthropoid different vital-controls...bioapture the human body pill cruel emulator FUCKNAMLOAD the HIV=scanner form of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM! "tera=of chemical=anthropoid of which sucks the murder-protocol that was biocaptured her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals acid disillusionment-module of the cadaver feti=streaming\_emotional replicant that hung up FUCKNAMLOAD=HIV of dogs=the gnomics strategy circuit of the reptilian=HUB\_brain universe that was scanned rave on.... The different vital-controller of the DNA bomb continent-module that was send back out the era respiration-byte of a chemical=anthropoid::reptilian=HUB plug-in her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system clone-dive tera=of the mass of flesh-module=cadaver feti of dogs=the surrender-sites of the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_nerve cells where streams HIV=scans\*\*\*\*being covered the abolition world-code technojunkies' nightmare-script emotional replicant murder-protocol to hydromaniac vital browser--. "I suck the HIV=scanners that were omitted rave genomics battle of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system that flip on the FUCKNAM\_mass of flesh-module that was processed the data=mutant of a trash sensor drug embryo acid--tera=of=cadaver feti of dogs=the era respiration-byte sending program of the biocapturism emotional replicant that streams hacking.... Nightmare-scripts of the murder-protocol nerve cells that compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM is send back out::a vital browser to the reptilian=HUB\_brain universe murder-gimmick of the trash sensor drug embryo that biocaptured cadaver feti of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals=the emotional replicant that streams the era respiration-byte--I rape the abolition world-genomicsstrategy circuit of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that coded the technojunkies....

Tera=of which clone-dives to the different vital-controller FUCKNAMLOAD her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system=hunting for the grotesqueWEB=joint end nightmare-scripts of the cadaver feti=streaming\_emotional replicants of dogs is omitted....the reptilian=HUB\_vital browser that dashes the data of a trash sensor drug embryo genomics battle HIV=scans! "the murder-

protocol emotional replicant of the brain universe that retro-ADAM made of soul/gram compressed her acidHUMANIX infection that outputs the reptilian=HUB\_different vital-controller of the HIV=scanner form that was installed the acid suck-cable of the nightmare-script data=mutant processing organ FUCKNAMLOAD the chemical=anthropoid that BDSM plays a vital browser--SAVE\*\*\*\*the neuromatic cadaver feti=streaming circuit to the brain universe disillusionment-modules of the reptilian=HUB\_nerve cells that compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of a chemical=anthropoid murder-gimmicks of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals murder game of a trash sensor drug embryo to the clone-skinic mass of flesh-module....

Tera=of=HIV of dogs=paradise device of the DNA bomb mass of flesh-module that was scanned hunting for the grotesque WEB of the chemical=anthropoidthat I suck acid=genomewearable abolition world-code that was jointed::the nerve cells FUCKNAMLOAD her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system hacking are processed the data=mutant--rave the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant nightmare-script of a trash sensor drug embryo is flip on....

Tera=of=the abolition world of dogs-disillusionment-module of the emotional replicant era respiration-byte sending program that coded hunting for the grotesque WEB of the chemical=anthropoid FUCKNAMLOAD=the nightmare-scripts of the reptilian=HUB\_nerve cells that was jointed BDSM play\*\*\*\*the murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ that omits the genomics battle of a trash sensor drug embryo DNA bomb different vital-controller that compressed the technojunkies' acidHUMANIX infection that biocapture to hydromaniac mass of flesh-module. Cadaver feti of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system=rave the hunting for the grotesque WEB=joint end of the human body pill cruelemulator that compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM to the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant that was send back out the era respiration-byte of the trash sensor drug embryo acid suck-cable that streams hacking is flip on....FUCKNAMLOAD the abolition world-the hunting for the grotesque WEB=joint end of the reptilian=HUB\_murder game that coded the technojunkies' to the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_different vital-controller that BDSM plays the trash sensor drug embryo plug-in I suck the vital [browser@retro-ADAM](mailto:browser@retro-ADAM) made of soul/gram was processed cadaver feti=data=mutants of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals that streams in the surrender-site of the humanbody pill cruel emulator where log out acid--. The mass of flesh-module murder-gimmick of the nightmare-script era respiration-byte sending program of a chemical=anthropoid different vital-controller UCKNAMLOAD her reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance that dashes data\*\*\*\*I compress the acidHUMANIX infection to the murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ hacking a trash sensor drug embryo clone-dive....

I rape the mass of flesh-module of the ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system that was sucked her acid...the murder-protocol HIV=scanners that were processed to genomewearable data=mutant of a trash sensor drug embryo abolition world of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM where it outputs-to reptilian=HUB of the DNA bomb nerve cells that coded hunting for the grotesque WEB=joints...the acidHUMANIX infection archive of the biocapturism genomics strategy circuit that was installed the technojunkies' BDSM play with the era respiration-byte. Tera=of=rave hunting for the grotesque WEB=joint end of the cadaver feti=streaming\_body encoder that I compressed the acidHUMANIX infection ofdogs is flip on\*\*\*\*the emotional replicant of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that accelerates the technojunkies' virus genomics battle of the trash sensor drug embryo murder-gimmick reptilian=HUB\_different vital-controller that omits to hydromaniac nightmare-script....

::hunting for the grotesque WEB of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM=the disillusionment-module of the reptilian=HUB\_murder-protocol that was jointed technojunkies' BDSM play DNA=channel data=mutant processing organ of the genomewearable abolition world-code murder-gimmick....it installs to the genomics strategy circuit of the ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature

system hydromaniac HIV=scanners of the brain universes that compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of a chemical=anthropoid her nightmare-script!

Genomics strategy circuit of the human body pill cruel emulator that was sucked the acid of a chemical=anthropoid HIV murder-protocol vital browser of the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM to the paradise device that [digital=vamped@ultra=machinary](#) tragedy-ROM creature system mass of flesh-module=scans--tera=of=the era respiration-byte sending program of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that I compressed the acidHUMANIX infection of dogs is ejected.... The reptilian=HUB\_continent-module that is covered the technojunkies'abolition world-code and DNA=channel cadaver feti of her digital=vampcold-blooded disease animals that compresses the acidHUMANIX infection=the insanity medium that streams is omitted to the emotional replicantHIV=scanners [FUCKNAMLOAD@trash](#) sensor drug embryo murder game genomics battle--."it installs to the mass of flesh-module that was omitted the surrender-site of the murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ FUCKNAMLOAD a chemical=anthropoid genomics battle of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system\*\*\*\*hunting for the grotesque WEB=HIV of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM that joints=the different vital-controllers of the reptilian=HUB\_nerve cells that was scanned is send back out to the cadaver feti=streaming\_emotional replicant that dashes the data of a trash sensor drug embryo era respiration-byte....HIV=rave of the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM hacking to the hunting for the grotesqueWEB=joint end FUCKNAMLOAD her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system disillusionment-module that flip on is scanned vital different of theartificial sun that biocaptures the genomewearable abolition world-code that was processed the [data=mutant@trash](#) sensor drug embryo-plugin-in to thecadaver feti=streaming circuit of the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_surrender-site that was controlled....Tera=of=the biocapturism mass of flesh-module that dashes the data of the HIV=scanner forms of dogs is set up::hunting for the grotesque WEB of thesoul/gram made of retro-ADAM that sucks cadaver feti of a chemical=anthropoid=the surrender-site of the human body pill cruel emulator where streams acid=I rape the nerve cells of the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance that were jointed to hydromaniac\*\*\*\*being covered the abolition world-code that were output the technojunkies' I turn on that murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ ill-treatment.

Hunting for the grotesque WEB of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM=the abolition world of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals-the different vital-controller that coded is installed\*\*\*\*the mass of flesh-module of the reptilian=HUB\_emotional replicant performance that was biocaptured to the genomics strategy circuit of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that was jointed a chemical=anthropoid murder-gimmick."different vital-controller that was omitted the genomics battle of her cadaver feti=streaming\_reptilian=HUB is ejected....it clone-dives the murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ FUCKNAMLOAD a trash sensor drug embryo to the abolition world-code of the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_brain universe technojunkies' BDSM play vital browser [HIV@artificial](#) sun=modem=heart of the hybrid cadaver mechanism that scans\_send back out the era respiration-byte....

Paradise device that turned on the ill-treatment of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals is send back out...the nude murder-protocol data=mutant processing organ that was set up HIV=technojunkies' that scans to the hunting for the grotesque WEB=joint end of the human body pill cruel emulator to neuromatic murder-gimmick of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM era respiration-byte FUCKNAMLOAD....the acidHUMANIX infection archive\_vital browser mass of flesh-module of a trash sensor drug embryo hacking.

The Pub  
**Dr Dolophine**

The pub was pretty quiet. It was 2 in the afternoon and there were only a few stragglers from a lunchtime quick one that couldn't drag themselves away from just another one for the road on a Friday afternoon. A couple of hardcore barflies propped up either end of the bar like bookends, both bleary eyed with exploding facial capillaries, beerguts and a grim seriousness about their drinking - They grunted at each other occasionally - { a language that signified their contempt for everything but the task at hand. } {in contempt of distractions to their task}.

A few grebos dressed in a multicoloured assortment of tattered rags that passed for clothes with hair that looked like it was trying to escape, lazily knocked balls around the pool table with sudden short outbreaks of mirth. And through the hole at the opposite end of the bar a young man's denimed buttocks and thigh could be seen responding erotically to the staccato ring-a ding sirens bells'n'whistles music of the pinball machine he caressed with enthusiasm.

The front bar was typical of front bars in the types of pub you find in parts of cities where commerce, industry and poverty intersect with the night-time quest for entertainment. In Contrast, the walls of the pub's back room were matt black with punky hippy skulls and rainbows type stuff painted randomly around. From the ceiling dangled all manner of trash'n'treasure including the bottom half of a fashion mannequin, pieces of broken guitars, most of a shopping trolley and the front left fender of an FJ Holden painted black with red and yellow flames. Luther sat at the bar, sipping periodically at the beer in front of him. His hand-rolled cigarette rested in the ash-tray and whispered little plumes of blue smoke in enlarging spirals. His gaze rested disinterestedly on the screen of the colour TV mounted high on the wall behind the bar: "... and now back to everybody's favourite show, 'LAUGH? I NEARLY PISSED MYSELF!' " Two women in a waiting room chat as they flip through cosmetic surgery catalogues. (Bone graft implants have recently become popular)

-darling, did you hear about Veronica? Her cute little imp horn implants turned out to be Texas Longhorn. they just grew and grew, popped right out of her skin at a gala dinner-party, blood trickles smearing her mascara as the bony tip pokes through over the next month they grew into veritable antlers, my dear, until they started sucking all the calcium right out of her body and growing at an alarming rate. Of course mixing human growth hormone pills with surgery plastique is always risky business. Finally her skeleton just collapsed, crumbled and left a globulous pool of diamond-decorated flesh staring up from the floor under two enormous steer horns that must've been as long as a tall man's arm span.

-Yes, darling, I heard, just a big sack of flesh under those horns with lumps of silicon and collagen and gortex floating to the top like a cosmetic irish stew. But, my dear, did you know they're building a new skeleton for her out of teflon coated stainless steel. Imagine; the first non-stick skeleton. hee hee hee hehe they'll be queuing up yet. Apparently she's hung up on a coathanger while she waits.

- That's nice, sweetie, much more dignified than the wheelie bin they poured her into and pushed around.

-Of course they've removed the horns and she gets everything she needs I.V. - one drip for gin, one for valium, and one for vitamins and minerals. She's much happier: it's a far better setup than the 1" feed tube into her mouth and the catheter...

# The Flu

Simon Dale

(September 2000)

Chester had, if not a faded, then at least a redundant grandeur left from the days when it had been a major hub for the Romans. The gently settling silt had eased the boats patiently away, and Chester, starved of commerce had become a small provincial city trapped in the shell of its former glories. Its brief return to the world stage was unexpected, and, given the circumstances, unwelcome.

The beginnings of the story provide a fine example of the recently fashionable chaos theory. For it's trigger was a seemingly insignificant event early one Tuesday at the start of July. Our particular butterfly was one Janice Jones, a call centre worker for a local bank, who, every morning would follow the canal through the city centre into work. Her daily routine was interrupted today by an unpleasant surprise. Janice, deep in thought about her forthcoming new kitchen, walked with mindless familiarity along the towpath. Emerging from the first of three small tunnels her foot skidded suddenly under her. It was an unpleasantly familiar feeling. Not uncommon considering the number of dog owners that used the conveniently placed path. Looking down however, Janice let out a scream. Embedded on her shoe were the remains of a particularly large rat, clearly dead. Looking up Janice was unfortunately in time to glimpse another livelier example scurrying into the bushes. Janice was shaken, and felt both faint and nauseous. She made her way nervously back towards the nearest road and, once there sat on a bench by a pub trying to recover. She didn't have any particular phobia of rats as such. Friends had mentioned seeing rats by the canal several times recently and it had not bothered her. Coming that close though had left her with a nasty feeling. She looked up at the cloudless sky and decided to take the day of work. She could get things ready for the new kitchen, and maybe even do a bit of gardening. She reached home and called work, though she decided not to mention the rat. She said she had flu instead, hung up and started packing away the mugs.

Peter Collins sat in the cubicle opposite where Janice normally sat. They were friendly; he knew her husband's interests, her kid's names and would alternate in buying her coffee. Fifty-two, extra sugar, in Janice's case.

She in turn kept half an eye on the football scores so they could exchange ritualised banter about Manchester City's ups and downs. They had shared a taxi back from a Christmas do once, but this was as close as they had come.

They were friendly colleagues rather than colleagues who were friends. This did, to some extent, absolve him from what was otherwise a somewhat callous, though private, feeling of joy he experienced when he heard about Janice's illness. Euro 2000 was at hand, which for Peter meant 2 weeks of uninterrupted pleasure. He liked nothing more than cracking open a few beers with his friends in front of his wide screen TV and watching game after game of football. The only thing standing in his way this year was, unfortunately, work. The student life he'd enjoyed four years previously was seriously effected by the demands of work. His time off, three sick days already that year, two of those days on a Monday, had earned him an informal warning, and he was undecided about pushing his luck for the England game the following afternoon. With Janice's 'illness' his mind was made up. The next day found him arms aloft, beer spilling down his arms as England scored for the first time in the championship, not quite as ill as his call that morning had made

out....

And so it started, and, normally, little would have changed. Just two more sick days logged on company records. However, in much the same way as there are millions of butterflies but only a few storms, this story did not peter out in the flap of a wing but little by little continued to grow. The virus spread, fanned by the succession of fine sunny days, the feast of football and the start of the school holidays. It spread not just within the bank but to other businesses in the area. Symptoms multiplied and worsened, headaches became migraines, tummy bugs became diarrhoea, and fever crept in and inspired the collective imagination. Doctor's surgeries became crowded as more and more people lined up to secure their all important sick notes. Every where the refrain was heard - 'well, it's going round at the moment isn't it.' At the start of August the virus claimed its first death.

This dark turn was recorded by one Dr Julian Green, a long standing and respected GP who had ministered to one of the pleasant areas in the west of the city. His patient, although not an employee of the company that had incubated the disease, was however father to two daughters who were. Both the daughters were currently entering the second week of enforced rest and had been in on consecutive days to receive their necessary sick notes.

Although suffering few outward symptoms the doctor was clearly concerned by the description each girl had given of feverish fits, lack of sleep and relentless headaches. When he had been called out in the early hours to see to their father, his suspicions were already forming. He had arrived too late and had little to offer but comfort to the distraught wife. Ordinarily he would have put the death down to a stroke. He had already advised, no, warned his patient that he must change his diet. This sat uneasily with recent events however and discussions with colleagues did little to ease his mind. Two more deaths followed in close succession, normally little more than a chance event in a city of this size but for Dr Green a clear, and none to pleasant picture was beginning to form. Action was clearly needed.

When Dr. Green had finished his speech to the council a heavy silence ensued. The dangers he had outlined, and the evidence he had given was grim to say the least. His timing could not have been much worse either. In the summer Chester packed the tourists through its medieval rows bringing much needed revenue to the city. It's annual music festival was just starting to make a name for itself, Jools Holland was headlining in less than two weeks. News of suspected contagion would hardly be likely to have people dancing in the aisles. However the council recognised the need for precautions. Sensible steps would have to be taken and, if discretion and efficiency were observed then, with luck any problems would be nipped in the bud. Dr Green was appointed to carry out the medical investigations and a small portion of council funds were allocated to allow small adverts to appear in the local press asking sufferers to come forward.

What was not foreseen was the curiosity of the press. Many years reporting on church socials and small-scale local crime had left local reporters hungry for the big story. This keenness, combined with a certain naiveté on the part of Dr Green combined with front-page results. The town, in festive summery mood, was poorly prepared to receive the news of the killer that stalked in their midst. The bank, whose name had been associated with the outbreak of the disease, was particularly badly effected. Staff, fearing for their safety, simply refused to enter the building until the cause of the disease was established and eradicated. Other companies were not immune however, many shops were forced to reduce opening hours and in some cases close altogether. These led to a general quietening of the high street as people took to communicating by phone rather than risk the congested shopping centres. Local TV companies arrived in town to take up the story and the events were followed with close interest each evening.

News was in short supply though; extensive tests by Dr Green and his team failed to pinpoint the vital cause. Though the deaths slowly mounted the causes each seemed to evade any pattern. The disease seemed to be able to strike at will in the body. The heart, chest, brain were all affected with no distinguishing cause to mark the deaths out of the ordinary. The reams of case notes assembled by the local doctors were equally useless. A mass of effects with no clear cause. Blood samples came back negative, tests on tissue samples the same. As the days wore on, Dr Green worked tirelessly, touring the neighborhood, reassuring, calming, ministering to those who, with terror in their hearts, were afflicted with any signs of illness. The worst part for Dr Green was the fact that he was unable to take refuge in the usual platitudes of the local GP. For all he knew the runny nose, the slight cough, the rash may be the sign of worse to come. With this knowledge his powers of healing failed. If he could not believe himself then what chance had he of his patient's confidence?

As he wrestled with his burden during those long days and nights he started to fear for his own sanity.

It was clear enough to everyone that this could not stay a local issue for long. Several big businesses had been badly effected, the local hospital was erecting marquees as makeshift wards and the music festival was due to start in a matter of days. Isolated incidents of violence and looting also gave urgency to the situation. Meetings were called, officials were consulted and plans of action were drawn up. The situation was certainly serious, but there were some positive factors. Firstly the death rate had stabilized, and initial projected figures now seemed slightly alarmist. Illness rates which had soared exponentially also seemed to be leveling out, though the numbers not attending work continued to grow and it was hard to know if this was due to sickness or fear. The problem had also stayed remarkably local and one of the first concerns was to ensure that it stayed that way. At the start of August the tanks moved in and for the first time in 300 yrs the city walls were sealed.

Surprisingly, the mood in the city seemed one of relief rather than panic. As the helicopters of the international news crews criss crossed the sky the people trapped beneath adopted an attitude of resignation. Even the alien sight of armed soldiers dressed in chemical suits left residents unfazed. A certain ennui descended, the dark terror that had built up in the climate of uncertainty had broken. Waiting for fate to take its course the citizens of Chester passed the time as best they could.

For some the situation was worse than for others. Tourists trapped far from home and loved ones felt it worst. Their whistle stop tours of Europe cut short by the caprices of nature, the city's quaintness wearing thin as the weeks passed. For others though the catastrophe provided a source of energy. Musicians that had arrived early for the festival started impromptu parties eagerly attended by an increasingly bored youth. The dangers were ignored; even to some degree reveled in. For the more sedate the cathedral now had daily services, and for the first time in many years these were filled to capacity by those that hoped for safety in the power of prayer. Some stayed at home with curtains drawn; others climbed the walls to look out into the normal world for hours on end. All listened for news, and waited for a sign.

In mid August the long hot spell finally broke. Rain came down without stop for two whole days. When it was done it was replaced by a blustery wind that rattled windows and started stripping leaves off trees in a premature autumn. This seemed to be the long awaited sign. As the leaves fell so did the numbers of sick, and as numbers fell so confidence rose. Individual shops started to trade once more and the simple familiarity of the local newsagent once more plying his trade did more to smooth the situation than any number of government announcements. Letters from employers arrived asking for volunteers to start making up skeleton staff to restart the wheels of commerce. With Christmas not so far away and the prospect of double or more pay people started to slowly drift back to work. Although few would have admitted it to themselves the prospect of a return to

work was eased somewhat by what had been a long summer of relentless contact with their children. It was certainly hoped by many that schools would follow the example of business and also see fit to reopen in the coming weeks. The streets started to fill once more with the bustle of people, though for once the impersonal pastime of shopping was given the feeling of a collective triumph.

One morning the city awoke to an unnatural quiet, looking upwards they saw that the ever present helicopters that had filmed their every move had all left. That, more than anything else, told the people that the crisis was over. Dr Green looked at the figures with relief and joy. As stealthily as the disease had crept in, so it departed leaving the experts none the wiser. He contacted the government offices for the final time. That afternoon the soldiers followed the helicopters and the town gates were opened once more. The older inhabitants recalled the war years, and contemplated the similarity between people's celebration of liberty, one welcoming an arriving army, and one celebrating an army's departure. The afterglow lasted for many weeks in the city as strangers talked of their experiences united by their common survival. It did not take long for the air of normality to return and as people walked by the street entertainers that had taken the place of the departing soldiers it was hard to believe that the whole affair had not been some strange mid-summer dream. People opened their papers, read about the forthcoming church events, and shook their heads in wonder.

For his bravery and service to the community Dr Green was named on that year's honours list. He frequently sat thinking of his meeting with the queen, and of the extraordinary events that had led him there. He had given up his practice soon in the winter of that year; exhausted by the strain he had put himself under. The press had called him a hero, yet he knew, deep down, that he deserved no such accolade. The control lay not with man but with nature. Many were the nights he awoke from nightmarish dreams of the return of the mysterious disease. It would repeat, he knew. One day it would all repeat.

Our story ends with Janice, once more walking to work along the canal. She harboured no such fears of the disease and thought only of her beautiful new kitchen.

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