

Chapter One

get in here: <https://livechan.net/chat/r#litwritesabook>

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

INTRODUCTION (PLEASE DO DAMAGE HERE):

SOMEONE POST THIS ON SLASH BEE SLASH - NO

Man dines, she guzzles various fermentation of vines, she pays the fines, and she dies. Down for mine in the year of the Nine.

Marx is a postman - that being a shitty joke, of course. It implies he's the epitome of postmodernism, or that he eats moral essays, like Assange.

6 people here but nobody writing - riting the cliticlat

MORAL ESSAYS WITH A PLOT ARE CUCKING GAY

Bill'.ionian dildos are my favorite dildos in the whole wide universe!!"

Teledildonics is a great subject when more people are interested it'll become a topical enjoyment - like my anal lubricant mixed with semen - for everyone involved. most.

Negro screams are not heard in the anus of House of Learent we so good at writingves

Hi am I in the write place?

*

check ur grammar shitlordyes: write!

The writer in the aquarium wrote about a book, and his writings went as follows:

1.1 - Does cum eating have any long term health benefits?

FIRST

"OY FUCKING CUMSWAPPER"

"Writing is hard, okay?" anon whined, while drinking his own cum from a plastic cup. It was bitter and salty, the sensation of swallowing it reminded him of having a heavy cold.

"Time for a pineapple diet," he said to nobody in particular. He depressed the F5 key with a chubby finger, waiting for the thread to update. What would you do if the goody man came for you?

"Maybe just cut the prawns out," nobody in particular replied. Anon had little time to consider the words before he was bathed in radiant light and the walls around him dissolved.

"I SEE YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOUR CALORIES," shouted a giant effigy of Robin Williams, "AND THE TIME HAS COME TO PAY FOR YOUR SINS."

"PLEASE VISIT INFOWARS.COM," cackled a small white (supremacist) rat

It was all too much for Anon, his brain imploded with the force of one zillion pages of Pynchon prose. Liquefied grey matter oozed from anon's nostrils, staining his already-filthy underpants.

"The lizardmen claim another victim," said the white (supremacist) rat solemnly.

Five minutes earlier

“Of course, Illuminati censors the truth. even here The illuminati have programmed the drinking water so that when confronted with the truth you will only see black boxes. This is why the truth must be given to you more subtly. Hopefully reading this book will show you the truth.” He typed in to google docs. He was working on a collective work post-modern literature with some of his internet-friends(#SO POMO)

It was all too much for Anon, his brain imploded with the force of one zillion pages of Pynchon prose. Liquefied grey matter oozed from anon's nostrils, staining his already-filthy underpants. "The lizardmen claim another victim," said the white (supremacist) rat solemnly. □

Fifteen minutes earlier

“Could have.” He affirmed. “IF THE MOHEL HAD NOT RUINED MY BRIS! Damn the mohel!” Bob shouted. “Damn them all!” He choked on frothy saliva and his face was bruised and swollen in exertion. —Don’t believe in the **goody man**—

He considered this fact very carefully and it dawned on him, “UNCLE JESSSSIIIIIEEEEE!!!!” Uncle Jessie sprung into the room wearing the ashen grey wedding dress of Bob’s own dear sweet mother.

Jessie was in a state beyond words. He gnashed his teeth and held his arms to the sky at strange angles.

Reality itself vibrated and a profusion of gold light bleached Bob's vision.

Then darkness took them all; save for Uncle Jessie who still writhes and gnashes in the abyss. His reptilian mind turning, turning.. turning. Slitted eyes always searching for the stars and with them, home. A white (supremacist) rat walked in upon the sorry scene and tutted solemnly at reality.

↔ In the highest and loneliest echelons of literary esteem Harry, blushing, blooming, much like a flower, takes lunch after a hard very hard morning of experimenting in new forms of bookbinding, a particular method where semen might be used to hold the pages together, as in his mind it always has done. He imagines the buck-tooth wonder opening his jaws, expecting his mud, following nights terrible nights of constipation, but instead comes wonderful nacreous film across those dental calamities, while watching from the mezzanine Joyce muses, listening to farts from the other room. ↓

“Oh, Northrop! It is a mild, mild crowd, and a beiger looking future. Is this what they thought, on such a day - thought very much such a tragedy as this - our teachers despairing us and our postmodern ramblings? Forty-forty-forty years ago! Forty years of continual verbose diarrhea, of perverse ramblings and shitstorms! Forty years on the pitiless sea of irony! Forty years has Harold forsaken the peaceful life of ACTUAL literature, for forty years to make war on the horrors of the literary avant-garde. Aye, yes, Northrop, out on those forty years I have not spent three with dignity.

1.3.3 - How Anon discovered the drinking water hoax

All through anon's favourite board on the nitrous oxide board 4chan was /lit/, he also kill-tilly luv'd /x/ & /pol/. One night (or morning, the def fishies laplands much like his stomach over his waistband - when discussing the life of Anon) while browsing /x/ he happened upon a road with David Ickman.

“VISIT DAVIDICKE.COM THE LIZARDMEN ARE CONTROLLING OUR LIVES AND POISONING OUR INTELLECTUAL THOUGHT SPACE THROUGH THE FIFTH DIMENSION ALL PUBLIC FIGURES ARE LIZARDMEN IN DISGUISE VISIT DAVIDICKE.COM,” the sign read, it was accompanied by a picture of Costanza from popular television show “Seinfeld”.

After looking into him and watching a few youtube-videos, he finally realised the TRUE reason he had no girlfriend - Lizardmen, jews and the illuminati, all conspiring against Anon, making it impossibly hard for him to get the pure, virginal(asian) qt3.14 gf he deserved. This triggered a long repressed memory of a book he read years ago, he remembered reading something about INFOWARS.COM (as well as some bizarre nonsense about a rat) and decided to check that out too. He reached for his plastic cup, and took another sip of fluoridated drinking water. Suddenly he realised that if the lizardmen were truly everywhere then that meant he had to get the message out there, and so he went to /pol/, and started a thread...

"They work for the masketta man," anon typed. At least, that was what he wanted them to believe. Only he knew the actual truth. And that truth was ██████████ ████████
████████ ████████ as well as ████████ ████████ ████████ Robin Williams ████████
████████ ████████ ████████ ████████ ████████ ████████ ████████ .

"Of course, Illuminati censors the truth. even here The illuminati have programmed the drinking..." and so on

IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW. OH MY GOD.

1.4 - The origins of Anon (or how to cope with that feel when no gf)

Ten years earlier

Around the time of his thirteenth birthday, Anon realised he was different. While walking to lunch with his best (and only) friend Anon a vicious group of girls descended upon them both.

“Are you gonna have a party Anon?”, “Can we come?”

Still innocent and gullible, Anon invited them all to his house for “Pizza” the coming Saturday, not knowing that this would turn out to be a pivotal moment that would define the rest of his existence. Anon succumbed to a sudden, overwhelming sensation of existential dread, and, moments later, he lay unconscious upon the floor, limp tendrils of tagliatelle hanging from his pockets, leaking creamy sauce. Far away, a saurian cackle could be heard.

Thirteen years and nine months earlier (than previous scene, which was in turn ten years earlier than the original scene) No, go on, finish it, we're all waiting

Anon's father grunted as he shot a wad of spoooge deep into anon's mammy-to-be, although truly she did not yet know, that she was to be. Well, the illuminati use time-travel to cut off the flow of certain information. Ropey tendrils of semen coated the walls of the classroom in a sticky glaze. Yet more of the slime dripped from the light fixtures and windows, or soaked, disgustingly, into the carpet. The air was filled with the odour of rotting shellfish.

It was a single moment that changed the fate of the multiverse. The five-dimensionals - lizardmen, rats, Robin Williams effigies and more - had all decided to meet at this point in time, each with their own agenda, each set on manipulating the event as they saw fit. The lizardmen gathered samples of semen from Anon's father. *(spoiler: OP is such a multidimensional faggot that lizardmen hold a meeting to find out who was his actual mother/father - it's illegal for lizardmen to have sex with humans)*

"This will make a lovely addition to the drinking water," communicated The Lizardman Formerly Known as Prince. He boarded his saucer-ship and flew it into the hole in the Anti-Arctic, heading for the hollow centre of the Earth. Within a few months, the substance had been successfully introduced into the water supplies of most countries, the surface dwellers completely oblivious to its insidious effects.

Robin Williams effigy and his Kluxian rodent friend took note of this and decided to stick to spring water from this point onwards. Robin reached through hypertime and rearranged the molecules of Anon's father's sperm. He had to make sure that only the top quality genes made it to anon's mother's womb, or else, he feared, the multiverse's hero may end up being some basement dwelling NEET. Unfortunately while he was doing this the white (supremacist) rat distracted him by pinching Anon's Mother's arse cheek. In a moment of hilarity the wrong sperm was brought to the womb and the multiverse's (as well as anon's) fate was sealed.

Nine years, 354 days, Ten hours and 3 minutes earlier (than chapter 1.4), 55 light-seconds outside of Anon's light cone at a relative velocity of 150 Mm.s^{-1} away from Sol:

It was father's day and Bob Saget (of the planet E-RTH) was once again grooming Dakota Fanning over the internet.

"I wonder if there are other E-RTHS," wondered Dakota Fanning, over a piece of software identical to Skype but titled "epyks".

"I don't doubt it", groomed Bob, clicking and hissing with his reptilian tongue, "If the universe is infinite then everything that can happen will happen, since E-RTH can in fact happen then an infinite universe means there are infinite E-RTHS as well as infinite slight variations of it".

“And yet,” said Dakota “surely if they are within the same universe these E-RTHS and variations must be able to interact, furthermore since they are all connected through certain kinds of perception the E-RTHS must all be linked together, therefore what happens on this E-RTH could in fact have a profound effect on, say, a young guy named Anon roughly 55 light seconds out of our light cone at a relative velocity of 150 Mm.s^{-1} away from S-L”

“In that case,” said Bob, who as it happened was stationed on E-RTH solely to trick Dakota Fanning into using her transdimensional powers to benefit the lizardman race, “perhaps you should concentrate on making this anon feel an overwhelming sense of existential dread at this very moment!”

“I will try,” said Dakota, however at the last second she noticed a piece of spaghetti out of the corner of her eye. The combined thoughts of spaghetti and despair crossed the universe and entered the brain of poor anon, causing him, via a rather convoluted string of events, to collapse. Bob Saget clicked in ecstasy, for having completed his mission Dakota Fanning was now his to molest and groom for all of HyperTime.(™)

1.4.1 - Tao Lin's *Mysterium Tremendum*

Tao Lin sat at twitter.com in the cafe drinking a kale smoothie typing on his iPhone something that he thought he was gonna tweet. Since you've been gone. Since you've been gone. I'm out of my head can't take it dun dun dun dun.

“Pass the bowl,” said Tommy P. to Taolin over gmail chat. “This is getting weird,” thought Tao Lin, typed it over gmail chat.

Put on his sneakers to take a walk, still drinking kale smoothie. “My soul is a pathway of dead occasions ending at the growth point of a living actuality, which in turn will soon die.” He thought he could smell vagina, passing through the dark, fantasizing about Dakota.

1.4.2 - Scooby Doo and the case of the missing meaning of existence, so why not just kill yourself eh?

“J'espere que vous lisez francais connard” Said Scooby1961

Shaggy replied “OMG! Ce livre est vraiment profonde”

And they talked long into the night.

Scooby reached into his satchel and pulled out a baugette, it was time to get really pretentious.

Structuralism-ism-ism-ism. Bagakook,ook okk rsart,fart,fart,fart,fart,far,away through time and space and all things inbetween

Scooby said with a shit eating grin

1.5 - The Anon and his book

Seven years earlier(than the beginning)

The incident that started Anon's interest in literature was most peculiar. The thought had occurred to him, out of nowhere (or so he thought, for he knew nothing of Dakota Fanning and Bob Saget), while he masturbated early one Sunday morning, his genitals, sticky, and orange from Cheeto dust, his breath coming in wheezing gasps as he frantically cycled between browser tabs. "Please God, don't make me have to go to 8th grade. The kids make fun of me."

Anon's reverie was interrupted as a trickle of pale, watery semen emerged from the tip of his penis. Unable to reach for a tissue in time, it dribbled down onto Anon's computer chair, wicking into the fabric. Standing up and trying to contain the spillage, his orgasm already ruined, Anon emitted the remainder of his ejaculate onto his Razer(™) Blackwidow(™) mechanical gaming keyboard, and howled in impotent rage.

With his computer bejizzed, Anon turned to other forms of entertainment, first Anon turned on his television, however finding every channel showing nothing but Spanish-dubbed reruns of Adventure Time, he tried to dig up some old albums. At first it was going well, he had found his old Teletubbies soundtrack (collector's edition) but after the eighth listen he grew restless and finally he picked up a copy of "**The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra**". He found that he strongly identified with the main character, it was as if the author (the oddly named "/lit/") had known him his whole life and written this book solely for him. Little did he know how right he was...

1.6 - Year of the Unchecked CIS Privilege

"Slime me." On gmail chat; he thought it was a lady. Thousands of miles away, Google's servers logged every word he wrote, archiving them forever within monolithic hard-drive cabinets buried deep within the Earth's crust. A thousand years later the Lizardmen, etc. That part was discussing an unnamed 20-something male.

"Steamy poo. Rusty pee. Daddy, why don't you love me?"

"Active volcanoes."

"But I don't activate any volcanoes."

"You must search for the volcanoes *within yourself*."

"I'm scared though."

"It's okay, darling. Volcanoes are scary. They're meant to be that way so people don't wander into them."

Her eyes burned with genuine red wonder.

1.7 - The Day the Dawn Died and Marxists Cried

Harry opened up his bible, turned to Josh 3.11 "Don't be a homosexual", he tore out the page and spat on it, he picked it up again and re-attached it to the holy book with his loving juices because he had to return it to the library later that evening. He realized at that moment there was no God, and when dawn with her red rose fingers rose once more he awoke a changed man.

"My actuality does not imply my existence!" shouted young Harold. Emptiness was his, that warm maternal space. Death and starvation, diseases untold, the rapes and wars of all time, meant nothing to him. Every night, beshitted with a romantic glow, he would read his Byron and Shakespeare by lamplight, under the covers, careful to never wake his parents. "Life and death," he would say. "Life and death are no longer things of import to me."

This is when Thomas Pynchon realized he was still in the process of exiting his mother's womb. And then with a boom his mother's belly said:

"I couldn't stop myself from peeking occasionally through the screen of my hair at the strange boy next to me. During the whole class, he never relaxed his stiff position on the edge of his chair, sitting as far from me as possible. I could see his hand on his left leg was clenched into a fist, tendons standing out under his pale skin. This, too, he never relaxed. He had the long sleeves of his white shirt pushed up to his elbows, and his forearm was surprisingly hard and muscular beneath his light skin. He wasn't nearly as slight as he'd looked next to his burly brother."

Doomed aye, but still her vagina exhaled Pynchon's tiny baby body and the stars looked down as if to whisper to the Andalusian girls on the mountain to pass their flowers to him and he replied "Yes I said, yes I will Yes".

"This is not a dream" Tom said aloud to himself, grasping his heating heart and farting like a swedish nymph. O but twas once, now is not, yes, the newspapers were right.

"It was a dream. Or was it?" Tommy P. said, letting out a sigh of relief. His life and novels were lifeless phantasms and fancies of the bodiless imagination which now lie aborted, face down, inside the flying saucer of a Saurian science team. How did we get Thomas Pynchon's novels? This being one of them.

This is the end of the novel, JK¹ reader. Please continue...

1.8 - The unlikely string of events that lead to dear Anon becoming the possessor of this very piece of literature that you see on your screen right now

¹ As in "JK Rowling", who is a known trickster.

Well, Lizardmen are capable of strange feats anonymous workforce, imageboards, faceless slaves typing at computer screens. In this case the Lizardmen had enlisted dear, sweet Harry (binder of books) to create a solid novel from these rambling ethernet pages - in return for his services he was promised the complete works of James Joyce (including many stories never actually published, most notably "An Ode to Nora's Shitflap"). The Lizardmen, however did not intend for Anon to receive this book, no, the book was destined for the Google archives, where it could be reversed, distilled into pure fluoride and disseminated into the water supply of Earth, E-RTH and any other planet the Lizardmen controlled.

As Lizardman David Foster Wallace (who had killed and beshitted his mortal body long ago) sped through hypertime towards the archives, talons a'clutching at the leather tome containing **"The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra"** he was distracted, by some commodius vicus of fate, by hyperdespairghetti. The very same transdimensional pasta that was conjured by Dakota Fanning and destined for Anon. The book was entangled in the starchy strands and instantly became bonded to Anon's life centipede, bouncing through his sphere of time for eternities until finally, in section 1.5 of this very story, he paid attention to it for the first time. Lizard Foster Wallace witnessed this and it inspired him to write a post-puerile epic titled "Shakespeare Quote Pasta time ▲ xxx ▲²", which is hilarious to Lizardmen but nonsensical to humans.

1.9.QT.3.1.4 - A Waifu for a Castle

He touched solid ground at last, his feet didn't hurt but boy o' boy did his mind ever. Oh god, why am I so patrician, why am I such a good writer. He set out that day to find a GF who pretended to like the same books he pretended to like. He found her squatting, over a sewage grate in the middle of Queens Street shitting out little pieces of velvet cake. He pulled out his copy of Ulysses³ and recited the first page to her:

"Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out rather Jewishly:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains.

Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his

² "Pasta time" being a pun referring to both it being time for Anon to eat some pasta and solve the hypercrisis and the pasta that triggered this whole net of hypercrisis being sent through hypertime itself.

³ The book by James Joyce, not the main character of The Odyssey

throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousled hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

—Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points.

Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name,”

That was nice she replied, Jimmy Joyce right? James, he corrected her. Oh, she said. And then through her infinite power she willed herself into existence and became the author of this books girlfriend...

But that didn't work, and I realized that all the good boyfriend-free girls only liked assholes and not nice guys (like me).

Roll a [six sided die](#)⁴

If you get a number ranging from 1-3 turn back to the beginning of the book

⁴ “Die” is a double entendre, very intelligent writing, if I may say so myself

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If you get a number ranging from 3-6 turn to the next chapter

1.9 Postmodernism Shmostmodernism

12345 Everybody in the club so come on let's jive!

dave the barbarian

1.▲ - A Totally Pertinent Story where Once Again Murakami is Shown to be “Trying”.

“There once was a writer sitting in a damn old castle up in the aquarium. Fish came by and said “We should just throw **random lines** into a blender, this is just gay ass-collaborative writing --- that would be real pomo writing, sell it on ebay for a Bill’.ionian dildo. A real high-quality cosmic one. Purple with swastikas and a built-in semen schlocker”. The writer agreed vehemently and accepted the plan to sell that book later on in the ebay right upside their water-castle. The sun was flying. He [insert shit in here] :^))))))))))))))))))))) the) after the 1st) are chins like a neckbeard hehehe cuz neckbeards have lots of chins LE CHINNY MAN MEME!!!!

At the bay Kafka was chilling on a beach-chair, sunglasses reflecting greenish waves of algae-infested water, nipping a drink of menstrual-blood. His sole purpose of his vacation was rejuvenation as an inspiration for his next vampire-novel. His favourite book “Twilight” rested upon a sandy table right next to his chair when it happened: OP, his hotel guy, unwrapped his pants and ught a flaccid nigger dig in between his revealed thighs which he used to write his name into the sand. Kafka lost his poker face and fucking turned the table upside down. OP misinterpreted this gesture as a “like” and went on to fondly poop a little spot of cake as the i-point. Kafka wasn’t there to notice this nice touch, instead he set up the torture device he brought from the penal colony. Meanwhile OP shared his love for peeing in corners with some anonymous wolf that rested between the dots [anonymous wolf--->..<<--] of his pee-sparks. But then an idea disrupted Kafka’s mind: he still needed proofreaders for his new Vampire-book! Why not enslave OP to be his proofreader ? But then he remembered proof being shot by Eminem and all the kids who are not the real slim shady. He gazed upon his fat shades and acknowledged that he needed a proofreader anyway so he chained up the dog that snooped along the pee-lines of OP and taught it to sit and learn english so he could use him as

proofreader. But how does a wolf learn english ? he wondered. This was the moment that he finally found a break-through for his new book. "Psycho, the rapist and the convicted vampire wolfs" which is intended to teach your every day wolf to finally learn english. Buy now."
[^--fucking edit & extend. (You could also edit in a way so that it fits into the rest of the book.)]

FUCK OFF IDIOT

~Anonymous wolf, 2014

IS this where it stops making sense? When it became one it made two. Fractal explosions of creative energy. Goddess, Maya, Mother, Love, Life! When will we be free? Emptiness is holy. Rhythmic lovemaking.

"Clipper Ships" by Matt Montini.

Me and my dad make models of clipper ships.
I like clipper ships because they are fast.
Clipper ships sail the ocean.
Clipper ships never sail on rivers or lakes.
Clipper ships have lots of sails and are made out of wood.

I

Childhood in Texas - Catches a crocodile - Tumblr - Writes - Is shit - To /lit/ - Phuc Stevenson -
Nguyen - The Critique Thread - Judge /lit/ - An affray - Burning of the Canon - Escape

See Kolsti. He is tanned and ethnic looking. He wears a life vest and skinny jeans and poses half-naked with his friends in the bathroom. He writes pasta on /mu/. Outside lies the dark turned prairie and the universities beyond that harbor yet a few last postmodernists. His folk are known as ranch handlers and presidents. But in truth his father was Tao Lin.

Sub Zero stood atop Shao Kahn's fortress. He looked down at the desolation below. The horrors of the Kontest were long over but the memories of his Komrades remained. A frozen tear formed and dropped from his proud epicanthic fold. The icy bead landed on the stone floor like a pearl. It glinted in the sunlight, for the light was breaking in the dark clouds of the Outworld. Perhaps this is a sign that hope and love might reign once again, he thought to himself.

Suddenly, Reptile's tongue wrapped around Sub Zero, licking him and binding his movements.

"Gay!" Sub Zero shouted in astonishment.

Reptile's tongue retracted. "No." He said matter-of-factly. "No, it's not gay."

"You licked my chest!"

“No. I was binding you.”

“I struggled helplessly and you licked me!”

Reptile could not help but betray his haughtiness, “Ridiculousssss.” He hissed.

That was where the argument ended, but Sub Zero maintained cautious eye contact. Reptile did not announce it—wanted to but did not—that the ninja tasted like Louie-Bloo Raspberry. He turned invisible to hide his shame. THAT’S WHEN MOOT BUSTED THROUGH THE FUCKING WALL and he asked for us to donate or maybe buy a 4chan gold pass.

“Fuck off!” The Anons shouted, and so the first string of bans started rolling in.

So the lackeys and the boot-lickers swarmed and licked the Moot with their venom colored tongues.

“Yes!” He raised his muscular arms to the sun. “This is real, ultimate power!”

The licking intensified and soon the hangers-on no longer resembled humans, but now seemed unsightly and deformed.

“Look!” A wizened sage at the base of the golden pyramid of 4chan pointed up at Moot covered in the many writhing licking figures “They’re turning into Remoras!” A ban landed firmly on him. And surely they were, and Moot’s gleaming, phallic hamstrings were bonding together to create the tail of a great fish.

A money lender in the crowd at the base of the pyramid turned to the man next to him and whispered something in glossolalia, only to meet with the face of the wizened sage returned in corporeal form. “B-but!” The money-lender stammered, “You were banned!”

“They cannot ban the truth.” The sage declared.

real .jpg artifacts.

my sweat.

my lust.

TLDR

After all, our dear anon ended sucking some bourgeois cocks in order to obtain his social value in a modern society.