

A Motherfucker's Guide to Life.

Sick cunts are like tough cunts but they don't have to be tough. Tough cunts are usually huge, but big cunts are massive. Shit cunts get into all kinds of shit, and idiots are just retards without an excuse. Nobody likes a sore cunt, because they're a sore loser, and a bitch. Bitches don't have cunts, they are cunts, everything about them is cuntish, the more cuntish it is, the badder the bitch. The bitches that are real cunts act like men, because men are just cunts with an enlarged clitoris, they go about strutting their shit and puss all over everything. Chicks that like puss, like the pimple popper of the fae, generally like to swallow too. Swallows are one of the nicest birds, and birds that are the nicest swallow. Nice is a term we use to say wicked without the ill. But the wickedest that is ill, is the illest. And the illest is fully sick, just like those sick cunts.

Motherfucker's fucked your mother, but they got jestered into a creampie, because the mother that fucked the motherfucker, thought that

motherfuckers were sick cunts, and so because they were fully sick, they ought to be made more of. Tough cunts are like sick cunts, but they don't care for the fully sick, they care for the tough. Tough cunts are like hard cunts, but they don't grip onto reality so tightly. Hard cunts are tough, tough cunts are strong and could probably take you in a fight. But hard cunts are like control freaks, but they rule over you and parade it around like it's a pride event.

Mad cunts are like sick cunts, except you would call them mad. They are so mad about everything that they worked out to the solution to all the world's problems, and that is listening to the mad cunt ramble and dance like he was actively writing lyrics for a slam poetry piece, and never gave up hope that the revolution is in the kids. Mad cunts are essentially crazy motherfucker's, they fucked your mother, and even the child was still crazy.

The craziest thing a motherfucker ever did see is what initially turned him into a mad cunt, I mean crazy motherfucker. A crazy motherfucker saw all the hard cunts being hard, and softest of soft cunts, getting both cheeks blown in, while an eye for an eye made the whole world blind. He saw that to refuse Christ's teaching was to respond with equal or more violence to violence. So instead of quiescing a refuse, they would clap back and destroy anyone who tried to take advantage of them.

A crazy motherfucker would just respond to any and all violence with a crazy amount of clap. So they would be branded as crazy, by the whole of society as an excuse for why these crazy folk be so god damn crazy. The craziest mother fucker I ever saw was from another culture, so I didn't understand fucking shit about fuck all. And then there's funny cunts who just think they're funny, when the real funny shit is how mad of a madcunt I am gonna be by the time those funny cunts tell their fucking longwinded jokes. If you

were really funny, I'd be the one laughing now wouldn't I, but because it's just you who laughs at your jokes, you think they're funny. And those funny cunts in the zoo. Look at you asking for alms in coins against the prison bars. Well guess what, I just donated a chewy paper and spat me chewy on the floor so it can turn into cement like any adhesive.

Look, I don't know how adhesion and cohesion go together but apparently that's how you get water to flow upstream in the tree's roots. They don't expend any energy to get the water right to the top. So what do we do? Make a tap at the leaves, and run a generator at the ground, and then boom, infinite energy right? See, I am a mad cunt. I'm so mad I solved all the world's problems, but it's just the audience that doesn't get it. There's no way else to say it, but the maddest of mad cunts just becomes another sick cunt. Sick cunts don't need to be mad, they can stay happy and shoot themselves when they feel sad. I mean sad cunts don't need no story, they

have an each to their own. Truth is what I say when I say it, and it needs no association to matter. You can't tell a crazy person their crazy, because they'll just think *your* crazy, and when they start speaking out of order with loose associations, they're just speaking latin or russian wherein there's no such thing because order doesn't matter.

So like saying fuck you to a mother fucker who just will get turned on by self-voyeurism, a dog is a dawg, and most dogs are your mates. All mates are a mates mate, or a friends friend. So a mate is really a meta-friend, a friend who gets you like your the break in the fourth wall.

Cock suckers suck cock, and sometimes for cash (more-like sometimes for free!!!). They like getting you off. They like to jerk around. Small talk and empty lives, a prime location for diy porn filming. A cock sucker sucks cock and is not a gendered term. It's usually used for those hard cunts that just aren't quite hard

enough. A cocksucker is never a cock, they are a hole and every hole is wholesome. A cocksucker sucks cock but is not a cock. We don't call them cocks. Because they suck cock. Which is a whole nother life. If they swallow then you might as well call them a bird, in that moment they might identify as a bird, because they most certainly are a swallow. This is why men can identify as women. Because they say they are a lower life form, we let them stoop. In this I understand.

It is very masculine to fight against the fact. To try and control everything from truth to the world around them. They only have one view, and all is mind, so matter don't matter. It is womanly to stand under and to understand, to stoop to the will of truth. That is why atheism looks so good, because it is a refusal to stoop to truth. God is truth god is light, but truth is not light. Truth in the hands of evil becomes evil. And evil in the hands of truth becomes power. Knowledge is power, because too stoop to truth

becomes knowledge. And power corrupts, so knowledge corrupts. Thus a well fashioned bloke is both a man and a woman. All men are technically half woman, and woman are double selves, they look at themselves in the mirror. Men don't look at themselves in the mirror, men look at you and you look at yourself. That's why a womans mirror holds much more creative potential than a man in the mirror. Because the man in the mirror knows and appreciates every cocksucker, like they're a sick cunt, because they swallow that which one should never touch, and they swallow it, that is fully sick.

A man in the mirror is himself a cocksucker appreciator, which means he succumbs to letting a man be a woman for the potential of theatre, a man in the mirror is an actor, and an actor allows for men to be such a way, as we are in the halls of the act, the platonic cave with the shadow on the wall. The actor is essentially a gay trans woman lesbian bisexual pansexual groomer. They have groomed the public to

respect them by sucking their cocks, and in return the public tells the children, "hello, world, this is a gay man, or hello world this is a transwoman." And in return the children become too early sexualised. The issue is evolution, do we choose to evolve to reproduce quicker and quicker, or do we evolve to wait until later? That a choice everyone must make. However there will always be a "too early" and the world will make it difficult to choose otherwise as there is an expected resultant.

But a child that is reading erotica or has discovered trans woman naturally think, and naturally can be aroused and if they choose to be aroused they choose to enter into that world as naturally or unnaturally as the rest. That is a choice they make, and as long as the voting age is controlled it will take time for you to grow up and have a legitimate voice. And so long as you don't concern yourself with politics until voting age, we can ensure a system that employs all the church bred teachers to have a role in choosing

how you grow up. The sooner we can expect to neglect the fact that the world is a kleptocracy, it is built on lies, and politicians are corrupt to their team mates and reword lies to ensure business people can be kept in business. And so long as the mother's of those mother fucker's are in control they'll ensure that the reading books have restricted sections at restricted ages. The books tell the truth, and the truth is made by the writers, but not only this the children choose what to believe, and enter into that world the same, with the potential for eternity to eventuate some dark truths. Darker truths are collapsed bright truths. It is a dark magic that is swept up from the depths. The depths that decide who rule and the streets that punk. Sometimes a bad joke deserves retribution, but the only one to know that it's a bad joke is not the joker. The joker always thinks he has right of way. But slapping and murder are a potentiality for going too far into someone else's world. Their associations, attachments, and sensitivities. The hairless are portrayed as

hairless, but they are much more than that. The blind are portrayed as blind, but it's the accessibilities that control the world. They are born knowing something is wrong and *living with it*. And being with it, is being hip, or cool, which is to understand tradition. Tradition is what was portrayed as hip, it's the advertisers that are in control, the only reason we have letters left to speak with is because they project a national spoken language which one must abide by if they live to use.

The biggest problem in the world is mutual assured destruction. So long as there are two parties with enough nukes, they would promise not to nuke the world unless the other team does it first. So it's a what if. What if we have nukes and they have nukes, and we go all out with nukes. That's not the problem, the problem is when to press the button. But by the existence of there being nukes the button is already metaphorically pressed, it is late stage capitalism, wrought what you can make a

minimumly viable product, and charge through the roof for it. The nukes have already begun exploding, it's just a matter of proximity to the button. Give it to one man rather than a thousand, well guess what the nuke has already exploded, they are inventing micro nuke reactors for the household. Give everyone guns, give everyone nukes, and let them blow us into the next world. Where mutation takes hold and the species reimagine itself again once as new, with a new oldest world text and a new beginning, a new adam and eve and a new start. One in which the light of god's truth was something like "there exists a thing called pedophiles who will groom children into accepting them for it and asking for 'mere' forgiveness. That's the whole truth. Epiphany means to bear christ within. And euphoria is bearing well, so epiphany and euphoria go hand in hand, and with this truth comes love, whereby a tough love full of hard cunts is needed. So knowledge is free, and epiphany is free to harvest with interest and good bearing.

Now that the nukes have landed, let's talk mutations. All the mutations in the human genome, from the russian immunity to hangovers, or myostatin inhibition which removes the recycling of proteins that ensures we don't grow muscles 'too' fast / much, or sleeping only 4 hours, or having an eccentric taste in food, mutation doesn't mean "only good things" it's just that we only care about the good things. Having all of these is a godsend. A miracle birth.

Now I met an Arab guy who told me if a swallow is stabbed in the uterus after swallowing, then some of the sperm can get in from the intestines. Now he said a woman with a closed vagina had this happen and the child was Jesus. A miracle birth right? Now how about the natural miracles of mutation. Eventually they will be bred into everyone, determinately good is eventually good.

Dickheads are like cunts, a distant cousin of the cunt, also potentially a motherfucker, a cocksucker, and are like a dumb cunt. A basic bitch is a simple chick. And it's okay to be a simpleton, keep it simple stupid is the idea behind ockham's razor, even though it's always more complicated than that. A fuckface has a fucked up face, and a slick dick, is a dickhead that's slick, aiming at sex and lots of it rather than work or other passions. A pocket pisser is someone who pisses in your pocket to keep your hands warm, or in other words is trying to gain your favour by flattery.

A fag is a poofa, or just poof. A gaybo. Usually always a cocksucker but sometimes just a bottom. A bottom takes it, whereas a top gives it.

A bitch is a dog, kind of like a slut that doesn't get as much action, a whore that doesn't get paid. A shithead likes shit. Shit is a type of thing. It's not just a thing and it's not just a type,

it's a type of thing. At least shitheads would have you believe. Shit heads care a lot about shit, what ever it is. I'm a shithead, I think of it like "connoisseur".

And now an excerpt from Mr X (Renowned Scientist Carl Sagan):

Initially I was unwilling to partake, but the apparent euphoria that cannabis produced and the fact that there was no physiological addiction to the plant eventually persuaded me (Text sourced from <https://www.organism.earth/library/document/mr-x>) to try.

When I closed my eyes, I was stunned to find that there was a movie going on the inside of my eyelids. Flash . . . a simple country scene with red farmhouse, a blue sky, white clouds, yellow path meandering over green hills to the

horizon. . . Flash . . . same scene, orange house, brown sky, red clouds, yellow path, violet fields . . . Flash . . . Flash . . . Flash. The flashes came about once a heartbeat. Each flash brought the same simple scene into view, but each time with a different set of colors . . . exquisitely deep hues, and astonishingly harmonious in their juxtaposition. Since then I have smoked occasionally and enjoyed it thoroughly. It amplifies torpid sensibilities and produces what to me are even more interesting effects, as I will explain shortly.

There's a part of me making, creating the perceptions which in everyday life would be bizarre; there's another part of me which is a kind of observer.

Cannabis brings us an awareness that we spend a lifetime being trained to overlook and forget and put out of our minds.

There is a myth about such highs: the user has an illusion of great insight, but it does not survive scrutiny in the morning. I am convinced that this is an error, and that the devastating insights achieved when high are real insights

I am convinced that there are genuine and valid levels of perception available with cannabis (and probably with other drugs) which are,

through the defects of our society and our educational system, unavailable to (Text sourced from <https://www.organism.earth/library/document/mr-x>) us without such drugs. Such a remark applies not only to self-awareness and to intellectual pursuits, but also to perceptions of real people, a vastly enhanced sensitivity to facial expression, intonations, and choice of

words which sometimes yields a rapport so close it's as if two people are reading each other's minds.

The illegality of cannabis is outrageous, an impediment to full utilization of a drug which helps produce the serenity and insight, sensitivity and fellowship so desperately needed in this increasingly mad and dangerous world.