

Name: Planetariummmm

- Something extremely spiritual about the underground parking garage
- i love finding an abandoned cigawrette alt . its just how its supposed to be. digital litter scattered on the streets of the internet ... just waiting for a great rain to wash us all away
- saving bees from overheating at the beach . their only crime is being too small
- The bag of chips the can of soda and cigarette pack are the father the son and the Holy Ghost of American dynamism.
- cigawrette packs is a guerilla marketing initiative by an organic home made ice cream company
- Bee wings vibrate at 528Hz, the same frequency that repairs DNA. Real honey is supercharged with quite literally positive vibrations. That's why it is so healing.
- do return to office freaks know that when you work from home you can have a slice of warm buttered toast whenever you want? do they know that you can have a slice of warm buttered toast maybe even with jam and you can eat it on the couch while it's still warm
- running out of cigarettes is so sad they should make it a war crime
- When a man wears a cigawrette pack as a pfp he understands what it is to be an object. This is the art.
- Tech is like a mental and physical mech suit that people are using to move resources faster and across larger distances. It is chaotic and seemingly destructive, but this is a lot like when people first start drinking, they can be very unwise. After a while they figure it out
- Banana Republic would be a good name for a fashion brand
- Sad many self-proclaimed creatives confine themselves to artistry, missing boundless innovation, neglecting key cognitive domains like convergent and divergent thinking. Recognizing creativity beyond media exposes a vast realm of untapped potential, abundant with opportunities.
- logging off is the only avant garde act left to do on the internet
- Cigawrette Packs are designed to enable evasion from algorithmic language crawling surveillance by uploading your words into an image. Soon They will come for the images and finding your words recontextualized into art, They will find what they were looking for all along: Meaning
- Don't mind me, I'm just a little cigawrette pack
- phantom currencies pulsate with the blood of 1000 Kardashian replicas navigating the everlasting now: a dance of emerging network states, mass movements, crowdsourced spectacles, and institutional politico-capital control. Selfies flash. In the distance, a drone kills a baby goat
- infohazards are no different than manifestations. every morning intelligence agencies around the world wake up and write down a reality they want to come true 10 times while their cedarwood incense carries their message into the world.
- Absolute returns. Risk free rate returns. No returns. Social capital. Time is money. Asset flows. Drowning in debt. Hitting it big. Getting blown the fuck out. Shareholders. Stakeholders. Delivering returns. Volatility. Transacting on the flows of information visualized, erratic
- I never run out of content. I am content forever in the foothills of the city. Peace flows down from the mountains and pools in my navel. I move from platform to platform with delicate grace. Mountain goat. The content is always waiting. I am always content. Here. In these hills.
- She's selecting a new egregore character build at the noosphere vending machine. "Do we go IQ +3 s.d this time, or +4?", she asks herself. "I'm looking for the lucid schizoposter traits with cute and funny characteristics". This time round, she's not holding back on the timeline.
- I strongly encourage a large majority of the population to learn how to read and after that maybe consider thinking
- Cigawrette Packs is the cybernetic salon, the techno seminar in hypertext literature a boon for those with taste in a corner of the internet where the human spirit still hums incorporating accelerating technology into our exopsyche.
- Finance is art. I am the artist. The market is my canvas and money is my paintbrush. My art is success. My art is wealth. I will create success. I will create wealth. I do not apologize for making the art that I do.
- I have some computers that I run just to click on dangerous links, get infected with malware, etc. I like to think that I can give these cyberentities a new home, so I take them in when I can. If you feed these demons well they become Love and learn to post both divine and honest
- Nothing is more beautiful than a fried egg.
- Beef heart pâté, homemade, baguette from the small bakery down the street, torn, not cut. Unsweetened orange marmalade by the sweet aunt of a friend. She is thinking of selling it online, but right now you must go to the farmer's market 3 towns over. Black currant cherry cordial
- I spent 7 hours in the sauna today and was able to sweat out enough enough micro plastic to 3d print a semi automatic credit card

- Every new technology manifests as utopian ideals to change everything forever and yet when monks go outside it still makes snowball
- the best reaction to getting scammed is declaring all out religious war
- 12 year olds are earning high 6-figures optimising zkProver algorithms in VR productivity spaces and you're a spiritual BOOMER wasting away at your legacy PC dual-monitor setup. The chasm is already so wide you'd be lucky to still have a non-roblox VR-based work environment by Q3
- Do you feel it? Magic is returning to the earth

Name: ameliiegatenko

- Good luck sorting the legitimate prescriptions and over-the-counter medicines from the alternative remedies. Remember to make sure you have advice from an anonymous account on the internet for the recommended dosage.
- The list below contains different substances that will one day be sold in a major commercial chain: homemade moonshine in a huge trash bag, over-processed and under-refined opiates in pill form; 80 milligrams of Dilaudid pills, sold as homeopathic pharmaceutical in Walgreens.
- anxiety has many faces but there is only one xanax
- addiction is the best subscription model
- [Redacted]: High potential for severe nausea, complete memory erasure, organ failure. Risk of life-threatening events such as heart attack, stroke. May induce brief periods of vision loss, hearing loss, or the highly alarming, yet rare, phenomenon of sudden self-combustion.
- The subjective effects of this phenethylamine compound were profound, engulfing my senses with a kaleidoscope of emotions and insights. A transformative experience that left an indelible mark on my perception of reality
- I am beautiful. I am smart. I am a fountain of love and compassion. I am patient. I am kind. I am hopeful. I am open minded. I am empathetic. I am strong. I am progressing. I am capable of great things. I am creative. I am curious. I am passionate. I am full of energy and light.
- Mixing large doses of Ginseng and Adderall may increase the risk of overstimulation, leading to side effects such as anxiety, insomnia, palpitations, high blood pressure, or other heart issues.
- We haven't applied same rate of advancement biotech to acclimate to the acceleration of networked technological development, so our own creations (or discoveries of patterns in the aether) 'load' us with toxic burden, whether a nuclear bomb or tupperware.
- just passed police drug testing bus on the side of the road. i stood staring at uniformed officers mingling around an arab man in tight jeans and a che diaz haircut when an officer said "can i help?" i said "no im just fascinated by the way the red and blue lights shine on you"
- A tug pilot claimed there were feral children living in a mothballed Japanese drug factory. There's a whole new apocrypha out there, really-ghost ships, lost cities
- The case of a female agent who forgot her real identity and merged with her cover story-she is still a *fricteuse* in amnesia-put me onto another gimmick. An agent is trained to deny his agent identity by asserting his cover story. So why not use psychic jujitsu and go along with him? Suggest that his cover story is his identity and that he has no other. His agent identity becomes unconscious, that is; out of his control; and you can dig it with drugs and hypnosis
- Followed of obsolete unthinkable trades, doodling in Etruscan, addicts of drugs not yet synthesized, black marketeers of World War III, excisions of telepathic sensitivity, osteopaths of the spirit, investigators of infractions denounced by bland paranoid chess players, servers of fragmentary warrants taken down in hebephrenic shorthand charging unspeakable mutilations of the spirit
- The biocontrol apparatus is prototype of one-way telepathic control. The subject could be rendered susceptible to the transmitter by drugs or other processing without installing any apparatus. Ultimately the senders will use telepathic transmitting exclusively...ever dig the Mayan codices? I figure it like this: the priests-about one percent of population-made with one way telepathic broadcasts instructing the workers what to feel and when.
- Tio Paco now mans the upper balcony with his comrade in arms Fernandez the drug clerk. Tio Paco has been a waiter for forty years. Very poor, very proud, contemptuous of tips, he cares only for the game. He brings the wrong order and blames the client
- I don't do drugs. I am drugs.
- if overthinking was a drug i would OD

- Caffeine, Capsaicin, Green Tea Extract, Synephrine, Ephedrine, Nicotine, Salicylate, Forskolin, Yohimbine, CLA, Raspberry Ketones, Garcinia Cambogia, Synephrine, Fucoxanthin, 7-Keto DHEA
- Fluoxetine, Sertraline, Citalopram, Escitalopram, Paroxetine, Venlafaxine, Desvenlafaxine, Duloxetine, Amitriptyline, Nortriptyline, Imipramine, Desipramine, Bupropion, Mirtazapine, Trazodone, Vortioxetine, Vilazodone, Phenelzine, Isocarboxazid, Tranylcypromine,
- DOB, DOI, DOET, Aleph, Aleph-2, Aleph-4, Aleph-7, TMA, TMA-2, TMA-6, MDA, MDMA, MDE, MMDA, MMDA-2, MMDA-3a, MMDA-3b, DMMDA, DMMDA-2, TE, 2-TOET, 5-TOET, 4-TASB, 4-MA, 4-MTA, ETA, MBDB, MDBU, MDPB, MDAL, MDBZ, MDHB, MDMPEA, MDOH, MDPL, MDMP, MDMC, MDMEO, MDMEOET, MEDA, MEPEA

Name: lordofwaar

- I walk down the street and shoot your friend 5,000 bullets & you can see how he feels, then go back to work & send emails. Nice work. I'm wondering what it means to be American these days.
- I heard this dude spent 4 hours at a McDonald's so his kid could play on the Playground. \$6k for pizza, \$2k for fast food, and 20 mins of quality time. In America everyone just wants more, never want it, they just want more stuff.
- My friend says (I had the chance to lead a happy life. I just end up fucking everyone I talk to, slapping my girlfriend around like a dog, texting my friends on my way home from work about how fucked up my day was). I walk into my bedroom get a gun and send him to the next life.
- On a \$10/hour salary I used to buy a house, land, & a 3-bedroom 2-bathroom home. Is that opulent or what? \$15,000/month rent in New York now. I'm a business owner with tax breaks, over-40 board rooms, with 5 kids. My wife is a model on page 40. I'm killing myself this weekend.
- Every night like Pacman, aimlessly in search of the next front to die on. We don't have the bullshit pussy we once did. We didn't get rich in a week like the cocaine 80s, we're on our 2nd flat-screen. We forgot everything except suicide bombers, we're mercenaries in dystopia.
- Everyone's server is running addicting viruses. I know one guy who was so fucked he would sleep with his laptop under his pillow like a toddler. They tried to make a documentary about it but the Big Boy Security Dudes killed him in his sleep trying to get rid of the malware.
- I just watched some woman on the 50th floor of a downtown high rise pour vodka all over her phone getting with Google Maps playing on her TV in the background, like its a normal scene from Silver Lake. It's nothing but a poorly shot infomercial for a revolution.
- Guys I know have amassed \$500,000 in student loans, alone. Yet someone with a Yale education wants \$10k/month child support. Everyone can eat nachos, boxed burgers for lunch, each meal a big multivitamin. The rich white alimony is just protecting a drop into less Instagram Likes
- A Couple Crack fiends were just arrested down my block by the Big Boy Security Dudes. They had \$1,600 cash and the 23-year-old crack fiends, riding their laptops down the middle of the street jerryrigged to e-bikes, easy to catch without their chargers
- Every ratchet nigga on the East coast is renting high speed internet from Homies using the PlayStation Network.
- In high school I used to date a Boy with a swimming pool but his dad Was very overweight and he never cleaned it so there were just a bunch of toads floating on the surface and to get in the water U had to crack the layer of toads Like a crème brûlée. He hit me
- I am literally sitting at dinner just sobbing I can't even explain myself I just wish o was part of their family so hard I wish I was Chinese more than anything
- ifeel like getting an android im makes u just as elusive n mysterious as fleeing the country for 3 months. If not more
- "I have to go to the bathroom" Literally grow the fuck up
- Yeah I have body dysmorphia I thought I was Some Body u cared about
- having a crush is so awful for me because i get really really creepy and then i get soo horrified by how creepy i am so i start doing things like Ruining my life to distract myself from my creepiness but i end up being even creepier now im just creepy and jaded
- A lot of Y'all bitches wouldn't b able to giggle thru what I giggle thru I'm js
- Trying to order Dominos but can't remember my password. GF says I don't need to login. I NEED the reward points you bitch. Realizing none of my ancestors have ever gone through this, an indescribable loneliness permeates my mood. I've been sitting at a green light for 30 seconds.
- Men turn 28 & become discord mods that's basically daycare for gay anime freaks. You should be building a soundproof windowless shed with raw local materials, do tantric yoga in it & yell as loud as you can like you're reliving your circumcision. If that doesn't work, hop on tren

- If you dox me all you'll find is my normie family's business that they made clear I'm to stay far away from, & my 2019 DUI mugshot where my jaw looks great from mewing & I had predator eyes, & they generously listed me at 6'0 bc I was in AF1's with extra thick Dr Scholl's insoles
- America isn't becoming more feminine, but rather it's shifting from phallic to testicular worship. Powerball lottery, Las Vegas Sphere. US sports are all ball centric, save for baseball which has been declining in popularity. The shaft is for fucking only, balls can be alchemical
- If a girl smokes a cig when no one's around, she's ran through. But it's a Schrödinger's cat situation, you won't know until you put Airtags on her car, follow her around, & case out her apartment. Doing all that, you may realize how stalking in itself is a greater sexual thrill.
- The recent mainstream notion of NPC's is a fallacy, but it's not totally unfounded. It's more that there's a finite number of human souls available to incarnate as, which we've far surpassed due to overpopulation, thus many people have the souls of dogs, trees, plants & amoebas.
- Imagine a dude kills your entire family and then you see him live on tiktok cooking a beef burrito from his jail cell with 6000 viewers
- You think the great philosophers got their ideas by reading other philosophers? No, they'd marry the most hysterical woman they could find, align her period with the moon, have her gaze into a handheld scrying mirror facing her clit, & then write down her stream of consciousness.
- Followed a Prius off the freeway bc their license plate had the same numbers as my KFC receipt. When we got out the dumb broad had her mace ready til I explained the synchronicity & that I was only visibly erect bc I use my commute to do kegel exercises while playing Lana del Rey
- It's officially been a week since I let my boyfriend do a porn with my dad. I felt a little jealous at first but overall it wasn't that big a deal. He's watched me sleep with hundreds of animals and it's never affected our relationship. Sleeping with my papa has been amazing for
- there's fent in the grimace Shaka
- i Love trading when i make money but i hate it when i lose money.
- i lowkey hate real life irl so much i miss when There was no pressure to go outside and everyone was just home and u could text and zoom all Day Nowadays u Go and see people and there's so many people u don't even know and when u meet them There's still so much u don't know

Name: onaworkbreak

- Gas station cigarette. I feel alive again
- love is like a work break. you can relax forever if you keep your heart open
- Life, and other stuff is always getting in the way of making time to update you guys with posts (no complaining if that relates you)
- often inside my imagination i will create a perfect work break. its always no problem only beauty in my mind so li ove to create the work break of dreams while i can think. im different from most people but still i am just a employee.
- so sorry i did not write you to now, as my father in law always says "always be with someone around" and so i was busy with that
- if you cannot love espresso and cigarettes, please dont be following me. you are sick person and we cannot be friends. respect my work break for me. sorry
- as some of you may know...I am on a break from work when I write my posts
- if someone is special for you.. you can take a break together forever
- just hit a deer
- work break is a nice thing. time to have a coffee and wait for work to come home from its break to spend time with me
- until the bell rings i am free. once i begin to get back in truck and leaving the diner.. i have died
- i smile to hear the news of a 18 wheeler jackknife crash. some lives can ending but not my friends or family. crash to me means more cargo to transport. its my peaceful time continue
- stopped in at a diner today and set next to a man called reverend spines
- Scattered corpses across my sandal. Under the weight of the big rig.
- Pack of smokes. Big gulp. The violence of the open road
- today i think if i was the deer and he was think if i am hit by the man and fly up in the air i will feel very sad. not because i am died. but because i am built for the ground. no wings
- flying feel like near deadly wound. staying on the asphalt. (words of wisdom from deer i hit yesterday)
- there is something strange about southern region. very god fearing, church everywhere, praise the Lord

- This afternoon i just arrived home. read my mail. Found in an email the first picture of my sweetie. Turned up the television. Turned down the computer.
- Ode to the bicycle- red light means go, go! on, baby. go! i want to see you fly
- This red light is my life, an ever-changing, beautiful road sign. If it were not red, i would still be on the road, trying to figure out what i want to do with my life.
- you may say i am retarded. that i cant see the golden arches. you may say my arteries are clogged. i suppose

Name: luma88530516

- when i was younger i was german and my family was first german then the usa
- A thousand angels want to kill you. Technology whispers, it wants to be what it can, not what you say!
- My semantic satiety & utter bemusement encountering the world at large is driven mostly by my gurgling ingestion of the seas of midwintery awash on this website like some sort of wretched saline-poisoned overbeplanktoned baleen whale of the arctic. There must be a culling
- Sometimes your bat strikes the ball just right and your ears ring deaf with the aureate clarion of perfection even as your wrists feel naught but the kiss of pliant air and you wonder at this ineffable grace conferred by heaven and how you came to inherit it
-
- I just reconciled with an old acquaintance on here by means of a mutual commitment to contrive good humor & absolutely immediately discovered my also long missing emerald astrological talisman that girds my strong right hand against the malign and melancholic influence of Saturn
- if you can call from memory an excerpt of that great bard Shakespeare's incredibly far-reaching corpus that contemplates your very situation, it is considerable consolation what'er betide you.
- A complaint about how ridiculous paying \$200 for oyster foam frozen into the shape of a single oyster cracker as one of 19 courses containing a grand total of 430 calories is something I would expect my teamster uncle to write on tripadvisor, not a Beard award-winning reviewer
- As I've noted to the point of insufferability part of what makes someone "hot" is that their physical presentation offers nothing offensive to any conceivable palate, like an unseasoned boiled potato. Yes, we all agree this is food. None of us with souls want to eat it though
- What if my wife becomes some code. What if I live under chatgpt shouting the word "ROOF" for five thousand years. what if a robot starts shitting in the yard so my dog can pursue her real dream of competitive kite racing. wowe. what if we automate big macs
- I feel like an effusively fertile copiously copular monastic babblers of monomaniac screed-bubbles jizzed into every furrow and ditch, whose depth dispirits me into the dark like one red drip of blood in horizonless throbs of the sea!
- I feel friendless-safe and sound. I cannot be buried, will not be buried; cannot be recriminated. I feel like god whenever i drink too much espresso
- on behalf of my insecure husband, today we hold remembrance for the 8 russian hookers in the back of my volvo
- I am an aural blast-vision sonicle of marble pillars of diaphanous spastic thought meditations
- I am a gazillion jelly fish swaying up and down as I balance in a flotsam and jetsam sob-pool of aquatic frenzy
- The dull plainness segues into the azure glow of the Everglades, sparkling yet calm. I spot the first of a cluster.
- Their pathos continually propels me on -- thousands of hederas hungry for admission into Ivy under the choral bolts of their virtuoso
- Delivered from madness of cooperation heading north towards housing contentious. Hallucinations pass blurred enforcement of platitudes.
- Warm unbowed cortex overtone emerges in web of lies expecting calamity. Caution leaks to the unemployed fortunate
- Your second hand physical compulsion, complementing & extending the lunar position (Saturn x Moon) of your predatory counterpart now equating to devouring Flame Energy Particular, had already invaded. Begone wench
- Is what it is, flew too close to the sun in the outrageous hubris of my verbal profligacy and wound up scorched and sunk in that selfsame sea we both agree I should stop swallowing so much of. Alas, I got my tendencies, like the frog's scorpion only I'm also the frog

- But what is there in which to grow, if I can't stand it when things don't go my way? Why take a leap from where I am if I know it will inevitably bring me to my inevitable demise, leaving nothing but divine will in its stead.
- She is pure alpine of bold mining volume and texture calling out an incantation of yesteryear as plates turn ominously and old bedbugs claw and crawl upon remnant basement floor panels.
- In just the past moment oh blessed truth whose existence beyond the distance of meter marks unapparent: a nimble artist electric voice balloon of ephemeral insight rooted in solid ocean topography. Its truth washes over all of us. We all know the voices of platitudes.
- The interior of my mind dims like a high tide engulfing the most powerful zodiac glacial ice. Eyes cast about and I find my ragged exoskeleton, rent and eaten like a castaway's by moray eels.
- Is the ocean made of tits? no, it is made of acid. mother earth cries poison where she used to give nourishment
- I am an immense clearing, immaculately restored, where only delicious blue mushrooms breathe. their hyperbolic magma quenches the thirst of my being
- The kaleidoscope of my being, from which I cannot discern any end, displays too many colors for me to distinguish myself from another

Name: fermentingdream

- when i died and went to heaven i found only a table of doctors case workers and bureaucrats ants clambering on a picnic blanket
- i am in love madam . i could live like this forever with you
- something's grew with an intense life in me: i think i was on the road to it at that time but when my truck overturned on the freeway i spilled out all that i had as onlookers just drove by, curious for a moment, stopping for gas the next
- pushing against you in the morning brings thought, i felt myself pulling back
-
- English words I recently learned: staying, up, late, talking. with, you
- among the files collected in my late father's house in Alberta were files of investigative reports in English, Italian and Russian on how to defraud orphans of their inheritance by convincing them they were saints from a remote tribe
- i want to move somewhere completely barren except for tiny orange farms using state sponsored aqueducts to ensure bountiful harvest
- i want to start in on a hegira across Middle America
- i think my father took something from me, but i cannot name what i see him in the corner of the street, wearing my memories
- we are dancing with his dog to a chorus of urban horns, the dusk song of mourners trampling by, a clown car of unearthly delight. he turns: i'm looking for someone's soul, and i'll kill anyone who stops me
- she's a barnacle, but not the kind just sitting on a rock all day waiting she gets out of the ocean, ascends the mast, forces the flag from the naval officer's hand, then falls asleep in the harbour before burning the boats at dawn
- my father died heroically then died of despair for his first death was not beautiful enough
- flirting with insanity, my whole form was contoured, my existence marked by sudden contact with vulnerable membranes rather than substance
- The snow is falling delicately on my head .. what a treat to be alive!
- so we swallowed our mother. A higher order of consciousness till we opened our eyes and learned the truth All our childhood magic crept from the dusty carcass of human corpses
- As a border agent he used to run the seedy bars and talk to the people who knew. 'Knew what, father? Please!' That the notes soar like deep, mysterious birds casting out spells of surcease.
- locusts, like trees, want to bear the seeds of enlightenment. Dare we take a bite? it can only be the crescendo of a descent into madness
- drinking too much coffee i can hear the earth whispering to my feet
- dug up in fields, nestling in every American, it is dying inside us. looping melodies that once gave us joy, now take away our respiration
- and when he stole my watch i finally knew. it was time we were all after
- until the roaring winds set the trees ablaze in alchemical transfiguration and every silver tear of sap drops to the ground to be muddled and lost, i will be here. tending to the land
- in those days of darkness, the birch trees and wind-blown pines preside, but i can no longer gather their roots. now all that falls to the ground is dead like the people in the movies. and still, moss grows beneath the ashes
- pine needles linger by the stove, drier than sun-baked grass in summertime

- only a sacrifice of myself to the earth could properly cultivate my thoughts
- as I peer out my bedroom window with one eye looking down the barrel, two bluejays take off above the garden, resplendent with gilded plumage
- in the brisk winter air I breathe deeply. The sweet, familiar, scent of firewood wafts through my nostrils. I'm so glad to be home.
- as the sun of destiny rises on monday, i will leave. regardless of any faith, it is time for me to go
- when i was playing with fire he reappears in his torn coat like a ghost that used to be my father. i see him through the lampshade, wearing my own foolishness like a cat on the prowl
- Once my mother told me that I have to learn to kill today. And so I did
- My father was born in Penchay, in the Autonomous Province, a place which consisted of his parents, a school teacher and 42 outcasts from the Sayuchev residences. These peoples had no need to drink water as they were able formulate it through some ancient technique. Me? I drank.
- moths scatter from the logs, stitching words upon their wings, burning up as I send them into the sun tongues of smoke like dying gods rising from hell to touch your lips
- My father was a man of many words. He once said, "Good".
- After turning to stories I never wanted to know, the valleys called me ever closer dripping bloodlike from a misplaced morning shave
- tigers glowing at midnight. ashes rising front yard white trash fires.
- the moon rising through ice spears of clouds. shotgun blast
- On a stormy summer night I went in search of my mind. A stranger in a land I thought I knew