

Hermaphroditus & Salmacis

@HERMAPHRODITUS

Race: Minor Moderator, or Human by bastardization

Gender: Man

Age: 15

Mother: @VENUS

Father: @MERCURY

conceived in cave of MT Ida sim.

raised by naiads, or rather not my parents

i know who i look like. no need to mention it when you see me in the tunnels.

//// @HERMAPHRODITUS // AVGVST230408 //
 CONNECTED x [Rail56B] // the ride flashes by in cycles
 unrendered. the tide thrashes stronger than yesterday, a
 little darker. separate peaks crash explode, yellow swells.
 how many times have i rode this machine. sir, you are
 receiving messages. a little darker. sir, you are receiving
 relentless messages from @SALMACIS. according to her
 profile: she has no real talents, sir, not many friends either.
 sir, this line of messaging is not her first point of
 contact, her first message to you dates back
 to JVLI151307. sir, would you like to send a reply to
 @SALMACIS inquiry? used to be fish. BLOCK. the
 ocean burps up vile, the size velocity splay are all that
 change in looping the entirety of the city rail
 complex. glass bubbles far and wide, the skyscrapers the
 penthouses. REC: "i want you to know that i took you
 with me. everywhere that i go. both of your faces, i pass
 they gasp they snap they chat. [@VENUS updated her
 status 30sec ago] the messages from the dredges of this
 dredged planet, suitors fathers, begging. im no mod or man
 of tradition. another bastard. mother slut and father errand
 boy. i want to know anonymity. distance from your our
 shame sliding down every feed as each piece is juiced and
 regurgitated in the eternal newscycle. i want to know
 how the damn water feels behind this fucking glass. there
 used to be fish. [@MERCURY updated his location] this
 thick infinite glass solidifying lines cementing boundaries.
 no matter the murk poison danger whatever lying in the
 dark waters. its me and then its glass. end" glass. touched
 by more then ventilated flatulence, metalmetalmetal. look
 at them, all comfortable, snuggled up, his arm swallowing

her crooked shoulders, heads cocked separate ways. hes
watching sports. shes probably shopping. where are they.
theyre not together. sir, perhaps youd like a mild sedative.
not now. my stop. no, next stop. always mess those up.
trust your—sir, this is your stop, please move quickly to the
sliding doors. the crowd. faces in screens. rush in before
my chance to step out. idiots. never common courtesy, just
brushed shoulders and full inboxes\\\\\\

*Cancer has got Angie in its grips: Who will win the fight?
Upwards of thirty DISCONNECTS per day
Make sure to ASK your doctor for Phenohephrine
Got a dick but feel like a pussy? Got a pussy but feel like a
dick? There is a cure.
MODS grant 24hrs of larger bandwidth
And you know what that means
More speed For your spending Needs
Air Toxicity: 88.00 // Water Toxicity: 54.00%
In other words, stay at home, folks!*

@SALMACIS

Race: Naiad

Gender: Feman

Age: 17

u think i know me?

not even @DIANA knows my name

///// @SALMACIS // AVGVST025801 // CONNECTED x
[HOME] // miss, you have a message from your sister.
reply? "ocean theme please. just after sunrise. play the
ambientwaves.wav. match classic tropical climate. setting
10 on random cool breeze. tan me. dont burn me. tonights
my live photo op. can you please run my twitter feed on
the overhead. we knew she was getting pregnant. woah not
her though. botox botchup. rhinodisaster" why havent any
of them answered me back. miss, are you comfortable?
"please read me a list of my favorited programming for the
upcoming week" simple yes no or maybe so. just dont
ignore me. "remind me to watch live feed of @APOLLO
dream cycle" miss, you will be automatically tuned into
the live feed at the inception, will broadcast full screen on
left receiving wall. selfie: shutter speed: 24fps. "display.
scroll left. yuck yuck ugh well look skinny there favorite
that one" trash the rest. UPLOAD to FEED. "there is so
much here, so much lost. and i. i." am so alone \\\

Pixelated clouds appear smooth; unless, Salmacis was to stand on her bed, extend onto her tip toes, and bring an eye closer to the ceiling—she would then notice the thousands of color splayed boxes that made up each image. The obsolete sky overlays her twitter feed, the clouds move in the direction of the simulated wind with an occasional lapse in logical movement, freezing then moving along as if there was no such interruption. Salmacis lays before the great lake of a Google search, trees stand from a distance, surrounding her on each wall. The sun burns bright and burns close from every corner of the four-paneled room. A flock of seagulls move into frame, first as an arrow but then a ripcurrent as the flock falters into the wind and bears left off screen. One gull is left behind, her altitude drops, her left wing stutters, and then rejoins the rest of her selves in ones and zeroes. In the distance across the lake, a man, shirtless and wearing rolled up jeans, has the wrists of his overalls in each hand, and together they saunter in the shallows. Salmacis asks for her AI to zoom into the father and child playing; she asks for the AI to zoom closer in onto their smiles. The water is never still, not for a moment; Salmacis counts each fish that jumps from the lake; she counts thirty-two fish before realizing she misconstrued an algorithm for randomness.

*What you heard is true: No one is safe.
They can wipe us out anytime. Keep an eye on the eye.
More and more teens flee for the EXITS in hopes of “real”
experience.
Better out then in, eh?
Please participate by voting on the Moral Servitude act
amendment.
Your vote is mandatory. Find the information in your
individual inbox.
Birth rates are down from yesterday.
Animal Clone prices continue to decline. BuyBuyBuy.
Anyone can be found. Anyone. Visit us @
www.outofsight.gov*

//// @HERMAPHRODITUS // AVGVST230409 //
 CONNECTED x [Sector07BB] // for a second. to
 feel something. for a second. calculate nearest routes to
 emergency exits. fastest? sir, perhaps youd like a mild
 sedative. fastest? & least populated. overlay results on
 right contact lense. transparency 40.00%. REC: "such a
 waste, isnt it. such a face, isnt it. the tunnel i walk through
 dayindayout hasnt changed. no, not one bit. steadfast
 tunnel, isnt it. nothing changed changes. same old muck
 muck. im going to waste the air. taste, i meant taste. feel
 the dust. you left me and i took you with me everywhere i
 went. no more evites no more friend requests no more
 senseless updates relationship status updates. no no im
 leaving and i am going for a swim. the long swim. beyond
 the plastic. end" @UNIDENTIFIED/BLOCKED USER
 approaching from left flank. "you shouldnt do it alone you
 know. i know how you feel. the need to feel.
 beyond the glass." you dont. "you dont know how i feel.
 you know nothing about me or my curses." [

//// @SALMACIS // AVGVST230409 //
 CONNECTED x [Sector07BB] // "i want to feel
 too. i want to feel something. i dont care what so
 im coming with you. im coming with you through
 that glass. even though you blocked me im coming
 through."

EXIT07BA opened @ AVGVST230410

@HERMAPHRODITUS disconnected from network

@SALMACIS disconnected from network

Before Hermaphroditus and Salmacis spanned a metal rail for the inter-city transport of social amenities and official government unknowns; to either side of the narrowed snaking rail ravenous waves crashed against the countless support legs sunken into the Earth. Still apart they stood till the immense weight of the humid air fell upon them just moments after the exit hatch closed; their breathing slowed to empty gasps as the first few breathes of the natural climate snaked into their lungs; their bodies fell together, hand in hand, as they took weakened steps forward toward the cliffed ledge leading to the narrow shore. Hermaphroditus helped himself down the small crumbling drop first—he slid on his behind, pivoted to his knees, and offered his hand to Salmacis; she embraces herself, knees dangling, and as she moved to meet Hermaphroditus' hand, she fell forward into his embrace, knocking them into the shattered dirt. The waves lash and sting Salmacis' face, she is smiling as she screams, she lifts her dress, claws at it, pulling Hermaphroditus towards her body with what withering strength can be summoned. They tumble in embrace towards the depths of the water, his arms wrapped from under her arms and around her back, her legs around his waste, feet digging into his thighs. The water ate at their clothes, at their hair, at their flesh; they burned and they choked, but they burned and they choked locked in sync, together. They were inside each other until they were not. Until they were neither or either.