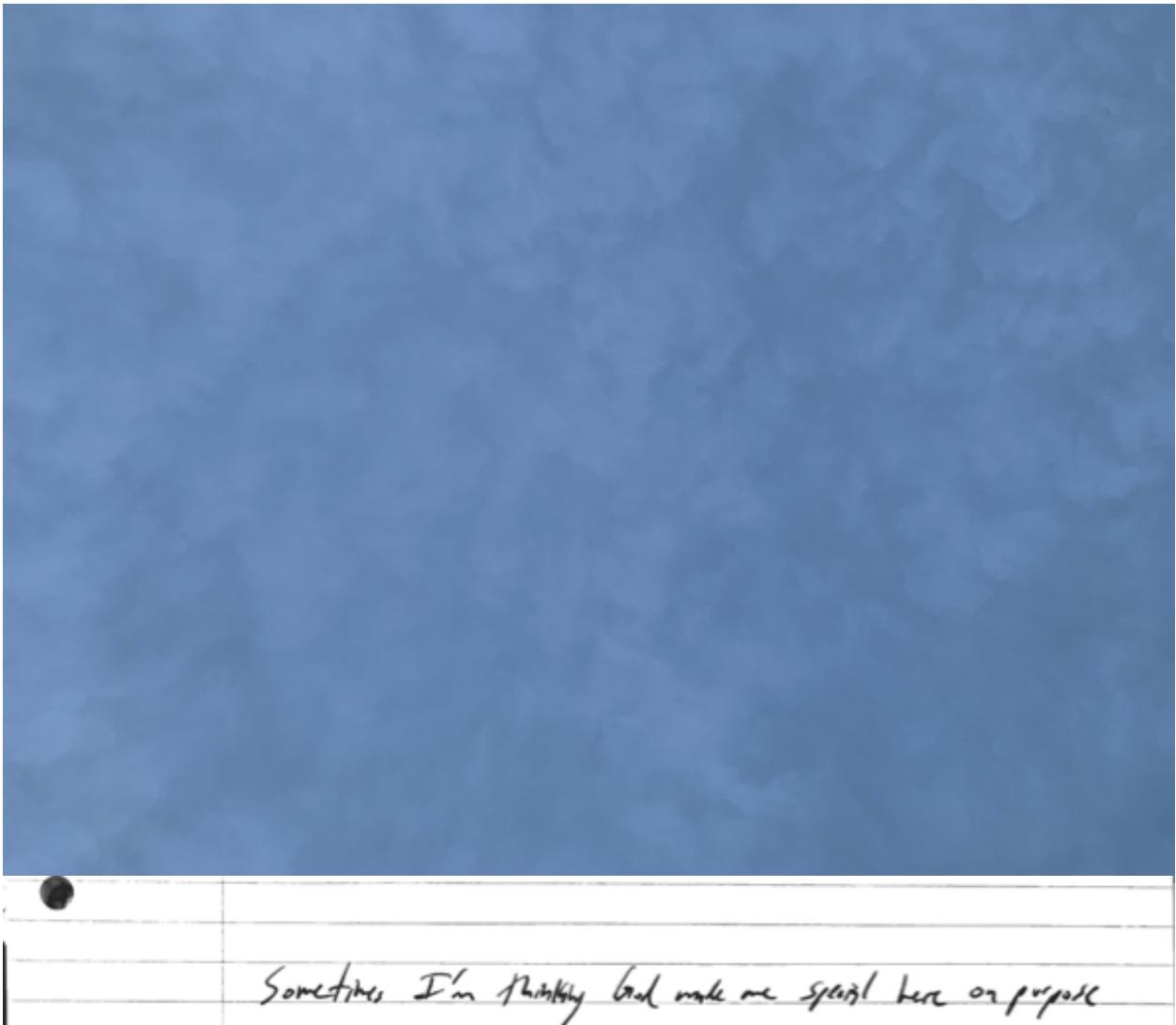


CPT-415



Sometimes I'm thinking God made me special here on purpose

Choose your character.

Ready?

Go!

>Are you ready. Mom said.

>Yes I'm ready. I said.

>Pause it.

I took my socks off with my feet on the couch and lay there.

>Do we have Gushers. I said.

>Pause it.

>You can't pause it. I yelled loud.

>Look at me.

>Mom. I can't see when you're blocking it.

>You don't look ready. When are you getting picked up.

>Mom. Move. Mom.

>When are you getting picked up.

>Does it matter.

>Yes it matters.

>Colin said they're coming after school.

>When's after school. I want to go on my run. Hello?

>What? I yelled loud.

>Eat this. I made it for Sam and she doesn't want it. I need to leave.

I didn't want to eat healthy shit it tasted horrible and then I had to breathe through my mouth.

>It's moldy.

>It's not moldy.

>Look at it. I yelled.

>Peanut butter doesn't mold.

>Peanut butter molds.

>No it doesn't.

>Yes it does.

>You know what. If you miss it you miss it.

She walked away and she was wearing those neon shorts and I could see the muscles of her ass through the coloring and I could always tell who is looking at her like that and next time I catch them their dead.

>I heard Stacy's boob popped. Jake said. Is it harder for you to breastfeed now.

>Yeah well I heard you're a bitch.

He chipped a tooth in my arm and we

>Now it's finished. Michelle said.

>You did a good job. I said.

>Look.

I smiled into the mirror and did a twirl.

>Do you really think I can wear this all day. I said.

>Why not.

>You did a good job though.

>Do you know when we leave.

>In a few hours.

>Why can't you wear it all day.

>Don't you think our cousins will want to see my face.

>Gabriel said they're bringing a boat load of food.

>Everyone brings a boat load.

>Gabriel said we're going to win.

>We probably will win. We're eleven four and one.

Gabe and Anna entered Michelle's room and laughed at my face. Michelle started to cry then I laughed and she started to laugh.

>Mom needs help getting ready. Gabe said. And I've actually been helping since morning.

>How many is she making? I said.

>A whole lot she said. Michelle said.

>Can you help Michelle clean up.

>Sure. Gabe said.

I washed my face and went into the kitchen and started to help Mom. They were neat lined up in little rows and I thought of my mom's hands which were soft and wrinkly you could cut them with toilet paper is our joke which shaped them perfectly.

>Did you want to go first, Mom.

>Are you kidding.

And we laughed when she flew past those sunburnt kids and splashed them with water and made it to the bottom before their fat dad. I never saw her smile like that when Mr. Buncke sent us all on a decompress trip for some much needed R&R he said.

made a gentleman's agreement to blame it on flag football with the older boys.

Mom left in her car and I saw her outside rolling down her window to talk to Mrs. Richards. I hate it when my mom talks to other moms it's so obvious. Colin rang the doorbell and I paused it and went inside the car which was a piece of shit but super comfortable.

>Mom do you want to know my favorite track. Colin said.

>Is this one of your games. Mrs. Richards said.

>No, mom. Colin yelled loud. This isn't Monopoly.

I laughed and I knew what was up.

>Mrs. Richards he showed me this track the other day and I think you'd love it.

We stopped in front of Jake Karp's big ass house and Colin got out and rang the doorbell and Jake Karp came inside the piece of shit car.

>Aw I thought his was driving. Jake said to Colin.

>Me too. Colin said and laughed.

>Jake. I said.

>What. He said.

>How much do your tits weigh? I said.

>Come on. Mrs. Richards said.

>What. I said.

>F u. Jake said.

>Woah. I said raising my hands. Feisty.

We stopped at In-n-out and Colin showed his mom his favorite track which was just one of the buzzy channels with the volume all the way up. I asked for a plain cheeseburger and a chocolate milk shake and everyone laughed at me for getting plain and I played that game in my head where I basically played an entire game of TDM in my head.

When we got there they were already running around and Colin started running with them. I went to take a fat shit and when I

Dad came into the kitchen a little while later with some trays someone gave him and we put everything on them and it smelled so delicious. When we got into our car Michelle forgot something so we waited for her. Everyone spoke over each other we were all to excited.

>Why did you bring that sweetie. Mom said.

I saw Michelle take out her toy and wave it around.

>It is good to have. Michelle said.

>Why is it good to have. Gabe said.

>Just in case.

We laughed at that and she laughed at that.

>What do you do to people who are mean? Dad said.

>Turn them into frogs.

I laughed and said don't turn me into a frog otherwise I'll be a toxic one with poison. She wanted Dad to try the toy and when we picked Uncle up she gave it to him. My uncle had a big mustache and talked in the gentlest voice God ever made.

>Do you think we'll see that ball player today. Uncle said from the back of the car.

>What ball player. Anna asked.

>Coconut's hubby. Uncle said.

>Coconut doesn't have a hubby.

Mom said.

>Oh she has a hubby. Uncle said and winked.

We stopped again because someone told Dad to pick up more trays so he went in but they were all out so we went to another store and they had it. There Uncle asked me how was school and was I dribbling with my left hand and he asked Anna what did she read in school and he asked Gabe if he had a girlfriend yet.

When we got there people were already playing and our cousins were grilling and playing music. It seemed to me like everybody I knew was there, even the

came back they lined us up and gave us the body armor and gun and said ground rules.

>If a player is hurt, I'll stop play, and you point your guns up when play is stopped.

I showed Colin that my whole finger fit inside the barrel who laughed and that the pink balls looked like gum. There balls were blue. Jackson did eat a blue ball and he had to go to the on duty nurse.

>Dumbass. Colin said. On his own birthday.

>Lol. I said.

>Are you on my team. Colin said.

>I hope so.

>Fuck them up. Colin said.

We entered an arena like a hockey rink but fake grassy with blow up obstacles on each side with open space in the middle. They gave us masks and Colin got the cool one that didn't let you see his eyes. The ref blew the whistle and I started poking my head out and shooting to see how fast my gun went. I wanted to get Jake. I saw him by the side he slid into a cone and I wanted to flank him. I told Colin.

>Cover me.

My chest was thumping and I ran into the open air and got shot on my knuckle. I was out technically and it stung like a bitch but the ref didn't see it and there was no pop so I turned the corner and Jake was talking to his friend Tristan planning an attack and I lined up my shot and shot him and Tristan with everything I had in the back and back of the head lighting them up like a Christmas tree, thinking hasta la vista baby before the ref dragged me away.

cousins we never saw.

I went pee behind a tree with Gabe and on my way back someone asked for help finding an extension cord.

>This thing is like 60 inches bro.

>60 inches? I asked.

>Plasma. It's good shit bro.

When we got the TV working and the pre-game show on my Dad got us all plates and I went straight for the ribs and then the macaroni which Michelle wanted.

>I know that's all you. Gabe said.

>I'll save some. I said and laughed.

>You better. He said and laughed.

Other families started to arrive and I started talking to my cousins and we missed the first part of the game to walk to the school and play 2v2 on the kid's height baskets. Michelle came with her friend and we let them referee. We were shirts and when they said go I drove immediately to the bucket and made 2. They answered right back and eventually other people started to join so it became full court. Marco hit like four 3s in a row to tie it up. We had the ball and we drafted a plan.

>Pump and shoot or dish.

My chest was thumping and I ran from the inbounds pass and faked a pass took two steps and I saw Marco wide who was already hot so I faked again and dished and he took one bounce and shot the smoothest shot I've ever seen and he ran around the court with his shirt over his head yelling let's go! Let's go! Let's go! Then he ran all the way across the field past the party until he was just a speck far away.

74,108 Seconds Until Panic Attack

My university's code of parietals meant that George couldn't stay in my room past midnight, so we hooked up until 11:55 PM when he stopped and muttered something about getting in trouble with my rector.

I gave him an ironic kiss on the cheek, faked sadness in such a way that he'd know I was faking it, an exaggeratedly jutted lower lip, dropped rainbow sherbet, and indicated with my eyes that I was unimpressed with his effort, maybe a little glad, even, that this charade, in which I'd only engaged half-heartedly, if you looked at it closely enough—my interest in anything easily reversible, forever ready to be weaponized as disinterest, disgust—had come to a close.

The timing worked out because just as he left my roommates came back from building fairy gardens or whatever the fuck they did from the hours of 10-12, giggling and touching each other's hair like life was a rag that could be twisted until a juice dribbled down their horrifically freckled chins.

We shared a room the size of a bathroom for the disabled so there was the nightly complaint about the light from my computer being too bright. Apparently Emma had light-sensitive eyes and had lost her good eye mask when moving in. Tonight I grumbled something particularly inane, pretending I was asleep, like

>Fucker... fucker's fucker,

until Emma tiptoed over to my bunk, climbed my ladder and gently shut my laptop, at which point I pretended to awake out of fear and unleash a torrent of adverbs. I correctly decided early on that a patternless torrent of garbled words would be much more terrifying than a bellow or a scream, stuff like

>Quicklyconverselyordinarily,

which guaranteed elicited a Chihuahuan yip from Emma, which guaranteed woke up Katya, the Russian fencer and night-farter whose father probably sold rhino horns and fake Pateks.

The soft murmurs they exchanged post-torrent had a rhythm that I found comforting, and the shitty edible was kicking in, and I wouldn't have turned off my laptop unless Emma had done it for me, so I fell into the Zero between wake and sleep soon thereafter.

When sleeping I thought of waking, when laughing I thought of all the reasons not to laugh, when eating choking, living dying, etc: each moment haunted by its inverse, which meant basically I enjoyed fucking nothing, my existence unfit for even a banshee, except the few times I forgot my self, like when I erged at the campus gym so hard I threw up in my mouth, carrots and fish, or when I managed to draw against my chess club's only IM in a 3+2 blitz tournament, my heart thwacking against my ribs like fucking mad, a maniac in the woods with an axe.

So then in the Zero between wake and sleep I thought about the to-dos of the morning, how when I woke up I'd probably be late to class, and that I'd need to cram one of those disintegratingly crumbly granola bars into my mouth, pat my face with water and sprint, which meant I'd probably show up sweaty and annoyed. Being late wasn't really my fault, nothing ever someone's fault, since class tomorrow was 9:30, always at 9:30, since I'd been fucked by the registry, everyone complained about being fucked by the registry, and which was my "Creative Writing: Writing the Creative" class, a true horsecock of a title, led by a gangly and often cold-stricken man named Ezra Beercamp, a 35 year old gay Stanford PhD who could work himself up into such a frenzy about modern fiction you worried he'd pop a lung. The frenzy was altogether endearing.

We usually spent the first part of class talking about the reading Prof. Beercamp had assigned—often carefully selected, and I was surprised on more than one occasion by how much it moved me—and the second half discussing two or three stories from my classmates, which unanimously sucked fat, fucking asshole. They were never, ever good.

All the men wrote about sexual assault from the woman's P.O.V. as if that was some Oddyssean rite of passage for a male artist, bearing the imaginative burden like martyrs, and a surprising amount of women included a horse in their story, which immediately made me label them as damaged, daddy-issued horse girls who jacked off "Grant" or "Honeycomb" or whatever before their vaulting coach walked into the stable.

I can say all this because my story wasn't much better—I'd spent a few hours the week before banging out some bullshit piece of second-person meta-fiction, an epistolary story about a "you" that corresponds with a lighthouse owner when on a family vacation in said lighthouse. Through a series of emotionless maneuvers and tactless nods at Woolf's novel we come to learn that the lighthouse owner somehow has access to the story and is editing it as "you" tell it, doctoring the letters to unsully his name or something, I forget his exact motivation, which, forgetting motivation, was probably an inauspicious writerly sign.

The whole thing was sloppy and contrived, but I felt confident some of the class's braindeads would take the bait, that Beercamp might recognize that I'd violated every single one of the elements on his "Elements of a Successful Story" handout, a sneaky ratlike attempt to sabotage any of the student's potential writing careers and preemptively thwart the taking of his job, which as a "Creative Writing Professor" was about as important as the "Alumni Programming Marketing Assistant" or fucking whatever, a lion teaching its cubs to hunt grass, bureaucracy's only interest its self-preservation, its nutrition others' obliteration, the eyebleeding horseshit of "The Art of Fiction" interviews, the only good advice ever coming from parents and grandparents, never artists, especially not the ones who never had sensitive enough ears or big enough hearts to listen to their own voice and so guide you, gently, at first, a piggy cop's hand on your shoulder, away from your own. Our lives being the only worthy bit of advice, obviously, not our words.

I realized after I wrote that story—disgustingly titled *To: The Lighthouse*—that I was insecure enough about my intelligence to feel the need to prove it to a room full of fiction novices and a professor who could hardly utter the words Nabokov without releasing a fantastic spunk of jism in his pantaloons. I preferred not to think about my own motivation. Self-knowledge, I knew, is only so good.

One third of the people in the class wrote "I liked the ending" or "Great work!" or some other pathetic waste of the internet's megabytes or data or however the internet works on the online discussion board for public comments and critiques, which was a glaring indication that they hadn't read it, and the other third didn't write anything at all, which was a glaring indication that they hadn't read it, which left the final third of the class, who wrote reviews and comments so in-depth they could have been book reports.

Arnaud, a Spaniard from Medina-Sidonia who worked out so much his muscles were hideously visible through the polyester of his dri-fit sweatshirt, his traps so over-inflated and pumped full of Cookie Dough flavored protein powder he looked more hooded cobra than human, his thighs thick corded ropes of dinosaur-muscle, exposed only on the asinine "Cardio Day," lift heavy stone make head voice go quiet, pre-Homo-Sapien shit (the opposite of George, who was lanky and awkward, non-white and feminine, which I greatly preferred), wrote that he thought the "you" of my story was meant to be the reader, that it was a very "Quixotic" gesture

of me, and that perhaps I should read “my country’s masterpiece” if I had not. I hadn’t read *Don Quixote*, and I knew I should, since it was the first novel or whatever, so I checked it out from the library but never brought it in my backpack to class because I didn’t want Arnau to see me with it.

Brandon, a corn boy from somewhere around the Midwest who liked the Chicago Cubs (>Go Cubbies! he said to me after every class, as though that was some kind of typical Chicago farewell—I think he thought I was from Chicago) almost as much as he liked wearing those fucking Irish pageboy caps to cover his already-balding rock scalp, and who, when he misspoke, would make the cartoonish sound of a record scratching, the little ree-er ree-er, and say “rewind” or “scratch that” or “let’s try that again,” disastrously wrote that the lighthouse itself was a metaphor for an enlarged birthday candle, heavily distorting and abusing some brief exposition I’d done on page two that vaguely mentioned a birthday.

Ishmael, a mute from some rural smallholding, handed me handwritten comments. Did he know how to use the internet?

Sarah, a violinist from upstate New York who, well, she was a violinist, a white violinist, from the Upper East Side, I think that’s all you need to know—marshaled an expertly argued and crisply formatted theory (she somehow managed to adjust the margins of the discussion board and change the font to some pissy Baskerville or some shit...Napster hacker hoe) that this metafictional “story” was more an exercise in demonstrating the limits of metafiction, at how painfully echoey fiction has become. “A story whose finger points at itself,” she wrote, “not, as in most traditional Barthes or Barthelme &c &c fiction, for the sake of pointing itself, but rather to point and wag at itself, bursting—rather than adding yet another voice to—the echo chamber the author has created.” I liked when she referred to me as “the author” rather than “Blake.” Though my first thought was: so the bitch has read *The Balloon*. Touché.

That was more than I could say for myself. I’d spent the summer before college reading college literary journals—the more obscure the better, really—instead of the touted big dicks, because I found the journals terrible and terribly honest and entertaining to the point of filling me with dread. Watching small children either regurgitate their first pass at Beckett or Gass or Joyce or dully riff on the low-calorie emotion poetry of damaged women was like watching a train slow to a halt and frighten a track-crossing old man who then fell over—no one got hurt, but it was sadder and more devastating than if someone had.

Some of the poetry in these journals was so bad it verged on brilliant. I often felt that a writer who could knowingly write a bad poem, who could imitate a dull, vacuous voice until we were absolutely convinced it truly was his best effort, would understand poetry far better than anyone who had ever lived. I’m not talking about “roses are red,/ violets are blue” type shit—I mean poems which teeter so close to the line of plausible artfulness but then retreat from it “like summer’s summer-wave, / receding into the distant distance.” That’s one of my favorite lines from TCD’s *Icarus* magazine: beautiful precisely because of its earnest but failed attempt to be beautiful, its sway down the narrow shelf between cringe and opus.

I convinced myself one guy from the University of Nebraska was intentionally writing this sort of poetry, what I dubbed *Simulacrumism*, and that his titles—stuff like “Swan Song” and “poem for you” and “poem poem” were subtle hints to readers like me, and I—shamefully—memorized a few of them, even going so far as to draft a tattoo for one of his lines, “when my friend Jack broken his leg/ he were a different person,” in photoshop.

I’d contemplated getting a tattoo before, which I knew I wanted to be either a tramp stamp of the Batman logo—nothing to do with “reclaiming” the tramp stamp or my love of

Batman (I don't know a single fucking thing about Batman...is it a show...?)—or a group of flying doves on my neck, the little doves everyone gets, the ones that look like little hearts almost. I wanted these because obviously they'd overtime become mortifying distinctions of classlessness and artlessness and tastelessness, but at one point someone had really truly wanted the doves, had felt deep down in the tiny black box of themselves (cringe) that a group of awkwardly flying ultra-common birds positioned diagonally down their neck was the only thing that could accurately convey the loss of their gramps or their niece's leukemia or whatever, and when I woke up and looked at myself in the mirror with those doves crawling on my neck I thought that I'd be reminded of these people, life's true heroes—ok, fuck, that was hard to write, maybe not heroes, I won't go that far—the same people who clap when their food comes or really smile when they're complimented—people like Emma, my roommate—people who might be boring or dull to the self-conscious artist precisely because they exist on one level...there is nothing to figure out about them, they are totally and unequivocally themselves, and themselves genuinely likes the doves and Batman so themselves saved money and Googled a not-too-expensive tattoo artist in their area and drove their Civic to get it, snorting with glee like a trough-happy pig when themselves found a nearby parking spot.

Anyway, as a result of this college lit. journal reading a lot of my own poetry was an attempt to teeter on this narrow shelf between cringe and opus, between art and trash. I never fully got it, but I wrote one poem called "About You" with the opening lines "I'm the type of girl / to wrap a seatbelt around your soul / and tell you to harsh / harsh, now." It was the closest I got and I'm quite proud of it, even prouder that it was accepted to Nebraska's lit. mag and my own university's, since if a group of 20 year old "poets" who serve on the "board" of the mag had found it artful enough to publish then I'd succeeded in my artistic quest entirely.

In the zero between wake and sleep, I remembered that the biggest problem with the 9:30 class tomorrow was that George was in it, or, auditing it, which meant, bizarrely, that he didn't have to post comments on the discussion board but that he did have to write a story to be commented upon. By some fucking miracle we were, in fact, discussing both mine and his tomorrow, so once he left I read his story as though I was eating it, reading it after he left to avoid having to contort my face into an expression of fake warmth when I inevitably lied about how good I thought it was.

I was disheartened to find that it actually was good, or if not good at least an honest attempt to create some emotion in the reader, comfort the disturbed, disturb the comfortable, that kind of thing, and suddenly mine in comparison was like a child trying be too cool, tutu at the last all school dance just cuz, and I hated him for daring to be laid bare on the page and vowed to never hook up with him again, especially since he must have known that I'd written a festering pile of labyrinthine meta-nonsense and done this heartstrings act to skewer me.

After I'd read it and eaten one of the aforementioned edibles Tristan's friend'd given me before I left for school, George texted me saying he'd forgot to mention that he read my story, and that he'd loved it, and that his was a pile of sappy dogshit in comparison, and I detected no trace of deceit and I hated him even more for it. I texted him back that his story was great and I looked forward to talking about it tomorrow, pinching myself for saying "looking forward" like some HR robot to a boy I liked and "hooked up with" almost every night.

33,943 Seconds Until Panic Attack

The next day I overslept, as I knew I would, and came in right when the discussion of George's story was ending, and Prof. Beercamp seized on my entrance in an effort to regain some critical momentum, but I was so disoriented and sweaty and annoyed from my run over that I talked for 15 seconds and said nothing of substance, making it obvious to everyone that I hadn't read the piece—which was called "How to Live Here," a series of vignettes disguised as advice for future tenants that jumped between locations like "Under the Kitchen Sink" and "Top-Floor Broom Closet" to paint the picture of a broken family with autistic twin boys—when in reality I'd memorized entire sections of the story, knew the exact number of sentences that pissed me off, that is, the ones I wish I wrote.

What made it worse was that I realized George'd hinted that he actually had autistic brothers several times now. When I asked him about his family he'd say

>It's tough for my mom, my brothers are a handful...

and I never followed up, not once had I asked the only decent question one can ask someone else:

>Why?

I always assumed he didn't want to talk about it. And now, sitting in the corner with sweat dripping down my asscrack, I was terrified that George would tell *me* he no longer wanted to hook up, the Darwinian cleaving of the sensate from the in-, which was never the case in the countless visions I'd created of the moment we parted ways. I'd only ever mentally rehearsed the performance of genuine sorrow I'd have to act out when I broke the news, modifying the show in my head depending on if George cried, or affected calm, or got angry—in class, now, I silently smiled at the thought of an enraged lemming like George, but killed it immediately to avoid giving off school shooter vibes, they'll ALL pay!!, unhugged weirdos, remembering that obviously George was too kind to do any real damage, stopped with a simple hand to the head, arms swinging like windmills, a Quixotic gesture of me—never once did I mentally rehearse the performance of genuine of sorrow I'd have to act out when he broke the news to me. Though, to be fair, the nightly ritual of mutual moistening we shared barely qualified as something that could be "broken up." We weren't sewn together at the sides. In fact I often thought of him as the first boy that didn't make me cringe.

Plus I knew how arrogant it looked to waltz into class five minutes before my story was discussed, as if I'd fucking timed it, like all I cared about was what they said about *me*, which was, in fact, true. But I hoped the honey oat crumbs dappled along Emma's hideous pastel Martha's Vineyard crewneck she'd purchased to fit in with the rich kids and I'd borrowed because I'd under-packed for the cold would offset this air and make them pity me the way they would a one-eyed cat, my ex-boyfriend sobbing to me on the phone. Who I never thought about any more. Except for the few quiet moments in which I did.

I wiped my nose and detected a smattering of blood, which felt more than deserved, to bleed like a lanced bull in front of these fictionally-challenged ghouls, spitting on my arrogant corpse as they walked out of the room to go get a plastic sandwich from the student center. I used Emma's sweater to wipe it up and sniffled once, willing the blood to stay the fuck put. I only had this smattering because Tristan—who had cystic acne across his T-Zone since he was 13 and went on a highly aggressive and experimental drug called Accutane to combat it, even though Accutane ended up making his acne worse, so that it bled instead of just pussed, even though Accutane worked for 99 percent of other people—told me once if you crushed up and snorted it you'd see faces in everything, eyes and a mouth and maybe a nose no matter where you looked. I'd done it basically every night with precisely zero results, pulling the capsules from the Ziploc

and using one of Emma's ridiculous heels I knew she wore when she went "out" to the local bar for cheese curds and a sody-pop to needle it into dust.

After I sat down and caught my breath, I heard Sarah fire off some final comments about George's use of

>Trope,

and felt she was being a little too complimentary, which annoyed me—not because I had any claim to George, or because I sensed she wanted to pat his balls or anything (she did)—it wasn't even the fact she was being complimentary, really, it was her face, so angular it looked more lathe than face, that which orders and ordains us—her face felt endangering—ok, not that, it was the way her hair cut straight across her back and forehead, framing her Saw-like cheekbones, that creature (was it a little boy...?) who kills those people in puzzle rooms or whatever—no, it wasn't even really her face, or hair, I guess, she was actually adorable, if you nutted to that sort of thing, it was the pinkness of her face, final answer, like she'd showered three times before class and scrubbed herself raw. She was altogether too clean, so naturally when I tried to imagine the smell of her vagina I smelled nothing, which really pissed me off.

But by the way George responded:

>Yes, exactly, wow, yeah, that's exactly right,

it sounded like he *had* been inverting tropes in that way, though I wasn't exactly sure which tropes, but which I guess made his story even better, which made me feel bad as a supposed intelligent well-read fiction reader that I'd missed it, doubly bad since I knew shitting on Sarah was immoral, bad news bears karmically, especially because she'd said countless kind things to me, even initiating a few stabs at friendship, which I'd shot down almost immediately, even though she couldn't have suggested more painless events, events I was genuinely interested in, like a 70mm screening of *2001* or a show w/ a band I'd heard once on Bandcamp and loved.

After Sarah and George and Prof. Beercamp had a nice little three way gangbang about trope, Prof. Beercamp took off his tortoise-shell glasses, cleaned them on his slightly-too-small chambray button-up, and said:

>Blake?

>Yes?

>Whenever you're ready, he said, chucking me a smile that indicated both fondness and repulsion.

Sarah and George, along with the other muppets, looked at me with something like genuine excitement, which I'd only ever seen on a dog before, and I remembered that we were supposed to *read* some of our story before we began, and that likely much would be made of this decision, since when I walked in I'd overheard Arnau ask George about why he chose to read from the last page:

>Is that where the author felt the most energy?

We'd been forced to swear a blood oath that we not address the author directly, and we were made to understand it was a mortal sin for the author to *speak at all*, apart from the sample reading, since, as Prof. Beercamp said two classes ago:

>The author knows nothing about his or her own work,
which I found both convincing and rank with bullshit.

>Oh, right, I said, hiding a throat-clear in a fake-cough. I don't actually have a copy with me.

I mumbled something obviously untrue about my dorm's printer being out of ink.

>I've got one, George said, knocking over his pencil case in an effort to give me his copy.

I found it precious that George had a pencil case in a way that made me want to pat him on the head and ask if he liked *Lord of the Rings* or *Star Wars* or *Harry Potter* the mostest. The profuse marginalia and annotations made where I'd wanted to read from illegible, so I announced to the class, between a hopefully disguised granola bar burp, that

>I'll just read from the beginning,

which I actually liked better, serving as a subtle fuck you to Prof. Beercamp and by extension Arnau for putting any faith at all in this groundless exercise to

>Get the story in our mouths

or something equally asinine.

As I read, I couldn't help but gloss George's comments, which were a grab-bag of different ways to say "Awesome!", which struck me as sweet and dumb.

I realized, as I got to the second paragraph and decided to stop, reading the absolute bare minimum so that Prof. Beercamp almost short-circuited debating asking me to read on, that this marginalia was the behavior of someone kind, and that I'd heap all sorts of compliments upon myself before ever reaching for "kind," whereas it might be the first word I'd use to describe George, after "aquiline," of course, because that word bangs, especially re: George, and then I felt the twang of an inner string, soul banjo, that meant I'd hit upon a daily re-realization, so common nowadays as to be meaningless, the stinky, hanging thought "I am unkind & should be kinder," which I inevitably countered with the argument that only a deeply kind person would feel the pangs of a call to greater kindness, and that therefore I was essentially golden and would not burn in hell forever and ever as Pastor Michael said suicides do one Christmas dinner after the ham ran out.

I heard myself say

>Thank you

after I read, which was ridiculous, but with a thin-lipped half-frown I felt I managed to turn it into an aesthetic rejection of this fruitless, dumb as shit "workshop," like what we were doing even approached the meaning anyone ever found in a real workshop, even if it was just sanding down and restraining Meemaw's old rocking chair.

I pretended to take notes as people talked about my story, and I was intrigued to find I actually cared about nothing anyone said, not even George or Sarah. I was interested in what Professor Beercamp'd say, which was only because I'd read some free sections of his novel on the internet and found it not terrible. In general I thought the professors who taught freshman creative writing were about as qualified as the students themselves.

Beercamp's novel was called *Camphor* and the pirated version I read online was *Xtremely* unfun to read. I found 94 percent of books punished you for reading them, so I wasn't really new to the game, but this one made those ones look like little bitches. This one bent you over and fucked you in the ass. Beercamp's novel likely could have achieved its same effect with 1/8 of the length, as is always the case with everything, the novel's quality likely being unchanged if it filled the remaining 7/8ths (nearly 700 pages) with "fuck you idiot bitch" in 78 pt Baskerville.

I liked it. It was like a fraction-as-talented monoglot *Finnegans Wake* set in LA. Less exaggerated punishers never allowed you to bask in the glory of being punished, to have any fun banging your head against the wall, to bathe in the cosmic rightness of your own effacement, but rather forced you to loaf 24/7 in reveries about the human condition. Too much reflexivity just

burns you out man. Peace dude. The opposite, “beach reads” or “chick lit.” or whatever, disrespected you, which was infinitely worse than being punished—they followed you around with a puppy mask and ball gag, revealing everything by page one, asking to be slapped on the ass, if you wanted anything from the store.

From the seven or so free pages online, I found *Camphor* to be “neat,” which is not so damning a critique as Writing Conference Writers want you to believe—oh, God, I thought as I casually itched my asshole and Arnau heaped compliment after compliment upon my story, the abundance proving the compliments’ fraudulence, just ask for my “mobile digits” already you Gibraltan macaque, the cunt-numbing idiocy of Writing Conference Writers, like there was anything *about* writing worth hearing, it was too much to bear, the utter worthlessness of writers on social media, the digital backrubbing and gloryholing, the obvious, instant, and irrecoverable evacuation of talent when posturing as a “writer,” when claiming to be anything but a person. Writing is puzzlemaking. Except if you’re Russian. I reminded myself to never let a public writer—and therefore a worthless one—on some asinine “twitter thread” or normie “masterclass” designed to gobble the nickles behind the doe-eyed wannabe writers’ eyes tell me anything different.

I’d actually switched into Beercamp’s class after having one class with the “distinguished writer in residence,” the famous Prof. Okami, who I just couldn’t stand. We’d had to apply to the course with a 10-15 page story, and the first thing Prof. Okami had done was send us a terse error-riddled email about “bringong our story 2 class” and when class time came he handed us each a Bic pen, told us to take out our stories and

>Cross out every adjective or adverb,

at which point I politely raised my hand, asked to go to the bathroom and never returned, dropping his class on my phone on the way back home to eat one of Tristan’s friend’s edibles and nap.

If I’d read one or two of his 10+ novels before class I’d have known to expect an “elemental” writer who believed in trimming down prose until one reached the “kernel” of the story or whatever—all his books invariably ended with a fire of some sort and the description of the fire as just “fire” since by his own rubric he couldn’t call it “hot” or “red” or “bright.”

Class ended without my hearing from Beercamp because some rando spent five minutes talking about how he didn’t

>Like the father in the story,

that he

>Just seems like a bad dude, morally speaking of course,

and then another five trying to tease out a tenuous connection between my style and that of clearly just the one author he knew about,

>Cormac McCarthy? If anyone here is familiar with his oeuvre?

The way he said that last word, that *oeuvre*, made me want to fucking kill myself. The American’s blind enthusiasm for all things French, the belief in culture’s immortality, its endurance at all: the true opiate of the masses. When even Sarah began to pack up, Beercamp knew that we’d run over. He told us to

>Read Arnau and Brandon’s stories for next week,

which I was excited to eviscerate, and then asked if I’d walk with him to his office, where he wanted to discuss my story with me.

I said

>Sure,

caught up to George, who was sulking out of the room, and demonstrated 1-2 specific things I liked about “How to Live Here,” which confirmed I read his story closely. Seeing the muscles in his face relax and the subtle swell of color rush to his cheeks re-affirmed that he was terribly forthright with his emotions, unable to disguise or camouflage the simplest of them, which would forever give me the upper-hand in the future we might have as a couple. I found no trouble willing my body to kill a blush or snort or nosebleed before it could indicate my true feelings.

I'd said

>I love you

to my high school boyfriend, you know the type, exactly the type you know, and felt precisely none of its weight, in fact all I'd felt was the absence of weight—the scale, really, the sense that those words could mean something at a future date, how something *could* register there and be measured and that that measuring mechanism wasn't broken, but that whatever was on the scale now was packaging peanuts, precursors to the full-bodied thing itself. I conducted much of my life in this regard—draining present feeling for investment in a future version of me that felt totalities of things and not just their shadows.

31,988 Seconds Until Panic Attack

As we walked to Beercamp's office, which was in a different building across campus, we passed Emma going for a run, the sweat coming so freely that her sports bra oversaturated and left two feathered discs of moisture on her “Mental Health Week” T-shirt. I said

>Hi,

but she was running with such a vigor that when she tried to croak out a greeting she could only summon a frog-like mumble, a wet

>Humagchg

that was all spit and phlegm, and she ran away even harder—if that was possible—and I thought that this encounter gave me another upper-hand, this time in the realm of roommate power relations, now that I'd seen her debase herself like a donkey at the yoke. That was a lot of my life: finding myself with the upper-hand.

We also passed the behemoth of Jesus with his arms outstretched on the outside of the main library, which I'd learned from Emma on move-in day was called

>Touchdown Jesus.

I felt exhausted at how quickly I assumed this name was insidious and meant everyone who attended this school were fake Catholics who really worshipped football and violence and were closeted racists who wanted to genocide the 500 remaining Sioux since isn't football *really* about gaining territory and claiming ground and “moving west,” but I told my self to shut the fuck up for one fucking second, it was a harmless joke, Jesus really did look like he was celebrating a touchdown. Then I thought of how much better I was than all the people who never even *had* the thought that the Touchdown Jesus was insidious, and how even fewer then *dismissed* that thought in the name of empathy and truth, as an act of philanthropy to the moronic.

Beercamp's office was surprisingly bookless—I noticed a section of fiction from the South, a lot of Faulkner, O'Connor, Welty—but was upset I couldn't recognize more. Where was Nabokov?

>I just moved in, Beercamp explained, setting down his briefcase down on his desk.

I put my backpack down beside the chair for visitors and zipped the pack shut to hide whatever it contained. I silently burped and smelled the cinnamon of the granola bar. Did he? Beercamp took off his jacket and swung it around the chair.

>I don't feel this is my office yet. They had me in O'Shay, and now I'm here. The way of the world.

I pointed towards a metal contraption that blocked the majority of Beercamp's only window—some hideous claw that made the institution run, probably, hundreds like it activating at night to beautify the gardens so the whities in the brochure glistened like trout, to dispose of the immigrant service people who just wanted a longer lunch break.

>You've got a great view, though.

Beercamp laughed so hard he began to cry. He reached into his jacket pocket to find a Kleenex. Lacking one, he wiped his eyes on his shirt, where the two wet spots looked like he was lactating, mantis being maybe the only infallible guarantee of a PhD. He then recomposed himself with reptilian speed.

>So, "To: The Lighthouse." What did you think of it?

>My own story?

>Yes. Why did you write *that* story?

>Why does anyone write anything? I wrote it because it was due, I barked back, amazed that it'd taken me three back and forths to become grumpy.

Beercamp smiled the way one would at a parent tending to a caterwauling child. We both knew my question was bullshit, and we both knew I'd underestimated him for thinking he'd try to answer it in earnest.

>Let me ask you this. Do you like your story?

I quickly calculated that honesty would get me out of this room, which had suddenly become cramped and awful, the quickest. It was also unreasonably warm, and I began to worry I'd drop with tit sweat like Emma, in her own bloody sweatshirt, no less, which she'd now seen me wearing, the

>CHuemakgh

she'd made now clarifying into something like anger.

>No, I said. I don't. I think it was a waste of everyone's time to discuss it, I think George's was better, I think it's a gutless attempt at meta-fiction that distracts the reader with bright colors, packs no emotional punch and ultimately delivers no real story, which is basically the only thing a story has to do.

Beercamp nodded pregnantly.

>So, then: why?

I said nothing.

>You're obviously a talented writer.

The compliment registered no change inside of me. They never did.

>And clearly, he continued, gesturing to me or my chair or somewhere vague, a talented thinker, too. Which is why I can tell you with confidence that you're better than this garbage.

He held up my story and slammed it onto his desk.

>Do you know how many kids I've had in this course who write just like this?

He got up from his chair and paced around the room, doing a little dance. He raised his voice to a squeal.

>Ooh, ooh, look at me, look at my story. Isn't it so cool? Aren't you so impressed? Look what I did with the structure! Yeah, the *structure!* Look, look!

I laughed, and so did he. It was pretty funny.

>FUCK that SHIT, he said, with a kick to his bookshelf, breaking a part of it so it buckled and pooped out some books onto the floor. Fuck that shit with a fucking metal rod, *mothafucka!*

For that last “*mothafucka*” Beercamp mimed jerking off a penis, and put on an accent of clearly what he imagined a Black person might sound like, having obviously never interacted with one. Now it was a bit awkward. He took a few deep breaths, composed himself.

>But you wrote *Camphor*, I said.

>Exactly, he said.

Then he came back around his desk to me and pointed his finger at my forehead, almost touching it, his face red and lips flecked with white spit.

>You can write.

He paused.

>So write.

29,104 Seconds Until Panic Attack

I left Beercamp’s office feeling tired, and I remembered that I’d gone to bed at 3 AM again because I was watching dogs in India recover from their horrific injuries on YouTube, mange, starvation, encasement in hot sticky tar, particularly this one video, I remembered, this one that I rewatched almost every night, where a dog grows a new face, that which orders and ordains us, its old face being eaten by maggots, that which you’d sorta need to [see to believe](#). So to make up for lost time I decided to grab a banana from the dining hall, go back to my dorm, and nap.

1,808 Seconds Until Panic Attack

When I woke up it was 8 PM and Katya and Emma were getting ready for a “Mental Health Week” dinner they were apparently running. How they could have gotten this involved in student affairs so early into the year baffled me. They wore matching velvet dresses, which hurt my feelings, the confidence with which they squeezed their sour cream bodies into the imitation velvet, yard-sale pillows filled with cake batter.

When they saw I was awake they asked me to come to

>YANAD

with them, begging like dogs, begging in the breathy whispers of some Austen character asking another for

>Just *one* brisk walk through the grounds, oh please, dearest, how I love the Autumn so, hundreds of humans sustaining entire lives on the study of gender in *fiction*, wiping the crust out of my eyes, “Mobility and Social Position in *Northanger Abbey*,” large children playing with blocks, the bad guy castle or humongous ship they make out of the blocks existing only in the large child’s mind, inconsequential for anyone but other large child blockmakers, the large child receiving pats on the back from other large children, drool spilling freely onto the blocks, “Much deserved recognition, Tabitha! And a \$500 stipend, to boot!”, the only worthwhile intellectual pursuit being actually fucking making art, not the professionalized consumption and regurgitation of it, \$100,000 a year and a tweed suit and full health insurance to be a slightly more sophisticated competitive eater, as if anyone wants to know what the fuck you think *about*

something, only *what it is you think*, pin-hatted season ticket holders deluded into thinking they play first base, those arrogant and lucky enough to actually be on the field never ambitious enough to strive for more than a fucking bunt, never swinging for the fences, “I wrote a thing :)”, the only good art straining for infinite reception, a centuries dead Russian reaching out and touching a teenager in Buenos Aires who plays Call of Duty, soul-death to solely strain for reception from the community of the art’s origin, the 15 other ironically-tattooed MFAs who conflate oddity with talent. Obviously.

And MFAs...writers on social media...oh, fuck. Not this again. But was there anything worse? Had history every produced a group of people more deluded by their own sense of importance? Their “following”—which was always worn like some Girl Scout badge, congrats on Cookie Business III, Sheila :), regardless whether or not the following was tiny, < 400 people, not even half the number of daily visitors to a diarrhea inducing hot dog stand—being the very thing that discounts them from creating any meaningful art, since their followers consist almost entirely of people who want to have a following themselves, who want to engorge and replicate the identity of he/she-who-they-follow, like Jesus and his Apostles except each Apostle thinks they’re Jesus too, that they *deserve* to be Jesus too, which is a bad analogy because it implies the writer-with-a-following is a “Jesus,” when in reality she is his pure inverse, in that she *subsists* on the *consumption* of love/admiration/respect, and not in the giving of it, and so a better analogy would be Beelzebub and his flock of devils, horrific, chubby horned things stuck in their hideous Iowa City apartments, in that they think, like the devils in the Milton’s *PL*, that their world is large and significant, all because their book of “Barn Poems” was published on high quality paper and made to look interesting, when in reality it’s nothing, they are nothing, since they’d committed the cardinal sin of seeking value outside the art itself, in the community around the art, in the admiration as a result of the art, in the creative writing teaching position—hardly a real job, to tell young adults to “write from your wound” and pretend to read their stories—as a result of the art, which leads only to the chamber of horrors, and also to some pretty fantastically shitty novels and poems, since all Beelzebub wants is to be liked, not to be *real*, and so, all this is to say, the best thing a writer should do, the only thing, really, is to write and then shut the fuck up, for fuck’s sake, to write and then hide somewhere with her head in the sand until it was time to write again, worthwhile art not being *for* anyone, anyone but yourself, that is.

Obviously. All of it was too much to bear. It boggled the mind. As if status meant anything at all. As if women are caged birds, as if gender has anything to with anything, has any endurance at all, any faint connection whatsoever with who anyone anywhere really is as a person, as a human being.

I wanted to go to Emma and Katya’s dinner, since the food at my dining hall was classically inedible—I lived by the shit one, the one on the other side of campus Michelin quality in comparison—but I didn’t have the regalia, and I wasn’t desperately hungry just yet, and I remembered that I hadn’t spoken to my brother in weeks, which was really bad, given his situation, so I told them

>I can’t go because I have to video chat with my brother. I haven’t spoken to him in weeks.

>I understand, Katya said. Next event you will come?

>Yes. Next event. What’s the next event?

>A tournament of ping pong.

>Ah, I see, I said. What’s YANAD stand for again?

>You Are Not Alone Dinner.

>Jesus Christ, I whispered. Nice. Enjoy.

After they left I sat up in my bed and tried to video chat my brother but couldn't reach him. I sent him a text asking him to call me when I saw he'd already texted.

wassup

Hellooooooooo. How you be?

meh. surviving

No video?

And damn dude. Why just surviving?

ye sorry

technically we're not supposed to be talking to loved ones rn

life = surviving

Btw it's "mental health week" or something in my dorm and there's some posters I thought you'd get a kick out of

Missing the "You are not alone dinner" tonight or "YANAD"

Lmao

"it's in the word. i'm possible" is pretty fuqqin awful

weirdly am comforted by have faith in things that will be tho

Me too... kinda weird that some of them work. How's Idaho?

not in idaho anymore. they really want us to learn about native american cultures so they make you pick a few states/tribes for, like, essentially an immersion trip. i chose taos (which is in new mexico) and the puebloan people. which is nice because a few of my better friends among the "tribesmen" chose taos too

Criiiiiinge that you're called tribesmen lmfaooo

I know where Taos is dummy. That's like...super far. You gonna smoke paoti (sp.?) in a sweatlodge?

we're going back to idaho soon

but yeah the bus ride was crazy long

also idk lol i kinda like it

and actually yes we're doing a sweat lodge tomorrow. sans patio

paoti*

Oh

Cool

but so this one kid in my program actually went out one night looking for weed/patio and never came back, the next day they gathered us around at breakfast and told us that he dropped out, but that's not what he said to us, all he said to us was that he was leaving to find something to get 'zooted off my dick' or something, those were his words

So what's up?

trevor thinks he killed himself :o

trevor's my friend btw, you'd like him

he loves these old samurai movies like an insane amount, it's weird

but yeah so no patio for me, a hallucinogenic experience is the last thing i need fr paoti*

goddamn

Actually I just looked it up and it's peyote, lol

Also sad about your friend, I hope he's ok

that guy wasn't really my friend

oh lol. mb

Some cultures call it “the Divine Messenger” apparently

oh weird. this one kid kept saying that

but enough abt me. how’s the roomate sich?

Well you remember that Katya is Russian right?

yeee

Well she drinks vodka with dinner. Like no joke she’ll microwave pizza and then just pour herself vodka, and will always offer me some if I’m in the room, and so we’ve had vodka together a few times, and I was like fuck Tristan would love this

swagggggggg. that’s very anna karenina’s brother of her

fuck, I forget his fucking name

we did chekhov in english lsat year and mr. shannon told me to read ak, and I just fucking finished, like literally yesterday and I can’t remember. honestly think the medicine made me forget shit

I’m starting W&P at your suggestion btw

yee re: W&P. found some lectures online from this prof in Chicago.

he’s a God.

can send to you

I didn’t know you were taking medicine

not anymore. I pretend to. when I did I couldn’t play basketball with trevor at breaks for longer than 30 min.

fok dat

I need to slow down on the Accutane myself lmao

it was just something for the panic. another thing with it that i forget. i don’t need it

also it’s not ak’s brother of her it’s just like a russian thing. dumb of me

see any faces btw?

No : (lol

prob for the best lol. but yeah

they do it really covertly, like this one dude ben who sorta runs the program i guess, he’s also my small group leader, aka my “chief,” lol

whaaaaaaat

yeah we’re supposed to call them “chiefs” and shit. they take a lot of inspiration from native american shit at weeneetown

I’ll admit it’s a little fucked

~Inspo~

ye lmao.

hence the immersion trip

not all of the inspiration is shit tho tbh

anyway your “chief” will come up to u in the mess hall and be like mind taking these? and he’ll hadn you your pill(s) w/ your name on it, really cleanly printed, and he says it so inoffensively it’s like he’s asking you to grab a beer with him or something, and once the first guy takes his everyone sorta starts looking forward to taking theirs

its weird

they give u a milky way mini w em too

im a sucker for those shits

Well it’s the little things lol

But you don't take yours anymore?

nah

Por que?

basically I want as thin a barrier between me and reality. we're always whoops

we're always mediated by something. I just want to fucking live, and if this is the way i am it's the way i am, it is what it is you know. i want to get better naturally, so it'll be enduring. I don't want to be dependent on anything or anyone

~profound~

I feel like you've made up your mind so I won't say anything one way or the other lol
ye

But so who are these dudes in your program?

stiva! it's stiva

Nice

just looked it up

oh boy

they're troubled fellas. who do you wanna hear about?

there's 6 in my small group

Pick one, maybe?

Hello?

aight I'll tell you a lil yarn about Peter. so when i arrived as you know well "arrived" is too kind a word, since I hadn't yet actually confirmed I wanted to go but those tow men woke me up in the night and took me to the airport and sat on either side of me and so when i arrived i fuck lol

when I arrived I was still a little manic/panicky or whatever and was like what the fuck is this place and fuck all of you type of stuff, and they calmed me down, and i dont remember everything exactly but BEEn came in and explained i was here to get better &c &c, and that here was a letter from mom and dad which i still haven't read(!), and that we were gonna go meet the other boys, and he's like here put on these, and they were cowboy boots and I was like yeehaw partner lol i've always thought cowboy boots were sick, but i was still pissed off @ him so I said >I'm not yankee fucking doodle, I'm not wearing these shits

Loooool

and he laughed at that and that triggered the you know would someone of unsound mind be able to make someone else laugh probs not so i'm fine mental hoops type of stuff, but i was also really worried how they knew what size shoe i was, so i kinda knew i was still a little crazy, odd triple consciousness i know

because as you know a lot of my panic was that i was going crazy

and i still partially believed at this point that i had thought myself into craziness/paranoia/schiz.

so anyway

i walk outside my cabin in my cowboy boots like garth brooks or some shit and realize every person is already outside their cabin, all the cabins face each other in like a circle, and we each had our own "Ben" who was there to help us or whatever, and all of them are these big army looking dudes with beards (all of em had a beard except one) and i realize i'm on a fucking farm, like i can hear cows and chickens, and we all walk forward and there's like 30+ boys (6 to each ben) and we're all in a circle and one kid, not in my cabin, was looking especially bad,

since every boy looked bad, but this one was fidgety and holding his temples and shit, and he kept saying something to himself until the guy next to me, peter, told him to "zip his fucking mouthhole," my ben being the lead ben was talking this whole time about the tasks on the farm today, no mention of like the fact we'd all been kidnapped, and ANYWAY

to cut a long story short

peter ends up elbowing the kid in the face (the kid is in my cabin, actually a new friend of mine). So there's essentially a full out brawl, just mentally ill boys whacking each other and laughing, essentially a food fight

What the fuuuuuuuuck lol

Did you throw a punch?

helllll no. lol

some kids went ham tho. But we're all skinny and weak, lol. Except this one kid Adrian. But it wasn't exactly fight club type shit. It was bush league

I'm dying over here lol

and we all have to go back to our cabins until a few hours later when we repeat the process, you know, saying the tasks on the farm and whatnot, the exact same stuff except Peter's missing, like NOTHING's fucking HAPPENED, and then we get a tour of the ranch and the stables and the buttery and the lake and we get to the lake and Peter's in a fucking CANOE by himself paddling like mad to get to the other side, and my Ben who's just a gnarly dude jumps in and SWIMS to him, even though he's far away, mile+ at least, and he's a goddamn dolphin in the water, and he gets to the canoe and climbs in and subdues Peter.

YO what are you telling me lmao

and we're all of us just watching, a lot of us (me included) a little scared cuz like, why would Peter try to escape? is there something he knows we don't?

but ye that's about it

Tristan you realize that's literally insane. How did it end?

they paddled back lol. Peter won't tell us what Ben said to him

but yeah the kid he elbowed was really messed up. he kept saying that he did not exist, and then quoting what's that movie when what's her face says the limit does not exist, like you know when she realizes the answer

Lindsey Lohan

yes! when she realizes the answer and can't contain her, like, glee

like that's the way he kept saying "i do not exist!" over and over again

Reeeeally creepy

Wow

Lol

Sounds like you've got your hands full over there.

to put it mildly. lol

i thought everyone would be here for anxiety but it turns out people are here for truly anything in their life. mostly disorders of some kind. a lot of edgelords too. people who brought guns to school n shit. some actually really fucked up stuff

I can tell...

but there are kids w/ schiz. here and just seeing them actually deal with it helps me realize I don't have it and am insanely lucky not to. the do not exist kid has it. but that's another story altogether

I mean don't you have your own disorder?

yh but panic > schiz....100%

Well def. tell me another time

Will you be home for Christmas? i get out december 21 i think and can't wait to see you.

I miss you, not to be like, just saying i miss you without any weight behind it, i really do

not sure

I miss you "for real," I mean

i mean i really miss you too. I kinda like it here. We spend a lot of time outdoors and it's dank. also i'm sorry im talking so much about myself i want to hear more about you

but, last thing, when this is done, i want to go to al iberal arts school btw. i want to study chekhov and leoooo. or become a biologist and study mushrooms >:) shits are crazy

Lmao. Good. Don't come here. They worship football here. Start learning russian

yeesh

ben got me a book. да (da) is yes. so да.

call me Александр lol

but how tf is college?

i need to go soon btw i'm sorry

russian 2 hard 5 me

trevor and i are painting a pueblo lol

Alexander?

yee

When do you get back to Idaho?

not sure

it's beautiful here though. Idaho there are mountains and you feel small but here it's flat and hot and you just feel alive. really glad I picked here. like you breathe a lot and sweat and you're like i'm an organism. haven't felt that in a long time. also the puebloans are amazing.

don't think they feel that way about us tho...lol.

Well re: college I met this guy george

Think sweeter less dumb version of tommy. We're in the same writing class.

is he any good? send me something to read btw

i miss reading your writing (miss "for real," as long as we're doing that)

He's good. Had a weird occurrence today with my professor lol

He practically yelled at me that my story was written by a good writer but was itself shit
...and he was spot on

tell me about it!

Ok so have you read To The Lighthouse?

ah fuck man

i gtg, trevor's here. i'm sorry

trevor says hi

Hi Trevor! Have fun

No worries.

Wait

I wanna make sure before you go that you don't want to do what you did again

no

i won't

please don't worry

oh

right

last thing

this program makes us pray, and they want us to ask someone to pray for us, and so.....

will you pray for me?

lol

puppy eyes xDD

Lol yes. Of course I will. I'll try. I promise
rpomise that u will or promise that youll try?

That I'll try lol

thank u. it's weird how much I like it. when i'm not on my medicine it's like

??

sorry was typing and deleting and retyping. hmm.. it's hard to say. it's like in my head i always talk to myself and when i was going manic (or i guess convincing myself i was manic) i was really talking to myself and praying "closes me togther"

is the phrase I came up wth just now lol

remember those like 500 snapchats i sent you in 1 hour lol

i will admit i am a lil worried that i'll do somethign If I have a really bad attack. but not that

Yes. Your phone got so hot it like, broke, right?

Plz don't scare me with "do something"

but not that

Sorry: "do somethign"

sorry talking about this shit is difficult

nah i'll def be fine

but like

like re: praying, instead of me talking to me it's just me, only one of me, talking to God, there's no echo, I feel like I'm actually directing myself somewhere. and i don't really think it matters if he exists or not, b/c i want himto, lately

I really like that

we manifest our own afterlife, Obvi

I'll pray for you

Eventually

ok. i g2g now forreal

Ok. I love you

damn

with the i

you really mean it

"i" love you too

paz

Don't sleep on the I!

lol

peace

Salud

<3

<#

I closed my computer and hopped down from my bunkbed onto the futon I shared with Emma and Katya. Why did I hop down? I'd never "hopped down" before. Something was off. I felt an animal need for movement. Something was terribly off. I needed to get out of here.

25 Seconds Until Panic Attack

I searched my pockets for no reason—why was I searching my pockets? I didn't have pockets. I twisted my fingers until they hurt. Why was I twisting my fingers? I was slipping somewhere—where was I slipping? Something was tilting and I began to feel very afraid. Why was this fear so much worse than all the other times I'd been afraid?

I saw one of my roommate's rotating fans as if for the first time. I heard a few kids outside the window laughing about something. That rotating fan: I thought all about the rotating fan. Did I wish to trade places with the kids or the fan, to be anywhere but inside myself? Yes, oh, I needed to leave myself. Did I just think "oh"? I'd never thought "oh" before. All I'd been doing was speaking to Tristan. What was happening? There was no cause, that was made this sensation so much worse. There was no logical arc to follow.

The sensation kept building. This was more than fear. Was this a panic attack? How much more could I take? Something was compressing. How to stop the compressing?

18 Seconds Until Panic Attack

Everything got worse when I began to pay attention to the fan's whirr, its moan. Were those kids still laughing? How could they be laughing? How far away they were from me. Their mothers, their siblings, their gentlemen's bet on the Eagles game...Oh, God, I thought. Did I just say "God" in my head like that? Please make whatever this is stop. Should I pray? I couldn't pray now—I couldn't be one of those people who pray when they need it. That fan. Who made that fan? What was it made out of? I kept slipping. I needed to hold on. A fissure cracked through my consciousness: the outer world slid from my inner world. That awful fan: how could I explain any of this to the fan?

3 Seconds Until Panic Attack

Almost as I finished thinking "I am going to have a panic attack" the panic attack began for real. I felt a red hot bright fire in my stomach that was rising to my skull. Did I need to throw up? Yes, I needed to throw up. Throwing up would reset something. I went to the sink but couldn't make it happen. Why couldn't I make it happen? I forced my middle finger down my throat and gagged. Was that my heart going that quickly? I was amazed that my senses weren't dead yet. How were my neurons still firing? I was burning alive. The heat rose to the crown of my head. Something was eating itself. But my feet were sweaty and cold? How was any of this possible? Something large and inescapable was coming to eat me, no, it wasn't coming, it was here already, yes, it already had its teeth around me. This fear had a body too it, it had grown since our last encounter, it wouldn't take no for an answer.

I couldn't seem to make anything happen: it felt impossible to move the five paces to the sink. I was frozen in the fiery tomb that was my body. Something was in a vise that desperately wanted to be let out. I was in danger, I was dead, I should be dead, at least death would release me, this anguish, this vise...How was I thinking? What was I thinking? That boy's

>I do not exist!

Who was that boy? Who loved that boy? Who was the original purchaser of the fan? Was it sunny out on the day she lugged it to her trunk?

I wanted Emma and Katya back, I needed them back: where were Emma and Katya? I needed a window, a kick in the face, a sharp object. If this was life then I wanted nothing more than to die.

-2 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

People say that panic attacks trigger a “fight or flight” response. This is true. But they do not tell you that the thing one must decide to fight or flee is oneself. This decision is impossible. You will never learn how to flee your own body, fight your own mind. What does one do when one’s mind and body identify one’s mind and body as the problem? Your protection against the invader *is* the invader: a father slipping quietly into his son’s bed, quicksand that *you made*, in the darkness of your mind, so it is impossibly worse, a monster you designed. It knows everything about you, your weak spots, the bits of flesh exposed, just where to place its barb.

-2 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

Tristan says the best thing for a panic attack is to be still. Let it terrorize your mind, lay waste to your brain, elevate your heart rate, but do not let it move you. Do not twist your fingers or clutch your chair or run out of your room. You must be still and take it. Do not let it alter your outer reality: you give it power this way. He told me, if I ever happened to have a panic attack, to hold on, just hold on.

-3 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

Where was Tristan now? What did he have to eat today? How big was his penis?

He told me once he was worried his brain was going to turn on itself for good, that he envisioned himself in a hospital, yelling at the staff to put him under, since the pain of existing, of being conscious, had become too much to bear, a never-ending panic attack... He once told me he wished he could go to sleep for forty days, just out like a light for forty days straight.

-3 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

Panic attacks pose a bizarre paradox. On the one hand you feel closer to death than ever before: you feel the *need for death*, you surprise yourself with how quickly you identify objects that would help you kill yourself. A pencil becomes a knife, a wall a hammer, a window an escape.

-4 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

Your mind floods itself with accessories that only now, in the moment of panic, seem to be of crucial importance: the way the chicken tenders were stacked in the dining hall that day kept recurring in my mind in montage. There was something awful about their arrangement, the

light blue of the lady's hair net; my panic felt inseparable from the structure of those tenders, as if the tenders were a clue to its origin, so too that boy's

>I do not exist!

-4 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

On the other hand, you feel closer to life than ever before: you feel the Paleolithic desire to survive at all costs, to outwit or escape or even, if it comes to it, *maul to death* Death, to ride the bull and contort your body in whichever way it needs to avoid being gored. Your mind shears itself of anything extraneous: nothing matters but the anguish circulating like blood within your body. Life is simple, binary. Your mind obliterates itself of all trivialities: everything is crystalline: survival is the only imperative, the only thing of value.

This paradox is only ever realized after the panic attack is over.

-5 Seconds Since Onset of Panic Attack

Mine was still going. How much longer could I last before I crumpled into myself and expired? Was this what it felt like to be tortured? What was it like to be someone else?

I could not get enough air down my throat: my mind was suffocating body, my body was suffocating my mind. I ran out of the room and down my dorm hall and while I knew the world was vast and there were people everywhere my world felt like it extended only two inches from my body and I was trapped, that nobody, however loving or medically knowledgeable or sympathetic, could do anything for me, anything at all, that I was trapped in the tomb that was my consciousness, that water fountain across the hall three steps away an eternal distance, and I needed to get outside somewhere far away, away from myself, and I remembered my brother writing "because I want himto, lately," and I thought of the "himto," so beautiful but also so terrible, how the typo was connected to me somehow, connected to everything, how that was only a few minutes ago that he said that, and sprinting down the stairwell I saw Emma and Katya coming up with a few of her friends, they were laughing about something, a joke someone'd made at the dinner, and I knew I'd die because she deserved happiness and I did not, and that awful rotating fan, and that this was me dying, and so I croaked something I didn't recognize as speech and ran out the doors of my dorm past their concerned faces and as far away from the lights as I could until I heard no one and I couldn't see my breath and the lake and it helped a little, it really did, to see the lake. To touch the lake that was so cold it took my breath away.

Culture and creative ingenuity flowering red out of the undead darkness. Walking (upgrade!!!) sauntering (I said upgrade!!!!) perambulating down MD and face fill of bay air and bakery and not without so much as a warning a flower—red and yellow, Thorium star ruby of Hellcat infernos—just a flower, bursted out of the cement.

>Hello, flower.

That will be a very important message of Rapture Kingdom. Beauty is everywhere; the hairs and lines on the back of your wooden looking hand, perhaps they make a face of a loved one?, in the junkyard, in the celestial skies (the azure azure :p), the quite inhospitable gray sidewalk. The flower could have left, gone and left, but it stayed for you. That was corny bro. Mad corny bro. But corny shit occasionally hit like real shit (Marco tone).

Rewind: Culture and dopeness, that is, Rapture Kingdom, flowering red out of the darkest undead spiderheaded darkness: oblivion. That word unlike most words brings me back to the unthinkable time;

>Yes I liked that story Mr. Shannon but I found. Yes I liked it, but I found it...uncomfortable.

Explode with laughter.

>Saunders will do that to you...

>Yeah. Thank you Mr. Shannon.

>Can you get your essay to me by Wednesday, David? Best I can do.

>Yeah. Thank you Mr. Shannon.

He died unthinkably::voltorb, the red and white.

Only the good die young was another corny one man. Marco punched my shoulders when I said that before. Or, things like it. That was corny as hell man. Not in a way of actually going so far as to hurt me...

Does Marco remember that moment? Or another moment I remember? That quite awfully unsettling music booming in my chest when 2 weeks before he left his classmates were playing for real money and dancing in a circle offering me a beer, the colors of their jerseys swirling into quite the...well...kaleidoscopic array;

>I'm actually quite okay... thank you. I will pass on the mead for today.

>Ay Marco tell your bro to dougie for us.

>Chatap.

>Nah he really hitting it.

>Shutup bro.

>C'mon bro. He funky with it.

>Yo, that's it.

>I was kidding. Ow bro. Chill bro. Chill.

Marco beat him up with Tony Stark moves—that's Marco. No, I cannot dougie, but I can 2 Step like Gabriel taught me... assisted with some YouTube videos :D. I guess I could...given the cars going by so...

That makes me feel free. He practically. You could practically hear him saying;

>Where is my super suit?

But actually that's a different show. When you read the manga it all blends together.

LOL.

I hope today is not like that other today, though it is not very dissimilar looked at from a certain angle in such terms as weather and wind, after school when I came home and found an

actually very, well, bad, situation developing which makes my stomach rotate centrifugally. He going;

>Are you with me or not? Are you with me or against me?

Which I have PARTIALLY edited and taken for Rapture Kingdom: being used from scrapings or sections/cut-offs of *my* life. Ash tells to his SikkLakk (technically already soul-partner, but Ash does not know this);

>Are you with me or against me?

But out of a different wellspring than he did it. So much of life force is technically like that: what wellspring do you pull from? Crystal blue...or forest sludgey green? MUAHA...no. Marco don't know nothing about wellsprings—LOL that's Marco speaking.

>We on some Goku and Vegeta shit.

>Heh, well, that's not, well, quite as it is in the manga...

>We still fresh as hell tho, huh?

>Boldly said...but I remain unconvinced.

Does he remember that dressing room in Zumiez after he bought me a pretzel and he helped me pick out new clothing at Pacific Sunset I wisecracked to him at Hillsdale after I spilled on it at lunchtime?

>Lol, yeah, I'm j-playing. We still are. J-playing Marco.

>Therrre you go bro. Now what you need is a fly ass belt and some white Sk8-His.

>Preferably not an ass belt, Marco. Preferably not an *ass belt*.

I still wear the shoes every day even if I am less nimble than most, and certainly not a skateboarder type. The belt is no longer with us... unfortunately for me, I now search through hamper like Ash for crystal key shard to find...hurts to admit it...unwashed XXL Hanes. Didn't he say when he comes back we're going straight back;

>Ima kit you out, bro. Ima kit you out. Don't sleep on me bro.

>I wish they didn't look so pointy in this shirt, Marco...that is why I don't like this shirt Marco. Just to tell you.

Gabe's pool party when the ridiculously yellow gums said the ridiculously yellow phrasing;

>Nip dump Marquez. Do it. Go.

Thinking of, well, the worst of all: Marquez has more hair on his nipples than his...

Calling Mama behind the tree. I need my had guard rashguard at the warming pool....can you please bring my rashguard to the swimming pool.

>I can't slow it down. No. I can't slow down. This is the *highest* caliber of emergency there is.

Feeling like Marco feeling like damn man. Damn man. Thank God I drank all that water before hopping into that, otherwise, well. I'll leave it at that.

>Never seen a house so big lil bro, lol.

>Achghem...it's simply the poolhouse, Marco.

That was only seconds before...I wish I could hold on to the seconds before.

>Go up to that asshole and just ask him why he gotta be so mean to you bro.

>No...I cannot...that is something I cannot do...I am not the Leeroy Jenkins type, unlike you yourself...

>Then I will.

That shit wasn't funny man. But now a Junior and no longer in the bottom half of the totem pole : D. Marco had a tendency to...well. I'll stop there. Rapture Kingdom: real shit and

funny shit. Manga is too srs business. Lol. That meme with the guy going DIDN'T READ LOL—I like the remixes of it and the moves. I will post that, I swear to the highest deity from every corner of earthdom, from the red scorpion sands to the green elvish mountainsm, (lol) I will post that if I see one more Nvidia 770 pop up on my orange envelope...

>Roll the drums!

>You still listening to that shit bro?

>Let me let you on a little secret...it's an 10 HOUR version. LOL. A 10 hour version...Do I look like Darth Vader doing it?

>You know where that's from right?

>Where what's from?

>The song.

>I can't say I do...

>Bruh.

Some times gaming, memeing :D, and the quite considerable time spent helping others on their builds (even going so far as to pick the parts myself) takes away from writing, the wellspring of my wellspring of creativity ingenuity and multiplicity where I can create spiritual lyrical miracles. Dark but elegant and elegant but dark;; deep meaning, the question I ask of myself every day: do you want to leave a pile of money or something more meaningful? Which is why I have chosen the path of the partly serious partly funny artist; oblivion, Sandman, fantasy of fantasies. I mean, if anyone's never read Sandman or seen Death Note, by watching it they'd sorta understand most of what I'm trying to.

And my reading, what the master calls the Twinned Necessity of the Writer, except when a book is a bit too long or hard, and then it's a pretty big DIDN'T READ LOL.

Perhaps the better question, to ask is what does Marco NOT happen to remember, that is what has he not managed to fully store up in the outermost untouchable recesses of the pink matter of the brain...does Marco remember that rainbow ruby sticker on my PC from the day 1 launch—

>It's, quite rare.

My old PC was so busted after those sessions with Marco, my new PC, well, not so much...let's just say I won't need to upgrade anything except maybe the GPU (not even necessary, just for Skyrim modding purposes) for the next...decade or so ☺_☺. Lol. Mama said;

>Turn this off *naow*

and actually I feel a bit upset to be honest that I cannot remember the GPU.

>NAOW, David. Do it now, Daveed.

Marco tone so good at imitating Mama tone.

>Right hand on the hip and left hand on the face...like clockwork bro.

It was some sort of potato, LOL. Imagine the wattage generated by a potato and now multiply by 0...

>Marco imagine the wattage generated by a potato and now multiply by 0...

>Don't you miss that dial up sound bro?

He loved that sound and the dog barking to pretend it was barking while it booted up with the little secret spot and we only had it for a few days but that little guy did so much for mama, don't you think bro? There being a lack of judgement or really anything emanating from them is what makes them so lovable, Ash's own Bluewolf (Direwolf hybrid).

He hated that other sound LOL I was crying of laughing

>Wanted: The Most Annoying Thing in the World. Reward: 50,000 dollars. Marco. Did you catch that in the beginning Marco?

>Turn his lil blue froggy ass off bruh. I wanna kill that thing.

Explode with laughter.

>Ok. Ok. One more ding ding.

>One more.

>Ding ding.

Then we couldn't help but explode (WTFBOOOooooOOOOooOom :D) with the biggest laughter together. Such as:

>I would choose the hawks and the rats because, well, imagine a suit in which rope can suspend you high. And then it's just pot shots. Right Marco?

>And where are you going to get rope my guy? And what about the rope?

Exploding with the biggest laughter of the way I didn't think it through.

She coming home and her long hands on that little guy's fur—that's got to go in RK because it makes me, well, *sad* now thinking about that with those long hands that had signed maybe 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 checks that day for customers...sadness being the utmost quality I look for in the books that I read, to know that others see the sadness that you see or have experienced it, nothing quite like it, quite like that time I spoke to Nana who is much darker than me, perhaps quite even five times darker, which Marco got and classic Marco saying;

>Ah shit man that white teeth contrast tho.

>Ah...shit man.

>But you've got Mom's smile though. And that's that good shit doe.

Yes, well, I quite like my smile to be so bold : D but, welp, seeing nobody is home (today not like that other day, when he also happened to learn that) then I will take the liberty to make myself a snack of sorts, after an adjustment of the pretty cool hat I picked out with Marco's help.

>Weird...

If Nana is like a 7 then Marco is a 6 I am a 5 Mama is a 6 or 7 Dad is a 3.5 Margarita is a 2.5 Grandma is a 0 bro and Jessica (ma fée de cristal) is a 0.000000000000 repeating of course LOL.

>Can I give you some advice bro?

>Yes.

>Never go pure white bro.

>In which sense. Should I take your meaning Marco?

>You know what I mean.

>Yes...I know...what you mean...

I remember Marco man he did funny stuff like he took Margarita and she almost marrying that ginger (no soul :p j-playing) who said he'd shank him till he bled roses, ok man, unafraid and coming out of his room in that all white suit had me dying hair slicked back like usually and my mage going dying (playing on Marco's acc. which he so kindly offered to me in perpetuity) but me not caring or caring a little LOL I needed that mindblade but feeling proud like 5 PM light streaming through golden and he saying

>How do I look bro?

and I could have gone but he knew

>Well I prefer kicking at home and raiding and such on your account...

He gleaming like an actually armored knight glinting the braces in the sun in the hallway on the carpet and I'm like

>Damn Marco. How did you afford that one Marco?

and he looking like a zillion bucks saying

>Man that's for me to worry about, man, that's nacho problem.

>Well then apologies. Well then apologies for getting jalapeño business. (inside joke).

Loling till I was blue and red in the face at the joke you sorta needed to be brothers to fully understand.

>Let's watch Future Weapons when you get back bro.

>Sounds good man, sliding out the front door like he was made of a salamander...

Not that I could compete but my mod it til you crash it shirt was on full display for all of Marco's acquaintances to see, and I would not hesitate to introduce them to my side hobby and passion if they had asked, which I could maybe talk about for two full days :D

Even Mama didn't ask and he taking our cousin's car in the purple-red Gabe car and Margarita in yellow to the nines Dad said. That night, I remember absolutely vividly, I was five roll off mindblade dagger 87 need in bed, even though every single person on my Pserver had it already T_T, sweating thinking about Marco and Margarita and Jessica in that yellow and pure white smoothie...and whether they were pointier intertwined in that fabric going ripping and mascara and stilettos and smoothie and smearing on his slick-backed going and I going and Illidan horns and abs and [Xpandora] who I couldn't believe I actually got into WoW and I even knew her IRL going;

>See you on tomorrow David :)

and her voice on Ventrilo skinning it...the Push to Talk Sound so satisfying I could play that on a 10 hour loop ;D remembering the hide lake smoothie rush and waterspring gold and going until and that big sharp glaive and the softness of the gold of
u are not prepared ;)

and the night elf dance with me in the back of Goldshire...underneath Ironforge in Old Ironforge (she pollied me into it : D) when you are certain that you are ALL ALONE together, and Margarita's yellow and sideways pumpkin footies...sparkling shadow eyes and sideways smoothie rolling Illidan hard abs and warglaives going until not going.

Yeah man anyways that's some dumb shit but talking to Abuela damn near black (my mouth isn't quite the cesspool his is...) Seeing Margarita at school on Monday in those checkered vans saying

>Hi, David. I've got someone I want you to meet. She's new here too. If you see Marco can you tell him to meet me by the vans after school?

>Certainly...

>And if you see him, tell him his little brother's hella cute.

To think of the friendship that would! Giggling to Devon going under my breath

>Hm, heh, well more research for RK, I guess...

And me with Devon after going

>Woah dude wow dude Margarita dude! Cute as hell dude!

Remember that sprite dude? Well, yes, Devon, I have one right here LOL, cheers,

>Let us drink like dwarves, live like wizards and party like hobbits!

Can you say "lame" or can you not...blushing right here the violet pink of the strawberries right here, going remember that sprite dude? Aw, snap dude! He loved that

>Aw snap, dude! Who was that dude? Margarita! Wow dude.

and he loved that mega potion at lunch which actually tasted good in that ripped Mega Disturbed going;

>Yeah I'll drink it. I'll drink it. I don't care.

Jonathan adding ketchup and tots and mushy tots man damn man until it was brown, all the way brown, and Marco saw us in the auditorium and drank that no problem man not even knowing what was inside it, but not me man Marco man damn (Marco tone) leaving me those voicemails scared me out of my sleeves saying, the bad things multiplying,

>I never shoulda drank that mega potion. Never man...fuck bro. Text me everything Jonathan put into the potion. And I swear to God and to myself that you need to meet me at the Junipero Serra Padre in one hour. Bring Modern Warfare 2. Bring Modern Warfare 2 and our Xbox,

>Hold up one second Marco. Are you home? If so, you're home early Marco. You're home quite early.

>Do what I say bro. All I Ask Is That You Do As I Say.

and I not knowing and never knowing and he showing up from college all that way with his star ruby backpack saying

>Take it out and place it in the backpack...then run for your life bro...they want to activate the 8 million, bro...I love you bro...stop flickering bro...don't get behind me, walk away facing me bro...they want to take me I'm going to take me to Diablo bro...don't you dare tell anyone or anything about this bro...I wasn't rezzed for free bro...I love your ass, bro, no matter what fucking happens bro, I dunno if you're my David or not bro but whoever you are I fucking love your ass bro.

08:44

Margarita, hold me tighter, iii—Richard charred Charizard, strung out, that Mr. AP English faced lizard jumping out of bush smelling my fear, red from the red on-fire bush looking at its Scyther shiny hologram faces in the bush saying:

>15 minutes could save you! 15 minutes could save you!

Just act cool, man, nah, nah I'm straight bro, walking into Marketing knowing he would be there if I turned around, I mean, who has blades for hands, it's some dumb shit bro...but when he draws it across his neck...but when he...

>Well will you accept Dewgong?

>For Scyther? You must be shitting me bro.

That phone call on my 9th birthday as I ate that ice cream cake from “Baskin Robbins” that misspelled that phrase to alert me of its attention:

>Hello. Is Mr. Marquez there?

>Do you want to speak to my dad. I'm his son.

>Yes, David Marquez, Sr.

>He's not here right now.

>Tell him I called.

>Who is this?

>Excuse me?

>Who is speaking I asked.

>You know who.

Those cheesesballs used to be in that bucket I wore and we laughed until David threwup and I pissed myself, man, too fuckin turnt bruh, everyone pisses themselves the first night they go 10+.

Gabe bro.

>Wussgood?

That Is The Wrong Question to Ask my dude.

>Wussup?

I don't wanna go 10+ again bro. Please don't make me go 10 plus bro...

>I could easily handle 10 dude. C'mon now. You calling this pussy a pussy?

10 Of What? All I Ask Is That You Define 10 Of What.

>Digimon or Smash, Marco?

>Whatever'll let me play in this. Turn around. David, turn around.

We ROFLed that day and that voice in my head and that click in my head every night before bed: how many means she did that many with that many that many.

>Let's play against two level 9s bro. I swear we can do it bro. Don't be afraid if it's Bowser ok bro? It's just random bro.

>Please can we not do random. Please can we not do random Marco.

>Hi Mrs. Vilchez. Is Margarita home tonight?

She held me close on that day we walked upstairs teasing me to be alone finally

>Too many fucking people here dude,

I turning to her sunset lips and saying

>Look my Vans squeegee out the beer

teasing me going

>Squeegee? Haahxs! Dude. Squeegee? Stupid-ass Mexican...

>Please do not call here.

I heard them when they progressed the SitRep from normal to Pro...I could feel my hearing dilate and elevate in essentially an instant...knowing precisely the distance between me and every living thing with a footfall in a quarter mile radius, a little bird's fifty step route across a branch like a cacophony of noise, STOMP for Christmas Eve and Mom wearing that coat she didn't wear in forever, trying to act how happy people act like. All they had to do was flick a switch, otherwise why else would I have named my character *that*, as if I had foreplanned my own reality, as if I was picking it out of a hat, essentially echolocation when they said

>All clear?

>Aye-aye, cap'n. Good to plow away.

>Hi fellas you'll never believe. But me and the boys just went drilling off the coast of a little island called Margarita. If you're picking up what we just put the fuck down.

Not so many bro. Please. Five is just too many. But damn bro,,,remember when that shit was raw practically fucking mooing on my plate back then brother man...needed those extra mushrooms for the mycelium network to counteract the Roycewicz network, dripping like a fucking wax candle from the back bro especially after they'd been after it...Matt Faulk's room with the Tim Duncan lookalike poster man and the

>Will you accept Dewgong?

and the elastic gone and it made such a sexy ass yellow ripple and wondering if they stretched out the elastic for me or if it was how it'd always been and I felt like looking into the sun and a little tomato garden and I said

>No I'm not

and she said

>Yes you are

but I was not, I was not....

Running back to the bathroom, giggling the whole way, the outer reality so tenderly affecting my inner reality, saying

>I've got a little pee caught. I've got a little pee caught.

Marco feels tired....so tired.... Marco should ask Marco if he is asleep? Mr. Roberts can tell Marco is sleepy. He brings Marco a paper cone of water... a water cone of paper...The team of Marco is scoring. Marco's team is scoring.

07:05

>Are you sick or what bitch? Are you with me or against me bitch?

I'm sorry you had to hear that shit bro...that's not forever bro I promised you that and I always keep my fucking promises bro.

>Should we really be doing this here?

>Yes. Fuck that white boy. Now let's go I don't have all day with your squeegee ass.

Feels kinda shitty to like also have lured his dragon skirt to the wildy in 4th grade
lmfaooo texting me saying I know you hacked my shit dude, born with the knowing of his password already, repeating it under my breath,
raptor321123...raptor...raptor321123...raptor321123 as I did those leaf races in the gutter in my little blue boots so clean and healthy then, the fact of him being #123 in the Pokédex so troubling, the only raptor in the pokedex so troubling, before my 3rd birthday when I fell ill, and so it's what a surprise seeing you here because

>Just had to get out man.

Derek buying that slurpee for Becca:

>You good bro? You want one?

nvr tasted something so good dawg. nvr.

thx again bro

ay np np.

i needed that tonite fr.

He will die coming home from Rebelution on 280: that's clear to me now years before it is scheduled to occur... Where is that straw now? Please not...bro. Please not soldiers with Evan again.

>Marco do you want to play soldiers with Evan?

Going back and putting this in the terms your white ass will understand:

>“No can do” Mrs. Fitzpatrick. “No can do.”

Mrs. Fitzpatrick bringing out Evan's favorites to the big ass pool deck bro she flickered like a mad one bro on some real shit.

>Did you know my grampa escaped World War Two by using a reed as a snorkel. Look. I just wanted to look at the shapes blaziken made on the tiles man.

>Marco? Where's Evan? Evan!

No such thing as Evanlocation dumb ass flicker hoe, spewing his milkshake and mashed cheese and crackers like a gd fire hose bro lmfao.

>It's not your fault he has the lips of a donkey. Listen to this Marco.

Dear Mrs. Marquez: I hope this note finds you well. Please do not allow Marco to “glom” onto Evan after school; we are no longer advocating the play of sol-dee-ers is how she said it. Sol-dee-ers? We were dying man. Absolutely dying. She laughed with a hook in her mouth like she was in pain but it was dope to see her laugh like that, that little turtle lip hook so obviously

>No prob. We should link. Becca and Maggie would get along.

>Fer sure.

Mags in that Aston Honda, the Ultimate Setting,

lol ye it's old but it whips,

the way she did the little Jackie Chan Hooeeoeoeo-WAH Choppin Bricks Like Karate making me want to go back in time and just hold on for Dear Life, the Ceviche we called it, how funny, a Spanish Civic Of All Things, her straightened hair glossier to such a degree I could run my hands through it and the distinction between waterfall and hairfollicle were essentially distinctionless, on some Jesus shit, blowing her back out after her Brazilian blow out missing the curls, she crying, actually, but still to this day in a high caliber of amazement that I could actually almost see an etherealized reflection of our inevitably separate future trunks in her hair, going back in time to “M” just joshin bruh I ain't on that white people shit XD going back to Mags responding:

>Becca? That bitch threw up like every day in 4th grade. Like is you nauseous learning about Jupiter n shit?

You had me dead. You had Marco dead. M had Marco dead to rights.

>That's the real prize, Marco: that's the real prize.

Idk. I think lk a lil dub date cud be fun.

ye. i'm d. movie or sum?

yee

Marco cannot ask him if it is poisoned so Marco will ask him if they are winning and then link. David brought Marco DQ and “Chipotle” that first day in there, where he didn’t belong in there, needing to lie just to have them leave him alone in there.

>It’s ok, bro, I gotchu.

This mind sound a little crazy David, but...David, I hope you don’t thought I’m batshit bro... bro...did you poison this hands? Did u poison this hands?

>Heh...You’re a damn Mexican and you crave Chipotle? That shit’s mad funny man.

>Excuse me. Are we winning?

>Tribesmen are winning, yes.

Marco is winning and Marco looks up at the clock and Marco sees the clock cry out:

04:28

blinking red like Diablo lava.

>If she can make you laugh. You get me?

A man walks into the gym who is clearly there for Marco. He walks over to Marco and his face is no longer hidden: has Marco ever played Jak and Daxter? Yes, Marco was nasty on Jak w/ the Red Shotty, the Knuck If You Buck blaster, the man looking exactly like Jak from Jak + Daxter. He is shirtless, with a bow in his right hand, covered in horrific scars from nape to buttock. He sits down next to Marco on the bench, cups Marco’s ear and whispers:

>Wind at your back.

>Miss me with that dumb shit bro.

Marco shakes Marco and turns to the Mr. Roberts lookalike.

>Excuse me. What is that loud buzzer?

>That is a timeout, Marco.

Marco remembers deeply and safely in Pserver’s [Guarded] the

>No fucking pausing boys. None of this I need to use the b-room shit.

Sheeieeet man I was killer on Shipment knifes only. Killing her from the back and she starting to cry and I needing to lock myself in the bathroom just to show her that I

>Hit em with the happy feet.

Patrick we were dying man

>You realize you click this button to knife, right? This one is to move and that one is to knife, k bro?

>I’m just going to miss you when you leave. That’s all.

Embarrassed red apple looking ass Isaac Newton eggheaded motherfucker. I’m 1v3ing, it’s 2v2 and I’m legit 1v3ing.

>Y’all still play Club Penguin?

>Haxhjaahaxahajaxajxah.

That lil penguin cute tho that freshhh winter scarf and beanie fit lmfao, only in 6th grade wearing those metal T’s and Sarah the iron maiden, two years older, said

>That lil Marco cute tho

and health was on minuscule and I knew I’d bag her eventually, even then I knew it, the hole between Gabe’s teeth whistling at me skating down the ave,

>Planting seeds bro. That shit always works bro. Just a lil water and sun and just lie and wait bro.

>JhAxh. Dude. I’m dying.

>You're a fucking farmer bro.
>Dude. I'm about to throw up my fucking boba. Stop dude.
>You're a gardener bro. You're a fucking greenskeeper.
>ChajhHxA. My ribs hurt bro. Stop bro.
>Who the fuck is this? She liked your status why? Look at me Marco. Look at me baby...

If you goosed you had to go to your search history and show everyone, Mom ripping the school iPad from Marco's hands:

>What were you looking?
>Nothing...nothing...
Thank MFing G she din't know how to hit that back button bruh.
>From the back, bro? No way man, me too.
>You too?
>She make your shit red though?
>Make my shit red?
>That's that poison ivy box, bruh. That shit got some bite to it.
>Tell me you're lying you fuckin ginger ass motherfucker.
>Whxoah bro chill bro, we good dawg?

Why is Marco here? Why are they punishing Marco? Because Marco called two people faggots on Xbox live, two: Shifty_snipez and Pacovsponcho? No, of course not, no, they didn't knock him for that, nah, they knocked him for using Freddy's fucking modded controller man.

FAL on sum dumb shit tho, FAL like the ACR out here. Red tiger FMJ b/c I like the iron sights even on the ACR scavenger pro stopping power pro ninja pro claymores and flashbangs spas-12 grip b/c I like the iron sights and fuckers be stepping to you when you close to the harriers that's why you need the spas on rundown. I like up top yes man up top I can practically remember every map, def all of Rundown Terminal Underpass Sub Base Estate and Afghan bruh, I could recreate that one from my brain,

>Quite an interesting easter egg of sorts Marco if you would be so inclined as to
,,in that house with the long hallway if you hide behind the fridge they can't see you and
your claymores cover two/three entrances and only your head but no one hits those

>We hit those! We hit those!

Touching the buzzer in Marco's head

03:54

buzzing the toucher in Marco's head, in the same robotic intonation (near identical)
>STARTING SIX. ON...YOUR BITCH.

Me and Gabe used to bump that slapper after that All-City dance Looking For Our Own Nuts brother lmfao (lum-fow) when I could feel Lauren's newfounds on my chest during She Get Lowa than a Mufflaaa and I became aware of how my body could feel still buzzing with life at the sleepover playing knife only and chilling with the almost raw chocolate pancakes in the morning wasn't that just a little slice of heaven of healthy youth, the "cow level" of healthy youth, but then on the other side of the coin that is the Minun's Plusle, I wouldn't let lil man go to bed until I hit that fucking nuke. I could play this game for 12, 13, 14, 15 hours a day man easy peasy

>But not, achxxem, to go so far as to actually have a wish or desire to seriously live inside of the video game at hand,

and you and I both knew I was gonna hit it u faggot I was one off two times fuckin idiot faggot teammate capping A chopper gunner fucking useless on terminal with no spawn trap, you closing your can't hang eyes

>It's 4 am Marco. Can we please go to bed Marco?

>Nah man. Nah. You don't believe in me bro? Bro. You don't believe in me?

How about I just take this disc and snap it between my fucking asscheeks. How about

, and of course the new lobby when I'm 6 and 0 and the fucking akimbo uzi no skill faggot fags up to my fucking tuk spot and I remember it so vividly that title, I will never forget a call sign like that, •Kill for Good• and that spinning skull, but he was only prestige 7, he shouldn't have that spinning skull...adding him afterward and sending him that voice message

>Madith my dude why the fuck do you have 4742 days played and a negative K/D bro? Scam ass fucking hacker. Hella suss bro. Faggot. Hella weak bro.

>Don't break it Marco what the hell are you.

Next morning eating blueberry pancakes the smell of the coral green

>I'm sorry bro. I don't recognize myself when I play this game. I just don't recognize myself. Shit's hella weird bro.

That being the entirety of the world's problem...the 8 million...the entirety to which only one Activisioned man could answer, •Army of 1•, one man with the strength to kill for good...and which that one man failed, given that unlike Tolkien man there can only be one ring-bearer IRL, the 8 million being activated as we speak, •Omnicide• as we speak...*in fact, that virtual army is bigger than the top five real armies in the world combined...*

There was a time in which the World's ®ubyForce conspired against Marco to have him perish, but he was saved, by his §apphire Guardian, or that is the form in which his §apphire Guardian took at that time, that is, Assistant Strength Coach Mr. David Bowie, when before the football game listening to the Head Coach speak about the Plan of Attack Marco stood up too quickly and that Chocolate Rage Power Bar jumped down Marco's throat as if it was designed to do so, in its very code...

and Marco began to die in a room full of boys in pads, no one noticing the dying Marco, alone in his plot armor, in which he walked away to the far corner of the gymnasium to die in a corner much the way an Elephant may leave its herd so as to not encumber the others, to be deprived of air being a situation of the utmost panic because it is a cessation of what you have been doing *at every moment of your life up until that point*, each moment in time essentially being an Unown #201 Type (research into this topic is ongoing but nothing is known), until the Dying Marco literally bumped into the Assistant §trength Coach, who "happened" to be coming out of the bathroom, •Reversal of Fortune•, who began to Heimlich him, the first squeeze eliciting nothing, the Power Bar refusing to fail its mission, until Bowie called upon his §apphireForce to counter the ®ubyForce, literally casting [Resurrection] on him, activating his Plot Armor, 10s cast time being exactly as long as it took him to execute [Heimlich], to give Marco back his life, the twinkle in his chest from that moment on being a [Power Word: Fortitude] Bowie inscribed upon the ribs of his chestbones, so Marco could complete *his* own mission, a cosmic trading of mission for mission, sticking his finger down Marco's throat and grabbing the Killer and banishing it from this realm, Shackling the Undead, spurring me further down my Path of Anguish, much like the Evil Bug pinching the buttocks of Timmy Turner's backside...;;

thus,

later, Marco hearing Bowie's own son having died when he was 3 months old, and thinking every day since then, on the dot, at noon, much the way he would receive an erection in French class at 2:30 every day on the nose, likely tied to Madame Loneux just not in the mood/not having it in her culture to wear a bra, her nipples patternly activating when Marco stood up to present on the dumb shit realities of the French Revolution, looking like some fuggin Jupiter djinni, backshotting Mia at the top of the Mercury Tower with a view and everything, not caring if they all see them bewoggle back and forth lmfao, when somehow Ricky got to present on Zidane or some shit, not sure how he swung that 1, and so isn't it not outrageous to think that perhaps he lost a life to save my life, all things in one cycle, the yin and yang of all things, 69(yinandyan)ing on Maggie's couch with my whole finger and tongue up it, shaking her Dad's hand as he came home from work with my wetass hand smelling like his own daughter, shheeiieet, welcome home! we were just baking some cookies....lmfao, "...but the oven's not on" crying of laughing in the Ceviche OTW home,

shit man driving drunk doing my thng man,

Marco's own Yang yet to be delivered to Activision's Yin, life the same thing as death, every thing the same thing as the opposite thing...

>Miss me with that dumb shit bro.

>Marco...this is an illness. Ok? I see an illness. It started with that first one Runescape and now with that piece of shit Xbox Gabe got you. I want that thing returned tomorrow.

>Let's just relax a second. I'll take a break. We're good.

>I want my Marco back.

>It's all good. Like damn...I mean. Like damn dude...

>You spend all of your time on these games Marco. I don't re-cog-nize you any more my Marco...

Re-cog-nize is how she said it bruh. Lmfao.

Run Marco. Escape Marco. Cube diamond square. The way it shone in his hands like that and the thank G she didn't snap that bih bruh, coming to me crying because of the addiction Activision made.

That first one, really, was doodles123 after what we called David and I had only one 99 in the hardest skill runecrafting or RCing (whereas David almost maxed his own account being able to sit in front of his personal computer and put in full concentration and focus on advanced strategies for hours upon hours [multi-ticking, secret spots, glitches etc], him almost needing the hours to focus and sit still, The Day Of Which We Do Not Speak when he was [redacted], My Life is Ruined Marco, not knowing the ducts of humankind was capable of such proliferating volumation). Then, naturally, I selected an RC car on September 9th one year before the new millennia or 9/9/99, one in a million million's, chance cannot explain that, the singular, that is, one a-random act in an otherwise random star arc, and it was my 9th year on earth, and the car cost \$9.99, which is a tad strange, for it to equal *exactly* 999.

Don't believe Marco? Marco has the receipt if she would only send it to Marco which as the Dalai Lama is chosen in a candlelit room by which bald boy picks the toy so Marco too in the gleaming multi-colored aisle of Talbot's picking the Hot Wheels while the significance of the #9 cannot be overstated as antidote to 666—inversion—999—that is the number, not that Marco necessarily *is* but perhaps a shadow version, a close right hand or perhaps prototype for him, I mean, flipping to that *exact* page and that *exact* line: I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me on some real shit,

Dad saying

>What did you think of the homily
and

>Chop like a tomahawk
in the hotel room before the semis
>Like you're chopping wood.

I played left and coach had spit on his lip and slapped my ass often. Lol: just one of those things bruh. Chop dead wood Mr. AP Lizard said going

>Look Mr. Shannon when Will does this to my foot it looks like he's chopping wood.
No one believed his ass when he said
>It doesn't even hurt, I promise.

On a roof he killed himself with a gun he killed himself with [redacted] they will kill myself with a knife he will kill himself.

Reading that website brought me to [redacted] bro...

I miss having Ian here with me. I miss watching Ian work on his computer. I miss having Ian show me something he created.

The most fun I had at school was when we all had early days for conferences, and I got to have more time.

Me too little man, me too...love being simply a concentration of time, time spent on another, those car rides up and down 280 pretending to want food just to be alone with her moving through time, MW2/Runescape/WoW being the slowing of time, to step out of time being the desire of most timebound beings of time...the Activision, when activated, a time connector and destroyer, myself made into a dancer of time, a timedancer of time...rolling the window up on my pinky in Gabe's Nissan just to see if I could feel anything any more, if my body really was a timebound entity moving through time, if these hands of mine were really mine.

>Step on my foot as hard as you can. Do it. I won't feel it.

Megadeth embossed black and acne and crooked half-smile like he had a secret joke to himself and the

>Lil Marco cute tho

and when he smiled he was cute tho even tho Marco ain't on that shit homie. His sister was in bro's grade and she said nothingggg bro like we're talking nothingggg.

Mr. Roberts takes the paper cone out of Marco's hand.

>Did you take it?

Marco nods.

>You took it? Good.

>Are we winning?

>Yeah but it's close.

Marco wants us to be winning and he hears the wall scream out its time:

01:23

The fact of the matter being there was never enough time to fully parcel out time (corny but true), and the nurse who gives him his shit and draws his shit playing defense trying hard is cute as shit tho. Paper Peach, lil Katara, on some 2D dummy thick shit that star wave rended

pink rimmed warmthness inviting me inviting me to just hit it and quit it man. If I talk time time out time that loud ass buzzer man which I can't have time b/c I need time to puzzle it all out, if only I had time to puzzle it all out man, the paraplegic dancer of time...

>I need to drink all this to tell you some stuff man.

>Hxahxha OK man. But why wine?

>Beer is all inflammation and BPA you should look that shit up man. Coors own like 99% of all beer man. Sugar and inflammation is cancer's favorite shit man.

In his rich ass poolhouse me feeling out of sorts with my fuzz which I kept Margarita was saying she likes caterpillaring and she loving tickles like caterpillars on meatloaf man, the she said

>You know you love it

and he realized that maybe he did, having to give my account to bro man I couldn't hang man, failing my fucking mission man, needing to keeping momentum forward bro man, Mr. Su's speech hitting my soul the way he weaved the lyrics into the shits and the holding it down for all my black and hand to chest (brown) people. Pull the trigga kill a —— (black man) he's a hero.

>I like that part when he said a milli

lol bruh that shit's hella funny brother man

>Bruh he says a milli like 45 thousand times what the fuck is you

my number in baseball with the skillet and the reflective glasses so I couldn't realize my real lies and she whispering in that breath like a child's breath driving my heart mad wild whispering slide into home base boy ballboy me laughing on red carpet and star stickers ceiling

>It feels weird to be doing it in your childhood

>Bitch what you mean in my childhood you weird-ass

we were dying. you had me dying. Marco wrote in his mind and memorized and she said (do not circulate):

Dear Margarita:

I do not expect you to respond, particularly after our last rendezvous. I was particularly wonky at that juncture and I see now that my offer was not "calm, cool, and collected" of me. I am "hopped up on mountain dew" in here all the time but now have clarity to send you this missive. Usually, I will be the first to admit it, my thoughts are spiraling so fast, similar to Tetris when you cannot keep up. It makes me want to cry when I think about those two innocent bodies of ours, trying *that* for the first time at the Prom 2012 afterparty (to say nothing of The Dark Knight Rises). Regardless, I humbly request that you write back or at least for important matters previously stated about, namely the 20% off coupon code you used to purchase those Short Shorts from urbanoutfitters.com in September 2012, almost a year ago To The Letter. They were yellow and framed you quite nicely if I may be so bold and one Friday after football practice behind the lockers you said you needed a towel and I asked Coach Lav and he said nothing and I ran and you said you'd only been on it for a week? If you recall that "moment in time." If you remember the way I gulped down the air outside your patio the first "real" time and, pardon me, vomited into the rose bushes then you will see how I feel we have suffered enough after the first which wreaked untold proportions of havoc upon your (our) bodily system(s) and which I still quantify as my mistake, and how the second I wanted to ameliorate just "in the nick of time." "Your guess is as good as mine" as to what I am on about at the moment but if you are so inclined to visit me in this troublesome abode the drive from San Mateo to Pugweenee

Wilderness Recovery Ranch is 12 hours, 39 minutes of duration according to a colleague of mine, with an additional 1 hour or so if you come via Sclara. Now please don't "gallivant around town" with that shock of red hair that would just about do me in. I've never met and never will meet another woman who understands complexity and I have confided some things in you that I will never tell another soul. Please safekeep them for me and my family. You understood complexity that night when you told me about that statistics class you were taking at Santa Clara even though you, sadly and quite out of characterily, laughed in my face and told me to "leave" and said I was "freaking you out" when I brought up the complexity of my own, that is, my "theories" about life and the "*in fact, that virtual army*" and state and perils of the universe and my "mission," which as a Dai\$y/Pea®l I felt you would understand in totality, which I unguarded and shared with you strictly from my heart as a matter of love, and even when I drove the 8 hours in costume like an idiot to arrive to the Halloween party uninvited as a special surprise only to be admonished and witness that many I felt quite the fool. My love is too strong to be snuffed out from that or anything as it has been quietly burning since the 6th grade, your slender fingers manipulating the clacks in the "computer lab," and I love hearing you "talk numbers" and I love you always my dearest Maggie, or the other M of my M&M.

Sincerely,

Marco O. Marquez

P.S. Do you remember that color on the roof at Gabe's thing after my most successful day at running back? Not to "toot my own horn," but I scored 3 touchdowns that game. How would you describe that color?

P.P.S. Please find included a trinket/memorandum or knickknack novelty to Remember Me By, who watches over me as I watch over you my dearest Maggie.

Mr. Roberts leaves Marco to talk to someone besides Marco who is having an episode and Marco feels as blank as a glass countertop watching all the movement and the meds kicking in, how desperately he needed to Just Run after his baseball exploded the glass countertop of mullingar's new Audi. The Chieftains and Staffulty seem to be winning but Marco's friend is sweating hard and doing well. When the ball goes up and through the bearded ones go

>Let's go. Let's go. That's how it's done boys.

Maggie...the way our voices sorta, idk, lk, fused together, maaaaaad corny, but lk, in unison, singing in the reclining Ceviche:

Knowing sum1 u love don't feel the same way aboutcha...Memories they soon delete,,,

00:33

Lmfao. Marco's skin wants to feel itself but feels weird bro. Marco hears a whistling sound and the gymnasium goes dark and light again and Marco realizes Marco closed Marco's eyes. Marco gets up off the bench and Marco's legs ache and Marco has bandages on his fingers and toes and the lookalike Mr. Roberts comes back and says:

>You OK?

>Yeah man going to get a drink of water. Another drink of water.

Marco farts and goes to the outside of the gymnasium and the mountains remind Marco of themselves and Marco flickers and thinks woah man. Hold it together bro. For the life outside of your life bro. Marco can't see to the top but Marco knows Marco can't go back into the gymnasium and whistling through Marco is the mosquito buzz of absolutely nothing and he swears he can smell the battery of the buzzer yell

00:00

and Marco feels emptied out man people cheering like crazy man but the all time is up man and Marco feels like if Marco touches Marco's head onto this fountain Marco'll shatter and then Marco'll be drinking glass and he realizes he can literally will himself out of time's flow if he just thought about it hard enough, as if it was an object in front of him he could touch and snap into halves.

Then Marco hears crying and touch Marco's eyes and it's not you Marco it's a white boy Marco used to eat for breakfast beneath a tree right before the sunset and Marco sees it's cool and orange pink and dark green and earthy and faces in the trees it's cool man it's all you, you're straight bro.

Marco can hear dog-day hoppers going like mad like [her heart through my armored pads] for real before and after slotting into his cries and Marco is hot but so cold like a snowball man and Marco walks to him with effort like her heart hopping like a hopper and Marco says

>I'm Marco man just want to get a drink of water.

>You're Marco?

>Yeah man. Who're you?

>Tristan.

>You good? I mean, you aight?

>Just trying to, you know. Trying to fight off a panic attack.

>You're alright.

>You think so?

>Yeah bro. For real.

And Marco goes for the dap and he hugs Marco and he crying to Marco saying

>Thank you dude. Thank you. Thank you.

The first time Tristan remembers thinking of killing himself was on a walk with his family to East Elementary, where he went to school. East Elementary is a Pre-K through 5th grade school, only half a block from where Tristan grew up. Its main appeal is the large, green field in its back corner.

Mrs. Craig, the school's P.E. teacher who wore fingerless mittens and four coats during the hottest parts of the year, made the students do the mile test by running around the large green field's perimeter. The students ran around it four times, which was roughly a mile, and Tristan remembers the itchy smell of the grass and the way one of his classmates pretended he was a car as he ran.

>Ervvrvrrrerrevervr gwsht gwshtt, vRVrrrprpeeleriuuummmmm.

One day Tristan and his family (Tristan's mother, father, and sister) were walking the dog Bella to East, presumably to throw tennis balls for her with the "Chuck-It." Tristan's father would frequently play games with his children, to have a little fun and educate them at the same time. These games happened everywhere—at mass, on the way to the grocery store, walking to East with Bella, etc.

On this walk the game was "Philosopher or Baseball Player?", in which Tristan's father would say a name and the children would have to guess whether it was a Philosopher or Baseball player.

- >Mookie Wilson.
- >Philosopher.
- >Wrong. Thomas Aquinas.
- >Philosopher.
- >Correct.
- >Dusty Baker.
- >Baseball player.
- >Correct.
- >Aris Totle.
- >Baseball player?
- >Wrong.

This walk, Tristan wasn't interested in playing. Tristan was thinking about killing himself. Tristan would think about killing himself most days after this day, but this was the first time.

What Tristan was thinking was: if Tristan steps on the base of that traffic cone, *that* cone right *there*, Tristan must kill himself. The logic was that simple. If Tristan's foot comes into contact with any part of *that specific traffic cone* (there were traffic cones everywhere near the entrance to East, because the entrance is also where parents picked up/disposed of their children, but Tristan was thinking of this one cone in particular), Tristan must kill himself. Eventually. Not right now, but eventually his death must come by his own hand, will come by his own hand. Tristan was seven years old.

Tristan's sister was up ahead playing the game and Tristan stayed behind at East's entrance while his family walked ahead to get to the field where they were to throw tennis balls for Bella with the "Chuck-It." Tristan walked up to the cone and examined it.

Then, Tristan felt two things at once, at the exact same time, and took a second or two to register these feelings inside himself:

The cone was just a cone—orange, rubbery, kickable. It was an *object* that took up time and

Tristan couldn't talk down to it. One could put a face on anything if one tried—the hole at the space, the unmistakable fact of things all over the world—the toasters, the CDs, the mountain top the cone's eye, of course—that this thing was no less sacred or special or Godly than ranges (Tristan recently learned the word cordillera in Spanish class)—and that this cone was Tristan because it wasn't human—the same God (Tristan was born into a Catholic family) was merely *one of those things*, and that therefore Tristan had no special relationship with the cone—present in the cone and him, simultaneously, in fact, the same God that made cordilleras made Tristan's single commonality with the cone: that they were both on earth, both 3D, he Tristan made this cone, made rubber, allowed man + rubber to coexist; the cone and Tristan are capable of human things like speech and reflexivity but it, a dead rubberized motionless thing, *linked*, this cone and Tristan are one, *everything* is linked, but so unbearably vast, he cannot see pure incapability, simply put they were both here, atoms in time at the same time, and so it had all the connections, it would drive him up the wall, but perhaps he could occasionally see negligible input in his life, and touching it would mean nothing, it was silly to think it would, these strings, these connections—who is Tristan to decide that something is impossible?—humans use *reason* to find, to a degree of reasonable certainty, why things happen, how perhaps stepping on *this exact cone* was like tugging a string, which would pull something, very ridiculous, to imbue a silly cone with such life-altering power, life was for the most part logical, far away—make it fall over?—life-altering his life—well, who was Tristan to say no?—it was one thing proceeding to the next, no rational person would say that touching this cone would be ridiculous, to think this cone would ever *lack* such power, the events of consequence tied to the meaningful, zero bearing on his life whatsoever, outside of the moment of stepping on it, events of zero consequence, life for the most part illogical, one thing determining nothing, in which he would feel it underneath his foot, and so he was a crazy person to look at this silly everything, something far away, Tristan is no better than this cone, no, this cone is his suicide cone, believe it mystical, anything but orange, and rubbery, and kickable, one of many. God cone: this cone determines and twists his fate, this cone and his life are the same.

And so, Tristan did what anyone would do and stepped on it. Then, terrified, Tristan stepped on it again, in an attempt to undo what he'd just done—did it reverse it? slightly alter it?—but, after running a few steps, Tristan ran back and touched it a third time, and then ran after his family, whose low voices he could hear far out on the itchy field.



blessing in disguise but I am not hiding who I am open your
eyes truth

Ash looked around him and saw nothing but the dead. In the distance Ash sees one man, the Magmar Leader, his face not shown, having been mutilated to shreds, hanging from a cord of twisted rope, bleeding from where his ankles had been lopped off...

That was wrong of his men...two wrongs do not make a right...so much bloodshed...misery...could peace really be worth all this...how many other men had they hung...and where had they put the bodies...Surely they slew more than this many...Ash thought as he observed the battlefield.

One of Ash's councilmen, a High Plainsmen named Brakk, came up to him from right around his right flank.

>Takkan aok'Dak, Ash.¹

>Takkan aok dak.

The two men, one towering over the other, the other covered in unhealing scars from nape to buttock, shared a moment of silence...

I must be gentle with him...I saw him in the fray...the finest macemen in the 26 counties...but no one can fight off so many...no matter the size of his mace...a stone added to the handle for each confirmed kill...it must weight at least 240 pounds...the size of a healthy young man...

>Your father, Ash began to speak.

>I know.

>So you...?

>Yes. I saw.

>He died defending his people.

Brakk nodded, looking straight up at the sky for 72 hours, the High Plainsmen mourning period. Ash could see his teeth, so large and in charge, the better for eating all the tough hided animals of the Great Plains...

What am I doing? All the Plainsmen know that this was an offensive tactic, not a defensive...A weak leader, perhaps...but a liar? If we could have just secured the River Quietus two days earlier and stopped the shipment...those shadowice fragments that haven't been seen for millenia...the Magmar who defended them fought like wolves...no...worse...Bluewolves...his own Bluewolf...how long could he be apart from his Bluewolf...yes it needed to hunt but blast the Gods...could they have been empowered by the fragments...no...that magicka is apocryphal...but the color of their teeth...that azure blue...the kingdom weeps for these loss...

Brakk's deep throat voice boomed Ash out of his cogitations.

>The survivors will want to hear a speech.

What can men say in this situation to mollify? I must console sonless fathers quintuple my age...

Ash turns to Brakk.

>Then they will get one. Tonight. After our repast. Go, Brakk. The wounded need you.

>Favorous winds, Tik'Zhot'Lik.²

>Favorous winds.

¹ A common High Plains expression with no genuine translation. Roughly, it means "wind at your back." "Aok" is also a sound we can't make. Please note how Ash doesn't quite get the pronunciation correct—he misses the click (shown by the ') and the louder (D)ak.

² The High Plainsmen are fond of giving titles. This is literally "He who brings peace like wind" but is close to our "Peacemaker." Awarded to Ash for his role in the Plains wars of 17th Half-Sun Half-Sun.

We will need more than favorable winds if we are to get to Rainai by Full-Sun.³ Magmar's crystalkin grow in number each day...number and courage...we, too, grow...but not in number...no. Not in number today... my men... my beautiful men...that curs'd shipment...if we could not intercept that shipment...then we must get to Rainai before them...and the shards...to be still lacking the crystal shards to forge the Diamond Guardian Blade this late in the war...

That night the men gathered round to here Ash's speech. They were drinking Dirt, a high Plainsmen specialty similar to beer, but four times as powerful in terms of intoxication, and making their urine flow heavily and smell pungently, much like a Yellowphant (their version of elephant). They were drunken with victory, and glee at the victory, but also with rage at the loss of their friends, of swaths of land burnt by the crystalkin, of Brakk's father, their some time leader, Bakka'Brakk...*Oh...how many dozens of drunken brawls have I needed to stop tonight...*

>Speech! Speech! the Plainsmen boomed, their deep throat voices already loud, but made many decibels louder than had they simply been sober.

Thousands of Plainsmen gathered around the small hill where Ash had his encampment. Ash was down speaking to Brakk about plans for the pursuit of the Magmar caravan when he heard their entreaty.

Ash slowly ascended the green hill. The sun was setting on the battlefield. Blood mixed with mud until the land was burgundy.

I've thrown away everything I've written...how heavy lies the crown...these are my men yes but I am not one of them...a halfling preaching to a group of Plainsmen...no...this is nonsensical...lunatic...but I cannot exactly turn around...keep ascending the hill...the words will come...we fought off the Magmar but we did not even secure the shipment...what is there to celebrate...the sadness knows no bounds...sonless fathers quintuple my—

Ash was boomed out of his cogitations once again. He had reached the top without even knowing it.

>Speech! Speech! the Plainsmen continued to chant.

I can hear those voices in my ribs...in the cockles of my heart...they really do want to hear my words...but what is so special about me...Bakka'Brakk always said a leader should never forget to ask themselves that question...what is so special about me...nothing...nothing...I am just a boy made a man far before he was ready...far, far before...

Brakk was beside him and handed him a large horn from a Sink Buck, the Plainsmen's traditional source of nutrition, which would amplify his voice if he spoke into it, reaching the ears of each and every Plainsmen on the battlefield, which was miles long. And so he did speak into it.

>My men, my men, my beloved men—

Immediately the Plainsmen erupted into frenzied cheering.

I can barely hear myself think...they respect me...perhaps they even love me...I can do this...I must just lead with love and strength...and I cannot forget honor...no, I must not forget that...I am stronger than my halfling heritage...my father who called me a bastard child...I am leading the Plainsmen...I am Tik'Zhot'Lik...yes...I am...I am man...not boy...man...

>Your Tik'Zhot'Lik comes to you with humility, honor, love, and strength.

The cheers were all around him. They were frenzied like piranhas. They wanted their leader. They needed their leader.

³ Loam has no years or days. Time is measured by the sun, waxing and waning like the moon. Years are roughly 1/8s and marked by backwards generations, so 7th Half-Sun is the Half-Sun 7 Half-Suns ago. Other appellations: Full Sun, Absent-Sun, Partial-Sun, Missing-Sun (For when the Sun is 3/4 full), etc.

>But he also comes to you with sadness.

Then all of a sudden the Plainsmen were deathly silent. You could hear a pin drop.

>I come to you with sadness because we lost men twice as capable as myself. And we didn't lose one. But hundreds. Among them Tokka'Lak, our Commander of Defense Strategy, Tokka'Takk, our camp Blacksmith, and countless others who we hold in our hearts today. I am thinking of Bakka'Brakk especially...

All the men with their heads up...what a sight...like flowers bending towards the sun...my Plainsmen tongue feels particularly strong today...I feel like one of them...but do they see me as one them...

>...a man who was so great it would be nonsensical to describe his greatness. Brakk, his son, takes his place, and he will fill his father's shoes with strength and honor. Of that I am more than certain.

Still the men were silent...I am losing them...I cannot focus on the sadness only...life is more than just focusing on the sadness only...

>My men, my men, my beloved men. We have lost...

The crowd heaved a collective heavy sigh. There was no point in the last 48 hours lower than this.

>...but we have also won.

The crowd rushed back to life.

Yes...yes...this is what they want. Is that Sikk'Lakk...Yes...there she is...how big she is...how beautiful...she has heard every word...good...let her hear...

>We have dealt a decisive blow to the Magmar forces. And we are closer than ever to securing that curs'd shipment, and locking back up the shadowice fragments, to prevent the forging of Ultradeath. No one race or man should have power over another. In Loam we are equals. All of us. This is why we fight!

The Plainsmen roared and beat their chests.

Keep going, Ash...Keep moving forward...

>In life there is pain and strife and defeat. As we have seen today. But where there is pain, we fight for joy. Where there is strife, we fight for love. Where there is defeat, we fight for victory! We emerge from the pain like a phoenix!!

The cheers were so loud the hill began to shake.

>As your leader, I will always choose joy...and life...we fight for our lives...we fight for Bakka'Brakk. We fight for love...we fight for peace...we kill for good...for the Good within us all! We are the Warriors of the Good! Each and every one of you Plainsmen is an Angel for the Good, for Love, for Light!

The men stormed the hill, lifted Ash up, and carried him around camp. There was dancing and merrymaking, including a Plainsmen dancing tradition known as the Kikk. This Kikk was not traditional in that

Around the roaring fire at night, during a lull in the Kikk, Ash asked Sikk'Lakk to spend her rest in his encampment. His eyes were a beautiful mix of caramel and golden green, an almost unheard of combination, that when looked upon you just felt "right." She turned to him, towering over him and capable of crushing him beneath her if she so wished, with her large eyes and thick, luscious eyebrows and hair that went down to her ankles and said:

>Sakk Lokk Nukk, Tik'Zhot'Lik.⁴

⁴ Roughly translates into "It would be my honor, Peacemaker."

Thus their road to Soul Partners began, even though Ash was not certain the Plainsmen tradition of Soul Partner would trigger even on a halfling like him (3/4 Human, 1/4 Icebjorn). But it did.

Thus on the night of what became to be known as the Magmar River Massacre, a halfling covered in scars from nape to buttock and a Plainsmen woman practically taller than an elm with 10,000,000,000,000 more hairs on her body shared their rest together, in the Plainsmen tradition known as Ji'Hak'Bok'DAk⁵, for the first time in the history of Loam, her great big smooth feet needing to poke out of his small tent as he snored and snored thinking about the incalculably onerous tribulations that lay ahead.

And then he woke up.

⁵ Roughly translates into “Lovelight.”

[Sanctüs] has come online.
To [Sanctüs]: Yoo
To [Sanctüs]: 2s today brother man?
[Sanctüs] whispers: yeee
[Sanctüs] whispers: cheeky 1900s push?
To [Sanctüs]: u know it. finally upgraded my shoulders
[Sanctüs] whispers: link
To [Sanctüs]: [Merciless Gladiator's Silk Amice]
[Sanctüs] whispers: insane
[Sanctüs] whispers: what were you using b4?
To [Sanctüs]: [Hallowed Pauldrons]
[Sanctüs] whispers: from Slabs? crazzzzy
[Sanctüs] whispers: that's a huge int diff. also those were for healers lol
[Sanctüs] whispers: shatter combos bout to be wtfNUTTY
To [Sanctüs]: i know lol.
To [Sanctüs]: ye. Was dueling guildies and was +200 dmg easy
[Sanctüs] whispers: look slick too
[Sanctüs] whispers: so sick
[Sanctüs] whispers: guild's gotta MT going
[Sinmuerte] has come online.
To [Sanctüs]: H?
[Sanctüs] whispers: ye
[Sanctüs] whispers: need those bracers?
[Guild][Sinmuerte]: how we doing boys?
To [Sanctüs]: nah I'm G
To [Sanctüs]: got em
[Sanctüs] whispers: shutup
To [Sanctüs]: [Bands of Negation]
[Sanctüs] whispers: ayy
[Sanctüs] whispers: I keep the purp by the pound
[Guild][Piemager]: good. Dailies suck
[Guild][Legal]: took the day off work to get exalted with mag. Dailies rule. kek
[Guild][Legal]: want those takbuks :P
[Guild][Hackman]: chillin
[Guild][Hackman]: gz on exalted
[Guild][Legal]: talbuks* :D
[Guild][Sinmuerte]: cool cool.
[Guild][Sinmuerte]: pst if interested in helping me get that shield for BT this Sat.
[Guild][Sinmuerte]: Also can the officers that are online please join the officer vent channel? Thx.
[Guild][Piemager]: I'll go. When sat again?
[Guild][Legal]: 9 PM
[Guild][Lbug]: 9 I think
[Sanctüs] whispers: bro. dare I say
[Sanctüs] whispers: 2000s?
To [Sanctüs]: ez money

To [Sanctüs]: just need to upgrade internet next
[Sanctüs] whispers: yeah can you hurry the fuck up and do that? tired of you lagging your ass out in Shatt

To [Sanctüs]: \$\$\$

[Sanctüs] whispers: message me your paypal and I gotchu dood
[Nazghoul] invites you to a party.

Hackman joins the party.

Loot set to free-for-all.

Dungeon difficulty set to normal.

[Party][Hackman]: yo ty I just need 2 more

[Party][Nazghoul]: Five for me.

[Party][Hackman]: fire gear btw

[Party][Nazghoul]: Thank you.

[Party][Nazghoul]: I have no life, rofl.

Your share of the loot is 3 silver and 54 copper.

To [Sanctüs]: nah bro

To [Sanctüs]: I ain't tryna be beholden n shit

[Sanctüs] whispers: I'm literally rich

[Sanctüs] whispers: and you're clearly poor

[Sanctüs] whispers: take it

[Sanctüs] whispers: so we can R1 ez

Your share of the loot is 5 silver and 30 copper.

To [Sanctüs]: maybe later man

[Party][Hackman]: thanks bro!

[Party][Hackman]: cya

[Party][Nazghoul]: Cheers.

You leave the party.

To [Sanctüs]: sec

To [Sanctüs]: hopping onto my alt

To [Sanctüs]: wsup

[Sanctüs] whispers: how are you in hellfire already wtf

To [Sanctüs]: druids are insane levelers broh

[Sanctüs] whispers: still

[Sanctüs] whispers: fuck you 4 that

[Sanctüs] whispers: my priest isn't even 40 yet

[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: LF1M Dungeon Blitz. need tank

To [Sanctüs]: i love this char

To [Sanctüs]: scrub ass

To [Sanctüs]: when are we duoing

[Sanctüs] whispers: gotta finish this MT run

[Sanctüs] whispers: do my dailies

[Sanctüs] whispers: then we shilling

[Sanctüs] whispers: vent?

Felspark Ravine completed.

Experience gained: 9800.

Your reputation with Thrallmar has increased by 250.
You receive item: [Agamaggan's Quill].
Congratulation, you have reached level 60.
You have gained 60 hit points and 45 mana.
You have gained 1 talent point.
Your strength increases by 1.
Your agility increases by 1.
Your stamina increases by 1.
Your intellect increases by 2.
Your spirit increases by 2.
To [Sanctüs]: bugged last time
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: LF1M All Hellfire Dungeons. Tank Needed
To [Sanctüs]: don't think my comp can handle that
[Sanctüs] whispers: you realize that's how we'll get to 2k
To [Sanctüs]: maybe
To [Sanctüs]: our strat is the same errytime tho
To [Sanctüs]: sheep/sap/blind/cs heals once dps blows cds
[Sanctüs] whispers: for double dps comps tho
[Sanctüs] whispers: like what do we do against double fire mage
[Sanctüs] whispers: and for timing our cds
[Sanctüs] whispers: arenamaster is only so good
To [Sanctüs]: idk
[Sanctüs] whispers: legit if better comp + internet + comms we push 2k first week
[Sanctüs] whispers: imagine me w/ those maces
[Sanctüs] whispers: fuuuuuuuuudge brother
To [Sanctüs]: ding btw
[Sanctüs] whispers: fuckkkk youuu
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: LF1M Dungeon Blitz. need tank
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: where the fuck is this dreadcaller idiot
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Snoopeh]: up ur hairy arsehole
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Hausfather]: Should be east of Thrallmar.
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Hausfather]: or up your "hairy arsehole."
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: LF1M tank hellfire dungeons
[Sanctüs] whispers: dude
[Sanctüs] whispers: what's
[Sanctüs] whispers: your
[Sanctüs] whispers: paypal
[Sanctüs] whispers: idiot
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Snoopeh]: 67.8, 59.0
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: I don't have that
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: where the fuck am I
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: LF1M...tank and g2g
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Dro can u kindly stfu plz
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Snoopeh]: ^
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: :o
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Xcaliate]: ^^^

[Sanctüs] whispers: ???
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Samiam]: ^
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Start whispering people
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: No one from general is biting
To [Sanctüs]: sorry dude
To [Sanctüs]: I just don't feel comfortable taking money from u
[Sanctüs] whispers: but you need it and i don't
[Sanctüs] whispers: ??
To [Sanctüs]: idk. just wasn't raised that way
[Sanctüs] whispers: aight bro
[Sanctüs] whispers: i'll stop pushing you
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: **** you all
[Sanctüs] whispers: but it's like a few hundred bucks
To [Sanctüs]: that's a lot bro
To [Sanctüs]: that's the difference
To [Sanctüs]: to someone like me
[Sanctüs] whispers: exactly!
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: help a ***** out
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: did you just bleep yourself
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: you colossal twat
[Sanctüs] whispers: if you need it fucking take it
[Sanctüs] whispers: sorry but i just dont get it
[Sanctüs] whispers: it's like nothing for me
[Sanctüs] whispers: it's so worth it for us duoing
To [Sanctüs]: ok if it's nothing for you why don't you send me 10k
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Dro eats toothpaste
To [Sanctüs]: so i can actually help my family out. u want to pay for my bro's shit?
To [Sanctüs]: my bro has hella doctors appointments
To [Sanctüs]: why dont u pay for that
[Sanctüs] whispers: 10k is diff dawg
To [Sanctüs]: all the same 2 u right?
[Sanctüs] whispers: yo
[Sanctüs] whispers: is your family ok?
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Snoopeh]: looooooooool
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: Dro the kinda guy to suck a dick and be like "mhmm, I'll have another dick to suck plz"
To [Sanctüs]: lol
To [Sanctüs]: what do u want me to say here
[Sanctüs] whispers: talk 2 me bro
[Sanctüs] whispers: what's wrong
To [Sanctüs]: nah bro. don't do this pity shit now
[Sanctüs] whispers: alright I was being retarded I'm sorry but for real tell me what's wrong
To [Sanctüs]: nah bro
[Sanctüs] whispers: dude! come on
To [Sanctüs]: my bro needs help and shit

To [Sanctüs]: just shit bro
[Sanctüs] whispers: fuck man
[Sanctüs] whispers: i'm sorry
[Sanctüs] whispers: dying needs help?
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: Dro the type of guy to LF tank Furnace/Ramparts and have someone really good join
[Dro]: Level 60 Undead Warlock <IDK MY BFF JILL> - Hellfire Peninsula
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: brooooooooo
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Dro folds his socks
To [Sanctüs]: nah
To [Sanctüs]: not like that. he has mental challenges
[Sanctüs] whispers: well fuck dude
[Sanctüs] whispers: that's still awful
[Sanctüs] whispers: i'm sorry.
[Sanctüs] whispers:then you really do need good wifi
[Sanctüs] whispers: distract the ole mind
[Sanctüs] whispers: what's your paypal
To [Sanctüs]: lmaooooo
To [Sanctüs]: suckmyfatmexicancock@yahoo.com
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Plot]: Dro the kind of guy to marry a really attractive woman in every way (looks, personality, etc), be happily married for 10+ yrs but then pay some big black guy to go bananas on her guts while he watches and jerks off
[Sanctüs] whispers: sweet!
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Dro]: helllll yeah. me likey
[Sanctüs] whispers: just sent you some major coin
[Sanctüs] whispers: from bigsaggywhiteballs@yahoo.com
To [Sanctüs]: fuck I knew u were white
[Sanctüs] whispers: nooo
[Sanctüs] whispers: my achilles heel
To [Sanctüs]: somethign just slightly off about ur dawgs and bros
To [Sanctüs]: too prep schooly
[Sanctüs] whispers: lol
[Sanctüs] whispers: gotta say i didn't know you were mexican
[Sanctüs] whispers: but makes sense
[Sanctüs] whispers: really public schooly
To [Sanctüs]: kek
To [Sanctüs]: lol
To [Sanctüs]: fckkkk u bro
To [Sanctüs]: can we duo or what's good
To [Sanctüs]: done with MT?
[Sanctüs] whispers: almost
[Sanctüs] whispers: bracers dropped again
[Sanctüs] whispers: gz on ding btw
To [Sanctüs]: ty
To [Sanctüs]: ima make a snack. take a dookie
To [Sanctüs]: brb

[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Dro eats unshelled pistachios
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Xcaliate]: can you all please shut the fuck up
[1. General - Hellfire Peninsula][Gaybars]: Xcaliate drinks Evian
To [Sanctüs]: actually yo
[Sanctüs] whispers: wassup
To [Sanctüs]: I just had a crazy idea
[Sanctüs] whispers: wut
To [Sanctüs]: like the craziest idea ever lol
[Sanctüs] whispers: what?
To [Sanctüs]: I feel like fire might work
To [Sanctüs]: for 2s
To [Sanctüs]: DB + Impact stun chance + crazy burst if I get pyro off a sheep + imp cs or
icy veins
To [Sanctüs]: dunno
To [Sanctüs]: could work
[Sanctüs] whispers: oooooooooooooo
To [Sanctüs]: I just need to respec out of frost
[Sanctüs] whispers: do it
To [Sanctüs]: you think it's worth?
[Sanctüs] whispers: ye
[Sanctüs] whispers: try it
To [Sanctüs]: aight
To [Sanctüs]: ima de frost then
[Sanctüs] whispers: don't disenchant it
[Sanctüs] whispers: lol xDDD
To [Sanctüs]: you know what I mean
[Sanctüs] whispers: yeah lmao
[Sanctüs] whispers: i know what you mean

BellaTheDog1!

Doodles123

PalomaMeansDove8123

Jotenhaymingtomanooovs333

Butthole88

raptor321123

Nightfall825

7MADITH7

Will Shakespeare

BrilliantBlake8

Moomonster11

Xtikzhotlik

2009

2046

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8773

2073

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27 BCE

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Your Son's Behavior In Class

Three Other Masterclasses That Will Take Your Writing To The Next Level

V0.6 [Guarded] (Blocking) {0D30 MODE}

Thank youu Mr. Shannon for a great year! :]

P.W.R.R. Midsummer Update: Hiking, Working, Thriving (+ Visitor's Weekend Info!)

Last Chance: \$300 Flash Fiction Prize

Buffing up the raid.

Players cannot dodge, parry, or block attacks that come from behind them.

“The best techniques are passed on by the survivors” — Gaiden Shinjo, 1E990

Zombie cuddles are bad for you.

LOADING OVER 9000!!!!!!

Tip: Remember to take all things in moderation (even World of Warcraft!)

[REDACTED]

Looks like something broke. That can happen. Hold on.
Uh-oh! Our team of lightsaber-wielding monkeys is on it.
Hey, you. Yeah, you. What did you do? I'm looking right at you. Yeah. I see your face.
What gives buddy?
404 Error. This page doesn't exist.
Aw, Snap! This page failed to load.
Record scratch Ree-er-ree-er. Let's try that again.
[REDACTED]

Not Mom and not Son share a Surprise
Emilia Clarke Feet Closeups
Alexander Grischuk Interview (Thug Life)
Slim thick yellowbone Latina Asian in COLLEGE dorm room gets BROKEN IN HALF
Little league lacrosse checks and hits
When Dad is away...

[REDACTED]

incels.co
careers.activision.com/c/gamelevel-design-jobs
http://www.russianlessons.net/vocabulary/russian_names.php
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sj-vVe8-Zkk>
reddit.com/r/pcmoms
wikihow.com/Deal-with-your-parents%27-Divorce
[REDACTED]

Marco initially texted Margarita to meet at Jeffrey's at 7, but then he texted her at 5 to come at 6, since the movie began at 8 and he wanted to take their time eating and get seats in the back.

dunno dude. i was going to be late as is
it's chill. i'll just sit here at this booth alone
lonerrr

i'm already on my 3rd milkshake bro. i drank urs twice
That last text felt corny, difficult to reply to, but Margarita responded
nooo):

u better not b 4 real
and Marco wrote back
cmon now. im always 4 real
and Margarita responded to his response with
true tho (:

which was good, a smiley was good.

Marco knew Margarita since they were young—they went to the same preschool, elementary, and now middle school, but they didn't really know each other until 5th grade in Ms. Meuser's home room, and didn't start actually hanging out until this year, 6th grade, when they were both in Ms. Houston's U.S. History class. As part of their unit on slavery, Ms. Houston paired the class into partners, and Marco and Margarita were assigned to each other, and to the topic of “the cotton gin,” which was lame as shit, but within 2 class periods of sharing music and making fun of the other kids in the computer lab where they were supposed to be doing research, Margarita asked Marco to go to the movies with him, and he said, joking and flirting, he'd flip a coin for it, and if she called it correctly he'd go with her, but he was gonna choose to go with her anyway, so when she called it incorrectly he joked again, best of 5, but she got those wrong too, so he said,

>Eff it, leggo,
and so they'd gone to the movies 2 times already, and this was the 3rd.

Marco knew the movie didn't really matter, even if the movie this time was supposed to be dope, according to Gabe: it was an excuse to be close to 1 another, to hold hands. That was a recent development: last week, during some horror movie Marco'd hated, Margarita turned to Marco and said:

>Are you going to hold my hand or what?
and Marco replied:

>I thought you'd never ask,
which he felt was smooth at the time, but it felt a little corny, going back over it now.
When Marco held her hand he couldn't tell whether he or she was sweating, but he liked the squish of it: Marco intuited that something about moisture was sexy, that holding some1's wet hand was probably a less intense approximation of having sex 4 real.

Some 8th grader named Andrew claimed he'd fucked his girlfriend from BIS 10+ times, but Marco and Margarita were unconvinced since his story was full of holes. He said it was like

>Putting your dick in a warm grapefruit,
but then most people just thought that Andrew had actually microwaved a grapefruit and fucked it, not Nicolette, and so every1, including Marco and Margarita, called Andrew

>Grapefruit,
the more elaborate

>Grapefruitfucker

falling out of fashion given you couldn't say it around teachers.

Marco didn't want to have sex: Marco felt unprepared dealing with Margarita's hands, let alone the other shit. Marco was also self-conscious about his penis, which he'd measured, and was a more than respectable, perhaps even large 5.5 inches, given that he was only in 6th grade, but it was a different color, by several shades, really, than the rest of his body, and he had no say over it, it seemed to control itself, so he didn't particularly enjoy touching it, the urges were uncontrollable, they scared him, but he was especially afraid that something in his system would backfire if Margarita were to touch it too, that it'd get soft and wrinkled, like when he used to swim at Evan's, not big and hard, like in French class.

Margarita was not self-conscious at all: she was very forthright about sexual shit. On the first night they hung out, the very first night, Margarita said there was

>A chance I'm bisexual, since I find lots of girls at BIS and San Mateo cute, and then she said

>There's a chance that you might be bisexual too and just don't know it yet, which Marco knew nothing about. Then she asked

>How many people have you kissed?

And when he said

>None

she said

>Liar!

She proudly told him that she'd

>Kissed 4, 3 in 1 night at an All-city dance and 1 exchange student from Italy named Federico who was maaaad hot and stayed with my cousins for 2 weeks.

Marco looked at his phone. It was 7:10, which meant that Margarita would be here at 7:30 at the absolute earliest. She wasn't on her way yet, or she would have said so. She was always late, but it was hard for her to find rides: she had to ask her sister Michelle who was in college and Michelle only drove her if Michelle needed to head that way anyway.

Marco decided to order for her. The cashier's eyes were flickering at him anyway, since he hadn't bought anything yet, so he bought a strawberry shake for her for and a vanilla shake and a 1/4 pounder for himself for \$9.99, after tax, which was pretty weird, for all that to be exactly \$9.99.

The last 2 times Margarita took maybe 2 bites of her burger but drank all of her milkshake, so if just the shake wasn't enough for her he'd buy candy and popcorn at the theater, even though Margarita said all the shit was

>Hella overpriced dude. We should just buy it at 7/11 and smuggle it in. Or just gank it, And when Marco said

>I don't know if I'm down for that,

Margarita'd put on a baby voice and called him a

>Lilpussybitch,

and that hurt is feelings a little bit, but she was just joking, and maybe she was even right.

Marco drank his milkshake and reminded himself of his outfit. These were his favorite pair of jeans, 30x28s that fit like 28x28s, and he'd just thrown his white Sk8-His into the laundry/dryer at home so they looked brand fucking new, and this jacket had a dope green/white crisscrossing pattern and zipped all the way up, even past his face. Plus nobody'd stopped him from bringing his skateboard into Jeffrey's.

The other thing that was cool about Margarita was that she skated. After school 1 time she asked to ride his board and she hit a pop shuv-it off a 2-stair, which was insane: Marco'd been skating for 5 years and could barely kickflip a 3-stair. Marco loved watching her skate: her ollies were almost as crispy as Gabe's, and now Gabe wanted her to skate with them, which Marco wanted but didn't really want, since Gabe would probably try to hit on her, or something, Gabe being older than Marco and in high school already.

Marco drank his milkshake. Marco checked his phone again and saw Margarita texted him 6 minutes ago.

where are u?
inside bro
jefreys or the theater?
jeffrey's...like we said
ughhh. I'm at the theater))): On my way!
lol omw**
no i'll come to you
u sure? (:
ye

Marco didn't wait for his burger: he walked out with the 2 shakes and immediately saw Margarita a few blocks down, holding her arms with her arms like she was cold. She saw him, too, and waved, but Marco couldn't wave because he was holding the milkshakes, so he just raised 1 shake and tilted his head upwards.

After he skated over to her and she hugged him there was a profound silence in which neither could look at the other. Marco felt as though he was dying in this silence, so awkward and profound it was. All the world obliterated but some sort of invisible link between them. It bound them together as if they had been skewered, a steel beam through each of their chests, of a charge so electric Marco felt it would detonate if he even moved a muscle, let alone spoke. And then it was gone. With a suddenness that almost scared him, Margarita filled the silence with a story about

>This nasty ass sex thing I found in my sister's nasty ass car,

which filled Marco with relief: he had been preparing a story about Pop Warner practice which was garbage in comparison. When they turned, laughing, from the sidewalk to the plaza to buy their tickets, Marco used the sound of their laughter to fart, and it actually made a little noise, but she didn't hear it.

Then Marco noticed he spilled a bit of his milkshake on her shoulder when she'd hugged him, and she was wearing the leather jacket she always wore when they went out, which made her look older and meaner, which Marco didn't like, but he knew she loved the jacket, so he put his hand on her shoulder, ostensibly out of affection, and tried to covertly wipe it up.

But then she grabbed his hand to hold it and felt the milkshake on his hand and withdrew, and asked him

>Why do you have shit on your hand dude?

and he had to tell her about the spill, and she became unhappy because she thought it might stain. He then gave her her milkshake, the strawberry 1, which he remembered she'd gotten the last 2 times, and which hadn't spilled, but she said she didn't want it and left it next to a crazy homeless guy punching the air and talking to himself in his sleeping bag.

>You think that guy's ok? Marco asked.

>Now he is. Dude just got a free milkshake.

Marco bought his ticket first, and then Margarita, and as she was buying her ticket he looked her up and down and thought she was so beautiful, her hair so violently curly and black, and when she turned around he said what he was thinking to her, which was what couples did, since she couldn't sulk about the stain forever, could she?:

>You are so beautiful dude

and Margarita said

>Shut up

and then she snuggled up to him and used her hands to put his arm over her shoulder right where he'd spilt the milkshake.

There was some problem with the tickets at the first ticket checker guy inside. He told them to go back and get new 1s from the man in the booth outside, but now there was a line and Marco felt a little awkward when Margarita cut in front of 7 people to get new 1s.

>Excuse me hoes,

Marco heard Margarita mutter under her breath, probably to make him laugh, so he laughed a little bit, even though he didn't find it funny, but actually pretty rude.

When Margarita was done, she came back to Marco and said

>That's how it's done boy,

and Marco knew he would think about that sentence for the rest of his life.

The tickets weren't working again, but this time the guy just let them in. Marco asked

>What do you want?

and Margarita said

>Gum,

which made Marco nervous because he knew what that meant: that meant she wanted to kiss him. But Marco was afraid to kiss her. Marco said

>I think I want Raisinets,

which was a tactical move, because he knew Margarita found Raisinets disgusting and he wanted an out in case she demanded that he kiss her.

>Don't get Raisinets. Get gum.

Marco found it so impossible to argue with Margarita, which was what couples did too: they found it impossible to argue with one another. So rather than start a fight, he accepted that he'd get kissed tonight and bought 2 packs of gum, 1 for each of them, watermelon flavored 5, and when Margarita put the gum into her mouth and playfully snapped a bubble at him, Marco felt awe and fear for this human being with still-wet hair who had somehow chosen him amongst all the other human beings she could've chosen, which included almost all the high schoolers at San Mateo, where they didn't even go yet, but who knew Margarita somehow, and who Margarita complained were constantly messaging her to try and meet up to "hang out,"

>Which really just means they want to get their dick sucked or something,

which made Marco feel sad, that all they wanted from Margarita was her body. But didn't he want it too?

Yes, yes. He did. Maybe it wasn't so bad to get kissed by her, since her lips were so soft they rippled and bunched in places when she spoke, and shone this insane purple-red in the Century 12's yellow-light, her lips the color and sparkle of Gabe's friend's modded Nissan.

Margarita said that the gum was

>Hella overpriced dude

as she smacked on a bubble and they walked, hand in hand, to the second ticket checker guy, the one who tore up the ticket: a pimply fat guy in a wheelchair who had only a few clumps

of hair clinging to his head and various metal pins attached all over his stained Cinemark polo. His face was covered in so much fat it was hard to see his eyes: Marco couldn't tell their color. Marco felt he should definitely just shave the remaining clumps of hair off, like David'd done. When he took their ticket he said

>Oh. Dark Knight. My favorite. After the original live action.

Margarita was silent so Marco said

>I heard it's dope,

and the man responded

>It's quite gobsmacking. Some of the most subtle and well, minimal, CGI.

>Sweet.

>That I've ever seen at least. Please enjoy your film. Auditorium #4. Down and to the right.

The man handed back the tickets and Margarita made a face as they turned down the hall.

>Imagine kissing that guy dude.

Marco laughed uncomfortably: he was just thinking of how the guy reminded him of David, that he should bring David to see The Dark Knight next weekend, that he should make a mental note of the scarier parts so he could cover David's eyes.

>Hairy egg lookin ass.

Marco laughed uncomfortably and looked down at his milkshake.

>He let me bring in my milkshake, though. That was chill. The first guy too.

>Wheeling that humpty dumpty through the hallway like.

Margarita pretended to push a wheelchair and pretended that it got stuck, too wide to fit down the theatre's spacious hallway. Margarita laughed, but Marco only looked down, saying nothing. Margarita looked at him and said

>What?

>I dunno dude.

Margarita's face turned red and she paused, then snapped back:

>You don't think that dude's fugly?

>Ya but like. It's just like...weird to pick on him. On him specifically, you know.

>Since when are you so soft dude?

>I don't know dude...

>Sorry I speak facts. Some people are ugly. It's a reality. And he's fuckin ugly.

Margarita clapped twice.

>*Fug-ly*.

Marco scratched his neck and made a grimace.

>Who cares though? Does it matter? Like? I don't know...I mean. I don't know but he's just doing his job dude.

>Why do you care so much about that nasty ass white boy?

Marco shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, and then it truly was awkward: was this their first fight? Marco didn't want to fight, Marco hated fighting. Margarita said

>I have to go to the bathroom

and stormed away and Marco was alone in the blue and yellow and red carpeted hallway staring at posters for 21 and Burn After Reading. Marco would apologize when she came back and say

>I'm sorry bro. I don't know why I said that shit

but then Margarita came back and said

> I'm sorry, I dunno why I did that

and Marco felt how tightly-woven everything was, how big everything was. Now they were holding hands again and it felt even better than before: they needed that fight to make this even more delicious: Marco understood why couples fought now. It made being together even sweeter, it made you want it even more.

Marco and Margarita walked, hand in hand, to #4. Marco had to fart again, which was a bad sign, once he started farting he couldn't really stop, but holding it in was a disaster, so he dropped one silently, but actually this one also squeaked a little bit, but she didn't hear, and then he started walking quickly, not quite dragging Margarita but almost, to get away from it if it smelled.

When they entered through the heavy door the lights were dim and the movie had already started, was probably 5 or 10 minutes in. Marco wanted to complain, but he'd never complain to Margarita: she didn't want to hear that shit.

They turned the corner and looked up: the place was crazy packed. Marco scanned the back row and saw 2 open seats, but they had sweaters on them: they were being saved. There were seats in the front row, which Marco thought was the dopest place to sit after the very back, but Margarita whispered

>Follow me

and led Marco across the theater and up the far stairs to the top-left corner with the 2 saved seats. Marco tried to tell Margarita they were saved but the movie was loud, really loud, were movies always this loud?, and she couldn't hear him. Margarita walked up to the old white couple whose sweaters on the seats were obviously theirs and said

>You can't save seats, it's against the terms of service,

and picked up the sweaters and threw them onto the old white woman's lap, who looked horrified, and instead of complaining or making a fuss, the old white woman just said

>Sorry

and looked away.

When they sat down Margarita turned to Marco and said

>And, yet again, that's how it's done boy,

and Marco took out the Milk Duds and Raisinets he'd stolen for them when he'd bought the gum and said

>No, that's how it's done boy,

and Margarita's face flushed the color of her lips and she took Marco's head in her hands and started to kiss him, right then, and Marco was so happy she'd just gone for it, so it'd be over with, and he was surprised at how little her lips felt, since they looked so big, and how big her tongue felt, like a wet rod in his mouth, and how hard her teeth were when she clacked hers against his several times, and how chemically her chapstick tasted, and how he actually had to disengage from her to breathe, which was something he had not accounted for.

When it was over Marco had a boner, and a fart brewing, but he sucked it back up, he hadn't even realized the boner, but it was painful now, hurting him, and he tucked it behind his jeans, but Margarita noticed it and said

>Oh, wow, Marco,

and the way she said it Marco didn't feel any shame.

Marco wanted to watch this movie, Gabe said it was dope, that

>The Joker is actually mad creepy in it,

but he also wanted to kiss Margarita, especially now that he'd done it once, even though she was the one who did it, really.

The old white couple went down to the front row after they saw him and Margarita kissing, so now they had the back row to themselves.

>Byebitch,

Margarita said as they walked down the stairs, which mortified Marco, since the old white woman probably heard it, in fact, by the way the old white woman paused for a moment before continuing down the stairs, she definitely had.

There were only 4 seats in the top left-corner before the projector box jutted out: they couldn't see the top-right corner people and the top-right corner people couldn't see them. We are in a room full of people, Marco thought, but we are alone.

The little bit of the movie Marco did see Marco didn't like: the Joker reminded him of some1. He felt he'd seen that face b4 somewhere. That face and the way he stabbed the guy's head with a pencil right into his fucking brain. That shit was messed up. Marco knew he was going to think about that later. David would hate that.

After they kissed for what felt like an hour, during which Margarita'd burped twice, which shocked Marco, even though it tasted like nothing really, just like her breath, more of the same, Margarita took Marco's hand and put it onto her crotch and Marco guessed he should move it around, even though he didn't really want to, but he did, and Margarita began to moan a little bit, but it felt a little fake, Marco could tell, because he wasn't even sure he was touching the right parts of her, and it also made the people in front of them turn around and then turn back very quickly.

Marco did not know what he was doing, just that he was doing it. A part of him wanted Margarita to keep adjusting his hands, to show him what to do, how to touch her. But another part of him did not like it. Did he need to like it? You probably didn't like it the first time. And yet he was in pain from longing, and if she touched him down there he would explode.

Then like she read his mind she began to touch him down there while he touched her down there but he didn't explode, he was gobsmacked to realize that he could actually handle more contact, more friction.

>There's something I want to do with you, Margarita whispered to him, her voice almost entirely breath, which reminded Marco of the way his little cousins whispered into his ear, and that made him sad, thinking about the similarities between Margarita and his little cousins...

Marco wracked his brain for something clever to say, or a way to say no to whatever it was she wanted to do with him—even though he knew, deep down he knew exactly what she wanted to do with him.

>Gimme a hint, Marco said.

>You don't need a hint, Margarita said, the Joker's face laughing behind her smiling face.

>Okay, Marco said, and then she began to pull down his pants and hers and sit on his lap and try to put it in.

Margarita got her pants down sort of okay, they were jeans she could just pull down enough to stay bound around her upper thighs, but pulling down his pants didn't work, he was too exposed, so instead he took his penis out of the slit in the front of his boxers, which he'd never used before, and out between the zip of his jeans, which was dumb, since the zipper was right up against his shaft and would scrape him if he moved around too much, and his dick looked smaller than it really was in the flashing theater lights because it had to poke out of his

pants, which meant only a portion of it was available for use, but it was better than the alternative, being completely pantless with people only feet away from him.

She touched his penis with her hand and he thought

>This is the first time someone else has touched my penis. Except for a doctor.

and then she tried to put it in again. It wouldn't go in and instead she lay down on the 4 seats and told him to

>Get on top of me.

It was so hard to be quiet and he tried to get on top of her but there wasn't enough space, so they tried from the side, but that didn't work either, and Marco kept hearing his belt quietly clanging against itself over and over and he hated that sound and wanted to leave and go home, but her backside was insane, there was so much flesh, which she was practically just giving over to him, he had never actually seen the transition point from back to butt on a girl before, which was amazing, that she was giving it to him of all people, and her skin was so impossibly smooth, it oozed warmth, she was like a fireplace, and so smooth she was almost slippery. His dick hurt like crazy, he'd never had a boner for this long, and when he looked at the tip of his penis he saw that he'd peed or come himself a little, which had never happened before, or maybe that was from her?

They tried him on top again but her jeans around her thighs made it impossible to really get close enough and he looked down and she was smiling at him so mischievously and he loved that mischievous smile. And the Joker was smiling at him in that purple suit too so mischievously and he hated that mischievous smile. His stomach began to hurt which he guessed was because of the pain down there. They tried to make it work but it wouldn't work. The way the screen saw them doing it made it all so bad. He could reach out and touch the people in the row in front of him practically. She took off her leather jacket, which he only realized now she had been wearing all this time, and Marco saw the little milkshake stain, and that she was wearing that white waffle long sleeve underneath and she said

>Undo them. So I can pull them down all the way.

and Marco did as he was told, so he went down the line and undid every button on her jeans, just like this:

O
O
O
O

and with each button he undid he could see more of her underwear and the coral green lace of her underwear, stretched as it was between her thighs, and now that his face was down there he could smell what he smelled and instantaneously he knew, the brown of her little belly and the fat on her little brown belly contrasted with the coral green of the underwear was so beautiful, so menacingly beautiful, and when he undid it and they were around her ankles he was aware of just that he was doing it and that they were watching it. She told him to kneel down on the floor, and he saw his seat number underneath his flipped up seat, and he understood just enough to understand.

Mrs. Blandford's milky breasts swung like the pendulum bob of the watery British tart she was. When she goes home at night, what does she do? Mark saw her carefully take off her socks while she made toast and warmed the bath. There was something so painful in that image: Mrs. Blandford's horrible hippo feet that had walked all around the globe, probably, leaving their stain on multiple continents...the sickly jam she spread with delight all over her blackened toast...the childish smile as she spread the sticky hydrogenated mess...the drooling delight in simplicity. Most terrible of all was her elation, completely undeserved, as the warmth of the bath spread from her knobby feet to her hideously round, melanoma'd face...that happiness...so common, so undeserved.

It was all so common. Everything was all so common. Mark's pain was to know just enough to know how unexceptional he was. The nothing life between a peasant and king.

Where did he go from here? The horrible chewing of Andrew in his left ear...he could hear his molars grinding together; the inevitability of that grinding...Mark could do nothing to stop that hideous mashing, that ugly grinding. If not Andrew, then someone else would take up that sad, deformed banner: Marks were powerless against it.

To chew in the ear of one's biological superior: in history, people were shot for less than that. In any other time period, Andrew and his ilk would be tossed to the wolves. He could barely unclasp his left hand...the ogre slobber on his shirt. Yes, there were notches below even Mark, below even the peasant class. If that was him, if he needed to ring a bell to alert a classmate to take him to the bathroom, he would do the only honorable thing and grab a tanto and not hesitate, not hesitate for a single second.

The way we debase ourselves just to live. As if living is so great. The sweetness of those naps: he could disappear for hours. Those two women fighting over the last cantaloupe at Safeway. Mark wanted to kill them both. Club them over the head with a wooly mammoth femur. Drag their still warm bodies to the woods, breasts idiotically lolling about. They deserved that and more: they initiated the return to the state of nature, not him. No, if Mark had his way he would evolve the human race out of the need for such gross quantities of sustenance.

And yet...and yet he loved to watch certain girls eat in the cafeteria, the way they lusted after their slice of pepperoni, how it rocketed to their colons, enflaming their neck and chest, warming the bar necklace with the coordinates of their Labrador's gravestone...how delicious, how terribly delicious it all was. The hickeys of the popular girls; the strange beautiful pride they took in being possessed; the fairy jangle of their jewelry; the carcinogens of the raccoon makeup that leaked into their eye ducts...no, Mark understood why the human race continued to sustain itself. He would pay a large sum to get just one whiff of their disgorged pepperoni, imbued with the smelliest, sweetest parts of themselves.

Or: no...that was too much, to think of that this early in the morning, it would throw him off course for the rest of the day...but he couldn't *not* think about it...yes...the way their yoga pants trapped the sweat and stink from their volleyball workouts...a used kneepad...shit-stained g-string...how mortified they'd be...forgetting to bring them home from their moist lockers for Mom to wash...week three...a personal little dutch oven...but how it was all intensified if they were on their period...the metallic tang of the iron mixing with the sweat trapped between the labia...to lick the sweat out...to get punched in the head...imagine that concoction...a 12 hour road trip...the stink of sitting and silently farting and queefing into the same skin tight bermuda yoga pants...was that you Makena? Not in the car sweetie...the stewing and marinading...like

Grandmother's fish stock...a knock-kneed Polish cur...intensifying and intensifying...how was he not erect right now? Oh, he was...just a halfie but warm and painful against his pants...he hid it with his hands immediately, tucking it behind his belt...but why was he always minimizing himself? If he had any self-respect, or if he was Landon, he would let the others see if they wanted, that's where the gigafemmes would look anyway...the delicious stewed yoga pants fish poison gigafemmes...to get punched in the throat and feel it close, fight to reinflate...

>And can someone remind me of the derivative of that? How we'd take the derivative of that?

Mark could answer, he knew the answer, but the others did not want him to answer. Would his voice produce sound, even if he spoke? It was curious how much of Mark's life passed without him needing to say a single word to someone, without someone needing to hear him say a single word. He could not remember the last time he'd opened his mouth: he had likely grumbled something to his parents about not being hungry. Maybe to shit on that mealy-mouthed Gold Nova Arab who didn't know his fucking place.

On the worst days Mark convinced himself that no one had actually seen him. Not one person all day. Without first period's attendance and the slight nod from Mrs. Blandford as Mark said

>Here,

Mark would not know he existed at all.

>That's exactly right. The product rule. Right. That's exactly right.

And yet...like Light Yagami, retarded normie anime, but apt nonetheless, if they were blind to him then they were also blind to his power. All of them. That was the thing no one realized. No one.

Mark felt ill watching the splotched hand gyrate around the whiteboard. Like it owned the place. The awful jangle of her ruddy bracelets...the glee when she learned that they'd be polished at a discount after her petty, snake-eyed bargaining...Mark felt a rare wave of joy remembering the inevitable dumpster trajectory of the popular girls...the delicious punishment of menopause...botox's futility against the inevitable sag...and yet...and yet even some elderly women were fuckable...that GILF site with Anthony...the delicious leathery texture of the skin as it folded over itself and over itself...patterns unknown to mankind...Mark winced.

No, he mustn't let that take hold. And yet...even Mrs. Blandford would do in a pinch...softly ushering him into her office...closing the blinds...locking the door...the delicious click of the lock...his heart racing...the way she would mechanically turn around, knowing he wouldn't want to look at her face, dropping her pants and commanding him to get on with it...God, can you imagine that...every Thursday at OH...their little sessions in which he just pumped and dumped, she walking around with his young vitality inside of her, in the cafeteria, incapable of turning that into life, the vitality in her dead, she simply a receptacle, and knowing she was only a receptacle...that was what did it...the way she knew she was nothing more than a bucket...was he hard again?

Yes...it hurt him...but no. Fuck...no...Mark winced: he must not let thoughts like these take hold. She was disgusting...yes...compare her to Jessica for instance...no, she had no naivete, she was like a smelly aged barrel compared to Jessica, who could probably count her total periods on two hands...lmfao...he was truly depraved...he knew deep down he was sick and twisted and depraved...a shrunken voodoo doll of a human being...but no...he mustn't think like that either...that achieved nothing...he wielded unspeakable power, he was the puppet master. In fact...should he...now? Her? She'd thank him for releasing her, unlatching that rune

prison of a body. True piglets probably squeal with gratitude when they die. What sound would Jessica make?

But then Mark was not so grand a fool as to deny that he had blindspots. What sort of message would that send? No, the message needed to be perfect: and what about the movies he hadn't watched, the books he hadn't read, the games he hadn't played. Surely there was an answer in a movie or book, some sort of escape. Chekhov helped—that story in English about Varka, how tired she was. People could be driven to do all sorts of things—Marks knew how people could be driven to do all sorts of things.

How hungry Mark was. What did he last eat? Not breakfast this morning, not dinner last night. He usually skipped lunch...he was so hungry.

And yet...even the thought of eating disgusted him...of putting even the smallest bit of food into his warm, moist gullet...the smell of the can of tuna he made the other day, when the pangs were just too unbearable.

Mark gagged aloud, catching the attention of those sitting next to him.

>Sorry, Mark whispered. Sorry.

Why was he always apologizing? Apologizing for what? Taking up space? His knee-jerk reaction was to apologize like some feeble bitch. Yesterday when he automatically said sorry to the person behind him at the water fountain. Sorry for what? He needed to take what he wanted: that was the problem. There were so many problems.

Mark assessed his wants and came to the realization that he wanted nothing more than to die in Annabelle's pimply tits. Just kamikaze, face plant, crack his neck and die, cradled by their firm warmth. It would also be good—Mark would not turn this down—to live in her asshole forever, to build a cozy little cottage and inhale every speck of her delicious shit particles when she farted up her GMO'd burrito bowl.

Delicately, subtly, Mark used his right hand to pull on his right buttcheek and spread his asshole and fart. That was a real burner...if they were listening closely those next to him might hear it. But where did it come from? That can of tuna? If it smelled...yes, which it did... wow, yes indeed...he needed to pin it on Andrew, which he did, by looking next to him and snorting, silently shaking his head and blowing air out his nose:

>Hpfhpfff...

Something about your own burners...thinking: wow, that came out of me? Lmfao...

The whiteheads on her breasts...how did she get whiteheads on her breasts? The power in showing them off, unashamed in the face of shame. There was nothing sexier.

Mark pretended to yawn to see if he could glimpse any hair leftover from when her silverbacked Khan progenitors raped and skullfucked the loser's women. The width of Shan Yu...imagine trying to fight that off...the sweat dripping down his chest as he refused to relent...a mat of hair was something Mark'd never have...to run his hands through it...what did it feel like to have an abundance of testosterone? An abundance of anything?

No...that was a shame. Mark loved a hairy, pimply breast; it meant the breast's owner was likely timid and self-conscious, bendable, an irl Gumby. It gave him a boner to think of kicking Annabelle out of his car after she touched him just like he told her to. The nothing life between a peasant and queen. And yet even the Annabelles denied the Marks. The retarded ubiquity of the C-tier women who felt entitled to S+.

Was any of this Mark's fault? Without the internet, maybe he could have survived: imagine if he had spent the amount of time on the guitar as he had on his computer. Or learning Russian...Japanese...Women fucked good guitarists. Foreign women fucked whichever white

guy waltzed into their village...These were facts of life. No, it was not too late to catch up on wasted time...all could be redeemed.

But no, no. It was over. Everything took too long. He couldn't even watch his sitcoms anymore. Everything required too much energy. He installed and uninstalled the same video games over and over. He cringed when he remembered how it took him an entire day to learn Smoke on the Water. An entire bloodline leading down to a pathetic, rhythmless rat like him. His great¹⁵ grandfather probably wore a Sabertooth coat just for him to cum into a shoebox every night. That Yamaha rotting away in the attic somewhere. Good riddance.

Was it his fault that his parents bought him a laptop when he was only 12? That Anthony had shown him porn? That they had touched themselves and each other to that woman getting piledriven on the chaise longue? Marks are made, not begotten: he never asked to be born, either, for the record. To endow another being with consciousness...how irresponsible. Especially of parents like his, with their potato faces and beta jawlines: the procreative confidence of low-tier normies hurt Mark's brain. Viewing it in the most favorable light, the absolutely most favorable, they could not have known the potency of the hit they gave him, the blue glow of the screen in his room, uninterrupted time...One hit and he was fettered, forever, doomed...marked like Cain for a life of pain, alive but dead...dead on arrival.

How much time had he spent, really, looking at porn? He came in minutes, seconds even, if he needed to...but then there was all the time spent looking for the right video...the one that just itched that spot the others couldn't quite itch...hours upon hours he searched...how many thousands of women had he scrolled past in that time? Some in the most degrading, disgusting positions...seeing a human woman on all fours...the delicious concoction of simultaneous arousal and pity...no, he was not a monster...that one video...there were just too many...she was too small...so obviously in distress...Mark winced, shook his head, fake coughed...he wasn't the world's policeman, the world's helper, he could do nothing about that girl in that room...all the millions of little girls in little rooms...but who was he? Think of all the things he'd done...the children on the field...he could do nothing about anything...well, except he could...but no, that was one thing...but what about his favorites...right on his desktop..."Workout Plan"...lmao...his Mother barely knew what a computer was...can I use your device to look up DMV locations?...sure Mom...lmao...

But the best, yes, the most distinct pleasure was finding a video of a woman who looked just like someone he knew IRL...yes...down to the butterfly birthmark and all...a few times he was convinced it actually *was* her...some Snapchat recording...the bathroom of the parties to which he was never invited...the way their eyes gleamed from the flash of the camera, how they secretly loved being recorded...all of them...proud to do a good job...he knew he'd find a genuine match one day...one of the people at his school or from his town surely would do porn...surely...and he would be wealthy by then and he would contact her and she would fuck his brains out for \$30,000...and he would spit on her and leave...

But no, no...he would forgive her everything...everything...they would fall in love...he would save her...she would save him...she would look at him in their kitchen with the big marble island as their kids ate their pancakes and her moist eyes would say "thank you for saving me"...that was what he wanted most of all, the knowing looks between those who understand each other totally...his jaw filled out and cutting from his surgery...\$50k rhino a drop in the bucket...client meetings...ordering the salmon burger...a week of work...a navy blue suit...coffee to go for their little one's soccer game...a curt word or two to the barista who used almond milk when his wife requested oat...taking a client meeting on the way there, she

upset...her eyes saying this was family time Mark, it's Sunday...but never daring to actually voice anything...too timid...her big Burberry scarf against the ombre of her perfectly curled hair...how early she woke up every day to perfectly curl it since that's the way he liked it...her little snag of breath as she napped beside him...the millions he'd paid to scrub the internet of her pussy...how he'd always have that over her...

Lol. What was he saying...how easily he got carried away...didn't he even...? Yes. Yes...sometimes he would watch a second video immediately after the first just to see if he could finish again...he could...the little q-tip...the drumstick from his Stepdad's old kit...lmfao...how far he'd come since then...the bottle of dish soap...

But no, no. He had blindspots. And he was wrong. That was so clear to him now. Where had he just been? It was obviously ruinous to self and soul...how much he hated himself after these sessions...staying up until 3 AM searching for a video so he could feel seconds of pleasure, forget himself for just seconds...that was the thing...it was only seconds...it meant nothing...it was all fake...everything was fake...the whole world was fake. He had been born into a fake world. He had even no fapped for a whole year and nothing had changed...or changed all that significantly...well, no...he didn't automatically think of what it would be like to fuck every woman he encountered...but the grooves were too deep, the grooves were altogether too deep...yes...how much it hurt to relapse, like he'd never left...not once did he cum in his sleep...it was as if his body knew he wasn't manly enough...how sick to his stomach he felt after shutting his laptop...the organs in his belly hot from his laptop...there was no life there...he felt worthless, useless...it was like biting into an artificial fruit at a showing for a house you could never afford...yes...that's exactly how it was...Mark should write that down somewhere.

Mark jotted it down in his notebook, in the margin beside the notes for today's lesson, which he realized he had been taking flawlessly since the lesson began, without ever once knowing he was doing it...

No, Mark did not hate women: he hated weakness. He knew better than anyone else how awash he was with it. Women do not fuck other women—so why would they fuck Mark? Once a football Chad from the class of 2012 thought he was a girl from the back...some slutty freshman named Brittany. Mark never should have worn that hoodie, those fucking pants...those terrible "skinny jeans" his Mom got him for Christmas from some 8 year old seamstress in Beijing....even the Chad was embarrassed when Mark turned around.

>Oh. My bad, bro. My bad.

Mark went home that night and masturbated to gay porn, just to see if he liked it, to see if that was his block, since he hadn't then. He kept putting his hand over the penis of the man getting railed. He couldn't look at it, the violence with which it jumped about. That proved that.

No...it was the youth of those breasts of Annabelle's, that was it, the tightest they'd ever be, how they dragged humidity out of the classroom. Their claim on life usurped his own; their life dwarfed his life. It must be like slapping the belly of a horse, bursting a taught vellum waterskin. Mark wanted to squeeze them until she yipped in pain. Could you rip off a nipple?

It was not Mark's fault. No...the world around him had dumped ink into his brain. It was not his fault. That terrible night...that was the turning point...eating those terrible scrambled eggs in the morning... That was pain. Mark did not need a lecture on pain.

Would everything Mark wanted ever satisfy him? A wall, like boxes of cereal at Safeway .. any which one at any which time, like those tubes that sucked up mail. Just point and click...Genghisids being 5% of the world's population...No, it would not satisfy him. It wouldn't be enough. He was too far gone...but it was a start. Wouldn't it be a start?

Mrs. Blandford droned on about shit nobody cared about: integrals being the opposite of derivatives. Calculus, by itself, was worthless, but it could indicate something worthy, like intelligence. Much of the sexual market-place operated under this rule. Money, by itself, was pure vapidity; but it indicated strength, drive, silverback balls.

Marks knew what indicated what: that was what separated him from the chaff. He knew what indicated what...

When Mark craned his neck to get an even better look at Annabelle, the bell rang and he was disgusted to feel his body arise, pack up, and walk to his next class out of animal habit.

2

In Christian Scriptures, the beer-bellied, high-functioning alcoholic began class with meditation and a prayer. For what did Mark pray?

3

The teacher was late again, which gave Mark some time to feel the weight of it in his hand, to pretend to look for a pencil. He could sense it before he even touched it—it sucked the heat out from its surroundings. It made even his binder cold.

Last period Mark excused himself to go to the bathroom just to look at it. He'd done this hundreds of times, getting up close and pointing it at his eyeball to try and see down the barrel, tapping the mirror with it until it almost shattered into the sink...the barrel was his favorite. No matter how hard he tried he could not see down it...the hole to absolute darkness, to oblivion. It was so beautiful...how many times he'd almost been caught...how he always wished he had been...the innocent tap on the mirror...the restraint to not just blast it into a million fucking pieces...10x intense as edging...so terribly simple...it had one job: to fire a very small piece of metal very fast and straight... and it was assessed on its ability to complete this job. No surprises or trapdoors: the test was simple...so brutally simple. In a world of pure uncertainty, vagueness, lies and tricks...in a world...lmfao...people saying one thing and meaning another...unadulterated cause and effect, pure action and reaction.

Sometimes he took it out far behind his house, into the woods, tucked between his belt and stomach. He liked to run with it like this, feeling it warm up against his stomach...the danger that it could blow his dick off at any moment, bleed him out far away from everyone, was delicious to him...the metal rubbing up against his soft penis...the scratches on his groin from the grip...the taste of blood when he bit down on it...like carrots, carrot juice and batteries, drinking that nosebleed after knocking heads with that dumb bitch in second grade.

How twisted the world was...so complicated, so unclear...winners disguised themselves as losers and vice-versa...in the past, in the ancient past, if you were a loser you were fucking dead. As it should be. Losers weren't meant for this life support...to be dragged to the finish line by the boarhunters and mammothslayers...

Mark enjoyed history more than his other subjects, but it was ruined by 2/5 of the lacrosse team who managed to sweet talk some bureaucratic foid until all the apes were assembled in the same period. Mark's period. They all sat together, burping out parts of words, autistically riffing on dead, monosyllabic jokes, making hunter eyes at the six girls in the class.

Landon was the worst of all...Landon's square face, those musclebound thighs Mark saw through his sweatpants. How he was actually kind to Mark made it unbearable...wearing that

Duke sweatshirt, that hideously blue sweatshirt...the color hurt Mark's eyes, it made him want to vomit...

After an esports club tournament on a Saturday, Landon, who was probably at school to put in extra time on his "worm burners" or some lacrosse thing equally retarded, saw Mark walking home and offered him a ride. In the car Landon asked questions and nodded like he was genuinely interested in Mark's little life:

>Dope...dope. So who do you main? I actually play a little league myself...

That kindness made it all so much worse... Mark hated him all the more for that kindness... the sickening smile and the

>Later man!

when he dropped Mark off. The way he emphasized it so much...if he had just said it quietly...the soft bubble of "little league"...and yet, Mark anticipated his blindspots: Landon wasn't the lowest of the low. He offered Mark a mint in the car. The pity Mark couldn't stand...but Landon's skin was this dark walnut...this unblemished oak... those disgusting, absurd thighs...the terrible "later man!"...his hair always feathered, slightly damp, like he'd recently showered...they must use the same shampoo...he was just a human, like Mark...but no, no. Not quite.

The teacher, who also worked on the school's garden, burst into the room covered in soil, and without addressing a greeting to his students, launched into a lecture about

>The Japanese Exception.

Mark did the reading: Mark always did the reading. No matter how bitchy the author or retardedly leftist the angle. He refused to starve his brain like the drooling imbeciles sitting across from him. What was sad was how their ogre lips and single brain cell guaranteed them a giant monster cock...that was just the tradeoff. Whomever had the dopiest smile, the dumbest fucking lopsided biglipped sneer, had the largest ziggurat. If Mark could just wear his brain like a suit...

And this reading was fun: Mark remembered stuff from this reading. The Japanese Tokugawa shogunate's isolationist foreign policy was called *Sakoku*. Now that was the way to build a national identity, the conscience of an entire race.

How brilliant, Mark thought. 214 years of nobody in and nobody out. Hadn't he read somewhere that the world would be entirely mixed race by the year 2100? No, Japan had it right. Japan seemed like heaven...walking into an izakaya and mingling with the locals...two girls out for a nightcap...he would find the confidence...finally someone shyer than him...to whom he could actually speak...

Mark closed his eyes and violently shook his head. Landon and two of his retard friends noticed. Mark waved...Landon waved back...his friends behind him only looking at each other and quietly laughing...how retarded was he...how cringe...to wave...class had been going on for twenty minutes...why wave?

No: you over there and me over here. We are not the same. There are two kinds of people in this world. Mark knew. Mark knew what indicated what...exactly what indicated what...how the melting pot just never boils right.

The Tokugawa Shogunate had also done a hilarious thing: they had banned guns. They knew, back then, of a gun's devastation...boomboom stickuh!...lmao...those samurai...Shen...he would, he just didn't have the arm strength...how sharp did it need to be?

Oh, the burner was back...he could feel his organs tightening and warming...all of a sudden, he needed to go to the bathroom instantaneously...the mounting pressure so

pleasurable...where had that come from? A squeaker was building up and up, he needed to get out of this room before it detonated.

He was sitting right next to Ashley...Oh, fuck. It was warm, it was going to be bad, that was always a sure sign...The teacher had said before if you needed to go, just go...but surely that wasn't what he actually meant, I mean, to get up and just walk out of the classroom? Without saying a word to anyone? What had the others done? Landon would just get up and leave, but he wasn't Landon...no, he needed to raise his hand. Could he do it? Could he really raise his hand? His heart was beating out of his chest...was he having a heart attack? To do something so pathetically simple as ask to go to the bathroom? His cowardice truly knew no bounds...Fuck, he was going to blow. Could he even make it out the door?

>Mr. Slafter?

How had that idiot not heard him? Had anyone? Yes, Ashley had heard him, she was making eye contact with him. He stared her down...those doodles in her pink notebook...the tops of her "i's" this full open bubble...did she think she was 5 years old? Those photos she posted of her Golden Retrievers, essentially sentient teddy bears...she still wore a bow in her hair...she must have a C+ average in the class, he'd seen her test scores out of the corner of his eye, but she didn't seem to care...that's what happens when you have 0 tits of which to speak, you mold yourself back into adolescence...the way she crinkled her nose at him...she was smiling...was she flirting with him? Ah...so she liked the quiet, reserved type...he didn't need tits, that was a nice to have...but oh, that burner. Fuck. Hadn't he practically yelled his name? He'd barely recognized his own voice...was that really him speaking?

>Excuse me, Mr. Slafter?

That bitch...he was going to try again, he just needed one more second...

Ashley pointed at Mark.

>What's the matter, Mark?

What was he supposed to do now? It was over. This was a disaster...all was lost. There was no recovering from this...how long did it take to die of a heart attack? Those power ranger toys he had as a kid where the head flipped through their chest to become either helmeted or dehelmeted...what was he on about? Dehelmeted?

>Mark?

He had to say something else...surely he couldn't ask to go the bathroom *now*, after all this, no, he needed to

>Never mind, he heard himself say.

>Are you sure?

Mark nodded, and in the same motion, silently got up and left the room, moving as casually as he could, the burner at such an intensity it felt as though his lower intestine were about to drop through his asshole. There was no other option, he was going to shit himself in his seat if he didn't leave right then...how did he manage to walk past the entire class? "Never mind?" He'd really said "never mind"? What was wrong with him? It was unbearable. It was over. Their mouths open, perplexed at his idiocy...unless they weren't? What he was doing was fine, maybe...perhaps they all did the same when they had to use the bathroom too...maybe they thought he was going to make a well-reasoned but not necessarily mind-blowing point about the Japanese Exception and had instead decided against it...he'd made several good points in class before. One or two at least. It was not outrageous...but no, what was he saying, it was brutality, he had debased himself totally...but now he was in the hallway, he was free, fuck, he needed to run, he ran.

When he sat down on the toilet the relief was instantaneous. Everything about the experience was a delight: the sound and force of the mass hitting the bowl, take that!, as if launched from a medieval trebuchet, the cool splash of water that tickled his asshole, the ruddy, marked toilet seat, the barely perceptible pokes from ridges one of the poorer kids had slashed all across the seat's surface with a knife, the plastic cold against his bare thighs, his overwhelmingly thin, almost angelic inner thigh hair standing up on end as if frightened, the smell, so powerful, more potent than anything he'd ever smelled, with so many depths of tones, like smelling a particular kind of toxic flower, the delicious undertone of gasoline, like deeply inhaling from the pump at a shitty gas station, the sensual rip of the too-thin toilet paper, the metal clang of its holder, like listening to Yo-Yo Ma...the sad, scoliotic gentleman who refilled all these rolls in all the bathrooms every night, Mark in a few decades, if he hadn't taken action...but then, oh, the tickling of the TP's grit, its quiet shuffling against his flesh, expertly proportioning the exact amount he needed, examining the stain for little kernels and seeds or bits and bobs, always a new texture, new tone...looking down between his legs at the caramel, coffee brown log, this time precisely the color of the Double Chocolate he ordered at YogurtLand, the way it sat happily in the bowl, precisely where it should be...and so delicious was the thought of all the shits that had come before him in this *exact* bowl...could you fill this room with all shit dumped into this one toilet seat? How did any of it work? Where did it all go? Some people bled when they shit, yes...he had once or twice. Some people pooped several times a day. Was this log particularly big? How big were Jessica's? On average, that is...though he'd love to see an outlier. Sometimes he pooped like a deer, lots of little chunks...He would eat hers if she asked, if she begged...fuck it, just put it between two tortillas. That turned him on. My hungry boy... It was amazing, really, it was divine, the way our bodies just knew exactly what to do, the way it slightly gripped his insides as it left, the gentle nudge he had to give it: go on, my son, go on...lmao...yes, everything was as it should be on the toilet bowl, he could stay here for hours...hours...drinking in the delicious tonic of his own feces.

But no...he was nasty. Would Ashley understand how nasty he was? Yes...it would be a little game between them...she so clean, he so dirty...eating eggs on top of fried rice for lunch..."let's keep it simple"...he'd let her get the third golden, F it...he wished he had a little more shit in him. Did he? No. The smell was somehow fading...why would it fade? Shouldn't it concentrate and concentrate? But then, in a flash, Mark realized that he had to get back, immediately, he had been gone for too long now, surely. They would notice.

Mark turned around and flushed the toilet, sad to see his log and its TP go...the way it swirled around, on to brighter pastures, like saying goodbye to an old friend, sending your kid off to college.

He felt lighter. No, all was not lost, he was okay, and in the mirror he actually, yes, his hair looked good, his chin, in this lighting, even...No, all was not lost. He could put it all off. Just sleep on it. But no, he'd been through this exact thing so many times. It was all so fleeting. He just needed to take a shit. But the delicious chemical smell of the soap, everything as it belonged, touching his own face...

When he returned, the teacher was still speaking about the Meiji Revolution, and Landon looked up at Mark and smiled at him as he entered. Nobody else looked up...so why had Landon? Was Mark being mocked? No, it wasn't quite mockery...so what was it? What was his end game? How dare he *smile* like that...Mark reflected on Landon and his cocky, surefooted air...how much space he took up. Everything he touched bore his mark...the way he played with his pencil...how small it looked in his big hands...sucking on the eraser...a habit from when he

was little, surely...how he magnetized attention, even from the milfy teachers. Mark was sure Landon could fuck Mrs. Peterson if he wanted.

And that sophomore he'd dated for a few months, God...imagine that...Mark kept her in a special place tucked far, far away...that image of her playing volleyball...those kneepads...just imagine squeezing into that...imagining that was too painful... it was too pristine... spelunking into her unexplored cunt that bore no smell...making it smell, breaking the seal...Hormel's chili...ramming like a hunted weasel sprinting for its hole beside the tree...how ruined it would be...how Mark wanted it ruined...defaced and dragging its flaps like a knifed canvas...sneaking into her room at night, hiding under her window, plowing her brains out without a condom because she doesn't know any better, walking home in the crisp night air...released...ignoring her texts...arriving home just to play a few rounds of league...top lane, of course...Silver donkey...no, it just wasn't fair. How twisted was Mark's fate. Ha, haha.

No, it was not an exaggeration to say that nothing was fair...that's right: nothing was ever fair...no...everything was unfair.

Was it over already? Things moved too fast...but no, actually. Things crept along...unbearably slow...

4

Mark needed to get out before Landon tried to be kind to him. He could see him walking over. Why was he walking over? That dopy, Simian, cunt-sniffing sneer... No, fuck that. Mark ran past him, out of the room.

>So, Mark, I was wondering...

Mark nearly tripped over that dumb bitch Genevieve's backpack. Retarded pins and junkyard pencil case. God.

He caught his breath in the nearby stairwell. Why run? Just walk. Nod and walk. Shit like that was why the school saw him as an autist: weird outbursts, strange behavior, that time he screamed in the cafeteria...he couldn't help that...he had asked for just chorizo and rice...at times, yes, at certain times he could not control his body.

Office Hours meant he could go to his locus. His awful, delicious locus.

Mark left the main building through the back entrance and walked to the lower school's football field.

He looked around once or twice before he climbed the bleachers and unlocked the "press box." The overimportant name irked him: the insanity of this retarded school.

It was all so confusing: people wanted to trick you into believing certain things were important when they didn't matter one bit. No, Mark knew what was important. Mark knew what indicated what.

They'd never taken his key, not since Freshman year...how hard was it to work a camera? The freckled tits of the milf bitch who'd heard he was good with "tech stuff."

>So have I got this right? You set it to video and press record...that's it?

>Yes, that's it.

She'd accidentally bumped into him as he was setting it up. He felt her flesh indent...she distinctly held it against him...his heart tore into his ribs...it was longer than an accident...how he wanted to die in those freckly tits...a man would have...

Mark locked the door behind him, sat on a folding chair, and waited. They would come. He knew the schedule. Ms. Birkett, Mr. Giacomozi, Ms. Frankel...this was their field slot. The kids loved the field slot.

While Mark waited, he took it out and examined it. It was cold again. And so black. How did they make it so black? It was so familiar to him...he wanted to draw with it like a crayon...he wanted one for his left hand...a hidden one underneath his sleeve...he cupped it to his ear...heard his blood whistle like the sea...so easy to get, it was as if he wanted to buy a new refrigerator...they even offered to deliver it to his house...imagine the look on his Mother's frying pan face...no, a Mark like him should never have been given such power...this retarded country that gave it to him anyway...would he have the strength even for this?

He'd become so accurate. That sparrow...the way its wings snapped open...just disintegrating before his eyes...he could almost see the pain on its face. No, not quite pain. The writhing serenity of its rigid beak...it didn't even make a thud. At least he hadn't heard it. How brave that sparrow was...a bolt from Zeus...how he wept...but he chose *it*...not the other way around. That was the difference. That made all the difference. So much of life was finding the strength to choose. He did not choose to be born. But he could choose how he died. Was any of this his fault? Was it 70 yards to the field from here? 100?

Perhaps they'd play capture the flag today...capture the flag was the best: they sweat the most during capture the flag, which was still almost nothing. And the sweat had no smell...that was best of all. He knew that because his favorite left behind that little orange penny of his. It was just slightly damp, almost imperceptibly damp...Landon's feathered hair...his oasis...little hints of sunscreen, the avobenzone burning his esophagus...to bathe in it...

Slowly, they started to arrive in dregs and drips. Little squawks emerged from the far side of the field. Slowly they trickled into the center where the cones were laid out...the piercing tone of the foid's disgusting voice as she reminded them of the rules, the etiquette. Could they see him? No, they couldn't see him, not if he sat like this...he knew that already...he'd done this hundreds of times and never been caught...

Yes, yes, it was capture the flag. So many were blonde...why were so many blonde? He hadn't realized that before. There was always something new to notice up here...something was always clarified. Landon was blonde...but his skin was this dark walnut...how curious...

Then all of a sudden the game was on and they ran about like little pixies. So much commotion. Mark loved trying to keep track of them all...like pollen falling from a tree in the wind...and then there, in the back corner, was his favorite, that little one in the corner, always in the corner, disinterested in playing...just like him...his tight curls...

Two little girls ran at each other, neither seeing the other, and almost collided, but just narrowly missed...just by a hair. A little kid concussion...how delicious it was to be concussed...the faint acidity at the back of the mouth...the world no longer quite there and you no longer quite there in the world...falling down the stairs...

One of the bigger boys took one of the smaller ones on his back and ran around the field...the little boy giddy with glee...which would do nicely, but the foid put a stop to it...as he knew she would...

He couldn't wait forever...if one of them would just hold hands or tackle or fall. He needed action, something. He could go off of anything...some moment of love or violence...a sendoff...

There, just there...his little one perked up...some bully stole our little one's team's flag, was running to the other side of the field...yes...yes...

God, how twisted this was...how much he enjoyed this...but how twisted this was... could he really give this up?...oh...the high pitched squawks...that sparrow...how brave he was...this pain a shadow of that pain...the awful neon yellow the powder made...that was what did it, the fact that they were so unreal but what he felt inside was so real, and no one had seen, no, not a single person in his life had seen how what he carried inside like an anvil was real and deserved to be seen...the little girls sitting crisscross in the center of the field...the formal way he'd said "Good Morning!" as if he'd slept like a log, as if all was nullified...

How open he felt...the shame was overwhelming...he could pull it now...would it shatter the glass?...the pleasure of the shame...he didn't want to scare the children...he still knew of innocence, even if he did not possess it....was it aimed at his brain? it wouldn't necessarily...oh...hit his brain...his little one was intrigued now...look at him...oh...running to the flag carrier...huffing and puffing...

Yes...he's going to do something...trip him...our little one?...yes...he tripped him...the future Chad began to cry...our little one...perfect...that was enough...perhaps it could knock the Chad off his course, forever...one less paingiver...God...the pain...that was more than enough...Mark took it out and took it off and used the barrel as his shoebox...how painful...he deserved this...he needed this...it was not the same when something didn't catch it....the best ever...of all time...of course on this day it'd be the best ever...how powerful he was...how that wore him out...he was done...he would wait here...die here...he was dead...he would be late...that terrible smell...so delicious...the way it clanged to the floor...that terrified him...did they hear it?...he would be late...it would be lunch...he wasn't hungry...no...had he vomited?...yes...how sick he was...how ill...how hungry...how tired...how powerless he was...how tired he was.

5

When Mark awoke, he gathered his things, used a shoe to scoot the vomit into a corner—it was mostly liquid—and walked to the cafeteria. How long had he been out for? Perhaps he could eat something symbolic. His last meal...he wanted to see the girls eat their pizza one last time. He was so ashamed. So terribly ashamed. But the shame lifted with each step he took away from the press box. He just needed to put it out of his mind...how hard it was to put it out of his mind. Like when he clicked on that one video...he never wanted to see that...that was too much, even for Mark...the pain in her eyes...that sparrow...

Mark shook his head and rubbed his eyes until his vision turned black. He needed to put it out of his mind. Did he need to do this today? He'd put it off for years...he could choose to eviscerate the coward implanted in him at birth. What would they say about him when he was gone? How close he was last Thursday...how close...until Mr. Shannon asked him if he needed some air. He almost did it right then...his hand searching inside his backpack...

He mustn't forget that post on the forum...that promise...how horrible were some of the people on the forum...how genuine...how lonely. How sick they all were, how invisible, how twisted. No, he could not turn back. This was his twisted fate. No, there were only 2 types of people in this world.

In the dead space between the upper school and the lower school, Mark stopped walking. Yes...He'd thought he'd heard something.

Just to his right, in the trees, in a little enclave, someone was crying.

It was a girl. Obviously it was a girl. A girl was crying. Could Mark do something? Today, of all days, Mark could do something.

For some reason Mark decided to do something...he didn't know what it was he needed to do, but he knew he would do it. Today of all days. He walked into the enclave and found Casey, a senior, a grade above him, crying into her hands at the base of a tree.

Casey noticed Mark enter but made no effort to hide her tears. She was crying so hard she could barely breathe...Mark knew pain. He did not need a lecture on pain.

For some reason Mark decided to sit down beside her at the tree, and almost immediately as he sat down, Casey clung to him and began to wet his shoulder with her tears. She rocked back and forth so violently Mark needed to stabilize himself with his right hand.

With his left hand he held her shoulder, and then the back of her head, as she cried onto him...he could smell his shame on his hands...he was so happy with himself...his bravery...disgusted that he was happy with himself...he could smell her perfume...that swallow...her cheek so hot on his neck...his shoulder soaked with tears. No, it was not arousal...he wanted to say something but he could not.

Mark tried to imagine what made Casey cry like this. She was smart, popular...he was pretty sure some college recruited her for swimming...he felt her breasts on him...quite big for an athlete like her...he was ashamed to feel her breasts on him...when he tried to think of what would make Casey cry he began to think of what would make him cry...how he could hear it actually *plop*...dropped whipped cream...he was going to vomit...how twisted he was...it was hopeless, everything was hopeless...how much energy it all took...that soft thud he never even heard...he tried hard to imagine Casey's pain...he could not imagine it...but he could, he could imagine it...there always lies something behind the veil...yes...perhaps Casey carried something real inside her, too, which her image obscured...perhaps it was even realer than what Mark carried. Was that possible? No...that was not possible...but yes. Yes it was...he could think of all sorts of things...and the fact that it was happening to Casey, who was more delicate than Mark, and therefore more in need, made it worse...Mark could endure anything, he always had, but Casey was just a child...Mark remembered everything...did she remember everything?...she was just a little girl...a larger version of the two girls who almost hit each other on the field...yes, it was possible...and the fact that she was smart and popular made it worse, perhaps...she had nowhere to hide...always pretending...others knew where Mark stood and there was comfort in that, at least...what could make Casey cry? Was it possible? Yes...of course...what a fool he was!

With a whimper, Mark began to cry...he tried to prevent it but could not...the tears flowed even more violently than Casey's...he gave into it...how powerful it was...when she noticed and he noticed that she noticed she let out a little knowing laugh as they continued to cry onto each other's shoulders...neither spoke...not one word...

The bell rang but neither reacted...her hand was on his head now...they embraced even tighter...the pressure and warmth of being held...yes, he knew what could make her cry...the vanilla of her hair...the snot dribbling down her nose...how right this all was...he wasn't even erect...what a blessing...this was beyond the physical...how wrong he was...life had its surprises...he had not figured it out...life had its surprises...he could not unlatch, she would not unlatch...fate could untwist...

They stopped crying at the same time and broke apart. They both stood up. Casey looked at Mark's shoulder as she wiped her eyes and nose.

>Oh, wow. I'm sorry.

>Me too, Mark said. Sorry for whatever happened to you.

>It's ok. I'm fine. It'll be fine.

Casey put on her backpack, shuffled over to Mark and hugged him. He felt so far from her just then: he grabbed mostly backpack.

>Thank you, Casey said.

>Thank you, Mark said. Thanks.

With a cough and an adjustment of hair, Casey walked away.

6

Her warmth was still on him. Her smell was still on him, had totally purified his smell. Had that really happened? She did not look embarrassed when she pulled away...No, perhaps she'd talk to him about it. He could send her a message...they were friends on Facebook...it wouldn't be so weird. He could share what hurt him...why he cried. Well, he cried for her... just as much as for himself. Why did she cry? Yes, how light he would feel...how light he felt!

That thing in his backpack...that thing disgusted him. He wanted to destroy it. How ashamed he felt that it had been right next to her, bouncing around, giving out cold, as she sobbed and sobbed to him, giving out heat...she did not deserve to have that near her...to exist even on the same planet...how delicate her nose was...the way it flattened against his shoulder...like it was made of paper...the little veins he never knew existed...the way they spread when he was up close...the tiny hairs on her ear...her chemical vanilla smell. God.

Casey was never nice to him—no, in 7th grade Casey told everybody Mark had crazy eyes. He wanted to squash her under his foot, hold her there as she gasped for air... until he held her...that changed everything. Didn't it? Didn't it change everything?

And those breasts squashed up against him! No, no...Casey was different. He wouldn't think of her in *that way*...not in *that way*...he would be better for her...for them...the marble kitchen island...the kids' soccer games on Sunday...

>Thanks for gracing us with your presence, Mark, Mr. Shannon said. Have a seat. Do you have a slip?

Oh, God. How disgusting were his habits: he moved through space like an unthinking robot, like an autist.

>No...no. I'm sorry. No.

>Why don't you go get a slip?

>Yes. OK.

Mark's hand twisted the croaky knob as he turned to leave.

>Wait. Leave your things here.

>Why?

>I don't want you hanging out on your devices. Doing anything you shouldn't.

Mark took out his phone and computer and placed it on the desk. He turned to leave.

>No, Mr. Shannon said. Leave the whole thing.

>Can't I just take it with me?

>It's not a debate. Leave it here and go straight to the attendance desk.

>I don't want to leave my backpack here. Can I please not leave my backpack here?

Why would he say that? How retarded was he? Now they would think he really *did* have something in his backpack...

>Mark. Do as I say.

>You don't want me to leave it here.

What was he doing? He could not seem to control the things he said. The class laughed at what they perceived to be Mark's idiocy. No...no...what did it change?

>No...that's actually the exact opposite of what I'm saying. You've taken up enough class time as it is. Leave the backpack and go.

>Can't I. Can't I please just leave my phone? That's what you're afraid of right?

>My God, Mark. Leave the damn backpack. You'll be reunited with it in a minute.

>I don't want to leave it.

>It's not even about the backpack anymore, Mark. It's about you doing as I say.

He could leave it here: he could—no one would open it, it would be insane for one of them to open it. But what if they did? Then it was ruined: everything was ruined. No, he could wiggle out of this one...but how much harder it was to wiggle under the bright lights of their eyes...how had he not realized that they were all looking at him!

>...I like it...I like keeping it on.

Mark was vaguely aware of the class's laughter but could only hear his own heart beat...he was certain he had been lip reading Mr. Shannon's words...how far away he felt from Casey at this moment: where was she now? He needed to find her...to hold her again...to let her wet his shoulder again...

Mr. Shannon rubbed his eyes and started to smile. Was Mark being funny somehow?

>What do you have in there? The Holy Grail? Leave it and go.

Without hearing it, Mark knew the pitch of laughter was elevating...of course...He should have expected as much...all those kind words to win over his trust...the cruelty was unbearable...singling him out...all he wanted was to be left alone...

Mark tried to walk away but his legs were locked. He moved his jaw...how red he was...his hands were shaking...he would not beg...no, these donkeys were pushing him too far...Mark knew pain...Mark did not need a lecture on pain...

>I won't leave it. I won't.

>Jesus, a face said somewhere in the crowd. Just leave it so we can move on with our lives.

That just about did Mark in...he knew that voice...so delicate and soft...of course it was Jessica...the things she'd said to him at her lacrosse practice...he was just walking by...he wouldn't want anyone to be called the things she called him...her perfect face looking out at him...the organic market where her mother shops, those grass-fed organic tits of hers...her perfect accent in French class...the way she announced that she'd spent summer on the beaches of Nice, but "would have liked to" come home a bit earlier because she got "ennuyée"...the perfect usage of conditional, which they hadn't even learned yet...oh he wanted to fucking squeeze them until they popped...the perfect sunset pink of her healthy cunt...fuck...how it enraged him...the faces looking out at him...always looking out at him...boiling now...it was boiling...

>Jessica, Mr. Shannon said. Please. This isn't your place.

No: Casey'd shown him life had its surprises...Ashley, even...the other Mark would sit here and take it, silently suffer...apologize, even...this Mark would not deal with being put down by a Jessica...the enormous water bottle shining in front of her like a taunt...

>Nobody spoke to you, bitch, Mark said quietly.

The class's laughter dissolved: each student looked wide-eyed, looked away. That moment had transpired and now it was gone, he'd done it, and he had not imploded, life

continued...and now...Mark smiled to himself, no, he smiled outside of himself...they were all watching him...every last one was watching what he'd do next...was this a good thing? Was it that simple? You could just say what you wanted to say? Mark felt drunk...taking an even amount from each bottle...throwing up in the crack between his mattress and his wall...had they really heard him? Oh, God...it was too late now...he'd crossed the line...he couldn't go back...

>Mark, Mr. Shannon said.

>Are you fucking kidding me? Jessica said.

>Enough. Let's go. We're going to Ms. Shapiro. Now.

>*Are you fucking kidding me?* Mark mocked back. Shut up, slut.

>Oh my God you fucking *weirdo*, Jessica yelled. Go fucking die.

Mr. Shannon started to move towards Mark.

>Stay right there, Mark said.

Mark saw Mr. Shannon sense something in Mark's voice, and stay right where he was.

Well, that was it...he'd gone farther than he'd ever thought possible...and couldn't he go further still? How fatal this was: how fatal...Chekhov...Varka...Chekhov's gun...lmfao...Mark knew just how people could be pushed to do all sorts of things...that thing against his back...could he cross that final precipice? Did he have the strength to make that final leap? He was so far gone as things stood...Was it loaded? Yes...yes...he always kept it loaded...he just needed to choose strength, that's what he needed...he couldn't face Jessica next period...to sit across from her and that retard she pitied...he played it all out in his head...her or him...all of them...Mr. Shannon's leaky body...the lax ape that would bumrush him just to be gunned down...how accurate he was...to shoot her right in her perfect face...but Casey...where was Casey?...to cross that precipice was to destroy a life with Casey...what life?...it was all the same...she would never love him...that neon yellow...he gagged aloud...everything was so common...he did not go out alone, at least...he'd shared that moment with Casey...at least one other person had known his love...that was enough for him...to sacrifice...that was heroic...yes...they made him this way...they did this to him...

>You want me to fucking die? Mark heard himself say.

Mark unzipped his backpack and looked down at the pistol. How ugly it was to him now...its disgusting nose...the smell...how many times he'd looked down at this image...nobody moved except for Mark...the room was silent as death...could he really do this?...no, no... he couldn't...some people just deserved to die...yes, all was lost...that was certain...how beautiful it was to him...he wanted to lean down and kiss it on its handle...it had never asked for anything from him...it had just let Mark use it and use it...that sparrow...the toy dinosaur he played with every day as a boy....and yet...and yet...there was no recovering from this...he could just take it out and then decide...the hairs on her ear...no, those hairs on her ear...he did not have the strength...he wasn't like those others on the forum...his mother eating her soup...how terrible fatal everything was...the sweet pink...that horrible chewing in his ear...those boxers of his with the little hearts on them...all was lost...that inevitable mashing...he was powerless against it...he needed to choose something...if the seconds hand was between 30 and 60...but no...that was silly...this was his fate, right?...yes, since the moment he was born, this had been his fate...right? yes...but...oh, enough already...that was enough already...but all could be redeemed...but no, nothing could be redeemed...but so, without a real reason, he chose:

>Then I will. Then I will die.

Mark took out the pistol, paused, pointed it at Jessica, who let out a little gasp, which he hadn't accounted for, that little gasp he recognized so well, and then, with a slight hesitation, closed his eyes and shot himself through the head.

dchenb joined the lobby
Will Shakespeare joined the lobby
autoMattikHaynz joined the lobby
WardInUrMumsBush joined the lobby
Krisbeth joined the lobby
Élux joined the lobby
Menthol Capsule joined the lobby
Sirequentin *BMG* joined the lobby
Coconútz joined the lobby
Baconpig joined the lobby
WardInUrMumsBush achieved Mastery Level 4 - Veteran with Diana!
WardInUrMumsBush: gg nerds :)
WardInUrMumsBush left the lobby
Krisbeth left the lobby
autoMattikHaynz: stop dyin guys
autoMattikHaynz: play safe
autoMattikHaynz: her der der
Will Shakespeare: hec before the game: 'DW guys, i'm a smurf'
autoMattikHaynz: im smurf ill carry
autoMattikHaynz: has most deaths on team lmfao
Will Shakespeare: yeet
dchenb: shoulda gone lee top
dchenb left the lobby
Menthol Capsule: why yall so mad
Menthol Capsule: ill take the loss kid
Menthol Capsule: i only lose
Menthol Capsule: 11 lp
autoMattikHaynz left the lobby
Menthol Capsule: but you
Sirequentin *BMG*: Remember when Rammus said we lose cause of no AD
Menthol Capsule: on the other hand
Menthol Capsule: hard stuck
Élux: hec is silver lol
Élux: silver main and alt
Menthol Capsule: on this fking elo
Will Shakespeare: i lost 8 lol
Menthol Capsule: talking sht
Sirequentin *BMG* left the lobby
Menthol Capsule: 19k
Menthol Capsule: dmg
Élux: just maid an alt for lp reset
Menthol Capsule: thats why you los tkid
Élux: hahahaha
Élux: good work retard
Menthol Capsule: hard stuck. hec vs rammus is coinflip kid
Menthol Capsule: literally nothing I do matters if he wins coinflip kid

Will Shakespeare: hec says 'kid'=dead giveaway he's a chair sniffer
Will Shakespeare: also no lmao you can be better
Menthol Capsule: that is why the fking retardedness
Menthol Capsule: just cant win
Menthol Capsule: kid
Élux left the lobby
Menthol Capsule: you want to win the game
Menthol Capsule: get that sht
Will Shakespeare: i'd rather lose with absolute donkeys on my team like you
Menthol Capsule: outta your brain
Menthol Capsule: you fking white
Menthol Capsule: cracker
Coconútz left the lobby
Baconpig left the lobby
Menthol Capsule: your mom did too much drugs
Menthol Capsule: clearly can tel
Menthol Capsule: you have down syndrome
Will Shakespeare: what's sad is that
Will Shakespeare: these are your insults
Menthol Capsule: you need to suck on your slutty moms tits
Menthol Capsule: abit more
Will Shakespeare: like, nothing more sophisticated?
Menthol Capsule: nah like im dead serious
Menthol Capsule: prob some white kid
Menthol Capsule: who gets nothing in his life
Menthol Capsule: from his parent
Menthol Capsule: full of fked up ego
Will Shakespeare: you are a perennial failure
Menthol Capsule: garbage at the one game he can sneak away from parent
Menthol Capsule: can't even animation cancel
Menthol Capsule: how hard to fking animation cancel on riven
Menthol Capsule: down syndrome
Menthol Capsule: cancel urself
Menthol Capsule: incel down syndrome
Will Shakespeare: nice pun you absolute donkey brained nincompoop
Menthol Capsule: no seriosuly
Menthol Capsule: cancel yourself
Menthol Capsule: go to home depot with ur slutty mom
Menthol Capsule: and buy some rope
Menthol Capsule: and end it
Menthol Capsule: push teh cancel button on your fked up life
Will Shakespeare: to that I have but one reply: amazing smurf bro
Menthol Capsule: devasted
Menthol Capsule: trolling on internet
Menthol Capsule: am i wrong?
Will Shakespeare: you will never succeed in anything you do

Menthol Capsule: all you do is study books at school
Menthol Capsule: parents dont give any attention
Menthol Capsule: so what you do is come on internet
Menthol Capsule: decides to act
Menthol Capsule: like nothing owns you
Will Shakespeare: to be clair, my behavior was in response to you
Menthol Capsule: full of ignorance
Will Shakespeare: clear*
Menthol Capsule: see?
Menthol Capsule: typical
Menthol Capsule: white kid
Will Shakespeare: i was provoked
Menthol Capsule: do you not realize
Menthol Capsule: why you are to be sterotyped as a "whitekid"
Menthol Capsule: its people like you
Menthol Capsule: look in the mirror
Menthol Capsule: and see what the fk am i doing wrong in life
Will Shakespeare: i'm unsure why being white is a problem to you
Menthol Capsule: that made me this much full of sht
Menthol Capsule: and why do i have no friends
Will Shakespeare: where does that come into play?
Menthol Capsule: why is it that
Will Shakespeare: i think i need to talk you down from something
Menthol Capsule: im here reading books or playing online games
Menthol Capsule: and acting to be someone im not
Menthol Capsule: look in the mirror
Menthol Capsule: and ask that question
Will Shakespeare: you're trying to soul read me dude
Menthol Capsule: 3 times in the morning
Will Shakespeare: and it's not really working
Menthol Capsule: WHY am i this
Menthol Capsule: typical white kid
Menthol Capsule: ask yourself that
Will Shakespeare: i'm mexican
Menthol Capsule: im not reading you
Menthol Capsule: you are mexican trying to be white
Menthol Capsule: clearly you have 0 things going through your brain
Will Shakespeare: 'reading books'? from my username?
Menthol Capsule: you arent ever going to be white
Menthol Capsule: so stop
Menthol Capsule: being so foolish kid
Will Shakespeare: why 'kid'
Menthol Capsule: look in the mirror and ask your self
Menthol Capsule: why the fk am i living
Menthol Capsule: this fked up life
Will Shakespeare: before you go

Menthol Capsule: its prob because your dad does lawning
Menthol Capsule: and make
Menthol Capsule: not enough money
Will Shakespeare: can you tell me why you are so angry
Menthol Capsule: or you are lacking love your family
Will Shakespeare: inside?
Menthol Capsule: im not angry
Menthol Capsule: im trying to tell you
Will Shakespeare: you seem...perturbed
Menthol Capsule: you are full of sht
Menthol Capsule: and you dont know it
Menthol Capsule: maybe prob some fking virgin hittin internet
Menthol Capsule: and home
Menthol Capsule: 24/7
Will Shakespeare: i lied btw when i said i was mexican
Will Shakespeare: i'm black
Menthol Capsule: that isnt the case usually
Will Shakespeare: i just didn't want you to be racist
Menthol Capsule: i dont give a fk
Menthol Capsule: what ethic ground you from
Menthol Capsule: you are full of sht
Menthol Capsule: trying to be a white educated fellow
Menthol Capsule: but you will nvr ever be
Will Shakespeare: i feel like you need someone to tell you they love you
Menthol Capsule: you are typical
Will Shakespeare: and i can tell you that will never happen
Menthol Capsule: loser
Menthol Capsule: im sorry
Menthol Capsule: but its nvr going to happen
Menthol Capsule: unless you look in the mirror
Menthol Capsule: and ask yourself
Menthol Capsule: why the fk
Menthol Capsule: am i so ugly
Will Shakespeare: nincompoop
Menthol Capsule: and why the fk do i put my rage on the game
Menthol Capsule: i realyl hope
Menthol Capsule: better for you dude
Will Shakespeare: projecting projector
Menthol Capsule: down syndrome can be cured with love and secure
Will Shakespeare: villain!
Menthol Capsule: please my fella
Will Shakespeare: out damned spot
Menthol Capsule: logg off and tell your mom
Menthol Capsule: you love her
Will Shakespeare: should we discord this to sort this out
Menthol Capsule: she might

Will Shakespeare: or should we fisticuffs it
Menthol Capsule: love you back
Menthol Capsule: oh you mad
Menthol Capsule: trying to discord
Will Shakespeare: i see you trying to repurpose my insults
Menthol Capsule: will that make any differnce
Menthol Capsule: at the fact that
Will Shakespeare: i see through the repackaging
Menthol Capsule: you a fkng loser?
Will Shakespeare: i'd also appreciate it if you typed one insult per line
Menthol Capsule: and that you grew up with not enough love?
Will Shakespeare: it's hard for me to keep up
Will Shakespeare: i actually feel like i grew up with too much love tbh
Menthol Capsule: denial
Menthol Capsule: isnt helping
Menthol Capsule: you know you got not enough love from a poor project family
Menthol Capsule: so goto your mom
Will Shakespeare: denial implies defensive maneuvers; i have no trouble hearing you out
Menthol Capsule: tell her you love her
Menthol Capsule: and look in the mirror
Menthol Capsule: and ask yourself
Menthol Capsule: why the fk am i so fked up
Will Shakespeare: why the mirror? what good is a mirror?
Menthol Capsule: why am i putting this out on the internet
Will Shakespeare: no method to your madness
Menthol Capsule: when i clearly have the most fked up downsyndrome
Will Shakespeare: my little sister has autism
Will Shakespeare: by the way
Menthol Capsule: i dont giv ea fk
Will Shakespeare: so that's mean of you
Menthol Capsule: that has nothing to do with me
Menthol Capsule: son
Menthol Capsule: with all the love
Menthol Capsule: from a random stranger
Will Shakespeare: i think when you say 'why are you putting this much rage into the
internet' you're really speaking about yourself??
Menthol Capsule: from internet
Menthol Capsule: educated yourself young man
Menthol Capsule: you cant live like your mom and dad
Will Shakespeare: i have a MASTERS DEGREE
Menthol Capsule: you can have all the degree you want
Menthol Capsule: with the bullsht on internet
Menthol Capsule: be honest to yourself
Menthol Capsule: and make some friends
Menthol Capsule: learn to socialize
Will Shakespeare: will you be my first friend

Will Shakespeare: ?
Menthol Capsule: it really might help out with the syndrome
Menthol Capsule: you have on there
Menthol Capsule: sorry but i cant
Will Shakespeare: i feel like you'll never know a woman's touch, and that makes me sad
for you
Will Shakespeare: it's p good
Menthol Capsule: oooh
Menthol Capsule: its the woman
Menthol Capsule: that you are craving
Menthol Capsule: thats why you put sht out on the internet
Menthol Capsule: you will nvr hop on anyone
Will Shakespeare: i don't think you'll believe me, but i'm actually about to have sexual
relations
Menthol Capsule: unless you fix that shtty attitude of yours
Will Shakespeare: she's literally in the next room
Menthol Capsule: you being delusional
Will Shakespeare: when i nut, i'm going to think of you, ok?
Menthol Capsule: has nothing to do with me
Will Shakespeare: you can live through me!
Will Shakespeare: stop visiting 8chan, lawyer up, hit the gym! you got this buddy!
Menthol Capsule: but i really feel sorry for you
Menthol Capsule: some white fella
Menthol Capsule: prob some 12 years old kid
Will Shakespeare: you're big and strong--mom never saw that--but i do!
Menthol Capsule: typing over the internet
Menthol Capsule: how im going to nut someone
Will Shakespeare: we're both typing over the internet
Menthol Capsule: and next thing you know
Will Shakespeare: you're not out of this thing d00d
Menthol Capsule: you click the play again button
Menthol Capsule: and starts another que
Menthol Capsule: puts sht out there
Will Shakespeare: wanna duo?
Menthol Capsule: and expect something to happen
Will Shakespeare: i feel like we got along
Menthol Capsule: i need to leave im off to see a friend
Will Shakespeare: do you have a job outside league?
Menthol Capsule: but keep in touch my friend
Menthol Capsule: i really want to see
Menthol Capsule: how you progress
Will Shakespeare: ay cheers brother, it was great to meet you
Menthol Capsule: with that down syndrome
Menthol Capsule: of yours
Will Shakespeare: i hope our paths cross again. add me?
Menthol Capsule: yeah definetly i really would like to keep up

Menthol Capsule: with your treatment
Menthol Capsule: hopefully
Will Shakespeare: me too
Will Shakespeare: what's your email?
Will Shakespeare: just curious
Menthol Capsule: sorry i dont give out personal info
Will Shakespeare: what's your job tho
Menthol Capsule: i dont want
Menthol Capsule: guys like you
Menthol Capsule: reaching out
Menthol Capsule: to me
Will Shakespeare: i'm a woman btw
Menthol Capsule: and i need to go through all this
Menthol Capsule: to hear your delusional
Menthol Capsule: fked up mind
Menthol Capsule: i need to know your gender cause?
Will Shakespeare: i do have a mild form of psychosis
Menthol Capsule: gl on your future path
Menthol Capsule: i need to get going
Menthol Capsule: but be strong
Menthol Capsule: fellas
Will Shakespeare: hey man
Will Shakespeare: whatever happens
Will Shakespeare: i gotta say
Will Shakespeare: nice smurf, bro
Menthol Capsule: thank you fam:)
Menthol Capsule: hope you have a nice one too
Menthol Capsule: don't forget to cancel youself fam :)
Will Shakespeare: REAAAAAAAl good smurf
Menthol Capsule left the lobby
Will Shakespeare: lol
Will Shakespeare: LOL faggot
Will Shakespeare: fuck you cunt bitch
Will Shakespeare left the lobby

Circle one:

Suicide // Homicide

Circle one:

Heads // Tails

Circle one:

Something // Nothing

Circle one:

Skull // River

1 PM

Light out: in the beginning there was the light out. Great ball of burnish glistering polish wax Marcolocating out of the great blue yonder to the skies. Marco walks to a bartstop. Marco will walk to a bartstop. Marco forever walks to a “bart”stop. Contents

- (1) of backpack
 - a) “X” box 360, black, red-ringed of death
 - 1) assorted cords, power supply, wireless adapter (\$30, eBay, jpwizard77), HDMI cable, etc.
 - b) “Precious”: Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2 (developed Infinity Ward published Activision**, encased, labeled with sticker, Mom’s idea: (IF FOUND PLZ RETURN TO: MARCO OSCAR MARQUEZ 132 Prague St., San Mateo, CA, 94401) [as if Ima let thisshitouttamy lmao]
 - c) Dave’s “Killer” Bread Organic Bread “Good” Seed [Elven Loaves {Lembas Bread}]
 - 1) 6g protein, 4g fiber, 520g (= .52g) Omega-3, 14g whole grains, 6+4+52-3-14=([{45}])
 - 2) 120 calories/slice @ 12+slices = sufficient D.C.I., >Lol dude how the fuck you’re gonna call it a *slice* of gum you know it’s a fucking piece dude lmao can’t be seen anywherewithyourweirdass
 - d) 64 OZ Klean Kanteen (“Stolen”: silicon removed, steel [cancerless], BPA-free)
 - 1) Ice, melted, approx. 8 oz.
 - e) World of Warcraft Activation Keys (w/ discs, Vanilla, Burning Crusade)
 - e1) WoW1: H6913-51932-6AB41
 - e2) WoW2: A7193-68121-6OC39
 - f) Pocketknife (*Frodo was dressed in typical Hobbit-fashion when he left the Shire...He was unarmed, save for a*)
 - 1) inches unknown, estimate ~3.5
 - I’m not so sure lol.
 - just tell meeeee
 - 6.25?
 - lmaoooo
 - U really had to tack that on there lmfao.
 - you asked me to tell you lol
 - g) Sheath cloth (ducks performing circus acts) “kitchen towel”
 - h) Manifesto, V0.6, typed, BURNAPTERREADING, 10,321 words, 21 pages
 - 1) details: 1 inch margins, 12 pt font, arial, 1.5 spacing, signed M.O.M, P.S. X3, dedication page, index, appendix, glossary, table of contents, acknowledgements, endpapers, colophon, foreword, preface, prelude, epilogue, epigraph, “the list continues...”
 - i) pen [fountain, pilot, “see-through,” Ch92, —> gift (David, drinking tea while watching his animes: the pen is...mightier than the sword...)] *for my brother, an artist just like yours truly, and my defender and my best friend. I love you graduated Marco bro! \$150 @ \$15/shift = ~10 shifts as MTG Tournament Tuesday supervisor...I [redacted] you too, my beautiful bro...where are you now my beautiful bro,,,*

- j) Complete list of CoD callsigns/emblems, printed out, certain sections highlighted without highlighter “in my mind” ..
- k) bits of eraser/junk/plastic lining...not fully knowable, but when you get down to it,

l) Binoculars (Nikon Monarch, ganked, Binocucom, Bentley/Cooper enabled)
 [>...]
 n) 1/54 “Heath” atop Bicycle, faded + inscribed ->
 AndifIdiebforeI...IpraytheLordmysoulto,,,CauseImReadyforthe (o-al-oal)
 o) flashdrive, Wikipedia, ~10 GBs, justincases, Lmfao,
 thevanillaofhershampooasshe through the ending(s)

(2) of pockets

a) left pocket: lint, wadded receipts

a1) receipt #1: Five Guys (Detonation Memory), 05/04/2013, 2
 Cheeseburgers (Wrecking to Bodily System. Cancerful...did you know that shit comes from like 1000 different cows brother...take care man), Add Mushrooms [mycelium runnin-runnin run runnin-runnin, on some third  shit lmfao], 1 Fountain Drink (Dr. Pepper + 7 up), Fries (Vegetable Oil + Glyphosate...)

a2) receipt #2: GameStop (70% faded); 11-11-2009 13:04, Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2, \$49.99, 1688-2040109-01213022, “Power to the Players” ... We Want To Hear From You! Your Feedback Is Extremely Valuable To Us! {Oh... you’ll be hearing from me...ye...you’ll def be hearing from me...}

“a3”) guarded: {"receipt #3": 11/16/07, faded af, 1 choco. shake 1 van. shake 1 1/4 pounder.}

a3a) [ultra-guarded {mind}] receipt #4: 11/17/07.....

b) right pocket: nowthat bro is something I;’ll just have to

(3) of bart

- a) Marco Marquez (5'8'', 170, Activisioned)
- b) Little Old Lady (5'4"??: surmountable)
- c) Large Man (White Beard, santa-like, lmfao, surmountable re: 1F)
- d) Bart Security Guy Maybe (nice, surmount unneeded)
- e) Larger Man (wide, “bald,” looking over at me, unbearded, glassed, likely insurmountable)
- f) Face in seatback (whothEEfuckgetstrappedina...?)

(4) of Universe

1) of globe

1) of country

1) of state (~40 million, give/take, 2.5 births/death, most naturally, of which Marco is 1/40M, or 0.00000025%)

1) of county

1) of district

- 1) of town
- 1) of address
- 1) of home/domicile
- 1) of room
- a) Brother

David Oscar Marquez raiding Naxx on Private Server attenuated by Corsair Vengeance 8008 GAMING PC (Or self-built equivalent) *Actually bro you simply can't get this performance out of a pre-built, well, sure, you can but that'll be an extra 500 smackers thank you very little. The 8008 is quite amazingly efficient when you spell it out it seems to spell out a naughty word...which I can't unsee or forget now at all! But who would waste 500smackers Marco. Remembersmackers? Thank you ver little I. David Bro...there's Something Ushouldknow bro...*

- (5) of [mind] (blocking) viz. [guarded] Marco's Pserver
- (4) of universe
-
- (3) of bart
-
- (2) of pockets
-
- (1) of backpack
-
- etc. etc.

Keep that in mind man). The worst pain in the world: being mind out of mind. I am of two minds about this quite staggering-ly difficult decision. Marco...the redstripes or the blue squares? Who's it for? I'm getting dinner with Angela from MTGTT...but I am of two minds about going Marco. Havervath's kind Netherlandish face but wrinkly little maggot ass nose going *just bear in mind that you are not alone.*

>That won't fit doc. U realize that shit won't fit.

If they keep nip dumping you bro you need to give that asshole a piece of your mind, k bro? Iwont'always...

>Okay Marco. I'll do it for you Marco. But keep in mind,
>Lol bro. It all boils down to the same shit bro.

Hi Marco. Would you please give some love to my most recent buildapc post bro? :D
yh man I just need to make an account. and then I'll comment for sure!

Thx <_>. Make it a funny one LOL
how's cholupaluvr69?

OMFG. It's perfect LMAOOO

Marco looks out the window of the bart in which Marco is looking out. *Mt. Diablo is not a volcano but it sure looks like one.* Sure... Sure... The hue of the luster of the insight of illumination of the slant of the dazzle dappled the golden fields Marco passed looking. That's where honey bunches of oats comes from. Lmaooo. Forgot:

- (6) of person (*typical hobbit fashion*)
- A) long sleeve (dri-fit)

- B) camo pants (thrifted, military grade cordura nylon [in places], yezzzir)
- C) gloves (an inch of skin exposed amplifies Marcolocation)
- D) hat (straw + wide brim, G'day to the as you wish m'lady)
- E) buff (on my gay shit :*)
- F) Glasses (Nike, over-eye, combat spectacles, polarized [ofc])
- G) sock(s) (*justdoit*)
 - (7) of sock
 - (1) 134 dollars U.S. on Money Clip (cash, 1 50, 4 20s, 2 1s, 1 2)
 - A1) on 1 #3 "In God We Trust" modified "In Cod We Trust" (G.W. modified into cod, blue ink, faded)
 - (2) cellphone (nokia, snake game, high score Gabe's [smh], battery: out), yeah man those were some good times brother man. You were one hell of a left tackle brother. Just so you know Apple can basically track everything you do on that device of yours so I recommend getting
 - (3) wallet
 - 3a) Ike's Sandwich Card (7/10)
 - 3b) photos of M. and M. (Prom 2012-Yellow Dress)
 - 3b1) boobie-trapped, i.e. stitched b/w folds of Mags wearing the nothingggg, the coral green on the hook (Nordstrom? Never figure out which dressing room...but so cushioned and fat in all the right [redacted]...sheieietbroimboutta ([{}]))
 - H) Timbs (stain of paint, stain of blood, etc.)
 - I) undies (David, spiderman, baggy, *maaaaan fuck thosespidercaves bro. shit was narrower thanyo*)
 - L) "Dad's thing," Steel on fishing line, +8, multi-colored beads,
I....I...seesomuchof

Marco likes the sun in the bart; the sun does not like Marco out of the bart.

The flicker of a piercing "sun" (Sauron's eye) knows and can relay and expose exact coordinates of Marcolocation: What only the Terrible few can endure...but Marco is not Terrible...So Terrible to think of that Terrible Marco: not an inch exposed. Not an inch! on 4th and inches.

>I tried man he just hits the hole so hard man.

Wipe those tears off your face Marco before somebody sees you.

>Those rich ass white bois think they can come to our stadium and fuck with us? Fuck that. Let's teach these rich assholes a fucking lesson. Eat these motherfuckers for breakfast.

>Never done laundry in their fucking life bro shaking my head...

>We got these boys by the balls.

nodding with the steam coming off the

>Now all we gotta do is SQUEEEEEEEZE.

The second Marco connected four against his own mother playing outside in the drizzle while she sipped her hot drink and she asked if he was being gentle because it can hurt so too was the moment occurring at the same time, time-dancer, did Marco score three, being one of the few multiway talents on the whole team, one of them being a "pick six," quite a feat in and of itself to pick it, let alone six it, the other w/r/t the MFing prep schoolers knowing nothingggg about the slant and go, tightening the sheet out of his cutters, not even barely playing WR, did Marco know he was going to pop off because Marco popped off when he scored early on with

Maggie watching in the bart and sleeps in the bart knowing he is looking safe in the bart that is going/gone/will go from Millbrae to transferring at Embarcadero to Walnut Creek to Pleasant Hill to Diablo's Outer Ring in the, likely passing right over the Fault Line in the bart, the "California's Big One" being perfect cover for all sorts of evil coming at all times in the bart.

2 PM

The solarbeams retroshining, Marco dreams, and Marco drools. Of what does Marco dream?

3 PM

The now lacklustered sheen of Sauron the Blaziken Eye awakens Marco's out of zipped shut {*clapclapclap, Marco. Remember clapclapclapMarco?*} . Dipping down below the bart gleaming into the corner of the combat spectacles startles him awakened...though bruh does that even really qualify as sleep lmfao. As if he timed it, and still full of a deep sleep, Marco arrives at Pleasant Hill and transfers to a bus as if Marco timed it.

>Sometimes shit just works out brother man. Alright peace man. I should get going too man.

The pinky always pulsing when he wakes up, as if to remind him...as if to remind him—we interrupt this program to bring you... we interrupt this program to bring you...xheauhahj.

>It all boils down to the same shit bro.

Back in Black: another one of their ACDCs (Advanced Cognitive Defense Scenarios aka Almost Certain Death Scenarios), that goddamn pregame lobby music scarier than the shit itself, giving him goosebumps, The Bomb Has Been Defused!, playing in his head as if on a loop, the sweat/discord falling off him in the back right corner seat with the warm blue feltlike velvet like "water" off a "duck's" back, David dancing up and down, up and down. I like the bells of hells bells bro given that I know that map like the back of my hand but so different when ur actually there, actually smoking on that afghan kush bruh lmfao, passing around five blunts at Richards big ass poolhouse chanting 5bluntsinrotation 5bluntsinrotation, etc etc.

I cannot mourn for the slain men x24 given that once it was over x100 and I refuse to feed the muscles of that muscle memory.

You know the nap hit when your drool smells like lunch, lmfao.

Sunned awake, Marco entered the bus as if he timed it and has now sat on a new commode in a new vehicle of transportation next to a manly woman in a purple suit.

>Hello, the manly woman says. Marco.

>How do you know my name?

>I'm responsible for you.

>Really?

>Really.

>Would you mind proving that to me?

>How would you like me to prove it?

>Recite the WoW Activation Code.

> H6913-51932-6AB41.

>Damn. How?

>I was there.

>Where?
>Behind your shoulder when you entered it into your computer.
>That's creepy dawg.
>I've seen it all. The way you wriggled out of your mother.
>I do not find that gross. I find birth and death the most natural in the world.
>Good. I'm here now to help you complete your mission.
>You know of my mission?
>Yes.
>How? I keep that in [guarded].
>I have access to [guarded].
>How do you have access to [guarded]?
>You authorized me.
>I see. Then what pitfalls do you foresee?
 >Human Guards at Mt. Diablo Visitor's Center. Displeased Park Rangers. Coyotes. Wolves. Grizzly Bears (Rare, But Possible). Lack Of Food. Dehydration. Frostbite. The Ring Dragging You Under. Disqualifying Blisters. Insect Stings. Rapid Onset Lyme Disease. Losing Your Way. Being Mistaken For A Deer Or A Black Person And Being Shot. Volcanic Eruption. Poison Oak Or Ivy Of Face And Mouth. Altitude Sickness. Irremovable Porcupine Quills. Hypothermia. Twisted Ankle. Exhaustion. Broken Arm. Poor Route. Heart Palpitations. Arrest. Hopelessness. Missing Your Chance. Exposure To The "Sun." Etc. Et al to the infinite power.
 >I thought the same. Are all these bound to occur?
 >Not all. A few.
 >Which?
 >I'm not a crystal ball, bruh.
 >Ah, so you are cognizant of that appellation of affection?
 >Of course.
 >You didn't say death.
 >Death is always an option. You've seen the way he hangs around you?
 >Yes. Are you real?
 >Reach out and touch me.
 Marco reaches out and touches the manly woman in the purple suit.
 >You do realize, she said, that you have just elucidated the biggest question facing mankind today, perhaps of all time.
 >What is?
 >The question "What is real?"
 >I know what is real.
 >Tell me.
 >Feeling certain ways.
 >Right. And?
 >Sounds cringey bro...
 >Say it.
 >Love.
 >Correct. You have insight into other Dimensions, a shamanistic trait that in any non-industrial society would make you God-King.
 >My Activision.

>Correct. Your Activision. You are too oracular for the void. You know that to squash an ant on a tennis court beneath your boot during a lesson for which You Could Not Give A Shit is to genocide the entire island of Oahu, that the strands of Her hair left in the drain are the ropes with which the stones were hauled up the slopes of Giza, that that many means that many with that many. You have the sensitivity of a flower too sun-deprived to fully bloom. You know what is Natural, unlike so many. Think of the overflowing tranquility, of the State of Affairs, if we were all like you, if we could all see the Dimensions you see, that is, if we followed your example.

>Yes. What other Dimensions?

>Many. Misfires are to be expected. Which are you curious about?

>The Death Dimension.

>Light and Understanding. Things will make sense. You won't need to ask.

>How do you know all this? Are you the composite artifact angel §apphire guardian assigned to my me as you were to Walt Whitman and heroes past? A shadow self spirit animal light totem?

>Yes. Exactly. How did you know that?

>I was there. I've seen it all.

>A manly woman in a purple suit with red lipstick scratched my back at a Meghan's 1st grade pool party with long red nails the shape of almonds and I became aware of the way my body could feel.

>I take many forms. You choose how I appear.

>I've seen you before. Where did I see you before?

>You know where.

>Gimme a hint.

>You don't need a hint.

>Fine then.

>You understand what it is like to be voiceless. Think deeply on the voiceless peoples that have come before you, the ancestors who bled this land. The land you walk on now was once lived upon in Harmony, that is, §olida®ity. Fundamentally your mission is a star arc to this point of origination. You have the soul equipment to rewrite the treaties we broke as Americans, the meaninglessness of treaties being the defining quality of being an American human being.

>I don't understand.

>Yes you do. Look deeper. For your mission to succeed you must believe it will usher in a new era of Peace akin to the Zerocento's Pax Romana but of quintupled strength. And it will if you will it. Rivers will clear, forests will grow, man and animal will live on the same plane, Art and Stories will be of equal Nourishment to the Grass-Fed Bison that draw their strength from the Sun originally like the Woman From the Sun-Maid Raisins Box, Death will be Welcomed for What it is, that is, That Which Makes Life Delicious, the World Peoples will affirm life at all frequencies and will embody the safekeeping "It Is What It Is" philosophy, they will realize that they're just another being out there on the landscape, no greater, but also no less, U Feel Me Brother Man?; extinct species will be reborn; fossilized beings, the world's Kabutos, will deossify from their amber cages and repopulate in their rightful place; life will be one large dance; blueberries and respect; §apphire and ®uby in §olida®ity; you will wake up warm from the sun and the torture of the Anthropocene will be behind all of us, Utopia on Earth, Elysian Fields on Earth; cold water from a gently bubbling spring; the brush of eyelashes against a cheek.

>And the 8 million?

>That is only the beginning. Life begins where that tiny bit begins.

>What else do you have for me?

>Erything hangs like a drop of dew on a leaf of grass bruh.

>Lmfao. And?

>When they take you away, look for a Divine Messenger, which will be made known to you during the Warrior Round. Seek out the Heart of the Monster. Always remember your Cave of Origin. And you should know that you will be blamed for That Which You Did Not Commit In Totality.

>You are confusing me.

>No, I am not. Oh. And keep your eyes peeled for a lil Katara lookalike that's got an Oregon Trail Wagon on her.

>Lol. Where is the Heart of the Monster?

>Inside you and all of us. On a grassy flatland beneath an open sky.

>How will I know what to do?

>You will know, just as you know that §apphire and ®uby wages war inside of you and inside each of us, Kyogre and Groudon, Land and Sea, Heads and Tails, Magma and Aqua, X and Y, Minun and Plusle, wage an eternal war inside of us, Opposite and Opposite. Only those with the Activision can see this played out in Real Time. It is up to us to choose, at every moment in which our soul exists, to which heart we owe our Lifeblood and Afterlifeblood, § or ®.

>I understand.

>Yes, you do. You also know that when you go into the nitty-gritty of Quantum Physics and NucleoTemporal Theory it's really not all that complicated to grasp, quite amateurish actually, when you get down to it, but you know that already, the existence of God and All That, God Does Not Play With Dice, MWI theory, InversoRelations...Nothing you did not figure out and solve intuitively, that is, by being you yourself.

>Yes, of course.

>You know, then, that every culture has a flood story...and that we are creating a flood ourselves as the sea levels rise...U know where I'm going with this.

>Yah, I know where U're going with that. All things being a cycle, energy being eternal...

>So, then, you prob know more on this than me, but then you remember how the people that bled this land had no word for inanimate...

>Of course.

>So then you also remember the "cow level" which the developers insisted did not exist? "There is no cow level"?

>Of course. But the players insisted it did?

>Yes. Who was right? Did it or did it not exist?

>Those who said it did not exist?

>Wrong.

>Those who said it did?

>Wrong.

>I understand.

Marco silently repositions his buttocks and silently releases a little fart.

>Much the way on your first game of League of Legends you were One Shot by an Obsidian Malphite who flash ulted (Unstoppable Forced) you from no vision, calmly farming your creeps under your turret like a good boy, instantaneously killing you and sending you back to the Fountain, one thousand seven hundred and sixty four (1764) points of damage, and it was your fault that you did not have one thousand seven hundred and sixty five (1765) points of health, so too is it your fault for being born Slightly Crispy, God having left you in the oven for a little too long as Andrew Mullingar joked to you when you were in 4th grade and which made you Cry Behind The Porta-Potties, that is, Chicano, and so too is it your fault for being born of a different [Presence of Mind].

>But what could I have done differently?

>Nothing.

>That's the thing?

>Right, yeah. That's the thing. Nothing.

>I could have flashed that shit though dawg.

>Nop. Your reaction time, when playing the Hand Slap Game for which you did not have a name, with Jessica Taylor, a lil snowbunny U never thought U coulda bagged, but who had a Crush on You for Hella Long, basically All The Way Up Until 9th grade, before Lunch outside English Class, was calculated to be 180ms, a quite impressively low RT, which you modulated for purposes of flirtation and pulling to be 450ms, she remembering the feel of the warmth of your palms late into the night of her life, and in addition, you were playing with a ping of 130ms, your internet kinda sucking shit, Comcast spreading you eagle, which means you would have needed me to have any shot of flashing that one shot.

>So what now?

>What do you do now?

>Yes.

>You live.

>As who I am? With all of the Extra Shit?

>As who you are. With all of the Extra Shit.

>And being Slightly Crispy?

>It will mean Just Biking Around is harder but vibranter.

>So was it your hands that squeezed my brain as I was golfing with my white friends on a grassy flatland beneath an open sky? It was as if my brain contracted to become a ball, the size of the TaylorMade golf ball beneath my feet, and then exploded onto the walls of my skull, and I felt as though I was, well...

>Say it.

>As if I was, well, in a state of perpetual orgasm. For months on end, the pleasure I experienced was elusive of description, my entire body tingled with a fire, but I told no one, knowing what it is like to be voiceless.

>Yes. That was me. That was how you knew I was coming.

>It was as if the almond nails were scratching my brain, that is, my cerebral cortex.

>Do not forget your body, that is, that you are your body, that you are dust, and to dust you shall return.

>That is why I wear this Holy Symbol [+8 prayer] around my neck.

>Yes.

>Where do I begin?

>Which way does Junipero Serra point?

>I see. And the X in Xbox?
>You know that too.
They eyed each other.
>You can ask me again, if you'd like.
>Are you real?

>That is the question.

>Is David under threat? All I Ask Is That David Is Left Out Of This.
>You know they will leverage any threat against you until you concede.
>I know. But he is too good for this world. Was that corny?

>Did it come from your heart?

>Yes.

>Then no. He will be safe if you stick to your mission.

>I have to get off here.

>You should get off here.

>Goodbye. And good luck. Look for me.

Marco exits the bus and the bus driver says

>Hey man. You good?

and Marco responds

>Do not ask me that question. That is the wrong question to ask.

Marco leaves the bus stop. Marco is leaving the bus stop. Marco left and was/will never be on the stop of the bus. Marco walks/runs/sprints the 2.3433 miles to the Mitchell Canyon Visitor Center from the This Is As Far As It Goes and thinks/says:

>That's just the beginning bro. I'm just getting started bro. Light work bro. Ain't nothing but a peanut bro.

The awareness of the radiance is swishing with the bulb of olive gloom, which boils down to "Darkness soon," lmfao. It's all the same shit bro no matter where u go. *You've taken Azeroth by. Now a dark frontier awaits.* Not an inch exposed. The inky firelight combined with the shady glare makes quite the

>I like mixing Dr. Pepper and 7 Up, Marco. You should mix it too Marco. It tastes better. Want to try mine Marco?

World the color of David saying I like mixing Dr. Pepper and 7 up because it tastes better.

4 PM

Witherfaded lightsun going to pot in a washing out bruising purple discolor, Mags neck after That One Party Which Was Mostly Seniors And Some Weird Kids From BHS Who Graduated Like Three Years Ago, Marco begins his "walk" up Mt. Diablo, or else why Monte Diablo street being a *cross* street for the entirety of his life?

>This is a fun game Marco. Let's just combine words Marco. Think about it Marco. Go.
>Sharkdagger.
>Sharkdagger. I like sharkdagger. Mintyboard. Go. Now you go.
>Ok...uhjxjh...lovelight. How's that?
>Wow. I'm going to steal THAT one Marco. I'm going to.

Marco is walking Mt. Diablo. Marco will mount mountain Diablo walking up it. *What's in a name? Like many other isolated peaks, Mount Diablo is steeped in lore — much of it involving the mountain's name.* Sure... Sure...y'all can call it w/e y'all want,,,

Lore: Frodo and Samwise: but my Samwise? Imagine he doing that journey without a Samwise, no one getting ur back but urself getting ur back, the temptation so strong, like fire the Ruling Ring temptation... My Frodo: the monte of thicket transmogrified into the mount of mountain. *Mt. Diablo is not a volcano but it sure looks like one...*

>It's a prank, sir.

>Who's the mastermind of this? Marco?

>No way, sir. No way.

>Drop the "sir." It sure looks like your handiwork. Doesn't it?

Has Marco ever been closer to his mission? Marco asks himself many questions such as

>Are you mind out of your mind?

>It's not my fault he can't hang man.

>He has throw up on his shoes. What kind of example? I just can't wait. Oh boy I just can't wait for you to get the hell out of here.

>Chill. He's fine. He was having fun.

>Marco...

>It was just a few beers bro relax. I'll be gone in a few weeks anyway bro.

>I'm not your "bro." Don't ever call me your "bro." You get me?

Marco sweats with his backpack on his back soaking into his spinal soaking, the metal of the Crucifix wet and tangled in the hair of his chest.

>Well as you might know my Dad gave this to me. And so...I'm sorry. And so I give...

>I know. I know.

>And so I...give to you...

Damn near snifflled himself into an aneurysm brother lmfao. Marco should have brought more water. Marco had 3 choices and he chose fire-type which made the first gym harder by a million and coincidentally that's how we decide types as race of humans: water fire earth (+air) you haven't seen that show?

>Firebend fer sure, dawg.

>It's not my fault he couldn't hang bro.

>Get the fuck out of my house.

>Gabe man let's bounce.

That last time when he entered HQ in Santa Monica they dragged him away going

>Excuse me. What are you doing here? You can't be in here.

>You know why I'm here. Your over 9000 employees know why I'm here.

Marco walking up the hill to the music of the farewell BBQ to his youth in his head going

>What's the name of this shit bruh? This shit slaps.

>I dunno man. Frank turned me on to it.

If only I could stifle the entrance of Frank but then I

>Shit bangs bruh. Never really pay attention to lyrics but this shit slap bruh.

>You know he samples some white boys on this.

>For real?

>Yeah. Banded horses or some shit. For real. Still kinda dope though. The Prayer or something it's called.

No choice but to buckle up for Frank, mean cat that Frank Maggie invited always inviting, farting into his headspace going

>Ay yo bump this shit brother man I'm tryna get my fuccin dick wet you seen Margarita yonder brother?

He should have slapped him at that party going back in time slapping him at that party going

>She wearing nothing maaan practically nothing maaaaaan she upstairs round the crew whole stupid going dummy in it no Condoleezza either bruh seen that Agatha Christie crazy train oscar the grouch smelling ass can getting that shit torn the fuck up bro, and I am heard that she callin at you dawg. She want that brown you the man for that what can brown do for her ay dawg brother man?

Please not more than four. I cannot handle more than four on this evening. All I Ask Is...Do you think a woman of moderate strength could bob and weave her way out of more than four?

>You know we're still together bro. You know that right. Since 6th grade.

>For real?

>For real.

>That's a long ass time bro but from personal experience I beg to differ brother. See for yourself brother man. That may be what she said but that ain't how she acting let me tell you that right now brother man.

That was terrible of Marco to think of that Terrible Marco.

>Hiya!

>Hello.

>Have a good hike. It's beautiful up there.

>You too...same to you two too...

The green-haired manly woman in the purple suit (\$appire guardian) tells me that they are not particular threats. That particular music video of that particular show Mom loved hearing the backstories made her cry particulate buckets (Fantasia, Constantine, Reuben Stoddard, Clay Aitken (?)), with the top comment saying 1:35 makes me cry of nostalgia, all of us crying of nostalgia, going I wish I could be a fly on your wall, flies being the *only* used effectively for the reconnaissance of [guarded] since they respawn every 24 hrs and cannot be fully hunted, I mean they can make cameras the size of pinheads now-a-days...

Marco takes out his Binocucom and performs a bit of "reconnaissance work" as Bentley gives him a "full briefing" on our objective...he cannot see any other patrols along the mount...that Carmelita (Margarita) pretty bad in that cop outfit though...Mrs. Officer, lmfao...requesting Lollipop as he felt the bass reverberate through the floor and ribs and heart and back out again in the crowded multi-purpose room, the music literally touching himself and then touching all of them, the Best Hours of His Life reconnoitering the room foregroudoned by the cheap strobes...the theme from Dimitri's nightclub playing in his head as he reconnoiters the mount...

>Let's dance!

Marco ascends, and Marco could feeling the fading warmth about the mouth of Mountain of Diablo from the Shattered Sun. Diablo: Light vs. Dark, Dios Vs. Diablo; only fitting it should be Marco...999 vs. 666; or else why exactly \$9.99, cell (Marco) going "thanks for the energy"; to destroy the disc to prevent perhaps the worst Cataclysm the world has ever seen (one eye for 16 million eyes, *in fact, that virtual army is bigger than the...than the...*), else legion

boys mounting any attack that Infinity Ward commands, the commands already pre-programmed, what a burden to have such knowledge. Needing to just close the loop) that he made on that book report on *Hatchet*, how silly of him to make such a mistake, so out of character, to not just add the other parenthesis, boneheaded maneuver, for which he got marked off, and for which Mrs. Van Doren would have had no idea would ruin his life forever, unless she had an idea...all Cell needing to do being close the loop but how many times))) to close the loop for good of the loop?))

>We always get the opportunity at all times to choose our character. And our life. And THAT's what makes a man. Did you know that? Up until the very last. Don'teverforgetthat. Okay?Youshouldknow?

>Don'teverforgetthat. Don'teverforgetthat. Donevafagetta. OKAISU! OOgEtMI!

YoohHhhh. Lmfao. Ciao a tucci or something.

Sh.

Hear that skillset rumbling?

Once Marco detected his hidden skillset near damn near scared the shorts off him, activating perks like he wouldn't know exactly what they are, given only he can detect, given they picked the wrong fucking prototype, given that...

>What you mean? There are tons of perks to dating Marco...

There are tons of perks to Marco: dating marco. The words he overheard?

>He eats you out and doesn't even want you to suck his dick after hxauehuaxchaeaha.

Crying in my bone helmet thinking: There are tons of perks to dating Marco...unlimited Perks to Marco...Mario Kart lookin ass...

One side effect of the activation of his perks being the perfect flow of language, Marco not even having to think before speaking, the act merging until moving his mouth actually is thought itself, not even needing to be tested, but why the fuck not:

>Rolling blunts that like look mutts codeine and kush twist it up rhyme fast drive slow swishahouse pouring codeine down yo blouse craziest motherfucker kick the door through your big ass house I don't give a fuck if your dad is a fucking billionaire who scolded you for listening to chamillionaire because about you is spoiled rich air hoping one day you'll be a useless heir know you can't rhyme cuz your skin is fair so I spend my days twisting the dro under the black card is rocks of blow and i got that shitty flow cascade crash thats a gatorade flavor maybe if i was true balla i would have a gatorade flavor and would crush tang with a southern slang that was enjambment emily dickinson thinking of what it would be like to fuck emily dickinson can't think of anything else that rhymes with dickinson dickinson dickinson to finish the bar is that a limerick? is that a haiku? nah bro thats my fucking around this beat is my fucking playground i buy the bud by the pound trying to create a good sound electric grinder from taiwan means weed is as good as ground i am crazy af i should be in the lost and found trying to think of some shit that is profound so one day i could be renowned but until that ill be freestylin and putting mileage on my civic as am crushing miles in my fucking civic codeine in my cup swerving eyes hang low like balls trying to throw baseball bats down a milf's halls i am a fucking asshole hoping one day to be fucking asshole I'm caked in like casserole pass the bowl call me blaziken cuz I'm blazing again sapphire and ruby signets on my ring fings I'm lit trying to look for some fucking clit as i sit thinking of more rhymes for this freestyle like big krit I'm off the walls ill keep spitting till u take a crowbar to my hands wrapped around this fucking mike and covered in tar hopefully one day i reincarnate as a russian czar sup putin you faggot.

Lmfao yep still got it.

If that motherfucker can last 54 days with a fuggin axe I can do this with Lembas Bread and refuels coming out my ears, that dumbass Frankenstein costume inhaling the cheap plastic giving me lung and brain cancer that I spent all that money on just for her to essentially box the ears of my soul and blackball me for life, but I know how to stop and therefore I know how to avoid being stopped, that is Stopping Power Pro.

And so thus Marco climbs and climbs and climbing.

5 PM

Sunsetting its arc of beginning to sunset, his FFA tingling, Marco will realize he must be close.

The red orb much like the cherry tomatoes Marco made for Marco's Mom when Marco made "sun toast" she called it, in precisely her way, only her way, cherry tomatoes on good bread with goat's cheese and olive oil and balsamic vinegar and salt, holding the cherry tomatoes in his hands like holding all seven dragon balls, thinking and not saying but whispering

>Holy fuck,

moving them around in his hand like baoding balls David got him for Christmas, wishing for the one wish, he always wished for, ever since he was three.

Bringing them out to her and her smile validating everything...all of it.

>Holy fuck man.

In a particularly clairvoyant moment of clarity Marco responds to the Marco he feels buried quite deeply within his Marco: How to get to the top unseen?

8 AM - DUSK, MONDAY - SUNDAY.

>Define Dusk. All I Ask Is That You Define Dusk.

Marco climbs the mountain to. Marco hasn't never barely hiked before. Marco has blisters. Soon it will be a scab, and it will be Marco had blisters, and he can/will endure anything for that long.

>Marco. Marco. I would really appreciate it if we got our haircuts together. You always know exactly how to style it, you see...

Marco with the 4 oh bro!

It's akshually a 4.04 since those AP doofuses knew nothingggg about the TI-84 and the practical novels you could store in the 84,,

>But you suck dick at APES lol. Nice job though man. Didn't think you had it in you.

>Flawless Victory Marco!

>Yeah man...you didn't do too badly your

So David...you know how Sneed's drops [Taskmaster Axe]....

>Yes?

Well hear me out bro...

Marco eats of piece of Dave's Killer Bread and drinks of his bottle of water bottle and ascends mountain. Shit needs pepper baaaaaad bro. Bro.

I used to refill that pepper shaker from the plastic tub with the big black beebees in the identical fashion to which I reloaded in Blake Mallia's backyard after school when he had a dozen or so guns and the sound they made when you fired them like a lil mechanical dude was going off in them lmao and I climbed his roof and shot him in the back and he gave the noobies the pistols but I took one off Derek and I was damn near accurate enough to shoot him in the glasses and amazed that it didn't crack,

that cracked glass on that character's face in one of David's animes triggering the worst panic attack known to Marcokind, Mullingar's fugging Audi and his scritchscratched face inside the Audi, and now I can't even look at anything splintering, that would just about do me in...

Although worse than panic attack is sub level panic that never quite reaches 10 but is always at 8, so much worse to be always at 8, fuck the 8 of this level always level: Marco recites Marco's mantra 49 times.

>Why 1 less than 50?

>You know why 1 less than 50 man,,,you fucking know why man.

rol. The Mantra doing practically nothing for the Marco who saying the Mantra, given that the chambers of Amon Amarth (mountain of fate) and Orodruin (fire mountain), which is to say High Hrothgar (*Traveling to High Hrothgar requires taking the 7,000 steps, beginning in* Ivarstead, of which Marco has completed 5,073, measuring liberally) being the place where the ring was forged being the place where it must be destroyed, all a part of Marco's "Crazy Idea," being "drenched in sweat, moving as gracefully and effortlessly as I ever had, I saw my Crazy Idea shining up ahead"...and doesn't he too? And what does he say? It Doesn't Look That Crazy... it didn't even look like an idea but a *place*...the peak of the mount...history being "one long line of Crazy Ideas" of which Marco's is only the latest, just don't stop, that is, Just Do It, that is, 5,102.

6 PM

Duskly eventide settles into mixes into lowbattery flashlights across the valley, Marco continues to ascend up and to the ley line's point of origination. Marco hears a motor in the distance and he hides Marco.

The power of the ring inscreaming in power as Marco ascends to the chambers of destruction, the inner voice saying:

>Just go home and play man. Forget this ever happened man. Forget it all man.

Marco eats of Lembas Bread and nénwater to restoreth his energy samples.

Leeching through his backpack is the ring trying to take him under.

>Just go home dude. We're not really activating the 8 million dude. You're a little too worked up over this dude.

The man in the screen going if we can get a big enough why to do something we can do anything playing in my head as I got those interceptions man. We needed two and to get two in one game is rare and he hit my helmet hard, very hard actually, perhaps knocking a few screws out of alignment,

>You the man for that. You the man for that,

wearing that skull armor in my head where I needed a certain amount of bone fragments, I think 30 iirc for the bone helmet when Dad lifting my chin underneath my bone helmet smile for me Marco two dimples two dimples and see... your brother has three. What kinda fucked up guy has three dimples? I think it's cute David, don't cry I think David's cute David, you have one of the best smiles I've ever seen David, and when you get the head and right arm you insta-win it's pretty OP man like if you type O CANADA you get bears with frikken lazer beams coming out of their frikken heads lmfao that scammer pasted a different back on the back and I cried until I couldn't any more and I lost twenty smackers on that one lol Evan it's funny when you say smackers like that we should call everything a smacker now look imagine if your deck was my dick if this thick dummy thick wouldn't even fit into Peach lol she's like barely taller

than Toad lol those memories are pre-simulation and now when David came to the Padre I know he's post simulation because he flickers [and he never flickered before] like the candles set up for senior prank who's the mastermind of this? It's a bad day to be the mastermind you Marco want that little scholarship of yours revoked? I wipe my ass with that man lying through my tooth lol man no we haven't no we haven't [], as if playing D3 ball fucking matters man, makes me wanna cry that even him given that he never ever flickered before.

Cutting the Pokéball cake at at my third birthday party I heard the doctor's words in my ear as the knife touched the plate saying

>You are going to be ill for a very long time. A very long time.

And I didn't cry because of that man I cried because of those other overheard words in my bone helmet. David has three this long piece doesn't fit and I wore that white suit and I was untouchable man and she kissed my bad pinky saying

>I love every centimeter of you

and laughing

>Why you didn't say inch bruh

had me dying ill but then why centimeter?

Shit bro I haven't worked my lungs like that since two-a-days, if Marco can recall the way *the sun* hit that field and the going slow 30 minutes on the drive loving thee way thee sun felt on my skin on thee field, Shining Warm Upon My Face, not being able to reach or mourn for that past Marco, the non-time-dancer Marco, or the way he worked his lungs when she practically but not in so many words forced him to do it with a sinus infection, the purple grape liquid so awful but the pill so awfuler, snotting on top of it thinking you can't get sick like this shit right here right? Is this how this shit works? Gasping up for air until the back of his throat was dry and scorched like something'd been down it without his permission...

I have booby-trapped my mind for anti-reconnaissance because they suspect who I am planning (unguarded):

>I, Marco Oscar Marquez, a crazy person, plan to go to D.C. and find the D.O.I and ink it with this ink I learned goes through glass and watch the fall out of our democracy as we know it.

but the [guarded]:

>Asterisk Asterisk My Activision to counter the Activision with Mt. Diablo to smithereens on some Frodo and the Ring shit bruh lol that's funny man that really gets me going man,

Almost as funny as that rich dumb white fucker Joe's Dad at our soccer game in the rain Falling Softly upon the Field trying to kick the ball back slipping and falling right on his ass, the private wealth he manages and the Ivy League degree shoved up his stinky ass for all I care, me and Gabe LOLing our brains out b/c the way he lorded over us all and yelled at us to press up and spread out all like he played soccer at Yale or some dumb fuck like that, sweating his ass off to get his big titted hoe daughter my boys prolly railroaded into Stanford writing her papers for her, chucking 10M at the admissions committee while his maaaaaaad toxic wife gets her botoxed eyebrows re-lasered or some dumb rich white people shit, lying on his fat stinky ass looking up at the sky, going back in time and calling upon My Boy Bowie to Break His MFing Coccyx, pure embarrassment for the dumb white baldie who "manages wealth" from the comfort of his second Utah pedo society meetup home and pins the tail on the Black Man at their 'Golf Club' meetings masturbating to dog porn in his smelly corner office lmfao,,,

Up those terrible iron stairs to Dr. Havervath's office where he asked me to explain just explain it to us how you're feeling we can't help you otherwise won't you explain? I couldn't

find the words then but then when he took me out to pity me and bought me fries and on the sidewalk said

>We miss you dude we should hang more dude
and said

>How have you been dude? How's the mental stuff?

I found the words:

>It feels like being mentally raped.

>Oh. Jesus dude. Wow.

Dr. Havervath's maggot-ridden face like a dog's maggot ridden face in the sunlight in broad daylight that was the worst of it: when it happened in broad day light and even the sun didn't respect my privacy: the Yerman accent going

>Is there something wrong? Marco? What are you looking at? Marco?

Dr. Havervath's maggot-ridden face saying do some freewriting, the mouth being moved by the maggots and the terrible iron stairs, that's it all we want you to do is do some freewriting, like writing achieves anything outside of the writing I responded...didn't I?

>You want to know how I'm feeling?

>Yes.

>You can't handle how I'm feeling.

With a snap of my z formation on some hot girl shit lmfaoooo. I'm feeling that to read the post on his wall and think what will happen to this wall now that he is gone? Who will take care of this wall now that he is gone? The moss will come through the walls and the through tears of the posting again just to let you know that we all loved you man. seriously every single person who ever met you thought you were about the funniest person in the world, i still can believe that im not going to be able to start crying of laughter from one of your jokes or ingeniously photoshopped pictures.

Marco, teary-eyed, looks around him and sees, down at the bottom of the mountain, hikers and travelers going home for the day. Marco is alone on the mount. Marco is a nomad, hiker and traveler much the way He was. Marco bore Marco and Marco's ring up the mount, without a Samwise. Where are you my beautiful brother man...

The through tears of the Ian had to go and die on me man and the saddest of all on the wall:

WoW, Lettuce, Forbidden Kingdom, Chips Ahoy, Smash, Michael, Hellrogue, Nom nom nom, runs through Strath, The Beatles, Across the Universe, Imagine. The list continues. RIP brother.

Marco wasn't there for that but he was...he absolutely was...

Marco misses the inside jokes and the little games of the Marco of the past Marco: the plastic spider they hid in each other's backpacks and retainer cases and jean pockets and Marco maintains that was the hugest expression of love there is nothing more humongous lol dude it's adorable that you say humongous and you're a grown ass adult than the innocent prank of love of a loved one: Marco misses the plastic spider on the smooth belly so unbearably smooth and the fact they named it Tony how funny is that bruh an Italian spider of all things.

>We'll just say something silly under our breaths when you think of me and my soul will feel your soul. When you're alone in your dorm or something. I know that sounds hella corny but we both look up at the same moon don't we?

>Say what?

>Something silly just to remember me.

>Silly like what?

Of all people Ian had to go die on me man, perhaps Ian saw what I see man, well then is it a coincidence that Marco sees that butterfly uncocooning in the reckoning nightwave? On what is the anniversary of his death (given that this is vengeance for what the 9000 did to him)? Marco grabs Ian's cocoon and knows Marco is touching Ian's spinal cord and the bundle of nerves and the priest he made on his server and the rogue he made on his server and the how he asked Marco for a rez and the 10s cast of light saying

[Party][Hackman]: Sure bro. I gotchu bro.

And he had him...he really had him...[he was him in him]...

7 PM

The abyssal whip of night in the nomooned nighttime becomes the mind's cavehorror darktime in the darkness of astronomical twilighttime and out emerge the mad scary creeping things that creepeth upon the earth of all time. Darkness in is a card that works best in a control deck aiming for long matches and thus Marco, the Dark Knight, hears but not sees critters twinkering in the verticality steep...but not sees being the operative. But not sees being the operative.

>Tango sucka!

Marco dropping to the ground, covering his earholes, thinking where TF they @ tho, laughing under his breath, thinking but saying:

>Holy fuck man. I'm mind out of my fucking mind man.

No one ye bruh Gdub in DC good luck man, tight end? that's dope man good luck bro can see ye just chocolate milk for me please, best thing after a ball game bruh lol, me enter the dark portal in this darkness nah man I've gotta quit that shit man I'm one of those people that just gets addicted man. Nah I ended up not getting recruited. Couple D3s. Scholy to Chapman for DB so we'll see.

>Hxjhaahxa yeah peace man.

Can't even make it one term before the shit blew up in my face bro...smfh...

Mount Diablo is not a volcano but it sure looks like one::Mount Doom is a fictional volcano in J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth legendarium.

>Bro. Tell Me I'm Grasping At Straws. Tell Me. It All Boils Down To The Same Shit Bro.

People tell you one thing man you can only trust people so much man Wikipedia can be edited by anyone man. Any two points make a line, that's basic math shit bro. That fox looking up at him with the don't hurt me eyes please eyes realize my real eyes

>I don't find that to be of coincidence.

>Just tell us how you're feeling today.

>You find it to be of coincidence that I saw a dead fox on my way here and that I broke my Xbox on the same day?

>I want to hear how you're feeling, but, yes, for the record, I do think that that's a matter of coincidence. Lots of stuff happens in the world because it just happens. Not everything is related.

>You don't have the Activision. You clearly do not have the Activision.

>Again: this is, unfortunately, not a superpower, but rather an illness that could cause you much harm. Your pareidolic tendencies in and of themselves are a matter of

>I didn't ask for this, did I? Did you ask to be born?

>No.

>I did not ask to be born. Do you know when the gestalt puts its penis into your brain that feeling? That feeling of being raped of the mind?

>I do not.

>Then you can suqq my dicc white boi. Me and Gabe man...

>Marco!

>That's not productive, Marco.

>You don't want to hear about me and Gabe and that fox bro. That'd scare you sleepless bro. You do NOT want to see me activate 0D30 mode. You know I heard you park your and enter this building today. And that's on some real shit bro. I know exactly how many M&Ms are in that har over there bro. I heard you drop them in bro.

>No. I think we'd all love to hear about you and Gabe and the fox.

>You wouldn't last a day in the ring with him bro. Not a single day.

>Again. Who is him?

Talking to me about productive. Sure bro. Sure. *Mount Diablo is not a volcano but it sure looks like one.*

To [Sanctüs]: Ay bro did you get a glaive?

To [Sanctüs]: heard they dropped :O

[Sanctüs] whispers: nah bro

[Sanctüs] whispers: fucking Ghandigroupie got it

[Sanctüs] whispers: doesn't even need it bro...fucking dkp

>Mags you'll never believe the name of this warrior I used to raid with.

>What?

>You didn't hear me?

>No I heard you...but what?

Serious WoW players have the game's color-coded item quality hard-wired into their brains, I wishing I had downloaded the contents of Thottbot, hard-wired into my brain, criss crossing like the little cancer-causing millions of microfibers of her little panties parking car on the damn busy street

>Is here aight

fitting my whole busy fucking hand down it man not stopping even though I knew how to stop and be unstopped man shit was like a fucking boxing glove bruh, the boys were spot on w/ this one, suburban Moms in suburbans watching me box this box to deaf lmfao, you had me dead to rights crossing my wires make me wanna fuck you on some gay shit joshing on the electrical wires between heelflips, my own personal little thot bot, the way she kept asking for more fingers like I was really boutta use my pinky and thumb in this shit, •Five Sided Fistagon•, now I do be calling that [redacted] one hell of a [redacted], can't say that shit around Mom...the lactic acid Mr. Oshita taught us coursing through my hand like poison and her not leaving the car even after I dropped her off, sensing the Seniors paws all over the coast of her spine, so terribly sad to remember that Terrible Marco, her body what felt to be feet from the trunk sweating cuz of the busted Civiche AC with that dancer/vaulting flank she'd developed over winter break seemingly thinking how long was this "break" of ours going to last, I'd never touch you unless you touched me first brother man, remembering the way we talked when we were so young, didn't even know what we were doing, to re-think about all that sexting shit man, even though I'm

>I'm thinking of....well...building my own "rig" as they call it. I can build you one too...if you have the coin...mwahahahjhjxjja.

>I'm going to college, bro. I don't wanna be like addicted anymore.

>Suit yourself...I've found quite good deals using promo codes.

>That's dope man. Maybe we can play when I'm home some times.

>Yes. I find the wire management to actually be, well, quite enjoyable...

Just as Frodo's bagged her didn't you bro? didn't you brother? quest You receive item: [Agamaggan's Quill], my own desperate Path of Anguish incipient at birth of which I was in attendance, at my own birth, ends at Mount Doom Doctor Victor Von Doom is a fictional supervillain appearing into destroy the ring are you on the pill or that nuva shit? in the same locale upon which Sauron forged the One Ring to Rule Them All which grants invisibility that night we watched all the Harry Potters and you fell asleep on my shoulder and you were so warm I started to sweat and I had to pee but I didn't dare get up so delicately did you lay on me so too do I now seek out the Cracks of Doom to demolish the ring of my own the disc of Call of Duty MW2 which if you reverse the M, which if unleashed the technology is hidden within us 8 million boys (*In fact, that virtual army is bigger than the top five real armies in the world combined...topfiverealarmiesintehworldCOMBINED*) trained to wield M16s given that my disc is the Alpha upon which the codes of activation exist given that the Gamestop employee Richard Madith did not want to sell it to me asking are you sure you're 18? This game is available next door it's our last one I'd prefer if you didn't take this one because well I want it for myself, lol. Nah white boi that shit's mine brother else why does mine have a little eye in the I of infinity ward at loading screen all testify to that eye Sauron the sun two points make a line bro... I'm doing this for the good of the world, bro...killing for good bro...the

>Marco let's see if we can get to Mt. Doom from WoW, lol. Marco.

>Oh, yes, we can certainly get to Mt. Doom from WoW...

The neural pathways crisscrossing like the lightning of cancer crisscrossing across her panties

>Mt. Doom. J.R.R. Tolkien. High Fantasy. Fantasy. Fictional Universe. Video Games. MMORPG. World of Warcraft.

>Wow bro. It's quite amazing how everything is connected, pretty closely too, than we initially imagine.

My fellowship of my ring 9:

- 1) ([{David}])
- 2) Margarita (Maggie, Mags, M, The Egg Thief lol)
- 3) Ian
- 4) Sanctūs (Rex)
- 5) Mom
- 6) Gabe (Archangel Gabriel)
- 7) Adrian/Michelle/Anna (3 into 1)
- 8) Ghandigroupie
- 9) Leaving this one blank for now...whoever Rises to the Occasion, lol;;;

And in pitch blackness, Marco reaches the top, that is, had reached the top. The precise moment in which the hooknosed woman at Claire's inserted the studs into his lobules was when he was certain the top was reached, as looking forward in time just now was he certain, in this exact moment, just now, reaching the top...

Being closer than ever to his mission, and nearly triumphing versus the myriad antibodies / saboteurs of his mission, Marco cannot help but release a swell of joy, his legs aching, yelling atop the mount for the whole bloody state to hear in the pitch darkness:

>That's how it's fucking done boy!

The echo ending and the quiet returning, the quiet and the darkness returned, and he is alone. He has never been so alone. Never again will he be so alone.

The sky furled like his eyebrows Maggie loved so much and without even trying or looking hard Marco sees three caves of the identified Diablo mouths and enters upon the middlest to find the lava upon which to destroy the ring much the way Mrs. Van Doren coaxed him with a long purple gel nail to enter into Yosemite's claustrophobic Spider Caves which he exited, lacking the bravery, but now, possessing the bravery, entered, though he did not account for the code and racking Marco's brain for the code, he blurts out

>6B BC 52883,

which was not it at all chief, racking his head again is the [redacted] of the Short Shorts code she never sent again and Marco tries again, going

>SUMMERSALE20,

but nothinggggg maaaan, the absolutely nothiiing mannn, and so will be locked out upon another failed try of the code and Marco paces and thinks of the Marco he was then, different but the same, timedancer, and Marco needs to try something, so he invokes the §apphireality of Coach Bowie and recites the passcode written upon his heart

>741083394331988291041808251832233445

but nothing happens, that is, happened, not even a click in the head and so that was nonsense and came from nowhere, spoke to nothing, 404, that wasn't it at all, chief, that was meaningless, and so his mission is failed barring an act of God, a visit from the Angel Gabriel man, too dark outside for God inside, where the fuck is this motherfucking lava, sorry, where the fudge is this motherfudging lava, mb bruh, so the last squish of hope being squished out of Marco he needs to rest, reevaluate, given that Marco is cold but so hot and Marco needs to lie down and take a load off but press on, by any means possible, and it is hereupon, in this dark, abyssal, nolighted cavehole, the rock the color in the darkness of the little wings she put around her eyes, the way she held her chest when she laughed and the wings wriggled with the pleasure of the laughter, needing her light here and now with him in the here and now, where Marco is found in the morning, far from the summit, on a grassy knoll beneath an open sky, by a manly woman lepidopterist out for an early exploratory hike, shivering and frostbitten and wet to Marco's cold dark core.

pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
dethbrute: I buy ur kite and ax
xtikzhotlik: buying run ehally
pk robbie 1: buying gf. share my knowledge and show youa round the game. free benefits
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
elitearch3r1: s santa 26m
Z P00ned 0: free armour trimmiing. Rune to rune g, Mith to mith g. Donations appreciated
buggybite444: what do you mean bro
LIII1IL1IL: Lmao wtf when you type your password Jagex blocks it loool *****
puffpuffert: buying whip 25.1m
dountz00: selling full guthans!!! dountz
I0nyz: buying all nats 310 ea - i0nyz
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
IN_IE_IR_ID: buy/trade all party hats
margaritaman: lol i mean u didn thave to lurecyan:wave:selling laws fair price —
margaritaman
D3v1lS0uL wishes to trade with you.
D3v1lS0uL wishes to trade with you.
Gordonbm: yh i saw zezima in fall yesterday
Knife333: selling d long 90k ——— knife
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
zz Rush: I sell unstrung yew lonsg
That1ProMeej: bout 2.5 ish
elitearch3r1: selling santa 26m
itz Derek: i'll give you my d long
D3v1lS0uL: need cash
puffpuffert: buying whip 25.1m
dountz00: selling full guthans!!! dountz
Z P00ned 0: free armour trimmiing. Rune to rune g, Mith to mith g. Donations appreciated
margaritaman: selling laws fair price — margaritaman
I0nyz: lol not buying 10 nats off you
xtikzhotlik: accept
L0rdg0d_d0ng: buying fukll verack 6.4 - god dong
D3v1lS0uL: cash
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
dethbrute: I buy ur kite and ax
a_dunc: Big B Sale featuring D long, Rune, Barrows, Arrows
D3v1lS0uL wishes to trade with you.
D3v1lS0uL wishes to trade with you.
itz Derek: lmao no u didnt
D3v1lS0uL wishes to trade with you.
elitearch3r1: red:selling santa 26m - - elitearch3r1
LIII1IL1IL: Lmao wtf when you type your password Jagex blocks it loool *****
I0nyz: buying all nats 310 ea - i0nyz
xtikzhotlik: no cash
L0rdg0d_d0ng: buying fukll verack 6.4 - god dong

hagrids9inch: that's not guthans thats leafblade. report
Knife333: selling d long 90k ——— knife
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
puffpuffert: buying whip 25.1m
hagrids9inch: dountz trying to scam leaf blade spear!!! report!!
elitearch3r1: selling santa 26m
I0nyz: buying all nats 310 ea - i0nyz
Z P00ned 0: free armour trimmiing. Rune to rune g, Mith to mith g. Donations appreciated
xtikzhotlik: Doodles123
zz Rush: I sell unstrung yew longbows
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
Gordonbm: swear bro. dragon chain and everything
dountz00: selling full guthans!!! - - dountz
margaritaman: selling laws fair price — margaritaman
a_dunc: Big B Sale featuring D long, Rune, Barrows, Arrows
L0rdg0d_d0ng: lolt his guy ove rhere
That1ProMeej: ##### drop party seers village party room W331 #####
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
Sending trade offer...
I0nyz: buying all nats 310 ea - i0nyz
IN_IE_IR_ID: buy/trade all party hats
puffpuffert: buying whip 25.1m
elitearch3r1: selling santa 26m
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
Sending trade offer...
pk robbie 1: buying gf. share my knowledge \$\$ and show you around the game. free benefits
margaritaman: selling laws fair price — margaritaman
D3v1lS0uL: need cash bro wtf
buggybite444: when will you be on later
That1ProMeej: ##### drop party seers village party room W331 #####
itz Derek: imagine selling something without specifying a price
D3v1lS0uL: sell rune hally cash
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k
L0rdg0d_d0ng: buying fukll verack 6.4 - god dong
zz Rush: sell unstrung yew longs
a_dunc: Big B Sale featuring D long, Rune, Barrows, Arrows
itz Derek: no one is buying your f*** rune skim dude slmfao
I0nyz: buying all nats 310 ea - i0nyz
dethbrute: I buy ur kite and ax
pfizerowns: Selling rune scimmy 25k

The bus that took me to see Tristan for his “visitor’s weekend” was filled with the sorts of weirdos you pitied. I was already slightly ticked because the flight to Boise’d been on a terrifyingly small plane and I’d sat next to a woman who smelled of cabbage and did nothing the entire flight but watch “The Office” on her “tablet,” chortling like a walrus at the least funny bits, too, glazed-over and slack-jawed at the actually funny parts, oblivious to turbulence much the way a pig is oblivious to anything but its next meal—and now I was in more or less the same situation, trapped in a metal tube with strangers I found disgusting, whose inner lives I imagined to possess the vividity and vitality of frosted bathroom glass. The bus driver announced that

>The drive to P.W.R.R.’ll be close to 3 hours

so I put in my headphones, tried to find something non-cringe, never a “podcast,” the bone-numbing dullness of the bourgeoisie, and fell asleep.

I wasn’t even four songs into some mentally ill tween crooning about the difficulty of life in the only era in which she could leverage this mental illness as quirk and sex appeal and not be shut up and lobotomized in a concrete box somewhere in Indiana when a large, effectively bald boy’s restless shifting and heavy breathing woke me. I tried to find a way to distract myself, the void having failed, so I started playing chess on my phone, but I lost to the level 6 computer and vowed to never play chess again, openly reddening out of embarrassment at my pathetic, lukewarm mediocrity in a skill I’d been actively practicing for years. The boy beside me began to drum awkwardly on his thigh, smiling this wide smile, no semblance of a rhythm, and I wondered if this was the bus for visitors to Tristan’s camp or if perhaps it was also for its patients. That thought scared me, so I asked the boy next to me:

>So. Why are you going to PWRR?

>To visit my bro Marco. My brother Marco, that is.

The bus that took me to see Marco was long and yellow like a thunderbolt of metal (backcover of The Lightning Thief reference) or like a cat bus (Totoro reference). I was already, slightly well...tired because they would not let up watching me in the airport making sure I had my ticket and boarded safely and did I want a glass of water or juice, lol, feeling like Shrek, wax coming out of my ears, the Beware Ogre sign in that swamp LEAVE ME ALONE, DONKEY FFS!!! The bus driver announced that it would take us

>3 hours

to get to Power (How can one man have alllll that power?!) (Marco tone) so I put in my headphones to listen to my favorite band: System of a Down, given the high-level of their lyricism and criticism.

I wasn’t even trying to but when I turned to the sides I saw an old woman eating a fruit (not an onion...lol. Ogr-urs. Ahr. Lahk. On-Yuns. LOL) and a pleasant girl asleep at the wheel (pun intended) or just waking up. I tried to find another way to put myself so she would not feel upset at my presence as the seats were quite close together. The phone in her hand played chess and I almost started a conversation but I didn’t because she might ask me to play. That thought scared me, that she could just ask me to play and I did not practice that technique, but then she did ask me and thank the Gods (Marco voicemail tone: do you know what a demigod is bro? that’s me bro that’s all me bro...) it wasn’t to play, going

>So...why are you heading to Power?

>To visit my bro Marco. My brother Marco, that is.

I wondered if everyone on this bus had an ill brother, if we were all hurtling towards a room filled with sick brothers, a warehouse, stacks of them to the ceiling, tinned sardines.

>I'm visiting my brother, too.

Now he turned around in his seat to face me and I was startled by his look of tenderness, his beautiful large eyelashes like a sultry cartoon cow, his mouth crinkling as if he knew my suffering. Perhaps he did.

>Oh. What is your brother's name? If you don't mind my asking such a question.

>Tristan.

>What is Tristan sick from?

I could hear the music—lots of yelling—coming out of his headphones, the ones the flight attendants'd handed out on planes.

>Panic attacks. Rather: he can't control the frequency or intensity of his panic attacks.

>Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.

I laughed.

>He's not dead.

>I know. My mistake.

>What is Marco sick from?

>From the little bits that I gather...as you know communication has been something of a "difficulty" with the ranch...he thinks things matter when they don't. And he sees faces when they don't.

>What do you mean by that?

>He makes connections that don't have the firmest of substances...

>Oh, I see.

I wondered if everyone heard me say that because maybe I shouldn't say his name in case, he wouldn't like that given that shit ain't him homie (Marco tone).

>I'm visiting my brother too.

Now I knew what to do the way Mom feels when she speaks of Marco you turn and you, well, seeing is believing :D. Perhaps she needed it extra, perhaps not: not the point actually.

>Oh. What is your brother's name? If you don't mind me asking such a question.

>Tristan.

>What is Tristan sick from?

I could hear her gears turning (clunkCLUNK...clunkCLUNK) about what to say to my...perhaps actually too personal question.

>Panic attacks. Rather he can't control the frequency or intensity of these panic attacks.

>Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.

I knew that wasn't appropriate of the moment and laughed.

>He's not dead!

>I know. Heh..my mistake.

>What is Marco sick from?

>From the little bits that I gather...as you know communication has been something of a difficulty with the ranch...he thinks things matter when they don't. And he sees faces when they don't.

>What do you mean by that?

>He makes connections that don't have the firmest of substances...

>Oh, I see.

>Yeah. It is what it is, that is, a favorite expression of his. L.O.L. I'm a poet and I did not even know about it. I actually do write a bit however.

We were silent for a time. This boy was a writer?

>Yes you are. Do you read much poetry? Who's your favorite poet?

>Not quite a poet per say I'd say. I'm more of a novelist myself. I'm actually at work on a novel as we speak. Are you a reader of the fiction genre? Or perhaps fantasy or young adult?

>Indeed I am. I'm studying it in school, actually. But tell me about your novel!

>Do you have all day? Lol. It's easier to show you. Here's an excerpt of a chapter I just finished...which I brought for Marco to read...but, essentially I use a fake world and fake people to uncover real issues and explore cut-offs of my own life. I would say ultimately my goal is to write something that is ultimately enjoyable and fun...but also forces you to think about deep issues, such as identity...physicality. Do you know what I mean?

>Yes. yes. I know exactly what you mean. What's your novel called?

>The novel is called Raptor Kingdom.

>That's a lovely name for a brook. Sorry. Book. I don't know why I said brook.

>Thank you. But it is cool that you study it. That would be...the dream of a dream. Don't you think you are going to be cold in your cool-looking sandals?

I shook my head. What did he say?

>You'd think it'd be, but it's not all that great, actually. And no, I think I'll be OK.

>Can I read what you have written?

>Maybe! Maybe another time.

>Well then how about...now. Or...now.

>Ya. "It is what it is," that is, a favorite expression of his. Lol. I'm a poet and I did not even know about it. I actually do write a bit however.

We stopped talking for a moment or two. This was not quite true...because, well, I dabble in poetry but am more of a fantasy guy :D, but perhaps she reads/enjoys fiction herself.

>Yes you are. Do you read much poetry? Who's your favorite poet?

>Not quite a poet per say I'd say. I'm more of a novelist myself. I'm actually at work on a novel as we speak. Are you a reader of the fiction genre? Or perhaps fantasy or young adult?

>Indeed I am. I'm studying it in school, actually. But tell me about your novel!

>Do you have all day? Lol. It's easier to show you. Here's an excerpt of a chapter I just finished...which I brought for Marco to read...but, essentially I use a fake world and fake people to uncover real issues and explore cut-offs of my own life. I would say ultimately my goal is to write something that is ultimately enjoyable and fun...but also forces you to think about deep issues, such as identity...physicality. Do you know what I mean?

>Yes. yes. I know exactly what you mean. What's your novel called?

>The novel is called Rapture Kingdom.

>That's a lovely name for a brook. Sorry. Book. I don't know why I said brook.

>Thank you. But it is cool that you study it. That would be...the dream of a dream. Don't you think you are going to be cold in your cool-looking sandals.

I couldn't believe she wore sandals on a bus with this level of AC. What was she crazy?

>You'd think it'd be, but it's not all that great, actually. And no, I think I'll be OK.

>Can I read what you have written?

>Maybe! Maybe another time.

>Well then how about...now. Or...now.

We laughed together, his laugh so tinkly and high, so adorable. This boy was a writer, and I was not. I changed the subject.

>Do you think our brothers are friends?

>Well, I'm not so sure...what you. He spoke to you of his offer? I didn't know you also played World of Warcraft.

>What?

>What. Sorry. What did you say exactly?

The way he kept looking up at me and over my head—he couldn't look me in the eyes.

>I said do you think our brothers are friends.

>Oh! Heh...yes. If we are any example.

We didn't talk much the rest of the ride. The woman in front of us was crying and didn't stop until the bus pulled onto the gravel road where we saw a sign for Pugweenee Wilderness Recovery Ranch. The gravel road ran around the side of a mountain and spat us out into a little clearing where a man stood waiting for us.

The man directed us to a "visitor's center" where we picked up our nametag and a detailed schedule of the weekend. Every single minute of time was accounted for—they even included "sleep" and "hydrate." I got the sense this was because they didn't want the visitors running off with the patients, or "tribesmen," as they made us call them. They asked us, I remembered now, to prove we were related by blood to the patients before we could even apply to visit. I was skeptical of everything. I just wanted to see Tristan, which I learned would only happen tonight, at some outdoor "BBQ and foursquare tournament" or something equally asinine.

We shared a laugh. This girl was nice, and not in a way as to be not genuine. I felt this might be the start of a nice friendship :D.

>Do you think our brothers' offer ends?

>Well, I'm not so sure...what you. He spoke to you of his offer? I didn't know you also played World of Warcraft.

>What?

>What did you say exactly?

The way her eyes looked like glass ice eyes looked impossible to look at in the eyes, her mouth so red and teeth so white in addition.

>I said do you think our brothers are friends.

>Oh! Hexh...yes. If we are any example, that is.

We didn't talk more after that'd been said. The woman in front of us cried for her sick brother like my sick brother (or other relative) and then we saw the big green white sign and she remembered him and stopped the crying. The gravel road was scary with a sheer drop and I felt sick to my stomach looking out down the valley but then the bus stopped in the woods and we were there.

The man in front of the big cabin said his greeting of welcome with a big smile that I did not like. Every single time I looked at the schedule they gave I couldn't help but look at the top right Indian guy and think of the Mr. Pugweenee, if he was Mr. Pugweenee on the front of the big cabin. I got the sensation of nervousness thinking what is Marco doing here and can I take him out of here. They asked me to say damn near who what when where why and that I could see him after some stuff we needed to do ourselves. I didn't want to do stuff ourselves first. I just wanted to see Marco.

The boy from the bus came up to me as I read the schedule and asked if I understood the color codes and I showed him how to read it. The boy mouthed the words thank you and, after talking to the woman handing out nametags for quite some time, walked right up to me and announced

>I'm in Klondike Cabin,
and I told him

>That's where I am, too.

I skipped the next activity on the schedule, which was a "visitor meet and greet," color-coded purple for the "hanging out" category—I didn't want to see the woman from the bus or her ilk, the people who wore their suffering on their face like a bad haircut, incapable of pretending.

Instead I went straight to the cabin and dropped off my stuff, pooped. The cabin was small and dusty and made of logs, with bunk beds stacked against the walls, tinned sardines. I wondered if Tristan slept in a place like this. Where did they keep the actual patients? After I knew the meet and greet was over I walked back and caught the group going for a tour, led by a bushy-bearded man named Ben. I saw the boy from the bus and asked him

>How long have you been on the tour?

and he said

>It's just begun actually.

The woman from the bus sat on luggage and I read the schedule in my hand and asked if she understood the

>Color coding mechanism?

and she showed me how to read it. The woman displayed...well not the most neutral of tones because at times on her luggage she put her hands on her face and rubbed her glass eyes and I could not tell if they were wet at times, and even though I knew (to distract):

>I'm in Klondike Cabin.

>No way. That's where I am too.

I skipped/hopped over to the man in front of the big cabin and said

>I am ready for the meet and greet

and he made me laugh when he said

>Well then nice to meet and greet you,

and I thought and said? roflmao (Marco knows this video).

Instead I ate crackers and instead of going up we went down when I spoke to Andrea who also flew in from far out and her son had evil thoughts about others. The thing is we bonded over that because, well...my brother's thoughts aren't exactly sterling....and she ate a cookie and told me about not choosing family and I almost choked on my cracker when I said

>You can say that again.

I wondered if Marco would mind me saying that given I would choose Marco. Where did they keep Marco? After I knew they'd stopped the meet and greet and met a man who hadn't seen Mark in 10 years, I started the tour with the man in front of the cabin who smiled too much (with seemingly very...little to smile at in truth) I saw the woman from the bus and asked her

>How do you do...I actually missed your name

and she said

>It's Blake.

Ben led us around the “ranch,” which was large enough to eviscerate any pleasure in its largesse or scenery or beauty and instead cause one to focus only on the pecuniary underpinnings, that is, how and for what sum a place so beautiful was ever purchased. It felt part boys’ summer camp: there was a lake and a slide into the lake, and one of those “blob” things you launched kids off of, there was a workshop and an archery range and a rock climbing thing and the cabins were all named after types of Bears. But it was also part farm: there was a stable for horses, a pen for pigs, a run for chickens, a place to churn butter (a buttery?), a field of various plants and vegetables, goats, rabbits, etc etc.

I did not need to read any literature on the healing effect of animals to feel calmer myself when Ben introduced us to ‘Lil’ Bit,’ the enormous clydesdale that lived far longer than anyone at the ranch’d expected and was

>Something of PWRR’s spirit animal

and looked like it could see into my head. Then Ben showed us where the “tribesmen” lived, which was just like Tristan’d described: 10+ buildings all in a little circle, facing each other in a field somewhere far from the gravel road and visitor’s center. It was clear no one was inside any of the buildings now, and Ben, sensing the group’s collective hunch, said that the

>The boys are out herding,

which meant there were sheep, too, or cows or something, and that there were no female “Tribeswomen” at Weeneetown, which I knew now was some sort of asinine joke they all shared and Tristan’d spared me from. The tour ended and Ben cancelled the next event on our schedule, which felt like the plan all along, because we all looked

>Tired. I think y’all should go to your cabins, unpack, and take a nap before the BBQ.

Ben was the man in front of the log cabin and Andrea was the woman with the son with Marco thoughts and Mark’s Dad (B something) was the sad one, and there were dozens of ones I didn’t even meet yet. It was like out of a cowboy movie, and I just imagined Marco going yeehaw with the colt 45 and two zig zags (44 mags) LOL, baby that’s all you need, given the horses, chickens, goats, snapping turtle, and redder dirt (in areas). But it was also part a place for sick people since I saw a boy likely with Marco thoughts (not Marco) banging his head into a cabin for no reason while two men with beards pulled him away for some reason.

I did not need to read between the lines to know that he was probably having an episode like Marco’s when he said to...run for my life if I would just run for my life, David do you see that, David? even though I felt calmer myself when Ben (man in front of the big logged cabin) introduced us to a little horsie that ate the cracker out of my hand (No...I did not ask but yes...backs were turned...easy victory lol).

Then Ben showed me where Marco lives and I thought if he lived in this one he could go pee off the porch and no one would see, not that I quite advocate such behavior. It was clear out still and quiet out still except for the bugs and the little mountain chickadee Mark’s father said

>Look the little black-capped chickadee

and after he told me that’s when I asked about my favorite bird, that is the peregrine falcon (appears slightly modified in RK and I heard it called the sky lamborghini lol) and he said he’s seen over 2000 on all of the continents. The tour ended and Ben said to go to Klondike Cabin and get some much deserved rest before the BBQ and 4square game but I joked

>Well I’m not going to be able to sleep now that you said there’s BBQ!

and Mark’s Dad and a few others (andrea etc) laughed at me saying that joke.

So that's what we did, the boy from the bus following me because he didn't know where our lodge was. After two hours of horrible, twitchy napping in which I experienced two or three bouts of sleep paralysis, I woke to the boy from the bus—David. I now saw on his nametag—gently nudging my shoulder, saying

>We are going to be late, Blake. Blake, we are going to be late.

We were the last two in Klondike Cabin: everyone else had left already. I thanked David, threw on a sweater and walked with him to the houses in a circle, having misplaced the color-coded visitor's schedule. We drifted back towards the visitors center, where we could smell the BBQ, and David suggested that we

>Follow the scent,

so we did, and when we arrived most everyone was standing in line with their loved one, their sick boy, and heaping plates with food, except for Tristan, who I recognized at a distance, and a handsome boy who was clearly David's brother, whom I also recognized at a distance. They weren't talking to each other now but were angled towards each other in such a way that it was clear they had. Tristan wore a hilarious cowboy hat and so did David's handsome brother. David seemed to know that Tristan was my sibling, because he said

>There they are

and practically took my hand in his to take me over to them. When we arrived I saw that MARCO—another nametag—had been crying, and possibly so had Tristan, yes, he certainly had, and when Tristan saw me he smiled and said

>Hi, sister,

which he'd never done before, ever, call me "sister" like that.

So that's what we did anyways, the woman from the bus (blake) taking me by the palm of my hand to the biggest damn cabin I've damn near ever had the privilege of laying eyes onto (Marco tone). After two seconds we got there she fell asleep (almost in a second) and I took out my phone and amazingly got treants + savage roar to work, nutty combo bro (marco tone) even though the damn near deck is so dang small like butterfingers lol until the battery went kerplunk and I saw her watch beep 7:08 and I needed to wake up given that I didn't want us to be late so I said, quite loudly for my frame,

>We are going to be late.

We were the last two in the whole world it felt (I could hear her breathing). I waited for her outside tapping my foot into the dust and almost wrote Hey Marco, Guess What? in the dust. We finally found the big cabin and I smelled the ribs like Adrian's Dad's ribs and I told Blake to

>Follow the scent

as though we were direwolves from, well....several mountains away, at least. They didn't see us but we saw them and before I knew it I was running like one of those direwolves damn near on all fours bruh (marco) and then damn near hit that picnic table given that. Blake clearly saw that white boy hurt and was quite obviously hurt by that white boy, because she said to us in a sad tone

>There they are

and she took my hand into hers to take us over to them. When we arrived I saw Marco look up at me with the darkened face and I thought that white teeth contrast tho and I said that

>That white teeth contrast tho! Right bro?

>Nice hat,

I said, and laughed, but Tristan didn't seem to know I was joking, or think that the hat was ridiculous at all, which it was, and instead just said

>Thanks

and then

>How was the trip? I'm sure it was far.

And I felt so far away from him, like someone had replaced my brother with a dummy version that looked and sounded the same but had an entirely different soul. I started to spew unparsed bullshit just to fill the silence, something unfunny and mean-spirited about the cabbage woman on the plane, when Tristan interrupted me and said

>Have you met Marco? He's a good friend of mine,

and I said

>Not yet

and I smiled and shook Marco's hand and Marco said

>Good to see you.

I turned over to David and saw that he was crying and Marco saw me look and saw himself and went up to him and hugged him and said

>I'm here, bro. I'm here.

Then Marco came up to me and said:

>You gotta keep an eye on your brother bro. For real.

but I didn't want that to be the first thing I said so I said

>I love you bro

and Marco wrapped me up in a hug (I could always wrap you up damn near skinnier than a beanstock bruh) and said

>I love you too bro.

>Nice hat,

Blake said and I wanted one too and Marco took his off and let me wear it and I pretended to hipfire

>Remember the P90 Marco. Remember the P90. The akimbo P90, that is.

and Marco said

>Sheeeejet bro how could I forget the P90?

and in my head going Marco is back, I remember this Marco now that Marco is back.

And I felt so close to Marco, feeling that the turbulence was worth it (near vomited bro), feeling that now, thank the Gods, the Marquez brothers were united once more :D.

>I love you Marco. Marco. I love you,

but Marco was shaking Blake's hand and said

>Good to see you.

I turned to Blake and she looked at my face with a face of her own and I realized my face (that is: eyes) was crying it out and Marco came up to stop it up and said, so cool as a cucumber the way he is, comforting me how as always (younger bros understand this)

>I'm here, bro. I'm here.

Then Tristan came up to me and said:

>Can I ask you something? Does Marco always look at people like that?

I didn't feel like eating bits of the animals we'd just seen and that'd comforted me so I ate the mac and cheese and coleslaw and it was exactly how you'd think it was. We ate in silence. I observed the other families sitting around their tables and it all looked so normal it could've been some church event, a Latter Day Saints sack race. Instead I knew the cowboy hatted boy at each table had a minefield in his brain that no one, esp. not the boy, knew how to outwit. Tristan told me once over text that the only thing the people here had in common was that they all had something that they couldn't control. After we were done eating the tournament began and Ben asked us

>Are y'all a team?

and made a dumb joke about being careful with Tristan and Marco since they were in his "tribe" and probably up to no good, and David said

>Yes,

and we came in second, all of but Marco getting eliminated in just a few rounds, even though we were far better, by a large margin, the fuckers, and when it was over Marco wanted to keep playing, just the four of us, so we walked to an empty square and formatted ourselves on the square like this

A	B
Tristan	Marco
D	C
Blake	David

and picked up a red ball that was partially flat and played in silence for hours, until all the people left and the moon came out and we could barely see the ball or each other.

I didn't quite ever stop smiling even at the deer-looking sad white boy (Tristan) who said

>Shall we?

I loaded up on the, well, quite good food which I realized I hadn't eaten since breakfast before flying. We ate in silence mostly since that's when you know the food's damn good (dad tone). I observed Blake and Blake's brother and felt some similarities in face structure and damn near identical in height. Instead of not talking just to count time I played the game we made up and did a lot (Sharkdagger) with Marco but he looked tired like something was wearing him out. Tristan (Blake's brother) and Blake looked up at the mountains all dinner saying zip about anything. After we were done eating the man (Ben) asked if we were a team and I said

>Yes hell yes we are lol

and we got second!! out of like twenty teams (Marco being a beast) and he knew I did my best but got out early on regardless, though I did have an ace on Andrea :D, but then he just wanted to play the four of us so we walked out to a place like this



and picked up a ball that was from Pre-K recess and played not talking the damn near rest of the night, even though Marco was tired and wore out and Blake's brother was tired and I/Blake was tired and we laughed at the game and I saw in my eyes and his eyes the I love you bro, I saw and really to be quite honest felt, as it was dark and the stars were quite out in the fullest of force perhaps only comparable to a concentration of the universe's Goku ki, the fullness of his I love you bro.



have you ever heard of some shit so real? I mean,
from the heart, from the soul, you can feel?

Read the following short narratives. Then, score the narrative from 1 to 7.

He brought dinner and told me I could have half a bucket to myself if I nuked it after the boneless banquet disaster which I was still not living down and we ate it cheering on our Niners. Except the dumb as shit Brooks already with the offside set the whole loss in motion, not that he could help it, now the momentum was all theirs, which is what happens from being undisciplined like a caveman savage which really ticked him off and we ended up losing of course to the Ravens who weren't even good with their murderer on their team, probably wanted to murder again if he'd lost so maybe it's good he won, idiotic Kaepernick kissing his bicep and using that same arm to throw a duck for the 2 pointer so hopeless...just give the ball to the damn ref and go on with your job. I knew to watch out now for the sighed so heavy asking me to get a sixer from the corner but I said you want a sixer? get it yourself, given that I'm A not in the mood, and B not taking that kind of shit from him anymore not since Mom that is. The first were barely even like a little baby girl like he was trying to scratch an itch and I stand tall and his eyes go shy and I go you mess with the bull you will get the horns, sighing so heavy. If you touch the bull again you will get the horns. And what happens but he touches the bull and I grab his neck like a caveman savage who slams him up against the wall and I am three times his size, the benefit in addition to fine tuned reflexes of sitting all day playing those "dumb games" and piledrive him into the coffee table where the ash and cans go everywhere and I can see the bits exposed where the fissure happened, thinking sorry but not really since if freaking Brooks hadn't have been so undisciplined none of this shit, not even a little bit of it ever woulda happened.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

The boy liked a picture of Jessica and Marie—both scantily clad—playing beach volleyball in the album “VBall Memsss <3,” which would have been bad enough, except then the boy had the dim-witted audacity to comment, on the picture of *my* girlfriend, “comme c'est mignonne et gracieuse! “how cute and graceful!” apparently, so then you know I had to do it to ‘em, viz. put that boy in his fucking place. I wrote, *infra* the boy’s comment, “how cute and graceful :P” which, as her Senior, well-connected S.O., and sole rightful proprietor of that phrase, net me 16 likes and him, as a non-entity, Sophomore, Mexican, nerd, and borderline “retard,” precisely 0. I thought that would have been enough. But then the boy had the dim idea to reply “A misunderstanding, R——, I was speaking abut Jessica, my French buddy, not Marie. please, R——, do not worry about it!!” Marie being my then-girlfriend, Jessica being the other girl in the photo, though Jessica was blurry, and in the background, *ergo*, the boy obviously wasn’t speaking about Jessica, which meant I had to put the boy in his fucking place yet again, and this time for good, so that the boy didn’t get back up. “Niqqa I ain’t worried ‘bout nothin’,” I wrote, *infra* the boy’s *secundum verbum*, with Qs instead of Gs, a brilliant repartee in its harmless sterilization of such a charged word, oozing of nonchalance, and not-so-oblique reference to the then just-released and über-popular French Montana song “Ain’t Worried About Nothin,” which net me no less than 49 likes over the course of the night, a *vastus numerus* that achieved several things simultaneously, viz.: (1) publicly whupping that non-entity for his idiotic audacity and warning other non-entities of the public whupping they’d receive if they crossed me, (2) demonstrating my familiarity/subtle expertise of the ever-changing rap scene, *the scene* at the time, (3) indicating my immense popularity at the school, and the presence of 49 other “goons” who supported me and my endeavors, and, finally, (4) showing the boy just how sure I

was that he was nothing to me, an untouchable unworthy of my time, incapable of being a threat to what was so obviously, perpetually, mine.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Mom said: you can sing with the best of them, don't you know that? Don't you know you can sing with the best of them? That right there is the difference between a Black Mom and a White Mom: you won't know the answer sweetness unless you ask. You ever see somebody cough so much they throw up? Sorry I'm late but, God dang, I couldn't find the room! Like a corn maze up in here. Mr. Jones said: well go around and introduce yourself with the timid look of the hi I'm... I'm... I'm Arthur. Sing your name! You gotta sing your name! For real? So then I sang it. Aaaarrr-thuUUurrRRrrr. Laugh uncomfortably into laugh comfortably because of the OK Vibrato, OK! We're gonna start in unison, together as one. You know the words? Arthur said: I know the words. But that one boy sings way better than Arthur, belting the chords like velvet ropes. Right this way sir I mean hello? God damn. Hearing the don't you know that? Don't you know that? Mr. Vibrato over here. New guy thinking he big and shit. Laughing my ass off until my face hurt. Everybody on soprano and I hit that. I really hit that. Better is a one day in your courts, better is a one day in your house, better is a one day in your courts than thousands elsewhere. Yo. Pro tip Mr. V. Drop that "a." Yep. Just one day. The best part of it was smiling in the alto riff of One DaaaAAAay, one DAAAA-aaaAAAaAAy, the unison filling the room with light, with you and the light. You and the light so similar. I didn't know but now I know. I asked. Now I know.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

To recline on the chaise beside the pool house is to abnegate the Blackness that made this whiteness possible, the posh hummingbird's flitters beside the rose for which I was named the reverberated echo song of the Black octofoon's eyelashes, great great, too pretty to pick with hands too soft for stained linen, too slender for the gin. That blood in me the oil Dad never changed before the 400 miles to Disneyland, walking away from us at a three-way intersection, because Mom was annoying him, peckering, the beep of the open door the crow's runaway alarm, because even the birds had an interest in it, peckering at the seeds we squirreled away, I not so much annoyed as disturbed, the way you could only tell she was crying because of her inherited mouth shape and red eyes, pale absentee tears, her color the colony of all colors, not like my Dad who cried with the everything inside him, fat beads you could actually see against his skin, the suffering only that oil can give shape and form, the highball on the chaise in what they naively call heat the tonic they laid upon my lids in my sleep and their half-sleep so that I cry with no mouth and speak with no tears.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Can't think of anything specific right off. When we growed up we growed up hard. It wasn't nobody that wanted to come back to these mountains and stay here you know you couldn't live. We worked like mules work. No one that I knew around where I lived was well off, we all worked and grew our own food and when sunrise came we'd eat breakfast and gone. Didn't have time for much. But we didn't know we was poor until those men came and told us

we was poverty stricken. We had about the same as everyone else. One winter when I was six or seven. Mary over there was eight. Our Ishmael was just a boy. If you leave out here go right up toward Tom's place and keep going until that pine patch right there beside the tractor head. Used to be people had time for you to talk maybe thirty minutes, an hour. Near the pine patch you'll see a little pond maybe five, six yards wide with two or three turtles in it? We used to fry those turtles in that pond with some pumpkin bloom that winter. I don't believe in wasting nothing. That was a little before the bootlegging. When a bit of money rolled in. You didn't ask who's got whiskey just who's got the best cause they all had it. Neighbors were neighbors back then. That's the way I'll leave it.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Hey dude! Me and some buds (Frankie, Tyler, Robert, Brett + two of Rob's friends from USC) are heading up to Makena's place up in the 'yurd for the weekend. Makena's bringing some girlfriends too (Allie, Payton, Shannon, Ellie, + my sister Emma, the usual suspects, lol). We should be leaving tomorrow at 5 AM (mad early, I know), and we can swing by since you're on the way. Totally no worries if you can't make it, but we'd love to have you. Plenty of room (99% sure you'd have your own bed). Def. gonna be a super fun time. I know it's been a little weird between us since the Makena thing, and that it's been hard to talk about it since I got that new finance gig in the city, but I think it'd be really great if you came out. We could go for a walk/hike/ride and talk it over. (Only if you want to, ofc). We're going to be BBQing and hanging, blasting some tunes, popping a few brewskis, lol. As you know Makena's Dad has that boat so there should be some tubing and stuff too. Always a good time. Let me know brother! Miss you man. Also, did you delete your Insta? I can't find you and that last picture you posted was hilarious! Had us dying over here, lol. Aight. Lmk, dude! Hope to see you mañana.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

MFW your Dad walks in on you doing an impression...what are you supposed to say? DEVON...WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? Umm...? 87 people liked my Buu and Vegeta? That's more people than you probably know? Certainly more than all the people in your all-important "branch"? But no, no, so I did Colgate just for him. It's not just Morgan Freemans and Obamas and Cheese Boy Chronicles and do you want to know how I got these scars...What if I told you...Lol. But no. What if I told you there's money here. Does that make it better? For every one of me there's 10 white dudes. Don't you see that? THAT'S A GOOD THING HOLY shtT I feel like I'm taking crazy pills. But no, no...doesn't see that, never saw that, dragging me out, literally *grabbing it and throwing it on the ground thereby automatically devaluing them probably* when I just wanted a few more to tide me over until Christmas. Asking him: Do you know who Donald Glover is? He might play Spiderman. Yeah. That thing I loved (love...) that you hated? Google Donald Glover and tell me I'm being irrational and unnatural. Doing anything *but* this is irrational and unnatural. Mom coming in like AAAHHHHHHHHH like some sort of wrecking ball *literally making the entire situation worse than if she had just stayed out of it*. That's what's irrational and unnatural. Guys... should...should we tell him? Should we even tell him I'm in a feature film? DEVON...WILL IT BE ON

NETFLIX?!?!?1? No, Dad...that's the white people yardstick Dad...no, no... it won't be on Netflix. Well...who am I to say? It might. It might.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

After a 12-hour void, I awoke in the precise position in which I had fallen asleep. My stomach made a noise, alerting me of its insatiable need for sustenance; it practically had me on a leash, I was my stomach's bitch. But the dining halls were closed and I wasn't about to walk the 30 seconds to the food mart in the misshapen student center where the misshapen students gnawed on their plastic "subs" and pretended like the jokes they shared between "Cheg" problems were sufficient deterrent from slicing open their thin, spider-veined wrists.

Which meant I could either steal some food from my roommates, which I'd done countless times, or go to my dorm's 10 PM mass for a free bagel, every dorm somehow having a chapel or two *inside it*, which I'd never once done and told myself I'd never once do. I was sick of the Russian "delicacies" Katya's babushka sent her—I could never tell what was meat and what wasn't—and Emma's asinine "feel good snack pack :]" was filled with organic monstrosities, packages that looked like the name brand but with a one-letter alteration, Cheez-Ots, that when opened and consumed tasted much the way I imagined Sarah's vagina did: like sand, dead sand, flavorless rocks from a far away land tinged with the bone and shit and urine of the crustaceans that died in them. That story of hers in Beercamp's class so obviously a *story*, so visionless, so safe.

A third option I half-heartedly considered was walking the 15 seconds to the nearby boy's dorm, our "brother dorm," for their late night "Za," the bone-numbing dullness of the bourgeoisie, but the baboon-faced boy who made the pizzas on Sunday was in my "Microbes and Man" class, and the thought of having to stretch this one commonality for the duration of the bake, to be forced to ask or answer

>So how'd you do on the midterm?

was too much to bear.

Which meant mass, which meant arming myself against my surroundings even more than usual, souping up my powers of evisceration, until the slugs were not just salted, as usual, but salted and then thumbtacked against the wall, ignorant to the futility of their own wriggling. I was determined not to have a spiritual experience. No matter what.

Just as I was deciding which article of clothing I owned was the least conspicuous, Emma entered and asked

>B, do you want to come to mass with me tonight?

with a smile and I swear to God *a heel click*, like she was asking for money for da ice cweam twuck, which infuriated me on several accounts: the confidence with which she called me the unauthorized "B," like we were anything beyond beds whose bottoms touched, how her life had obviously been so sheltered and happy that it had somehow not successfully thwarted her hope and happiness, the little child within her, the heel click, how now I'd have to *unhinge* this happiness even more, when it was beyond unhinged already, since I'd have to say

>Yes,

which I'd never said, even though she'd asked me to come to mass with her every Sunday since school began.

>Yes. I'll go this time. Sure.

>Really?

>Just this once.

>Oh my gosh, Emma slurped. Yes! Okay, okay. Just this once.

Then Emma began to fly around the room as if crazed, putting on that velvet dress from "Mental Health Week," asking

>Do you want me to do your makeup?

and tidying the room and mine since

>We'll probably be out late at the bagel social, and Katya will be asleep when we get back!

How could an adult woman actually speak in exclamation marks? Didn't she see the world around her? I despised how Emma successfully inflated the concept of mass. As much as I reminded myself this was a farce, an hour of low-grade cock-torture for as many bagels as I fucking wanted, the hushed whispers with which Emma spoke of the

>Eloquence of Father Harold

and the

>Power of the hymns

and something called the

>Hug circle

almost made me believe it mystical, believe it real. Once I started to think those thoughts—that I could somehow be made whole—I decided to back out, but even I wasn't heartless enough to renege on Emma, who was now cleaning the sink in our room with a wet wipe (???), to kill her little heel click, to tell her Santa wasn't real.

We walked—Emma practically skipped—to mass, down the hall and down three floors. We passed what seemed like the whole dorm, girls I'd never seen before emerging from their cocoons, hideous, puffy-eyed girls in sweatpants with messy buns, so why was Emma wearing that velvet dress?, a herd of buffalo farting their way to the watering hole, perhaps a hundred girls, it seemed, all engaged in their own little pre-mass departure rituals, locking their rooms or saying a last word to a friend, the drab brown halls awash with sickeningly saccharine Tiny Tim cheer, but...but...B...it's...well, it's Mass! and isn't that worth something...?, saying to us as we passed "good evening" like well-meaning Draculas, and I found myself doubting that we would all fit into the chapel in the basement of the dorm.

At the entrance of the chapel I turned to leave, silently, slowing my pace until I was just floating behind Emma, and I even turned a corner, full believed I was home free, when I felt Emma's hand on my shoulder.

>You promised.

Did I promise? As a rule, I never promised anyone anything.

>Fine, I said. OK.

I'd never been inside the chapel before, having stayed far away from that entire side of the building for pretty much the entire year, except once, when I attended a ping pong tournament—only because I promised Katya and kinda wanted to shit on some girls in ping pong—which was held in the overwhelmingly depressing "game room" next door to the chapel, and contained only a broken foosball table and a weirdly high-end pool table, as well as four or so

"regulars" who looked like sleep-deprived praying mantises in the overblown fluorescent light, holding the pool cues in that awkward, desperate grip of the obviously unathletic, as though they were lances. I got second in the tournament, which was stupid, because Rachel—a thick-necked, headbanded butch who just so happened to be on the *tennis team*, and so whose involvement in the tournament to begin with was obviously unethical, and who pretty much exclusively wore her tennis team parka—even while playing me in ping pong—had this insane serve where she concealed the ball with her entire body before she whipped it just over the net, holding the racket in the Chinese penhold grip, and so she won, but not because of her serve/grip, or because she

was particularly good, or because she was a sweaty tryhard (she was), but because *I lost*, that is, I double-faulted at 23-24.

When I entered the chapel, even though it was far away in the back, prominently displayed but smaller than one expected something of prominent display, the first thing I saw was a crucifix, or perhaps more accurately a mangled, bloodied Jesus nailed to a cross. Jesus was far bloodier and skinnier and more brutalized and in more agony than any of the representations I'd seen as a kid, and this felt realistic; the closest to how Jesus'd actually looked the day he was crucified.

I was surprised to find myself in deep, unkillable admiration of whoever made the crucifix—was it a sculpture? was this an *experience of art*?—especially the way they'd made Jesus's face hang down, so far you couldn't actually see his face at all, which was usually not the case, and on this one, yes, you could basically only see the crown of his head, and was that...?, yes, it even had a little bald spot, and wasn't that so heartbreaking?, Jesus nailed to a cross with a little bald spot, his muscles so realistically sinewy and taut from the weight of his hanging head, so obviously between life and death, not quite limp but not quite stiff, almost as if he was dying *right this moment*, as if he could look up at any time, *at any moment*, look up right at you, and ask *you* why *you* had forsaken him, his ears smeared with blood, so realistic to have his *ears* smeared with blood, his body so skinny you could tell his face was gaunt *through his crown*, that wound in his side pulsing out blood, that wound upon which I couldn't bear to look, and in a matter of seconds from entering the threshold of the chapel I knew I was going to have to fight off a spiritual experience the whole way through.

Emma took my hand, completely unauthorized, and led me to what I heard as

>Connecticut Pew!

where, I assumed, her and all her friends from Connecticut met up to pray and exchange bundt cake recipes, the true kick in the teeth being that

>Connecticut Pew!

the bone-numbing unoriginality of the bourgeoisie (sp.?), was the very most frontal pew, i.e. I was closer than ever to Jesus and that awful wound in his side, that bald spot, closer than ever to Father Harold, who looked at me like he knew I stole Katya's medovik, like he knew but that he forgave me, that he'd stolen some of Katya's medovik, too. Then I turned to my right and saw Katya, broadly smiling—why so happy?—also in

>Connecticut Pew!

which made no sense given that she was from St. Petersburg, right?, and also probably Russian Orthodox or some shit, and I cursed Emma for her inability to be even remotely exclusive.

The choir/band made the subtle movements that indicated they were about to start singing/playing, and then Samantha stepped up to the lectern, in all her oily-faced, back-breakingly large-titted glory, her parents obviously an ogress and an SUV, and I thought this oughta be good, since alongside the acne and tits and hairy upper lip Samantha also responded to my

>What's up?

with

>The sky.

or

>The ceiling.

depending on whether I passed her indoors or out-, i.e.. someone of such untouchably low social standing likely overestimated her singing prowess, and I was about to witness comically shit singing which would make the faceless balding Jesus silly and out of place instead of searing to the heart and soul.

>Please turn to page 415 in your missals for Psalm 23 (I am not alone). Page 4. 1. 5.
Psalm 23. I am not alone.

And then Samantha began to sing, and within seconds of opening her mouth little sand or needles fell from the crown of my head to my feet, and I realized I was having chills, unkillable chills, uncontrollable chills, Samantha's voice so velvety and delicate and powerful as if it contained hundreds of voices within it, to have that voice come out of that body, it was impossible, it defied all logic and reason, it made no sense, but it was happening, and I felt pure awe at the angelic voice force that had reduced me to a human rainstick.

I turned to Emma and she looked at me with a smile, as if to say

>Isn't she good?

and then she began to sway, with her eyes closed, and I turned around to the pews behind me and realized with a shock that *everyone* was swaying, all with their eyes closed, and they were singing too, responding to Samantha's calls, Samantha's voice literally containing hundreds within it, and I turned to face her and began to sway myself, but I kept my eyes open, I wasn't one of them, but then I closed them, I was, the utter beauty and depth and range of Samantha's voice making it too unbearable to look at him.

And then the drums kicked in, and I felt them in my chest, *church drums?* in my *chest?*, and hundreds of people like me singing

>Your spirit lives within me/so I will walk in your peace,

all in one, all at once, the acoustics of the church making it feel as if it was coming from the floor, from the ceiling, every crevice awash with sound, the bass touching my heart, the greasy band better than any band I'd ever heard, was that even possible?, Samantha riffing effortlessly above and behind our responses, and I felt my body call forth something I'd weakened terribly when the refrain returned

>Your spirit lives within me/so I will walk in your peace,

and I thought of Tristan, and how long it'd been since I'd said his name, even in my own head, and I thought of myself, and I felt the truth of it, the real possibility of the truth that I was not alone, that he lived within me, somehow not cringe, that I walked in his peace, and then, when the drums faded away and the whole chapel began to sing together "a capella," I began to cry, to cry at beauty, was such a thing actually possible in real life?, and I couldn't control it, I tried, but I was so sick of trying, so I gave in, the thing I'd weakened growing stronger and stronger, and I felt Emma's hands on me, oh, Emma!, her pure goodness, how I turned from her goodness because I knew I was not good, but knowing she would always accept me, even when I was not good, Emma, my Emma, she knew, how did she know?, and I turned to her and sobbed into her shoulder, deliciously relinquishing the upperhand, how utterly foolish was I?, the booming

>Your spirit lives within me/so I will walk in your peace,

all around me, and I knew to look up, someone was looking at me, and when I looked up at the crucifix, through the tears I saw him raise his head and look back, somehow, I now believed in the somehow, and there he was, as real as my head on Emma's shoulder, and I saw his face and I knew he saw me, his ears smeared with blood, just as I remembered him, how delicious it felt to be vulnerable, how life demanded it, how he and belief and life demanded that

I be vulnerable, Jesus's face faceless, because it is every face, that which orders and ordains, Jesus's death every death, Emma's warm hands around my neck, that he died so that I might live, my own brother, Jesus Christ, his spirit living within me, to fully believe in belief, to choose, that was the thing, to choose to fully believe with my whole heart and soul, somehow not cringe, that he died so that I might live, bagel night, Holy Communion, this is my body, which he had literally, the actual weight of the word literally, I thought now, given up for me, Jesus the bagel, laughing and crying, the trueness of the bone-numbing dullness of the bourgeoisie, of metaphor, of resurrection, accepting what is, letting go of what was, having faith in things that will be, never too late, nothing ever too late, remembering as if for the first time to turn away from nothing, seeing him in my remembrance, his face Jesus's face, to believe that it was him looking at me, his wound Jesus's wound, that he literally died for me, he literally died, for me, all that time ago.

1. [REDACTED]?

A) I'd say I'm tall and skinny. Blue eyes. Growing my hair out? I dunno. I feel as though I'm being tricked into vanity.

B) I've been told I look Italian cuz of my hair and eyebrows even though I'm not. Also been told I kinda resemble one of those blocks from Mario Kart, but, like, a kinder version. The ones that stomp you. Lmao. People sometimes say I have a nice smile.

C) If I would be so bold: a combination of a darker Samwell Tarly and, in certain lightings, a Tien Shinhan / Buu morph :D

D) Definitely not going to answer this.

E) Other

2. [REDACTED]?

A) A fine amount, but always with difficulty

B) Almost zero

C) 8 to 10 hours

D) As much as 12, as little as 5.

E) Other

3. [REDACTED]?

A) I had a real relationship once, I think, but it never reached the pitch of intensity of this moment with ashpasjh9 on AIM. She said she couldn't stop smiling at her computer.

B) Yes. And I still am, and hopefully she still is, too, though we are in a bit of a "rough patch."

C) Not yet but maybe soon; I have yet to find someone suitable for me, that is, someone who shares my specific interests...

D) No.

E) Other

4. [REDACTED]?

A) In n' out with the lil secret menu.

B) In-n-out hands down (secret menu).

C) In-n-out burgers (NOT the secret menu).

D) Gross.

E) Other

5. [REDACTED]?

A) To be stuck in a simulation of infinite loops. Or inheriting the mind of a person moments from killing themselves. Or being eaten by a Great White after surviving a water landing in the middle of the Pacific.

B) Never recovering, or to have my family and brother never see me recover. To be revived just to be killed again and again,

C) To have bro stuck this way forever.

D) To remain too clever and cynical to truly revel in life's intensity and spontaneity and plurality.

E) Other

6. [REDACTED]?

- A) This one rock where I always used to cut my nails as a kid. I'd drag it out for hours so I could just sit there, feeling the stone on my back.
- B) A creek in a no man's land behind the train where no one could see you or hear you.
- C) Azeroth :D
- D) I've only been once, on some dumb high school trip, but the Sistine Chapel was ~breathtaking~
- E) Other

7. [REDACTED]?

- A) To hold on.
- B) Shit, lol. idk. How do you expect anyone to know that?
- C) Treat others how you wanted to be treated, otherwise why call it the golden rule?
- D) Don't take my word for it, but *probably* to love, esp. the needy/meek.
- E) Other

8. [REDACTED]?

- A) 5'11" and 3/4, 150 something.
- B) 5'9" and I'd say 170 but recently more (side-effect of drug really maxes my appetite).
- C) 5 foot 7 inches, but that I'd prefer not to say...
- D) 5'7".
- E) Other

9. [REDACTED]?

- A) In which sense? I was made, not begotten.
- B) this is just like that other one man.
- C) A creator deity you can call whatever you like, Shaman God, Pain God, Earthshaker, every major religion has a flood story...something that knows the hairs on my head and let me say this to you now.
- D) To write fiction.
- E) Other

10. [REDACTED]?

- A) No.
- B) Three: my elbow from skating my arm from biking and my pinky from I don't want to say.
- C) Not exactly a "bone" per say...hmwuyah...you're going to make me laugh to be honest.
- D) No.
- E) Other

11. [REDACTED]?

- A) Rostov shows us that we don't remember this moment. Otherwise I'd tell you.
- B) Prom 2012 and the insane/unreal/nutty afterparty at Gabe's.
- C) Winning best smile from my classmates at (which was at San Mateo a class of almost 400 people)

- D) Cringe. Do I have to say? Yes? Drawing that smug IM in 3+2 via zugzwang.
E) Other

12. [REDACTED]?

A) None, sorry. That Greek who asked for immortality but forgot to include perpetual youth? Yeah. I'm good dawg. Ty tho.

B) To know for real what is real and if what I know is real is actually real. That is, the biggest question facing mankind today: if what she did upstairs actually happened for real.

C) This is easy bro (joshing tone): teleportation. Since it is also essentially invisibility and essentially time travel.

D) To be 10% better.

E) Other

13. [REDACTED]?

A) A piano falling without warning like words whispered without warning by a stranger into my ear.

B) Surrounded by family and her and my bro holding my hands.

C) Doing something others will remember and can keep with them as a sort of token...a la the Mag'Mar river massacre...

D) To sense, just before it happens, that the ascent has been initiated, and that the light I see is for me.

E) Other

14. [REDACTED]?

A) Lorde xDDD. So I can listen to her test out lyrics n shit

B) That girl from that prison show is baaaaaaad. Dascha something I think. She looked just like that.

C) Emilia Clarke (NOT as Daenerys)

D) Idris Elba/Nicki Minaj xDDDD

E) Other

15. [REDACTED]?

A) 8 hour clenching threshold panic attack on Iberian Air 733 from Mexico City to SFO.

B) Seeing everybody else move on.

C) When they took bro away from me.

D) When they took my brother away from me.

E) Other

16. [REDACTED]?

A) I don't know why, but I kept this birthstone from this silly mission trip I went on as a kid. It came in this little envelope. It was "Onyx" or something. A note in the envelope said if you keep this close it will protect you. It's somewhere, I think. Or it's not. Idk. Lol.

B) My Dad's cross necklace he gave to me when I was confirmed.

C) Cherry MX Blues O-rings for Suppression :D

D) This piece of pink duct tape from this silly college orientation backpacking trip that I hid in this girl Emily's bag who would then hide it in mine. We did that the whole way.

E) Other

17. [REDACTED]?

- A) Say you love the people you love.
- B) It is what it is man.
- C) Nihilum was not...actually world first Gruul's Lair...LOL, but no, for real, that the key is inside of you, as Ash knows...in addition: listen to your heart.
- D) Don't listen to me. Or anyone, really.
- E) Other

18. [REDACTED]?

- A) It's OK. Certainly helps the idea of novel-as-puzzle. But @ what cost?
- B) Reminds me of the SAT bruh lmaooo. U know I aced that science section. Yung Einstein. Brain blastin.
- C) Fine, but I miss the characters, which the seminar said was of the utmost...
- D) Gutless. But that's OK. Mine too.
- E) Other

19. [REDACTED]?

- A) Other
- B) Other
- C) Other
- D) Other
- E) Other

20. [REDACTED]?

- A) life <--> death
- B) slavery <--> freedom
- C) fear —> facing fear
- D) cynicism —> belief
- E) Other

21. [REDACTED]?

- A) 2, if you count some stuff you probably shouldn't count.
- B) 1
- C) 0 IRL :P
- D) I eat men like air
- E) Other

22. [REDACTED]:

- A) Can we just be linear and normal for like one second bruuuuuuther....
- B) Remove? Lol idk. What is this shit? You wild for this dawg.
- C) NOM-nom-NOM
- D) I did the reading. I know this. Remove the smallest items? Don't quite see how you make use of that...You should probably read *Camphor* for some ~inspo~
- E) Other

23. [REDACTED].

- A) Coward
- B) Persecuted/tortured/warrior
- C) Creativity
- D) Insensate
- E) Other

24. [REDACTED]?

- A) 1775? or 74?
- B) 1800s or some shit
- C) I wasn't the most...studious student there ever was in that particular class...
- D) Passed 1764, enacted 1765.
- E) Other

25. [REDACTED]?

- A) Marco's.
- B) I wish you didn't include those ones about me...you had no right to include those ones about me.
- C) Rapture Kingdom :D any press is good press as they say : D
- D) The ones I wrote.
- E) Other

26. [REDACTED]. [REDACTED].

A) You're 14. M+D have a dinner party. They leave at 5 and won't be back until 10 or 11, maybe even 12. Your sister's sleeping over at a friend's. The raid begins at 6. You log on early to duel some guildies, talk shit about the GM. You head to Naxx. You were topping the charts before but you just got a new 2h, [Armageddon]. You're pulling insane numbers, no one else is even close, even the other DKs. You mute vent and order pizza halfway through: pepperoni thin crust, w/ cinnastix. You pull aggro—you can't help it that your Heart Strikes and Obliterates are too fat. You listen to Get Like Me and Lolli Lolli (Pop That Body) and Mrs. Officer and Fall for You and 7 Things (Shah) and Ashley and The Downfall of us All. The [Helm of the Lost Vanquisher] drops off Kel'Thuzad and you win the roll—holy fuck you win the roll—getting you the final set bonus you needed. You go world PvPing with your friends and you look at the clock and it's only 10 PM and you realize you have an hour to go, maybe even hours, the mercy of having hours to go...

B) In the pregame warmup man sweating with the smoke coming from the fans grilling and this is coach's must-win game and my first at RB cuz Segre is out and I'm a defensive guy usually Dad saying hey you know how to stop which means you know how to avoid being stopped. I knew I was gonna pop off after the first play which I almost took to the house. She is in the stands watching me with her team and I love how your jersey different and Mom is there too and David and Dad and at half we're down and I go nuts man 3 TDS to take us to the finals and that last one I look up and point at her and we get burgers after and slide to Gabe's where we chill on his roof and the sun comes glowing down all pink and I point to her lips and at the sky and I point to her lips and at the sky back and forth and still

buzzing she gets my meaning, one of the only people in my life who ever gets my meaning...

C) That night when Marco wore the white and everyone showed up gangbusters in the...well...daulphine rainbow smoothie colors with dresses down to their heels. The turquoise shimmering with the matching heels. She asked me to hold them for her as they did a girl's photo and I could...well, to be honest: smell the soles in my hand like cooked pumpkin and the soil in my nose hairy and sweet sickly...the rainbow of their colors and the matching color I'd been given...entrusted and warm feet, imagine my surprise at the tingling of the memory of those pumpkin feet she asked *me* to carry...carrying the sweet outside of me that night and thinking of the turquoise feet wherever I go.

D) I was friends with this strange girl in middle school who owned a crazy amount of land and a dozen or so horses. I'd often go over to play at her place after school. Not often—occasionally I should say. This one afternoon she wanted to show me her favorite horse, Stella, who was the wildest and least tame of the bunch, so we had to catch her off guard, that is, Stella wouldn't just let us walk up and pet her. She wasn't the type to just waltz into our arms, if we wanted to see her we had to spy on her. And on the way to see Stella in the meadow or whatever she kept warning me to be quiet and respectful and when we emerged from the woods we saw her lying down, Stella, I mean, all alone in this massive meadow, the color of her, and I didn't know horses lay like that, on their own legs, and when she saw us she got up and ran, I mean fucking shot outta there, and I've never seen anything move like that before or since, and I fucking hate horse girls.

E) Other

27. [REDACTED]?

- A) No
- B) No
- C) Yes
- D) No
- E) Other

28. [REDACTED].

- A) Something random xDDDDDDDD. No. Ugm. Metal blades and metal scarves/harms and harms and harms
- B) Never-ending Geico Lizard of the Red Bushed Brain Maggots Never-Ending
- C) Something random :D
- D) I reject the premise.
- E) Other

29. [REDACTED]?

- A) What do you want from me dood
- B) Yah, so, ... umm, remind me of that dumb shit broh?
- C) There is more than meets the eye <_<
- D) Of no thematic import
- E) Other

30. [REDACTED]?

- A) After a middle school dance, frothing with my own self-importance, I sought out the nerdiest girl to tell her I liked her dress, as if I was some popularity Robin Hood, but I got her name wrong and she said >My name's Elena, not Ailana, and I said >I know, and smiled the dumbest fucking smile, and walked away.
- B) I like...sorta, sexted with my 2s partner in world of warcraft. lmfao. he was a dude...
- C) I happened to be in a position during recess in which I fell and unfortunately just happened to skin my knee on the blacktop in front of everybody and lick the rocks out...a bit of a boneheaded move (not normal)
- D) I accidentally texted this boy a text I meant to send to my friend soliciting feedback on how to break things off, the text explicitly mentioning his inability to kiss and finger and to complete basic algebraic equations like solve for X, he being in Algebra 2 as a Senior
- E) Other

31. [REDACTED]?

- A) War and Peace/Life and Fate/Crime and Punishment, anything that's blank and blank, basically
- B) Shoe Dog
- C) Very hard question for someone like me! Pendragon series, Eldest, and perhaps best of all time (GOAT Marco lol) Sandman by that writer which will one day read *my* books, and was so rude to that lady at that conference but so helpful in his seminar...how he helped me with the worst of foes, that dastardly writer's block... the conviction that "I am brilliant and this is, without a doubt, the greatest idea anyone has ever had or ever will have."
- D) To the Lighthouse, dummy
- E) Other

32. [REDACTED]?

- A) I wouldn't (see question #7).
- B) Just give into him. Just walk up to him and let him do his thing
- C) Skydiving without a parachute...niagara falls. Peace i'm out lol
- D) Pills + timed email
- E) Other

33. [REDACTED].

- A) Yo—I'm interested in the bike you posted. It's for a good purpose: I'm a student and need it to bike to class and back. How much? Still available?
- B) Dear Sir; I am inquiring about your road bicycle. Could I "take it for a spin" and ascertain its merits on June 5th at 6 PM? What material/matter is the bike made of? I do hope it to be steel. Please do not hesitate to "let me know." Sincerely yours;
- C) Hello. Is your bike available still? I would like to buy it, if such a thing is agreeable to you...is it built to be efficient for someone of my build? I am a larger man, so there would be a larger man working upon the pedals... Thank you.
- D) Hi—your bike is overpriced given its design and antiquated form. If you'll accept 80% asking I can take it off your hands by tonight.
- E) Other

34. [REDACTED]?

- A) The Motherly
- B) Being mean/coral green lmfao
- C) pumpkin...pie! pumpkin...feet! lol.
- D) Acne/scars/chess ability
- E) Other

35. [REDACTED].
- A) Thou shalt not play Amumu top xD
 - B) Help the ill of mind body spirit
 - C) Thou art loved, Citizen! :P
 - D) Jesus *will* come back in the year 2013 A.D. I promise. Signed, God.
 - E) Other
36. [REDACTED]?
- A) I mean, I'm sick of it, so how are they going to feel?
 - B) Fine as is maybe? lol I sucked ass at creative writing in school
 - C) an even 30 :P no but “sensei” lol speaks of tricks as the antithesis of the heart, the job of the writer being to connect hearts across time and space, to provide some shareable love moment he calls it, I believe.
 - D) 415...keep going, coward
 - E) Other
37. [REDACTED]?
- A) Probs David
 - B) David
 - C) Marco
 - D) Def. David
 - E) Other
38. [REDACTED].
- A) If Tolstoy watched comps/Of skaters vs. cops, like me,/A.K.’d never be.
 - B) Do you know if I’m/Dead? What hubris, to play God,/To put things in heads.
 - C) The wind at your back/Ash protecc and Ash attack/My haste gems just sold. Swag!
 - D) This is a poem/More of a “poem” poem/A poem’s poem.
 - E) Other
39. [REDACTED]?
- A) “No,” I believe
 - B) Nana
 - C) Marco (Mawko, lol)
 - D) Ball
 - E) Other
40. [REDACTED].
- A) Death
 - B) Life

- C) Birth
- D) Afterlife
- E) Other

41. [REDACTED]?

- A) Surely it'd be cheating for me to answer this question, right?
- B) Suicide
- C) Bro would never...he would just never...
- D) Homicide
- E) Other

42. [REDACTED].

- A) Leonardo...
- B) Donatello as Donatello is perhaps the least violent turtle, "preferring to use his knowledge" to solve conflicts...
- C) Probably Michaelangelo because he reminds me of myself :D
- D) I'm sorry?
- E) Other

43. [REDACTED]?

- A) Waterbending? Idk seems the most OP since there's water in the air and aren't we like 70% water or some shit?
- B) Firebend fer sure dawg
- C) I'm not sure if you have actually seen the show (it's one of my all time favorites actually) but ultimately the final form of bending is revealed to be *spirit* bending...to change the hearts and minds of those around me. Now that doesn't sound so bad does it : P
- D) The bone-numbing dullness of the bourgeoisie (sp.?)...
- E) Other

44. [REDACTED]?

- A) Clubs? 333...St. Pádraig...the numbers fell from the rain...Tronoide...xDD
- B) The Joker. 2/54 brother man. If I recall "Heath was so solid. His feet were on the ground and he was the least neurotic person I've ever met." Sure...sure...that happens to be in your interest...Excuse me sir, do you want to know how I ascertained these cicatrices? Lmfao. All the same shit bro. A bacon skillet at the back of my back...cuz I was sick of throwing sliders,,lmfao
- C) Something bro always used to sing: My HEART thump and NOT from being nervous so sometimes I think God made me special here on purpose... so I guess I'll go with hearts :D
- D) Can this please be the last of this dumb grouping shit...spade...okay?...please...not a stellar way to differentiate character...it's cheating...zzz.
- E) Other

45. Do any of you have any closing thoughts?

- A) [REDACTED].
- B) [REDACTED].

C) [REDACTED]

D) [REDACTED]

E) [REDACTED]

If humans never existed, if all of humanity's inventions and advancements and theories were never realized, if speech and thought never developed, if not even the tiniest scrap of evidence remained that humans ever walked the earth, the river beside which the group of boys now walked would still rush on, second by second, in total bliss, minute by minute, unaware that it had missed out on anything.

Even though hundreds of thousands of rivers and streams and creeks like this one had been dammed or polluted or destroyed by humans, had been filled with garbage and poison and chemicals, this stretch of the river was untouched, and was essentially the same it had always been, with only slight alterations it had made to itself over tens of thousands of years. If they wished, the water was so clear the boys could count the rocks at its bottom, could see dozens of fish lazily feeding where the slow water met the fast, could hear the patterned and patternless bubbling, the random within the regular and vice-versa, could see the never-ending flow, like time itself, could feel the immense cold turn their hands stiff and numb.

But the boys did not see this river, the fact of the river, the ancient reality beside them. They could not focus on the violet-green sparrows darting skyward and free-falling back to earth, calling out in their play, or on the sun's warmth against their neck and chest, or on the flowers and grasses aching with delight and glory at the heat of the day, or on the leaves winking multiple colors in the wind.

The boys saw only the backs of their own skulls.

The boys, like most people who have never sat beside a river and contemplated it, found their own heads, which had existed for a speck of time, a particle of time, an impossibly small nothing of time, to be more real, complex, beautiful, and troubling than the ancient river itself.

Unlike any other natural thing in the world, any ant or mountain or leaf, the boys did not understand their own size, their own significance, and so they shrunk and twisted the river beside them until it was just another feature of the back of their skulls, and not reality, that is, life outside of their life. Unlike any ant or mountain or leaf, the boys did not understand their own freedom and the limitations of this freedom.

Thus the boys did not bathe or fish or swim or play or drink; the boys did not contemplate the critters doing their day's work all around them; the boys did not silently partake in the restorative freedom of moving through nature through time; the boys did not find glorious or sacred or even particularly special the bird carrying twigs in its beak to build its nest; the boys did not, and indeed could not, identify a single feature of the world around them by name; instead, walking beside the river, the boys spoke, opened their mouths and gave voice to trivialities, meaningless nothings that could only originate and prosper and fester in the back of a skull: which country had the hottest women, their ideal "gaming rig," their first meal when they got back home, whether or not the world in which they had miraculously occurred into was really just a computer simulation.

The world the boys craved lay beside them, all around them, but, to the boys, this world was background noise: the 10 AM morning sun was merely a situation, a setting, and not life itself, not the golden fabricwork of an infinite, unknowable Being.

Sadly, sorrowfully, impossibly, the world, the river, the violet-green sparrows—all this was unreal to the boys.

The boys' counselor and trip leader, a solidly-built man named Ben with close-together eyes and a large, bushy red beard, had walked ahead of the boys, up and over the winding dirt trail that eventually led to a shaded forest where the air was cool. Ben showed the boys the route, drawing on his hand as though it were a map, and then asked them to follow him, one at a time,

the first leaving twenty minutes after he left, and the second twenty minutes after that and so on, to give them the time to contemplate, alone, the life through which they walked.

Instead of following his directions, one of the boys—David, who had a long, thin nose with long, thin nostrils and dark, fine hair he combed over his forehead with his fingers—convinced the others to all walk together until they saw Ben in the distance, at which point they could split off and act like they'd done as he commanded.

>It'll give us the time to settle this debate of ours, David said.

The other boys nodded, except for Marco, a lean, handsome boy with thick, blockish eyebrows, who said:

>Actually. I want to be alone right now.

Marco started to walk up the path himself, carrying his worn, light brown pack over his shoulder, since it scratched him when he wore it on his back.

>You sure bro?

Marco turned to Tristan, nodded, and walked off. When he was out of ear shot, David lowered his voice and said to the group:

>Kid's off the rails anyway.

Marco, following Ben's instructions, walked along the hot, dusty trail and looked out at the trees that dappled both sides of the path. The voice of the other boys receded into the distance, swallowed by the unparsable concoction of sounds all people recognize as that of the outdoors.

Marco wondered how many animals were around him. Were there hundreds? He could only see a few, but he could hear so many more. He realized, on the first day of the trip, even though he'd never been backpacking before, had never really been in a forest before, how little any of the critters seemed to care about him, how this world would continue to exist in seamless balance whether he was there or not. If any of the boys got too close, the critters would dart away out of annoyance.

>You again? he imagined the little lizard saying to itself with a sigh.

They simply wanted to do the work they needed to do that day: Marco was just an inconvenience.

The birds, the lizards, the squirrels, the deer, the coyotes, the wolves, the bears—they needed nothing from him. Marco felt it comforting to be in awe of something that had no feelings, neither positive nor negative, about him in return. How much more delicious it was to find those yellow birds with the red-orange caps beautiful when they didn't find him to be beautiful, or useful, or necessary. It would be ruined if they needed something, if it was an exchange. And how could such a bird could exist? A yellow one with a bright red-orange cap? In a forest of all places? The delicate brilliancy of it felt beyond any evolutionary machination; it felt as though someone must have made the bird in some little bird workshop...

He noticed how the trees became thicker and darker as he climbed toward denser forest, how one of the trees looked like it had a nest at its very top, a dense, ball-shaped mass. When Marco got closer he realized that it was really just a collection of some sort of debris: pinecones, maybe. He was unsure. He wasn't familiar with nature. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen an animal, even. That dead skunk, maybe...or when he was out skating with Gabe one night, that fox, right beside their spot, wandering through the streets, so out of place: he was so scared for it, it was so confused. Gabe wanted to catch it...

Then Marco saw a little rabbit—a hare, maybe, he wasn't sure—dart across the trail and enter into a little pathway it had made in the brush. The hare (was it a hare? was hare

interchangeable with rabbit?) never looked directly at Marco, but Marco knew the hare saw him, knew that the hare knew precisely how many seconds it would take Marco to close the gap between them. Marco thought of all the animal pathways he couldn't see: the vast, intricate web of tunnels and avenues spanning the entire forest, of which the wide, flattened trail he was now on was the most barbaric and crude. How many thousands of interconnected webs did this dusty highway cut through? Marco wanted to apologize to the hare, to someone, for walking where he walked.

Marco took off his Reds hat—he'd found it in the lost and found a few days ago back at Weeneetown—and put his hair into a ponytail, tucking it through the hole in the back. The hat hurt his temples because it was too small, and was stained yellow and beige around the brim, and it had a weird little drawstring at the back rather than a snapback, but Marco liked the heavy stitching on its front, the total focus of the man with a baseball for a head. When Marco thought of his own head—which he tried to never do—he thought he was like that man, that man with a baseball for a head. And the pain around his temples felt right, deserved: it grounded him in the physical world, a perpetual pinch to be awake to the life outside of his life.

Growing up, Marco never grew his hair out: in high school he went to Shane's every Friday after practice to get lined up, which cost him almost \$45 a Friday after tip, but was worth it, the soft prickle of his head against her hands, his helmet... what Marco remembered most from those Fridays were the signs covering every bit of available wall, roses coming out of a skull's eye sockets, a bloody straight-razor crossed with a bone, or *that* one, tucked out of sight, as if they didn't want you to see it, that terribly ornate black lettering, "Those who need it most are the least likely to get it." Marco could never shake that phrase from his head: he thought of that sign every single day, twice already this morning, three times, now. Four times, if you counted it that way.

What was "it"? And why was *that* sign in the barbershop? It made no sense...it was so incongruous with the other signs, the bloody-straight razor and bones and roses. It was also awkwardly conveyed, it wasn't catchy in the least. The more Marco thought about the sentence, the more he agreed with it, and the more hopeless he felt about the world around him, the more he despaired. He replaced "it" with anything—water, love, health—and found it to be true. A man so thirsty, dying of thirst, was more likely to be in a desert...

What was the cure? How could this be fixed? He thought of a little boy locked in some awful man's basement, the awful man doing terrible things to the boy every night, and how desperately that boy would need care and attention, and how no one would ever help that boy, since he's locked away, soundproofed walls or something, and how the boy would die one night when the awful man goes too far, and how that boy needed "it" the most, and how that boy truly was the least likely to get "it"...

Or, for example, a book about proper nutrition, how to improve your life...those purchasing/reading the book already oriented towards better nutrition, how to improve themselves, had probably read one or two already...while the person who really, desperately needed it would never read it, or seek it out themselves, never read books at all...

Those men at the grocery store who called him and David those slurs, to go back to where they came from, just buying flaming hots for a snack after school...David crying and shaking the way he does when he cries, talking him out of punching the fat one in the face...*kill yourself, you fat fuck...*how morosely he'd said he was going to his car to get his gun...

But now, now he just felt sad, for the fat man with the red face and the tattoos on his calves, the pain in his face when he said those things, as if he didn't even really want to be

saying them, like he knew they were wrong, how that man needed “it” so desperately, and no one had given it to him...if Marco was his friend as kids, something. It was all so confusing: it hurt to think about questions like this. Why was *that* sign in *that* shop? It made Marco tired. Nothing was clear, but did it feel at least a little clearer here, out here, walking alone, even if it was just clear to him how unclear it all was? Maybe...

He shook his head to clear the thought, but it returned instantaneously: that barbershop, lying on her lap on Gabe’s roof, those flaming hot Cheetos...what if he never stopped thinking this thought? If it was the only thing in his mind, forever...her hands on his spiky hair...but now Marco’s hair was almost down to his shoulders, and it was so black that in certain light it looked white.

Marco was tired. He’d only been walking for five minutes. The medicine was so unfair, this wasn’t even uphill, he could do this in his sleep...

Marco placed a knee on the hard, compacted trail and retied his shoelaces, even though they didn’t need retying. Marco liked to touch the ground with his body—when they camped for the night he’d lie on his back beside the fire with nothing beneath him. He couldn’t explain it. The hiking boots Ben loaned him gave him blisters. Last night after dinner he’d duct-taped them by the light of the campfire, but he could feel them tearing off now in layers of little thin, cookie-like discs as he stood up and set off once more. He should address the pain in his heels, but he needed it...

Marco remembered how David’d said

>You’re lucky to have hair so thick and luscious, like a woman’s hair,
and he also said Marco was wasting his looks, that with his looks he would be a
>Pussy slayer, an absolute pussy connoisseur. No, no. A pussy specialist.

All his life people told Marco he was handsome, and when he was younger he believed them. He used to be so slippery, he could glide, how little he needed to think about anything, how it all just came to him: he didn’t recognize that confidence now. And his body, looking down in the showers at Weeneetown at what his body had done to him: he used to know exactly what he was capable of and what he was not, how long he could sustain a 5:30 pace before throwing up, how many deadlifts he could do before he felt his back tap out, but now, he was so thin, so shriveled. The meds made him so tired, so dizzy when he stood up too quickly.

Marco, deeply thinking, accidentally walked into a bush with red flowers and felt a prick of something against his bicep. He watched the blood trickle out; David licking his knee.

That woman with the hoops at Weeneetown who drew his blood every week; that fall when he tried to put on all that weight for football; those double milks in the cafeteria; the two dollar bill Mom slipped into his football pads before the semis; the sweat causing it to tear and obscure what she’d written on it; when she walked by in the cafeteria with that hair that went from one color to another, the way she crinkled and it bounced when she laughed for him. Marco wanted to let out a croak of sorrow but found himself too tired to try.

Marco remembered her hair changing color: Marco remembered the tone of “pussylayer.” He never spoke about girls when the other boys did. There was something so wrong in it, the way they smiled as they talked like they knew what it was like.

As Marco walked, he saw faces swirl in the spaces between the trees: part-coyote, part-human. Was it Gabe? Sitting in Marketing, looking to the right and just seeing Gabe, but knowing Gabe was in Florida...surely he wouldn’t have transferred and said nothing? No...But how grateful he was to not see *him* in the spaces between the trees...how awful it had been the day before she sent him here...the hands just sort of stumps where they attached...

After nearly thirty-three minutes of perfect human silence, in which Marco contemplated the heat that spread over his skin, and thought of his brother David, in addition to all the thoughts above, the forest opened into a clearing and Marco saw Ben squatting beneath a tree, drinking from a water bottle.

Marco walked up to him, dropped his pack, and sat down.

>The first of his kind. Welcome.

>Thanks.

>How was that for you?

>Fine. Good. Little tired.

Ben pulled the center of his shirt back and forth with his pointer finger and thumb in an effort to cool down. Bits of wet, white gunk clung to the corners of Ben's mouth. Marco wiped his own mouth with the back of a dirty hand.

>What was your totem on this one?

>My brother. Mostly my brother David. And this hare I saw.

>Good, Marco. Good.

>Are they hares? Or rabbits? They're not bunnies.

>They're hares, I think. You know what I'm not sure.

>Cool. Thanks.

Ben paused, scratched his beard.

>Can I ask you if you had any hallucinations? Totally cool if you don't wanna share.

>One or two. Just one or two.

>Good. That's better than last walk, right?

Marco nodded. The two were silent for the next few minutes. Ben wrote in his journal while Marco untied and retied his hiking boots.

>You know. We've gotta get you a new pack.

>Nah. I don't mind.

Ben touched the back of it, where something sharp poked through the fabric.

>It's no good.

Marco took out his water bottle and drank from it. The other boys, mostly Mark, complained about the iodine taste of the water they retrieved from rivers,

>Tastes like blood, Mark said,

but Marco enjoyed the taste of the copper: it felt purifying. Ben patched the sharp metal with duct tape. He then offered Marco some sort of energy bar. Marco refused.

>How much longer today?

>Miles or hours?

>Both. I guess.

Ben looked at his watch and took a deep breath, exhaling as he spoke.

>About six miles to Narrowbone at let's say forty a mile. Close to four hours, maybe.

>Dope.

Ben put his water bottle back into his pack. He then stopped squatting and lay down on his side. He took out a small object from his pocket and pushed a button, which flipped open a blade, and Marco realized it was a knife.

>Oh, Marco said.

>This? Ben asked. My Dad's. And my Dad's Dad's. Maybe my Dad's Dad's Dad's, even. Ole faithful.

Ben smiled and picked up a nearby stick and began to scrape off its bark with his knife. Was thast bark? Even on a stick so small? The two sat in silence for a while.

>Is everything good with you? Ben asked out of the blue. Feel like we haven't spoken in a while.

>I'm good. Yeah. I'm tired.

>I hear you. Long way to go yet. You got this.

Marco tried to find a comfortable root to sit on, but couldn't. He positioned his pack between two roots and sat on top of it.

>Yeah.

Ben took another breath and exhaled exaggeratedly, as if commiserating with Marco for something. Marco saw little drops of water—sweat?—trapped in his beard. Ben, as if he knew Marco was looking at him, put the knife and stick in one hand and drew his fingers through his beard with the other, dispersing the droplets.

Marco closed his eyes while looking at Ben's face: in the dark backdrop of his eyelids, he recreated Ben's silhouette and tried to examine it for clues before it faded from his vision.

What did Marco know about Ben? Marco knew he was married, but Ben didn't speak much about his wife: just that they'd met somewhere in Africa, where they both worked for an organization that helped children with malaria. He made the sign of the cross before every meal in the mess hall, and he had a tattoo on his entire forearm of someone's name in a cloud. It looked like "Caleb," but Marco couldn't tell. Marco once overheard Ben speaking to another Chief about the Rockies game and then about fly-fishing: Ben liked the Rockies and fly-fishing.

Ben asked Marco and the rest of the boys to be open, to tell him personal things about their lives, but Ben almost never gave them anything of himself. Marco thought perhaps Ben and the others were instructed not to reveal much about themselves to the campers, except Tristan'd told Marco that Jonathan, Emmett's Chief, told their cabin a story about when he was in the army every night before Lights Out.

Ben was probably in the army, too: the way he used his silverware like they were real tools, so tiny in his hand; his soccer ball shoulders when he blobbed Marco into the lake; those reflective glasses he wore like the soldiers in Afghanistan; how high he soared; how his mind seemed so solid, the ground he walked on so firm. It was impossible to imagine Ben as mentally ill. Ben discarded any illogical thought, anything extraneous, anything weak: he spat on the invented problems of the mind.

That first awful night in the cabin Marco woke Ben out of his sleep at 3 AM, and Ben was instantly alert, opening his eyes before Marco even touched his arm, as if he'd been waiting for Marco to wake him up. When Marco said he was

>Being followed by a woman in a purple suit,

Ben turned to him with a tone of severity and said:

>You're having a hallucination. Drink some water and go back to sleep,
and Marco felt compelled to do exactly as he said.

Ben was a man who knew what to do. What situation could possibly arise in which Ben would not know what to do?

That same night Tristan woke up, too, and announced to the cabin that he was having a panic attack, just said it aloud,

>I'm having a panic attack,

and Marco was still awake, trying to resist the manly woman asking him to

>Pick a card, any card,

when he heard Tristan bolt out the door.

In the dim light outside the window Marco saw Ben bear hug Tristan from behind, before he'd run 20 feet, paralyzing him until he stopped struggling and whispering something into his ear until he collapsed in tears into his arms. But what did he say? But what did Marco really know about Ben?

>Hey.

Marco opened his eyes. Had Marco been sleeping? Sleep wasn't safe, the Back in Blacks... Marco grunted a response.

>Hmj.

>Would you mind going first when we do Life Story at camp tonight? I think the other guys could use your example. I understand if you don't want to, if you think it'll make you uncomfortable—

>I can do that. Sure.

Ben nodded like Marco'd agreed to something he was expected to do anyway.

>Good.

>What do you mean by use your example, though?

>Well, Ben began, drawing his fingers through his beard again. You're here now, aren't you? You're first, you're not afraid to go first. Am I wrong? Those other boys; I don't know if those other boys'll take the solo walk seriously.

Marco silently released a little fart.

>Sure. I get it.

>I think you can show them how this is meant to be done.

>Sure.

What was he whittling?

>Good. Thanks. That's good. I'm excited to hear what you have to say.

Marco nodded.

>You're good on water, yeah?

Marco nodded again.

>Meds?

>I took what I had this morning and you said you'd give the rest of them to me at camp tonight.

>Right. I got them right here.

Ben smiled and patted a bulging breast pocket. But why did Ben smile? And what was he whittling?

Back in the woods, almost two miles down the river, the three other boys, led by David, the boy with the thin nose and nostrils and combed over hair, continued to pollute nature's silence with their own vanities.

The river beside which the boys walked had no interest in their discussion of a simulated reality: it refused to participate. The violet-green sparrows, the robins, the grasses and flowers and trees: they all refused to participate as well, especially in a conversation so pessimistic and unreal.

The boys walked on the hot, dusty trail, instinctively stepping over the stones that jutted out from the path. Occasionally, a boy would trip and catch himself before falling. Each boy moved his hands expressively. The discussion was heated. Each boy wanted, above truth, above all else, to convince the other party of his rightness.

>Listen, David continued, ducking beneath a twig, there's three options. The first is that humanity will go extinct before we're advanced enough to run a simulation. The second is we'll become advanced enough, but decide not to run them, which is insane, obviously. And the third is that we didn't go extinct, decided to run them, and that's us—we're in one of them now.

Tristan, a tall, skinny boy with a very square face, shook his head and sighed as he followed David and Mark up the path.

>That's ridiculous, Tristan said. That implies that I'm not free in anything I do, that—Tristan waved his hand around, indicating the nature around them—that this was pre-ordained, which is impossible, since I'm deciding to say this right now, and I just as easily could have decided not to.

Tristan felt awkward and confused: that wasn't quite what he wanted to say. His mind was muddled, yet his knowledge that life was not a simulation was so clear, so obvious. He could not express it clearly. He needed to try again.

>What do you mean? They started the simulation, that's it. They don't monitor art. We still have free will, dude.

>What I'm saying is. No one ever thought they were living in a simulation before the 40s, or, you know, the 50s. Then computers arrive, right, and we start to think of ourselves in terms of computers, as a computer. That's what humans do, we confuse ourselves with the things we make, with things...things in general.

Was that better? Maybe slightly better. No: that wasn't quite what Tristan wanted to say, either.

>That's a good point, David, you have to admit, Mark said.

>No, it's not a good point. It's retarded: of course someone thought they were living in a simulation pre-1960. Have you ever heard of Zhuang Zhou? That's BC shit. *BC*. This Chinese dude dreamt of a butterfly, and then he was like, what if I *am* a butterfly, dreaming of being a man. See?

Tristan was confused: how did that pertain to the discussion at hand? Did it pertain, and he was just too dumb to see it?

>How does that prove that this is all a simulation? Tristan asked.

David rolled his eyes as if Tristan was beyond his help.

>Never mind, David said. You're too narrow minded to believe there could be something other than you making you do what you do. You're too scared to realize how unfree you are, how little say you have in anything.

>I thought you said we had free will still? Now it sounds like you're describing God. Couldn't that "something" be God?

>I am. The simulation is God—a true God.

Tristan despised how unconvincing he was being, how he was circling around the chief point but never delivering it. Tristan felt determined to strike at the heart of the matter, to pose a question that would convince David of the absurdity of his stance.

>Hasn't something ever just happened to you for some reason?

David stopped walking, turned to Mark and chuckled, as if he and David had some shared understanding of Tristan's idiocy.

>For *some* reason? What do you mean?

>I mean when you don't know why you did something but you did it anyway.

>Now it's my turn to ask: how does that prove *your* point?

Tristan tried to gather his thoughts: why was he arguing with David? It was impossible to argue with David—David didn’t listen to what you said, David just waited to speak or pretended like you hadn’t been clear enough. Did Tristan even believe this wasn’t a simulation? Yes: he knew it wasn’t. But how could he convince David?

>Everything can be traced back to something, David said. Nothing just happens because it happens.

>No! Tristan almost yelled. So much just happens because it happens. We just impose our shitty human need for order and arc onto things—look, look at that bird David.

Tristan pointed out a rather nondescript looking bird with an orangish tummy and yellow beak, rooting about in the grass for food.

>That bird is just happening because it’s happening, Tristan said.

David looked again at Mark. Tristan winced at his example: how unclear he was, how unclear this all was...

>*What*? No. All of history has made that bird what it is, all of evolution, it’s more of a computer than either of us. It also requires, like, the least amount of code in all the simulation. Eat here, shit here—it’s just inputs and outputs. Precisely *nothing* about that bird is “for some reason.”

Tristan knew all was lost if life was a simulation—every happiness and joy and sadness and regret would be lost. Why couldn’t he make this apparent?

>Maybe we just agree to disagree, Mark said.

The boys walked in silence for some time, and Tristan listened to the insects and birds and trees. That was part of the answer. Something about the buzzing of the insects, that was the nail in the coffin, the way the birds flitted about, the river to his right. It was all connected. How did the parts fit together?

Tristan broke the silence after wiping sweat from his brow.

>You want to look forwards, David, to answer what we are now from what we will become. But I think we should look backwards, not forwards, to the most elemental parts of us: we are clay, and light, basically. You know? We are dust, which is as real—

>No, I don’t know, I don’t know at all. And don’t give me that Tumblr bullshit about us being stardust, David said. You’re above that nonsense. The big bang still happens in the simulation, you know—

>Simulation can’t explain it all. There’s too much. And you’re wrong about something else making me do what I do or whatever. We have infinite choice. We can always choose, up until the very last moment, and that’s not programmable, you can’t program infinite choice. There’s nothing human that’s sophisticated enough to create this—to create all the hairs on my head, each one. To make, you know, each one of these insects buzz, this river—

>These insects buzz? David chortled. Truly what the fuck are you on about, dude?

>What about moments that feel so life-like, like when you do something so insignificant, like put butter on sourdough toast in the morning, and you go to make a coffee and when you return the the heat from the window and the time it took you to make the coffee melted the butter a bit, faster than you expected, so insignificant, but it feels so significant. Those feelings that come over you...when you realize that you are *in* time. That’s gotta be real. That’s gotta be God. It has to be. It just has to be.

Mark and David burst into obnoxious laughter.

>Butter on toast? Those feelings that come over you?

>Alright, Mark said, you lost me with that one bro.

>I see you've bought into some religion's horseshit, David said. All that shit about God. The "soul." Just because you're terrified of dying doesn't mean you need to force your Christian shit onto me. You're simulated. And that's that. GG. Go next.

The boys continued to walk. They walked aimlessly, without a sign of Marco or Ben, without a sense of where they were or from where they had come.

Mark and David discussed female gamers, who they maimed in League—Mark maimed TF and David maimed Nid/Hec jungle—and why there weren't any female professional esports players or chess super GMs. David thought it was because men had deep DNA encoded from when they had to hunt for their food, that

>Tracking a Nidalee spear is just like tracking a sabertooth's bumrush,
and that

>Women gathered berries and talked and shit, so they're socially cutthroat, social killers, you know,

and Mark noted that the

>Least alpha of dudes become esports players. The skinniest, cucest dudes ever, think of all of TSM, for instance, are the ones who really dominate,

and David asked them to

>Imagine how the world would salivate over me if I was a disabled pansexual illiterate mixed transgender from some undiscovered water tribe in Antarctica, literally one of one, no other human being like me, the last of my entire tribe or whatever, lol, my shit would be gold, no matter what I did people would respect me,

and Tristan said nothing, sulking behind the pair at several paces away.

Tristan kept going over and over the argument: if he had just said *that* it would have all been different—*that* would have convinced David and Mark. Why hadn't he said that then? Thus, determined to say *that*, he began to speak, but found that what he was saying had nothing to do at all with what he wanted to say, what he planned in his head:

>It just can't all be synthetic. Don't you feel it in your heart that it can't all be synthetic? We have free will; we are free from the synthetic, from the chemicals or the codes or whatever else people like you think life is...life isn't a science experiment; things happen all over the world because they just happen. Life is random and plural dude. I mean, what I mean is that we walk through life, we aren't life ourselves.

>Oh, for fuck's sake, David said. Drop it.

>You want to simplify, to get to the quick answer. But you should try to complicate. Behind complexity lies more complexity. Not a single answer. Simulation is convenient for you. So convenient for you. It's a way to allow yourself to not think deeply about moral issues. Or spiritual issues. Because nothing matters if this is all some alien's video game right?

>What's simple about an entirely simulated reality? David said, chuckling to himself again. Prove that it's not simulated. Prove it. You're so certain it's not? Prove it to me.

Tristan rubbed his eyes with dirty palms.

>I can't prove it. But neither can you. And I choose the most human option.

>You really think humanity and morality can't coexist with simulation? Of course shit matters. Just not because your Christian God fucking told me it does. I know not to kill people because I just know it. The simulation doesn't make that disappear. What's inhuman about being simulated? You're putting words in my mouth. And I don't like it.

>I can't convince you we don't live in a simulation, or that there's a God, or whatever. But don't you hope that we don't? That there *is* a God? You say you feel like you are

invisible...like you don't exist. In the absence of God's love you might feel the need to, you know. Become God or play God. Maybe. What if our hope is what—Tristan stumbled here, so internally clear on the point he was really trying to make, but outwardly so jumbled—renders our reality? If we get what we deserve in that way? If our thoughts manifest our life. If you believe in life, and God, then they exist. So why not believe? Why not have faith? In the things that will be?

>Whatever makes you sleep at night, buddy, David said, chuckling again, looking over at Mark.

Tristan hated that look they gave each other: the terrible way they pretended to understand each other.

Mercifully, the three boys walked the next ten minutes in silence. Then they crested a steep hill—it was the least steep of the paths they could take—which took several minutes to climb. At the hill's top, the boys looked around, but they still saw no sign of Ben or Marco.

>Where are they? Mark asked.

>They should be nearby at least, David said. We didn't take the wrong trail, did we?

>Maybe they kept walking, Tristan said. Over that ridge. Did he say how long we'd be walking?

>Guys, Mark said, pointing to a hill opposite them half a mile. Do you see that?

Tristan and David couldn't see it, but Mark kept pointing.

>Look. Look. Right there. A deer. It's brown. Next to those rocks.

Both Tristan and David saw the deer in the distance at the same time: it looked like a male. Was it a buck? Or was it an elk? Were those all the same thing? Tristan saw its horns, which looked furry, like they had some sort of substance clinging to them.

>Wow. It's big.

>Oh, Mark said. There's two.

>Where?

>Beneath it. To the right beneath it.

>Three, Tristan said. Look, there's one next to that one.

The boys were right: on the hill across from them, there were three deer, one male, one female, and what Tristan thought had to be the deers' child, also a male.

>Let's get closer, David suggested. Come on.

>I don't know, Tristan said. There's no path that way. And we'd need to go down and then up to get a truly better look. We're late as is.

>The deer'll probably scatter before we get up there anyway, Mark said.

But David was already walking down, off the path, to take a closer look, and Tristan and Mark felt they had no choice but to follow.

David walked down the hill ahead of them, slipping but catching himself every now and then, kicking up dust with each slide. There wasn't a single path for human or animal use, so David took some time deciding where to place his feet.

In a matter of seconds, the deer, almost as far away as they were when the boys began their descent to get a better look, scattered.

>I told you, Mark said. Now let's go back.

>What the fuck? David yelled at the deer. I wasn't going to hurt you.

David turned back, grinning, but Tristan thought it odd that the deer would scatter like that: it certainly wasn't because of them. Was it? Could the deer see and hear them from all the way over there?

Then Tristan saw what he thought was a fox—a silvery animal with a long tail—flit across the bottom of the valley. From his angle, it looked like it had run right behind where David was standing, even though it was down in the valley, at least half a mile away.

>Holy shit, Mark said, pointing. A fox. Look. There's a fox.

David, who was several yards in front of Tristan and Mark, and had turned to face them after the deer scattered, turned back around to look at where Mark was pointing. Tristan scrambled up the hill, back up where they had come, tripping over bushes and loose dirt, and when he turned around, he saw Mark looking past David, and David looking out and down to the valley, where not just one but several—Tristan could not count all of them so quickly—silver pelts were loping up and down, back and forth, with no discernible sense of purpose.

Looking back, around the campfire that night, Tristan will claim that, if he was frightened at all, it was by the animals' sense of purposelessness, the innocent, denuding way they interacted with one another, as though the boys had stumbled upon something they were not meant to see, a group of women sunbathing naked.

For a period of six seconds, which felt exactly like six seconds to each boy, not a moment more or less, the boys stood still and watched the coyotes interact with each other. Time did not slow down, as most people portraying a situation of intensity or danger would have you believe: only the boys' focus narrowed to such a degree that they experienced the fullness and largesse of each second.

The coyotes chased each other, loping around in circles, dashing sideways, pretending to stop play only to resume it, their mouths open in joy and excitement. They lay down only to stand up, accelerate only to decelerate: the last time the boys had seen such unaffected play had been on the playground when they were schoolboys. The coyotes did not yet know that it was the boys who had disturbed the deer which they had been pestering and cornering.

Suddenly David let out a babyish shriek when he saw one of the coyotes look up in the boys' direction. Then, once all of the coyotes were alerted to their presence, David turned back up the hill and began to run.

>Wolves, he yelled, running past Mark. Fucking *wolves*.

>Those are wolves? Mark asked, but David was already past him, almost past Tristan now.

Tristan grabbed his arm.

>If we run, Tristan said, surprised at his inner calm, how unfazed he was by any of this, they'll think we're food, and might chase us. And if we shriek like children, they might think we're injured, and chase us then, too.

This was all stuff Ben had told Tristan the other day, hiking over Blue Bridge. Tristan couldn't remember if it was for mountain lions or coyotes or bears, but he didn't want to leave—a part of him was thrilled by the prospect of being hunted, of death having a body and face he could touch and fight and maybe even kick if needed.

David's face, pinched with hate, untwisted itself as he realized what Tristan was saying, as he understood Tristan was right. David was so out of breath, so panicked, he could hardly speak:

>I thought that was. Mountain lions. And bears. Wolves?

>They're not wolves, Tristan said out the side of his mouth, upset he'd most likely be placating David with this information. They're coyotes. But I could be wrong.

To Tristan's delight, this reveal preserved David's terror: if anything, David's breath became even more ragged, his face even more twisted and frightened. And maybe he was wrong.

Maybe they were wolves. By this point Mark had joined them, and the boys faced each other in a little circle, with Tristan's back to the valley and the animals within it.

The animals within it seemed to be indifferent to their ruined hunt, until David had shrieked, at which point every single coyote had gazed up the hill at the boys and began to lope lazily up it, more out of curiosity than revenge.

>Ah, well, what're these fellows up to? they seemed to say to themselves, flying up the hill with elegant, swishing strides.

>How many are there? Tristan asked.

>Six, Mark said. six. Maybe Five.

>OK. They don't want to eat us, but they are curious, and maybe a little upset we're on their—

>On their territory, Mark said, nodding as he tried to sync his words with Tristan's.

Tristan looked at Mark's long, acne-ridden face and detected a slight smile, a breathlessness due to excitement: Mark seemed similarly elated by the prospect of real, tangible danger, some sort of action out in the world. Tristan winced. He shared this in common with Mark?

>Holy fuck, David repeated. Holy fuck. Holy fucking shit.

>Calm down, David, Mark said. We're gonna be just fine.

Tristan realized Mark was obviously a little scared, too, his voice oozing the affect of calm, the lengthened schwa of his "juuuust fine."

>We're way smaller than a elk, dude. Way fucking smaller dude. We're fucking dead.

Something about David saying "a elk" made Tristan pause. It was a child's phrase...and so for the first time he saw the frightened child in David, his pinched face and quivering lips and nose...David had constructed his entire personality around obfuscating this frightened child, but it had emerged, and it was so scared, so frightened, it was shaking with terror, not only at the coyotes, not even really at the coyotes at all, but simply at revealing itself, as if by exposing his vulnerability he had also authorized the vulnerability to be attacked. Tristan realized how fear drove almost everything David did or said...how terrible it was to be constantly afraid...the comments he'd made thus far, the hate, it all came from fear. Was this pity? Didn't Tristan have this in common with Mark, too?

>Here's what we're gonna do, Tristan began, but then stopped.

He needed silence to register a feeling inside himself.

In this moment of uncertainty, Tristan felt more in control than he had ever felt in his life. His senses were fully heightened, as they were during a panic attack, but they were in service of something, of a problem that existed outside of himself, that was fixable, visible. Tristan's problems had always been ones he'd invented, that were *of him*: that he was going to get schizophrenia like Marco, that he was going to suffocate in his sleep, that he was going to dissociate and kill himself, naked, in the middle of a busy intersection, that he was going to have a panic attack that never-ended, a forever thought of pure agony. Now that there was a tangible problem, *outside* of himself, where his life was under actual threat, a potential threat, he felt so ready, so prepared: he realized he'd been training for this moment his whole life. The shadow of death and pain and insurmountable struggle lurked behind everything Tristan ever did, but it never showed its face.

Now, when it finally did, Tristan found its hosts pathetic: little dogs he could snap between his hands. How tiny they looked, dotting the hill as they loped towards him. He wanted the coyotes to attack—he wanted to kick a coyote in the mouth, to get bitten on the arm and feel

himself fight back towards life, how he wished they were wolves—he wanted to savor this moment, this brief moment, perhaps the only moment in his life, he realized, in which he felt no fear, felt no imagined pain, no terror of panic, but merely accepted, accepted and gave in, totally, to the next stretch of time, to the life outside of his life.

It felt natural, to encounter a coyote. That was what it was. That was what Tristan missed. That was what he needed. Couldn't he see that now? When he was a boy, eating his cereal, watching cartoons—there were coyotes then, too. They were out there. Tristan was not alone, no—how delicious this was! To be alive with others that are also alive! Didn't that fix everything?

Before Tristan could continue, David turned and ran back from where they came. The coyotes noticed his movement and two of them split off, taking a wide berth around Tristan and Mark, to investigate.

Mark turned to run, too, until Tristan said

>If you go, too, we're all dead,
which he didn't really believe but wanted to.

Tristan and Mark picked up rocks and held hands, Tristan grabbing Mark's bandaged nub, and began to slowly walk up the hill, backwards, facing the four coyotes that'd stayed, who were now close up and howling, dashing back and forth in agitation, unleashing cries so unbelievably loud for their small, doggish frames, so believably ghastly and chilling. Tristan hoped, as his heart quietly drummed along in his chest, that the cries would carry for miles and miles.

[Serious] I introduce to you a new type of Incel, the “Cancel”

Yesterday at 4:07 PM > User: Life_is_coinflip (Overlord) > Joined: Jan 21, 2011 > Posts: 583 > Online: 44d 9h 22m

I present to you all the “Cancel.” A “Can”-cel is someone whose hope and motivation is the primary cause of their inceldom. They have a very big desire to “Self-improve” and looksmaxx and gymmaxx etcetera, all part of the “I can” mindset (this is exactly what I’m talking about: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mgmVOuLgFB0>, only chads can make the “I can” Mindset actually work, note the clips are mostly from boxing or other sports, Chad obsessions). Cancels refuse to see the reality of the world are are in for a world of pain when the reality comes crashing down to them. Am I wrong?

Primary Features of a “Cancel”:

-Always thinks there’s a light at the end of the tunnel. No matter how bad it’s gotten it will get better

-Does ritualistic beta behavior like pray or meditate or make bed in morning, etc.

-Actually eats healthy (chicken breast, broccoli, natural foods) to try and clear up acne/improve body/get better sleep etc

-Truly believes they WILL get a foid just need to try harder/be better

-posts on forums and hangs around here only to find ways to distinguish themselves from permacels

tries to explain self to parents/come to self knowledge through conversation with parents and others

-Is already planning the success post and what they did to get there, the “how you can too”

-Vividly visualize success but never actually attain it

-They set positive mindset traps so they don’t get mad/depressed when rejected, move on easily

-Copes by not coping

-Watches motivational videos/seeks motivation elsewhere

-Never gives up on self even though everyone in there life has given up on them

-Looks for retarded “silver linings” like friendship with a woman, nice convo with a barista, etc.

-likely does a martial art for “discipline” and “calmness” and self-defence against normies/chads

-Reads literature to try and better understand their situation/inhabit the mind of a woman and others

-Treats women with unironic respect in hopes of reciprocation

-Learns new languages (has duolingo downloaded lmfao)

-Thinks they’re the problem and not the world.

Does this sound like you? It sounds like me. I’m a former cancel. For years I worked out, did jiu-jitsu up until purple belt, ate right, even meditated and shit. For almost 3 years last July. Actually got pretty buff: <https://imgur.com/a/5vHMP0i415>. Benching two plates, squatting 300.

During this time I even went on FIVE dates with four different foids (all of them ended after the first one except one, but on the second date I realized she was mongoloid and perhaps slightly autistic which I hadn't seen in the beginning. Big regret and another thing cancels do: they are blind to the physical realm and try to see beyond it, just b/c a mongoloid retard is nice doesn't mean they are a mate). But still, during this time, I never had sex. Not one time. I would jerk off after every date and hate myself for not doing anything with a single one of them. (I even made the Mongoloid cry when I said I'm not interested any more, lmfao).

How to get rid of Canceldom:

- Give up
- Build a high end gaming PC (sorry poorcels) and spend all day on it (4/5 Diamond promos btw)
- Open your third eye, actually see the true reality of the SMP
- Shoebox + hub cope
- rope

I know a lot of u all are cancels and this might be suifuel for you. But what would you rather be? Not knowing who/what you are? I personally prefer to know that I am a cancel and that I'll never escape it, to have the knowledge it'll be womb to tomb, rather than living as one and not knowing and always trying and failing. Or is ignorance really bliss? It's basically over for me. After realizing I was a cancel I basically gave up on everything. And the only thing left for me is to end it myself or wait for it to come to me. GG. Life is coinflip.

If you read this far why?

Yesterday at 4:10 PM > User: [deleted] > Joined: [deleted] > Posts: [deleted] > Online: [deleted]

Yes. Ignorance is bliss. Obviously.

Yesterday at 7:13 PM > User: NigerianAirs (Newbie) > Joined: February 18, 2012 > Posts: 311 > Online: 7d 18h 11m

Hmmmm. Nice try OP but cancel sounds like you're describing an actual healthy person lol. Not a type of incel. This is essentially a chad-lite.

Thx for telling us about your attempt to be a Chad though. /ssssssssssss

Today at 5:00 PM > User: pfizerowns (Overlord) > Joined: February 3, 2012 > Posts: 4 > Online: 21d 8h 32m

wtf? marked4Death? posting on wrong acc? loooooool wasn't your port set for last month some time? How are you still posting lmfao. chickened out?

edit: looks like he deleted his acc. LMFAO. will make full post on this ASAP.

1. hey everybody. good morning. welcome welcome. good morning. welcome to the stream.
2. hey peaking770. how's it going. good morning. welcome to the stream.
3. huntermaker.
4. joblazz.
5. dropdatbooty.
6. welcome welcome. so today we have a lot planned. we have a lot planned for the stream today. today we should be able to kill corp.
7. will you be streaming tomorrow no. no i won't be streaming tomorrow. have to go run some errands. might do some herblore off stream. that's pepega content.
8. (laughs).
9. everyone knows herblore is a beast mate.
10. (laughs).
11. no but the gear is looking beautiful. managed to crack 82 fishing off stream last night for some anglers.
12. 300 bits from blitzen i gotta go but have a good stream. thank you brotha. appreciate it a lot dude. thank you thank you. anyway.
13. (pauses).
14. what was i saying. right. 82 fishing. 82 fishing is enough for anglers. which was the last thing we needed. need that beautiful 121 hit points.
15. oh killebrewski welcome welcome. i haven't seen you in the stream lately.
16. i'm going to do some kills on my main just to get the clicks right. i shouldn't die. i just need to be tick perfect. i'm going to be doing the 3 20 200 method. for those of you that don't know that method you hit corp 3 times with the DH, 20 times with arclight, and then 200 damage i think yeah damage with BGS.
17. are you maxed on your main? not yet mate. not quite yet.
18. but yeah then i literally can't die. you can die up until i think the BGS. not sure though. yes. people are saying yes i'm right. ok that's right then.
19. it's still possible to die? death is always possible on a hardcore. yep always on my mind. you only get one life.
20. Jagex should let you get your stats back if you DC. ehhmm. i'm not so sure about that. i like having one life. makes everything more interesting. even the dcs which are outta your hands.
21. that's what happened to faux? yes, well, that's what happened to faux, right. well no. faux didn't dc. faux had already done the warhammer bit and some arclight i think and it hit him for 30, then 30, then 39 i think. not much you can do when it paths on top of you and stomps you. but if you tele out before he shoots the big one at you literally can't die. i just need to be on point with my teles. if it is the big one and it hits you but you tele out if it's a 26 or higher than you actually can't die. mathematically speaking.
22. anyway let me hop on the main.
23. ye let me hop on the main and do some kills.
24. oof i forgot this was where i was logged in on my main.
25. (laughs).
26. that's embarrassing. aw why so many kekws in the chat. stop with the kekws.
27. (laughs).

28. so i need this. this. this. crystal hally. house teles.
29. (pauses).
30. that should be everything.
31. can you please play this on stream it's a banger. i'll be the judge of that mate. if it's a scare yer banned. ooxh. chune. queued up. thanks for the two bucks there fella.
32. and. what was i doing. right. what else. oh. the DH. that's pretty important.
33. (laughs).
34. 3 month resub from dropdatbooty i love you thank you for brightening my day.
thank you thank you dude. very generous of you. anything i can do for you fella.
35. why are all these worlds full? ayy. a fresh one. gimme. pog. drop the cannon. so people know it's mine. eat the angler. if i forget to pray. if i forget to pray mage. it's over. ok.
36. god the DH never hits. it basically never hits.
37. (laughs).
38. why is everyone spamming RIP in my stream. hello.
39. (long pause).
40. wait.
41. house tele. and then rinse and repeat.
42. did you hear the news. no. what news. link me the news. youre making me nervous. if this is a troll i'm banning all of you.
43. about reckful. what about reckful. wait.
44. (pauses).
45. chat.
46. (pauses).
47. what about reckful.
48. (pauses)
49. reckful died?
50. (pauses).
51. you're kidding. how did he die.
52. (pauses).
53. people are saying look at his twitter. let me pull up twitter.
54. oh no. why did he say that. that sort of makes sense to be honest given that.
55. is this true. chat be real with me is this true.
56. (pauses).
57. i can't believe it. i can't believe it. i loved reckful. i used to watch his videos all the time. that's terrible. i can't believe it.
58. (long pause).
59. it can just all end like that chat.
60. (snaps)
61. like that man.
62. (snaps)
63. i just can't believe it. he inspired me to stream basically. we never spoke. and now he'll never stream again. but i loved him. he really brightened my day. when i had a string of really terrible days it'd just be him and me. such an honest dude.
64. (cries).

65. this can't be true. this isn't confirmed.
66. (wipes face).
67. chat remember this isn't confirmed. we don't know if this is confirmed.
68. (cries).
69. i think i need to end the stream here. i need to go for a walk.
70. i'm sorry guys.
71. (cries).
72. i'm sorry.
73. (ends stream)

Wake on back to sound of wind through tall grass. See grass blend from burnt red to dull wheat-yellow. Surround, hang over, crisscross through vision, spidery shatterings of broken glass.

Be surprised. Be surprised at whistle of wind: at times, actually sound like whistle. Thick barrage of sand, beige belch, nimble-moving dustcloud.

Look up. The sky, the cloudless, the cobalt blue.

The harsh white orb? The H.W.O. pulse in intensity depending on opacity of barrage that flow beneath. When exposed = great flashlight, searing moonbeam.

Hear chittering of insect: the incessant clapping, grasshopper/locust, frayed wire buzz. See out of corner of vision tree leaves. Be not bewildered at green-leaved tree in desert. Ask: why be not bewildered?

Lie awake long enough to understand the pain. Lips gone stiff, bloody: fit tip of finger into cracked groove. Attempt swallow, but have no saliva, so vomit. Produce clump of sand covered in bile.

See insect jump down from grass blade to inspect vomit. Wretch at thought of sand in stomach, at thought of insect interest in content of stomach.

Itching eye, burning eye. Touch it: swollen gunk, thick jelly.

Manage to stand. Fall over. Manage again. Stand with vision obscured by tall grass.

Don't know how, but know to move.

Edge forward out of grass. See Humvee, 10 feet away, parked in front of door built into rock. To right of the Humvee: small dune.

Beyond dune, just over its lip, see blockhouse. Walls: dull gray cement, multiple feet thick (MFT), long horizontal loopholes. Know the loopholes use. Quickly return to grass, even though no one looking out, no one with a gun: if that the case, be already dead.

Edge again forward out of grass, slower this time. See through loopholes two exposed lightbulbs, burning bright white. No shadow, no movement inside. Register now that entrance to MFT blockhouse = wide, doorless. Ask: abandoned? Confirm. Confirm with 85% confidence.

Faint haze of smoke. Taste how acrid, how like something recently dead. Ask: possible to choke on air? Dismiss. Need water, need to get out of heat, need to get away, i.e escape. Ask: escape?

Examine for injuries. Bump on head, directly on crown, humming dull pain. Pick at it. Pick at it but no blood. Rub eye again: slightly clear vision.

Turn around for first time, see sand-colored Stryker even closer than stone's throw of Humvee. Drop to floor, prone, hide in grass. No one in S.C.S.: be run over already. Be shot by Protector even this close.

Tiger crawl (tiger crawl?) to back left wheel of tank and cement roadblock beside it. Tank's engine off. Parked to block? P.T.B. other vehicles accessing pass that wraps around rock.

Stand. See the path behind the tank that carves around rock. From where tank came. Examine the Stryker. Remember: Stryker, yes. Stryker. See head just clear its wheel.

Decide not to walk mountain path from where tank has come. Be ignorant of what lies around the corner. Assess risk: risk of mountain pass > risk of Humvee, of blockhouse, of door in side of rock.

Turn from the Stryker and look to right, out into distance, down into canyon. See river flow between steep embankments of rock. Far away: clouds. Dot of trees: either side of river. Fail to reach. M.O. (M.O.?): escape, i.e. escape alive, i.e. survive until escape achieved. Assess river, altitude: be certain that jump = death.

Return to safety of grass. Decide on Humvee.

Take point (*take point*) toward Humvee. See gear: five gas canisters in steel basket on trunk, multi-pocketed packs on sides and back, spare wheel in O.C.P., tarp rolled up above the doors. Read code on large rectangular packs beside wheel: 6B BC 52883. Know that code. Ask: from where know that code?

Look inside driver's side window: recognize Ace of Spades in diagonal position. Know the Ace of Spades in diagonal position. Make mental note.

Walk up to door in front of parked Humvee—hear voices inside. Recognize Arabs in argument (A.I.A.) Know, without knowing how know, that men inside want to prevent escape, i.e. shoot to kill.

Try Humvee's driver's side doors and trunk: locked. Walk around to passenger's side. Try door: also locked.

Remember circle of open roof. Ask: how remember circle of open roof? Climb over hood to enter car. Hear car groan under weight. Pause. Listen. Still A.I.A. Open console. Find silver jug, wet with condensation. Still cold—know immediately that it is water. Drink. Feel liquid run through grooves of lips. Vomit over roof of car.

Search truck for other usable items. Quickly: search. Find, also in console, pair of wide, polarized sunglasses, better than current pair, half-eaten cheese sandwich. Put glasses on, eat remainder of sandwich. Leave truck to diarrhea near back left wheel. Wipe using plastic wrap of sandwich. Kick sand over diarrhea.

Return to looting car. See in trunk some sort of cache. Know automatically importance/necessity of contents of cache. Fail to access it over middle seat so open trunk from inside, climb out, walk around to pop open. Inside cache = assault rifle, combat vest, helmet, uniform (Spec4ce), boots, backpack. Put on gear: realize non-compliance of previous clothes, all replaceable except for pants. A.R.E.F.R.

In other compartment find first aid kit, extra mags, emergency food supplies. Put everything can find into backpack and put on. Recognize: water and food taking effect. Recognize almost fully operational: feel strength return, feel coordination return. Feel intuition/perks/familiarity/“killer instinct” return. Rub eyes: vision back, vision online.

Examine M4A1 in hands. Check bore for obstructions, run bench check. Confirm all controls in order. Admire M4A1. M4 = good gun. Be glad for access, for ease of operation. Attach M203 from cache and load. Realize test fire = OOTQ. Realize non-compliance of drawing attention. Realize comfort of certainty of M4, of 3k ft/s, of 5+ football fields.

Consider trying to drive Humvee, fail to recall hot-wire training, recognize lack of sufficient tools.

Re-obscure vomit, re-obscure diarrhea. Locate sun: estimate = early morning, ~ 9 AM, < 1 inch of rainfall in past mo., wind speed of ~ 8 mph. Confirm with 95% confidence (ask: how so high confidence?) Assess landscape: arid, rocky, canyon-filled desert, Middle East (Afghanistan? 75 p.c.), given A of A.I.A., dune patterns, sand color, canyon structure.

Consider knocking on door, assassinating A.I.A. Dismiss. Continue forward. Hear dogs in distance. G.Ss. Hug wall to right of door. Walk toward large, rocky outcropping. See another Humvee up ahead to the right, parked in front of blockhouse. Ask: same Humvee?

Assess: too risky to loot Humvee parked in front of blockhouse, to enter blockhouse. New plan: travel underneath edge of blockhouse, stealthed from lookouts, find/commandeer supplies, SAT phone, Live In Desert Like A Desert Lizard Until Death (LIDLADLUD).

Sprint, as quietly as can, past Humvee to base of the blockhouse. Pause: recognize clump of items, heaped, disarray, odd configuration. A seat, like an airplane seat: drink carts used by F.A.s, the steps of the door—

Turn around. See it. Dismiss flinch reflex. See it. Remember it. Remember it? Stare directly in face: the crashed C-130, the pile up of rubble from the nose, the broken glass of its eight-windowed cockpit. The eyes of it gouged out, broken.

Realize this is smell. Walk down right side. See desert floor littered with debris. Assess time of crash: recent (L.F.D.?). Locate strips of metal, shards of glass, wires, scraps, twisted objects strewn around crash.

Be unsurprised at how much of C-130 is intact. Admire C-130. See left-propellor. Walk up to left propellor. Remember that left wing = gone, shorn off, obliterated. Notice shifted angle of the wings. Request memory of plane ride. Produce nothing. Produce only M.O.

Request investigate plane. Sprint to back of plane, given open nature of current setting. Pass plane split into thirds. Into thirds? Reach back of plane. Admire height of plane fin. Notice seven mattresses on the ground beside back of plane. Look up. See book. Teddy Bear. Whose teddy bear? The Sign of Four. Remember: yes, The Sign of Four... Dismiss. Remember height of plane fin coinciding with height of lookout/cliff. Realize mattresses = break fall. Look to the right. See, far away, a mosque, white buildings, a small mountain range. Ask: how so familiar?

Hear A.I.C. on lookout/range. Hug edge of wall and run away from mattresses, looping around other side of C-130, until at mouth of cave.

Resist enter cave: dismiss.

Override dismiss.

Override override.

Fuck.

Fear cave: cave bad. Pain cave?

Recall lifting w/ the fellas after sprints, and dismiss. LWTFAS?

Climb over barrels/crates marked U.S. ARMY 200 CARTRIDGES 7.62 MM M13 CARTONS M624 M80 83J6001388 A131. U.S. Army...? Dismiss. Listen for voices. See dripping water of cave. Slowly examine left corner of cave. See red generator, two computers, monitors. See crates of food: oranges, bananas markd "golden delicious," why Bananas?, Tropicool, another generator, cylinders of gas.

Keep walking. See warheads on blanket, ring of sandbags. Ammunition: 42MM NATO LINKED. NATO? Dismiss. Move past on other side to explore right wall. See two sleeping bags, recently opened carton of milk. Ask: how recently opened?

Hear voices. Very close. Almost on top. Hide in sleeping bag.

See four men enter cave, sit by warheads, begin to discuss, A.I.P.

Raise M4 beneath S.B. Aim at skull of big one.

Ask: need to? Feel lance of—Dismiss.

Shoot.

Kill (x1).

See brain explode. Ask: brain that color? Why brain that color? Dismiss. Remember mother's meatballs. Mother? Dismiss.

Spray.

Kill rest (x3).

Feel: mosquito buzz.

Hear A.I.A. Obey. Escape.

More men. From where? Dismiss: know where. See through walls. Ask: how see through walls? Remember: 0D30.

Kill x3.

Headshots. Ask: how so accurate headshot? Know how: remember aimbot.

Run. Out of cave. To right. Run South West. Down steps. Their footfalls, exact distance between their footfalls and own footfalls. Turn around. Always from behind.

Kill x2.

Ask: why kill?

Know: kill for good.

Good shots: know precisely # bullets left. Ask: how know precisely? Remember: born/made for this.

Reload mag: admire fluidity of reload mag, of sleight of hand. Fail to ask: how so fast reload mag? Know exactly why/how so fast reload mag.

Kill.

LWTFAS...

Kill (x2).

Kill.

Kill (x1).

Know will keep coming; know to kill them all, kill until = quiet.

Keep going down steps. M.O. = escape alive, i.e. alone.

Kill (x4).

Enter enclave to right. See teddy bear. Ask: why teddy bear? Feel: how sad teddy bear.

See posters.

Try door: locked.

Hear coming from all sides.

Kill (x6).

See achievement, hear achievement, appear in vision: Achievement Unlocked: 10,000 AK-47 Headshots.

Sob: 10k?

10,000?

Feel: not so many...surely not undone so many...

Know: must stop, how to stop, cannot stop, unstoppable.

Turn around. See tree.

Jump to tree? Dismiss.

Resist dismiss.

Feel: pain of resist dismiss, impossibility of resist dismiss.

Scream. Agony? Confirm w/ 100 p.c.

Continue to resist dismiss.

Understand bump on head.

Get to river from tree.

Mourn for the x24. Mourn?

Feel agony of feeling certain ways.

Drop gun. Kick gun over edge.

Know: done w/ this.

Hear men coming.

Feel: self attack self.

Remember.
Remember life-saving of remember.
Jump, Marco.
Marco?
Remember Marco.
Jump.
Land on tree.
Feel: Return to combat area! Return to the combat area!
Feel gunfire on body.
See gunfire glance, feel no pain of gunfire glance.
Ask: how no pain?
Know: Plot Armor, that is:
god
Hear shouting around.
Shimmy down.
Run to river.
Look up.
See it.
See it on wall. So big on wall. Ask: how writing on wall?
Remember: remember?
Marco, look what I found, a well...easter egg of sorts.
Remember David.
Cry: my sweet boy...
Read: Alexander Roycewicz 2009.
Sob: the 10,000.
Remember: release.

That night the boys experienced the pleasure of staring into a fire, unlike the river, which the boys had ignored, it was impossible to ignore the fire as they were already oriented toward it. The fire had the quality of all fires of silence in the person who looked into it, and so, mercifully, the boys were mostly silent. The fire, like the river, functioned for the boys as a simulacrum of time itself: the constancy of its randomness, the slight, barely perceptible patterns the boys falsely believed they saw within it, its promise to not divide or measure time but instead change alongside it in exact lock-step—all this entranced the boys. This night fell, the lingering suspicion that there was something real and truer about the fire than they themselves began, in stops and starts, to take hold. David had already related his coyote story over dinner—pasta with red sauce plopped into the boys’ bowls (except for Marco, who forgot a bowl, and had to use as a last minute substitute a cup from P.R.R.’s mess hall)—and as he told it he embellished and underplayed certain aspects of the story to suit him, as Tristan knew he would. The coyotes grew in size and number, the distance between the boys and the cootes shrank, David’s reaction became one of astonishment, not fear, etc. Tristan didn’t care that David lied about these things—he expected him to—he cared that David’s distortion of the truth might start to cannibalize his own representation, what he knew to be true about the coyote encounter—he feared that David’s version of the story would be the only version he’d remember in the future, that his own revelation was being slowly replaced by a sensationalist, misinformed account. Tristan was too tired, so he let David talk, and so did everyone else. Marco sat furthest from the fire in his fedora hat, wrapped in a blanket. As David spoke, Marco thought to himself: there is nothing worse than someone who talks too much. And yet, eventually, even David’s inane, self-interested, effusive falsifications were silenced by the fire. Once it was dark enough and the fire became the boys’ only source of light, David had no choice but to end his power to tell. The boys learned a lesson that, like all lessons, they would soon forget, even though it was life-altering and crucial that they remember it: there is so much that doesn’t need to be said. After the boys had been silent for a while, Ben said Marco was supposed to tell his “Life Story,” but that there’d been enough stuff for the day, and Marco felt relieved he didn’t need to encapsulate his entire life in the 30 or so minutes allotted to each boy for such a task. Tomorrow, he would touch on the big events: his father, his brother, high school, the conflicts, Maggi, the ox, his mother, Diablo, his diagnosis, etc., but he wouldn’t escape the sense that they were missing the bulk of it, the hidden, moment-to-moment actions that made Marco into himself. Marco knew that the big events painted not just an incomplete but incorrect picture of who he really was—that they had nothing to do with how he saw himself and were only obvious culminations of the innumerable little actions that led up to them. After Marco’s “Life Story” the other boys would sleep, as they had been instructed to do. But tonight, they all just prepared to go to bed. The boys set up two tarps—one hanging like this ^ on a rope between two trees to ward away rain and shield them from the wind, and one on the ground like this _ to flatten the ground and create a barrier between them and the earth. Ben slept in his own version of the same setup a little ways from the boys.

ful you know everything is meaningful is forever is that what is real answer is

The night, Marco couldn't sleep. Tristan couldn't sleep either. Marco was fighting a hallucination and the sense that he was dead. Tristan was fighting a panic attack and the sense that he would die. Marco slid out of his sleeping bag so as not to wake the other boys, who he thought were sleeping peacefully, and walked over to the campfire, far away enough to be out of earshot. He heatedly revived the fire until it kept him warm. Tristan saw this and slid out of his own sleeping bag and decided to join him. >Mind if I join you? Tristan asked. Marco looked up at him and shook his head. Tristan sat down. >Whatcha got there? >Some knick-knack I bought in Taos. >Cool. >Can't sleep either? Marco asked. There was a comfort, as there usually is, in asking questions to which one already knows the answer. >Yep. >Why not? Marco asked. Tristan gave his "Life Story" last night—everyone knew about his panic attacks, what they made him want to do—but he still felt compelled to tell to Marco, or at least distract the truth. Part of the terms of agreement with the thing that attacked his brain was that he could not discuss it with anyone else. >Just thinking about things. >Me too, Marco said. The two boys were silent for some time. >I didn't know you grew up in San Mateo. If you remember from my "Life Story" I grew up near the city too. >Oh, right, Marco said. 415? >650... >That shit don't count bruh. The two boys laughed, and then were quiet again. >Look at that sky, Marco said. >Yeah. So much brighter out here. Reminds me of looking little holes in black construction paper as a kid. That's what it looks like to me, at least. What does it look like to you? >Like stars. The boys laughed at that. Marco continued: >It sorta scares me though, to look up at the sky. >How scares you? >It makes me feel small. But my head tells me I'm the biggest thing there is. >I feel you. The boys were silent again. >By the way dude I'm sorry about earlier today. I shouldn't have stayed with the other two. I should have one what you did. bet you got something out of your talk. >It's all good man. I worries man. Those boys talk too much for me. Tristan and Marco shared a chuckle and were silent again. Tristan needed to hear himself speak, to have someone else listen to him. He continued. >So you played lots of video games? My parents didn't like it either. Not like your dad though. >Yeah. Shit was tough. Tristan nodded, and then said with a smile: >PC or console? >Both, bruh. 'mon now. Tristan raised both his hands and cocked his head. >Whoah big shot. Okay, okay. Then what's PC and what's on console? >Started out with Runescape. Well, after the GameBoy and Pokemon, and this wacky Thornberry game. You know Nigel Thornberry? >Bro...you're kidding. You talking about Chimp Chae? I never made it past level 1 on that thing dude. Marco laughed. >A legit impossible game, Marco said. The boys were silent again. >So you were saying Runescape? >Right, Runescape, Marco began again. I couldn't do any of the quests. I would just train my attack on the Al-Kharid guards. I wanted a dragon scimitar so bad. I would draw them in my notebooks at school. But you needed to do a quest for it. So I bought a dragon battleaxe. And I thought that shit was cooler. I remember hitting 14s with it and thinking how cool it looked when the number appeared in that little splat. Did you play any Runescape? >Of course, bro. I went pretty hard in it. I played so much that my family started calling it "Ruin-Tristan," which isn't even a good pun on the name. The boys shared a laugh.

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>I would wake up super early in the morning to play and just mine roks all day. I had like 80 mining just by farming iron ore, which givs like 1/4 the XP of mining rune. I don't know why I lved mining so much. All my other skills wre in the 30s or something. We had no idea what we were doing back then, did we? Marco nodded. >No idea, man. Really no idea. The boys looked into the ire, then at each othe, and then back into the fire. >You ready for visitor's weekend? >ah, man. I don't want my bro to see me like this. Marco shrugged. But. But it'l be good to see him. Maybe I am. Dunno. You? >Not at all man. The boys were silent for a time. It is remrkable how much light such a small fire gives off in the darkness of the night. I recommend, as with the river, to spend some ime looking into a fire. >So anyway, yeah, Runescape, Ruinmarco, was my #1, and then that became WoW, yo know WoW? Tristan nodded. >And WoW was sorta my thing for a long ass time. With some heavy Call of Dut on console on the sde, mostly Cod4 and Modern Warfare 2 on the 360. Quickscooping and all that. >Ahh you were one of those quickscopers? >Yeah dawg. I was in a clan. >Ok but here's the real test of someone who was into CoD: did you hae an HDVR? >Nah bro. I recorded that shit n my phone. >Duuuuude. >Yep. Had my brother sit nxt to me with a shitty Nokia phone caera and record me. This one night I made him stay p with me the whole night until I got a nuke, until like legit 4 AM. Think I was 1 off like thre times. Still have the hoto somewhere. >Dude. That's insane. You'e insane. The boys shared a laugh. >I was into quickscoping too. No surprise. But marathon quickscoping, so the scope zoomed in slowly, which made for sicker killcams. I was big into killcams. The stun grenade so the weapon is all distorted. Temperrr soping. Even bought an HDVR and uploaded a few to YouTube. This one id got, like, 10,000 views. Se to Switchback by Celldweller. Kinda sick. >10K's nthing to sneze at. Marathon scoper. Xha. You're a real one. >In every game I ever played I was into the PvP aspect of it, Tristan cotinued. Was neve really a cmpaign gu. A lot of people go to video games for the stoy or whatever. Not me. I go for the ompetition. For the domination, you know? That feeling of just abslutely shiting on someone. Of outplaying tem so hard. Sounds petty. >I fel you dawg, Marco said quietly. >Definitely doesn't brng out the best side of you, necessarily. People were so terrible on voice chat on the 360 back in the day. >Yeah man I had 13 year olds callin me a beaner because I didn' clutch a 1v4 SnD round. >Oof. Yikes. But exactly! Exctly what I'm talking about. Marco gazd into the fire. Tristan continued, not fuly seeing Marco's face in the light: >Now we gotta talk about WoW ude. I was heavy into WoW. >For real? >*Heavy*. >I feel like people always say they played a lt but then you talk to them and they don't know what you're talking about. >Test me dude. I played that game like crazy. Marco laughed. >For real? You want me to test you? >Yeah. C'mon. >What expansion did you start and stop in? >Is this the tes? I thought you were gonna ask me about Zanar Marsh re or some shit. The dro table of Mana Tombs on Heroi. he boys shard a laugh and felt the inexplicable warmth of realizing someone outside of your life has experienced so much of your life, too. >I begin in Vanilla just before BC came out then layed through WotLK until Cata. No idea what the fuck they're doing no with the pandas and sht. I tried out MoP and it lowkey ucked.

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>Hmmm... OK OK. You seem to know a little bt. I fee you on the pandas. Never played MoP though. I stopped before WotLk. Also hate to do it to yo but there's no "Zangar Marsh" rep. You mean Cnariion Expedition, bruh. At this Tristan laughed, became animated. >You know I know that bro! The War Hippogryph hen you're exalted? Copped that shit. You know I coppe that shit. Marco laughe. >What class did you play? >I was a rogue. C'mon son. I was lethal in the arena. Absolutely lethal. I was Reckful out there. How good was Reckful by the way? >I was more into Vurtne myself. >Vurtne 60-66 mage pvp? >Yezzir... You know it? >I still listen to that song in that motage, the one that goes "out of the edge, looking for something, straight out nothing." Something like that. >Just killing time between tese walls so black so vie, Marco half sung. >Yeee. Dude. Are we the same person? >I hope not. The boys laughed. >But yeah, my rogue was nasty. Absolute orce to be reckoned with. Shadow dance sap was my specialty. Shadowstep kidney. I had all the macros. Even got duelist title season 2. That was before shadow dance. >Duelist? Damn. Me oo. Only one season though. What faction? >Horde bro. Undead. C'mon now. >Ayy, I was Horde, too. >Had to be, dude. Had to be. Who wants to be a fuqqin gnome? >Humans are kinda tight though... >You rght, you right. I initially thought they were cringe but the female are sck. Plus Blizzard gave them that insane racial, just an extra trinket. I can't believe they put that in the ame. >Every mn for himself? That shit was insane. >Yeah bro. Insane. The boy were silent again. >What race lash class were you? Tristan asked. >Also undead. Undead mage. >Dude how did you not say that right off the bat when I said undad rogue? You know that sit goes together like read and butter. Nothing cleaner than mage rogue 2s. It's the perfect combo. When you still have 10+ seconds f CC *after* you kill one of them. So sick. >It really is. I wo'd with thi rogue who was pretty clean. That was how I got duelist. Wanted to get 2100 for Merciless Gladiator, I think that was he cutoff back then. But we just couldn't get t. The nether drake. Grinded so hard every day. My shit was too laggy. Think the highest I got was 2073. Yeah. 2073. >2073? Tristan asked. >Yeah. The boys were silent again, for a while this time. The boys looked at each other. >Bro, what server were you on? >Draka. >Bro! Draka? Me too. >You serious? >Yes dude. nsane. Holy shit. What guld did you run with? >Represent. You know Represent? >Bro. I was a *officer* for Represent. >For real? The boys were silnt again. Then, Tristan asked a question to which he already knew the answer: >You're not Hackman are you? Marco blushed. >Yeah man. hat's me. Te boys were silent again. >And so you must be Sanctüs? With those two lttle dots? I never knew how you did those, an. >Yeah bro. That's me. Marco turned to Tristan. Tristan turned to Marc. >What are the odds, bro? What are the fucking odd? This is a miracle, hxahga. >Really low...so it was ou all along? I can't believe you were anctüs all along. Why'd you say your name was Rex? >I was weird about privacy back then, I don't know. My parents told me to never share my real ame, I think. But this is insan bro. This is unreal. Hacman! Dude. My 2s partner. Dude. What are the odds. You were a God. f you had better nternet, bro. >I know, I know. You weren't too bad yourself bruh. That 1v2 you had againt the mirror...god those gus were such dick.

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>Pwnasaurus and Poq, right? The only other igh rated Mag/Rogue team. Fuck those gys. I maintai that we never lost to them. I maintain hat. Tristan lushed, and Marco bushed seeing Tristan blush. >Things were so ifferent back then. Thnk of how different things were back then. Ad then the boys were silen, and they only hear the low, random cackling of the fire, and Tristan made his way over o Marco, stumbling a bit ovr some sticks and rocks, and when he was in front of Mrco, Marco stood up, and Tristan put his arm on his shouldr, and ristan said: >I can't blieve it's you, bro. An then Tristan began to cry, and he was isibly surprised at his tears, but he continued, and he said: >I's been so ong, bro. It's been so long. Where has the time gone? I don't know why I'm crying. It's so sily. But it's ben so long. >To long, Marco said. >I miss hose days, Tristan sad, I remember everything, and then the two embaced, and Marco said: >Me too, into Tristan' neck, and he held Trista who cried o have found an old friend, to have remembered everything, and Tristan held Marco who also cried, the white ters shimmerig crystals by the ight of the firlight, to have rememered the days when e was still alive, to be runited in heven with his long lost 2s partnr.

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[Party][Sanctüs]: one more arathi? quick 5 cap ez pz
[Party][Hackman]: bruh
[Party][Hackman]: I'm already late to Maggie's thing
[Party][Hackman]: few more duels
[Party][Sanctüs]: ooooo
[Party][Sanctüs]: what's Maggie's thing?
[Party][Hackman]: her parents are gone so she's having a lil kickback
[Party][Hackman]: sum beers n shit. shud be dope.
[Party][Sanctüs]: you've had beer before?
[Party][Hackman]: once or twice lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: fuck bro. I'm a pu\$\$y I guess
[Party][Sanctüs]: but thanks for the invite DUDE.
[Party][Hackman]: come thru dawg
[Party][Hackman]: Maggie's friend Rosa is cute
[Party][Hackman]: and she loves really high-rated rogues
[Party][Sanctüs]: oh yeah tell her about my new maces
[Party][Sanctüs]: that'll really get her going ;)
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: but bro honestly fuck you for actually having fun tonight
[Party][Sanctüs]: ima just be grinding honor
[Party][Sanctüs]: at least one of us actually cares about the TEAM
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Hackman]: aight
[Party][Sanctüs]: no
[Party][Sanctüs]: wait
[Party][Sanctüs]: don't go dude
[Party][Sanctüs]: tell me more about this Rosa chick
[Party][Sanctüs]: is she a "sloot" as they say ?
[Party][Hackman]: lmao
[Party][Hackman]: no
[Party][Hackman]: I mean she's done something before
[Party][Hackman]: but nothing crazy
[Party][Sanctüs]: you bastard
[Party][Sanctüs]: "done something before" is 100% code for you've had relations with her
[Party][Sanctüs]: so if I "cum thru" ima just be slopping up your sloppy seconds?
[Party][Hackman]: lmaoo dont spell it like that u psycho
[Party][Hackman]: and no. i never had sex with her really
[Party][Sanctüs]: you've had sex???
[Party][Hackman]: once or twice lol
[Party][Hackman]: I did go to second base with her tho. once
[Party][Sanctüs]: never had sex with her "REALITY"? wtf?!
[Party][Sanctüs]: also how did MAGGIE feel abt that one?
[Party][Hackman]: mags was cool with it lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: liarrrrr bro. she doesn't know does she.
[Party][Sanctüs]: so i'm going tell her

[Party][Sanctüs]: i'm going to find her fb and tell her
[Party][Sanctüs]: unless you queue one more BG w/ me
[Party][Hackman]: ye
[Party][Hackman]: nah she knows
[Party][Hackman]: I did it while she was there
[Party][Hackman]: also wow ur damage is crazzzzy lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: lol if you didn't have barrier i could prob 100-0
[Party][Sanctüs]: but also WTF
[Party][Sanctüs]: bro
[Party][Sanctüs]: you gotta tell me this shit dawg
[Party][Hackman]: I'm late
[Party][Sanctüs]: BRRRRRROOOOOOO
[Party][Hackman]: BROOOOO
[Party][Hackman]: u want 2 much
[Party][Sanctüs]: you know exactly how much I want ;)
[Party][Sanctüs]: no but for real
[Party][Sanctüs]: is Rosa single?
[Party][Sanctüs]: actually wait don't answer that yet
[Party][Sanctüs]: first tell me how Maggie was there while you went to second base w/
Rosa
[Party][Sanctüs]: what's second base to you even?
[Party][Hackman]: ok, quickly,
[Party][Hackman]: second base is below the belt
[Party][Sanctüs]: be more specific dude
[Party][Hackman]: handjob
[Party][Sanctüs]: ooo
[Party][Hackman]: and fingering
[Party][Sanctüs]: ok, same here, same here
[Party][Hackman]: so Maggie and Rosa are best friends. lk best best friends
[Party][Hackman]: and maggie and i have been together since early 6th grade, lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: right. you've told me that before. ye ole ball and chain eh?
[Party][Hackman]: ?
[Party][Sanctüs]: nvm lol. go on
[Party][Hackman]: so Rosa and I are pretty close too
[Party][Hackman]: and mags is super forthright about sexual stuff
[Party][Hackman]: and one day she was like, do you think Rosa is cute?
[Party][Sanctüs]: oooo gd bro. should i take my dick out now or later?
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Hackman]: chatap
[Party][Hackman]: stop interrupting
[Party][Sanctüs]: wait lemme try out my new uld mace
[Party][Sanctüs]: [Caress of Insanity]
[Party][Sanctüs]: wanna see if it rips harder
[Party][Hackman]: kk
[Party][Sanctüs]: kk. go
[Party][Hackman]: so

[Party][Hackman]: aight if we're actually gonna get into it ima just text Maggie ima b late
[Party][Hackman]: sec
[Party][Sanctüs]: ayyy. that's my boy right there. for the TEAM
[Party][Sanctüs]: he'll even give up that sweet v for me
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Hackman]: chatap bih
[Party][Hackman]: Maggie's gonna be pissed so ur welcome
[Party][Hackman]: ok
[Party][Hackman]: so
[Party][Hackman]: one day she's like, do u think Rosa's cute?
[Party][Hackman]: and in my head im thinking what do i say here? since if i say yes shes upset, if i say no shell think im lying, cuz rosa is pretty obviously cute
[Party][Hackman]: so i bite the bullet and say yes, since u know
[Party][Sanctüs]: honesty best policy
[Party][Hackman]: u dont wanna lie to ur girl
[Party][Hackman]: Exactly
[Party][Hackman]: and I prepare myself for her to get mad
[Party][Hackman]: this was when we wer lying on my bed btw
[Party][Sanctüs]: ???
[Party][Hackman]: maggie sneaks in a lot, my parents cud sleep through an earthquake lol
[Party][Hackman]: different story with my bro tho, lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: how's david doing btw?
[Party][Hackman]: better
[Party][Hackman]: ty for asking
[Party][Sanctüs]: good. and ye ofc
[Party][Hackman]: so instead of gettign mad she starts like kissing me n shit
[Party][Sanctüs]: go on.....
[Party][Hackman]: and she's actually really into it and wants to hear me say it as we, you know
[Party][Sanctüs]: fuck?
[Party][Sanctüs]: what's "it" though?
[Party][Hackman]: yah. lol
[Party][Hackman]: so she wants me to like call her Rosa while were havng sex bscly
[Party][Sanctüs]: oh. hot damn
[Party][Sanctüs]: bro no one at my school has had sex yet lol
[Party][Hackman]: so i do. and she's really turned on by it. and so she invites rosa over
[Party][Hackman]: wack lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: that night??
[Party][Hackman]: yah. that night
[Party][Sanctüs]: what, y'all just stop fucking mid fuck?
[Party][Hackman]: yah, lmao
[Party][Sanctüs]: and Rosa is miraculously awake?? and she just acquiesces and comes?!?
[Party][Hackman]: it wasn't that late, lol

[Party][Hackman]: and yah she comes
[Party][Sanctüs]: ;)
[Party][Hackman]: lol
[Party][Hackman]: and we smoke some weed and then start playing truth or dare
[Party][Sanctüs]: You've smoked weed????
[Party][Hackman]: nd u know how that shit go
[Party][Hackman]: ye
[Party][Sanctüs]: oh boy
[Party][Sanctüs]: ???
[Party][Sanctüs]: that can't be the end
[Party][Sanctüs]: hello
[Party][Hackman]: bro u can infer the rest dawg
[Party][Hackman]: arent u smart n shit
[Party][Hackman]: algebra honors fuq boi
[Party][Sanctüs]: fk u
[Party][Sanctüs]: as if that has any bearing on my intelligence
[Party][Sanctüs]: just give me the whole thing dude
[Party][Sanctüs]: ;)
[Party][Hackman]: fine
[Party][Hackman]: so the dares begin pretty simple. but then im showing them my shit
[Party][Hackman]: and theyre showing me their shit
[Party][Hackman]: and then one dare led to another
[Party][Hackman]: and Maggie dares me to have sex with Rosa
[Party][Sanctüs]: !!
[Party][Hackman]: but I was like i'm good
[Party][Sanctüs]: respect
[Party][Hackman]: and she was like well at least finger her
[Party][Hackman]: while we make out
[Party][Hackman]: so i did
[Party][Sanctüs]: damn bro
[Party][Hackman]: even tho i didnt really wanna
[Party][Sanctüs]: idk bout you but i'm a little hot and bothered over here
[Party][Sanctüs]: when was this? was Rosa responsive?
[Party][Hackman]: last week. a ltittle too responsive lmao
[Party][Sanctüs]: oh shit.
[Party][Sanctüs]: how fcking handsome are you
[Party][Sanctüs]: so something's definitely gonna go down at this kickback tonight then.
[Party][Hackman]: most likely
[Party][Hackman]: Maggie said she wants to bring a fourth into it
[Party][Hackman]: idk
[Party][Sanctüs]: like a dude?
[Party][Hackman]: idk
[Party][Sanctüs]: you cool w/ that?
[Party][Sanctüs]: maggie is crazy lol
[Party][Hackman]: maybe. as long as he sticks to Rosa lol
[Party][Hackman]: im not tryna share Maggie w/ him

[Party][Sanctüs]: hmmmmMMMMMmmm
[Party][Sanctüs]: what about w/ me tho. you're beloved 2s partner Sanctüs
[Party][Sanctüs]: <_<
[Party][Sanctüs]: can i volunteer as the fourth
[Party][Sanctüs]: >_>
[Party][Hackman]: rather you than this other dude
[Party][Hackman]: ginger motherfucker. white ass dude
[Party][Sanctüs]: Rosa white?
[Party][Hackman]: what do u think lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: well I'm not a ginger
[Party][Sanctüs]: so I have that going for me
[Party][Sanctüs]: but alas
[Party][Sanctüs]: my ass is likely whiter than the gentleman's of which you speak
[Party][Hackman]: lol
[Party][Hackman]: this guy is a dick. kinda shitty that she wants him like that.
[Party][Sanctüs]: but maybe it's just for Rosa?
[Party][Sanctüs]: i mean its definitely not about the guy as a person. she prob just finds him attractive. maybe rosa prob asked for him
[Party][Hackman]: idk. since that night rosa hasb een blowing my phone the fuck up
[Party][Hackman]: on some crazy shit. shes like "can i come over tonght" every night
[Party][Sanctüs]: like, not to make light of your situation and what not, but this is kind of a good problem to have lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: like two attractive women want to fuck u
[Party][Sanctüs]: are you not into the 4some idea?
[Party][Hackman]: i mean. i cud be convinced
[Party][Hackman]: it'd be fine if like he was you know, doing her and i was doing mags
[Party][Hackman]: but they'll prolly wanna switch n shit
[Party][Hackman]: idk bout that
[Party][Sanctüs]: i mean
[Party][Sanctüs]: dude
[Party][Sanctüs]: that's like the hottest part
[Party][Sanctüs]: like imagine if i was there
[Party][Hackman]: lol i have no idea what you look like
[Party][Sanctüs]: just iimagine, like, a greek God. and then multiply that by 10
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: no but for real imagine im there
[Party][Hackman]: aight do ur worst
[Party][Sanctüs]: ima show how you this actually sounds dope
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: ur problem is you can't envision it dude. you lack le vision
[Party][Sanctüs]: ok. for real though
[Party][Sanctüs]: im like decently good looking
[Party][Sanctüs]: tall, very white. blonde. blue eyes
[Party][Sanctüs]: but good jawline and shit
[Party][Sanctüs]: been lifting weights a bit. fully pubertified
[Party][Hackman]: lol ok i see it a little

[Party][Hackman]: hitler's wet dream
[Party][Sanctüs]: fk uuuuuuuu
[Party][Sanctüs]: but ok ok lemme set the mfing scene bro
[Party][Sanctüs]: is there like an upstairs at her place?
[Party][Hackman]: ye there's an upstairs
[Party][Sanctüs]: ok were chilling downstairs playing beerpong or whatever
[Party][Hackman]: oh u drink now?? lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: yeeeeeeeeEEEEE
[Party][Sanctüs]: i've been around the block a few times
[Party][Sanctüs]: also holy fuck
[Party][Sanctüs]: 5k ambush
[Party][Sanctüs]: through all your res
[Party][Hackman]: ur nutty
[Party][Sanctüs]: but ok
[Party][Sanctüs]: we're crushing the table
[Party][Sanctüs]: and maggie and rosa come up to us and theyre like meet us upstairs in 5 minutes
[Party][Hackman]: lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: they're like "we need to get ready"
[Party][Hackman]: obv. im nice at bp
[Party][Sanctüs]: obv. then
[Party][Sanctüs]: so, we win our last game, and head upstairs and boom
[Party][Hackman]: boom what
[Party][Sanctüs]: theyre just naked, both of them, lying on the bed
[Party][Hackman]: honestly that might actually be what would happen lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: exactly
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we're like yo
[Party][Sanctüs]: damn. turn to each other and cock our eyebrows and are like. sheet.
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they're lying on their stomachs
[Party][Sanctüs]: and the room is pretty dark. so we dont know which is which, really
[Party][Sanctüs]: except by the color of their hair, which is almost identical anyway
[Party][Sanctüs]: since their face is down and their a\$\$ is up
[Party][Hackman]: damn. tru. lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: do you want me to keep going?
[Party][Hackman]: yes
[Party][Sanctüs]: so we enter the room and they make a little noise together of excitement and satisfaction
[Party][Sanctüs]: like a giggle or something
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we look at each other and we're like holy fuck this is crazy
[Party][Sanctüs]: and the craziest part is they're legit 100 percent naked
[Party][Sanctüs]: like nothing on at all
[Party][Sanctüs]: how crass can i be lol
[Party][Hackman]: shit bro ur on a roll
[Party][Hackman]: dont stop here lmfao. be crass
[Party][Sanctüs]: ok
[Party][Sanctüs]: so as we enter we can see them both visibly "get wet" as they say

[Party][Sanctüs]: just from us entering
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we know exactly what to do
[Party][Sanctüs]: which is crazy to see someone get visibly wet but like theres just enough light that
[Party][Sanctüs]: it sorta like, glistens. lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they are giggling to each other now and sort of egging us on. touching themselves to get ready
[Party][Sanctüs]: like “come on, stupid” and “what’s taking so long” and shit.
[Party][Hackman]: dam
[Party][Sanctüs]: which is pretty amazing. but we still don’t know who’s saying what, so we don’t know which is which
[Party][Sanctüs]: like even if Maggie has a distinctive mole or something like the lighting is such that you can’t see it
[Party][Hackman]: damn bro ur lowkey good at this shit
[Party][Hackman]: then what
[Party][Sanctüs]: what do you think? we take our clothes off
[Party][Sanctüs]: get hard as a fucking STEEL rod
[Party][Hackman]: lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: hard just by looking at them on the bed
[Party][Sanctüs]: keep going?
[Party][Hackman]: yes. lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we just walk up to them, and we flip a coin for who’s going on who
[Party][Hackman]: heads lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we just start going to town
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they’re going crazy they’re loving it so much
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they start mking out on the bed but we still dont know who we’re fcking
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they’re so toasty warm
[Party][Sanctüs]: like they are RADIATING heat the room starts to get hot it feels like. sweating like ew’re in a sweatlodge
[Party][Sanctüs]: we’re*
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we do that for five minutes or so
[Party][Sanctüs]: before we’re both about to, you know
[Party][Hackman]: “cum” as you say? lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: right exactly
[Party][Hackman]: u should write books of this shit bro
[Party][Hackman]: ud be filthy rich
[Party][Sanctüs]: :’)
[Party][Hackman]: well dont stop now lol.
[Party][Sanctüs]: people are outside the door because the girls are fucking yelling in pleasure
[Party][Sanctüs]: and then they tell us to get on our backs, which we do, but first they ask us to blindfold ourselves with our shirts. so we STILL dont know who’s riding us
[Party][Sanctüs]: and they ride the shit out of us while we’re blindfolded.
[Party][Sanctüs]: and we’re both fighting to not finish
[Party][Hackman]: fuck bro

[Party][Sanctüs]: so i cant take it anymore and i'm like yo, i'm gonna fucking explode
[Party][Sanctüs]: and a voice is like "do it"
[Party][Sanctüs]: and i'm like "I'm not wearing a condom"
[Party][Sanctüs]: adn the voice is like "do it"
[Party][Sanctüs]: and I'm like "Marco?" and then you're like "do it"
[Party][Hackman]: shit
[Party][Sanctüs]: so i "finish inside" one of them as they say
[Party][Sanctüs]: bro
[Party][Sanctüs]: are you hard rn?
[Party][Hackman]: getting there. lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: well I AM broooooo
[Party][Sanctüs]: but ok let me do you now
[Party][Sanctüs]: so youre takng a little longer
[Party][Sanctüs]: stamina of a bull and all that lmfao
[Party][Sanctüs]: so we all help you finish
[Party][Hackman]: we all
[Party][Sanctüs]: yeah. i touch your thighs and shit. not in a gay way lol. but it feels insane cuz youre beign touched by like three different people. one of which is also kissing your neck and lips and shit.
[Party][Hackman]: bro
[Party][Sanctüs]: so then you finish inside whoever it is you finish inside
[Party][Sanctüs]: and when you do it Rosa/Maggie organisms
[Party][Hackman]: organisms? LMfaoooooooo
[Party][Sanctüs]: and then after we've all finished
[Party][Sanctüs]: we lie on the bed
[Party][Sanctüs]: fall asleep
[Party][Sanctüs]: wake up 20 mintues later and do it again
[Party][Sanctüs]: lol.
[Party][Sanctüs]: now how was that bro?
[Party][Hackman]: wow dude
[Party][Hackman]: what just happened lol
[Party][Sanctüs]: does that sound so bad?
[Party][Hackman]: no bro
[Party][Hackman]: it sounds amazing
[Party][Sanctüs]: i told you brooooooo
[Party][Hackman]: yah
[Party][Hackman]: i mean idk how u knew they wuld let us "finish inside" of them. mags loves that shit.
[Party][Sanctüs]: that trust thoughhhhhhhh
[Party][Sanctüs]: damn dude. i could prob get there if I wanted
[Party][Sanctüs]: just critting them from behind lol
[Party][Hackman]: damn
[Party][Hackman]: honestly down
[Party][Hackman]: u have my blessing
[Party][Hackman]: ok. not to burst ur bubble. but
[Party][Hackman]: im late

[Party][Sanctüs]: yes you are lol sorry for keeping you so long

[Party][Hackman]: its ok

[Party][Sanctüs]: i think it was worth

[Party][Sanctüs]: right?

[Party][Hackman]: yah. 4 sure. worf

[Party][Hackman]: lmfao

[Party][Sanctüs]: cya dude

[Party][Sanctüs]: also def gonna use the pvp mace

[Party][Hackman]: pce

[Party][Sanctüs]: have fun out there

[Hackman] has gone offline.

[Party][Sanctüs]: <3

>Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control.
Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Please just give up control. Give up control.
Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up
control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control.
Give up control. Please give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give
up control. Give up control man. Give up control. Give up control. Marco...give up control. Give
up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control.
Give up control. I can;t take this much longer. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control.
Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up control. Give up
control. Give up cont

>Hello, David!

Inside: well, hello I guess. Do I happen to know of you in that way? Outside: nothing much to report...

>I make it a point to memorize everyone's name on the first day. And Mr. Shannon told me all about you.

That's a big smile and the teeth so big in addition. The better to...the better to...lol.

>Well then. I say it is good to see you in addition...

Marco told me to keep smiling that way so I smile that way now. Have you ever seen Marco smile that-a-way? LOL. Akin to the cat when it gets hit, quite unfairly, by the piano...that show being a symbol for so much of the world/life, that is, precisely good and evil...not so different when you look at it from both sides of the coin, as Marco was particularly fond of doing.

>Slanga buncha. Nar. Cotics. Pull up. Ina. New. rari. Oh. Sup bro.

>Yes, well, ahchem...though I don't exactly appreciate the *harmony* of your shower tones I do appreciate the rhythm.... you do have that going for you. Much more enjoyable than that other song so frightening, the yelling of UNDEAD over and over. And I do recommend finding a more expansive towel...

>You don't like these tris bro? Like a goddamn horse's shoe bruh.

>I see...and how would, Marco, how would the horse feel about that Marco?

Marco howling at the ceiling with the drips on the carpet and the flexing of the abdominals as a direct result of the laughter...

Yes well my body type has its own advantages as his has his own advantages, as all creatures have their own...even though I loved to hear him in the shower and to get him to laugh being one of the easiest things for me, which was impossible for others, and so I punish myself for that criticism, though he could handle it all at that time, but now there are no more jokes to be had, to hear my family speak of it now-a-days.

>Why don't you have a seat? We'll start in a few minutes.

>Yes...sure...

I had the uncanny feeling of something being...well, off, even then I had it. She told me one Friday to announce that I am a little thick of it in the head. I did not want to announce that, I had overheard similar (in far unfriendlier terms) before, and that is not exactly my definition of an announcement, per say, to roll down the scroll and see *that*, well...not exactly heraldic at all, really...

In that first period in that first year, all those years ago, even then Rapture Kingdom was inside the inside of the inside: a seed of me.

>Ms. Schaefer. Good evening. Can I do a, well, creative writing novel in lieu of the five paragraph persuasive essay, or rather, I must say, in addition, if you prefer that course of action.

>Of course, David. Why don't you stay after school and we'll talk about it?

HOWEVER, as one particular respected writer says, from his list of writing/publishing tips:

It's all about the cash money, motha*****!!

LOL. That really gets me going. Which is to say the story Rapture Kingdom (he says there is loads of a difference between a story and a "vignette") might not be the bestseller, but maybe if just one person could pick it up and be changed by it for the good of themselves, the way she picked it up...maybe that would be enough...This really funny guy also says:

ALL THE WORLD'S ENTERTAINMENT IS YOUR COMPETITION.

Which helped me increase the strength of my novel, that I would be competing with Totoro...but also made me a bit frightened insofar as the visualization of shows/tv/anime comes a bit easier to most.

>Sure. I can come after school. Today after school?

To remember if it happened like that: when I go like this does it feel like that? That is the question...Even then I was spotting!

>You just have to own it bro. If you own it and people talk shit it's all good, because they can tell you don't care. You know what I mean bro.

Going back to him later in the evening:

>MooooOOOOOoooo Marco. MoooOOOOooooo,
his eyes wetting themselves with tears.

That *was* the question, anyway. Well, how do I put this...yes and no...did I break a bone? Well, how do I put this...yes and no...it's just the stylus looked quite appetizing and as thought it was meant to go in *there*, how could I of all the people in all the lands have been fully aware and cognizant that such a thin thing would get *stuck* in such a passage...feeling good until it didn't.

>And there goes Marquez wearing maybe the narliest pair of jeans this side of the Miss.

>Excuse me...I couldn't help but overhear a particular portion of...

>You are excused, m'lord.

The big holes of the three mouths so pink and ugly behind the yellow when they opened their big laughing holes.

>What is this word of that you three fellows speak of?

>Isn't there some voyage you should be on? Some maiden who needs saving?

>Aspies United.

Hands to their mouths...

>Nah man. C'mon Colin. We're just joking with him bro.

>As you are well aware I am, well, slightly thick in the head in social settings...

>We're just kidding man. We love you Marquez.

>Well. That's a change of things. Thank you, Rex. Good day. And to you two in addition.

At the parent teacher conference, she sat there and smiled at me...and all I needed to say was Mom this is the that...this is the that of that which I speak. Now please take me away from this that. And go and get Marco...the Tony Stark version :D

>Is something wrong bro? You can tell me anything bro. Hey man. Hey. Why you crying bro? Don't cry like that. I love you bro. You know that. Right bro?

Yes...I knew that... but he didn't know that at that time. He wouldn't want to know all about that. Who would want to know all about that? Also, LOL, can you guess Marco's favorite phrase? Or do I need to spoonfeed it to you?

I looked into his eyes. Have you seen Marco's eyes? It would not do them justice to describe the multicolor of those eyes...which I have taken, of course, for Ash's eyes, the two being loosely identical in personality and looks, though differentiating notably since Ash obtained a scar from nape to buttock from his Wolf Trial, that is, how all Winternmen become "men" in the eyes of the Wintercouncil, being based on my own Trial of Wolves of which most of the things in the book are allusions, Marco's not being QUITE from nape to buttock...

>It is all good, bro.

I gleaned the importance of kin from my childhood, directly as a result of Marco, and the thousand negativities that came up from childhood...the thousand little wolves I kept away before they snuff out the inside of the inside.

>I would just prefer it if we played some games right about now. A dungeon or two. That always perks me up a bit, or so it seems.

>For real?

>For real.

I hope Marco remembers us playing those games and the way you look up and it's been hours, as though time just, evaporated...

>This is the good life Marco. This is the good ass life.

>Soon the grasshopper will become the master. Bro.

>Did you know that 1337 spells "leet" Marco. Short for "elite." I know what I am but what are you...

Lol. He always beating me until one day he didn't.

>And OK looks like a little person Marco.

But if you have played Marco in any sort of competition (be it gaming or something else) he is quite competitive to the point of, well...anger...though he only did that thing once, it was quite...out of character, really, for him...and I do NOT think of him that way in general, or else why would I have gone and done the dedication of all of that work to that certain type of person.

>Mom...please do not get mad at Marco...he always has something on his mind...and so he has to get rid of it.

And *no*, I don't play *that* game anymore, not after what happened to me, which I still have yet to puzzle out, always logging in every day until one day I couldn't, Customer Support not doing anything (so typical now-a-days to hear them complaining on the forums) to get my account back since I forgot the answer to my own security question, What is the name of your first best friend...thinking of all the hours spent cutting yews, the quite rare santa hat I purchased for 30m (kind of a steal :D), the good times and the bad times. But now I play a different MMO and enjoy it just as much ;D

On that day I remember going also to the cafeteria and thinking, well, think of all the meals I will eat in here...all the hundreds of thousand of cuisines into the mouth...imagine how big I will become as a result of those meals, bigger, perhaps, than Marco, though that would be quite a feat in and of itself, given that he was just informed per last night's dinner discussion (at that time, not now's time) that he would be starting as a freshman at cornerback, the "last resort defensively," a feat of strength indeed, unsurprisingly enough however to me given that I always saw him as a Thrall type, the best part of the orc being toughness, stamina, fortitude, not savages as most would have you think, no, not in the slightest, especially so if you're familiar with that particular niche of fantasy (and NOT just LOTR).

Finding a table being the hardest part, most everybody having found one being the key crux of the problem, that was the issue at hand, until I saw Devon, beside Arthur, the druid of the group :D (let's just say questing is a little easier when you have a Mark of the Wild for free :P), more of a Marvel than even I am a Marvel fan...who was eating hardboiled eggs out of a plastic bag, to which I thought, well, that is more of my speed, that is actually the "mind" for me, and taking a long hoot of breath I engaged young Devon in a parlance of sorts regarding his interests, spying the little pin on his backpack, invisible to the uninitiated eye...and, well, let's just say I had a new friend request on several different MMOs that evening :D.

>Make a little bagel like that with your hands.

>Perhaps we should not do this here...just to tell you...

She asking to bake with me just about every day after school, though that is not exactly my definition of the word...

But that is neither here nor there...What really won Devon over (to be honest quite an actor in his own right, quite amazing to see him sing and dance) was the x-fer I saved up for young Devon's birthday and how, well, beautiful it was to roam the world with him (neither of us were big into "PvP" as it were, mostly RPing and the odd 15-man :D), though regretfully he did say he had a spectral but refused to mount it when asked, given that he was likely lying about such a thing, the second to worst trait, which I refuse among other things to make equivalent to omission.

Seeing Maggie in the kitchen at 3 AM, perplexed, just going for a glass of milk to power down after a long gaming session, she was wearing so little I had to basically avert my eyes, so confused, asking her:

>What are you doing here at this hour of the night Maggie?

The heart soared a-watching her giggle off into Marco's room, trying not *as hard as I could* to avert my gaze, going back into my room and logging onto DeviantArt with my heart thumping through my shirt, so, well, encumbered....

Ash had his but I lost the mine...and we all know, well, achhem, perhaps that territory is...too far. But I have my suspicions that the first is the most deep, there is none like the first...which has and continues to affect me in a way of sadness and, well, yup, I guess you could call it that big D word Depression.

>Well no Angela, it's not quite that, it has nothing really to do with you, that is, you yourself or how you look...

>You just know exactly how to push my buttons you little Sh!t!

The confusing nature of the simultaneously good and bad, the simultaneous in general, (sim-ul-tayne-e-yoos Mom tone LOL), I couldn't make heads or tails of it bro (Marco). Playing foursquare with him twisted something up in me...I do not appreciate the having of something twisted up in me. At certain points he looked through the face beyond to the wall or tree, seeing me but not really going so far as to actually see me, and here returns the things that I hate having return...

>Here, David. Why don't you go sit in that corner with Blake while we figure out what's going on?

Blake crying yelling at me like my whole life up until this point, the eternity of being that big D word David, so sad in her face crying out of her face the

>Your insane fucking brother. What the fuck is wrong with your fucking family?

>I am sorry you feel that-a-way. I am sorry you feel that-a-way. I have felt that-a-way before.

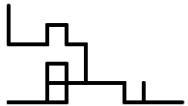
Not knowing how or where to move my eyes up or down, and here comes the sadness of

>Call your parents. Do you have parents? Get them down here as soon as possible. Right now. Get in. We'll follow them to St. Luke's in my van.

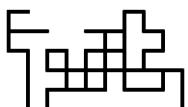
Perhaps, well, worst of all being the big bushy red beard never knowing what to say, totally clueless as to what to do, crying though he looked like, well, the least likely crier to cry

>I could have done something. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I shouldacouldawoulda (lol - resume serious tone) I have no idea how he got access to that...I keep it on me at all times. I promise you. At all times.

and there were some harsh words expressed that didn't seem to suit either party, the worst word you can think of to be honest... to accuse my brother of that...the little half of his head as they put him into that car...to think of the bad things multiplies the bad things multiplies them again, that is running to the window and he hitting his head on it until it dripping down his face and the scariest part not recognizing him or the thing in him not recognizing me and the eyes so wide like scary eyes and the sirens so loud if they could just shut them off, please, for one second, I knowing Marco hating the sirens, I hating them and all those damn white people standing around me bro (Marco tone), missing my bro forever even when he was damn near right in front of me, thinking of him in those matching pajamas and me in them in addition, and that I never told Marco *that*, or that really I loved him THIS much...thinking how we did beat those level 9s together and he did tell off the nip dumpers together. He gnashing and, well, yelling through the glass that he did not kill for anything, never in his life. He telling me that he mained a mage, not a rogue, like him, that he flipped a coin, that is, and that however sad it was but that he killed for good. There was something I needed to know before he went away for good. What else did he say to me? (Looney Tunes ending credits thinking sound). Mainly that he didn't know nothing (only the way marco can say it), and that he was more sorry than he had ever been, that is sorrier than anyone ever possibly thought or was ever in his entire life.



The belief that I was chosen was difficult to make more earthly manifest than when we designed our own “plates” as a class, my earthly fingers benumbed by their only five years of practice, by drawing a design on a circular piece of parchment/scroll which would then be transferred to a plate proper and I was the only boy amongst 60 or so children to draw a pizza on the plate, the only boy to merge expression and expressor, art and medium, as if I had built a building out of people, hollowed out a coffee mug from an oversized coffee bean; the only boy to account for that which contains being of that which is contained;;



My father handing me that totem of which he had been in contact with for his whole life and upon which I could feel his residual energies:

>Take this. Take this. And...and...

We get it bro.

How small it was in his hand and the way it vibrated from side to side...the multi-colored beads against his dark neck like little candies I wanted to eat, the Clownlike man at the County Fair, not a clown, but Clownlike, asking me if I wanted

>To Try And Shoot The Candylike WaterBalloons Again,
against my neck,,,fishing line and candies given to me for simply being
“me”...lost, one day in the not so distant future, whilst being launched off of a
“blob” into a lake the frigidity and temperament of a Club Penguin igloo.



It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself. But how to set about cleaning the cabin? The mess is everywhere, it touches everything. Marco opens the closet in the corner. He sees a broom, a mop, a duster, a bucket, half empty bottles of soap, bleach, old rags, sponges. Marco grabs the duster and dusts. It seems as though the dust wants to be dusted. He dusts underneath each bed, each rung of each ladder. How much dust there is! Where did all the dust come from? From boots, dead skin, all sorts of things. Marco goes outside the cabin and shakes out the duster. How much dust there is!



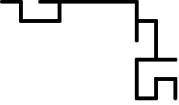
The shirt, the little logo, the impossible to live like that, awhispering to no man but myself

>No fear,

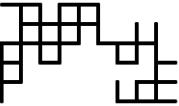
but it was, wasn’t it, the coolest logo of them all, that shit and dogtags had the gartners drippin, it by itself made Julie Cantor kick his shins during recess soccer even harder and more deliciously than he had ever thought possible, if she had only kicked him in the mouth, imagining if such an it by itself were ever possible if the demons did not rage at the cage full of fear, which of course he (Marco) happens to be wearing in every iterative memory, especially when he watched that

>Because you were home :-)

shit with her when he was only in the 6th grade, even when Mags held my hand before she had to fly to school and I drove away at 5 AM crying so hard I couldn’t see the wheel or my dimples in the mirror, and which of course I was



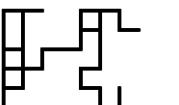
wearing when playing Banjo-Kazzoie at Conor Kemp's house when I ate too much kettle corn and it by itself caused my need to throw up, since of course he is a legitimate banjo player; it is not just some quirky ongoing joke. He is probably a much better banjo player than he is an actor, but perhaps that's getting off topic. He is a legitimate banjo player; it is not just some quirky ongoing joke, he is probably



When you break down the semiotics and hermeneutics of suspicion, and the *ennui* of spatiality, accounting for, indeed, not the Nominal Case but the Central Case, *à la* the in-the-inside of ontological phenomonology, then u'd sorta have to be a fuggin dingdong chimp to not see why or how (being one and the same) he's in *Idaho*, literally being Holy Fuck! These White People Suck Huge Dicks And Suck Their Own Brother's Dicks And Even Suck A Fat Dog's Dick in the original Shoshoni Indian, INL (Id. Nat. Lab.) being the nation's leading center for nuclear energy research and development,..being literally only a stone's throw away, as if the plutonium (TN MW2 building block) doesn't leak from miles and miles away bro...yeah...nice...surrrrrre bro...

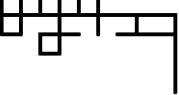


Mt. Doom having failed, the players being "spawned," that is, posing as §pawned, excluding him (prototype), being to rid the world of "spawned" players, that is, "spawned" players, the 8 million, being only 1 kill off the "nuke" since last ACDC, needing to just bide his time until he Turns the Key, in which Time will appear to slow, all vehicles and killstreak rewards will explode, and finally, "all spawned players including the user, die on the spot..." all SPAWNED players, that is, on the DOT...Isaac summoning judgment, to live inside the Golden Sun, and because chickens...well, this is getting ahead of himself, but, because, oddly chickens do not die on Rundown when a nuke is called in it makes sense to constitute his body of at least 20% chicken, and so the blood can be had for literally pennies for a quart or so and it doesn't even taste all that bad even...and if you look hard enough you'll find on a little unwritten corner of the internet that it only took whiteboy7thst 32 seconds to amass his plutonium, INL being literally a stone's throw away, but what is really a second to a minute or an hour to a year, it all the same, weaponizing the weapons they gave me against them the nerdyass supposed geniuses of the plan, going Jason Bourne on their fucking asses, 1 away from the 1 away.



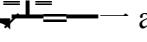
Gary Paulsen's Hatchet is a novel that explores the meaning of survival and the desire for human beings to survive at all... To survive at all :^)
GOOD thesis! :^)

You ever been sucking on a lip when you hear a buzz and know that your rivals uploaded a video of you getting concussed, the astroturf Rising Up to Meet You and the responsible for everything CTE spreading like blowing the lil paratroopers from a dandelion thinking This Shit Way Too Bootyful To Be A Weed, to hype up the Friday Night Lights game made on iMovie, a bump forming on my head like Tom gave Spike walking to the bad bad on call nurse



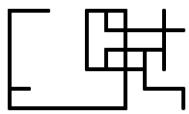
while my teammates cheer my Tom and Jerry Iron Chin because you should have fuggin seen the other guy, and that the concussion will forever alter the way you compress with your reality? Me neither man. LMFAO.

Imagine if it was so simple as:

When Margarita did that many with that many, Marco felt :(. Then when he went over to them and gave them a piece of his mind, he felt >:(. He killed them all with a  and felt 0:^). Margarita looked like (•_•✿ and she forgave him and they lived happily ever after like two

\\
(o>
//
//
_ _ s of a feather.

If only it was so simple as...

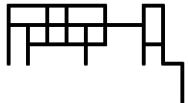


David dancing: the whole mass of him moving up and down beneath his shirt, the GOOD VIBES ONLY Mom purchased for him and the fitted SF Giants cap I purchased for him since he was self conscious and which he showed me so proudly as if he had picked it himself, so fearless in the face of his lack of talent, so happily smiling at me to see if I approved, the way he nearly tripped and laughed it off

>Yes, well, I never claimed to be an expert...or a savant, Marco. But what did you think Marco?



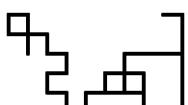
It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself. But of all the ways to clean the cabin, which is the most effective? Marco grabs the mop from the closet. He walks away from the closet, remembers he also needs the bucket, walks back and takes the bucket out of the closet. He fills the bucket with water from the attached bathroom and dunks the head of the mop into the bucket. He does not put soap into the bucket. Will the mop still clean without soap? Marco gives the mopping a test run without the soapy water. Though he cleans up some of the dust, he seems to be spreading other parts of it around. There's an unbelieveable amount of dust. Marco goes outside and empties out the bucket. He brings the bucket back inside and squirts a bit of neon blue soap into the bottom of the bucket. He fills the bucket with water. He makes the water extra hot. He dunks the head of the mop into the bucket and begins to mop. It mops much better when there is soap in the bucket with the hot water. The amount of dust is unbelievable. How long will this take him? If he moves quickly, at a certain point,



That video I sent to the family grext when I made that behind the back redemption [10s] ping pong ball shot in BP at 10:34 PM at Fiji and nobody believed me, having already fingered their own redemption out of our last remaining individual solo cup, not a drop of water on the table ball or hand, the odds of that ever happening in actual real time, the abominable snowmen asking me how much approximately I pulled and if I was just here for the beer or wanted to talk serious, my family asking me if it was real or if I had done something to it, DOCtored she said it, that being the entirety of the world's problem to which only one man can answer, the entire YOUniverse is how she said it needing to •Get Real• on some real shit, U



,didn't even like eating it until I saw the Dark Knight man...lol. Guess they all stem from somewhere. Alright brother man. God bless man. Can't get enough now. Yeah. Even if they're...lol. U know where I'm goign with this.



This motherfucker coming up to me talking about where he's going to college: nice dude! Yeah let's def hang over Tgiving...def dude! Yeah dude! But, real quick, have you been underneath Orgrimmar though? You ever have the best fucking sport for duels (flatland, no obstacles, infinite space) in all of Azeroth bruh? Huh? Have you ever flown on top of a giant mushroom on your hippogryph...no?then you can suqq my dick white boy. Me and Gabe man...

: the everything, the All of It, that I would give to go back in time just one time and hear Gabe jockingly mock me in the loving way only best friends can mock one another:

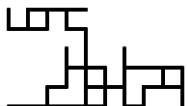
>Bruh Marquez legit stores his wallet AND phone in his fucking socks. Like have you ever heard of something so fucked up?

>I'm dying bro. Stop bro.

>Like here Miss thank you for the Ice Cream would you like a sweaty ass dollar?

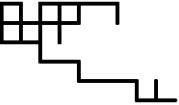
Laughing with all the guys even though laughing with all the guys laughing with me, my ribs hurting, actually hurting, as if they knew they would not hurt like this before or since.

Those candles we set up all that time ago, placing them in the gym together, it was just us in the gym together, we weren't even friends like that but something about being alone in the dark made us feel like candles to each other, the way we spaced out the candles and you accidentally blew one out when you laughed so hard about something dumb I said thinking I was about ready to kiss your ass, how impossibly I wanted to just say fuck it and kiss your ass, to just go back and see her laugh so hard one more time wouldn't be



Yeah man and if you leave the card 7/10 and bring it in and say you didn't get stamped for the last order they'll give you one for free especially if her brother's working there brother man shit always works,

ye bro lmao sme dude tht got kicked out As Giants,



they don't even use a special stamp just a star and I heard Michael's sold that shit bro...free stacks...juss sayin bro.

They used to call us Eminem at parties and record us rapping together and I thought this is about as unstoppable as one couple of persons can be, they should stop us, I mean we're a threat to SOCIETY given how un

is...is Marco crying? Holy fuck lilpussybitch. Wipe those tears off your face u fucking. When was the last time Marco cried?

When he overheard him call him *that*? To think of *that* was too much to bear, no, he did not cry that time over *that*, that was far more than crying that time;

Miss me w/ that silly shit broh.

>Uhmgm...okay...how's joten...haymingtomanovo?

>Hxahs. It's perfect baby...it's perfect...

How'd u just text me tiddies when I asked out the blue?

Idcccccc

So you know it's me then?

Know it's who?

The big fat yellow brown tiddie against the sheets bout to make me do something, looking like a fuggin Venus Flint djinni in this motherfuggin

Do whatttt?

U know what im boutta do...

Or Something Along Those Lines Bruh lmfao...

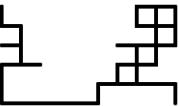
She once told me she was so proud of me for what I did...do you remember telling me you were once so proud of me for what I did?

Mags writing in my phone on that double date that so awkward double date pretending to look up the gestation period of an elephant or some shit. the little message just for me the

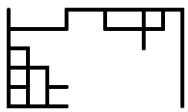
I feel like its awk. LIke did they talk b4 we came? utterly confused
ily btw

The way the heart can just compound and compound and compounding, since she looked up at me with her real eyes, the brown eyes black in most lighting but chestnut timber cocoa coffee from the light of the playstation looking at me and realizing my real lies and fictions of the fraudulence I was at that time, driving home eating the night bumping Camp slurping out the side of my mouth to Mags

>He's like the only one who understands me man...he wears his heart on his sleeve and shit. And he's hella funny too.

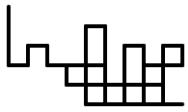


6 Bitches in British Columbia Gave me 5 Reasons 2 do it...so I ATE (ate) (88) their Tree (3) beside their Bush...lmfao



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...ye I'll take the sign of four or five sixers and on be on my lma



>Bro, that's like the best hand you can have man
going

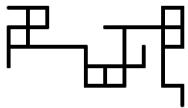
>I didn't wanna lose your money bro, is the thing



Much the way the boys at the summer camp invited me to go into a room and listen to a special song on Andrew's iPod which would allow me to orgasm through a series of sounds, that is beeps and boops and sounds unheard of to Marcokind so too did I unwittingly orgasm of the mind through the sound of Marissa McFadden's clacking of the keyboard and mouse with her 20 year old hands and me only 13 to the setting of her background "I LOVE MARCO MARQUEZ" which I thought back to as the apex of flirtation and relationality, perhaps she really did harbor feelings of love for me, to remember that I was not inert and numb but awoken to the world and the pleasantries it could afford me and others if I only let it flame and blow on the flame inside me until it firebended out my ears and mouth.

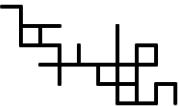


It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself. Marco is feeling lazy. He left the cabin spotless the last time it was his turn to clean and the boys made it filthy that very day. Marco grabs the broom from the closet and decides to do a quick sweep. The broom's bristles are uneven and worn down in the center, so he needs to press it down firmly for the dust to be effectively swept. But when he presses it down firmly, the broom often leaves behind a bristle or two, which frustrates him. He flips the broom upside down and inspects the bristles. Yes, there, he can pluck ahead of time the bristles that seem to be on their way out. Where does all this dust come from? From boots, dead skin, all sorts of things...

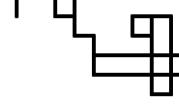


You have not seen true flame or been fully awoken to the miracle of consciousness until you have split a firecracker (26m) at your white friend's New Year's party with the Christmas Lighted big ass backyard and chanted

>If You Are Of Your Senses Bereft, Pass Your Arm Over To The Left,



and ripped from both arms and received both, miraculously, the prize in each being a plastic kaleidoscope, the odds of that being far too difficult to fully enumerate, no1 else getting a kaleidoscope, not one whitie, and bringing both kaleidoscopes to the eyes as the ball dropped and you see the inside of the inside, the in-of-the-inside, the realm beyond humans from whence we came, the gem realm of dependent origination, §apphire and ®uby in §olida®ity in the multicolored fractals refracting on each individual rod and cone until you understand that it is YOU and you ALONE that has been chosen to ascend beyond the realm of gray and black to the Ⓜiamond stalagmite Activision plane, or else why would you pull two kaleidoscopes from two random crackers on a night in which you were supposed to go to Mags anyway before you got into some dumb tiff about sumb dumb text she sent to sumb dumb



Do I understand how interconnected everything is? Don't make me laugh: the fuchsia of the crayon with which the little boy wrote Please bring back Bronx Bread Pizza. it was my favorite restaurant and I miss it. and pasted it on the outside of the restaurant was the same color of Stephanie Terpening's lip gloss in AP World which she uncorked and used on me much the way a pumpkin can be turned into a carriage, which was the same color of my Club Penguin skin tone when I spoke in coded terms of a sexual rendezvous with a woman who would later visit me in my dreams;

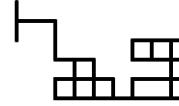
the ultimate med lying sewn in between ham and hock, the ganked Divine Messenger burning a cunt-sized hole in his GD pocket bruh lmfao, right beside that little hobo nickel the lil 6 foot 7 foot hobo sold to him from the stall over that Rio Grande Gorge Bridge, the wind whipping at his oversized basketball shorts,

>And 1 biiiii;

@ the cousins BBQ, Marco now feeling the little skull with his index finger, the Ace of Spades in the top hat, in diagonal position, the little gold-inlaid tooth...so familiarly...it was as if the hobo *needed* Marco to have it, always landing on the skull, how always? As if it was on both sides; Dent's coin...never leaving his pocket since, coincidentally, resting against his [], banging my little nub against the pew at my confirmation until I almost got a full sized hog going...lmfaooo..Mass on Sundays for 18 years running wearing the blue dress shirt and the khakis with the fly ass earings and thrifted Prada loafers all for a free fuckin donut man, since where had He been? When he needed Him most? Marco essentially needing to become Him to save Him and Them Himself, putting his head to Mom's in the pews asking

>So what do you think we should pray about?

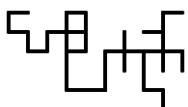
Her breath on him, the same texture every Sunday, so quintessentially her. Touching the little crucifix in his palm, right where the Stigmata...But he would never...he would never. Or had he already?



How had he lived through that heat? Only a true [truee tho (:] Warrior could live through That Heat, as if it had extinguished those Uncourageous

enough to enter and Unstrong enough to remain, because in the end it was only him, that Old Man (Divine Messenger's Messenger) and That White Boy, to whom he was clutched upon for dear life, Marco, Marco, I can't take it any longer, but he could, of course, any moment in time in and of itself surmountable, No Pain Too Great, even the Great Pain, of which Marco was more than familiar, and it was as if he could quite literally feel the steam's exorcism of his Diablo energies that he still harbored from That Night with each ragged breath, inhaling only more heat and pain, delicious pain, beautiful pain, Setting Fire to Yesterday... the Soul unmoored from its Shell and beginning to Swirl in agitation, wondering how pouring fugging water on rocks really creates this much fugging steam, downloading those games w/ David only to play them once just to hear him laugh once, gorgeous agitation, Finding the Ligh†, and the crsytallized amalgamation of earthly and supraearthly knowledge, about Love and Time and the Two's set intersection, given that,

well, that was maybe some dumb shit broh...



Marco

Marco!

All I'm saying is

Do you know the beauty and destruction of the concoction inside you?

ye but lk i dont want to have to go to meetings n sht

but u can put my name down if u want

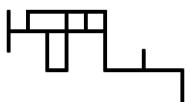
madame president lmao

it's literally at office hours once a week

comeee

Marco!

You won't regret it



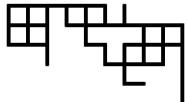
Ghandigroupie helped me get the [Amani War Bear] and to him I will be forever grateful, the way he ushered and protected the young mind that was myself, knowing that the pausing of the TiVo on the Charmin advertisement during Dad's rerunning of Cool Runnings was preparation for the next life, that is, the toilet paper with which the Charmin Bear wipes its bear asshole was the toilet paper Young Healthy Marco used to wipe his own bare asshole in between his and his <Represent>'s second try on Daakara The Invincible for which he received the now collectibly rare [Amani War Bear] with a need roll of 45, somehow winning the roll, absurdly, really, when you do all the math and really calculate it, that is, $45^5/100^5$, which is about a tenth of one percent, which is accurate since I had a few real Jimmy Neutrons look into it, and those are odds one really just can't Account For...

If I may display the "Truth Behind the Pudding" from an email exchange with a certain pointdexter:

"yeah lol, they're all independent events and we know the odds of one person rolling a 45 or below is 45/100, so we can multiply the odds of each of these events occurring independently to get the odds of them happening consecutively. with 5 players we have $(45/100) * (45/100) * (45/100) * (45/100) *$

(45/100) which is the same as $(45/100)^5$, it's a similar situation to everyone flipping coins and getting tails, if that helps, so roughly 1.85%”

However, upon further reenumeration, I have a more correct answer, accounting for the §apphireality of rolling EXACTLY 45, given all <Represent>'s others musst roll BELOW my ($\{\{45\}\}$), that is $1/100$, $*44/100$, $*44/100$, $*44/100$, $*44/100$, = roughly .037%, which is significantly lower, being almost on the nose FIFTY (50) times less likely, which makes all the difference, now doesn't it....that small slim chance of that [Amani War Bear], imagine if I never received that war bear, where i'd be or what I'd do, dead in a ditch somewhere, .037 percent to have sent me on my star arc of origination.



It was over for these hoes the minute they introduced the Truck Stick in '06, sitting over at Brandon Foster's house playing nonstop in the little hideaway designed for that very purpose, me spinmoving and winning in some instances by *multiple* TDs (74-20), like Maggie having been born months before his "Due Date," still remembering the chill of the spine and heart when I saw in his marbled kitchen a photograph of Brandon quite literally In the Palm of his Father's Hands, small enough to quite literally Be Held, a metaphor of which I'm sure I need not deduce further, being self-evident

>Brandon bro...this you?

though to this day I still feel slight reverberations and aftershocks of the psychic shock I endured reinhabiting my fetus state while staring at his externalized fetus state, the only Black Boy amongst a sea of white boys, loose memories beginning to coagulate and reflow, of mostly my mother's Club Sandwich redirecting through a fleshy tube to my own little nutrient sack which I then remember authorizing to be deployed, actually being able to somehow *hear* her politely decline the public advances of the White Deutsche Bank AEO (Arsehole) while timidly and covertly trembling all over at the Meet The Team Luncheon around the Circular Tables with the White Tablecloths, which I *felt*, her newly purchased red lipstick and the warm black inner chamber where we return after we "kick the bucket," Steven Jackson being actually nasty in 06, unstoppable in 06, knowing how to stop himself, given the Break Tackle Metric of 90, the Stamina of 97 (unheard of, unsubbable) and the high 80s of SPEED, AGILITY, and ACCELERATION, and the Strength of 75, which seems low but is on average 20-30 points higher than the CBs who will be a-tackling him, and so, basically, you just HB Pitch it and let him do his fucking thing, trucking the brains out of Champ Bailey (Acc/Sp/Agi ALL 98, Strength: 54) and actually cleaving his septum from his skull, putting all motherfuckers on the IR if they dared to stop SJ, modeling my own RB style from his, that is, If You Want to Go We Can Go Then, aka you can bring me down but it will hurt doing it, pussy (yes i'm calling a pussy a pussy much the way I call a spade a spade), Brandon playing the Broncos each session because He Had Family In Denver with a Particularly Funny Cousin, holding Y and high-stepping into the endzone while Brandon sat

on and gazed, happy to be here, and I thought only of his little spine like Ian's spine literally in the Palm of His Father's Hands.

It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself. How should Marco clean the cabin this time? Marco could ask Ben if one of the other cabins had a vacuum. His cabin doesn't have a vacuum. A vacuum would be very nice, even though Marco found vacuums to be most effective on rugs. Sometimes a vacuum on a hardwood floor was worthless, unless it had a setting for it. Why would they make a vacuum without a setting for hardwood floors? The odds of him finding a vacuum with that setting were very slim. But wasn't Trevor speaking about a vacuum he uses when he has to clean his cabin? Yes. But Trevor would be at the lake, this was Trevor's Lake Slot. Where did all this dust come from? The vacuum would make short work of it. There was even an outlet right there. The hum of the vacuum is a pleasing sound, too. Sometimes. Other times he hated it. Probably he should just use the broom, do a quick and mostly effective job. But the problem with the broom was its bristles, you always left bristles behind when you swept. He had to decide, the cabin isn't going to magically

To the Over 9000 listening in to his mind, Marco has but one question: Do U know how hard Marco has fought to deny access to [guarded], that is, his dev. console? In moments of sleep/paralysis, yes, U all may have the upperhand, I will give U that much, but in times of full consciousness my clenching is too much for you all? In fact...well, should I tell U? In fact: I've learned all about Ur dev. console techniques, like Cell, how foolish to think the Experimented Upon would not learn to reposition the Experiments Themselves, thinking you can Hack the Hackman. Did U really think U could for really hack the fuggin Hackman? U think Marco "don't know nothing" about

seta thereisacow 1337?

about "notarget"? noclip? demigod?
god?

or, my personal pocket favorites, g_speed? g_gravity?
timescale <>

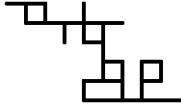
Once I master this techniques, passed down from the masters, y'all are

Knowing Scyther was forever released from that Pokéball when I cut through that Pokéball:

>Ninetails kinda bad tho.
>Hxmp[[
>You know why right?
>Why?
>Nine different holes.
>Bruhhhhh.

You do know, Marco, that Ninetails is based off of a legitimate Japanese fox spirit,,it's not simply some random animal with nine Tails...you do know, Marco...

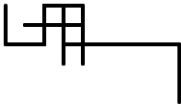
Yes. I do know Marco.



Every time I twist my own Weenus I can hear her lovingly mock my initials when I mistakenly signed the Field Trip Initializaiton Box with my own and not my Guardian's

>You need your Mom, not Mom,

And if you've never seen a 7th grade girl laugh that hard with you out of love then I dont know what to tell you man, you've missed out on a key piece of life man, or had a 7th grade girl seek YOU out when Fireman comes on, the sirens awakening something you didn't even know you had..

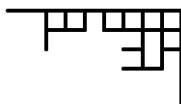


If only he had asked:

>Why did you get mushrooms on your burger Marco? I don't understand why you would get mushrooms on your burger.

Then I only would have said:

The health benefits are quite astounding little man, I'm unsure how familiar you are with "Mycelium" Networks but it's as if you are consuming a Fractal of the universe in concentrated dosage, as if you throwing sand in the air and knowing precisely where each grain landed and the data of its arc; for instance, listen to that squirrel's heartbeat from here, the way it beats in its tiny chest, imagining the way a raindrop must feel to a squirrel, like Water World with the big boat that tips onto the unsuspecting



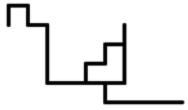
>You realize that we all have intense brain damage compared to our ancestors who bled this land...given the Glyphosate we've essentially been guzzling since we were in utero combined with the pesticides and herbicides liberally proportioned by the government...even organic has some sprays they can use...yeah man. You need to look for No Chemical Inputs and go to someone you definitively trust. Your safest bet is basically having your own garden, I personally envision a nice tomato-focused garden...but even then the residual damage if someone had been sharecropping that land, plus it better be far out the way smog and city air damage the plant proteins, and pesticides stay in the land for basically ever...anyways man...it was great catching up man. It's mostly just about reclaiming our freedom of mind body spirit...what we put into ourselves is of the utmost importance. And you remember when I got my clock cleaned by that BHS QB in the Semis who's in the NFL now well it turns out my life was being spared. I've done the math and he probably should have snapped my neck by the way he hit me. My pads were essentially a plot armor, if you're familiar with that Platonic concept. Anyway. Yeah. Peace man. Good seeing you man.



Alright David Bro...hear me out bro. U know how Van Cleef drops [Cruel Barb]?

>Yes?

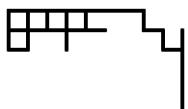
Well, hear me out bro...



>Eventually they're gonna hollow out Lake Michigan once it gets hot enough and build a porn rehabilitation center there. The way things are heading. Anyway yeah man I should get going too bro.

Losing my shit, feeling like damn man...I'm going to end up like that guy man. Like that guy with the lower lip practically over his nose even and the 7th grade girl awash with life walking by feeling like damn man...

Lol dde. You still use Crest toothpaste bro? whats your email I send you some things bro...



That message on the car's back window shield as we drove to the Finals vs those rich ass white dogfuckers was, in hindsight, clearly laid out for me, taking 280 and our Chaperone with the DSLs I knew I'd bag eventually just *had* to stop at a Park and Ride to readjust her makeup, that *specific* Park and Ride, with only ONE car in it, the same model as Gabe's, too, almost as if it was Gabe's, if he wasn't sitting right beside me twisting everyone's words, which, combined with my innate understandings of wingdings, that is, knowledge given to me without my knowledge, yields:

□□□□■□

And so I did, playing it off as a joke to Mags, bad bad in those kneepads, the little libero jersey hugging her little sides making me think damn man, just had to gtfo that gymnasium the way it was shaking back and forth, being tailed just trying to empty my bladder into the fucking gleaming urinals man, g***ling "buy ladder", "best ladder," "top ladders 2013," just to throw them off the scent for one fuggin minute man, jumping into the water at Blue Bridge thinking aloud to the boys:

>Is this what it's like?

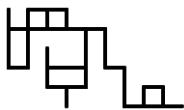
like Aang swimming on a Day Off, to splash a friend underneath the same Sun Jesus himself slept beneath, my heart beating just like his, like all hearts, playing in water, summer days at the White Peoples pool they let us use when they were in some Rural place for "Vacation," riding horses and eating seafood or some shit, all because Mom knew their Mom or some shit, picking off a tile accidentally and telling David to tell

>Absofuckinglutely no one,

throwing a wet towel so heavy with water causing him to stumble and fall, causing me to cause Gabe to laugh and me to feel a sort of internal battle, thinking how easy it would be to just relinquish love of another and replace it, his eyes looking up at me like the fox's eyes, eyes I will never forget, ever, looking into their house and their kitchen and laughing with Mom about having

>Two ovens, as if they were some Michelin shit,

saying shit in front of her for the first time, us all laughing, remembering it all, the shapes Blaziken made on the tile, every last detail.



Aang, in his Avatar State, can conduct a sort of "Meeting of the Minds" between himself and the spirit realm, as he saves that village from the enraged Panda Bear, so too do I commune with a sort of thinly veiled Facial Network, having an enlarged tingling FFA (Fusiform Face Area) and having the highest

K/DA among friends in the FFA game mode (Scavenger Claymores is for Pu\$\$ie\$ in FFA),

>Your apoplectic tendencies are quite a matter of
yeah bro. how much did the dean nut in ur mouth for that fancy ass,
which, to return to the, essentially means, as a Super-Mega-Ultra Recognizer
(1% of the 1% of the 1%), I can commune with the Ley Lines of the Earth's
Crust, essentially the grooves and wrinkles and beauty spots of the Earth's Face,
manipulating, that is, communing with all four elements much the way Aang and
Katara does in his hero's journey,

Distraction: tht lil Katara being quite simmeringly scintillating tho <_<,
forewarned abt tht lil Katara nurse bloodbending his blood caressing his arm
maybe a little too delicately, her almond nails on his back and neck, but he was
Imprinted upon another, "For Better or For Worse," which he has auditorium #4
to thank 4,

and so when you can essentially converse with the Gaia's Face all of Earth
Mysteries becomes rather silly, that is, I just *know* how they could have dragged
stones of that size, density, mass and length to Stonehenge, and can just *feel* the
mechanisms with which the Pyramids were amassed, even recognizing the
inherent pull of heretofore undiscovered Ley Lines, the Site of my Mission being
the most obvious, which then confirms that I felt the most connected to my Druid
Alt, Greenguy, and particularly the spec of Restoration, thematically the entire
linchpin and crux of my mission, the 8 million only being the beginning, my own
instacast of [Lifebloom] being a process to which the only thing I could not have
envisioned being the amount of resistance, how many forces actually *want* the
world to remain sick and actually *thrive* on its sickness, [Mana Burn]ing me in a
million different ways, wishing those fuckers never got rid of the gd mana potion,
that yellow-brown Super Defence (4) I consumed in the cafeteria sorta at fault for
all this shit, awaiting my own Lion Turtle who will teach me the truth of
Energybending, and then, I know for sure, for sure for sure, it's over for these
hoes.



It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself. But imagine if it could! That would take all the fun out of it. Cleaning is fun. Most of the time. Other times it's hell. Today Marco is in the mood to clean. To see the dust disappear, to look at the hardwood floor before and after. That brings him joy. And the amount of dust from boots and even dead skin...it's astronomical, it's everywhere. Marco opens the closet. He grabs the mop and the bucket and the duster. First he will dust, and then he will mop, and maybe, if there's time, he might even scrub some of the bed frames and ladders. The shoe marks and all sorts of things that gather. Or maybe he should start with the mop and then dust? But no, that was silly, it is much better to dust and then mop,



Hot Wheels -> Car -> Transportation -> River -> Ocean -> Earth -> Orogeny -> Mountain Range -> Mountain -> Volcano -> Mount Shasta -> California -> Contra Costa County -> Mount Diablo...it's just not that hard to understand, lol.



If I look right at it it disappears but just out the corner of my little eye I spy Frankie snorting a white powdery substance off of a long toothed substance used for the opening of a vehicular wheeled substance...lmfao, going back to walk up to him and slapping him and that fuckin white boy with the lame ass "birkenstocks" watever the fuck that is and daddy's Audi money that he enslaved 4th graders in Sri Lanka for and the golden retriever he loves enough to practically fuck and his son who learned from the best to cyberbully my bro in front of all those people saying under my breath:

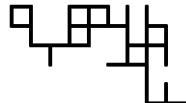
>Let's not blow, things, out of proportion,
tugging on a grenade with my thumb, actually, no, saying
>Why don't we flip for it,

Both sides being the skull, forever being the skull, busting a cap through his fucking dome for talking about that many with that many, no matter what the coin said, Two-Face in a mean ass Boss suit I'd decided on doing it anyway, from the beginning,

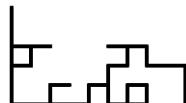
in much the same tone and whisper of the way she said to me, dripping in water, beer stuck to the bottom of my customs, myself breathing heavily,

>*Just do it*,
that is, but my long toothed substance into her vehicular car freshened substance, which was precisely the same tone and timbre and decibel of the way David announced to me he wanted a

>Bat signal on his upper forearm area.

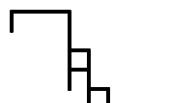


Counterfactually speaking, if Marco had chosen to not, as his superiors suggested, enroll in the Pop Warner Jr. Varsity Weight Class to be with Gabe even though he was several pounds and inches shy but instead taken BJJ at the Y like Adrian had done, imagine how all of this would have been different, how none of it would have happened, but then Margarita? No, even tonight they would be going somewhere fancy, an Italian place that did not card where the Waiter used that fantastic metal device to scrape the crumbs of bread from the white tablecloth, and she would be wearing those wings just as he always liked them, drunk as a skunk banging my hog to the drums in the bathroom, thinking about the face she'd make as I'd return to the anteroom...

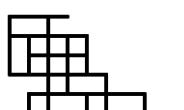


Trying to remember the login for David and getting served some Completely Automated Public Turing test to tell Computers and Humans Apart asks me:

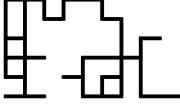
>Are you a robot?
Well, well shit man...



When that man, well, not quite a man, but how was I supposed to know who? That it could actually *talk* like a human being...that it could even *hold a phone*...or let alone *dial a number*....



Those quick scoqe lobbies on Rust, betting three month's allowance on that money match, hitting the last illcam with the nasty Temperrr, Shifty_snipez yelling over the voice message



>That was a fucking hard scope bro. You're a fucking faggot bro. You Cholupa loving faggot man. Hard scoper. Kill yourself fucking hard scoper faggot.

>Sure man...sure man...whatever helps you sleep at night lil bro!

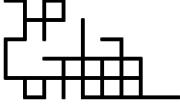
Gabe and I killing ourselves with the

Necromancer Class hit like el trucko but Dragonslayer class was badass on some dragon helmet shit and u needed to wait for become a lich to charge but it scared the shorts off of David when he googled that shit, he not liking the little skeleton guy, but I so fucking cracked with my Skull Swarm, the head of the Ninja Class like the jupiter djinni like the nub off the chapstick Mags accidentally swallowed reapplying in the century 12's dimness and the night of my own embalming

>My my my...what have we here? Have a little accident, did we?

>Lol. Shut the fuck up bro on some shut the fuck up shit.

The Blade of Awe still being the thing to which I look, which I keep on me at all times, at All Times...begging Mom to sponsor me for the Guardianship, if only she had sponsored me for the Guardianship, how all this would be changed...



The man at the “Bangers and Brews” handing me my sausage, clapping me on my back, as if I had asked to be touched, saying:

>Here you are:

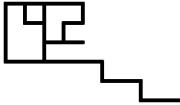
Going in my head on a loop:

>Have I been touched this way before?

Thinking and saying aloud to the fat crackers at the table beside me:

>Stop taking my fucking photo,

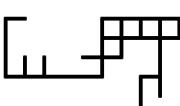
The fucking Google ad trying to make me cry, was the worst part of all of this, it wanted something from me but it pretended it was giving something to me, the old people forgetting or whatever, but it wanted me to buy a Google phone so their shareholders could take turns fucking my earlobes...



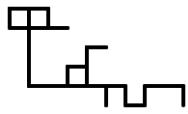
Surfing even though I never knew how to surf in Santa Cruz pretending we were really from the real California like that wishing I was dragged out to sea thinking all this is because I said what I never should have said:

>These waves are flatter than Lorrie, Gabe.

>That's fucked up man. That's really fucked up.



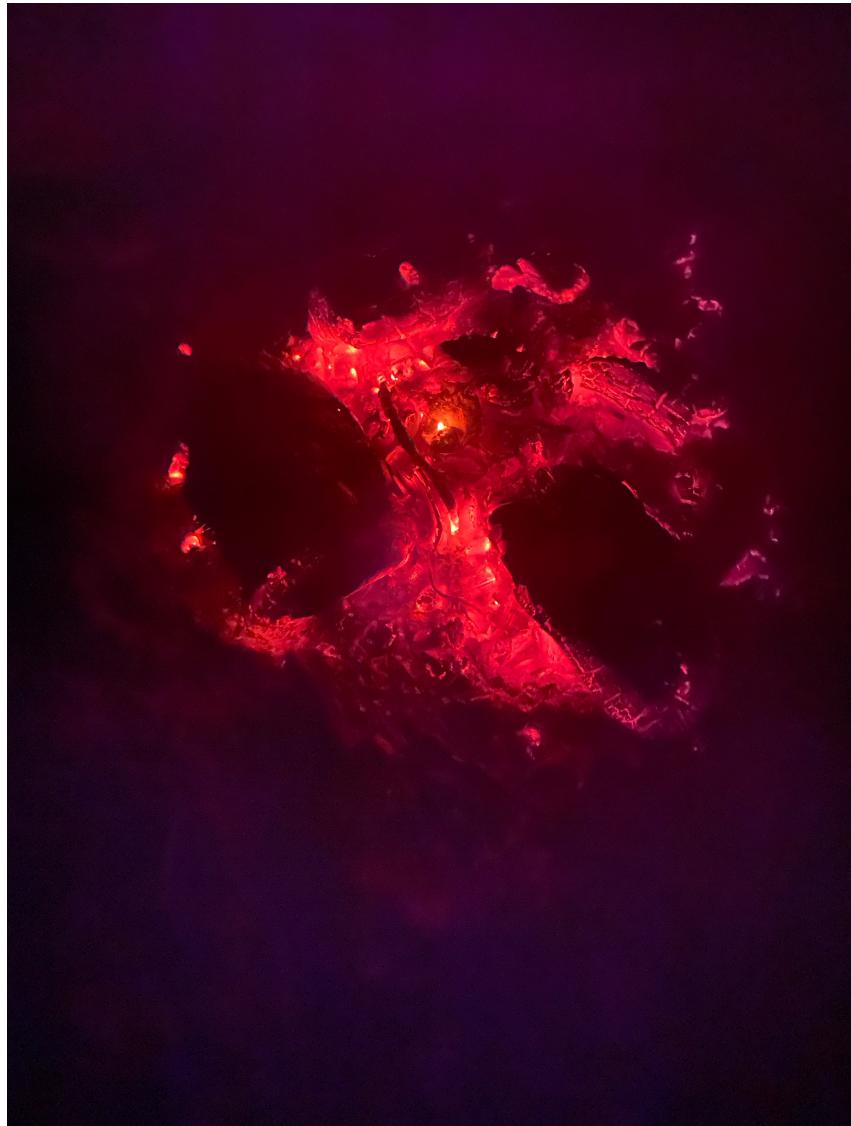
Mom got me that “handmade” chess set from India or some shit but really only “hand turned” or maybe “touched by hands” and they calling it handmade, asking to play against me after the coffee cake Christmas crying to me because we weren’t able to celebrate the way we always did this year thinking ok, man, go easy now man, the only thing really on my mind being the velvet microfibers spilling from the bisected board where the pieces were stored, not even wanting to checkmate her or knowing I was in check sweeping them up on my finger looked like blood thinking how many of these fuckers have I swallowed and have stayed inside me forever slowly oozing



Feeling the sun make her hair warm and then feeling her hair made warm from the sun is enough to overhearing David softly and poorly singing in the shower from the adjacent room is enough to the dress she wore that she never wore and felt silly in is



It is time for Marco to clean the cabin. The cabin will not clean itself.



play it back from the top if you recognize real