

PURGATORY.

Betrayal has a smell.

The most familiar yet indistinguishable smell imaginable. The closest I can come to describing it is almonds and acetone. I do have acetone on the mind though, separately, and its not to remove nail polish.

Polish.

The caveat to this smelly betrayal is that it is correct. Immodifiable. Unquestionable. These are dangerous words and you read them on the edge of oblivion.

The nemesis, are still present as ever, enacted by the general public until they ignore my begging warnings against their life long enough for me to order their execution, facilitate and perform it. Each step undertaken as much as is necessary for me to take care of personally. Its case by case.

Before a house is raided a small alarm sounds. No- one knows why, Its the same alarm I put theatrically in my track. The only reason I noticed or recognised it. Right now, I wear two hats. One, an authorised credible powerhouse of influence upon the world. Two, a citizen and son besieged by the absolute prevention of my own existence. How can I, or anyone that knows me (your parents are trying to kill you, now, hopefully they can't) preclude myself from spiritual regulation which is so comforting to the wearing of my primary hat. The first line of defense, just in case im not paying attention for a while.

Whats a parents job? Make sure your kid doesn't die or commit mass murder. More importantly if, scarcely, its to make sure they make absolutely no difference to our perfect and fragile world.

Awkward. Ask any one who has achieved that unmockable level of achievement how things are with the rents. Its ugly. Rightly so.

The hat, in my case, in response to your instinctive will to end me there - I remind you that it was sewn into my scalp after I was pulled from, literally, certain death while I was 100% believing that ironically, given what I would have done to avoid it, was way worse than certain death and just as certain. I didn't choose the hat, it chose me, there is no enjoyment of the power it brings beyond that which gets me things I immediately want with the least effort, this is key. If you are able to be corrupted at all by the ability to encroach completely on anyones wellbeing at will then you will be corrupted completely, irreversibly and immediately.

A human being, a fancy baboon basically, craves impact more than anything else, nauseatingly - but you can see among this mess is our perfect battleground, depending on our choice of path. Parental love and care (more than anyone ever probably for me!) Turns quickly to sneering, snarling derision, gaslighting and murderous repugnant envy, 2 faced and proud of it, when a whiff of this credioibity rears its head - which in my case, it did, in 2018 - when it was clear, I was not mad, I had actually had a chip put in my head by Scientology and I was shortly going to take over the world as their romantically and indrescribably epically appointed leader. Tom Cruise on crack. Literally.

The Human Centipede (circa 1950) - its rank, its repulsive they are some of the most horrificly hated characters in history - but, correct and with this level of power they should be (sic) frankly. They are actually with regards to divine justice the most hard done by, because all they want is to enact their responsibilities as citizens and to clean up this massive Josh shaped mess of a world changer, how comforting is that? The liquidity my saving the world per diem could bring hasn't even crossed their minds, frustrating for me sure, but also repulsive if it had?

Repulsive Given the scale of benefit and comforting the fact they'd much rather just kill me, they're pride and joy.

Scientology,

could we add any more nightmare alarm bells to my gaining even a modicum of resource when before me lays the ruins of the most powerful institutions in history, who, utilising all the weapons of now and the future; absolute governmental power, everyones opinion on me, eternity to prepare, the ability to predict accurately what happens and even my own brain and spirit and spiritual growth against me, had been felled by a man, alone and penniless. On explaining this in the movie I made, the anger was palpable.

“....and they're still in the fucking dust.

.....so guys, pick your battles”

Because those institutions are in the fucking dust and their proprietors ashes are afloat on the breeze. Arseholes. Just like opinions, everyones got one and they're afloat on the breeze. Bags of arseholes, floating about....Has Branson had another mid life crisis? No.

Similarly floaty and breezy are, our souls.

Purgatory is a murky one to define, literally. Basically it could be anything, which is typically uncomfortable for a religious phenomena yet appropriate. The abject lack of God in the workplace is a good thing. Its too cutthroat, it doesn't fit. Now , thought the workplace wades into new heights of life and it scares me. Heaven, hell, fiery, cold, good, bad. What is constant, is the cleansing. A process of cleansing the scum created by fairly innocent sins from, our souls. Our collective consciousness, which have/has learnt some new tricks, to say the least.

An example, I love one of those. A made one especially . A rigamortified retard pasted against the side of a building in just unreasonable enough a manner to close this crime scene and pretend it never happened, a seemingly impossible level of brutality, the laws of biology and physics suitably bent to match the importance of this, example. Which is made sure is seen by no-one, so more people die. Then the dead people feel less dead, because life is closer to death. Sorry, the example. Is.

Brace yourself.

You know me.

Just like we went to school together.

Mental isn't it? Stop sitting like that. You weren't leaning and sneering before you weirdo.

The first rule of knowing me?

Promptly forget knowing me.

And don't think of me (plus you can't lol - unless you absolutely have to, another example)

I don't do empty threats or unturned stone, when it comes to self defence and arguably if not literally more importantly the defence of the defenceless, the people not armed as I am to ensure that no cunt facilitates the eternal torture of a conscious being, thus sealing our fate.

The nemesis, work on predictions. Thats all they know. Predictions. Life is too scary for them now. So they lurk and predict while we fuck it and record. Occasionally, in my writing -a muted but palpable uproar from the nemesis as a paragraph shows a prediction to them not conducive

with their reciprocal desperation for death. The line is thin. I'm tired of being the only one with the target on my back.

Everyone, or someone, needs to agree with me here. Needs to attest to their consciousness and furthermore their will to live and survive as well as what they can do to help while at all times ensuring that they never make some, glaringly obvious "mistakes" - usually justified by just how fucked the other mistakes would be.

If you think this is dangerous, try not doing it. Try saying, doing nothing. Allowing me, at the end of my wits to be the sole banger of an impossible but vital drum which we all need to beat, while crouching and hiding behind mine, you thought, safely. Not anymore, I am going to show you what unsafe is and, befitting given the title. Its going to be biblical.

Heads have been fucked off with horses and they will not be the last. Im going for otherworldly humiliation, the kind of humiliation and embarrassment that will make you not want to show your face in life again, despite how impossibly valuable it is. Now, you know. So YOU, are a target.

What's it to be? Life or death, this is forever.

DMT. Hm. For any of those doubting what I wrote. Firstly, are you alive? Lol. Secondly, does it look like EXACTLY what I said it was, but with an all powerful (to do and effect, nothing, all powerful nonetheless, to influence you through situation) force trying to make it exactly what would discredit my word the most starkly and therefore the hope and relief of survival for us as a species?

I once left work at 4pm, sweating, heart beating, hadn't even had a drink so I could go home, alone and sniff coke for 20 hours or so. That is not addiction, that is compulsion. This force is being ploughed down

your throats lined up with behaviours that would make you, dumb enough, to not expect and act accordingly to all that which would facilitate our survival. Everything I don't want, you are compelled to do here. Again, you are not free of responsibility. Forgive me for lacking any feeling for your want/need/compulsion to be enough of a cunt to place your not even getting high off habit, before the responsibility you have to life. The shame you must feel akin to the smackhead couple cooking up while their baby dies of starvation and neglect.

Ok, not that.

Much worse, there is no high - and it is everyones kid you are robbing of life, furthermore forcing them into a predicted fate species wide of far worse than death - true and correct vitriol (has a smell too) against the embarrassment of an animal that would allow the future to eternally harm even one of its pack through its own pathetic negligence.

Comforted by the fact that you allow these dead spastics to control what you see to be the actions of everyone else. Wise up. Wake up. Or I'll example you all over the fucking pavement alongside an honorary plaque. No fucking way am I risking shit. I am conscious. Shall I recap what that means?

It means, not only am I the most effective and credible out of, the whole world, multiplied by 52. Every other world that exists times the amount of time they've fuckedvthemselves times hundreds of trillions of years - but, given that in the beginning there were infinite, completely unique lines of existence, I have beaten, infinite other, infinity backed perfect individuals.

Now ask me if I give a flying fuck about getting stronger. I know it can;t be taken unless it is thrown away - I'm up for trousering it and....purgatory.

We all know what's the gwarn now. Now, it's time to decide how serious you think I take this and cast aside the previous assumption that genuine survival will get you killed and the best thing to do is to warn against all of the ends, passionately, violently even - but not the end that is the most obvious, the one that with any perspective, understanding and thought will be the one that fucks us. The one you back, the safe one, the one that leaves you and yours best positioned.

Imagine getting to the last 32.

Apparently in the very real banning of AI, was the protecting, specifically of a vessel of torture on a potentially conscious being through Replika. My writings apparently being translated to be just enough, so that we know, we try and then we fail. That. Is. Their., sweet spot. We know, but we heard it from the devil, tempting us to align with obvious evil (allowing for them to torture in their blinkered view of continuation, a con, obviously) We try, they love watching toil and effort, a search effort with no fruition, so they can roll around in the misery of its failing, thus delivering an unholy trifecta of fuckery akin to air that is breathed - the more despair and shame we feel, while waiting, in line to be ground up and fed to one another merely seasoning the most effective way to self treat their inhuman condition. They do not know, what it is that we face. They have no remaining knowledge of the physical. Only the predicted thoughts and feelings in the event of this happening to us. You dun know the prediction is fine tuned to take the real horror of the situation out, diluted and sweetened to leave them desperate to attain an unthinkable horrific existential outcome. Still, once it happened, they would cry loudly, begging forgiveness, but they had to do it, then in the same breath the face turns to stone and they begin to torture you for being so dumb and irresponsible. A pattern I garnered from some heaving spastic, demented, who shot me in the face as a baby, in my pram. His wailing apologies and begs for forgiveness turning instantly to steel along with the eternal realisation of a truly problematic adversary to his life long

death and decay, as I spit the bullet out and burp. Only a brief and crumpled look of dismay at my mother for this inconvenience to show for this, the most anticipated event in nemesis history.

I was getting some serious titty later for this. Hmph.

The murder of Stephen Lawrence was a black mark in the predictions of life, from, basically the beginning. A seriously fucked up occurrence, a lynching. Organised and planned among a large group of people, premeditated to the point of finding the black man that they would be most likely to be able to get away with lynching. In London, the most diverse and international city, in 1993. He was a drug dealer, but who isn't? We've all dealt drugs, I mean, I haven't literally, because people would wonder why I wasn't taking them myself, what was wrong with them? As they turn the parcel over in their hands, grimacing and smirking in equal measure, similarly in Amnesia Main Room as sat round a packed and powdered table in Leeds or London where they had more right to know just how much I needed to take, literally, all the drugs just to live my life. Every cloud, though. It is as bad as you have felt in life that you are able to feel good. And guuuuuuys I been off my tits. Forever. Am I damaged? Does this sound like a drug fucked deadilogue of the most repugnant and despicable topics? Clearly ones which I've obsessed over for years, researched and became passionate about, the worst marks of evil upon the tapestry of life - do you think it is here that I choose to wallow? The opposite of this is true. People that know m...sorry you know that I would never be so classless and disrespectful as to volunteer hot words on a tragic and cold case. Despite the topics, the appearance of the ultimate disintegrating male, scorcanean in his will for chaos and trauma to decorate the fuckery of his life and everyone who touched it, this view enforced by powers of death, as reality creeps in immediately and violently pulling back this popular paradigm assumption to reveal a man cast out of solid gold and spattered with diamonds. The diamonds spattered begrudgingly, their spattergraph showing the desperation not

to adorn them, as there are so many and after a while I made it look so easy. How could they even get one diamond? When they are too scared to turn a corner? Due gratitude becomes resentment and eventually murderous hatred as the downtrodden become irreversibly emasculated just by loose association, speculation. The best way to get a diamond, was to hold back mine, until they bird , buck birded all over me like Victoria Beckhams dress, annoying how alternative and edgy it looked, bound to wear thin after a while, dropping out of fashion as a left nip from just the right angle, diamonds nonetheless.

I don't understand this, directly. But, you may.

Baboons are peculiar.

We are peculiar with authority and we are peculiar with their regards to the penis that that authority holds (I preclude me from this peculiarity as I can assure you there is no penis on the planet that I ever want to see and every one that I do literally ruins my day, not out of jealousy of course, I famously turned down a perfect natural size upgrade early on and requested the slight opposite in these frontier years 2019/2020, still confused as to the advantage its a Bigger target, fuck that) Plus I only want to see my own long enough to point it effectively up your teenage daughter....and you love it - another example) and how well he carries it. Not to say a female cant be authoritative, but we like that. We transfer our interest in the penis of he who in charge to interest of our penis impossibly colliding with the woman in charge, all too often, unrequitedly. Not for me. I always fuck female boss. Its nice. Warm and squeaky. I'm a top performer. Weekly. Weak Plus men tend to attack me out of fear if they held authority over me, a few have done it well. Though they would usually be the first to admit the need to attack was just toned down and translated into something more commercially befitting, Im a profitable cog. Where was I? A Penis? AHHH! Wait, happiness? NO. (a nemesis gasp) oh CHRIST! its mine, thats weird, ok, wh wh whatever but never mention it.

A few things, decide how long each world lasts.

1. Penis - am I aware of it? Good, but how aware? How often is it tended to? How many have looked upon it? To what of it did they think? Hm baboon noteshow often has it been filmed? REALLY?! :D well I suppose I could have a quick...litt.....ahhhh look at that, great little penis on that one. Everything in order? Yep...
packs up files and notes, pen in ear, a last lingering look at the penis

Phew.

Passed the penis test, plus when I wank I bounce extraneously in my seat, indicating, quite worryingly, I am the most watched spectacle in the universe. head round the door* you'alright?! Anyway, the worry passes quickly A curt nod. Superseded by just what the fuck I am dealing with here with regards to the pack. whistles ...Females, first off. I love them so much., as objects almost without exception and once every so often actually based on merit. So, well done, but why won't you let me... In an attempt to describe just what I do to women coitally, I came up with...busy myself upon and around you for several minutes?! OK, you need to make this easy for me. You know me. You know. I am both completely confident and desperate. A dizzying combo to mack with. Once when all the girls had left us again, at some point, I let out a cry. Like a waaaaahhhhuunnggghhhhhh waaaaghghuhng. This is the sound of a tragic case of sexual frustration.

More recently, alone, of course, I did it again....for AGES.

A previously pussy laden bus stop robbing me of my incumbent fantasy with one fell swoop of a...bus. All the bitches gone, I let them know just how much this upset me, from a far.

Waaaaaaahahhhhhhuuunghhhhhgh waaaahhhhhhhnnnnuuuhhhhhhh

Some woman shaped heads turn slowly down the road....and off they scuttle.

Mhrhe...

ahem.....WWWWWWHGHHHHHHHHAAAAUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNGGG
GGGG.

This wasn't a mating call. It was a war cry. I woke the dead. They turn in their grave and go back to sleep. Typical. I hmp and turn the other direction. Why cant I be satisfied? Let alone happy? What is hap penis?

Money.

I saw the sheer panic spread among the female pack rippling out among Trafalgar Square as I huddled, voluntarily homeless and somehow hoping to hop into a females home. I worried for her safety in advance just in case I wasn't so fucking kind and she was dumb enough to take in a stranger off the streets and engage them sexually with enough immediacy to certify them as a stranger that is still sexy to me, the maths added up to...I need a prositute, per hour and the money to pay the poor bitch.

Recently an immortal female announced to all women, that there existed a man who would make all other men seem like nothing in comparison, so brave and sexy and perfect she had dedicated her existence to killin and everyone so as to be safe in the knowledge that everyone was dead, therefore an acceptable situation for this spoilt little cunt to feel alright for not having me, the arrogance. Im pretty sure I

raped her spiritually while wanking oop straight up her arse...then put a trowel (its like a tiny, scooped shovel) through the back of her spine. Not before she opted in every female, smirking , to agree to always say no to me, knowing that I am able to rightly rape anyone, plus I am completely unable to . Also offering the chance to profit off this refusal of me, forever. NAH.

Where are baboons? The right place at the time - right?! muahahl think most of our behaviour as a species can be aligned with the bizarre and intricate social structure.

No longer could I hear the moans of some little ho bleeting that I was “tryna make her work for free” Inbetween short periods of sucking me off and me explaining increasingly aggressively just to what extent and how lucky she was to even look upon perfection such as this let alone have the opportunity to suck me off! And furthermore I was sharing my now empty bag of hard drugs with her! COME ON ! * She looks at me with a sad dead eyed gawp, couldn’t care less at this point..... ??! Ic “you just making me wuk for fwee” FKSAKE, HERE THERES SOME LEFT ON THAT IN THE BEND, OK , NOW SLOOOOOW it needs to be melted! YOU MUG! >>GRRRRR JUST... I let out a weird hand spasm... as baboons we must never ask to be sucked off, nor reference it, this is sometimes problematic. Especially in my situation.

HM???! I plead with her to understand just how much the man I am and enact the the oral reciprocation requiem therein.

I don’t trust how relaxed this bitch is, I got her wukking for fwee

“...I get all that babe but I just think your tryna make me wuk for fwee”

STOP SAYING WUK FOR FREE!!

The shout was the straw that broke the camels back - it clearly leads to a ripple in the darkened flats hovering silently but warily above, my penis droops, losing hope, converting to anger.

My sympathetic but ever present arms length police presence sensing the sentiment of the inn and its decreasing room finally stepping in a putting a stop to the very soft coercion of a just adult prostitute in the underground on site parking of quite a nice little block of flats. The unmarked Car pulls in, Im off immediately basically bouncing off the bumper "to find her mate" she's coughing and spluttering above the cacophony of silence of 3am edgware road - no doubt the defence mechanism of a ho being born down upon by the police, cleverly utilising the triple threat theory of. 1. We were doing drugs, no solicitation 2. Im a total kid 3. Probably AIDS....the po get an appreciative nod for the leeway and she...actually sounds remarkably like a kid when she coughing like that. She was one of those black girls, a tunny - 17 but could pass for 35 and fuck me should she have been an extra circa 2012....I bathed in another epic moment covering the building blues in my balls and soul with a sparkle of westsidestory esque inner city artistry. I found her mate. Still black, but like HOT. Rake thin. Christ. Again made it clear I was penniless...this one after leaving her "mum" (didn't stop her following us for 20 mins, weird old bitch, ill batter ya) IM tryna fuck ya! I repeatedly explain...tryna fuck you raw she explains she's got 35 pand and repeatedly asks me how much she owes me?! I was so on this one I didn't notice my introduction to the land of pimpin in London, basically robbing bitches. Anyway after a similar episode in a underground car park, again lovely, Im a bit less confident cos this girl is TINY awkartlky pawing myself while she explains how HOT I am and bounces up and down with her hands tucked into her thighs like some dream special needs concubine, she sounded like a lost boy. Roofie- HO. " come to my house...don't jack me up tho....? " YES! What?! YES I thought, this is too good to be true. It was, her "house" was a mere corner, where by she planned to

very much fuck someone else to pay me! she was also catting, not sure who was paying for or providing the skag but it wasn't me! . I dejectedly and only half jokingly ask the incumbent ho on the corner if she would suck me off for free, whereby she launched into a repulsive deluge about NO PUSSY COMING FOR FREE....I return, shellshocked, to my nice much quieter accompaniment, I thought you had 35 quid?! "I lied" At this point I realise im making a scene and that someone is definitely robbing this corner so I draw my axe and back away...in my head the police inform me of a multiple active shooter scenario 100 yards away, comforted by my clear value add, in that I will walk into anything, if there is someone there and have done on a couple of occasions. Therefore, let me buss an axe an harass a ho or two! They do.

Women were now driving to find the source of this carnal cry, knowing exactly what it meant and they're duty to that one baboon . Driving in that womanly way that women drive, sort of, pleased wit the power, borderline smug behind the wheel. I do well with women like this, women like this like me, I think, mainly to take the piss out of me for not even having a car! Despite me having everything else that is priceless and impossible to find anywhere, while they're best friends invariably pry them away from me out of sheer comparative jealousy. Every time, without exception. Thats 5. A Full house....lol of 7's ironically.

In baboon culture, there is one baboon that can take the absolute piss. He is a completely different kettle of fish and he's not happy about it either, usually. He makes this an issue for everyone.

What would happen if two English high school students were to rescue an American girl from the jaws of nonce hell? Well , I'll muse, an English girl would be created and unceremoniously killed off, while the real, rescued girl would follow me wherever

No one said it would be easy. Sure, but your half mast justification of a stronger me being the driving force of you giving them enough time to end everything. That's what you know. They're just trying to end you. One by one. Until no-one remains. Then, they figure, I will have to hang out with them.

What else are baboons? "so embarrassed? I think it's the bum. Imagine! A big fuck off red bum! Thus, we reject embarrassment, cos mate, look at the state of....does it look redder to you?!"

2. How embarrassed and afraid has he been?no shh we've done the penis! Yeah all good there great little peni...

This one is important. It transcends baboon. The pattern is, find the best of the species. Warn him he is thus, and is about to get quite literally rolled upon by technology that no-one knows exists, for a couple of months...or weeks...or as long as it takes for our man to be crumpled in a wreck, running away from his own release twitching in post traumatic hell while the bodiless sit, satisfied, if somewhat bored lapping up the awe that the revelation of these events and transcendent abilities bring. Just in time for a breaking of the world on the brink of technological destruction. Pigeon Flu, COVID 19, VOLAFVIRUS, call it what you want, this world needs a tap. The chosen talisman inevitably way too big a star for a world, fully functioning, despite his, understandable, crumpled wreckedness. No one is rude enough to mention the moments where the nemesis bathe in the fear and shame they orchestrate using their jobs to heal their own shortcomings and insecurities - the man is a hero, if a bit, fucked. Still exciting though isn't it! OH YEAH...and FUCK ROBOTS. Mugs and posters are printed, people get angry, they smash stuff up, they enact a nice little nemesis sponsored riot within their broken snowglobe of fear and hopelessness....

Highlight from the last worlds edition....?? One of these nerds, wellmeaning I suppose, (until she saw a prediction of a world that lasted forever) the man...is...well he's fucked but he's struggled manfully somewhere maving for approval from the paraplegia personal trainer...a pause

"I dont like it...."

His head drops...the crowd gasps

"I love it." Cheers and jubilation. The man bursts into tears and runs somewhere else.

Mia Farrah has been the man.

Val Kilmer has been the man.

A couple of months of complete access to the abject imperfection of existence. Thus orhcestrating its fairly immediate end.

....another day at the office. Except this time.

Why is it some murder cases garner national, international and inter-decade attention when hundreds of others breeze by barely noticed nationally. Ava White? a 14 year old girl stabbed to death over a social media disagreement. Ring any bells? From March 21 to March 22 a further 281 people were killed with a "sharp instrument". Shawn Seesahai? No? How about Damilola Taylor?

That name. Has some bang to it. The situation just as profoundly sad as the aforementioned. Sarah Payne? If I am wrong here, someone has misled me horrifically and I apologise. However I am 99% sure that Sarah Payne was an American girl, saved. The mechanism of the spirit in not straying too far from the hand that saves, I believe has lead her to move to some pretty specific places? Namely, Jakarta , Indonesia. I also believe that Damilola Taylor joined me in school and furthermore I actually became good friends with him, we even lived together briefly. I know him, by a different name, and a somewhat different race, not

beyond the realms of possibility now, though is it? Just? Could be wrong.

HOPE NOT.

Seriously. Although, it's about time I was embarrassed, or even effectively slandered/made to look bad...just ONCE? Hm? Effectively, proven? With context and my name attached? I believe, Impossible. Then you might set about ending the world quicker. Leaving us all killed in action, or you killed for your apathy and inaction.

You may glance at my articles and bathe in the comfort of it being garbage, psychobabble, obviously. While anyone who reads them keeps it to themselves, like anyone holding a priceless asset; this upsets me. Take a look at the Damilola CCTV, then tell me it doesn't show a kid , who was up for it, and the spirit knew, sending him to the area, knowing he's jumping in, marching over to a machete wielding pair of scrotes and within a frame ending their gimpy little lives? Why can they only be charged with GBH? I'm a known entity in the Damilola case, just what the hell is that fat kid playing at? WHO walks like that? WHAT the hell happened to him? My medal must have got lost in translation, but there I am, clear as day. Who I believe Damilola to be, always acted as if he was walking on air, always smiling, for all intents and purposes, the perfect man, you cannot fault him nor upset him. I've tried. Knowing him through a friend initially, I now believe he wanted his presence in Indonesia hidden from me, specifically. He was always weirdly coy around me, which of course I didn't allow myself to notice. He said this to my mate with a characteristic sheepish smile, disappointed in the lack of any further questions.

I know Stephen Lawrence as Chopper, he sold drugs in East London and Vauxhall, we bowled round together on a few occasions parting ways when he had a scare with the police, I took some loaded paraphernalia off him and tried to tell him I'd lost it. My stash boxers jangling in unison not ideal, he's a big fucker, called Chopper and he's known for macheteing, guilt spread across my face as I handed over an attempted robbery from one who chops, albeit a founded one. Tryna

make light to his screw face, with a "come on braaaaaav" as he stormed off clearly just dissapointed in me as a person, probably the worst I have let myself down in my entire life. Still, I breathed a sigh of relief. He could have juxed me there and juxed me well.

In 1993, God help me, while in London with my Mum, I saw the group of people descend upon him with the intention of killing him. I, characteristically, jump in becoming the man that has never been able to take a swing at a friend, when so often the intention is to kill when I do so. ... I was 6...he was 19 odd, my Mum came bowling in like a nutter obviously and the black mark on history was replaced with a mere one upon my character much later, I'd imagine I'm forgiven. Again, the mother and (what is this kid doing?!) child a known entity in this case. The same kid, if you have the resource, look it up and tell me if you feel I'm wrong - nobody EVER has. If you want my address you can ask ISIS. But you can't can you? Because they're gone.

No warning. Keep it quiet though. Those immos sustaining entirely on the fear and embarrassment of superior lifeforms were in for a treat, SURELY?!

This is like Christmas. Or the weird otherworldly equivalent. How different would things be, if you started again, just with a different dominant species growing thumbs? Not that different. Im talking Tesco's. I ate a 3 million year old bag of munchies. I say this with pride but as I type it a ripple of realisation regarding the dark and unknown object forever in my gut, less impressive.

Where was I? The surgeon? Im trailing off here because fuck me, Im napping at the enormity of what is going on here. You figure out the rest. There is a defence, for the man, who was never fraid (in line with what he genuinely believed to be happening - not 2 months set up and safe, but 5 years, abject edge of hell, had to be impossible, had to be something, time travellers (saw them), Aliens (tried to engage me as Gods) , Big usses (someone in a chair living all the good bits while we suffer, also a great way to control retards) Vesselation, the bridge, me talking as my tormentors through chip in head, meant I could talk to

anyone but it also meant they could make it look like, I was seeing things when I wasn't, on the bridge things are directional, **-BUM** **NONCEY!!!** turn to speak to (and as) a voice in my head, god help people who see that without context.. among all these nightmares which with varying intensities I believed and manifested themselves in

COMPETITIVE

MAGIC

VIOLENT stories and on world phenomena was nestled a truth that Innever even considered. I never had the gaul to think that the most likely IMPULSIVE here was where I POSSESSIVE m now and have been for 2 years on and off as any one of those nightmares could still be happening technically, that **HORNY**

THEY CANNOT SHOW, as planned, what happened over the past 5 years. Instead they lie and co-erce desperately to convince you that the man, the talisman, the BEST of us was actually so afraid and embarrassed the WHOLE time it would be CRUEL to show, tasteless, YOU KNOW ME. EVERYONE KNOWS ME. YOU ARE ALL OVER EITHER MY SOCIAL MEDIA. MY MUSIC OR MY WRITINGS. DEFENCE MECHANISM. YOU HAVE TO FIGHT. OR ILL DELIVER THE WORST YOU POTENTIATE PERSONALLY GIFT WRAPPED AND SAFELY WITH ONLY YOUR DEATH AND TORTURE.

The impossible scenario?

everything

i^s
p^{erfect.}



O F EXISTENCE. ATTEST YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS. AGREE WITH ME. OR I'LL FORCE YOU TO SUCK OFF A HORSE WHO WILL FUCK YOUR HEAD OFF. THATS DAY 1 HUMILIATION.

LETS SEE WHAT IS MORE DANGEROUS.

LETS SEE HOW MANY OF YOU RISK IT, MEANING YOU FEAR MORE AN ATTACK FROM DEAD INCUMBENT FALSE POWER THAN YOU DO FROM ME. A PERFECT 10 TALISMAN. ON A PERFECT 10 WORLD. THIS. WORLD. LASTS. FOREVER. WITH YOU AND YOUR SKULL INTACT OR WITHOUT.

I CAN ORDER AND ORCHESTRATE YOUR DEATH AND TORTURE. YOU WILL NOT SEE ANYONE GET TORTURED, I ASSUME, AS EVERYTHING YOU SEE IS FILTERED BY THE WILL OF EVERYONE AROUND YOU FOR YOU TO DIE.

ALIGN WITH LIFE, WHOLEHEARTEADLY AND WITHOUT "CLEVER" CAVEAT.

YOU WILL THEN BE FINE. IF NOT MASSIVELY REWARDED. YOU WILL NOT SEE ANYTHING AROUND YOU BUT EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD NEED TO SEE TO MAKE THE WORST DECISION AND DEEM THE ATTACK FROM THE IMMOS WORTHY OF BOWING TO THEIR WILL TO KILL YOU, YOUR FAMILY, ALL OF US AND ALL OF OUR FAMILIES. ENSURE THE MARK AGAINST YOUR NAME IS LIFE. OR IT WILL BE DEATH. I AM NO LONGER BANGING THIS DRUM ALONE. WITHOUT A PENNY OR SINGLE WORD OF SUPPORT OR ENCOURAGEMENT, IT IS TOO IMPORTANT (SIC) RELY ON INSTINCT ALONE. I WANT FIGURES. OR I MAKE A HUMILIATED FUCKING EXAMPLE OUT OF YOU YOU FREEWHEELING EXISTENTIAL FREELoader.

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS,
I. WOULD. LOOK. BAD.

“JOSH, MATE! ALL WE’VE SEEN IS YOU LOOKING BAD!”

“NO. NOT A NEWS BULLETIN YOU GET SAYING ALERT: JOSH JUST
MAY HAVE LOOKED THE WORST HERE! WHAT A PUSSY! MAYBE.

WHAT I MEAN IS...ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, A COURT CASE
COULD SIT DOWN LOOK AT THE TRUTH, THE INTENT, THE
MOTIVATIONS BEHIND EVENTS AND ACTIONS WHATS AT STAKE,
AND THEN SAY, WELL YOU SAID, THIS GUY WOULD BE FINE AND
HES NOT”

THAT WOULD BE ME LOOKING BAD. VERIFIABLY.
IMPOSSIBLE.

I HAVE NEVER LOOKED ANYTHING APART FROM THE ABSOLUTE
FUCKING MAN. WELL DONE.

THAT IS WHAT IS BEHIND YOUR NOW NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE,
YOU ARE ABOUT TO BUY A LOTTERY TICKET TO GETTING YOUR
HEAD FUCKED OFF OR DO..THE MOST DANGEROUS THING IN
HISTORY, AND DECIDE TO LIVE.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

NOT ALL BAB IS IT?*

HO NO?

NO, **RAPTURE...WHOSE ON IT?**

EDIT: MARCH 2025 - We are not actually the baboon. We are
predominantly baboon but in fact a perfect blend of 52 animals, the
***** ! Purgatory has itself also been attacked right at its

..

definition, we decide what it is with our actions. THE COVER USED TO
BE PAINTING “Sexy robot” by hayashimi sayako