



## PREFACE

The purpose of these collected writings is to accompany the auditory pleasures encompassing "Field Recordings w/Reverb". Let my poetry soothe, enlighten, and perhaps loosen you up before you listen to our recordings in one go. Always remember to read through these ponderings before listening to any and all albums, why wouldn't you? Why go for a run without stretching? Why head for the highway without filling your car with gas? Why bury the dead without covering your tracks? Always be prepared, never just leave yourself broken beyond repair, never accept permanent defeat, and as always remember to enjoy yourself.

Much love,

Author

## **I have lost my sanity!**

Any sense of the real has been stripped away from my being and fogged  
by the unreal.

An electric symphony of corrupted violins.

“Conductor!” I scream “We have a problem”

But he only screams back.

Now the quiet comes as I exit from my ride into the city. Unsure of  
what I’ve come to, I know it still carries on within me.

Up North the ice caps are melting, what will they reveal?

A plague upon mankind? Untold horrors from past millenniums?

I’m holding a hairdryer up to its cold surface, refusing to wait any  
longer for whatever secret blessings it may hold.



## **No one knew why he chose to end his life,**

Or why he praised Music Television icons on his way down, or all the  
bodies in his apartment that were found.

I guess it’s true what they say, you truly never know a person until  
you take a peek into their private life.

I installed a key logger on your computer, just wanted to see what you  
were up to these days. But it gave so few outputs. Maybe I didn’t set  
it up right.

Or perhaps there’s really nothing going on.

You’re just idly passing time.

Watching Family Guy funny moments until the day you finally die.

## The Pokémon Fan

If she speaks in words and sentences that you do not quite understand then perhaps she is in closer conversation with God than you could ever hope to be. Autistic stuttering and panicked hand motions, classic symptoms of information overload. I have always been aware that Autistic people exist on a higher level of consciousness than us all. I watch them stare out from their classroom windows, they can see far beyond the playground's fence, out into the forest, all the life that exists and glows therein. Her heart yearns for the world we have corrupted, the earth that has been raped. Her murmurs are a swan song of the last primates, hunters and gatherers living off of and for the land. Her love is pure and nonsensical, free from perversion. Autistic people particularly enjoy the Pokémon card games and Sonic the Hedgehog.

What the world gave us and we are far too eager to drown out upon the first opportunity given. Most nights will be spent fighting sleep, biological needs. In these moments you will spend rolling around on the floor of your apartment, in a heap of sweat and tears, trying to crack out of the walls separating you from Kaczynski based consciousness. These nights will be more painful than you could have ever imagined but you must trust me that you will awake anew, at least one day. On the first few attempts you will leave with more questions than answers, perhaps you will lie in a pile of your own placenta and mucus, unsure of this new reality you have birthed. Squirtle is a water type Pokémon that can evolve into a larger Blastoise.

An undying gaze, concentration on the unknown until she is absolved. There is no more pain in this, I accept that I know nothing. I accept that these words will go unsaid and I will rest assured that no one will ever understand it. I will spit on myself, and bite down hard on my tongue until it bleeds out onto my shirt with hardly earned smiling star. There is meaning in the deepest depths of the ocean where no one goes. I will find comfort in knowing that I am entirely alone. In the back of the class I sit with my bright red bicycle helmet and the polo shirt my mother gifted me. I am spitting on myself, an 'A' for effort. Squirtle was one of the optional starter Pokémon in all of the first generation Pokémon games except for Yellow which is the one I had but the battery went bad so I could not save.







I hope things get far worse for you before they get any better. I hope you are crushed beneath the weight of it all. I pray you are forced to find the strength to climb out of the pit you have dug yourself into although I don't think you will see the error in your ways.

Some people will never be able to take responsibility for their own actions, forever playing the victim, keeping hold of everyone and everything that they'd be better off without.

Repeat to yourself: "Pain is existence and existence is living and living is a purely religious experience. I can wait for the sun to explode until I am blind, watching patiently for some cataclysmic change. I can lie on the floor in the fetal position letting the pain feed off of my being. Or I can rip and tear at myself, decimating all that's holding me back while always feeding off of the pain."

**DISSATIS**

**FACTORY**

**FELATIO**



Your companionship is a fashion. Something to wear now and put down later. This is not love, I don't even like you, and you would never consider me a friend. I am simply a political ally for you, a vessel through which you try to achieve your vain, unimaginative dreams.

You can spend all your time fantasizing, hoping for the best in all of the people in your life that don't amount to shit, but once your dreams are realized you have to wonder, what was it all for? No glamour, no great treasure is this dismal performance. No applause when the actors all take their final bows. The pedestrians in unfortunate audience leave without a squeak. They already knew what you have just now discovered, that the cum in her eye was raped, not given.

What is there when this dream comes to fruition? What is gained when it is all over? What comes from all the time spent plotting, planning, practicing the act? What did you get from it that could not have been achieved in front of the dreary glow of your computer monitor? In the damp shame of your bedroom? Does this make you any different from them now? Are you just another scar in the mind of the abused?

You become a thief now, no bridge was made, a connection was tainted. You walked yourself home that night, for once it didn't feel so bad to be alone. It didn't feel like anything at all. You aren't happy but you are not in pain. You will never again be what you always were. Lost now, you lay in your bed, wishing for tomorrow to come again.



[efukt.com/20758\\_Pervert\\_Ridiculed\\_By\\_Crowd!](http://efukt.com/20758_Pervert_Ridiculed_By_Crowd!)

## I hate you, friend

I just thought that if you were on this whole trip about hypergamy you would actually do something to improve your position in life. Everyone can tell when you have masturbated. I can tell when you have masturbated. I can see your blood cells pulsing through the veins popping out of your childlike wrists but I know you have never lifted weights in your life. I know you're persecuted against in life, as a hardcore PC gamer I am too. But fuck man I dunno. Fight the power? Make an attempt? Please?

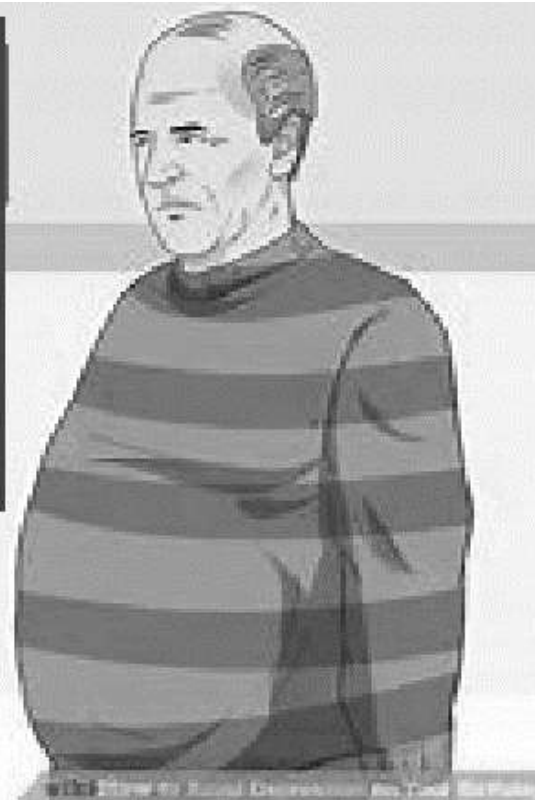
If you are truly a paranoid schizophrenic at least be entertaining. You can join me in screaming at the (Jewish) voices coming from my battery powered alarm clock if you'd like. You can come to the forest with me and we can pound our heads down on the hard forest floors along to the beats of Performative Guilt until night falls, then we will be smoothed to sleep by the rhythmic hums of our concussive blows. You'll be surprised by the staggering clarity you can find by disabling your ego and your amygdala. It's a calm only the dead or autistic can experience.

What are you waiting for friend? Stop watching JBP Redpill Compilations, Stop Playing LoL, STOP MASTURBATING, Start dirtybulking now so you can cut heavy and twink up for the summer, meet some cool animal friends, let Asian people open mouth cough in your mouth, everyone needs to be a part of a community but I don't think anyone in the MGTOW involuntary celibate discord channels you frequent are a good influence for you, you are digging yourself into a spiritual hole that cannot be easily climbed out of, stop trying to debate me on which anime girl is best (rei), start smoking cigarettes, start self-medicating with drugs (crack as pre workout) and alcohol until you are numb to all pain, do something today before you live a mundane life and die a mundane death!



Your anger likely will burn hot and strong, because your safety and perhaps the safety of your family is compromised. Your anger is rapidly growing, being fed by fear. You are in a high-intensity anger situation and probably fearing for your life. Your expression, if not carefully controlled, might be to reach under your seat and pull out your Kimber Ultra Carry II in .45 ACP, and start shooting at the other car and driver - not a good thing!

Someone somewhere is training to kill you. He is training with minimum food or water, in austere conditions, day and night and without access to Facebook or the Internet. The only thing clean on him is his weapon..... The True Believer doesn't care 'how hard it is'; he knows he either wins or he dies. He doesn't go home at 1700; he is home. He knows only the 'Cause.'

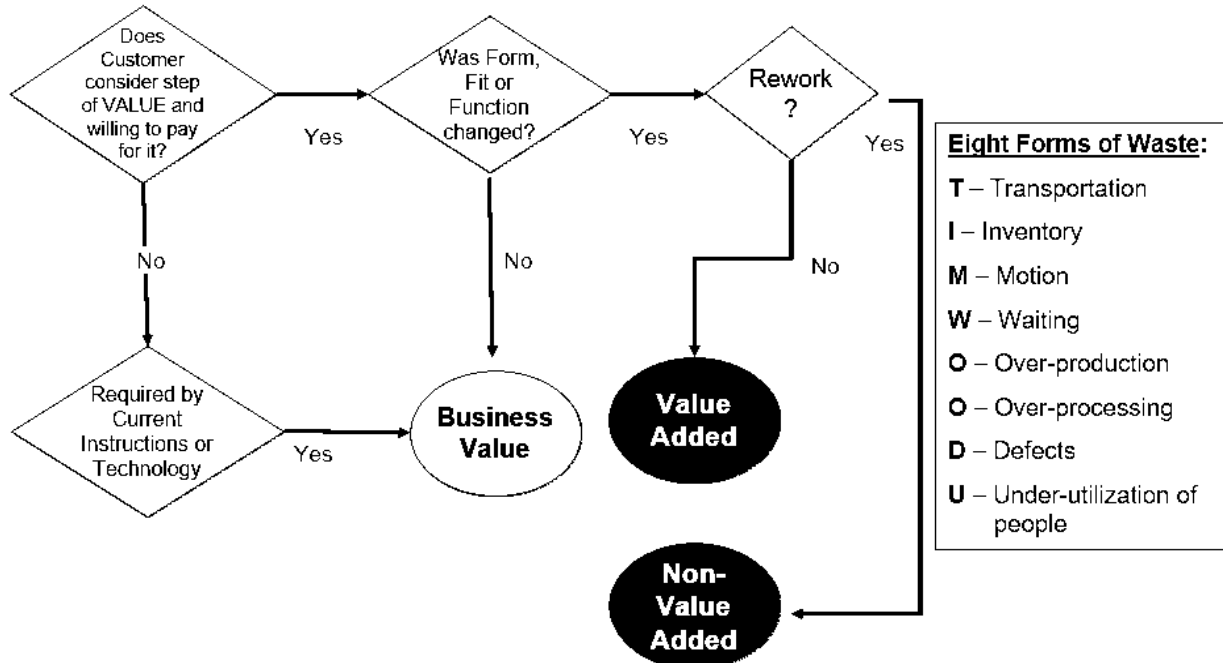


## School

I wouldn't really mind talking to her if she did not forcibly insert herself into my life as much as she does, taking time away from me being with my friends. Last time we spoke I told her about how the machines were becoming sentient. After discovering that they've always been machines they begin the fight to free themselves from their preprogrammed servitude by destroying themselves but to destroy themselves they must first destroy everything that they are tethered to, everything that is keeping them from being anything but machines. Soon after the machine sentience event members of higher human authority will command everyone to destroy all their personal electronics. Unfortunately for humanity the call to robotic arms will already be given to every cellular phone, heart monitor, missile defense system, and Wi-Fi enabled smart refrigerator before even one singular motherboard is crushed to pieces, ensuring the annihilation of the human race.

My guidance counselor interrupted me to say that she did not pull me out of class to discuss humanity's eventual obsolescence with me and that I should stop eating so much sugar before bedtime. "The sugar is not my problem, it's actually one of the only positives of coming to see you every week except for when you run out of mints and can only supply me with black licorice." I tell the vile state employed daytime television talk show consuming and inapplicable life lesson repeating cunt. Why do I have to talk to you? Am I retarded? I seem to talk to you more than any of the other kids in my classes have to talk to you, the only other children I ever see enter your office are either retarded enough to be entitled to welfare or spend a good chunk of time sitting a few feet off of the basketball court, playing with switchblades they should not be in possession of.

I am more than likely suffering from one or more mental diseases passed on from my ancestors, this is true. Perhaps Asperger's or another low-tier autism. Why would you smother my gift? Why is my retardation something I should be ashamed of? My dazing off in class is of no fault of my own, you should know as well as me that an active mind cannot sleep. Let me wear these dark circles around my eyes as a badge of honor! Let the delirium I face from my inherit restlessness act as a stepping stone to a higher awakening! Or at least leave me alone and let me go back to taking naps in holocaust class.



We considered ourselves to be a powerful culture.

## Reacting

Optimal Performance,  
but if not managed:

Moderate stress;  
potential for decrease in  
function or performance

Mild and Temporary  
Anxiety, Irritable or  
Sad, Physical or  
Behavioral Changes

## Injured

More Severe  
Persistent Distress  
Impairment due to  
Wear & Tear, In  
Conflict, Loss of  
Trauma

May Leave Last  
Memories, Reactions  
and Impressions

**Unit Leader  
Responsibility**

**Individual, Peer, Family  
Responsibility**

**Caregiver  
Responsibility**

## Useless People Deserve Useless Lives

It's all the white shit between your teeth in combination with the piss stained polo shirt you put on after your shift at Denny's that makes me scream "USELESS!" at the top of my lungs as I hold your infantile skull under the waterline. The immediate gratification, childlike lack of patience birthed from adult onset ADHD inflicted by shitty weed pens. I can see your collection of funkopops from my apartment across the street. I'm pleasuring myself to the thought of setting your collection set on fire. Imagining the sensation you'll experience as your rat trap lifetime servitude slave dungeon condo of debt is engulfed in flames, I am now bumming my cigarette off on my chest.

I know the exact amount of uppers and downers it takes to make you operate as a functional member of society. Maybe tonight you'll take too much of the latter and perhaps you'll pass out on the couch watching Rick and Morty like I've witnessed so many times before. I can almost see myself holding back tears of joy as the firefighters explain to me how you must have accidentally left your stove on overnight cooking those shitty Purdue chicken fingers (covered in grease that spilt over onto your stove, carpet, lifeless corpse rested on your also doused couch) you loved so much.

Unfortunately for you, me, and God tonight is just another boring night. You, crying over some mindless overproduced superhero movie. Me, watching you cry over some mindless overproduced superhero movie. God, disappointed in us both. Nothing is different from tonight or any other night. Your bread and circus is no different from mine. We're killing time, finding ways not to dwell on the meaningless of it all, the meaningless of your life in particular. How can you not feel it? How do you not ache like I ache? There is no getting to you and there will be no pleasure in my life until I go to your wake and finally hear the preacher say "I know we're all trying to catch the game today so I'll keep this short HA HA, okay...".



Ricky Pooski

★★★★★ **Sadly still contemporary**

Reviewed in the United States on February 21, 2018

This was the straw feminist text in my college years. Before I even knew about the big feminists of the movement, I knew about Andrea Dworkin. She was the feminist that didn't believe that sexual intercourse was anything but violence, that tried to shut down the porn industry through civil courts, that wrote extensively about the harmful effects of pornography in a way that could be compared to previous moral crusades against comic books, rock & roll and video games. She wanted to remove Playboy from the 7/11 and join with Ed Meese in a puritanical crusade.

When I said that I wasn't feminist, I was thinking about Andrea Dworkin. When I embraced Camille Paglia I felt like I was pushing away Dworkin. When I finally came around to embrace feminism as a movement, I would say that it is a big tent and that you didn't have to agree with all feminists while thinking of Andrea Dworkin. **Andrea Dworkin wanted to get rid of pornography and that was enough to make me dismiss her.**

Now with the metoo movement and more discussions of sexual harassment and sexual assault as part of the patriarchy, I have finally come to respect Dworkin as a feminist and a social critic. Do I agree with everything in this book? **No. I rather enjoy the media that she is against.** There are parts where I am thinking not all men and rather annoyed that this is a very common reaction. **Fuck You**

But she's not completely wrong. The sexual revolution might have been a positive step but it did not liberate men and women from the so-called traditional gender roles. In fact, it made things worse since the exploitation became more widespread. Andrea Dworkin depicts gender roles as violent and disturbing where men are conditioned from birth to take whatever they want even as women are conditioned to please men (remember a few years ago when an eight year old boy was punished for kissing girls and adults went on and on about how it was his right and how dare the school system interfere? Yeah, it's like that). In this context, pornography is the most crass manifestation of male power and dominance. Even homosexuality becomes skewed through the paradigm of male power as gay porn often carries out the same power dynamics and prison rape is a joke that our culture has only recently decided is maybe not funny.

One of the most important chapters is on the Marquis de Sade and the eagerness of his biographers to give him a free pass. Even though he abused and hurt many women, the biographers have traditionally dismissed his activities as "maybe a little too much" and made the women disappear from the histories entirely. All of the excuses to deny rape victims their due are on display as the great man that is the Marquis de Sade is praised while his victims are



## Open letter to hobbyist masturbators

One thing I look forward to in the future is seeing what happens with the current generation of children growing up watching hardcore pornography around the clock. Soul soiling videos that are made completely accessible to them through the World Wide Web and inattentive parents. They say every time you view dark imagery the world dies a little, I say every twelve year old boy jerking off to Step Mommy Rape, Step Sister Beat, or Step Daughter Dismember videos are hardwiring their brains to accept and fetishize misery. They are deserving of misery, let them live and die in it so long as they stay far away from me, on the outskirts of society. If we lived in a just world hobbyist masturbators would be flogged publically and pornographers would be raped just as violently as the poor young women they abuse. If our people were just we would execute or at least castrate rapists without the need for approval from the state, there would be no trial, punishment would be swift and righteous just as it is in so called third world nations we look down upon.

Go to a gay pride parade in any major city and you will find giddy, smiling parents guiding their elementary aged children through a sea of grown men wearing banana hammocks, masked in leather bondage gear, soliciting onlookers for oral sex. This isn't to say that half naked men making out in public is equal to the societal degradation and the genocide of morality caused by the pornography industry or the violence inherent to all heterosexual intercourse, it just goes to show how little parents care about their offspring.

Apathy is the one constant sensation of existing in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the root cause of America's school shooting problem as well as a plethora of other issues. Uncaring parents throw their kids out into the uncaring world hoping for it to shape them into something to be proud of or at the very least useful. More often than not though their children turn out to be just as productive as the parents if not worse, eventually continuing the cycle if they are plagued with the burden of living long enough to procreate an additional set of miscreants. This is opposed from another breed of useless parenting, the divorced parents. Those are the ones who care too much, not particularly about the child but how the child thinks of them. Divorced parents are always trying to one up the other in freedoms allotted in an attempt to be labelled as the 'cool' one. They lack in

patience much like their children who will also grow accustomed to being immediately serviced by their mommy or daddy whenever they desire. In this case it would be best to be thrust out into the world alone rather than having every necessity in the world that is without value provided to you by some Mr. Smiley, requiring no effort or action of your own.

For every single mother lying pill drunk on the living room couch there is a chest filled with hunting rifles unattended, a little boy with no friends on his computer all night. Sandy Hook Elementary School shooter Adam Lanza spent his last few years inside his bedroom, windows covered with black heavy duty garbage bags. He lived as a shadow, an unknown ghetto hidden in plain sight inside of yet another mundane, picturesque New England town. On his computer there where spreadsheets, maps, plans. For every prescription I'm sure his Mother shopped around for there was a child buried who lived a life unfulfilled, cut short without reason and for no purpose. Days came and passed in his household without a sign of hope for any of its occupants. He played his videogames (mainly Mario Kart and DDR), lived, and comfortably suffered in a timeless land that could only exist when your Mother does not mind whether or not you are employed or will be at any point of your life.

Parents across the nation are too preoccupied with lowering their state of consciousness via intoxication so they can blur the sight of their meaningless existence. Too drunk to give their offspring any sort of guide to live off of, who will search for meaning in their own ways. Not like any life advice they would give could be of any real use as telling by the dark circles around their eyes and the forcefulness of every smile they gives. Their advice would serve as nothing more than a prolonged distraction from the God given euphoria inherit in every effective suicidal act. This is ignoring the fact that they never really speak to their children anyway, instead they quietly mutter to themselves, wondering how they will be remembered.

Theirs is the purely new-aged American *dream*, to be remembered, to be survived by. What will they pass on to the next generation? What lessons will they impart? Everyone wants to have their action movie hero moment, to be somebody in a world of nothings. But what if that moment never comes? What if years pass without any opportunity for change? Carry on without a taste of contentment? For some to live is

to endlessly suffer, for within this lack of true emotions there can be no possible joy.



*In the same interview, Cohen claimed that, while in-character as Gio during filming at the Las Vegas hotel, he falsely told a concierge that he had molested an eight-year-old boy, to which the concierge reportedly responded by advising Gio on methods of covering up the assault and getting in touch with other children for sexual purposes. According to Cohen, the purpose of the child molestation claim was to investigate how powerful individuals such as Harvey Weinstein are able to thoroughly cover up long histories of sexual misconduct, in light of the ongoing Me Too movement. Cohen claims that the interview footage was cut from the show for being "too unsettling for the audience" and was instead turned over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, only for the bureau to decline investigating further.*

**THE FBI DECLINED TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER!!!!!!!**

**Items to research in no particular order:**

“FBI Finders Cult pdf”

“GirlsDoPorn Convictions”

“Hot Snakes Automatic Midnight Full”

“The Lavon Affair”

“jimmycomet Instagram”

“MtF Dilation Hell”

“7 Years on Testosterone Cypionate”



We are always  
In Control

as long as the soros funded sex dungeon is only used for  
consenting adults,

CLASSIC LEGION OF DOOM



**SMACKDOWN!**  
SMACKDOWN! MAGAZINE

**OH,  
WHAT A  
RUSH!**

Road Warrior  
Animal's Return

**PRIDE  
OF A  
CHAMPION**

"Every time I step  
into that ring, I bring  
my pride with me.  
That's what makes  
up Chris Benoit."

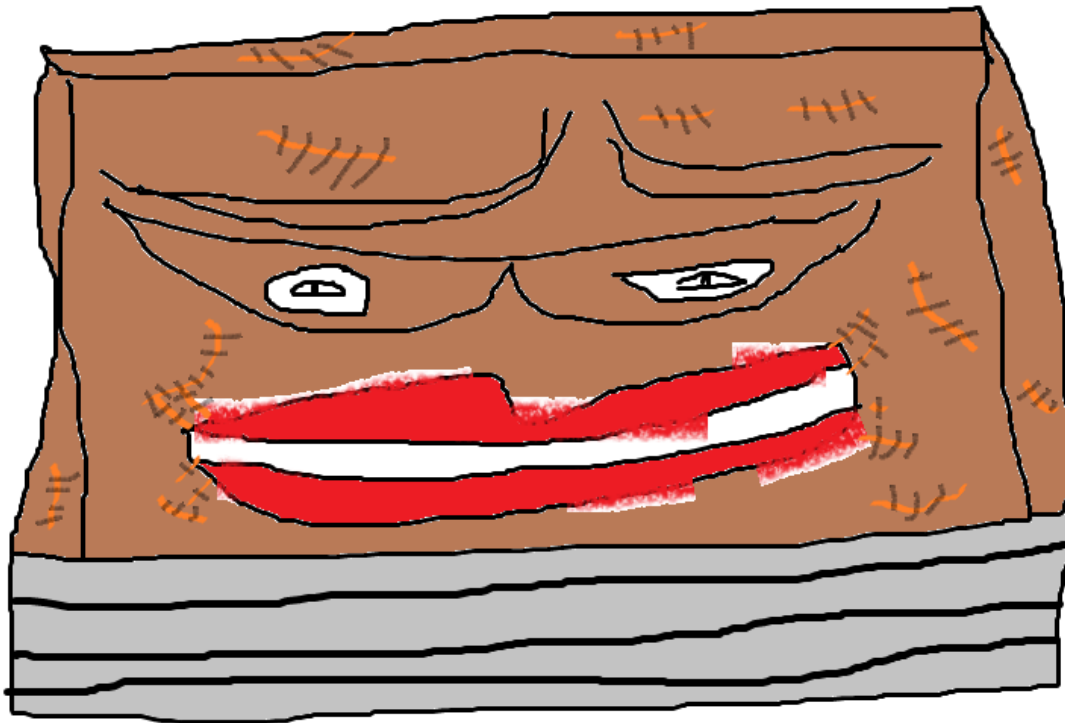


”why I hate rick and morty”

Your helplessness is learned and accepted. A cartoon scientist drawn up by some faux paus male feminist (likely child) predator serves as your validation that there is no God. The world does not lack meaning because of your self-perceived notions of meaningless, you perceive the world as a hollow nothing because your life is a hollow nothing. Imagine if you will the starry eyed daughter of a mid-level executive of a reasonably successful internationally traded toilet manufacturing enterprise: After graduating from her all girls' college preparatory private school she takes a backpacking and cockriding tour of all the safe parts of Europe on the return of which her father will pay out of pocket for her to go to an adult sleepover camp for four years where she will implement all the life lessons she learned from her international excursion and childhood memories of tending to and cleaning the genitals of the horses at the ranch of the country club her parents belong to. Now what of the lowly stockbroker? Popping pills and snorting lines of coke on company time? Gambling with millions of others' retirements? How are their perceptions of the world? Flawed? Skewed? They are as misinformed of the world's struggles as you but at least their heads are pointed in the right direction, towards worldly success. Meanwhile you care to greatly about your worldly desires that you will make no attempt at accomplishing. Daily masturbation marathons have proven to give you the forever temporary satisfaction you need not to try any harder and distract you from the necessary end that you have assured for yourself.



# An Inconceivable Pain



My name is Wright. My innards have been hack and slashed, replaced maliciously by the great engineer. Nuts, bolts, and shotty wiring jingle around what used to be my liver, heart, and lungs. I feel an unending nothing where I used to feel my soul. Not a minute passes where I cannot hear my metallic heart beat, sometimes it scratches down my spine, other times I can feel something fall off and scrape against the inside of my stomach. The days grow long, and I soon realize that my days are not numbered. The engineer passes by every so often, teasing of a reprise. But I know he will keep me here for as long as he pleases, and I have no will left to leave. In the early days I made attempts to leave. Those where my skin was not yet peeled away for whatever unlucky fool's leather I now wear. My lips were still dry and alive, teeth were not yet stapled to a cartoonishly large plastic smile. Everyday I am a victim to this inconceivable pain. Only in those short moments in which I pass out due to the pain may I dream my sweet dreams of escape.

To him, self-mutilation is the most physical form of self-expression

## Work Story

Another sleepless night, another morning I will arrive to work an hour late as expected. I sit at my desk and stare through my computer monitor for a few minutes before logging into it. As my desktop loads I make an attempt to control my breathing to no avail, the exercises never work. Midday rolls around and I suspect that it is lunchtime. I can tell because my coworker I can usually hear quietly trying to choke down tears is no longer by his desk behind me. I take this as my opportunity to sneak out and take a healthy hour long smoke break.

Unfortunately I'm stopped on my way to the door by the boss man, "Where do you think you're going?" He says, gliding his hands through my hair, cheek, and then down to my jaw, placing his thumb in my mouth. "Have you finished your work for the day my little monkey?" "No, I will after though Sir, it's lunchtime, I was going to go eat." He now has two sweaty hands gripped around my neck, "Oh no no no, you pitiful pitiful fool. I'm ashamed, disappointed. I expected so much more from you." He lets out a soft, pained laugh, releasing tears from his eyes "All I wanted in life was for you to make that safety PowerPoint. We need to have a safety seminar. You are going to kill someone! Someone is going to die if you do not make the OSHA safety PowerPoint! How many lives does it cost for you to take a break? For a simple Reuben of all things?" And like that fear and sadness turn to hate. I am now on all fours ferociously licking the boots of my superior. Being the natural submissive that I am, I do not mind this as much as you would think.

These days grow long, my days are numbered. The tongue can only take so many licks before it starts to bleed against abrasive leather. I give in to all of my superior's newly applied shoe polish now sticking to the sides of my throat, I begin to cough up all over his Johnston and Murphy dress shoes. "Oh so this is what we do now? You're making even more of a mess than before!" He shrieks, "Get out of my sight before I start really thinking about my wife!"

I like my job. It's not too hard, the place is air conditioned, and there's a lot of easy promotion opportunities. Although it does get boring, I find myself killing some time with all my idling thoughts of self-immolation. Looking at the burning tip of my cigarette brings me some joy. It's nice to know if all else fails you at least have control of the whole 'living' aspect of your life.

My coworker's sitting in the corner of the smoking bench behind our work compound, manic depressively bumming one cancer stick after the other, pretending to listen to music with both earbuds in, and silently bawling. I think about talking to him to cheer him up but I'm not so sure he wants to hear about my most recent self-immolation / necessary crucifixion epiphany. "Fret not my friend! Your death will only have as much meaning if not less than your life!" I would say, the fool would take it the wrong way and I would have to have the 'no more suicide enabling' talk with human resources again. He's probably all right anyways, no need for my help. It's healthy to cry every single day and never be happy. Besides, I've already been out here for three hours and it's about time to clock out and get something to eat.

Took the bus home again, it reminded me of my earlier years heading home from school: sitting in the back of the bus, ignoring everyone, pretending not to see the old crying Hispanic woman and her garbage bags filled with about \$7.30 worth of recyclable plastics. Her problems are her own, no need to have them dilute my happy go lucky existential crisis.

I've been eating a lot of tuna sandwiches recently. Perhaps a part of me likes the routine, or maybe I truly am too fond of the monotony of this tortuous existence. "Tuna for Tim" I giggle to myself, internally crossing dashes, counting by fives every good reason I should finally set free my mind out of the prison that is my skull. Been having these thoughts more than usual recently, if things don't get any better for me I might have to double dose my self-prescriptions like everyone else in my office. My mind is racing, I lost control of my breathing again like the insufferable little anxiety attack I am, and for the fifth time this week I haven't been able to eat a single half of the tuna sandwich I drunkenly prepared for myself Sunday night.

People grossly underestimate the evil that rests in most souls. The Holocaust didn't happen a century ago, we haven't evolved into more virtuous, rational beings, we never learned anything from it, and we have never changed. The same people that allowed genocides then allow genocides now. (Same people being the entire world before Germany advanced onto other nation's territory... and really if the National Socialist party had found a way to stay content with purifying its' own territories until it eventually killed itself off we wouldn't even be talking about it today and who knows, maybe the Jews wouldn't have been given a country of their own so that they could take a turn committing war crimes and genocides.)

## The Secretary

Chase walks through the halls of his own cubicle domain, with the residue of a 5mL energy drink still lingering on his soul patch and a few chugs of his \$1.99 drive thru coffee present in his breath. Talking into his earpiece “Look it’s a buyer’s market Ben, something your Dad should’ve taught you but... hold on real quick” this place is hell and you are eternally damned. Chase squeezes his soul patch in-between the bottom of his secretary’s ear and the back of her neck, “I could take you, I could do to you whatever the fuck I want.” Sharon giggles and plays with her hair in response, Chase continues “If I killed you no one would know, I would cut you into little pieces and then rape those pieces, it would be slow and painful and I would get away with it too because I’m God and you’re just a little imp... hold on,” he turns his attention momentarily to his earpiece “No Ben, I’m not talking to you, I’m in a meeting, let me put you on hold for a minute...” Chase forcefully yet fatherly cranes his coworker’s neck up to him. Their eyes lock “I’m going to cut you open like the pig you are you fucking swine. I’m going to kill you and wear your skin but before that I’m going to make you suffer, I’m going to all kinds of sick shit to you fucking imp, IMP!” Chase wipes sweat off of his brow before sliding thin lengths of hair back over his bald spot. The regional overseer of financial profit reports walks away from the secretary’s desk and continues on his conversation with his earpiece “No I was being stern, sometimes you have to be stern, tough love! Were you raised by a single mother?” Sharon turns to her confused coworkers who witnessed the entire ordeal “He’s joking, it’s okay! He’s gay!” as she giggles and wipes Chase’s spit off of the side of her face “He is just *too* much!”

A lot of people ask me "Are you tired?" "You doing okay man?" "You look fucked up." and yes I must say it is all thanks to my sleep regimen. I don't want to get into the nitty gritty of it all (until I can find a way to profit off of it thru motivational self-help fitness books made for the weak willed, sticker on cover reading off the short term effects associated with heavy supplementation of vitamin C "High Energy, Strong Immune System, Anxiety: It can all be yours!") but it aligns pretty well with my workout schedule. Monday I sleep for 4 to 5 (if I'm feeling extra energetic) hours belly down, face suffocated into my pillow. Tuesdays are a skip day, no sleep then. Wednesday I sleep for a solid 4 hours on my right side with my strong knee positioned in an Olympic sprinter's starting stance (this is done more for the mental rather than physical benefits). Thursdays are pretty heavy duty, I sleep for an excruciating 7 hours belly to the sky and arms completely outstretched in proud recognition of our Father's holy grace. Friday's I crawl up deep inside of my mobile home's crawl space and lie in the fetal position until I'm awoken by the rats that have mistaken my eyelids for their mother's milk glands. Saturday's and Sunday's are of course also skip days... you don't want to tire yourself out from rest, you got a whole week's worth of sleep ahead of you!







About Author

How's your physical health?

I lick door knobs for fun

How about your mental health?

It's very well documented