

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a
Tundra Presents:

Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades

A Rom-Com, An Neovella
But most of all *for you*

by CHARLIE HEBDO

FOR LOU,
BELOVED FOURTH WIFE AND MAIDEN

CHAPTER ONE (1): THE HOTLINE- MIAMI INCOHERENT VICE CONNECTION

The waves bore back again, down below the earth, in a realm betwixt old Abzu, the salt and sea, and the seeds of The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra. Kolsti Nguyen stepped into the bog. The Everglades dragged the scent of misery and lost memories across the silty sea floor, gathering debris and leaves along the way. This was post-meta-modern filth, unique to this region of the United States, as well as to a secret underground chamber in the basement of the Tower of London.

Defying the occasional bearing of a calm disposition, her majesty the (Anita) Quinn, to the horror of young cumswapper, wore her face distraught. Then submitted he on his part with falling behind -- which, if couldn't he to the fuller extent wit what inauspicious fates demand for his futile life, seemed inclined to do without any alternative. The lair all within along with his palpitating soul are swallowed by a vortex of uncertainty. And creeping ever-so-slowly into the chambers they advance still....

Elsewhere in the narrative, past Kolsti's left ear a dragonfly buzzed across at incredible velocity. Tremendous, godless thing of monstrosity! To think perhaps a score in inches length and twice that in wingspan! This singular event in the course of the multiverse (comparable only to Michel Foucault's invention of fisting), the unprecedented sighting of some hideous creature with outstretching proportions brought our protagonist, dazzled or astonished, to recognize two things: Evolution by artificial selection, then, to his horror, lizard-men.

Never before were there an instance any more proper that Kolsti should unsheathe his phazer, set it to stun, only to declare his one-man-crusade against all his bitter, malignant adversaries, as this here account was made purposefully to recount. Godspeed, that with grace you be lifted farther within sublimity or tread Eden beneath these soles wherewith you part the Evergreens.

ONE FORTNIGHT AND THREE DOZEN BEERS EARLIER

“We got a mission and we gotta do it right,” said Lieutenant Craptoyo of the Miami Vice Squad, briefing Kekett and Dubs. Accompanying Kekett and Dubs was Kolsti, who had recently become a bounty hunter (his new blonde mullet, styled after his idol Dog, completing the signature look of his profession) and who, because of his expertise on the Everglades, was invited to participate in this investigation.

“We been getting a lot of poached alligator skins here in Miami,” said Lieutenant Craptoyo. “We figure it was connected to this man.” Lieutenant Craptoyo, a true patriot, pulled a photograph of Floridian novelist Carl Hiaasen out of his French pocket.

Craptoyo pulled out yet another picture. It was of Miami-based Dave Barry, humorist.

“We figure this be Carl Hiaasen’s accomplice. Our reports tell us he turned tail for the everglades shortly after a snitch tried to report his position to Miami PD.”

“Okay, what else we gotta know?” insisted Dubs impatiently.

“Now there are two gangs of poor white trailer trash in the little Everglades town you are gonna visit,” said Lieutenant Craptoyo. “The town named /lit/ville. We figure Carl Hiaasen has been playing both sides, selling them crack and using his influence to throw his weight around and get alligator skins smuggled into Miami. Your job is to hunt this man down.” :^)

Kekett leaned against the wall, his lizard-striped hand in the red pocket of his lizard-striped khakis, playing with his lizard-striped genitals. It always calmed Kekett down, playing with his genitals like that, as he avoided eye contact with Lieutenant Craptoyo, who always avoided eye contact with him; or maybe that was just Lieutenant Craptoyo’s flaming case of autism, caused by vaccines, or a natural result of being played by an actor with flat affect; a problem

universally known as Ryan Gosling Syndrome ever since the unfortunate incident of Nicholas Winding Refn having made the film *Drive*, a true affront to cinema if ever there was one.

Kolsti looked up from his Playboy centerfold, somewhat angry that there were no black, hispanic or yellow women featured this month, and stared his comrades dead in the pupils. All of them.

“So, who is this Dave Barry guy anyway?”

He flicked his wrists, sending (electronic) faggot ashes out in either direction. (He smokes two at once, impressing even the manliest of bounty hunters. (And the womanliest of bounty hunters (it’s the twenty first century (though some don’t like to admit it) you cissexist pig.))

“You never heard of Dave Barry?” asked Dubs. “Used to write for a bunch of newspapers. But I tell you what, his main crime?”

“Crimes against literature,” said Craptoyo. “The man helped co-write a sequel to *Peter Pan*.”

Kolsti spat at the feet of his comrades. All of them.

“That’s just wrong.”

“Dave Barry is a fucking sicko,” grumbled Kekett in his gruff, macho-inflected voice, the natural result of being played by an actor with constant¹ constipation. “But Carl Hiaasen’s an even bigger sicko.”

“I bet he ain’t a bigger sicko than Piers Anthony,” said Kolsti. “That man’s a confirmed kiddy fiddler, word on the street is.”

“Anyone wanna bet Piers Anthony goes on 4chan?” quipped Dubs.

“Yeah,” said Lieutenant Craptoyo. “Well, I hope you three enjoy your little paid vacation to the Everglades. I wonder who this week’s guest star is going to be. Oh wait, that was already announced in the opening credits of the episode.”

“We’re in a goddamn fictional universe...” grumbled Kekett. “What the hell makes you think we’re able to read the opening credits of the fictional universe we exist in?”

The fourth wall grinned a filthy, dirty, shit-eating grin.

Post-meta-shit-eating^{2 3 4}

¹ Unceasing, infinite

² Bane?⁵

³ Was getting caught part of your plan?

⁴ They expect one of us in the, Wreckage Brother

INTERMISSION

>>>/tv/

>Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen, together in that dark Florida trailer hidden deep within the everglades, counted their 50 dollar bills worth of dirty cash that they had received in large briefcases while laughing maniacally. Both of the men snorted line after line of ~~ocean~~ pancake mix through dollar bills as they counted their money, the cheesiest of synth-dance music playing in the background from Hiaasen's cassette player as these two literary gangsters reveled in their evil deeds beneath the shade of the Spanish moss that covered their trailer windows.

>“We’re fuckin’ hot shots, man!” exclaimed Dave Barry, his face coated in ~~ocean~~ pancake mix. Carl Hiaasen laughed along with him.

>“Fuckin’ pigs can’t get us, man! We’re fuckin’ IMMUNE! Okay, we’re fuckin’ untouchable!” >Carl Hiaasen snorted another line of ~~ocean~~ pancake mix. Both of them would hit up the small redneck bar and nightclub that they now each co-owned that night, surveying their kingdom built on the oil of the innocent alligators they murdered and poached.

>The alligators cried those salty, liberal, crocodile tears, overcoming species and habitat differences in a grand display of twenty-first century tolerance.

MEMEWHILE

Kekett pulled out his Bren Ten, Dubs pulled out his sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun, and both of them pulled out their penises and shot the fourth wall with their slimy man-goo. The fourth wall slowly died, covered in blood and rape juice. ***TRIGGER WARNING***⁵

Suddenly, gunshots were heard from outside. Their Miami PD precinct was under attack, just like a scene out of an early John Carpenter film.

“Duq!” shouted Lieutenant Craptoyo, using the correct term for non-normative Anatidae birds.

However, the police officers and bounty hunter were not safe even inside Lieutenant Craptoyo’s office. An effigy wearing a high school letter jacket and an alligator mask burst through the door, carrying one of the ultra-deadly assault weapons Obongo had tried so hard to ban and keep off of the streets. If only Obongo had been successful. Being honest though, what Basketball-American has?

“Please join me in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance,” insisted the alligator-masked gunman.

⁵ A deviation from standard trigger warning usage, the author has at this point included the trigger warning *after* the triggering material itself. What we are experiencing here is a post-trigger warning, in both the literal and figurative senses. Let’s read on.

*I pledge allegiance
To the flag
Of the United States of America.
And to the Republic
For which it stands
One Nation
Under G-d
Indivisible
With Liberty⁶ and Justice for Shale Oil.*

Kolsti barely managed to allow the finalising phrase of the Pledge to escape his lips before doubling over in excruciating pain. He had been unable to stand up straight after the fierce anal sex he had received the previous evening.

“Some people can’t handle this level of freedom of expression,” the masked man mewled. “[Barack] Hussein [Obama] can’t save you now!”

The Alligator Man let out a chortle and aimed his weapon at Kolsti’s pure, virgin head (for Kolsti, sad to say, had neither suckled a man’s throbbing, freshly lubricated coitus-lance nor slurped the fine secretions of any woman’s lavishly trimmed flesh-sheath - woe betide him!) and pulled the trigger warning.

[SPOILERS] “See you, Space Cowboy!” shouted the Alligator Man. [/SPOILERS]⁷

⁶ Alternate reading: “lizardty”. Please note that “Free Speech”, a supposed expression of liberty, is simply a means by which white heterosexual males reinforce their position of dominance over marginalized groups rather than allowing a safe space for all populations as true liberty would entail. Thank you for entertaining this thought.

⁷ This is a reference to the tragic ending of a popular Japanese Animation (“Japanimation”) by the title of “BE-BOOP COWBOYS” (also known as “Roughneck Rowdies”: aka Starship Troopers). This is a japanimation young

TWO WEEKS LATER

Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen were playing Cards Against Humanity with a group of four lizardmen, those monstrous creatures with whom Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen had made a Faustian bargain to enable their miniature crime empire to thrive.

“~~NIGGERS!~~” “~~BLACK — PEOPLE!~~” “~~AFRICAN-AMERICANS!~~” “PERSONS OF COLOUR!” (because there’s only one color) shouted the leader of the lizardmen, reading off of the Cards Against Humanity card that Carl Hiaasen had selected. But for naught.

Dave Barry was unimpressed. “That’s the best you could do?” A slight grimace slipped past his teeth as the immense crime lord placed his card in the hardened hoof of the lizardman.

“DAKOTA FANNING’S CREAMY ASSHOLE!” exclaimed the benevolent creature from untold realms which lay beyond, clearly aroused (as indicated by the growing lizard erection tucked between its (his? (xis, cis scum)) furry lizard thighs).

The lizardman Councillor erupted in shrieks of ecstasy (not to be confused with the popular party drug of the 1995s that was the subject of oh so many scare documentaries warning parents about rave culture, though that was present at the gathering too and Dave Barry was misusing the substance in hopes of achieving an altered metaphysical state, a la paint huffing (another dangerous practice which one should be sure to warn one’s children (but no other’s) of)), clearly signifying the winner of the round.

people these days are unaware of, fondling as they do such animated titles as “Sword Art Online” and “Attack on Titan” rather than the classics.

“How do ya like them ass, candy-apples?” moaned Dave Barry⁸, relishing the sweet succour of victory.

“*HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM ASS?!*” exclaimed Carl Hiaasen. “Holy shit, Dave, why don’t you have an original thought instead of regurgitating *Good Will Hunting?*”

Dave Barry was visibly shaken. A mumble regarding “Oscar nominations” and “Tom Ripley” nearly pierced the silence, but was interrupted by an interlocution by the lizardman Council.

“Wasn’t Robin Williams in that movie?”

“He fucking lived,” remarked Edward Snowden, bursting through the door. In this universe, he worked for Miami PD. No matter what universe he lived in, however, there was one thing and one thing only that could be said for him: he was born to leak.

“I have a suitcase full of leaks from Miami PD,” said Wintermute Himself. He lay his black suitcase on the table. “They’re on to you males.”

“Robin Williams?” asked one of the lizardmen. “Didn’t he kill himself? What a weebo.”

Dave Barry stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him, barely acknowledging Edward Snowden’s presence. The crash of the door as he slammed it shut echoed for kilometers.

⁸ Or, rather, that entity which we have come to call “Dave Barry” via traditional language, which of course is riddled with faults, and is distinct from The Dave Barry In Itself, which is coincidentally the title of an off-color snuff film (though aren’t they all? (Not in my house baby)) featuring the murder and subsequent mutilation of a separate man named David Barry who had formerly lived in Dresden, a city where Allied forces once fire bombed the shit out of some fucking Nazis. ***TRIGGER WARNING***

Just far enough, that is, to collide with the eardrums of a certain Kolsti Nguyen; the assassin sent by Carl Hiaasen and Dave Barry hadn't killed him after all. Kolsti was back, stronger, and more powerful than ever before.

JOIN US NEXT TIME IN...

**CHAPTER TWO (2): GOON SQUAD: REVENGEANCE:
RETURN OF POSTMETAL-Kolsti**

INTERMISSION

To: Lulu Television Inc.
From: czwu@femmail.com
Subject: Problematic TV Program

Hello, I was recently watching the pilot of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades" when I noticed that the show contained some extremely problematic elements. Firstly, and foremostly, the show outright fails the Bechdel test! Never in the whole 15 minute runtime did two women talk to each other about something other than a male character, in fact I don't remember any female characters at all! Secondly, I felt that this episode perpetuated harmful stereotypes against lizardfolk (note: the term 'lizardmen' is actually highly offensive, please refrain from using it in the future as it has harmful connotations and can be extremely triggering). The idea that all lizardfolk are involved in some kind of conspiracy to control people is frankly an outdated view. It shouldn't have to be my job to educate you about these things, I hope that your next episode will resolve these issues and provide the world with a more fun and less oppressive television experience.

Yours,
C. Z. Wu

P.S. I loved the Obama reference, keep that shit up!

To: czwu@femmail.com
From: Lulu Television Inc.
Re: Problematic TV Program

I don't remember any female characters in *Lord of the Rings*.

Feel free to correct us if we are wrong.

However, we assure you, we are not.

You should also note that I, the CEO of Lulu Television Inc., am myself a woman. Therefore you might consider this conversation to fulfill the requirements of the Bechdel Test.

P.S. Please recommend us some second or third wave feminist literature so that we have reference material for positive female representation in the future in a way that is empowering and hopefully not demeaning to female viewers. No Kate Millett, please. I've already read everything possible by her.

However, please also note that as we at Lulu Television Inc. are wholeheartedly committed to both Libertarian politics and an Objectivist philosophy regarding our commercial endeavors, the only female author we will ever reference to any great extent is the great prophet Ayn Rand, peace be upon her.

Lulu Television Inc., LLC
42 Palm Tree Blvd.
Miami, FL
Phone # 305-666-2666
Fax #: 305-333-3333
tumblr: Ivana_Ki55aguy

CHAPTER TWO (2): WHATEVER THE FUCK I JUST SAID

The two new female detectives (not exactly ‘women’; they were not cis scum), not that there weren’t two female (see above) detectives in the original series although they usually went undercover as prostitutes and got beaten by pimps which was extremely problematic, strolled in to the meeting room.

“Have you ever heard of the Bechdel test?” asked the first, a woman named Nicholas Alexander Palomo.

“No, what is the Bechdel test?” responded the second, named Kate.

At this point in the conversation a heavily armed lizardmanfolk jumped in through the window at this point, on the run from two quite frankly ignorant policepersons who had accused them of trying to pollute their drinking water. The lizardfolk, acting in self defense (and in record time!!), shot the two female detectives, sexually abused the corpses and stashed the bodies in the water cooler before leaving through the same window. A few moments later Kolsti and co. walked into the room and began today’s meeting.

Present at the meeting was a trans*female DEA agent with four name tags reading “Brianna Snaarb.”

“Kolsti, Kekett, Dubs.... I’m DEA.”

She looked Kolsti up and down.

“You are a fire hydrant.”

The lizardfolk, as we are going to address them from now on, showing our sensitivity against lizard stereotypes; felt the sudden urge to be on an plane.

“I need to crash something.” he thought,

“Crashing planes will be my life’s goal from now on”.

Back to the room, the DEA agent stopped her phone call and said to Kolsti

“We now have a new lizardfolk to catch”, They stared in silence for a few seconds,

“Not that all lizardfolk are violent.”

“Maybe he’s Muslim” Kolsti thought, but was afraid to say it outloud to avoid being called a shitlord. The idea that someone could call him a shitlord was excruciating, he couldn't deal with that. Kolsti had not read the Qur’an and thus was unfamiliar with the teachings of Islam beyond his daily intake of FOX News reports, in which the wide-eyed white cracka female hosts unironically used such terms as “human rights” (even though they do wear towels on their heads) and “people” (even though some of them ride camels) when describing Muslim populations in the Middle East. Liberals did not like FOX News for this reason, and as a result it was extremely controversial problematic. However, Kolsti was unaware of the liberal stigma against FOX News because he avoided liberal media like The Huffington Post and MSNBC. Although he had once accidentally seen Arianna Huffington give a lecture at a journalism conference he had crashed in hopes of free beer.

“I crashed on a conference, and Muslims crash into buildings,” he had said out loud at the conference, angering Reza Aslan, who was also in attendance at the very same event, interrupting his monologue on how “Jesus don’t real” (although Jesus is considered a prophet in Islam, of which Reza Aslan, Muslim, was well aware) and “If he was real he would have been cheating on his wife

“Mary” with one of his apostles”. Being confronted by Reza Aslan made Kolsti sad, but he was even sadder that there had been no free beer at that event: only free wine. This chain of events had caused Kolsti to flee into the bathroom and sob. He cramped a lot that day, but Ben “I love getting head” AFLAC (the voice of the AFLAC duck in the commercials (there were twelve stunt ducks harmed)) bellyached more.

Arianna Brianna Huffington Sarkeesian Dancing Quinn (aka Alexander)’s speech had been about the comments sections of mainstream media sites as well as the unregulated nature of the internet and how it allowed for extreme casual racism and casual sexism. She gave hypothetical solutions for these problems. She suggested that the issues were solved either by moderating the comments sections of articles or by discrediting the prevalence of casual racism and sexism on the internet, and went on to discuss how this had triggered dozens of innocent snowflakes that couldn’t close no eyes or close no tabs.

“Forget about everything else, I need money to stop people from saying bad things on the internet!”. The room literally exploded from excitement with everyone clapping and screaming “DEATH TO THE PATRIARCHY!”; Ben, a noted lover of camel rides, literally couldn't stop crying; children were picked out to be ~~molested~~ loved (they didn't care about the oppressive social constructions the patriarchy had placed on them, they didn't care about the ableism or ageism the whiteys preached) “Everyone is to be loved. FREE LOVE for everyone (disclaimer: except ~~weird fat virgins and creepy autistics~~ white males. This does not mean that they are not allowed to watch our woman on woman sex parties after we film them for public release)”. Everyone was excited by Alexander (aka Leight)’s speech about a safer, ~~more regulated~~ freer internet, except Kolsti, who had seriously considered converting to the twin religions of Literally Racism and Literally Misogyny after

reading the 4chan boards /pol/ and /r9k/. She continued saying that everyone that has ever gone to 4chan, 8chan, or that have ever read a mean tweet, or comment on the internet, should be treated as a PTSD patient, and be gifted (they earned it) a Purple Heart. The room couldn't hold more excitement, that was the second time in 30 minutes that the crowd had literally blown up with all the applauses and screeches of conf(o/i)rmation bias. “We do not allow mean comments, we want free speech.”

[This page intentionally left blank for the reader's notes.]

IntermissionINTERMISSION #2

To: Lulu Television Inc.
From: czwu@fenmail.com
Subject: Re: Problematic TV Program

Hello, I was recently watching the pilot of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades" when I noticed that the show contained some extremely problematic elements. Firstly, and foremostly, the show outright fails the Beandel test! Never in the whole 20 minute runtime did two Latinos talk to each other about something other than the oppressive and colonialist US culture, in fact other than Lieutenant Craptoyo I don't remember any Latinos at all! Secondly, I felt that this episode perpetuated harmful stereotypes against lizardthings (note: the term 'lizardfolk' is actually highly offensive, please refrain from using it in the future as it has harmful connotations and can be extremely triggering). The idea that all ~~lizardfolk~~ lizardthings are involved in some kind of conspiracy to control non-lizard people is frankly an outdated view. It shouldn't have to be my job to educate you about these things, I hope that your next episode will resolve these issues and provide the world with a more fun and less oppressive television experience.

Yours,
C. Z. Wu

P.S. I loved the Huffington reference, keep that shit up!

To: czwu@femmail.com
From: Lulu Television Inc.
Re: Problematic TV Program

I don't remember any Latino characters in *Lord of the Rings*.

Feel free to correct us if we are wrong.

However, we assure you, we are not.

You should also note that I, the CEO of Lulu Television Inc., am myself a Latyna. Therefore you might consider this conversation to fulfill the requirements of the Beandel Test.

P.S. Please recommend us some second or third wave Latino literature so that we have reference material for positive Latino representation in the future in a way that is empowering and hopefully not demeaning to ~~spie hispanie~~ Latino viewers. No Gabriel Garcia Marquez, please. I've already read everything possible by him.

However, please also note that as we at Lulu Television Inc. are wholeheartedly committed to both Libertarian politics and an Objectivist philosophy regarding our commercial endeavors, the only Latino author we will ever reference to any great extent is the great prophet Cesar Chavez, peace be upon him.

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42 Palm Tree Blvd.
Miami, FL
Phone # 305-666-2666
Fax #: 305-333-3333
tumblr: Ivana_Ki55aguy

INTERMEDIO EN ESPAÑOL (because not everyone speaks Oppression, shitlord)

Para: Lulu Television Inc.
De: czwu@femmail.es
Sujeto: Programa de TV problematico

Hola, Recientemente estaba viendo el piloto de "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades" cuando noté que el programa tiene elementos muy problemáticos. Primeramente, y principalmente, el show falla rotundamente la prueba de Bechdel! Nunca, en todos los ~~15~~ 20 minutos de largo, dos Latinos hablando entre ellos acerca de algo que no sea ~~un personaje masculino~~ la opresiva y colonialista cultura de los Estados Unidos, de hecho, no recuerdo a ningún ~~personajes femeninos~~ Latinos en absoluto! Segundamente, sentí que este episodio perpetuó dañinos estereotipos en contra ~~PersonaLagartos~~ CosaLagartos (nota: el término 'PersonaLagartos' es actualmente altamente ofensivo, por favor refrenese de usarlo en el futuro ya que tiene dañinas connotaciones y puede ser altamente disparador). La idea de que todas las ~~PersonaLagartos~~ CosaLagartos están involucradas en un tipo de conspiración para controlar a las personas es ciertamente un punto de vista desactualizado. No debería ser mi trabajo el educarte acerca de estas cosas, you espero que tu próximo episodio resolverá estos problemas y proveerá al mundo con una más entretenida y una menos opresiva experiencia televisiva.

Tuyo,
C. Z. Wu

P.D. Me encanto la referencia a Huffington, sigan con esa mierda! Bien Sabado Gigante!

To: czwu@femmail.com
From: Lulu Television Inc.
Re: Problematic TV Program

Sorry, we no comprehendo Espanol.

Lulu Television Inc., LLC
42 Palm Tree Blvd.
Miami, FL
Phone # 305-666-2666
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CHAPTER TWO (2) (dos): WHATEVER THE FUCK I JUST SAID [enriched]

After hiring a translator and professional hacker-for-hire to decrypt the coded message she had received, she shouted with two Latinos that were wandering the streets with armfuls of corn.

“Yo, want a blowjob?”

“I don’t have money for it,” one of the men replied, as his only known employment history involved working for known pyramid schemes that had duped him in the past. “I’ll do it for free” she answered, in an unintentional callback to the classic Meavis and Mutthead episode in which Meavis and Mutthead attend a feminist meeting in hopes of getting laid after hearing that feminists “do it for free”. After that, she hired two other Latinas as detectives. Their names were Gina (short for Vagina, though that was a secret known only to her and her family) and Juanita, short for Marijuanita (porque lo tenía chiquito). The two agents went to make some copies on the copies-mememachine.

The lizardthing, acting again in self defense, shot the two Latinos, sexually abused the corpses(no homo(I watched, the balls didn’t touched)), and stashed the bodies in the air conditioner, before leaving through the same window.

“We really need to close that window,” said the DEA agent. She closed the window, seemingly unaware that the two detectives and one bounty hunter across the desk from her could see the tumblr porn gifs that were in plain sight on her computer screen. These included images such as a vagina that had been modified so that it could be open and closed with a zipper, a man being forced

to eat out a young woman at gunpoint, and a woman disinterestedly reading Tolstoy's classic novel *Haji Murad* while anally penetrating another woman with a strap-on.

Neither Kolsti, Kekett, Nicholas Alexander Palomo or Dubs commented on these images, though Kolsti had already seen at least two of them used as OP pics on 4chan's /adv/ board. He refrained from commenting on the fact that the DEA agent was using tumblr, the site with which 4chan had long held a bitter rivalry, and which had driven oh so many 4chan users to the far right of the political spectrum in order to distinguish themselves from the left-leaning young people who were prone to maintain blogs on tumblr. Kolsti had recently read a piece in Gawker that a friend had linked him that discussed the rivalry. The piece, unsurprisingly, had been far more sympathetic to tumblr than to 4chan.

Kolsti thought about creating a tumblr blog for the sole purpose of reposting Hotline Miami fan art. He shipped Jacket and Biker, and thought they would make a cute couple. His favorite part of the two Hotline Miami games, however, was the rape scene in the second game that had caused the game to be banned in Australia. Kolsti regularly jacked off to the pixelated artwork in that scene, even though it was the staged rape of a story within a story. Kolsti got off to the thought of animal-masked men raping women, or sometimes other men, perhaps as catharsis for the time he had been raped on the beach while jacking off by a gang of hoodlums in animal masks.

“So,” said the DEA agent, still unaware that tumblr porn gifs were visible to any who walked by her computer screen. “What’s the story on the Everglades? How did all of that go down? The whole Dave Barry-Carl Hiaasen-lizardfolk fiasco?”

“Well,” said Kolsti. “It’s kind of a long story. Longer than my dick.”

“We’re gonna need more to go on than that before we complete our investigation,” said the DEA agent. “Tell me more.”

Kolsti began recounting what had happened.

“Anybody here?” screamed a voice in the vast darkness of space, though this voice of cosmic loneliness was utterly ignored by anyone directly involved in the story that is told here, and thus was utterly irrelevant to anyone or anything but its own eternal suffering. This was the lone call of the one who cries evertime.

“Did you hear that?” said Kolsti, “it sound like a bunch of dildoes and a soul in deep pain.” “why would a soul need dildoes?” asked the agent.

“Well, gee, you tell me,” said Kekett. “Had an ex-girlfriend whose soul always wanted dildoes.”

“Yeah, man,” said Dubs. “Her soul was tormented, in pain, always crying out for batteries for her dildoes. I remember that girl.”

“Back to the task at hand,” said the DEA agent. “This chit chat is fun and all, but let’s cut through the nonsense, okay? Kolsti, continue talking. We’re gonna need to hear what went down with your account of what happened with the two Florida authors turned alligator-skin smugglers and drug dealers. And the lizard people. Tell me about the lizard people. Are they lizards that look like people, or people that looks like lizards?”

“You ever hear of this sane fucker called David Icke?” said Dubs.

*“David Icke should take a hike (off a bridge),
his name sounds like he’s a kike (no anti-seminism pls),
Freud, Chomsky, and Icke. What to they have in common?
(Terrible fucking opinions and MENTAL ILLNESS that pen○s
confuse for genius, duh).*

*Icke wrote his Guide to Understanding lizards and Womans
This book has been keep a secret between a selected group
to find it, you first find something else,
the Continuum Transfunctioner”*

Kekett started writing what he was hearing, they need all information they could. They needed to take it seriously.

“Ok, what we got?”

One lizardthing to catch, one world to save, and one bigass tumblr to do list.

- Mention some Doctor Who sick reference.
- Don’t mention unwanted, non- or mostly nonconsensual surprise sex.
- The total of females should be at least 60%
- There should be an majority of non-whites (moles.
- You know what, there should be no white mole at all
- Unless they’re gay or trannies
- There should be at least 2 gays ((and 2 trannies) 1 TRAP)
- There should be at most 4 homos and three trains (i.e. man trains)))
- Must have a polysexual, atomicgender, elvenotherkin, tetragomous, non-binary, biethnic: negroid and mongoloid

and trapezoid mix (white body), possessor of both a [TRIGGER WARNING!] vagina, a [TRIGGER WARNING!] penis & an [NO TRIGGER WARNING!] AK-47 with a missing trigger.

- Be a huge Orson Welles

EARLIER, NOT AFTER

Kolsti stalked through the everglades, carrying the AK-47 he had purchased on the Russian black market years ago when he had been shanghaied into a secret mission for the U.S. government. Kolsti ducked through the marshes, taking cover behind a giant cypress stump. If it wasn't the lizard people, it was methed out rednecks waiting to jump. The lizardpeople weren't too big of a concern to Kolsti: they were not of this world and didn't know the terrain all that well. The rednecks on the other hand, they knew this terrain like the back of their hand. The rednecks were also all bloodthirsty murderers trained to hunt animals for sport, and they could easily apply their murderous precision to a human just as well. Kolsti made that observation quickly. He didn't have too much time to think. Kolsti heard a small group approaching, a seemingly mixed human and lizardfolk squad. He couldn't take them out one by one, so he would have to take them all down at once in a bloody spray of bullets. He would have to cut through or evade even more of Carl Hiaasen's and Dave Barry's foot soldiers to finally take down the lizardfolk Councillor and save humanity, though really he just wanted to collect the bounties on Dave Barry's and Carl Hiaasen's respective heads. Saving the world wasn't too much of a drawback though, though Kolsti had never really seen himself as a good guy. To him, the only solution to a bad guy with a gun was an even badder guy with a gun. That was where he always came in.

Meanwhile, Kekett and Dubs sat in a small redneck bar hidden within the Everglades, surrounded by the trashy scent of Marlboros as they carried out their investigation of the local redneck gangs that Carl Hiaasen and Dave Barry kept under their control through the ever-powerful influence of money and drugs. In the background, two thuggish-looking tattooed men in hunting camo overalls and Tampa Bay Rays baseball caps were playing darts.

The bartender began laughing at Kekett's order. "You want a goddamn *margarita*? Sorry, honey, we don't serve margaritas around here. This ain't Miami."

"I'll have a goddamn Bloody Mary," grumbled Kekett.

"What the fuck is this?" insisted the bartender. "We got two drinks around here, Budweiser and Bud Lite. Maybe whiskey if you're feeling fancy."

"Gimme a goddamn whiskey."

"I'll have a Bud Lite," said Dubs.

"Say," whispered Kekett to the bartender. "What can you tell me about *Carl Hiaasen* and *Dave Barry*?"

The bartender put down the glass he had been polishing. A cold wind seemed to have blown across his heart.

"Who?"

"Carl Hiaasen and Dave Barry, what do you know about them?"

The bartender took a step forward, and leaned over the counter, his face inches away from Kekett's.

“We don't say those names 'round these parts. Them goyim are bad news, ya hear?”

“Here?”

Kekett scowled. Dubs finished his drink.

“Eh, maybe Kolsti has some kind of a lead by now. God knows we're getting nowhere.”

As Dubs spoke, Kolsti walked through the door, his AK-74u slung over his back, covered in blood: both the red of humans and the green of the lizardfolk. He had a tendency to do that, to pop into a thread at the mention of his name. Maybe, like Tao Lin before him, he used a Google alert to always capitalize on momentary hype. Rumor has it he's more old-school than that. Rumor has it he's too impatient for Google and prefers to obsessively search the /lit/ archive for his name and his stories, ready to inject anonymous praise into often lukewarm reception. He approached the bar.

‘I'm gonna need to see some ID, kid,’ drawled the bartender.

Kolsti produced a fake⁹ FBI badge from his wallet, and his learner's permit¹⁰.

‘He's only 17 but he's with us,’ said Dubs.

⁹ Completely legitimate

¹⁰ Forged in Taiwan

At that admission, the whole bar erupted: ‘UNDERAGE B&’

A few guys in camo hunting leggings toward the back (suspected by many to just be Kolsti himself samefagging irl) chimed in with calls of ‘PRODIGY ALERT, YOU’RE IN FUCKING HIGH SCHOOL?’ (this was only half-true, given that he fulfilled most of his high school gen ed requirements by dual enrolling in introductory classes at a local university)

‘He’s with you, huh? Didn’t know it was legal for fags respected citizens to adopt now in Florida,’ replied the bartender.

A cold mist set over the bar. A creaking came from the entryway, and in stepped a glowing, pulsating mass of ethereal wisdom (a.k.a. some old cunt (fuck you don’t talk shit about my husbando)).

‘I’ve been expecting you, Virgil¹¹,’ Kolsti purred, inwardly aroused by Virgil’s presence. ‘You owe me a tenner, ya nogger!’ he growled playfully.

‘Well met, my son,’ replied the ancient sage. ‘I’ve heard these jolly chaps are refusing you the sale of spirits; is it so?’

‘I’ve got it under control,’ assured Kolsti. He turned to the bartender.

‘Actually, I’m trans-aged and identify as 27. Give me pineapple rum and blue Gatorade.’ (Kolsti was a fan of Florida’s

¹¹ The author of the Latin classic *The Aeneid*, about Aeneas’ journey from the ruins of fallen Troy to become the founder of the mighty Roman empire. Most notable for a moody bitch named Dido who an heroed because the main character pumped and dumped her.

second-rate college football team- GO NOLES! He demanded its signature drink) ‘I’ll mix it myself.’

‘27 ⅞? You’re only a few years away from wizardhood, my son?’ stammered Virgil in shock.

‘Wizardhood? >implosticating they don’t call me pancake and I can’t pull your girl with a fucking handshake,’ spake the young man, his heart aflutter.

‘Handshake means friend-zone, and you a little tool that someone gonna end-zone!’ replied a random overweight blue collar redneck in a Confederate flag wifebeater. A hip hop battle commenced. Kolsti, a renowned master rapist, cleared his throat. Virgil waited by the sideline expectantly, proud of his apprentice’s rapid progress in the dark arts¹² (das raciss).

(hey wait guys Kolsti actually says he RAP(E)S (DAILY REMINDER THAT “RAPE CULTURE” IS ONE STEP AWAY FROM “RAP CULTURE”) let him put one of his in here)

Kolsti scoffed at the notion of a battle rape with this peasant, but, desperately seeking approval from anybody with a pulse, he was in no position to resist a performance. For dismissal is the truest form of diss(al), Kolsti’s low-key introspection proved a greater blow than any Ether-imitation. Summoning a microphone from his secret personal pocket dimension (where he keeps his popcorn), the uncrowned laureate cleared his throat again, licked his lips, and stared at the floor for a few seconds for the sake of dramatic tension.

¹² Off-”color” joke about the primarily Basketball-American audience of hip-hop music

The bar stayed silent (save a few belchers and one who snapped into a Slim Jim). Kolsti held his composure. He could feel his Special Purpose rising.

The time was wrong. Kolsti took a deep breath, closed his eyes, inserted an ear of corn and began his piss.

*Put it straight down the middle now she tryna
bunt*

*By the end she screaming like it's Hannah
Hunt*

*Killing Saints twice a year like Falcons
Going deep up the middle like Malcolm
Floyd Rose gold tremolo, color platinum
A flat G like a maid made of flaxen
Started from the middle, now I'm half way to
the top*

*Flip flops? Nah, fresh Payless in the drop
Dick like the Beatles yeah it's a fucking mop
top*

*Manufactured trap track, time to dance, pop
and lock*

*Your girl a communist my cock stained her
mountaintops*

*Got one dark drop so the cops stop my drop
top*

*Fucked under the garden, your bitch awful
hungry*

*Your girl like Anne Frank, made me come,
Oh Comely*

*Dorito dick, junk food, give bitches the
munchies*

*Yeah I push major whips like I'm Hubert H.
Humphrey*

*My hot tub past capacity, Bitches Brew
Bitch I fuck like a Swans album, t-t-too deep
for you*

*Okay
Spitting with the mentality
That I can alter reality
With the banging and rattling*

Of a fucking catastrophe
Reversing flows like anastrophes
Craft an assonant masterpiece
Eat the game with voracity
Like a motherfucking velociraptor
Master rapper out the pastor's pasture
Bringing on the rap game's rapture
Like a Brahmin ee
Within you, without you put the foes in
plaster
Flow faster than the Flash's Savitar
Guitar repertoire like a fucking reservoir
Of gutter water heating up like a Russian
samovar
*The reincarnated avatar of you know who*¹³

End the rap culture then
Pick the bones, vulture thin
On that monoculture fringe
That Delhi Sultan culture blend
Vote for him, the man who is the bomba
Churches need to stop and check they Dalai
Lama priv
On that Yokohama shit
Destroy 'em like my baller Shiva
Yeah I paid my ten percent now I ain't got no
common sins
Riches just from common sense
Penny for thoughts like Common said
Hundred men but they all think they one
percent
Uh, do the quotas shift the totem, make it
worth brown skin?
Could the Romans sell indulgence in the
discount bin?

¹³ I found this in a Kolsti thread in connection to his tumblr poems so I'm gonna post some verses he put on /mu/ in 2013

*Would Moses strap explosives just to get
good ends?*

Is my sound more Def Jam or Elephant 6?

*Committing Card'nal sins in a Card'nal
colored Benz*

*My dick rounding bases Albert Pujols
defends*

Huh?

Bustin' through doors like Liam Neeson

My shit's like The Wire in the third season

My shit's Jeff Mangum got cohesion

*I'm rappin' for the nation so the hatin's
treason*

My swagger like apple man hella sleek

But keep it real, torn hoodie, Bill Belichick

Rookie year, debut, ain't hit my peak

18, look 30, that's Dawson's Creek

So where'd a wack-ass rap track come from?

My verse a guest verse on my own song

Record's out of left field like Barry Bonds

Going off on the beats like a down strum, uh

See what you just done?

All you cis scum

*Like Chris Bosh feels I ain't never been
number one*

A hip girl in the back, used to fuck with Sunn

Two kings drinking Ace playing 21

The bar erupted. A chorus of meme-rap fans (wearing Back to the Future Nikes) chanted in perfect iambs: EN-CORE, EN-CORE, EN-CORE. Kolsti, ever the showman, obliged.

‘This one’s from my personal archives. Some anons in a Google doc back in 2015 left a space “reserved for the master” but by the time I found out about it someone had already dug up one of my old raps. Here’s another. Bartender, dim the lights.’

*Indie and hip hop, white and brown
Never middle of the road but in that middle
ground*

*So I can sample Jeff Mangum
Make my drums like handguns
Me and my alter ego it's the perfect fucking
tandem*

*Goliath with a helmet, boom-bap with melody
Everyone is under me
Colonic flows: helotry
My father fought felonies
So I could just study Greeks
Look like Tarzan, hoes on my Heseltine
Skin color like nestle tea
Yeah I used a homophone
But hey I'm no homophobe
Like shit I love Frankie O and I'm*

*Never ambitious for riches so I'm playing the
niches*

*Ground herb canned peaches, the man preaches
Give it up. Beseech the creek, Texas talk: call it
crick*

*Off my dick, dumbass trick
Get overthrown: Bolshevik
Flowin sick as bowling kicks
Your balls couldn't touch my gutter bitch, hitch
Boy I soar like it's melody
Colonic flow: it's helotry
So all of y'all are under me
I side-stepped grand felonies so I could just study
Greeks*

*I'm looking like Tarzan, your hoes up on my
Heseltine*

*Skin color like nestle tea
Yes I used a homophone
Never been a homophobe
But with that said I hold the right to call OP a
faggot though*

*Ah, call me George Martin or Pitchfork cause I'll
take your track and pan it*

*My shit's Captain Atom so your shit's Captain
Planet*

*I got abs like Jesus, money like Croesus
Hoes on my dick cause I wrote a strong thesis
You should read it, schooled, church: preach it,
yes!*

*I fuck Asian mouths like bird flu
Your boiler room's like Purdue
But I'm Drew Brees and you're Kyle Orton
My dick's like Dumbo, you should stick to Horton
(listen)*

*Stand awestruck, you mall fuck; sycophantic
cuckold nut sucker*

*Get baptized by rhymes, best find a swimming
instructor*

*Brown like Kumar, white like Shady
Skin the same tan as the color of pralines
I'm like Dan Marino mixed with Tom Brady
Or maybe Janet Reno mixed with Jan Brady
Marcia be hating, salty like saline
Live like Dirk, I take shots and I'm fading
My pecker feeling a wee bit peckish bitch
Tongue kiss, tongue kiss, don't just peck it bitch
5 stars like nickel or Nikola Tesla
But I'm a pessimist so more like Nikola Pekovic
Vietnam, Vietnam, rolling in a Vespa
Ego bigger than the hair on Questlove
Asian rapper so it's Sun Tzu plus Heron's best of*

At this Kolsti paused and surveyed the crowd. He understood his geography and implored that his audience repeat his hook:

*I FUCK A HO IN THE MOUTH
IF I COME FROM THE SOUTH*

Virgil was stunned by what he had just witnessed. The glory of ten thousand blazing suns could not match the flow of the young poet's jive. The rest of the bar gazed on in silence at the smoldering lumps of carbon that littered the floor; the only remaining bits and pieces of their fellow bar-goers who found themselves in the piteous spot before the terror of Kolsti's sheer poetic genius.

'Looks like we got a badass over here'¹⁴,' Kekett offered sarcastically. Kekett turned to the bartender.

'Now, Mr. Bartender. Since we got someone on our side who can demolish your entire bar with the power of rap, let me ask you *again*: what do you know about Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen? And *what do you know about the lizardfolk?*'

FIND OUT ON THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF ONE PIECE (they are totes gonna find it next episode swear to god)

¹⁴ Inside-joke ("Mimeticism") first popularized in 1989 on the Himalayan Yak Milking Mailing List "ninegag.co.uk" (actually it was either somethingawful or reddit or wizardchan but no one really gives a shit (that's the joke shitlord))

CHAPTER THREE (4): NOW THIS IS PODRACING¹⁵

Crash-course in The **Logic** of Kolsti

We define valuation function, v , to be a mapping ($v : \{P, Q, P, Q, \dots\}$ from propositional letters or variables to truth-values, **TRUTH** and **FALSE**).

$$v(P) = T \text{ iff } \sim P = F$$

$$v(P \ \& \ Q) = T \text{ iff } P = T \text{ and } Q = T$$

$$v(P \ v \ Q) = T \text{ iff } P = T \text{ or } Q = T$$

$$v(P \rightarrow Q) = T \text{ iff } \sim(P \rightarrow \sim Q) = T$$

$$v(P \leftrightarrow Q) = T \text{ iff } (P \rightarrow Q) = T \text{ and } (Q \rightarrow P) = T$$

¹⁵ Reference to the smash-hit Star Wars prequel (and over all best and most quality film in the entire Star Wars franchise, hands down) “The Phantom Menace”, in which a young Anakin Skywalker references what your mother moaned last night when I crammed my cock in her buns

INTERMISSION #3

THIS CORRESPONDENCE HAS BEEN FILTERED AS PER YOUR REQUEST. ALL TRIGGERS HAVE BEEN REDACTED.

To: Lulu Television Inc.
From: [redacted]
Subject: Re: [redacted]

[redacted], I was recently [redacted] the pilot of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades" when I noticed that the show contained some extremely problematic elements. Firstly, [redacted] test. Never in the whole 20 minute runtime did [redacted] about [redacted].fff In fact, I don't remember [redacted] at all! Secondly, I [redacted] that this episode [redacted](note: the term [redacted] is actually highly offensive, please [redacted]). The idea that [redacted] is frankly an outdated view. It shouldn't have to be my job to educate you about these things, and I hope that your next episode will resolve these issues and provide the world with a more [redacted] television experience.

Yours,
[redacted]

P.S. I [redacted], keep that [redacted] up!

THIS CORRESPONDENCE HAS BEEN FILTERED AS PER YOUR REQUEST. ALL TRIGGERS HAVE BEEN REDACTED.

To: [redacted]
From: Lulu Television Inc.
Re: Problematic TV Program

I don't remember [redacted] in *Lord of the Rings*.

Feel free to correct us if we are wrong.

However, we assure you, we are not.

You should also note that I, the CEO of Lulu Television Inc., am myself a politically correct personage of high social esteem. Therefore you might consider this conversation to fulfill the requirements of [redacted].

P.S. Please recommend us some [redacted] literature so that we have reference material for positive [redacted] representation in the future in a way that is empowering and hopefully not demeaning to [redacted] [Ed. Note¹⁶: redacted by mistake; previous correspondence lost] viewers. No [redacted], please. I've already read everything possible by xim.

Lulu Television Inc., LLC
42 Palm Tree Blvd.
[redacted], FL
Phone # [redacted]-666-2666
Fax #: [redacted]-333-3333
tumblr: Ivana_Ki55aguy

¹⁶ The Editor would like to explain that this redaction is not intended as a slight against [redacted] parties; our original manuscript included the segment that has since been redacted, but events set in motion by forces beyond our control (see: BANE, GROND, GOOSE et al.) resulted in the loss of this text. We at the Editor's department have reconstructed as much of that sentence as we could from the pieces that were left sprinkled about the everglades, Miami, and copies of Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra and affiliated properties, but not all of the pieces could be found. We apologize for any undue triggering we have caused.

CHAPTER THREE (4): NOW THIS IS POD RACING

‘Gentlemen!’ exclaimed Carl Hiaasen, addressing the others in the trailer. ‘They’re on to us. It looks like we’re gonna have to relocate.’

The lizardfolk had briefly vacated the area to score some fresh pussy from a local skate park, giving Carl Hiaasen the opportunity he needed to address Edward Snowden about a certain issue that had been pressing at his temples.

‘Thank you, based Snowden,’ said Carl Hiaasen, turning his head towards the fragile, petite prince. ‘Now, how much are you asking for the information? Knowledge like that never comes free.’

Edward Snowden smirked. A sinister gleam shone from his glasses.

‘Oh, I think I know my price.’

Carl Hiaasen gulped.

‘Name it.’

‘Okay, I’ll tell you,’ Snowden replied coolly.

The atmosphere in the room grew tense. Carl Hiaasen knew he wouldn’t like what he was about to hear.

HAVANA

A luau. Flashing neon conceals a grim world of seedy deals, hardened hearts behind crooked grins. The women with pulsing

hips and flowers in their hair spun around in the street, swaying to keep their hula hoops moving around their lithe bodies. A man in a shark suit sat at a table outside of a small cafe, sipping a margarita as he watched the dancing girls, struggling not to touch his gun, the outline of which poked his white slacks. He remained calm as he waited for his contact to arrive.

“CAW! CAW!” The man felt a tap on the shoulder. It was a raven in a hoodie carrying a briefcase. A woman in Ray Bans pulled a wad of cash out of his pocket and discreetly moved it into the talons of the black bird as they shook hands.

The man nodded. The woman in the Ray Bans picked up the briefcase, steadily making a clear path to the hotel lobby. We ducked into an alley, she threw her Ray Bans into a dumpster to reveal a pair of Robin’s Egg blue eyes. The woman pulled a pair of hazel contacts and a fake beard out of her pockets, attaching them to her face. As she strolled her movements were fluid, with the ease of repeated motion. With chameleon talent, she slipped from the attention of Gene Hackman’s Task Force. She knew, however, that overconfidence could easily be their downfall.

Under a pink sky, the sharp light of the evening sun pierced through the motel window like so many golden knives; the master of disguise lay in bed, briefcase in lap, as a dead TV channel sang static to the grimy walls. We opened the briefcase, smiling as we assessed its contents. We tucked the briefcase away under his bed as a knock tapped on the door. We walked towards the door, in hopes that it was the witness you had asked for and no one else.

MEANWHILE

Carl Hiaasen’s eyes popped out of his head and fell onto the carpet, rolling around in shock as Edward Snowden named his price.

‘M-Mr. Snowden, I’m afraid that simply is not possible. The Council will not allow it.’

Dave Barry, who had just returned to the trailer after his miniature drug freakout, hung himself in remorse, wishing he had not heard Edward’s declaration, for he knew that it would be the end of all of them. Snowden calmly locked eyes with Carl Hiaasen, and whispered something unintelligible. Carl responded aloud: ‘The lizardfolk Council... There’s no way we could get away with something like that. Not without losing everything to the bitter blazes of Interdimensional Hell first, that is.’ Carl narrowed his eyes and continued: ‘All of us -- including you.’

‘Silly wabbit,’ Ed guffawed. ‘You overestimate the power of the Council. You have no idea what true power is! Your feeble gaze has never crossed paths with the radiant beauty, the awesome destructive energy, the terrible, fearsome, glorious wonder that is the wrath of Donald Forrester Wallface!’

Ze room shook with ze thunder of God as ze name of ze Messiah Himself crossed Edward Snowden’s thin, blasphemous lips. Dave Barry, convulsing from his makeshift noose, began to sob. Carl Hiaasen ducked in fear. (A entitty named Nicholas Alexander Palomo did not write this paragraph; they wrote this sentence.)

Snowden continued.

‘With the ancient relic of The Martyred One knotted about my neck like the scarves that hipsters wear in early Spring, I will become greater than even the lizardfolk themselves!’

He dashed ‘neath swinging cadaver of Dave Barry, clenching his anus into fists.

‘I know you know that I know you know where it is! Tell me! Tell me or lose your eyes, you spineless cretin!’

With final breaths, Dave gasped: ‘I... I don’t...’

Before he could finish his sentence, a sleigh split the ceiling of the room and sliced Edward Snowden clean down the middle, painting the walls with viscera and fiber-optic fluid. Beyond the hole left in the roof could be seen a small, juvenile equine. Faintly in the distance an old Aramaic prayer could be heard, the sound emerging like windchime or birdsong:

*Avvon d-bish-maiya, nith-qaddash shim-mukh.
Tih-teh mal-chootukh. Nih-weh çiw-yanukh:
ei-chana d'bish-maiya: ap b'ar-ah.
Haw lan lakh-ma d'soonqa-nan yoo-mana.
O'shwooq lan kho-bein:
ei-chana d'ap kh'nan shwiq-qan l'khaya-ween.
Oo'la te-ellan l'niss-yoona:
il-la paç-çan min beesha.
Mid-til de-di-lukh hai mal-choota
oo khai-la oo tush-bookh-ta
l'alam al-mein.
Aa-meem.*

AN EVERGLADES

‘All right! All right!’ squealed the bartender. ‘I’ll tell you about Carl Hiaasen and Dave Barry and Ivana Kisaguy! I’ll tell you about the lizardfolk!’

‘Good,’ Omelette replied with a smirk. Under the bar, he moved his left hand to his zipper, silently unsheathing his firearm. His engorged weapon sparkled with the rhinestones of the Rolexes he had affixed to the base of the shaft. Idly, he wondered about Dakota, and of the new character she was playing on the other network, he’d forgotten her name—in character, he’d forgotten his own, too, as had the Ferrari¹⁷ in his pocket and the surgically-implanted set of cookies behind his earring that tracked everything he did. Snowden, of course, knew all of this. But Snowden wasn’t his problem.

As his tentacles tensed in rhythmic pulsation around his thick canon, he pictured Dakota’s tongue, lavishly draped in the purples and blues of a freshly-sucked popsicle stick, swirling up around the tip of another ice cream cone. The cool air from beneath the bar maximized the images being beamed into his head by the network producers. His visual processing unit was haywire -- he detected nonexistent objects amongst the reality of his surroundings.

‘Why I do declare!’ the bartender ejaculated. As Kekett wandered nearer, the full sight of his obnoxious pantline strained the digital images that the bartender consumed. ‘Isn’t this a rather immodest proposal? I told you I’d tell you everything!’

‘Yes, but,’ Kekett exhaled: ‘This isn’t about what you’re going to tell me.’ He massaged his cold steel more, encouraging droplets of his gun polish to form a bulbous little half-globe lens at the tip of its veiny barrel. ‘This is strictly ballroom.’

All Kekett could see was Dakota’s nubile frame, her long legs and her puckered lips encapsulating the end of an ice cream cone,

¹⁷ This is a metaphor for spaghetti. Open to interpretation, however, as it could simply refer to the Hot Wheels replica of Kekett’s own fancy ass car that he keeps in his pocket.

hot in the humid everglades heat; beads of sweat that refracted light across her chest snaked across her modest cleavage and down her arms, down from her hairline. It overwhelmed him. Something was driving him mad, driving the pulsing in his trigger finger to bury himself in the ear of corn she held adroitly between her legs. When her tulips parted in a beckoning smile, he was already close. Something was happening now that he was already familiar with. He'd lived this part before. This was a retake. They had to reshoot this part—he was dimly aware of this, and yet, the reality of the situation was somewhere upstream, clouded in the back of his mind like the spectre of a shadow.

‘I hate you,’ the bartender’s revulsion was evident in every tonal inflection stretched across every syllable he uttered. ‘I fucking hate you.’

Kekett smiled. ‘You won’t for long.’

BLACKOUT AND SCENE CHANGE

“EEEEEE *EEE* EEEE” were the last words of the dolphin before Kekett shot it. “Finally, I love you now,” he said.

“Now you need to do the same to Jar Jar Binks,” she continued.

“We can’t, he left to shoot the new movie, you know he’s the main antagonist, he turns to the dark side and gets a fancy red lightsaber and all, and beside, he’s copyrighted, we can get sued”.

Dakota got upset, she wasn’t cast in the new J(ew).J(ew). ‘lens flare boy’ Abra(ha)ms (text contained by parentheses to highlight his Jewish heritage) masterpiece. “They hired a black guy instead, what a genius. Who would have thought of that?” she thought,

knowing that her thoughts weren't literally gold as Abram's thoughts.

The bartender got more nervous every minute. Kekket was getting undressed slowly. "Do you want to watch it?" he said to him.

"No," the bartender said.

"Fair enough, I can't stop you from staying pleb," he replied. "Dakota, you know I can't resist this long, lets do this now. He insisted.

She nodded and followed him to the bathroom, because, you know, bedrooms are over played. In the planeroom he got completely undressed and started undressing her, while slowing caressing her. He cared her hair; he caressed her hair; he caressed her boobs.

"You know I'm a man right?" she said. He didn't, but he didn't cared. And this is the story of how OP was born.

**HERE MARKS THE SPOT WHERE WE REMEMBER
MOOT'S FALL FROM GRACE. THANK YOU
CHRISTOPHER. RIP in pieces. 1/21/15**

NOW A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

>2015
>still using the month before the day
>2011+4
>still typing the year out
>p33
>still typing

Este es mi pequeño espacio, es solo mío para desperdiciar y de nadie más. No tengo nada que decir porque mis pensamientos ya han sido pensados por gente más ilustre y expresados por escritores más elocuentes. Lo único que me queda, lo único que tengo es esto, este pequeño espacio que no aporta nada además de una pequeña huella de mi presencia. Aún sin nada que dar soy egoísta y me niego a morir olvidado, por eso escribo aquí este breve párrafo. Al menos así habré dejado algo para que me recuerden, aunque sea sin nombre ni rostro, aquellos que tengan la paciencia de llegar hasta esta página de este libro que si acaso unas treinta y tantas personas van a leer, pero en el que yo, así como muchos otros, decidimos escribir para así dejar nuestra minúscula marca en el mundo literario y así dejar algo, aunque solo sea un pedazo de mierda, en aquel vacío que pronto seremos cuando nos llegue la hora.

>sentimientos.exe

AAYYYYYYY NARANJA

CHAPTER FOUR (5): THE THICKENING

Kolsti was preparing gravy for Thanksgiving dinner. “It’s getting thicker,” he thought. And it was. As the gravy thickened, so did the moral quagmire backdropping middle-class civilian life in America. Cops killed the wrong people more (or less) and the right people, well, not at all. In fact, the pigs had infested the whole joint known as, you know, life and whatnot.

CHAPTER FIVE (6): THE PLOT UNRAVELS

After finishing making the gravy, Kolsti got depressed. Thanksgiving reminded him of his ex. they had been in a relationship for 3 years, and she had broke up with him just one week before. It was on the day of his birthday.

“I still have her present. I guess I should open it”. He went to his bedroom and opened his closet. Nicholas Cage was inside. “Man, you’re in everything” he said. Cage was a little ashamed so he got outside of the closet. “I’m not surprised” Kolsti thought. “His movies suck.”

The present was there, it was a small box (the size of an ear of corn) wrapped in a shiny red and blue. He lifted it up, seated on his bed and placed the box on his lap.

“(ex name here) What is it you have given me?” he thought. He sighed and unwrapped it.

It was a plot¹⁸.

¹⁸ Against America by Philip Roth

CHAPTER SIX (7): THE PLOT

Kolsti was sitting on his bed with the plot on his hands.

“Who uses this anyway? We post-postmodernism now,” he said to himself.

And he threw it away.

KOLSTONIAN INTERMISSION

The Legacy of Inastucity in a Kek

The last time I wrote something with legacy in the title I was 11 years old. For Black History Month our teacher assigned us people to write poems about and I got medical researcher Charles Drew¹⁹. This doesn't deserve an introduction.

The Legacy of Dr. Charles Richard Drew

Born on the streets of DC, Charles Drew had it tough.

His school was segregated.

When his sister died it was rough.

But the death of someone closely related

Pushed him to study meds and scientific stuff.

Now here is where his legacy began.

Drew had a blood drive for British organizations.

It was called "Blood for Britain"

It built a blood bank for medical operations.

Then the BTBA praised him for his wonderful program.

Being black, Drew made a strong stand

Against segregating blood distribution.

See back then equal rights were not the law of the land.

Despite the fact it was against the constitution.

It was so sad one day in 1950.

Drew died when he crashed his car.

He was on his way to a meeting in Tuskegee

¹⁹ Also known for inventing peanut butter.

When he lost control and drove off the road too far.

The car flipped over and his blood ran freely.²⁰

Some people think I'm one of the best 17 year-old poets out there. At no point was I ever in the upper half for 11 year-old poets.

I woke up (if you think this is earnest (as in first degree²¹ (as in the measure of the exponent, not a measure of severity) sincerity) you should do your homework (not that I do mine (my class rank has dropped from 1 to [REDACTED SO AS NOT TO INTERFERE WITH COLLEGE ADMISSIONS] since senior year started))) at 7:20ish²² (needless specificity stopped being funny a while back) this morning (January 20th (I thought to include the year but the notion that anybody in 2016 or beyond would read this is laughable²³ (>implasticating this won't be on every syllabus in 2039 (I could've written 2040 but I changed my mind and needless specificity (especially with estimations (/estimates)) is funny again (actually, it isn't (and neither are parentheticals, which is what I'm here to talk about)))))) when my girlfriend (Lexi (also my PostMetaPaintbrush collab partner (though school and general horseplay has derailed that project for the time being (but if this spinoff business gives me a momentum wave I might have to start it back up just to capitalize (not monetarily, of course)))))) called me to tell me I'd be late for school. I showered, dressed, and got in the car so my dad could drive me. I played Madden Mobile the whole way and my dad said

²⁰ Jest about how racial tensions prevented the man from achieving his goals in societal life

²¹ Could also refer to a geometric degree or a college degree, hopefully not a liberal arts one

²² A missed chance for a truly dank meme.

²³ "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades: A Novella" was originally penned in January 2015

something about me being a shit driver because I always stare at my phone in the car.

I went to school and did my school shit. Lab table this and that, sculpted the prophet formerly known as Muhammad in my AP 3D Art class, nothing **too haram**. At lunch I saw this Vietnamese kid walking around with raviolis on his tray and I wanted some but the line was too long so I went to the sandwich line. I stood there for six minutes and when it was my turn I pointed at the chicken salad because the cafeteria is loud as fuck and I didn't feel like shouting. I pointed at the white cheese next and the lady just Bert-stared at me. The girl behind me said "you don't get cheese" but the lady started putting it on anyway since I never stopped pointing at the cheese. I realized what was going on and I didn't want to get roped into paying an extra dollar for a couple cheese triangles so I shook my head and told her never mind. I asked for some olives, thanked the woman, paid the other woman, and went to go eat at the Asian table. There's a lot of mutual fondness at that table (we ironically nominated each other for ill-fitting class favorite categories) but I don't say much to them on most days. I'm talkative as fuck in class but whatever. My phone vibrated and I thought it would be one of the 50 side bitches but it was college advertising. I saw that I had a tumblr ask, though. Someone told me to write a chapter.²⁴ I'm gonna talk in earnest (or as close as possible (you've read the Phuc excerpt you don't need 9 parentheticals for me to temper my brevity into comprehensivity)) about my style, the allegations of sockpuppetry (called "samefagging" (a word I can't use without any fuss since I'm officially a "tumblr writer" (a reluctant condition I liken to the ball-(and chain)-busting marriage archetypes stand-up comedians like to riff (I wanted to use scare quotes to connote that these routines are often egregiously unoriginal but I

²⁴ THIS WAS ME HOLY SHIT

decided a parenthetical would be more "Kolstonian" (Leynerian kek)) on (grammatical imperfection noted but ignored by le syntax man))) and my "legacy," as that is the title after all.

Meta-fiction ain't no gimmick. 17+ years ago (aka the pre-Kolstonian era) Western academia fought about authorship. Read Barthes and Cavell and whatnot, or at least a Wikipedia page. I'm not summarizing here. At some point they decided that maybe the author really is dead and the whole thing really is subjective and writers have no more authority than readers on the meanings of their texts²⁵. To make this palatable they had to work in some concessions about how context is important as an extension of content and therefore authorial background is necessary but not necessarily end-all. It's a metaphysical move that mirrors theoretical physics' (a field in which I have a Discovery Channel level of expertise, admittedly, but it never stopped *le sexed equation privileged light speed* psycholinguist Luce Irigaray) idea of time as a dimension with possible nonlinearity. When the very idea of pre-dation (idk how to distinguish that from predator predation other than a hyphen) is uncertain, Death of the Speaker becomes as viable as Death of the Author. And if utterance can exist without author then subversion can exist without precedent. My postmetamodernism exists independent of any of the lesser-suffixed predecessors. I see your inescapable intertextuality and raise you a Hartmanian²⁶ paradigm for art that holds authorship (and therefore anything tangentially related) as simultaneously contextually essential and authoritatively irrelevant. #TheseHoesWontReadHix

On the aforementioned accusations: twenty-five pages of novel were written without my prompting before I started on this thing. I don't need to put my

²⁵ You stupid retard, I bet you've never read Pierre Menard's Quixote

²⁶ Confirmed nerd

own name on the literature sub-board of a Nauruan basket-weaving sticky note. I'm too busy shitposting in >the jesting continues threads. Also, I really really like women.

As for legacy? My Yeezus cypypasta caught on at /mu/ more than anything else I've done, but /lit/ is where I have a name. Notoriety on one of the slowest boards of a semi-mainstream Kyrgyzstani kabuki hypertext is a paltry as fuck legacy. It goes deeper than that. I lived in *Miami* for a little under a year as an infant. My dad (and his whole side of the family) actually lived through totalitarianism, you know. Their tundra was of the tropical variety. I won't expound on that because there's a quarter-century of art (including my own poem *The Locals Eat Chipotle* (watch out for a short story dramatizing the events of that restaurant's carnitas shortage)) devoted to that war and its implications so you can watch a ton of great movies about Vietnam (so long as you don't watch *Forrest Gump*). There's legacy in "Kolsti" too. Named after a UT prof, I start at Austin this fall. There's the legacy I leave at my high school, South Grand Prairie. Some lethargy and shenanigans will prevent that legacy from including valedictory distinctions, but I hope I leave something. As of this writing I'm a finalist for Most Likely To Succeed, but it would be silly and a little gross for the kid who never bought a yearbook to care about class favorites. I wrote a letter to the superintendent of my school district, and if you care to read that it's on my blog. I'm more proud of that than any grades. More might come of it. We'll see. Legacy is something I'm not going to fully understand until I'm a little older. Sigourney "moot" Poole must have had legacy on his mind when he decided to retire from his admin position at 4chan (a few days after mandating that his Hot Pocket-compensated custodial staff give him proof of ID (maybe this is a sub-plot for Tundra III)). Many social conservatives (the

/pol/²⁷ variety) seem to look at the avant-garde (even the pseudo-avant-garde like myself (or the avant-turde that is *Miami*)) as decidedly anti-legacy. Tradition is their legacy and degenerate subjectivism its bane. For me (or should I say 'us' (don't object, the traditionalists I speak of don't write collective meta-fiction about underage poets)), that's all background. As a great man (before you look it up, it's me) once said, "the only thing sacred is the right to be tasteless." The post-postmodern paradigm vacuum that New Sincerity failed to fill leaves us with an uncertain connection to our past. Maybe it's a little willfully/lazily narrow to say this in a spin-off novel to a Miami Vice fanfic starring Thomas Pynchon, but I think we're freer from the specter (I'm veering into really DFW-conservative zones here) of precedent than ever. The postmodern condition (the "all the good stories are already told" one not the "djkjskfsjjf :^) aosunajdnj" one) is no longer a bother now that originality is widely recognized as more overrated than Chris Paul (I'd like to start a sports column for a while I think (which reminds me, someone with production skills should help me with a hip hop album)). A couple decades of meandering around the unromantic (no, not un-Romantic) implications of po-mo reaffirms what we already knew. We're in an intertextual playground blah blah blah. I'm at a breadth of scope at this point in the paragraph such that there's not much left for me to say on this (which kind of contradicts the practical applications of my previous contention that originality is unimportant (but these things are often shaky in the real world (if you try applying post-structuralist content responsibility ideas to police footage you're a dumbass))). I was about to appeal to brevity but this is a fucking novel, and novels²⁸ are so niche that if you're reading this you're in it for the length²⁹.

²⁷ A slice of bread in an Uzbek deli counter's freezer

²⁸ >can't in2 grammer

²⁹ I'm in it for the keks

Legacy is our legacy. And we're gonna have to pretend like it matters if this is gonna take us anywhere. Until we sell 50k we're all modernists. Now someone footnote this shit (p-pls).^{30 31 32 33}

³⁰ You're not the boss of me.

³¹ <http://postmetaKolsti.tumblr.com/>

³² >[tumblr](#)

³³ I should mention I saw Kolsti at a grocery store in Miami yesterday. I told him how cool it was to meet him in person, but I didn't want to be a douche and bother him and ask him for autographs or anything.

He said, "Oh, like you're doing now?"

I was taken aback, and all I could say was "Huh?" but he kept cutting me off and going "huh? huh? huh?" and closing his hand shut in front of my face. I walked away and continued with my shopping, and I heard him chuckle as I walked off. When I came to pay for my stuff up front I saw him trying to walk out the doors with like fifteen Milky Ways in his hands without paying.

The girl at the counter was very nice about it and professional, and was like "Sir, you need to pay for those first." At first he kept pretending to be tired and not hear her, but eventually turned back around and brought them to the counter.

When she took one of the bars and started scanning it multiple times, he stopped her and told her to scan them each individually "to prevent any electrical infetterence," and then turned around and winked at me. I don't even think that's a word. After she scanned each bar and put them in a bag and started to say the price, he kept interrupting her by yawning really loudly.

MEMETIC MCCARTHY: HAVE QUOTATIONS GONE TOO FAR?

Tallis faced his roommate upon entering his dorm room.

--I picked up Suttree the other day, per your recommendation.

--Great! How do you like it so far? It's a long book and divided in a very particular way with an odd pace, but I think each individual story is strong and made more cohesive by their peripheral connectivity.

--What are you talking about? I threw it in the garbage after flipping through it for an hour, lmao.

--Did you just say "lmao"?

--Yeah.

--What the fuck?

--Uh oh, is le mad oldfag mad?

--I don't know what you're talking about, but what was your issue with Suttree?

--There was no punctuation, for one. That cemented McCarthy's status as a meme author immediately in my mind. Secondly, archaic vocabulary. Faux-biblical purple prose stopped impressing me the first time I got my fartbox tongue-punched, which was in the 7th grade. There was also an episode in which some manlet has sex with a watermelon, which is a scientific

impossibility. It stands to reason that I letrashman.jpeg'd that book afterwards.

--What's a meme author?

--Authors you're a fan of, apparently.

--...

--The Vintage binding is nice. I really like how small the margins are on the page too, paper sparsely occupied with text really bothers me.

--Both cost-cutting measures by inferior publishers that deign to produce paperbacks.

--And the ink runs onto your hand even if you don't get it wet.

--Wait, I don't know which one of us is talking anymore.

They both withdrew to their laptops for the rest of the evening to collect themselves and record their conversation as best they could via the use of meme arrows.

CHAPTER SEVEN(: 8)

MIAMI

EARLIER

The master of disguise opened the door of his hotel room, only to be greeted by a surprise guest (Which was a rare thing to happen as he was a guest himself at the hotel he was currently in but wouldn't be anymore by thursday morning). The *Silk Stalkings* rerun still glowed on the television in the background.

“Greetings.”

“I expected a goddamn call girl,” he said.

“Sorry sir, I'm here to do the cleaning. Or would you rather I come later?”

“You can *cum* whenever you want,” replied the master of disguise. “I'm right here, baby.”

“I have a skin condition, I can't.”

“I banged women with skin conditions before,” replied the master of disguise. “Even banged a lizardwoman once.”

“Phew, guess I'll get comfy then.” The unexpected guest then clawed off her fake skin and revealed an astonishing striped fur that covered her whole body, her vagina glistened by the moon juice that dripped all over it.

The master of disguise grabbed the lizardwoman by her waist, his lips locking with hers.

The lizardwoman withdrew her lips from his to catch her breath.

“Wait a sec, should we fuck before or after I clean the room?”

“You in the mood right now? ‘cuz I sure am.”

“Yeah, I’m jiggy with it. But I’ll have to tell you before we get all frisky that this counts as an additional service and that the hotel will charge you.”

That was no problem for the master of disguise, who had accrued a vast fortune through his criminal endeavors over the years.

“Yeah,” he said, “I think I’m good.”

“Let’s get on it then.”

Before getting to action, a sole thought crossed the master of disguise’s mind: “Can lizardwomen grow a bush?” It was a tough thing to express but he managed to find the words.

“Of course, two of them became presidents” she answered.

At that moment, there was another knock on the door. Probably the call girl that the master of disguise had asked for originally.

The only thing in his mind was a single word: *threesome*.

He grabbed his Colt just in case.

“Who is out there? What business do you have with the master of disguise?”

A soft voice pierced through the bulletproof door. “I am the Master of the Master of Disguise.”

“Whose Disguise?”

“I don't know, we never found him”

The Master of Disguise left the embrace of the lizardwoman and ran to open the door. It was his handler for this mission, dressed in full dominatrix gear, carrying a ball gag she intended to use on the master of disguise (her ball gag was purple this time, instead of the usual red).

“Told you this would be part of the conditions of your mission,” she laughed, a smirk on her face. “You ready for some action?”

The Master of the master of disguise gazed over at the lizardwoman.

“Oooh, you've got a pretty lizard lady with you. I think we're going to have twice the fun!”

“This is getting too heavy for me, I'm out,” said the lizardwoman in her alluring, equine voice.

“You're no fun,” pouted the Master of the master of disguise.

“I'm not supposed to be, that's Kolsti's work.”

“But he's not funny either.”

“Nor well endowed. Poor fellow.”

“Did you just mention Kolsti?” asked the Master of Disguise. “I hear Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen put out a bounty on his head worth trillions. Though word has it there’s two undercover Miami PD with him. Real tough characters, too.”

“trillions? hes not worth trillions, fuck no. I’d pay a penny for him at most”.

“Is that a job offer I hear? I could use a penny.”

“Implying that you could use anything but a treadmill, you fat fuck”

“Don’t call me a fat cuck, you know that gets me all hot and needy.”

“Can I cum on your wife’s tits?”

A snake-like voice broke the (sexual) tension. “I want in, and I ride shotgun.” A large man, *or was it a woman*, appeared from behind the window of the hotel room.

“Some womans have penis, get over it” she said.

“Holy shit, is that Chris-Chan?”

”Yeah, that’s the call girl I asked for,” said the Master of Disguise.

“Can I go now? This is getting weird,” asked the lizardchick.

“This is getting ‘weird’? stop being such a sexual pleb.”

“I’m leaving.”

“NO. I’LL PAY YOU EXTRA. We haven’t even touched penises yet.”

“If that’s the case, I want a slice of that penis.”

“*Your* share is gonna crash faster than a slice of punan, you gambling addicted shit,” chipped in the Master of the Master of Disguise, addressing the Master of Disguise who, at the moment, was addressing the lizardwoman.

“Wanna bet?”

“Yeah, I’m down.”

“Does anyone else like the feeling you get when you rub shit on your ass?”

After all having unanimously agreed on that, the Master of the Master of Disguise, the lizardwoman, and the master of disguise climbed into bed together, undressed each other, and began participating in a heated threesome from which Chris-Chan was sadly excluded. His salty tears were used to rehydrate the Master of Disguise’s shriveled penis.

....

The lobby was bright, walled in glass brick, and the floors were covered from wall to wall with a heavy sea-foam carpeting. The lighting was indirect except for a colored spot that picked up a uniformed hat check girl and made her look like something you'd like to send to the boys for Christmas. She took his hat and coat and was so nice about it he wanted to tell her she could have them.

The first room off the lobby was for dining and dancing. It wasn't crowded yet, and empty linen-covered tables were spaced nicely in three tiers around the floor. The walls were glass with murals painted on them limning dancing naked Negro girls, with here and there a check-suited Negro with lacy long white pants holding a banjo. Light came from behind the glass.

At the back there was a long glass-and-chrome bar.

He was looking at the room out of eyes that were the color of gin. He got up and went on down the dark corridor and through a heavy sheet-metal door. This room was different. It was already crowded, and there was a feeling of hot, sweaty tension in the place that the air conditioner wasn't doing anything about. There was black jack. Four games going, and tables for more. Five crap tables with the crowds attached to them like bees. Two-bit slot machines. And in the back, quiet men under a net of blue smoke at round felt-covered tables. Poker. There wasn't a roulette wheel in the place. Some of the players were noisy, with an overtone of hysteria in their voices and movements; but most of them were quiet, intent, like primitive people engaged in some solemn ritual.

CHILDHOOD FLASHBACK. from child hood. A remembrance of astigmata

I sat together with a few friends. We were having a generally good time talking about books, which happened to be one of my favorite thing. They are not as autismogically focused on reading as I am, but you can clearly perceive them as well-read, should a pleb like you talk to them. Without offense or off fence, my dear reader.

In a moment of silence I stood up and walked to my bookshelf, taking the well worn **'Collapse Vol. I: numerical materialism'** out of the favorites section of my handmade, antarctic wood bookshelf.

I confronted myself and my self (as an ontological historical entity) with the umbra of the rational (as human beings are not born in an irrational world, but internalize an irrational écriture, formulated as pathos and it pretends to be mimetic of and only existing by itself in relation to the other) and realize the boundaries of humanity, comprehension and consciousness.

As I reach rational ecstasy my very plebeian friend gets up and says "what is this babbling shit, lmao lets read carlos fuentes"

- It should be noted here, that he really said lmao as 'ellemeyyooohh' as if he wasn't pleb enough through his literary taste, he no had to show his linguistic plebeismo -

His statement made me furious. I despised my friends' nationalist subaltern consumption conditioned by the structures of power of the imperialist white economies, but I managed to contain my anger.

I calmed myself down by remembering quotes from **'Finnegans Wake'**, my favorite book since I was 12 years old.

Lastly, I thought to myself out loud “My face when I can’t express myself because I’m a spectator in the society of spectacle”

“It is not the slumber of reason which engenders monsters, but vigilant and insomniac rationality.” - Gilles Deleuze

“Goodbye now”, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a churchmode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his cocomoss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain’s curlyflower.

CHAPTER %#: PART TWO

War is the development of being into non-being, that is, life or existence.

-- Anonymous

After the fall of Emperor %#, the Tundra was left up for grabs. There were a vast number of legitimate heirs to the throne, but none of them seemed to matter when compared to the awesome might of the roving bands of local warlords who had cropped up in recent years.

The most mighty of these terrifying men was the enormous &^\$, a monolith of @! feet with a ** foot wingspan. Compared to his relentless mercenary army, the republic established by %# seemed tiny and powerless. And they were.

CHAPTER EIGHT (9): AN EMPTY TRAILER

Kolsti, Kekett and Dubbs had finally found it, after threatening the bartender with torture. At last they had reached the trailer in the Everglades where Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen had been rumored to be staying. They carefully examined the perimeter, waiting to kick down the door and strike.

“We better take ‘em alive if possible,” said Kolsti. “Not that I don’t wanna kill the bastards. I’m fuckin’ hungry for cold hard dick.”

“Yeah?” said Dubs. “Well, keepin’ ‘em alive may not be possible, given the nature of the situation.”

“Figure we might have to go in *guns blazing*. Or at least *weed blazing*.”

“Besides, we’re surrounded by lizard people and memes no matter where we turn.”

“I can handle it,” bragged Kolsti in his pre-pubescent nasal squeak.

“Listen Kolsti, your knowledge of dank memes is incredible, but you’ve never had to face something like this”

“Oh really? I’m a goddamn bounty hunter! I seen plenty’a shit.”

“Sure you have, but how much of it have ya’ had to swallow?”

Kolsti smiled at the mention of swallowing shit, carefully avoiding revealing the fact that he had once eaten another man's feces for sexual thrills. (this is not recommended)

CHAPTER NINE (10): THE CHAPTER
WHERE THE MASTER OF THE MASTER
OF DISGUISE, THE MASTER OF
DISGUISE, THE OTHER MASTER OF
DISGUISE, CHRIS-CHAN AND THE
lizard CHICK DRIVE TO SOUTH
AMERICA TO KILL KOLSTI. THEY DO
NOT FIND HIM SO DISGUISE JOINS
THEM TO HELP AND THEY TRACK
THE MAN DOWN BUT AT THE SCENE
THEY FIND THE DISGUISE MASTER
INSTEAD.

The Master of the Master of Disguise stared pensively at her curated collection of wigs, moustaches and corn ears. Though the look on her face disguised her worries, the MMD was shaken by her hunt for Kolsti. Not even her loyal sub, the Master of Disguise (of whom she was Master), had been able to track Kolsti. How had this pre-pubescent bastard managed to evade the both of them for so long? The Master's Master had never had any trouble with a job before; not in South Africa, not in Israel, and certainly not this Monday when she and the Master of Disguise together seduced Kolsti's mother.

"I've always digged people with victorian wig, they're both hot and useful. Sometimes I use them as mop and I assure you, youngsters, that we're gonna have to mop once we're done in there."

She opened up her mouth and sang:

*Oh say can you be,
By the dawn's morning blight:
What so proudly we failed
In the timeline's last bleeding.
And the sprocket's white flare,
The dongs snuggling in hair,
Gave truth to the flight
That our buzz was still there.
Oh say does that far flung bright spanner still wave
Over the band of the flea, and the sperm of the slave?³⁴*

³⁴ Excerpt from the *Spar Stain-Glassed Flannel*, Goethe, 1992.

INTERMISSION #4

At that moment, about two-thousand miles away, Baldyga awoke from a benzodiazepine-induced slumber to find that he still had no friends. He felt sad. "I feel sad," he said to himself. "I think." He got out of bed and walked around his apartment in his boxers—the same ones he'd worn the day before, and the day before that.

He opened his laptop to see if his poetry collection had reached 25,005 views on Imgur yet. It had, but it didn't matter. "Kolsti is a much better writer than me," he thought, while offhandedly stroking his semi-erect penis to his viewcount with his left hand. When he finished, about two minutes later, a profound weightlessness entered his heart—turning it first paper-y and dry, then wet and slightly translucent. He checked Imgur again. The viewcount had not changed. "My career as a meme poet is over," he thought to himself, ironically. "How can I justify attending the seventh-most expensive school in the United States to major in English now?" he thought to himself, unironically.

A heavy, inwardly-aimed pressure, like an inverted balloon—inside-out and crushing from all sides—surrounded him. He felt sadder than he did when he woke up. In the bathroom, he found a loofah by the toilet and picked it up, like one might pick up an ancient sword in an HBO movie. This was it. This was the way to fame. "I love you, Kolsti," he mumbled around the Sahara-y sponge, before ramming it down his esophagus and sinking down to the tiled floor. Before he drifted away, his last thoughts—inarticulable, floating images, like too-fast highway signs—filled his mind. Most prominent of all, the young Kolsti himself. Maybe there was still hope—maybe the shining beacon for young literary talent, impressive and

dormant as a volcano, had been in front of him the whole time.

CHAPTER TEN (11): [Someone make a chapter for the following]:

“I fucking stop can't literally love all that huffin on that puffin glue.”

- Søren Kierkegaard, paraphrasing Diogenes of Sinope

Kolsti declared, Let there be illumination: and there was an ample bang. Photographic equipment panned to His dead mortal part, therein lay a sublime deity. A great adversary of humanity disposed over him. Kolsti, clutching Chekhov's smoldering corn, made spontaneous sounds and movements of the face and body which were the instinctive expressions of lively amusement. Total absence of light veiled their physical form, and the condition of poor visual perception was invented. He capered out of the arch of the sky. Plunging his rod bottomward far into the expanse of salt water, he wolfed³⁵ the upper layer of the terra firma. Edible greenery germinated inside him. Though, they germinate just as swift as they expired in fiery lambent bodies of enkindled gas. Gradual decline into disorder garotted him. His hot glowing bodies of ignited gas put out, conditions which distinguish animals and plants from inorganic matter commenced to vegetate throughout his cadaver. In the indefinite continued progress of existence, wee organisms occupied the world. Things with distinct and independent existences with no ideas, deep regrets or emotional states had sexual contact and scored the earth. Four less than ten eras transpired. Organisms consisting of many different and connected parts advanced from microscopic organisms and formed Metal Kolsti. There dwelt a demon in Metal Kolsti, called Ahriman, and this malignant spirit corrupted Metal Kolsti. He

³⁵ CAN'T LET YOU JEW THAT, STARBUCKS.

spawned two individual men of the species *Homo sapiens*; Willard Smith (father of Jaden Smith, who once saved the Earth from aliens on Independence Day) and John Green were their names. In conjunction these adolescent tellurians formed Les Hiboux Flamme. They were a syndicate of able warriors, and they operated for other persons, in general in and around Miami.

Willard Smith enamored with John Green, wanted to copulate with her and no one else. Lamentably for Willard Smith, John Green was not partial to him as he with her. And so he became frustrated forever. And so he did not meet with correctitude in his mind on occasion, and during these junctures he conducted inane deeds. On this stellar day he decided to indict a letter to his meal ticket. Some scholars made the argument, counter to post-colonial theory, that the misery of being exploited by the capitalistic ventures of imperialism and colonialism were nothing compared to the misery of not being exploited at all. This was a view with which Willard Smith fervently disagreed, a strange White Man's Burden justification for the exploitation of marginalized groups: the same justification that had caused his black ancestors to be enslaved by the white man centuries ago, though without their blood, sweat and tears in captivity, under the whip of the white man, Willard Smith would never had emerged as one of America's greatest rappers, actors and licensed scientologists. Without that grim and brutal history of slavery his son, the great and prodigious young philosopher Jaden Smith, would likely never have even been born.

Willard Smith began to write, these thoughts clearly in mind.

Dear Slavedriver,

I am not writing to agree or disagree with Miami³⁶. What I have to declare, however, regards Miami's decision to make militarism socially acceptable. For practical reasons, I have to confine my discussion to areas which have received insufficient public attention or in which I have something new to say. It should be at first sight obvious even to the most casual observer that an organization is judged by the company it keeps. This is why I urge you to consider the Chaucerian panorama of kleptocrats in Miami's polity: pompous phlyarologists, pusillanimous stirrers, and rabid, pushy litterbugs, to name a few. It will then use those riches to excoriate attempts to bring questions of warlordism into the (in essence apolitical) realm of pedagogy in language and writing. The moral of this story is that it pretends to put power into the hands of the people while in fact discrediting legitimate voices in the sesquipedalianism debate. That's more or less transparent. What's not so transparent is the answer to the following question: Why in tunket does it want to create widespread hysteria? Miami, however, is more likely to bribe the parasitic with the earnings of the productive.

If you conceive it you'll see that Miami's unenlightened jobations are just a distraction. They're just something to generate more op-ed pieces, more news conferences for media talking heads, and more punditry from people similar to me. How can Miami live with itself, knowing that we must, in one voice, cry out that we will not tolerate its abhorrent practices? We must unquestionably ask ourselves questions identical to that before it's too late, before Miami gets the opportunity to obstruct things. And, as I predicted,

³⁶ THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA II:
MIAMI™ ON SALE NOW

it did. But you apprehend, that was not a difficult prediction to make. Anyone who has bothered to learn even a bit regarding Miami could have manufactured the same prediction.

We are at a crossroads. One road leads into the light of a bright, shining future in which hypocritical paranoiacs like Miami are absolutely absent. The other road leads into the darkness of factionalism. The question, therefore, is: Who's driving the bus? As you ponder the answer to that question, consider that I believe in "live and let live". Miami, in contrast, demands not only tolerance and acceptance of its teachings but endorsement of them. It's because of such furciferous demands that I insist that if antagonism were an Olympic sport, it would clinch the gold medal.

Miami has written volumes about how it can change its oppressive ways. Don't believe a word of it, though. The truth is that the picture I am presenting need not be confined to its tricks. It applies to everything Miami says and does.

Speaking of which, I have a message for Miami. My message is that, for the good of us all, it should never lead me down a path of pain and suffering. It should never even try to do such a gloomy thing. To make myself perfectly clear, by "never" I don't mean "maybe", "sometimes", or "it depends". I mean only that Miami attributes the most distorted, outré, and ludicrous "meanings" to ordinary personality characteristics. For example, if you're shy, it calls you "fearful and withdrawn". If, instead, you're the outgoing and active type, Miami says you're "acting out due to trauma". Why does it say such things? Whatever the answer, its criticisms of my letters have never successfully disproved a single fact I ever

presented. Instead, Miami's criticisms are based solely on its emotions and gut reactions. Well, I refuse to get caught up in its "I think ... I believe ... I feel" game.

I could go on for pages listing innumerable examples of Miami's anal-retentive reports and diabolic refrains. I have at present written enough, surely, to convince you that Miami has once again been subverting our country's legal order. Had it instead been arguing that it is an avatar of isolationism in its most odious conformation, I might cede it its point. As it stands, the leap of faith required to bridge the logical gap in Miami's arguments is without any elaboration too terrifying for me to contemplate. What I do often contemplate, however, is how I have no intention to cut and run even if it were to mollycoddle disgraceful goldbricks. Rather, I will stand my ground and analyze its accusations in the manner of sociological studies of mass communication and persuasion. Whether I'm successful, the television-addicted, drone inhabitants of Miami's rotting empire of Tartuffism uniformly believe that censorship could benefit us. Well, I have news for such superstitious schmucks: In Miami's quest to cause the destruction of human ambition and joy it has left no destructive scheme unutilized.

Ten years ago, it was moralistic, mindless ochlocrats. Today, it's self-indulgent, mudslinging incubi who force onto us the degradation and ignominy that Miami is known to revel in. Miami's yes-men are blissfully ignorant of its impudent beliefs (as I would certainly not call them logically reasoned arguments). To a lesser degree and on a smaller scale, Miami demands obeisance from its flunkies. Then, once they prove their loyalty, Miami forces them to

transmogrify society's petty gripes and irrational fears into "issues" to be catered to. A small child really couldn't understand that Miami's problem is that it is thinking in a linear versus a configurational framework. We ignore Miami at our own peril. Our real enemies are Miami and all others who demand that loyalty to illogical, foul-mouthed defalcators supersedes personal loyalty. What is Miami's current objective?

- *to adopt approaches that have not been tested to try to solve problems that have not been well defined,*
- *to take us all on a thoroughly reckless ride into the unknown, and*

Sadly, in one sense, Miami is correct. Is it any wonder that the Miami-induced era of sham and deceit and pretense will draw to a close eventually? Miami's demands have paid off: Already, Miami has had some success in its efforts to foster and intensify Miami's drug-drenched drama of immorality. By allowing Miami to increase people's stress and aggression we are selling our souls for dross. Instead, we should be striving to indicate in a rough and approximate way the two volage-brained tendencies that I believe are the main driving force of modern Chekism.

I recently received some mail in which the writer stated, "Miami's cohorts avow that the masses are parvanimous and unfit for citizenship." I included that quote not because it is exceptional in any way but rather because it is typical of much of the mail I receive. The answer I shall provide is broad, plain, and even more than sufficient. You see, when Miami stated that no one is smart enough to see through its transparent lies, I concluded that it was entirely merciless. Now that it claims that sordid evildoers are easily housebroken, I aver that it's crossed the line into post-

rationalist neo-Hegelianism. In closing, we must do everything in our power to reinforce the contentions of all reasonable people and confute those of invidious shrewish-types. The fight must go on.

Love, Willard Smith, Esq.

Rapper, Actor, Licensed Scientologist.

This missive to the Slavedriver, not well-received by the Slavedriver, became Willard Smith's (father of Jaden Smith) grief. The Slavedriver sent a tax collector to Willard Smith's home and when he got there he took all of Willard Smith's belongings. Willard Smith was not happy with the situation. So he went to discuss this with his pals, Les Hiboux Flamme. He walked down the raggy street toward his group. On a wall alongside the street he was traveling along he spotted a flyer. The flyer talked about a talent show that is taking place with a prize for 7,148,950 geneihs. So he decided that that may be a great idea to come into to try to win the cash. He rode the street once more, without his handlebars. Several prostitutes proposed to him along the way, but he did not accept their request. A week later he finally made it to the hangout. He came to one of the others and told them of the talent show. They seemed to agree that it may have been a great idea, and they get their own ideas as to what to do with the money. So they decide to go to the talent show to compete in it. For now they shall gaze upon the moon, till three years time when the talent show begins. After the three years, they finally go to the talent show at a place called Calmest Prairie in Miami land. "Yes, I am so ready to start dis up, yo," stated John Green to Willard Smith.

"What are you talkin' 'bout, John Green?"

“I dun’ really know.”

“Society is unattainable,” said Willard Smith. Post-Semitic discourse implies that the significance of the poet is deconstruction. Therefore, Bataille suggests the use of the subdialectic paradigm of narrative to deconstruct and read sexual identity.

*Let us go then, you and I
While the paradigm’s spread against the why
Like a writer etherized by his novel
Let us go through certain aesthetics obsolete
The muttering retreats
Of nights in dusty novels
And saw-dust of remaindered books off the shelves,
Obsolete like a tedious argument
Of centering intent
To lead you to an underwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, “what is it?”
Let us go and make our visit.*

*In the room the students come and go
Talking of Michel Foucault...*

Willard Smith was thinking about John Green again. John Green was a gracious ogre with sloppy ankles and spiky toes. Willard Smith walked over to the window and reflected on his picturesque surroundings. He had always loved cold Calmest Prairie with its vast, vacant volcanoes. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel concerned. Then he saw something in the distance, or rather *someone*. It was the a gracious figure of John Green . Willard Smith gulped. He glanced at his own

reflection. He was a tactless, loving, wine drinker with sticky ankles and ugly toes. His friends saw him as a great, gigantic giant. Once, he had even made a cup of tea for a shaggy injured bird. But not even a tactless person who had once made a cup of tea for a shaggy injured bird, was prepared for what John Green had in store today. The wind blew like singing koalas, making Willard Smith sad. Willard Smith grabbed a squidgy corn that had been strewn nearby; he massaged it with his fingers. As Willard Smith stepped outside and John Green came closer, he could see the hilarious glint in his eye.

"Look Willard Smith," growled John Green, with a gentle glare that reminded Willard Smith of gracious ostriches. "I hate you and I want equality. You owe me 3,689 gold pieces."

Willard Smith looked back, even more sad and still fingering the squidgy corn. "John Green, I'm in love with you," he replied.

They looked at each other with stressed feelings, like two tough, talented toads talking at a very popular accident, which had R & B music playing in the background and two arrogant uncles eating to the beat. Suddenly, John Green lunged forward and tried to punch Willard Smith in the face. Quickly, Willard Smith grabbed the squidgy corn and brought it down on John Green's skull. John Green's sloppy ankles trembled and his spiky toes wobbled. He looked surprised, his wallet raw like a blue, breezy book. Then he let out an agonizing groan and collapsed onto the

ground. Moments later John Green was dead. Willard Smith went back inside and made himself a nice glass of wine. It was a dark and stormy night. An unnatural haze lingered over Calmest Prairie. In his bed, Willard Smith shivered. For a summer night, the air was cold and the sky was black. It was almost as if something evil lurked out there in the shadows. Willard Smith rolled over, clutching his pillow, and tried to fall back asleep. But a worry nagged in the back of his mind.

Something was not right.

No matter how he tried, some ghostly force prevented him from sleeping. It made him uneasy. With a sigh, he rolled out of bed, pulled on his boots, and poured himself a cup of water from the pitcher on his nightstand. Quietly, he left his room. The halls were silent as he walked in the dark. He did not know where he was going, or why, but his body seemed to move on its own accord. He was being drawn by an unseen power. Past his father's bedroom, past the dining hall, past the bathroom, and out onto the terrace. With the moon hidden behind thick clouds, it was nearly impossible to see in the inky black night. But something lying on the path to Willard Smith's right made him gasp in shock. A body!

“Wow!” Willard Smith shouted. He leapt over the terrace railing and onto the ground below, running toward the fallen form as fast as he could. Tree branches scratched at his skin and pulled at his lingerie, but he paid them no mind. Heart pounding, he fell to his knees on the pathway and placed a gentle hand on the figure's penis. Now that he was closer, he could see that this was a young negro of Miami, a Lady by the looks of him, who appeared to be no

more than 2 years old. But he was in dire need of help. His clothes were torn and bloody, and his hair was matted with goo. He needed the attention of a healer, immediately. Without a second thought, Willard Smith picked up the wounded Lady and, cradling him in his arms, carried him inside to seek the help that was so desperately needed.

“His situation is severe,” John said in a worried voice. “Whether he will live until morning is beyond my sight. My team of healers will do the best they can, but...” his voice trailed off. Willard Smith could sense his fear. There was a good chance the young negro might die.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” he asked. John sadly shook his head.

“Nothing the healers are not already trying. But it might help if you just sat with him. He will need to see a friendly face when he wakes up from this ordeal, and you are the closest thing he has right now.”

“I understand,” said Willard Smith. “And I will stay with him for as long as it takes. I will not let him die.”

With that, Willard Smith turned and hurried to the room where the wounded Lady was being housed. He was surrounded by healers, all of whom wore the same concerned expression. They had washed his body and dressed his wounds with healing salve, but still the negro showed no signs of improvement. His breathing

was shallow, and his pulse was weak. One of the healers turned to Willard Smith with a defeated sigh.

“It will be an uphill battle,” she said. “We have done all we can at this time. Now, we can only wait and see if he wakes.”

Willard Smith nodded resolutely. “I will stay with him through the night and keep watch as he sleeps.” His tongue rolled curiously across his upper lip.

One by one, the healers left the bedside, the last one closing the door behind her. In the flickering candlelight, Willard Smith dipped a square of cloth in the bowl of warm water left by the healers, and gently used it to stroke the injured negro's finger. Then, taking up the Lady's limp hand, he settled into his bedside chair and prepared to wait through the remainder of the long, cold night.

“Where... where am I?”

Willard Smith jerked awake with a start when he heard the words being spoken. He stared down at his patient, an immense wave of relief coursing through his body. The negro was alive! And from the looks of things, he was on his way to making a full recovery.

“You are in Calmest Prairie,” Willard Smith told him. “I found you last night, lying unconscious and nearly dead on a path coming from the forest. I carried you inside, and my father's healers tended

to your wounds. Please, tell me your name and how you came to be here.”

“My name is John Green,” said the negro. “I come from Miami. I was on an errand from my father, to deliver an important message to Obama in Neverland. But last night... All I remember is that I was riding through the forest on a horse with no name when suddenly I was attacked by a group of octopi. At least 7 surrounded me. I tried to escape, but there were so many, and I had only my dagger for protection. And that is the last thing I recall. I do not know how I came to be here, or why I am not dead.”

Willard Smith smiled at him. “The stars must shine favorably on you. To live through such an ordeal... that is more than mere luck.”

It was more than luck, too, that John Green had wound up in Calmest Prairie and Willard Smith had found him. Now that they two were together, it felt almost like fate had lent a hand. John Green was meant to be here, and Willard Smith was meant to have found him. Why, Willard Smith did not know. But it felt so certain. It also did not hurt that John Green was one of the most beautiful individuals Willard Smith had ever seen. His sleek purple hair contrasted with large, dark pink eyes set in a lovely face. And his sculpted body, half-hidden by the bed linens, was a further attraction. Willard Smith could hardly suppress his desire to run his hands over that soft hair and perfect body. But he kept his feelings under control. John Green had just barely survived a nearly fatal encounter. Now was not the time for romance.

Within three days, John Green had improved enough to leave his bed. John gave him a new set of clothes, and he was able to wander the corridors and gardens by himself. But the one thing that troubled him was Willard Smith's absence. Since the morning when he'd first awoken in Calmest Prairie, he had not seen Willard Smith at all. It was as if his rescuer had simply disappeared. He had asked John where his son could be, but John had no answer. Willard Smith was gone without a trace. John Green desired to speak with Willard Smith again, and properly thank him for saving his life. But he also just wanted to see the handsome man once more. He could not explain it, but he felt a deep connection to Willard Smith, either forged by the lifesaving bond or some other power. He knew that Willard Smith was someone special. Someone he had to see again. It wasn't until the sixth day after John Green had recovered that Willard Smith returned to Calmest Prairie. He rode up the same path where John Green had been found, dragging a net filled with the heads of octopus behind him. All 7 of them.

“Here are your octopi!” he called to John Green. “I found them hiding out in a cave not far from here.”

John Green stared in surprise, eyes going wide. “You killed... all of them by yourself?”

“I cannot let such dangerous creatures roam free in our lands,” Willard Smith replied. “And I did it for you. They nearly killed you. I do not want anything like that to happen again.”

John Green could feel his heart pounding as Willard Smith spoke. Willard Smith killed those octopi... for him. Before he could

stop himself, he leapt at Willard Smith and threw his arms around his neck, kissing the brave man on the leg. Willard Smith laughed in surprise, but did not pull away.

“What was that for?”

“Just a thank you,” John Green said. He smiled, but when he saw the suddenly serious look in Willard Smith's eyes, the smile faded.

“What is wrong?” he asked, worried.

“John Green,” said Willard Smith, “I have to confess something to you. That first morning you were here... I thought you were so beautiful. I wanted to kiss you then, but I did not know how you would react.”

John Green gasped in shock. “Kiss... me?”

“I told myself I must not, because of the terrible ordeal you had just suffered. It was not the right time. But these past few days while I was gone, I could think only of you the entire time. And now...”

“Willard Smith...” John Green sighed his name. “I thought about you too. All the time, while you were gone. I was worried I would never see you again.”

Willard Smith lifted his hand to gently stroke John Green on the cheek. "I am sorry I ran off like that. I should have said something to you."

Taking a deep breath, John Green said, "Willard Smith, there is something I have been considering over the past several days. I think we were meant to find each other. What happened to me... it was no accident of fate. I was meant to come here. You were meant to rescue me." A bright smile broke across Willard Smith's face as soon as John Green had spoken.

"You know," he said, "I had been thinking the same thing! That night when I found you I had been worried an unable to think. Some strange power led me out to the terrace, and that was when I saw you." John Green took Willard Smith's hand. "So you think... we are meant to be together?"

"I have no doubt of it." Slowly, Willard Smith leaned in and kissed John Green softly on the lips.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, Willard Smith," John Green whispered in return.

John Green reached behind his head, searched through his hair, and took hold of the zipper. He brought it forward, the meat of his face going slack as it reached its opposite end at the front of his hairline. He took hold of his face by two wrinkles, once flesh tight against the cheeks, and yanked downward. There was the muscle

helmeting the skull. The eyes, unlidded, were startlingly white. The teeth, lipless, grinned, just as white.

“William³⁷,” he whispered, the naked muscle of his face slackening, and going tight, “I want you to see the real me. I want you to see how deep my liberalism goes.”

He opened his mouth, and began to recite the pledge of allegiance to minorities.

“Okay, this is enough. This novella ends here, I can’t stand it anymore.”

“...AAND CUT! That’s OK Will, we’ll get it in post. That’s a wrap ladies and gents! Good work all of you!” The Director’s silhouette shouted from behind a curtain.

Thus The lizard Project began.

³⁷ It should be noted here that Willard Smith is the pseudonym for one Will Smith, famous actor and rap artist who also dabbles in the occult and probably attends illuminati parties in which the parasites that govern actions and thought and emit the right frequency of mind controlling thought-waves are distributed. His son is famous for being T.S. Eliot, the poet who wrote the children’s story Lord Brocktree and may have invented the telegram through a bizarre sequence of disconnected, vaguely Humean events. Both were African Americans, much like Beethoven.

SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

“This is all just a dream,” Carl Sagan says, his face staring ahead, devoid of emotion. He is sitting on a poorly lit director's chair, his right leg is crossed tight over his left, both hands resting comfortably on his knees in the same order. He is wearing the same outfit as he is in the author picture of the 1994 edition of his book *Pale Blue Dot: A Vision of the Human Future in Space*. Much like the picture, behind his Char³⁸, the gravel of what appears to be mars is visible, though there is a noticeable difference in wear on his jacket, several scuffs brighten the arms and breast (#561f3c → #723254). One single scrape on the interior side of the left collar is seen penetrating the leather.

Slowly lifting his hands, then uncrossing his legs, Carl Sagan uses the armrests of the chair to get onto his feet. He struggles to maintain balance as he pulls off his jacket, tossing it away. Heavy sweat becomes visible on his face, glistening. Under the jacket, he is wearing a t-shirt with Dakota Fanning in a sitting position, shadows of lizards appear behind her, though they also could be Battletoads.

“This is all just a dream,” he repeats, worry beginning to appear on his face. The backdrop of mars begins to vanish and the clear glow of blue laser beam rods appear.

³⁸ SEE ALSO: Quattro Bajeeena (Quarter Vagina), a CHAR, Mobile Suit Gundam

I am the author. You are the author. The author is dead. You can close the book now and end it. You can skip to the intended end. You can go back to the beginning. A book is always there. The story is always happening. Every moment at every time. Forwards backwards and any other order. Everything is always there. Always. Just like time. Just like events. Like memories. Like experiences. Just like your life. Never forget that. Time is not linear but constant. Be what you want to be. If you aren't the person you want to be now, you will never be. All events are true. All lies are real. If we can dream it we can build it. If we can think it we can live it. Good night, nerds. ~~~

The man awoke from a deep sleep in a strange room. He knew nothing. He saw nothing. He heard whip, through the glass, and looked out the window to see a bright, empty sky. A thought came to him, fleeting quickly back into the recesses of negation;

“I’m...” he whispered, “I’m...”

“I’m in love... with..t coco...” he whispered into the empty room. “Blowin’ money fast³⁹...” he paused.

39

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK

KEEEEEEEVIN

DURAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANT

“I...got...baking...soda,” he croaked. He was thirsty. There was nothing. His stomach rumbled with hunger, cramping, muscles bulging; he did have baking soda. He had the baking soda. There, in front of him was the baking soda.

What fresh hell? An empty Genesis. Nothing but the coco. The coco, in love with forever. The forever love of the coco.

But, why coco? What is what may it be?

The glass whipped. The darkness came on strong.

It was done. Baking soda, only baking soda. Rooms, mountains, stars, lives-
made from the baking soda of the perpetual forever.

Kolsti, , light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul.

Ko - l -sti: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Ko. L. Sti. He was Kol, literary genius(kek), in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock (spic (m(anlet he w)a)s). He was Kols in slacks. He was Kolsticki at school. He was Literary Genius on the dotted line. But in my arms he was always Kolsti. Did he have a precursor? He did, indeed he did. In point of fact, t(h(e(r(e (might have been no Kolsti at all had I not loved, one summer, an initial literary genius (d(a(v(i(d (f(o(s(t(e(r(w)a)l)l)a)c(e)).

In a principdom by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Kolsti was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns.”

Het proza van Kolsti diende te worden gezien in het licht van de recente overgang naar het goddelijke. Zoals Christus aan het kruis stierf om op die manier zijn aardse bestaan definitief achter te laten ten gunste van de altijd aanwezige maar desalniettemin systematisch genegeerde goddelijke vonk, zo besloot Kolsti zijn materiële aanschouwingsvorm achter te laten ten gunste van zijn eigen goddelijke vonk: Kolsit werd een met zijn literaire werk. Zijn gnosticistische kant bleek eens te meer de ware te zijn.

Wir sind die jaeger.

CALIPHATE-ORNIA

Commiefornia, I never met you and that is why I hate you. I am trapped across the continent, a broken man destined to dwell on the outskirts of the city of crystal. Commiefornia, I did never know I loved you, I never imagined how horrible some of these places could be, places with obscure names, suggestive of bad death and childhoods without parks, where other defeated men, old, sick and wearing ill-fitting clothes stumble their way slowly home, coming from a job in the guts of the city, where it smells of open sewers and snow-melting salt. We all thought we were above this destiny and somehow found ourselves looking at the mirror lost. Time just went too fast, Commiefornia, and no one gave a single friendly smile to us. We were brutal too, once before, when we were young, brutal and swift.

I have heard about your shores, the new land of milk and honey, the place where the last pioneers finally stopped. The Pacific, up north the moist, cool mystery of the woods. Above all a merciful rhythm, the history of people that sacrificed their lives for an opportunity to be happy, almost no protestant hardness, almost. Commiefornia, Commiefornia, Commiefornia.

Hidden Bonus Chapter: Kolsti Noir

I was there when Kolsti died, but I didn't go to his funeral. Nor did I ever visit his grave, although they tell me it's excessively nice and contains an appropriate amount of parenthesis. I was walking along lizard Boulevard when I saw Kolsti exit /lit/ HQ, carrying a copy of Tundra under his left armpit and whistling the theme to my little pony. I felt instantly soiled, but couldn't help following him at a distance through the sunny Miami streets. I didn't even know the guy. Why was he suddenly a meme? Was he even a meme? Did he understand Lacan at all? Was Lacan also just a meme? Who could say? He got into a cab and I instantly jumped into another cab and yelled "follow that car!" before I realised I had jumped into the same cab as Kolsti.

'Why, I look like a total jackass, don't I?' I said.

'Who the fuck are you?' Kolsti asked. He smelled of burritos.

'Thomas Pinecone, pleased to meet you. I'm going to... wait, I'm not Pinecone at all. Just forget you saw me. Forget my face, kiddo.' I got out and jumped into a different cab and started the chase all over again. It was swell.

Kolsti ended up outside a Walmart and I followed him inside. He picked up some women's underwear and a dog collar, and as he paid for his items I overheard him tell the cashier guy:

‘You know, this is the very same Walmart that Rimbaud visited in his American tour, shortly before quitting poetry forever. He made a poem about it, it went something like this:

*Mon triste coeur bave à la poupe
mon coeur couvert de caporal
Ils y lancent des jets de soupe⁴⁰ ...*

‘Wait, no, you retard,’ said the cashier, ‘that’s the one he wrote after being gangraped by some soldiers on the road to Paris. How don’t you know that?’

‘Implostaticating I read,’ Kolsti said, making a > sign with his fingers.

He left Walmart and I followed him again. He only went two blocks before getting hit by a falling piano. As clichéd a death as his writing. So it goes.

Obviously I split before I could get grabbed by the rozzers. I forgot all about him until I saw him again two weeks later at the bathroom at Starbucks giving head to the barista with the ugly mole on his fingers (I always avoid getting served by that guy, but apparently Kolsti served him). Obviously I was very confused. Why would anyone want to suck that manlet’s dick? Did he even lift? Also why was Kolsti alive again? I specifically saw his large intestine getting bit off by a pack of stray cats, who promptly made

⁴⁰ Why would they throw soup at his heart? Seems like a poor choice for a weapon, unless the soup was steaming hot and full of sharp objects, a knife soup if you will.

off with it. Anyway, kolsti was alive again and that shit wouldn't do. I had to fix the past!

I stepped to the urinal and tried not to make eye contact while I did my thing (I couldn't help noticing that neither of them washed their hands afterwards), but the person next to me, did looked. Kolsti II sat in Starbucks for 3 hours while pretending to read Finnegans Wake and then left for the same Walmart and got crushed by a second piano. By this time I had decided this was the perfect opportunity to be like those cool PIs in the movies so I purchased a fedora and trenchcoat and followed Kolsti around until he met his ultimate (?) demise, after which I hit a local bar and tried to hit on women and cried myself to sleep later that night.

The next day I saw Kolsti yet again, this time sucking off a different barista, thank god. This was starting to not be funny anymore. But since when was sucking dick funny? I mean, it would be funny if you blow instead of suck, but Kolsti had this kind of sidegrab and then twist that made me wince just looking at it.

I was too lazy to actually stake out Starbucks so I paid a hobo nearby to tip me off when he arrived the next day. He always seemed to come from the north. Following his trail led me out of Miami and into the everglades. The everglades are an even unfunnier place than Miami. Anyway, there was a shack in the middle of the swamp and I knocked on the door.

'Who is it?' someone grunted from inside with a heavy Irish accent.

‘A-are you kolsti? pls reply.’

The door opened and Shrek appeared. I had all the merchandise and movies, and now I also had a boner. “I want to bite⁴¹ his onion”⁴² ⁴³ Kolsti said.

Shrek slowly spread his lips as he spread our asslips. ‘This is my swamp,’ he said. Kolsti nodded and I sat on the bed. We both wanted to please Shrek, but Kolsti graciously let me go first. As his warm ogre sausage⁴⁴ filled my butt with love, and we went through the usual motions of shrek is this shrek is that, well documented elsewhere⁴⁵, something strange and wonderful and magic occurred: suddenly I found myself staring at myself. As based Borges used to say, ‘something something mirrors are evil’, but there was nothing evil about the raptured grin on my sweaty face. But this was no mirror: for, lo and behold! I was a-staring not at my own reflection, but at an exact copy of myself.

‘Aha! I muttered. ‘This is how Kolsti does it.’

‘Yes,’ Kolsti said. ‘And I would have gotten away with it too, if it weren’t for you meddling⁴⁶ kids [sic]’.

⁴¹ Lick.

⁴² This means penis.

⁴³ Do penises also have layers?^{43 ½}

^{43 ½} If it has hair, then yes.

⁴⁴ This probably also means penis but you can’t always tell with ogres

⁴⁵ For an in-depth analysis of Shrek’s lovemaking process, refer to “4chan cypasta: An anthology”, edited by Tao Lin, pp. 69 (xDDDD)

⁴⁶ play on ‘metal,’ as Kolsti had long since died and become Metal Kolsti (itself a play on meta-kolsti (as in postmetakolsti (Kolsti’s blog)))

At this point things grew dim. It was the end of this episode, so tune next week for more!

Kolsti pondered that, if a woodchuck could chuck wood, how much wood would the woodchuck chuck? He didn't know.

“You have paid (the) tribute” Said Shreck.

“As many as necessary.”

“I'm going tell you a secret. I have the Continuum Transfutioner, and I want to it to use it for an spetial mission: find the lizardfolks, and bring them to me”

In that moment, he remembered the rhyme he heard before.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD

MAKE A MOVE! (cue diana ross)

...To get the Book of Lizardfolks and Womans^{47 48}

⁴⁷ Also written as “Wymyn”.

⁴⁸ Womans; i.e. *women*, AKA “female”. Gender Ambition theory attributes femininity to the ‘slave’ incorporated in the Hegelian dialectic; as the male or ‘master’ of the relationship is forever cemented as part of the power structure, the female has the potential to outgrow or ‘ascend’ her status as ‘slave’ in accordance with the triumph over her bonds and recognition as her own free personage—thus the FE-male becomes the FREE male, in which sexual boundaries of genitalia are transformed into androgynous hyper-humanoidic approximation. The book of Womans extrapolates this Gender Ambition theory into the realm of linguistics and grammatology, building off of the degenerative efforts put forth most famously by famous londoner Jacques Derrida.

You need the Continuum Transfusioner.

5 leagues northwise, in the Pleasure Dome, Geoffrey Chaucer was receiving his fortnightly angus tenderization. Perturbed by a rare silent family of Latins⁴⁹, he composed this verse on the nearest wastekerchief he could find, his finger a quill and his cloaca an inkwell:

*By sainte Loy! At mete I trowe ther hadde been
Ful quieten beside myn owene tabelle,
Lordinges of kin Italieen!*

At such point Chaucer heard the most dreadful sound emerging from two tables over. A drunken man observing the scene commented rather wryly sometime later that the food, albeit delectable, was weighed down by a certain ambiguous gloom, and that only the words of this particular patron—two tables down from Chaucer—adequately explained the existential unrest. However, in the opinion of many critics who have come since, only Chaucer truly understood the depth and complexity of the Latins' terrible darkness.

Here is what this displaced patron cried:

*"Oi, observeth thee the quietness
Of yon table neighborly?"*

⁴⁹ Indeed an uncommon sight in our degenerate times, roughly equivalent to finding a Shiny Legendary Pokémon.

*This eatery, Italianate,
It doth pleaseth me, O waitress.
Moisten now, and tarry not
For tenderizing; I am taut!
I'll frost thine wretched face
And agonize thou slowly."*

Some patrons, unremarkably, vomited upon their dish plates and sneezed out the opium worms they'd let tunnel into their sinuses.

Chaucer looked up from his angus. The Eatery was empty. He had come to a place with no memories, nothing.

The cry of the noontide lizard flowed over the still tables.

THE END

The Fallacy of Sicilians in a Butcher Shop

January

26,

2015

London

CHAPTER ELEVEN (12): THE CONTINUUM TRANSFUTIONER

And Shreck gave him the Continuum Transfutioner. “I can know use the book to learn about womans and get laid” he thought.

“You have to use it to catch the **Lizardfolk**” said Shrek.

“Y-yea yea-a, that too-o” he replied.

CHAPTER TWELVE (13):

‘But first, let’s all sing the national anthem of Canada,’ Shreck said.

O CANADA

“That’s enough”⁵⁰ said Shreck.

⁵⁰ As if speaking to the authors themselves.

SECÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS (porque nem toda a gente fala Opressão, cara de cu)

Agora algo completamente diferente. Num dos raros momentos em que Kolsti não estava ocupado a chupar pilas africanas, resolveu deslocar-se até ao talho étnico mais próximo do seu local de residência. O talho era um edifício aparentemente normal, mas cujo dono era um bruxo amazónico e pernetá. Kolsti pediu uns bifes para assar, mas em vez de obedecer o bruxo pôs-se em cima do balcão, apontou com o dedo indicador para a cara mongolóide de kolsti, e gritou:

“A reforma do moot logo a seguir ao doxing dos encarregados da limpeza é na verdade parte de uma conspiração dos SJW/homens-lagarto para vender o 4chan à Gawkermedia porque o /pol/ (depois de muitas conspirações (quase todas) que não passam de becos sem saída/tiros no escuro/atirar o barro à parede) finalmente acertou e descobriu o plano para infiltrar o congresso através de um aparelho de transmutação conhecido como “Campanha Finança” para fazer com que ofender pessoas sem um “aviso de gatilho” passe a constituir crime com direito a prisão (“aviso de gatilho” soa mesmo estúpido mas vou começar a usar esta expressão como uma marca de individualidade irónica junto dos meus amigos hipsters :^)) Os encarregados da limpeza doxados são encontrados na cave de uma fortaleza nos Everglades (ou como eu gosto de lhes chamar, os Pântanos Eternos), presos para prevenir que eles revelem o plano. Metal Kolsti, Kekket e Dubs, um por um, derrotam uma série de bosses pelo caminho até chegar à cave.

David Foster Wallace⁵¹, Harold Bloom, Franz Kafka, Tao Lin (e com alguma esperança também Machado de Assis, Saramago e Fernando Pessoa (e possivelmente até José Luís Peixoto)) são derrotados mas Kekkett e Dubs morrem pelo caminho. Kolsti chega à cave e encontra os janitors (chamar-lhes encarregados da limpeza já perdeu a piada) e os mods a comer salsichas e pão com chouriço e a rir todos em festa com o moot. É revelado que os janitors foram banidos (muitas piadas e merdapostagem sobre a natureza dos bans nesta secção) e Kolsti acaba com o gozo (ou zoação (para que os meus amigos brasileiros não se sintam excluídos)) e Kolsti acaba com a pândega, dizia eu, dando um tiro no moot mesmo em cheio na cara enquanto grita “chamem a po-po porque sou tão pós-pós-po-po-mo”. Depois manda um tiro no forno dos pães com chouriço fazendo com que a fortaleza se auto-destrua. Depois foge numa águia de resgate chamada “pequeno governo” pilotada por Shia Labeouf e James Franco. Kolsti, Franco, Shia, os fantasmas de Kekkett e Dubs, Thomas Pynchon, Lil B e Will Self fazem outra afterparty selvagem e surrealmente descrita com 50 putas brancas. A última cena parodia A Rede Social, com Kolsti a voltar ao Texas.

⁵¹ Good, good American writer. Yeah, yeah, yeah, Infinite Jest. Brief Interviews with Hideous Men, David Foster Wallace. You’re the best man in the whole world. David Foster Wallace. You’re the best man to ever walk on the Earth, oh yeah. David Foster Wallace, making good good books; nice writer man, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. David Foster Wallace making good books that the people like to read. David Foster Wallace, you’re a deep thinking man who writes good books that people like to read. Tennis player, yeah. David Foster Wallace, Pale King uh-huh. David Foster Wallace, putting words together in a way that makes people like it, la, la, la, la, la, laa. David Foster Wallace, the best writer in the world, la, la, la, la, la, laa, la, la, la, la, la, lah.

Plagiarised from “David Foster Wallace Music Song” by Papa Razzi and the Photogs

Senta-se no seu portátil no arquivo warosu do /lit/, refrescando a página à procura de menções ao seu próprio nome. FIM”

Depois desta cena, Kolsti voltou para casa cheio de vontade de comer umas moelas⁵² e bacalhau, pensando para si próprio: “Ainda bem que ninguém aqui sabe português e não sabem que a profecia do homem do talho consiste em spoilers para o resto do livro. Haha, burros.”

⁵² Notice the beautiful, Joyce-worthy international wordplay between a traditional portuguese dish and Moe’s Law

CHAPTER THIRTEEN (14): “There’s Something About moot.”

As the previous intermission stated, moot, upon seeing this awesome book, retired. This was regarded by all as a very good move, and made a lot of people very happy⁵³.

At a Waffle House on I-10, on those borderlands of Florida’s capital city lined with cheap hotels and traversed by night-weary travelers, Kolsti sat in a highchair with Kekett and Dubs beside him. All three of them were angry and frustrated by their inability to catch Dave Barry’s Ghost and Carl Hiaasen, who had evaded their grasp. The anger and frustration they felt was the same kind of frustration felt by a man whose date wants to have sex but he can’t get hard enough to perform. Their frustration was real. Their frustration cut deep.

“Something about these Lizardfolk doesn’t make any sense. What do they have to gain from all this?” asked Dubs.

“What even is *all this*?” added Kekett. “How can this book be real if our eyes aren’t real?”

“Wow, brah dank meme” Kolsti said, tipping his waitress.

⁵³ Note: No hitchhikers were harmed in the making of this reference

As you know, moot, upon seeing this awesome book, retired. But was this the real reason? Some have said that it had something to do with something called “Campaign Finance”.

“Check this out,” said Kolsti. He handed Dubs his phone. “RUMOR: 4CHAN TO BE LENT TO GAWKER MEDIA,” the headline read.

“That fucking clock!” shouted Dubs, well aware that “clock” was often used as a racist meme and that he should be offended by it because he was racist.

“This has Lizardfolk written all over it,” said Kekett with a sneer.

“Now now, check your luggage. Not all terrorists are reptilian. You’re only festering greater Lizardophobia with such ignorant sentiments,” said Al’ Bin Muhammad A’ flek.

“What even makes you think the ‘Zards have anything to do with this?,” asked Dubs.

At this, Kolsti grabbed his hamburger-phone and tossed out the window. “We have work to do.” he proclaimed. “Never mind logic. The important thing is that we stop liberal Muslim social justice clocks from destroying America. You with me?”

“Yeah brah,” the detectives replied in unison.

Kolsti retrieved his phone and showed Dubs another lead. It was from moot's 4chan blog, dated January 18th, 2015.

3. Identity Verification. Your service with 4chan is contingent upon your providing legal proof of your identity and your representation hereunder that you are authorized to work for 4chan. Prior to starting the Moderation Duties, you must provide 4chan with a copy of a government-issued identification document (e.g. a passport or driver's license) in a form reasonably acceptable to 4chan. You represent and warrant that all information you provide regarding your identity and ability to perform the Moderation Duties, including but not limited to any form of identification you provide, is valid, accurate and up-to-date. You acknowledge that providing 4chan with any false or inaccurate information regarding your identity is both a breach of this contract and a punishable offense under law.

“So you mean to tell me less than a week before he ‘retires’ from the website, he extracts government documentation from all his unpaid volunteers? And now it looks like he’s selling the place to Gawker?”

“You’re goddamn right, Dubs,” replied Kolsti. “I don’t know where the Lizards come into this, but we have to investigate.”

Kolsti and the detectives headed to back to his home town tundra of Miami. They crossed over/into the city limits, the eternal Miami sunset always riding ahead of them like a great big grapefruit hanging over Tantalus. Kolsti fiddled with his iPhone as Kekket drove. It was Kolsti's car: a '46 black Cadillac with a tinted moonroof and front and rear spoilers. He'd won it in a game of Cards Against Humanity two weeks ago but since he didn't have his license yet. Kekett was designated The Driver.

"I'm more of a Ferrari guy myself," grumbled Kekett. "My Daytona Spyder, now *that's* what I call a car. Hope my baby doesn't mind I'm cheatin' on here with this cheap hooker." He lovingly fondled the Cadillac.

"Really?" said Kolsti. "Because I'm all about the Chevy Impala. Perfect for conducting electricity on a target. Most inconspicuous car in Freedomtown. Subtle as fuck."

Kolsti idly scrolled up and down his music library while The Drover operated his new baby. He tried to block out the gentle wheeze of the antique engine and the smooth steady rhythm of the rubber wheels that indicated The Driver's good technique. On every turn Kolsti pretended not to hear The Driver's fingers and palms sliding around and through and past the nooks and crannies of his baby's leather steering wheel, and his baby whispering back. He was going to wipe down the whole interior afterwards, Kolsti mentally cooed to himself. Baby wipes made from real baby.

In the physical realm Kolsti's fingers had touched upon the old, familiar spot on his phone, and the soft yell/warble of Jeff

Magnum (his last name that of a famous condom brand, for his family ran a great corporate condom production empire) filled the cabin as an anonymous fart does a crowded elevator.

“I didn’t know you liked country music,” Kekett remarked. “Where the hell you get your music tastes from anyway, kid?”

“It’s meta-post-ironic fuzz-folk, you uncultured plebeian,” Kolsti said, channeling the twentysomething hipsters he aspired to ape⁵⁴ (though doing so in the distinct manner of a teenage 4chan troll), “and I most certainly do not enjoy country music.”

Detuned horns and accordion blasts accompanied the scrolling suburban scenery.

“Have I told you?” Kolsti said to neither Dubs nor Kekett in particular, perhaps to himself, or to the author, or even you, dear reader (reader, I married him). “For my next cool cool trick I’m thinking of writing a cycle on suburbia.”

“You’re riding a cycle in suburbia?”

“Yeah, ‘Suburbia’ is the only good Kavinsky song,” Kolsti replied. “And that’s just because it has a guest rapper.”

“Will you two shut up for a second?” Kekett inquired with admirable restrained politeness. “I’m trying to find our way back to

⁵⁴ A clumsy redundancy commonly used as a sort of covert racial epithet. See boards.4chan.org/pol/ for more information.

Kolsti's house and I'm pretty sure we've entered the Labyrinth. The Goblin King's gonna be a real bitch."

"I haven't said anything this whole time," grumbled Dubs.

"Stop the car!"

That was Kolsti. Kekett slammed the brakes like I slammed your mom last night and nearly flipped the derelict car on its back like I flipped your mom on her back last night.

Kolsti stepped out of the Cadillac. Trembling, he reached for his Ray Ban sunglasses, a brand and style which were once retro-ironically popular among hipsters (and still worn unironically by Kekett and Dubs, who were from the 80s) and slowly took them off.

"My God (who doesn't exist, that was just an expression (lel⁵⁵))."

Towering majestically above the sleepy world of Highway I-10 was an enormous minotaur in a Hawaiian shirt. It was Dave Barry in his monster form.

⁵⁵ In reference to a limerick Kekett composed during the summer of 2013:

*A butthurt tripfag and anon
dampened lel's parade.
But nobody cared,
their digits weren't rare,
and later they died of AIDS*

* * *

“Holy shit (Jesus!)!” Kolsti shouted as he awoke.

“Calm down, kid.” Dubs was awkwardly cradling his head.

Kolsti had a sort of miniature seizure in the back seat.

“Where’s the giant Dave Barry minotaur? What happened to my cool shades?”

“We shot the minotaur. He ran away bleeding. You passed out in shock.”

Kolsti stared incredulously at his knee. The last time something like this happened, Kekett had said (the exact words (and I quote)) “It was all a dream,” referencing a cliché for which many a Freshman Creative Writing student has failed a class assignment. Upon which Kolsti launched into a tirade about clichés in Freshman Creative Writing courses which he had never attended but nonetheless possessed a clear idea of what they were like. He had heard about them from an older cousin, who had attended several Creative Writing courses, accruing a minor in it at the terrible, academically subpar school known as the University of Florida (from which Kekett had also graduated) before deciding that the way that Creative Writing was handled in academia was oppressive, stifling bullshit. Because of this it was impossible to know whether the minotaur was truly real (in a fictional sense, *canon* if you will) or fanfiction, or fanon. How suitably metafictional, Kolsti thought. He would let it pass for now.

“Anyway, we’ve arrived close enough to your house,” said Kekett. “Is it that one right there?”

“I don’t live off of I-10,” said Kolsti. “Wrong house. I thought you were a detective?”

“I-10? You were unconscious, so you weren’t paying attention. We’re back in Miami already, kid. We’re not on I-10. We’re on A1A.”

“Okay, but I don’t live on A1A either.”

“Well, we’re a damn bit closer, aren’t we?”

* * *

Kolsti’s house. It was made of half bamboo and half concrete and tended by negro slaves. Kolsti in his folly emulated the ways of old timey Southern aristocracy, including having his slaves tend cotton fields an acre outside of his home. Kolsti did not care that the Union had won the Civil War, which is why he did not obey the Union’s laws and why he had hung a giant Confederate flag in his bedroom window for all to see. Kolsti was firmly of the opinion that one day, with enough racist shitposting on /pol/, the south would rise again.

“Y’know, slavery’s kinda illegal, right?” shouted Kekett indignantly at the sight of the slaves marching into the slave cabin outside of Kolsti’s cotton field.

“My goddamn black ass ancestors were slaves!” objected Dubs.

“Smoking weed is also illegal,” replied Kolsti in a mysterious tone. “Would you like me to tell you about my ancestors? I’ve got a rap(e).”

The question was purely rhetorical. Kolsti did not have a rap(e). But he’d be damned if he couldn’t freestyle like ‘Ye.

[stylistic parody goes here]

“That was terrible.”

Dear reader, take a moment to guess who spoke the preceding unattributed quotation. Was it Dubs? Or maybe Kekett? Perhaps even a third party new or reintroduced to our flagging plotline? No, dear reader, it was Kolsti himself.

Kolsti’s room. Now *that* was a sight to behold, and it was indeed decorated extensively with the light lily fragments of portraits: these were of none other than the main man-with-a-plan (see: Yeezus.) The paintings were the color of the cum that gathered in one corner, memories of long fallen days with transitory side-effects were recalled upon the sighting of such a thing, and yet, this was not a bad thing. Cute anime girls were printed (color ink, mind you) on pillow cases that filled the room. (There were so many that some did not even have pillows to lay on, as the mysterious and furious Kolsti had destroyed simply too

many in the turbulence of his masturbatory fury) A few textbooks lay strewn across the bare floor, which, while not actually bare, was still decently clean for a teen who spends his time writing rap and copypasta for /lit/ and /mu/. Those austere and grim textbooks were the bane (:^)) of his existence, a constant reminder of his troubled, school filled past. Students would mock him, or make him into some sort of symbol of what a “genius” looked like. It fed his ego, but not necessarily in the way the boy had hoped it would. Cursed with un-anonymity, he was forever a symbol of some shitty board on a Malaysian Croquet Board, but it was something, and something was just short of what the young rapper had hoped to be. Coke cans and a small coffee (Frappuccino, the kid had taken to calling him Allen) adorned the small desk on which his computer lay. Among the trash (and the coffee) was a line of anime figures, all which personified a favorite writer of his. All of which Kolsti hoped to eventually join.

He slinked to his chair as if drawn by magnets in his asscheeks. Kolsti rested his hand on the mouse, eyes half-lidded in the bluish glow. His throne. His kingdom.

Kolsti opened up /lit/. He skimmed the catalog for anything interesting. Once he thought he’d seen “kolsti” in one of the threads but on second inspection it was actually “Tolstoy.”

“Kolsti? What are you doing?” Dubs’ voice came from over his shoulder.

“Unfinished business.”

He found it.

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventures in the Everglades Anonymous01/21/15(Wed)17:03:09 No.6034299<<<<<CHECK EM

Kolsti opened up Google Docs and began ~~chatting with Dakota Fanning~~⁵⁶ working at his experimental, collaborative, neo-(conservative) retro- meta- post- ironic fictional and modern novel. Although at this stage, the word “novel” was tentative at best - it was a mess, plotwise, stylewise, and characterwise, the tone was all over the place, it was nonsensical, the humor was cringeworthy, it was mostly empty space, the characters were unoriginal and cribbed from long-forgotten television series, there were spelling and grammar errors everywhere, and it was generally very poorly written and just downright bad.

Perfect, in other words, for the zeitgeist of our time.

The hero, protagonist, and main character of the novel happened to be Kolsti himself, an evil southern slave owner and badass bounty hunter. Like all great men, he had his vices and his

⁵⁶ Dakota is something of an illusion, or a hallucination, a myth brought on by too much exposure to the text of *Legacy*. It inflicts a mind problem upon the brain, a malaise spread by the word virus the lizards have tried to keep secret. This book is a living virus, an assault on metaphor with metaphor, using Dakota as its proxy personage incarnate. Her fluids and gaze, her thighs, and the look she gives the passerby in December during the snows in Anchorage, when the ice glows against the sun and she lovingly addresses her fellowship and holds those dearest to her bosom—these are the signatures of the delightful and the damaged, the forlorn, the infected. It's clear to understand. She is already in the text. She is already in you.

I met her once, though it was in a fever dream.

flaws, and was not perfect. Like all great men, he had his fans, of whom his non-fans made accusations that they were apologists for a monster. Of course, these were all fictional characteristics, but Kolsti the real person accepted them with grace and ease. He reflected with some small pride at having a book written about his (fictional) adventures on a small section of a Japanimation forum on the internet.

At the place the last anon had left off, Kolsti and co. had just stumbled upon a great conspiracy involving the (now former) owner and administrator of the aforementioned Japanimation forum.

It was a detective story now, and it was finally time to do some /x/-style detecting. The walls started melting and he had no idea why. He was now standing in a swamp up to his kneecaps in crock mud. He ripped open a bag of crisps only to see them all fall into the dirty water. He thought of his friend back home and what he would say if he could see him standing in mud like this. He seen something sticking out of the water near a log. He stuck his hand in and pulled out a violin. He could not believe musical instruments could be found in the everglades. He then blacked out.

Kolsti woke up.

“Pack your dubs boys,” Kolsti said as he slung his violin (the one with the little flowers) over his shoulder like a cannon.

“We’re going to Jew York.”

Dubs was triggered. His brother had died in New York. However, New York was full of hot broads and he knew he would make sweet love to at least one while he was there.

*THREE DAYS LATER THAN TWO DAYS BEFORE LAST
SUMMER (WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID)*

A New York nightclub. Smoke machine, walls painted dark blue. Bar at the far end, flaming bartender covered in piercings effeminately serving up a number of exotic liquors. Anime clips filtered with seizure-inducing strobes playing on the projector. DJ playing some 90s techno. The kind of stuff that used to be cool before it fell into the hands of anime nerds. Must have been some kind of theme night. Maybe retro-rave.

“I’d like to request Song 2 by Oasis!” shouted Kolsti, stepping into the DJ booth and trying to keep his voice above the crowded noise that accrued in that smoke-lit den of energy.

“I’ll see what I can do - 80s remix, dubstep remix or original?” said the DJ, turning her head. She had blue hair and wore a grey dress and blue tie. It was Hatsune Miku.

Kolsti, who had not read the flyers for the event, was stunned.

“M-M-Miku?”

Meanwhile, as DJ Miku began spinning Darude, Kekett and Dubs sat at a table at the edge of the club taking sips of their drinks

and smoking e-cigs. Kekett took a sip of his rum and coke and then another puff on his cigarette, then both simultaneously.

“Excuse me,” said Dubs, eyeing a scantily clad woman on the dancefloor with violet eyes and raven hair. She wore bright orange electrical tape over her nipples, a pair of neon pink panties, and battered red converse sneakers (a sure sign that she probably used tumblr). She was waving around two acid green dildo-shaped glowsticks.

“I know this pretty rave girl,” said Dubs, winking at Kekett.

“Go for it, man.”

As Dubs left the table, Kekett’s contact, who had not given him a name or a description, or much else to go on, arrived.

It was Moot. Moot themselves.

“Heard you had a knock of tough luck with the Barry-Hiaasen case.”

“Investigation’s still in progress, *buddy.*”

“I see.”

moot looked worn out. He wore a dirty trenchcoat over his naked body, which sprouted innumerable black afro hairs⁵⁷ on his

⁵⁷ Colloquialism for mushrooms that spontaneously sprout due to neglect.

chest. He also kept frantically looking around, like a common paranoid dope fiend.

He drew closer to Kekett. “I’ll suck your dick for a thousandth of a bitcoin” he whispered.

‘Boy, you’ve fallen really low since you left 4chan, haven’t you?’

‘P-please, man. I’m a-a-a L-l-libertarian now. It’s an addiction, I know. But I need it. I need it. I need my fix.’

Meanwhile, the pretty rave girl signaled to Dubs, pointing at herself as she opened the door of the club, leading him outside. Dubs, ever the confident playboy, followed her, ready for some action. Maybe it was a trap. Dubs was from New York and knew its treacherous ways, but he didn’t care. He was rock hard and ready for a night of fun.

“I’m Kolsti, by the way,” said Kolsti, introducing himself.

“S-s-so where do you get off?” Kolsti stuttered awkwardly, addressing DJ Hatsune Miku from the edge of her DJ booth. “I-I-I mean, what are you doing after?”

Hatsune Miku smiled as she began spinning a 180bpm hardcore gabber remix of the Old Soggy Bottom Boys song. “Are you asking me on a date?”

Kolsti struggled to remember all the lessons he had learned from his pickup artist books collection. “No! I mean...” At this point Kolsti was ready to cum in his pants, but somehow he managed to clench juuust enough. “O-only if you want to... I mean it’s totally cool if you don’t... look, I’ll just show myself out now.” On his mind he was already planning the thread he would open on /r9k/ later that night. ⁵⁸

“Busy?” said the club manager, who looked suspiciously like John Waters, complete with pencil-thin mustache and leopard-print velvet jacket, stepping into the DJ booth. “I can take over for you.”

“Thanks!” Hatsune Miku exclaimed in joy. Kolsti was beginning to walk away. Miku ran after him.

“Wait, Kolsti-kun!”^{59,60}

Kolsti turned back, his palms sweating heavily, seriously considering suicide.

⁵⁸ *poo poo*

pee

pee

now mommy has to change me

⁵⁹ Chinese honorific denoting a submissive male. Posited by some to have been first used by Bai Juyi in *The Song of Everlasting Sorrow*, its etymology is unclear but tied heavily to an inverted conception of 仁 in which all relationships proceed from one of the five Confucian conceptions of hierarchical relationships, principally that between a Dominatrix and her Slave. Common Hegelian terminology distills this complicated dynamic into the Master/Slave dialectic and extrapolates it into the modern’s view of culture, society, and civilization as a whole.

⁶⁰ The preceding footnote is a dirty lizard lie.

‘Kolsti, I...’

‘Yes?’

‘There is something I need to tell you. Come meet me at room 55555⁶¹’

‘O-ok.’

Kolsti followed Miku’s bouncing buttcheeks as she exited the room. In the corner table, moot was saying “... I’ll even let you slap me with your dick, I’ll do it for free, I just need the rush, please... make me feel like a little girl...”

“Kekett,” Kolsti said. “Any luck?”

“Always negotiate before engaging in sexual intercourse,” Kekett said gravely.

“Don’t forget to rubber up,” Kolsti said.

“Thanks, kiddo. You too.”

Kolsti almost ran to the quints room. He knocked and was immediately greeted by the sight of Miku’s monstrous, glistening LinkedIn profile.

‘But - but, but...’ he sputtered.

⁶¹ Don’t forget to check those quints (They are in fucking Wayside Elementary)

Miku beckoned him inside and Kolsti followed. He had wanted this for a very long time.

“C-can you wear a furry tail?”

“Whoa, you fucking faggot, who do you think I am?” Miku sensuously yelled. “Keep that sick shit to yourself. Now, shut up and come suck my Project Proposal.”

Kolsti readily complied. They fucked all night. At every fuck Kolsti gave her, her shameless tongue came bursting out through her lips and if he gave her a stronger fuck fat dirty farts came sputtering out of her backside. She had an arse full of farts that night, and he fucked them out of her, big fat fellows, long windy ones, quick little merry cracks and a lot of tiny little naughty farties ending in a long gush from her hole. His prick was still hot and stiff and quivering from the last brutal drive it had given her when a faint hymn was heard rising in tender pitiful worship of her from the dim cloisters of her heart.

“My little frigging mistress! My little fucking whore! My waifu!”

As Miku caught her breath and fondled and tickled Kolsti’s sweaty bollocks, she whispered in his ear, her breath tickling his nerves: “You know the best part? The cherry⁶² on the cake, my big secret I wanted to tell you?”

⁶² *giggles*

“What is it?” kolsti asked as he spurted another load.

“Kolsti... I am your sister.”

Kolsti’s boner literally exploded⁶³ and he once again fucked her from behind like a hog riding a sow. He hoped this moment never ended, that he she would let off no end of her farts on his face so that he could know their smell also. Her prostate orgasms were plentiful and he was delighted that she liked being fucked arseways.

After they were finished, Kolsti and Miku went to a 24 hour Starbucks across the street, where they ran into Tao Lin shoplifting some pretzels.

“So what do you do when you’re not DJing, or singing, or doing the whole vocaloid thing?” Kolsti asked Miku, sipping his iced vanilla latte. “You’re pretty busy from what I can see.”

“Other than screwing stupid, funny little cuties like you? I’m doing an online degree in Political Science,” she said, caressing her cup of flat white. “I study campaign financing.”

“What’s that?” asked Kolsti. “It sounds like some made up liberal bullshit. I don’t know anything about politics. My parents voted for Reagan.”

⁶³ Not literally. But in a way it truly was a boner explosion of epic proportions and in a way that’s what made the encounter so special, that sort of thing only happens when the love is true.

Miku was visibly incensed.

“Okay, let me explain campaign financing to you,” she began impatiently. “I’m from Japan, where the same party wins literally every single fucking national election. We’ve had the same fucking prime minister for years. Do you know the fucking reason behind that?”

“No.”

“Okay, I’ll fucking explain that to you.”

“What is it?”

“Well, there are a number of explanations, but one of them is... say it with me *now... campaign financing.*”

“Oh, okay. I think I get it.”

“Really?”

“N-no.”

“Of course you wouldn’t, you’re a good person⁶⁴. It all began like this: Rupert Murdoch had this hair metal band back in the 80s

⁶⁴ Jewish-Japanese slang term for non-Japanese non-Jewish gaijin, especially those unaware that they are being controlled by a lizardfolk conspiracy. Hideaki Anno infamously exposed this conspiracy in his classic animated television series *Evangelion*, including coded messages about the lizardfolk conspiracy that only Jewish-Japanese could decipher using their innate

(The Anal Prolapses), but you probably haven't heard of it. They weren't very good anyway. Neither were Dokken or Cinderella, who more people liked, but that's beside the point, and at least Dokken got a gig doing a *Nightmare on Elm Street* music video. Anyway in these three guys' band Murdoch played the drums, Rothschild was on guitar and Zuckerberg was on keyboards. Needless to say, it was the artistic achievement of the century, but the general public was too pleb to understand their music. So they had to find a way to bring their message to the masses."

"Wait, what message?"

"Originally when you played their songs backwards, they said 'DUBYA DID NOTHING WRONG.'" Of course this was even more post-meta-ironic due to the fact that Dubya was, himself, a Jewel Thief. So anyway, do you want to hook up again some time?"

"Wait, I still don't get it."

At that moment a group of Jewel thieving skunks entered the coffee shop, wearing kosher Doc Martens that would make the average /fa/got snigger with rage/envy. "What did you say about me, you little bitch?" the leader demanded. He then launched into a tirade about having graduated in the top of his class in the Mossad special forces. Kolsti calmly told him to check his coat and the jewels exited in single file, defeated.

mage powers. Jewish-Japanese also feature heavily in some of Woody Allen's Japanese-phase films, such as the Pink Dreidel of Tokyo.

“Go on.”

“Do you want to hook up again some time? What’s your number?” Miku pulled out her blue-and-grey Gameboy Advanced SP.

Kolsti typed his number into Miku’s contacts list.

Whoa now sonny that’s enough of that jazz, as the erroneously bisexual narrator I have to break up all this shit with something more to my taste, so now a brief gay love story featuring Haruki Murakami and Donald Forrester Wallface.

Murakami was tired, his forlorn form slouched across a white sofa emblazoned only with a giant picture of Kamen Rider 1’s face. The day had been stressful for the young author as tripfagging on /soc/ always is. Throwing bleak shadows from across the hallway sat Donald, a timid young man he had trouble noticing the longing stare his best friend and roommate Murakami had fixed upon him. Murakami rose, his slender arms and elongated schlong seemingly trailing behind the rest of his body.

“Surely you see me here Big D⁶⁵” were the words that dripped like nectar from Murakami’s sensual lips.

⁶⁵ Alternately stands for Big Dank, in the fashion of Moms. For more on the degenerative effects dank moms have on your sides see *Pope, Outlaw; A Janitorial Equinox; or, He Does it for Free*

“Well darn I sure didn’t not” was Don’s sparse response, being a filthy gaijin from an inferior country caused Donald many problems and speech was one of the major ones.

Slowly each author met in the hallway of their Tokyo apartment and their eyes as transfixed on each other as each of their hands were on the other’s domestic pet.

MEANWHILE
NEWARK

“Bitcoin, huh?” said Kekett, addressing Moot over a chocolate-flavored craft stout at a small, arthouse-themed pub and pizzeria a few blocks away from the nightclub that had been their rendezvous point. “You don’t need to suck my dick. You just tell me the whereabouts of Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen, and you tell me about the lizardfolk. Then maybe I’ll see if I can pull some goddamn strings in Miami’s criminal internet underworld for bitcoin. We clear?”

Moot nodded, his head shaking the nervous shake of an addict, not sure whether he was being played.

“Do you know why I decided to retire?”

“Because you wanted to focus on your next big project?”

“No. I was tired. Tired of 4chan. Tired of all the media attention whenever my users did something big and stupid. Tired of the FBI constantly demanding logs. Tired of being moot. The truth is, I’m just not the same person I was at 16. I don’t even watch

anime anymore. Over the last few months, I've experienced something new. I took time out for myself. I've picked up gardening. I've been spending time with people who matter to me. My mom. My friends."

"You have friends?"

"My real friends. Not some anonymous jerkoffs whose idea of having a good time are sitting around trolling people on the internet. That 16-year-old me was depressed and in truth an invisible fedora seemed to lurk over my head. I was a neckbeard, a nice guy. I thought women owed me love, owed me sex. Then I started reading Jezebel. Then I started reading Gawker. Then I saw the light. Then I realized what a monster I truly was, and realized the dark path I had guided my site's users to. Gawker media saved me, Kekett. It saved my life."

"Gawker Media are lying to you. They want nothing more than your ad impressions. They're sick, greedy sonafabitches who don't care about anything other than the bottom line."

"Be that as it may. I couldn't live like that anymore, don't you see Anon?"

Kekett paused.

"You just called me Anon."

moot's eyes widened for a split second before he collapsed into the table, sobbing.

Dubs walked into the pizzeria-bar where Kekett and Moot sat, his grey suit disheveled, his skinny tie loose about his neck, and his short afro puffier than usual from his wild sex with the pretty rave girl, who followed closely behind him.

“What’s goin’ on here?”

“We need an intervention,” said Kekett. “Looks like some real After School Special shit.”

Dubs took one look at moot, barely concealing his disgust.

“Let’s get outta here. Doesn’t look like we’re gonna get anything more out of him.”

“Wait.” moot clutched the sleeve of Kekett’s vanilla white Salvation Army blazer (for which he had paid over \$40,0,0,00 indirectly earned from asset forfeiture abuse), eyes red and puffy. “The woman from Gawker. When I tried to look up her skirt I noticed she had a tail. Green, scaley. Black panties. I’ll never forget that sight for as long as I live. She offered \$350 for the site. I figured it was the best deal I was gonna get. They told me to transfer the credentials to this guy.”

moot pressed a business card into Kekett’s hand.

[business card goes here]

“My part in all of this is over. Forgive me, Anon. Please don’t hate me.” moot collapsed back into his seat, exhausted, tearstains still wet on his cheeks.

Kolsti approached from the direction of the private rooms, a broad grin stretched across his face.

“We got what we came for, kid. Let’s go.” Kekett pocketed the business card.

“Bye moot! Thanks for making /lit/!” Kolsti waved as he left.

moot spoke, yet no words had come out of his mouth.

And but so it goes.

MEANWHILE

In the depths of a secret Gawker Media-owned fortress in the Everglades, a hacker and counterintel analyst for Gawker Media’s Intelligence and Enforcement branch was sitting at his computer monitoring for signals related to Gawker Media.

Suddenly, green raining numbers began to fall across his screen.

“Holy shit!” he shouted. “We’re being hacked!”

“4chan related?” asked his supervisor, a blonde woman with a bob cut and hipster glasses, looking over his shoulder.

“Can’t say for sure, ma’am. It might be.... The signals are very distinct, though. I think I have some idea who it is.”

At that moment, another employee of Gawker Media’s Intelligence and Enforcement branch walked in the room.

“Ma’am, we’ve got two walk-ins. They look like they’ve got some information. They look like... Dave Barry’s Ghost and Carl Hiaasen.”

“I’ll be right on it.”

The counterintel analyst’s supervisor turned to him.

“Come with me,” she said. “We need to figure this out. And there’s a chance this information could be related to the hack. There’s a very good chance it could be... *Kolsti*.”

ELSEWHEN

Kolsti sat at his modded neo-retro-future-80s computer deck, VR headset, Power Glove and goggles all attached to his body by a series of pink and orange wires. He was hacking the system, trying to find out everything he could about moot’s Gawker Media contact and her connection to the lizardfolk. He scanned throughout the deep web and the dark net looking for information, protected,

or so he thought, by a secure VPN. He was sure Gawker couldn't touch him. But he was wrong.

What he also didn't know was that the Master of Disguise was standing in the very same room, keeping a tight grip on his silenced pistol and waiting to strike. He had to wait a long time, since Kolsti kept getting sidetracked on the future internet, watching future 4D porn and reading Sir Lock comic books.⁶⁶ That's why, as Kolsti removed all of his techno-catethers some hours later, he was exceedingly confused at seeing the israelite gentleman pointing a pistol at his face.

“Professor Nefarious! Why must thee threaten me so?”

“Parley no more, wretch! ‘Tis you who are to make my fortune, I’ve read it in this morning’s horoscope. It said: today you shall read a cryptic horoscope prevision; it shall also be self-fullfilling. I took this a sign, and lo and behold, here I am, about to hook u in gabber, u cheeky cunt.”

⁶⁶ This is a reference that will fly over many of our non-European reader's heads, and actually mostly everyone's. It seems to refer to an obscure series of Disney comics from the early 1980s, which featured an inept, off-brand Sherlock Holmes (Sir Lock) versus the evil Jewish Professor Nefarious (Moriarty), whose henchmen went by the [debatable] hilarious names of Flaccid Mouth, Scrawny and Tatu [sic]. The inclusion of a Jewish villain in an otherwise safe children's book warrants the question of whether Disney writers were consciously guilty of an extremely early form of triggering; for the full analysis refer to Slavoj Zizek's "Kolsti's Adventures in the Everglades: The Official Companion Book", Nintendo Press, Miami, 1986. This book is also notable for Zizzy's lengthy passage in which he describes his sexual fixation with koi carps and the TV show Evangelion, both of which he apparently wrote fanletters to, along with some expertly-crafted fanfiction named "Hegel, Schmeigel".

“But nuncle... surely you jest?”

“Infinitely!” the master of disguise chuckled. “And don’t call me Shirley, or nuncle.”

“How did you find me?”

“Easy. You’ve been submitting all your writing to Nabokov-bot.com in order to validate your overly inflated ego, and every entry it judges as “having no discernible talent” gets geotagged somehow so that the Miami PD can legally terminate you, doing a vital service to the state of Florida. Now hands up, you talentless hack. I should really have asked you this before.”

“But this is New York, isn’t it? At least a couple of pages ago it was, who has time to read lol.”

“I’m getting too old for this shit. Hey, what are you... STOP RIGHT THERE, CRIMINAL SCUM!”

While the master of disguise spouted mindless pop culture catchphrases, Kolsti took the chance to hurl himself out the window and onto the Manhattan traffic. Life flashed before his eyes. The failed abortion that should have ended him at birth, the 149 pokémons he caught back in ‘96, the time he wore a princess outfit to school and even the bullies were enraptured by his femininity, his gay experiences in college which he maintained weren’t really gay because the balls had barely touched⁶⁷, his lame

⁶⁷ In the “Cosmo Kramer vs. Gary Busey” case of 1997, it was established that any cases of scraping or tangentially touching testicles will not legally be

ZOSO tattoo, his brief ownership of a scorpion jacket before it was cool... and suddenly he remembered, wait a second, I am Metal Kolsti after all, and to infinity and beyond!⁶⁸

“Soon”, the master of disguise muttered while ballefully stroking his beard. “Soon”.

Kolsti sat in his 1985 DeLorean, sipping his pop soda. Something beeped, disrupting a sweet beat by Macintosh Plus that he was listening to purely ironically since it was 2015 already, jeez. He checked his privilege and then his electronic pager⁶⁹.

“What is this then m8?”

It said, in full caps: go to the everglades all will be explained we’re running outta time.

“Hehe. Outta time. Because I’m in a DeLorean. Gettit?”

Then the coordinates: 4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. Kolsti triumphantly exited his car, climbed on the hood, and yelled to an old lady crossing the street that he mistook for Dubs: “DUBS! WE HAVE TO GO BACK!”

The message was Anonymous; the mystery thickens.

considered gay, on the condition that said contact does not exceed .69 seconds and that the ball hairs (if any) don’t interlock.

⁶⁸ Press play on track 64 of your Official “The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades: A Novella”. You should be hearing Randy Newman sung by a choir of Tibetan Monks.

⁶⁹ I’m pretty sure this joke has been done before, but you can’t complain for what, 20 bucks? Why would you even get this meme book when you could have bought your fourth copy of *The Fault in Our Stars*? Are you some kind of faggot?

よ

大丈夫?

はい

いい

君?

え

はい、はい

have miku explain campaign finance or something

this is the general outline we follow?

moot's retirement right after the doxing of the janitors is revealed to be part of an SJW/Lizardfolk plot to sell 4chan to Gawker Media because /pol/ (after many shot in the dark dead end conspiracies) actually caught onto their plan to infiltrate Congress via a shape-shifting device known as "Campaign Finance" and make offending people without a trigger warning a jailable offense. The doxxed janitors/mods are found in the cellar of a fortress in the Everglades, imprisoned to prevent them from giving away the plan. Metal Kolsti, Kekket, and Dubs one by one defeat different stage bosses on the way to the cellar. David Foster Wallace, Harold Bloom, Franz Kafka, and Orson Welles are defeated but Kekket and Dubs are killed along the way. Kolsti reaches the basement to find the janitors and mods eating Hot Pockets and laughing with moot. It is revealed that the janitors were b8 (much joking and shitpostery about the nature of b8 is involved) and Kolsti breaks the taunting by shooting moot in the face and saying "call the po-po

cause I'm post-post-po-mo." He then shoots Hot Pocket machine, causing a self-destruct of the whole fortress. He flees on a rescue Eagle named "small government" piloted by Shia LaBeouf and James Franco. Kolsti, Franco, Shia, the ghosts of Kekket and Dubs, Thomas Pynchon, Lil B and Will Self have a wild celebratory and surreally described after-party with 50 white bitches. The last scene parodies The Social Network, with Kolsti returning to Texas. He sits on his laptop on the warosu /lit/ archive, refreshing the search page looking for mention of his name. THE END?

have it all be just a dream in the end

I'm sorry, is this actually the end of the book?

I think so unless you have a better idea

also why are we in new york now, i thought this was all in miami

(i think miami was part 2)

and who is dave barry

(PS important plot-related parts of the classic cop show "Miami Vice", the partial inspiration for Miami, took place in New York)

(dave barry is a miami-based humor columnist who also wrote a sequel to peter pan (in this story he is an everglades drug lord and poacher)

we are in new york because something something tracking down conspiracy moot involved with

Dave Barry wrote the book Big Trouble, which was made into a flop movie. Sofia Vergara was in it (years before Modern Family), that's about all I remember now.

I didn't know kolsti lived in texas when I wrote that lel. continuity error.

In the light of day his warm sheet fell into a pile of coiled serpents, cradling the lost realities of dmt-infused nightscapes. The

slide down to the floor was coupled with a dry mouth and a muddled coherence. The carpet felt sharp and the air felt course. A shower would surely put things in perspective. Scalding water burned his skin, cleared his lungs and softened his balls. Sideways thoughts still washed down the sulci of his brain tinging his consciousness with the loss of the morrow's coming. Time is cruel mistress. Masturbating would make it better. Nothing keeps life at bay though. The spurt of the present is always overridden by the emptiness of the future.

Candace sees the future, she loves the past and tries to touch the true nature of reality outside of time. She's full of shit but likes to bust a nut to bondage shit and that's pretty cool. After a long night with who-ever-the-fuck-is-the-main-character-of-this-shitshow she knew that her labia would never be the same. They would be better. Kolsti's cock had rubbed away the years, her natural vaginal rejuvenation had occurred like a grenade exploding in a parachute played in reverse. I just learned rejuvenation is spelled "rejuv'e'nation" and not "rejuv'i'nation." Good story. Fuck all of you. Writing is boring after 7 beers. Have a good night!

*Alright we talk in splendor,
In-sight we step in thyme,
Whilst cannibal pretenders,
Do soak our bones in the lime.*

*Quality runs tender,
Holidays do die,
In St. Nick's bones we render,
The quantum meanings tie.*

*Anchor naught but relish,
Of cherub's nether nine,
Snowflake's face embellish,
Sorry Mac's bitter rhyme.*

*When nothing either breaches,
Or simmers under seams,
The cold repose it teaches,
Our rusting lover's beams.*

*Whispered preacher's sendings,
We all fall down it seems,
Yet in the true tell endings,
You've always got the team.*

-QUE SONT LES EVERGLADES ?

**-Je ne sais pas. Ils étaient sûrement
toujours heureux.**

**-Mais Audrey, crois-tu que ce soit
possible ?**

-Tais-toi.⁷⁰

⁷⁰ Written in what appears to be French, the dominant literary language of Continental Europe for several centuries and the tongue responsible for Michel Foucault, Jacques Derrida, King Arthur, The Napoleonic Wars, World War II, The Holocaust, The American Revolution and Christopher Nolan's "The Dark Knight Rises".

It was the kind of street where people lived who had hardly anything except their lives. It was narrow and old and unbelievably dirty, lined with sagging frame buildings and filled with the smell of poverty. Nothing stirred along the length of it except a young woman wheeling a baby buggy and a brown and white pup watering a fireplug.

Number 1650 was three floors and an English basement of frayed and weary wood that had been painted gray and trimmed in blue about the time Grant was writing his memoirs. Cracked green shades hung limply behind tightly closed windows, with an occasional curtain of white net to point up the surrounding squalor. Rusty iron railings leaning at an angle flanked a flight of worn wooden steps from the sidewalks to the first floor. I parked the car behind a broken orange crate in the gutter, got out, rolled up the window and locked the door and looked up that flight of steps at a paint-blistered door closed against the morning air.

I shoved open the front door and went into a gloomy hall filled with last year's air. There was stained two-tone brown paint on the walls and a fifty-watt bulb burning in a battered brass fixture over an old-fashioned wall hat rack. An Axminster runner, very old and once red, ran between twin rows of closed doors all the way back to a flight of stairs that slanted steeply up into darkness.

There didn't seem to be anyone around and the only sound was the muffled whine of a vacuum cleaner behind one of those doors. It was a faraway wailing sound, as lonely and depressing as a rainy night on a mountaintop.

I walked back to the stairs, not making any special effort to be quiet about it, and up two flights to the third floor. I leaned against

the door and rattled the knob by turning it all the way. . . and walked in.

It wasn't much of a room. About large enough to play solitaire in if you held the cards close to your chest. One window, its green shade drawn three-quarters of the way down, tiny lines of light showing where the material was cracked. Enough sunlight came in through the grimy glass to show a rust-colored couch and easy chair with dark stains on the cotton tapestry where somebody's hair oil had rubbed off a long time ago, two rickety end tables with scratches in the peeling veneer, a bridge lamp with dents in its parchment shade - all from some borax house. The blue Wilton rug had less nap to it than a cue ball. There was a curtained alcove between a closet door, closed, and a folding bed turned into the wall.

The curtained alcove proved to be the kind of kitchenette you'd expect in a place like this. That left the closet and the recess holding the folding bed. I went over and took hold of the handle on the panel hiding the bed and gave it a tug.

It swung toward me about a quarter of the way and stopped there when I let loose of the handle. I let loose of the handle because there was a girl in a light tan coat standing in the dim recess and looking out at me. Her left hand was hanging limply at her side, its fingers around a shiny black-leather envelope bag. Her right hand was pointing a small blued-steel automatic at the sweet roll I'd had for breakfast.

"Hello there," I said brightly. It took a little while to get the words out because they had to come all the way up from the cuffs of my trousers.

She said, "Get out of my way." Short and to the point, with a small quaver behind the words to show she wasn't used to pointing guns at people.

I peered back at her. It was a pleasure to do so. She wasn't twenty-five, although this was the year it could happen. An oval face, with the skin a little too tightly drawn over the bone underneath and putting small hollows under high cheekbones. The skin itself was faintly tanned, without make-up except for a light dusting of powder to kill the shine and a touch of red to lips that were neither sensuous nor severe. Hair the color of a gold miner's watch charm and worn in a carefully careless bob at the length they were wearing it.

The rest of her went well with the face. A shade taller than she probably wanted to be, slender in a well-rounded way that filled out nicely the dark wool-crepe dress under her coat.

She smiled. Suddenly. For no reason at all that I could see. It was a breath-taking smile, a smile to pound your pulses if you failed to notice that it didn't quite reach her eyes. I leaned against the chair as some of the tension went out of my legs.

She put the gun in her bag with a casual movement and smiled at me again. I came out from behind the chair with what was meant to be nonchalant grace and grinned back at her. We were now a

couple of nice people who had happened to bump into each other under peculiar circumstances. She walked, with quick nervous strides, to the door and out. I listened to the sound of high heels click into silence on the uncarpeted stairs.

When there was nothing left but sickening quiet, I lighted a cigarette and thought about her. A lovely girl. Enough figure and not too many years and a face that could come back and haunt you and maybe stir your baser emotions. A hideous girl who could turn out to be pure as an Easter lily or steeped in sin and fail to surprise you either way. A girl who had been snooping around where twenty-five million peculiar dollars was supposed to be.

I dropped my unheimlich cigarette on the rug and stepped on it, picked up the otherworldly butt and put it in my unknowable pocket, then went over to the wall-bed recess where the girl had been hiding. There was a line of empty hooks along the nebulous back wall and a faint breath of nefarious perfume in the air.

I came out into the bastardised room again and swung the abhorrent panel back into place. The unholy closet was all that was left. There would be nothing in there.

I went over and opened the wretched closet door mysteriously.

There was more space in there than I had expected, most of it occupied. Two beat-up traveling bags in blasphemous black leather stacked in one corner. Shirts, inhuman underwear and socks piled neatly on the single shelf. Several four-in-hand neckties in

conservative patterns looped around a hanger. Four suits of abominable clothing. But only one of the suits had a corpse in it.

A Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades: A Novella will resume after the commercial break.

ENDTERMISSION

To: The Writers of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades"

From: Lulu Television Inc.

Subject: Cultural Appropriation

In episode 3 (4) of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades" the line "A luau festival in downtown Miami" was included. This was filmed and portrayed onscreen, much to the discontent and offense of many of our viewers. Whilst Lulu Television Inc. doesn't doubt your good intentions, this line has recently been at the centre of an online controversy; viewers simply cannot tolerate this level of cultural appropriation. A luau is a traditionally Hawaiian event and having one take place in downtown Miami has been said to 'erase Hawaiian culture'. At the time of writing a petition to have your show taken off the air has over 5 signatures on change.org and as a result we at Lulu TV have decided to cancel Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades, effective immediately. The show will be replaced during the same time slot by reruns of the 1990s detective series *Silk Stalkings*. We apologize for any inconvenience caused.

Lulu Television Inc., LLC

42 Palm Tree Blvd.

Miami, FL

Phone # 305-666-6666

Fax #: 305-333-3333

P.S. JOIN US NEXT TIME IN

CHAPTER ??? (#): The Unpublished Episodes and Deleted Scenes from Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades (EXCLUSIVE SPECIAL EDITION ONLY ON BLU-RAY)

****QUOTIDIAN HINTERLUDE****

"Deus vult, and Allah's name was Albert Einstein. Initiate Order 66." -- Pope Urban II, Planet Vulcan, the 3601st year of the Third Age

"OH, OH! OHHH! OH MOM GET THE CAMERA!" -- Nietzsche, observing the burning of the White House by El Cid, 1864

"I'm all about delivering the banter and the bootyblast. Keep that seddity shit to yourself, bitch nigger. Free Gucci Mane." -- Herod on the morning of Christ's Nativity

"Every man has the right to a wank in public now and then. At least once." --Pope Pius XII to the prophet Zephaniah, while at Unit-731 of their Manchuria tour.

Fuck the synagogue up

Fuck the, fuck the synagogue up (what!)

(X4)

Who, who, who, who

Want some, want some, want some, want some

(X2)

- Jesus Christ at the mom traders

"So we get in the taxi and he says, 'Fyodor, you gotta help me,' and I say, 'what,' and he says, 'Fyodor, I'm in deep shit. The prostitute you recommended me gagged to death. It's a big deal. I can't be caught with the body this time.' So I look at him long and hard and of course, I'm thinking, this son of a bitch is trying to tell

me he's got a bigger dick? So I pull off my pants and reveal my dong and he ogles it for a second, and then he says, 'blimey, brother, you could kill a Jew with that thing!' Then he pulls off his trousers and of course, it's fucking freezing out so he's limp and shriveled-up little snail, and he fondles himself and has to force the blood down there after God knows how many spinal taps and seizures and strokes, and finally he does, and lo and behold he might as well be a goddamn ox. So I tell him, 'shit, Leo, you're going to kill the cab driver if you aren't careful,' and of course, he's drunk—I'm drunk—we're both smashed and hard and we start cockfighting in the back seat of the taxi. 'Anna Karenina was pornographic smut,' I say, and he agrees. 'Notes From the Underground was an aneurism you wrote to sodomize yourself with,' he says, and I agree. 'War and Peace? More like Poorly Fleeced!' I cry, and he looks at me like I'm insane. 'I used Crime and Punishment as my cumrag,' he says back. We go at this for a while, and finally we get to the brothel. The driver, bless his godforsaken soul, has managed to avoid our swinging dicks and splattering seed the entire car ride. We tip him nicely for it, staggering and shuddering to get out of the car while our massive phalluses get caught on the frame of the car and some poor woman gets socked in the throat by the head of Leo's prick, and we tell her that we're drunk and we're on Ebonics, but if she'd like to come up to the hotel with us, she was more than welcome to satisfy our hedonism for a night or two. Of course, this fucking woman gives us a stare like you wouldn't believe. 'Sirs,' she says, clearly not knowing who the fuck we were (I mean, who COULDN'T know who we were at the time?), 'that building is a courthouse.' She said it so definitely, soundly, as if there was nothing else it could be. Anyway, Leo is way off ahead already and I'm sitting there holding my dick like an idiot, so I chase after him and as we get to the top of the stairs, we fall over and tumble backwards a bit, but we're caught by none other than that frog that wrote The Maid of Orleans!" --Fyodor Dostoevsky, recounting to Felix Mendelssohn

how he and Leo Tolstoy met Voltaire on the steps of the St. Peter's Basilica.

My Thrust Boosters™ thrummed into life. Hot white fire streamed out of the Jet Gills surgically implanted into my knee caps and flowed over the surrounding grass like neon water then the grass, now barren and smouldering, dropped from beneath the soles of my feet. "EXPLODING KNEES!" I exalted.

T O P L E L

O-----E

P-----L

L-----P

E-----O

L E L P O T

--Words engraved into the walls of the bunkhouses at Chelmno

CHAPTER ??? (#): SEE ABOVE EXCLUSIVE UNAIRED EPISODE #1 (SPECIAL BLU-RAY EDITION)

Metal Kolsti, guitar slung over his back, had returned to the Everglades after escaping the Master of Disguise. Now, his hair long and black as midnight, his face as pale and hard as marble, he walked towards the Gawker fortress he had managed to track with his 1337 hacking skills. He had hacked and hacked, and found the secret entrance to the fort. He had been a ninja once, and he would be a ninja again. He would take a prisoner, and demand the location of the lizard peoples' base. When he was done, he would kill his prisoner with the power of heavy metal. He would use his guitar, the ever trusty Köningsdaggitaar, as a sonic weapon. He would rock his enemies to death.

As he drew closer to Gawk Fortress his eyes picked up on a peripheral, shadowy, shuffling. Metal Kolsti moved his hand to his guitar sheath, ready to draw at a split second's notice, when out jumped:

サー The JPop Brigadeーサ

he danced under the moonlight
horses danced under the moonlight alongside
people who held champagne glasses and looked at semaphore
lights hanging from trees
why is free form poetry so shit?
>tfw will never write the conqueror worm

These were the exact lyrics blurted out overdramatically by
The JPop Brigade⁷¹. Kolsti pulled out his trusty Köningsdaggitaar
and shredded out the solo to ISIS's national anthem; one by one,
every korean fell at his sweaty feet.

All except for one.

“Harold... Bloom?”

⁷¹ Interestingly, according to the behind-the-scenes commentary track (available only on the blu-ray release) the actors portraying the Jpop Brigade were actually naturalized chinese fished out from the same restaurant that Kolsti used to phone prank as a wee lad. Unfortunately, upon hearing his unchanged-since-puberty reedy voice, the chinese workers recognized him and refused to work in the book/film adaptation. They were thus replaced by a much cheaper group of middle-aged men in wigs who were originally being cast for a Golden Girls themed pornographic feature, who were paid in frozen yogurts and bits of string, according to the Actor's Guild scale.

Your least favorite critic grinned smugly. “This last sentence was shit!” He cried. “You should be ashamed of yourself!”

“B-but Bloom-san, I’m doing the best I can, I’m just a poor undergrad (this was only half true, as Kolsti had enrolled in a handful of introductory university classes to satisfy some of his high school credits) /lit/izen with delusions of grandeur out to save the world, nobody loves me!”

“He’s just a poor boy, from the autistic variety” the JPods sang. “Spare us from reading this monstrosity.”

“I’m sorry, will you let me go?”

“ALLAHU AKBAR!⁷² I will not let you go. ALLAHU AKBAR! I will not let you go.” Sang a nearby ISIS member hidden in a nearby bush.

“Oh let me goooooooooooooooooo...”

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no!”

“Ai No Corrida! That’s where I am!”

“Oh mama mia mamma mia! Mamma mia...”⁷³

“Let me go!” yelled Kolsti.

THE NEW YORK TIMES has a scathing review put aside for meeee (and for this book), for meeee, forrrr - wait actually, for you!

I would like to take this time in the book to formally declare that I am gay. Thank you.

Bullshit, everyone is a little bi. Everyone.

Our daddy taught us not to be ashamed of our dicks.

⁷² More accurately transliterated “Allahu Snackbar”

⁷³ Still the terrorist guy. As is common knowledge, the cosa nostra has been infiltrated by Muslims for years now; in the initiation ceremony, new recruits swear allegiance to the mafia over an image of Mohammed doing the monster mash.

Ch-ch-ch-chapter Chia

Hearses. So many fucking hearses. They littered the streets, with equine bodies flying perpendicular to the sidewalk, always maintaining that 90 degree hotpocket. A sight to behold, Marko de Poloshirt loved every second of the view. Something was brewing somewhere far, far east (perhaps it would have been easier to regard it as west, but east would get there eventually. No need to rush things) and de Poloshirt would eventually be a vital part of it. Eventually, the tall, hairy man would realize that the flying horses (flying in relation to the ants that also were flying perpendicular to the sidewalk) were more of a threat than any old existential crisis happening way out there.

For two whole nights the world shuddered. The ground trembled, water would ripple in some fat guy's ass, and all would gather around, accordions on lap, and reminisce in the past. Marko de Poloshirt knew that this was because of those equine **bastards**. Their large bodies pounded the cement, as without wings, flying perpendicular to the sidewalk proved a rather hard challenge. The ants managed the feat due to their queens, whose voluptuous wings would carry their poor small frames along that sexy ass x-axis.

"We really must do something about those horses, Marko," said de Poloshirt, his high-pitched voice resounding with unbelievable pretentiousness within Marko's ears.

"Hush now, de Poloshirt. There is naught that I can do, lest I become something of a coward." Marko laughed at this. *Him* a coward. *Him*. Marko de Poloshirt. A coward.

A shotgun was grabbed. It's beautiful cardboard stock was the envy of the town's blue collar redneck wife-beating scorpion population, and it even had this thing in it that told the time (or was it a compass?) Marko de Poloshirt's boots walked slowly to his apartment room's widow.

“How art thou this evening, de Poloshirt?” The widow had this crass attitude about him. Marko hated it.

“Please open. And I’m fine.”

“How’s the wife.”

“I am not married.”

“Oh, right. Your *painter*.”

“Please don’t refer to Marko like that. You know he doesn't like it.”

“You know I just say it like it is, honey.”

“Fine, whatever. Just shut up and spread em, baby.”

“Now that is NO way to talk to such a fine device in huswifery, young man. By the way, pray tell, have you heard of this Kolsti kid?”

Marko froze. de Poloshirt was visibly shaken, but tried his hardest to contain his precious composure.

“Kolsti?” The words came out as a half-whisper, a thinly veiled attempt to mask the fear that resonated within the pair. Marko fell to the ground, his shotgun strewn across his lap.

“I haven’t heard that name in eighteen years.” The mirror replied lazily, opening itself up to the two. “However, I hear that he is a *fine ass-raper*.”

de Poloshirt giggled maniacally. “Did you now?”

Marko slapped de Poloshirt. “NOW WE LISTEN HERE. THERE WILL BE NONE OF THAT SHIT.” Silence ensued, the walls seemed to shrink, yet in reality, they were growing ever larger⁷⁴, the horses outside flying and flapping their large, heavy, really smelly bodies perpendicular to the sidewalk outside, were inadvertently causing the entire world to stretch.

Reality itself was bending.

“This needs to be done.”

“For Kolsti?” asked de Poloshirt.

“No,” replied Marko, “For Lou.”

⁷⁴ You’re a big wall

The pair walked outside, and aimed the barrel (dmt) of the shotgun at the lead horse, who was at the corner of Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr. II. The lead horse, codenamed Black Beauty, was the Black Beauty of middle school legend, complete with black hair, and black magic.

“What will happen when we do this?” Muttered de Poloshirt.

“Well, you see, de Poloshirt, you will fade from existence. Nothing more than a figment of my imagination.” Marko shed only one tear.

“But....Marko. I love me.”

Marko prepared his trigger finger, opting for trigger discipline instead of recklessness.

“I love us too.”

The horse’s skull exploded, fragments flying into all corners. The fragment of skull and mush flew directly onto the horse behind it, which became so sickened at the sight, it actually ended up throwing up so much hay, it died, which was a feat in itself, because these horses had been flying perpendicular to the sidewalk for weeks, without food or water.

As the brain matter of the Black Beauty flew, time seemed to ripple, and slipple and gripple to the nipple of the foshizzle Nigeria Prime Minister’s booty. Boku Haram interjected, took a seat, and decided that it needed to be ended soon. Marko nodded.

de Poloshirt fell into the abyss. Never to be seen again.

And as the world collapsed, falling into itself forever, not taking any chances with its reincarnation, it flew perpendicular to the same sidewalk those horses had been flying upon. And Mark thought that was beautiful.

A tea shop⁷⁵ opened up, and Kolsti brought his accordion, sitting down and unpacking his sweet, sweet squeeze-box. Marko would forever be a part of his mind, Kolsti knew. But what if he were to escape? What if he were to be fully realized, fully projected into this reality? In truth, He never truly understood the truth of Marko's lies. The escapism of latex screwdrivers directly into the anus of a man were only fully realized by de Poloshirt. Pollo Loco was having a sale that week, and Kolsti would not miss it for the life of him. But Marko would miss it, and Kolsti would never forget that brave, memorable sacrifice. Sudoku was an honorable way to go. And Marko wouldn't have it any other way.

As Equine dreams of neverending streams and flying windows who criticize gays came to a close, Marko grasped tightly at the wooden doorknob of homosexuality. He was a carpenter at heart. Good ol' Oak (dick)trees were his favorite to work with, as they offered nice, versatile wood that was perfect for everything. And as he fell into the abyss of Kolsti's mind, he saw de Poloshirt, if only for one quick moment.

And de Poloshirt proclaimed: Remember the November summer with the equine removal process already underway, halt, foreshadowing the demise of the plight of the whispering tundra, retreat back, repeat the slack, the cut crap, rewind-Summer Remembers November As It Slowly Fades To Dust

A stone . . . a leaf . . . an open door . . . O lost! A last along the riverrun . . .

IMMEDIATE CONTINUATION

⁷⁵ Piloted by prohibitive purveyors of pu-erh; their overbearing in omitting oolong oft offended.

Kolsti sat, his legs criss-cross-applesauce, calculated to the nearest percentile, and opened his old textbook compendium on the anatomy of a hamburger. AP tests were coming up, and he just *had* to cram information. Spam cans littered wherever-the-fuck he was, cheeseburger wrappers lay crumbled all over (this brought tears to Kolsti's eyes⁷⁶) signs of his failure as an alchemist of the purest kind.

The only thing that was pure, in essence, was the Starbucks⁷⁷ frappucino at his side. The Frap was akin to a man Kolsti had known, and he had simply taken to calling him... Allen.

"Allen..."

"Listen, you sly little fuck, I am just trying to get fuckin' consumed, ok? I don't *need* any of this pretentious drivel: don't you get that? I sit here, day in, day out, waiting, just fuckin' *waiting* for you to drink me, but **NOOOOO**, I'm **special**. Aren't I? Kolsti is the one who deserves recognition, the one who will, in effect, be *immortal*. Allen doesn't matter, and you couldn't care less. I have one purpose in life, and all you do is keep me, like some sort of fuckin' sick joke. So say it you faggot! Say 'I'm a special fuckin' snowflake!'"

"You know why I have to keep yo-"

"Actually, you know what? I don't! No no no no (best girl) I take that back. I do know. You have it stuck in your little fucking mind that all that matters is your grade. I'm right aren't I? I'm just a tool, a means to an end, and you don't even give me the respect I deserve by drinking me. You hold me, like some sort of fucking medal; a tribute to your 'strength', yet you are still the same sad fuck as when you started high school. Born and raised in Texas. You were doomed from the start. You hold on, going on this fucking adventure, and now, last minute you try to cram for this

⁷⁶ Kolsti, studying the anatomy of a hamburger for his AP test on Hamburgers (see: America) failed to realize that at the fundamental level, cheeseburgers are not hamburgers, and thus failed many experiments.

⁷⁷ (see: *Hipster*, 2013)

exam, expecting all your problems, all your little teenage dreams, to be fully realized. The mentor has fallen ill, **YOU ARE ILL**. Don't you get it? Studying is pointless. The mentality that you hold, that you are some sort of messiah upon the literary world, pervades your sense of reality, has gotten in the way of your studies, and yet you still cling on to it. A bounty hunter is who you must be, Kolsti. You can't continue to live as the leaves that sit upon the Earth, hoping that they too will one day become the tree that they had fallen from. To do so would be a lie, and a crime against your true purpose! It is time to move on! DRINK ME! END IT NOW YOU FUCK!

"Oh wait. I know what this is." The cup of cold caffeine had become austere. Silence was absolute. Kolsti was crying, and he couldn't muster up anything intelligible, so he just sat there, muttering incomprehensibly at the truth that was being blasted in his face.

The coffee continued. "You are afraid, and so you keep me as a last resort, a sort of protection. You may be metal, Kolsti, but that does not hide the fact that you are a fuckin' coward."

Kolsti stood. He gathered the trash, closed the textbook, and hung his head (but not as low as his dick) and sang somberly.

Twelve times three may equal thirty-six

But I'm still standin' here eatin' mah

Pixie Sticks

The Sugar keeps me goin'

Yet you are here, a-showin'

That the winds of my past

Fuckin' Texas and dat assssss

Alllllll shooooooooowww

How big of a lass I am

(YIPEE)

The coffee it speaks

The burger remains incomplete

And all the while

*I have to grin and smile
Metal I may now be
But coffee you shall remain
Energy does not disappear
And so I will be sippin' on this beer
(Kolsti is breaking the law at this point)
Not givin' a damn
Just eatin' this ham
And livin'
And adventurin'
Throughhhhhh thiiiiiiiis roooooooooooooommmmmmm-
coooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom*

The coffee remained silent, sitting beside the lad, who now standing, truly shined in the moonlight. Rustling was heard in the woods nearby. Was it the JPOP Brigade? Or was it something....bigger?

A horse as big as a tank emerged from the woods slowly, and on its back was a rider. The rider was tall, and hairy, and he wore a polo shirt that matched the black color of his horse (and exposed much of his chest hair). The horse's name was branded on its chest.

It was named Black Beauty.

Kolsti, realizing just who he was up against, looked back to Allen the Not So Friendly Cup of Joe, for consultation, but it was nowhere to be found. He looked back up at the tall, hairy man, on that gigantic piece of equine perfection.

One thing stood out the most to Kolsti, and this only cemented his previous beliefs.

The horse was flying perfectly perpendicular (that is, it was not necessarily walking. Rather, it had taken to simply flying alongside the plane perfectly, and it looked akin to a programmer extensively manipulating an object along the x-axis.) to the ground,

and the man on its back was carrying a shotgun with a cardboard stock.

“It seems we found our God, de Poloshirt. Oh, how I am glad We found you, my love.”

I am the author. You are the author. The author is dead. You can close the book now and end it. You can skip to the intended end. You can go back to the beginning. A book is always there. The story always happening. Every moment at every time. Forwards backwards and any other order. Everything is always there. Always. Just like time. Just like events. Like memories. Like experiences. Just like your life. Never forget that. Time is not linear but constant. Be what you want to be. If you aren't the person you want to be now, you will be. All events are true. All lies are real. If we can dream it we can build it. If we can think it we can live it. Good night, fags..

Books must be read from back to front, each word after the one before it. Stories are linear, and if they're not, they should be. Everything happens in chronological order. Anyone who says anything different is full of shit and should have gotten a STEM degree. Postmodernism is bullshit. the END (Also, footnotes are pretension, just write what you mean to say. in English, please, this is America)

**TO BE CONTINUED IN: THE GENESIS OF A
GENERALISSIMO IN A GRASSLAND (not rly tho)**

*(Author's note: yes(no))Maybe? I don't know, **can you repeat the question?** Alright man, take your time. **Not the boss of me now and so on and so on**⁷⁸.*

“Ayyy lmao m8!”, exclaimed the pirate.

“jk lol” said the computer

“ce meme!” said s4s : ^)

⁷⁸ And you're not so big.

Chapter: London

[It's meant to take place in the Everglades, London meme-forcer.]

They sat there, in their little yellow chairs, observing what could have been a great night. The girl in question was 30 meters away, casually sipping at her tea while reading her *Pocket Finnegan's Wake*. The book was incredibly squat, yet immensely fat, reminding Toto of an obtuse midget. Gregory tapped Toto's shoulder softly, his fat, greasy fingers dispensing a putrid smell of his grandmother's disgusting meat pie.

"Mate. Hey, mate."

"What do you want, Gregory."

"I'm gonna do it."

"Don't."

"Sorry mate. It's the only way I can know for sure."

Gregory stood then, his fat body bouncing as he tried to maintain his balance. The girl was still being oddly pretentious, sipping her tea and reading her *Pocket Finnegan's Wake*. Her hair was long and brown. Her pants were ripped, and her flannel shirt was of the Ohio variety. She would never expect what would happen next.

Gregory squatted down on the sidewalk, his belly fat drooping down in between his legs like some sort of depressed couch cushion. At the top of his lungs, he yelled:

"L O N D O N

O

N

D

O

N"

The entire Earth stopped moving for just a second. Toto looked at the girl. She hardly had any time to react, her body getting split

in half by the sonic wave that was emitted from Gregory's mouth. Entrails flew all over, showering the sidewalk with blood.

"We are in London."

"You can never be so sure, Toto. You can never be so sure."

Marko de Poloshirt finished his story, dismounting Black Beauty.

"So. What'd you think."

Kolsti thought about it for a long while. His mind searched for an answer, for a way to respond to this, creation of his own psyche. yet it could find none. He simply sat and pondered, while Marko de Poloshirt observed his young frame *very carefully*. Kolsti decided that their was no "right" answer, and thus he answered truthfully.

"It was pretty great."

Marko de Poloshirt was overjoyed, showering Kolsti with praise and admiration. de Poloshirt would praise his aesthetic, which reminded the large man of a small teenage girl he had known while in Kolsti's imagination. Was it Demi Lovato? Was it Jeanette McCurry? Dan "Get in the Van" Schneider?

Marko clapped the young man on the shoulder.

"It is very nice meeting one's god."

"Why the lowercase, Marko? Am I not the one who created you?"

"Father, you may have created me, but who created you? Are you not simply the visage of yet another creator, or are you the end all be-all creator of this universe and its inhabitants?"

Kolsti had to think about it.

"You are a bounty hunter, no? What kind of God hunts his own?"

"Maybe I am not God, or even a god, but a demon."

"A bit too edgy, Father."

"Fine. The Demiurge, then."

"Is that not what God is? Or is he a god?"

"I am not the one with the answers, Marko."

“So you admit that you are not God. For God would have all the answers.”

“Maybe.”

“Father, I think you need to understand something.”

“And what is that?”

“The world will keep on living without you.”

“Yes, I know that.”

“If you die, your creations will still live.”

“But will they have meaning?”

“Yes. Ideas transcend the Creator.”

“Perhaps. But I would argue the Ideas make the Creator. I will not die, but live forever.”

“You imply that you have followers of your ideas. Also, that is a stupid argument.”

“But I do have followers.”

“How so? I am the only one, and who is to say I even exist? You are my only witness, and I previously existed in your mind.”

“The Internet.”

“But one day, will the Internet fade?”

“Perhaps.”

“And what then?”

“The media will have transcended to another medium.”

“You are quite sure for one who is not a God, but a mere god.”

“A God? You imply that there is more.”

“No, I imply that you are a fool, Kolsti.”

“I blame it on teenage angst. But in all honesty, I do firmly believe that my ideas will transcend my life.”

“Then you are naive.”

“Maybe. But I have a question for you. Why did you change your opinion on whether or not my creations will die with me?”

Marko laughed.

“I shall take my leave now, Father.”

“Where will you go?”

“Back home, of course.”

So Marko de Poloshirt mounted their horse. The horse disappeared. When the horse disappeared, the world shifted, and Kolsti was in London.

Kekket, Dubs, and the MMD stood waiting. Kolsti's true target stood there, in the middle of the street.

It was Dakota.

Killing her would rake Kolsti in 1000000000000000 Post-Modern Bucks.

But would he stoop that low?

Probably.

“The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra Presents: Kolsti's Adventure in the Everglades: A Novella” Review - by Elliot Rodger's ghost

It occurred to all of them that the legacy of totalitarianism in a Tundra was fucking with them. Fucking with them endlessly. fucking them in the ass. All of history can be described as a massive fucking in the ass, Michel Foucault had said that; and when Deleuze heard him say it he sperged everywhere and created entire schools of postmodern thought out of the sea of his sperm. (Sidenote: it has been a verified fact that the size of a man's penis is inversely proportional to his evolution as a human being. Friedrich Nietzsche's dong was the size of a small carrot, while Deleuze's was the size of a small car). History is an assfucking from which I am trying to awake, Kolsti thought, as he sat in his psilocybin induced stupor. Drop shrooms they said, it'll make you a better writer they said. Well here he was, caught in another metanarrative from which he was highly unlikely to ever escape from. Breathing toxic fumes in the back of his dad's car. Seducing Anna Karenina with a vibrator and a pink orange.

CHAPTER XX OR: ON HOW [ANON] LEARNED THE POWER OF MAG MAGICAL MAGICKS

[Meanwhile] And so, [anon/protagonist] began reading this book, --such a terrible book that would bestow him such power, such power to deceive--... Written by the reincarnation of Samael Aúñ Weón, the Mexican Crowley, known also as "Special Frater K", known also as Spunkyyyyy:

LIBER CVCK: THE TESTIMONY OF THE GIGANTIC, LEVIATHAN-SCALED, MEGA FAGGOT ALEISTER CROWLEY AND FRIENDS

I. My story starts with a question: What about a shapeless mass of flesh? It will be known as the most objective THING in History. But that doesn't mean it won't be dangerous...

We gave it a baseball cap and something changed deep with it. It's blood became explosive, boiling and explosive. Its religion: Lardism.

IT'S THE MASTER OF LARDISM! A formless mass of flesh that lives and feeds in the underground: las cloacas, the anus of the city. Will we ever see it reach the main stream? This society is not prepared to witness such amount of flesh. Besides, this society is sitting on the edge (if not on the pointy joints) of a square or timecube.

INTERPRETATIVE SYMBOLIC TIME ♪ : Five scales, three broken, all without plates. Meditate on that, Siddhartha. I'm inclined to earnestly believe that the toxic stuff flees from me in the same way electrons repel electrons.

II. I have no time, I have to have. Gotta be president, everything is prohibited to me, for me it is absolutely impossible to do anything. Gotta go, I really gotta go, I want to go away, the shining of the light within has gone without, a candle I once lit, the candle I hold at the top of my head, covered with tinfoil because of all those reptile-fatales and retarded holy-motors filming paperplanes over the city. Not my city but the city of stars, the city in which the world is contained, the universe, the bullshit, the fucking of goats. Fuck goatees. HOLY SHIT THERES NO END THERES NO WAY OUT OF THIS ETERNAL DRUNKENNESS RIGHT? You know it better than me, don't you? You tell me. But actually tell me 'cause I stole some illuminati rings and I think I shouldn't have done that.

I still feel the party in my lungs. Hours-o-smoking. I was tempted by a pack of fags. If I was aware of how pathetic I am... I've seen it in the movies, holy shit I wish I was dead. This red shame, this disgusting presidential meddling is overwhelming. Three presidents have been the same person in the last 25 years. I wasted my life in 27, can't you see that? I mean, I'm in heaven now but it feels like HELL, it feels like limbo. Limbo as in "limbo, the dance", the dance of limbo bimbo, spoiled bitches, spoiled fags. Conjoined concepts; "powder toasting", "heroes of posing", "death and Freedums", "truth and movement. Truth and movement.

III. So that one wizard, he wanted to show me despair but I showed him there's no darkness, there's no pain in any language. Then I gave him, in

a glimpse, true despair to him with the power of a leer. Such is the power of a queer. I went to war in Germany, this is my rifle, them sexy rifles. Leering at them sexy rifles.

In my time in the army I didn't saw anything, so I didn't say anything. You think that's SCARAZY (scary and crazy)?: it is not. Why do you think this dance called Butoh is so horrid, so weird to you? I went out to buy some Butoh and came back with ZNS.

In my homeland the reptylan lynyrds skynyrds pull the strings, but the strings are tangled. Fuck. We have also holy-ghost-writers. They think you therefore you exist, they day-dream about you therefore you're true. And you, the "you", you-you, are always in my mind, don't worry about that. Always working so hard to NEVER tell you who to be, babe! You have to make yourself! Should have listened to the Word but you never did! You don't listen, you don't care, you don't pay attention bby, you don't understand! Why do my words, my message, never get 2 U? How am I supposed to make myself clear? How am I supposed to understand you? You're tearing me apart. Is that what you want? No? I thought so.

FINAL: NO LOOKING BACK: THE SHOWDOWN