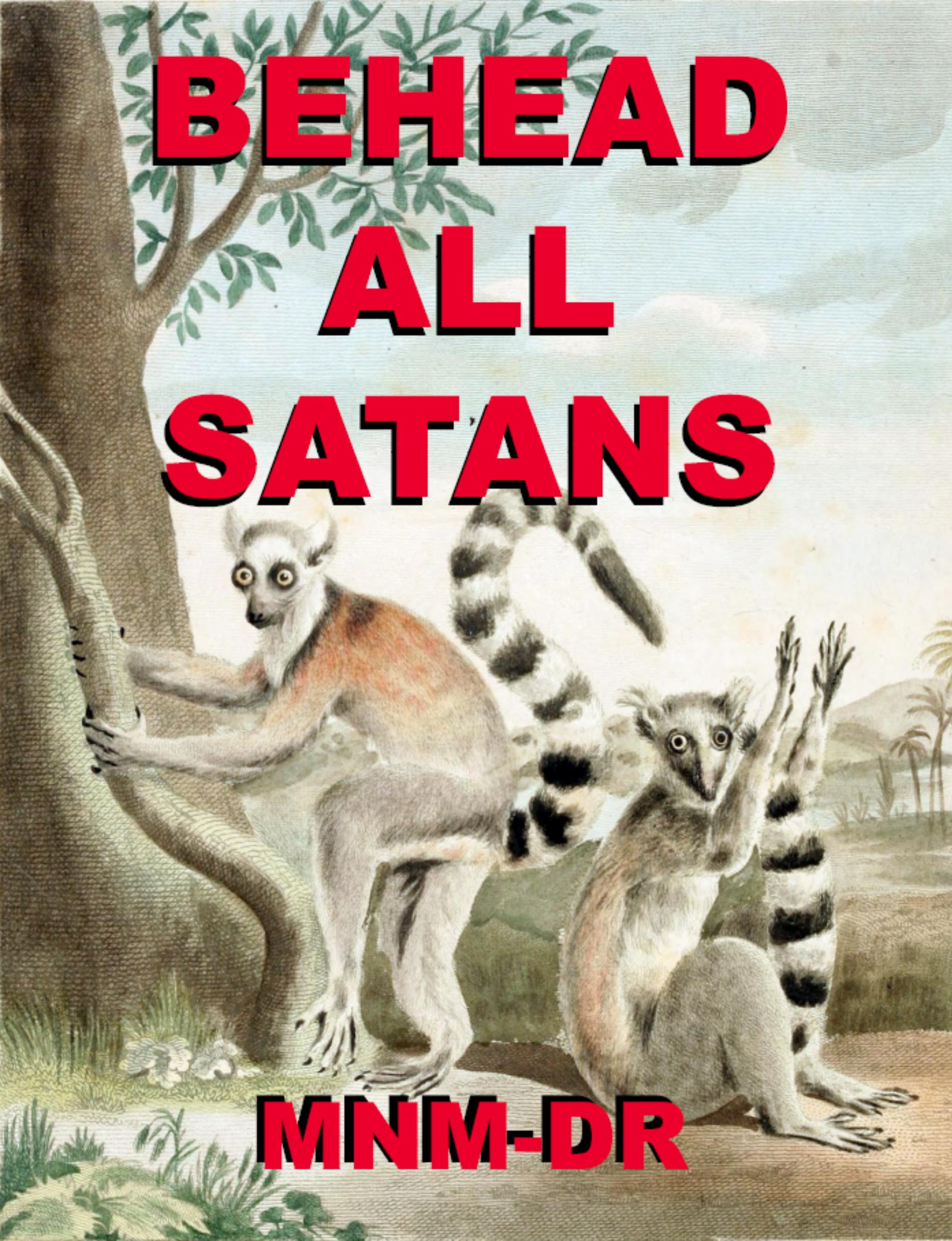


BEHEAD

ALL

SATANS



MNM-DR

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MNM-DR

This is a work of fiction. All the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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**To those who believe in exposing the lies,
this book is dedicated.**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Journals are for lonely, self-indulgent, hypocritical twats with nothing to say. Conversely, journals can be helpful, like if there's an important list you need to remember. Maybe it's a grocery shopping list, or a list of favorites, or of enemies. Sometimes it's okay to write things down in a special book for writing things down. Frank did it. So did Rodriguez. McCandless, too.

I am not a lonely, self-indulgent, hypocritical twat.

Late May, 2001, I saw Madeleine Albright waiting at a crosswalk on the 3300 block of R Street & Wisconsin Ave, Northwest. For those of you that don't know, that's Georgetown, a historic neighborhood in Washington, DC, and not a genocidal war criminal who looks like the offspring of an albino goblin and an overfed cornish hen from Middle-Earth.

Cornish Hens. I like to roast them. I will roast them.

Also: This book is not fiction. The characters and events in this book are confirmed, factual, genuine, proven, sincere and truthful. Any resemblance to the past, present, or future is not gratuitous and similarity to any actual event or character, living or dead, is not coincidental because the events and characters were taken from real-life and clearly intended by the author to set the record straight before the great upheaval chews humanity into a wad and spits it out half digested.

Monday, July 28, 2003

It's 3am in the morning and I love you. Ava, I love you. For all eternity I will love you. Did you know that? It doesn't matter. You don't have to love me back. You don't even have to be alive for me to love you. BECAUSE I LOVE YOU. And my love is greater than anything you could possibly ever give.

Happy birthday, my darling sweet Ava.

Tuesday, July 29, 2003

I'm hating people more every day. All people. All races. All ages. My reasons range from logical to petty. Too many to name, but I could if I wanted. The only thing that truly matters is taking them out and destroying their corrupt symbols of power. Their houses and buildings and factories and castles and churches and mosques and synagogues and temples and shrines and monuments. All of it, scorched earth. Afterwards, I will gleefully watch the neutered beta males and females death spiral until they fall down and stay quiet, forever. I need to make a list.

Wednesday, July 30, 2003

No matter how big, or how small, organizations are easy to infiltrate and vulnerable to sabotage. No group is immune. That includes conspiring conjoined twins.

Thursday, July 31, 2003

Lone wolves never get anything done. Even when they achieve a high score with explosives, nothing significant is accomplished. Spree kill 1000 and be remembered, sure, that is until your record gets broken, then it's back to the dust bin of history.

1000 dead fucks won't make a dent in the problem. 1000 dead fucks won't scratch the paint. Zeroes need to be added. Four more, at the very least, then you're in business. Two rockin handguns, a combat shotgun, a scoped rifle, 10,000 rounds of hollow point ammunition and a clock tower with a clear line of sight will never be an effective answer. The question needs a long term final solution.

Friday, August 1, 2003

I've decided to set the United Nations building on fire and burn it to the ground. The General Assembly building alone looks to be a giant tinder box of combustible carpeting and synthetic wood. A gallon of gasoline will go a real long way in there, if it's used intelligently.

Saturday, August 2, 2003

It turned out very fortunate for me that destiny appointed Washington, DC to be my birthplace. I just

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discovered the IMF and the World Bank are headquartered in town. Did a walk by on both and was surprised to find them right there on the street, two inconspicuous office buildings, two hives of scum and villainy, hiding in plain view, waiting to be reduced to a pile of ash.

Sunday, August 3, 2003

The IMF has two buildings. One on 19th street NW, the other on Penn Ave. The more research I do the less keen I feel about going through with this. World Bank HQ, IMF HQ1 and HQ2, these are heavily monitored installations. Plus, they all sport huge, open concept, stone or granite floored interiors with tons of transparent glass everywhere. The only structure that looks flammable on the quick is the central atrium in the World Bank.

If I had the time, I'd go top to bottom and fucking torch the place correctly. But that's not reality.

Monday, August 11, 2003

A preppy young black guy was sitting on the train with a pc laptop resting on his thighs. The narcissist, he busily tweaked his resume by moving a CU photo of himself all over the document. He caught me looking and patted the empty seat next to him like a creepy old homosexual predator. When he exited, I wanted to crack him in the back of his head. I should've. Next time I will.

Tuesday, August 12, 2003

Before and after photo portraits of citizens out and about in public. The before is of them looking really confident and full of themselves. The after is them in various states of mutilated death. Title: Street Medicine.

Wednesday, August 13, 2003

Ten years from now I hope to be a dangerous man. I want to exact vengeful, obsessive, terrifyingly hateful pain and death on strangers I have not yet met. This makes me happy, the thought that, someday, a word or indiscernible glance directed at me will be countered with a burly downwards slash or thrust upon some poor faggot's neck, and then a severing of the faggot's common carotid artery, and the torrent of thick blood that I will paint my face with. CRIMSON POWER!

Tuesday, August 19, 2003

Minding my business waiting on the platform this evening when a nasty cockeyed African bag lady scuttled up to me and gazed at my face. I walked to the other side of the platform and the nasty bitch dragged her plastic bags the entire length, stopped several feet away and continued staring at me. So I moved again. After a few minutes, the bitch started to make another run. I beelined for her.

“If you’re following me, you’re starting to piss me off.”

Without skipping a beat...

“Tough,” she said.

My adrenaline dumped and I wanted to cave her putrid skull in. Instead, I raced up the escalator, left the metro, marched a dozen or more blocks before I slowed down and walked the rest of the way home.

I could’ve kicked her in the stomach and made her puke blood. The platform was deserted, so why didn’t I kick her? You’re a coward who loves drinking from the gutter of failure. Start there.

Wednesday, August 20, 2003

In a technology absent future, a young girl teaches an ancient underground tribe of robots how to dance, then shits herself.

Thursday, August 21, 2003

A quadriplegic man robs a bank using prosthetic limbs that are manipulated by pull strings near his mouth. Outside, he drops the fake appendages and the police show up just in time to see the crippled man blow into his navigating straw, then he thoroughly shits himself.

Friday, August 22, 2003

After reading a seemingly innocent comment on an internet message board, Abe Herring accuses the author, Ricky A. Tuskenberg, of being a plagiarist, a racist, and a covert homosexual pedophile. The situation escalates when Ricky sues for defamation. With the rancid, pants-shitting walls of injustice closing all around him, Abe is forced to go on a quest to prove his accusations against Ricky are true.

Saturday, August 23, 2003

Abe Herring: Visionary, quiet achiever, defender of children.

Ricky A. Tuskenberg: Blogger, Communist, balding wimp, author of Crap Zine 666, public asexual loser, secret child molester.

Elle Odeurs: Website designer, fat whore, Ricky’s best friend.

Yass Tom Tom: Ricky’s giant, obese, scary looking East Indian friend and fellow pederast.

Sara Quickfast Tenderwater: Ricky’s young Native American lawyer.

Sunday, August 24, 2003

A pacifist renovating a remote country home becomes hell bent on finding the source of the property's ant infestation.

Monday, August 25, 2003

A lonely epileptic park ranger spends time hiking off trail in a national park known for its high suicide rate, occasionally shits himself.

Tuesday, August 26, 2003

After fifteen years in shadow, the mountain has grown larger. Tunnels. Chambers. Hell, it grows. Mount Greylock, under the mountain, the place where childhoods die and nightmares are born, it grows.

Friday, August 29, 2003

I found Ava on the internet tonight. Dumb luck. Zipping through the picture gallery of some Toronto club website, and there she was, wearing a coonskin cap. Send her a thing? Send her a thing.

Saturday, August 30, 2003

In one continuous shot: Dolly past a bunch of hot females shaving their pussies. Decorative razors match the backgrounds seen between their legs. The hip-hop artists are disembodied scaled down heads that float around the vaginas. Throw in a couple of fat, toothy North American dam beavers, for the heck of it.

Wednesday, September 3, 2003

Tonight I watched the most incredible footage: A bug eyed middle aged negress lying in a hospital bed, she's staring at a young doctor standing over her. He lifts the blanket and reveals her necrotic, bone exposed foot. A solitary maggot is parked on a chunk of black crust where her skin used to be. The young doctor walks out of the room and vomits in a hallway trash can. The camera lowers, the screen goes gray, end of tape. The universe has perfect timing.

Thursday, September 4, 2003

Got an email from Ava. "What's with the anti muppet letter?"

I shot back with a quick and simple "what?" Seconds later, she responded and we volleyed through hotmail.

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Ava: Don't be silly. Anti muppet faction? Could only be you.

Master Rapeface: the more you explain, the more confused I become.

Ava: Some fuzzy muppet nonsense. Smacks of you.

Master Rapeface: you've lost me, completely, ms ava.

Ava: Received a letter in the mail, US postage stamps, in your writing. Something about anti muppets. A stuffed animal was included to look like it had been maimed.

Master Rapeface: my word, that is weird.

Ava: I don't need for you to admit a thing. I'll just assume this was a sad cry for attention.

I'm a bit surprised at her willingness to go back and forth. What a good sport.

Friday, September 5, 2003

Kill lizards, Kill lizards, Kill MORE lizards!

You will help kill the green bastards if you do your job well.

Saturday, September 6, 2003

Had a strange dream last night.

I was holding a small fragile piece of Celine Dion's shit. It was dry and I held it carefully because I believed it was extremely valuable and it gave me a sense of security to know that if I needed to I could sell the turd for a ridiculous amount of money.

Sunday, September 7, 2003

Walking down the sidewalk this afternoon when a tall filthy homeless man stepped in front of me. With flies dropping from his breath, he asked for change and I said, "No." A tad aggressive, he whined, "I'm homeless, sir."

I just kept on walking.

Why the fuck are these dirt people singling me out? I want them all to fucking die, now. All. The young white suburban trash, and the dirty old niggers. You can all die now, please.

Are they picking up on that? Am I a pathological scowler? I need to work on my self-observational awareness.

Monday, September 8, 2003

Late at night I see them, I see the bugs. And the bugs, they want to do drugs.

Tuesday, September 9, 2003

Glory is a ripped floor board falling down an elevator shaft at the speed of light.

Wednesday, September 10, 2003

Andrew plus Morton will give the group the advantage during the competition's pepper sniffing round.

Thursday, September 11, 2003

A man working in the South Tower of the World Trade Center uses the chaos of 9/11 to get revenge on his cruel boss.

Friday, September 12, 2003

Samantha never thought twice about jabbing him in the face three times.

Saturday, September 13, 2003

When I eat your brain I crush you like a muffin. Go up your butt and pull out all the stuffin. That's inside you, yes, it's inside you. Retract the dagger, here come the poo.

Sunday, September 21, 2003

A letter to myself,

On Friday, HQN Productions threw a wrap party for 3 shows. I did not eat lunch and dinner and went early to the open bar where I got totally fucking wasted. They say never never ever get shitfaced at the dingle-dangle-tinkle-sprinkle office function. Getting shitfaced was not my intention but maybe yes it was.

I asked Julie if she was having an affair with the lowly and greasy associate producer midget, Bill. She did not appreciate the question.

Hours later, I awoke, outside, lying in a front yard, face down in my own vomit. Refreshed, I decided to go home. And as I stumbled along, a wonderful thought came to me...

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On Monday I should take the semi-automatic and kill everyone in the office.

I see myself pulling the trigger. I watch their faces explode. Their cries are lost, like their exploding faces, overpowered by relentless gunfire. Eventually, the screams would be deafening...but only during the reloading.

PS,

Please do not give this to the police.

Monday, September 22, 2003

Mrs. Crestfallen Meow, the great black-orange-eyed, periwinkle-billed platypus of the North American Eastern Seaboard, received her nourishing roots from a jaggedly protruding apparatus, which was crudely designed ten years ago, today. The apparatus contains a number of increasingly buggy cold weather flaws. Critical temperature flaws in the apparatus? Unacceptable. They will undoubtedly lead to intermittent malfunctions throughout the rest of December.

Tuesday, September 23, 2003

Know the area. Follow the steps in this area. You have set a way of doing it. You have set a way in this area. Find a way. Get by. Place them in the things that you kill.

Wednesday, September 24, 2003

A very ornate bedroom. Small. Probably a girl's bedroom. It was a girl's at one time in the past, but not now. No one sleeps here now.

There is a murmur. From the closet. The sound of murmuring can be heard.

In the closet, on a shelf, Miss Piggy is wrapped in a clear plastic zip up. It's a space bag. I think it's a space bag. Clearly, it is.

Thursday, September 25, 2003

The pencil fit neatly into the blade scrapper's bendable groove hole. Other parts must be added in order to ensure the metal will not spring, but, instead, glide out of its dispenser. All things considered and meticulously recorded, the pre-test was adequate.

The blade works! I am confident that it will make a wide line on lizard throat skin. The decapitated green noggins should be ready to mail out ahead of schedule...once the bloody damn cauterization method is perfected and standardized.

Saturday, September 27, 2003

Be a big help. The color they allow you to have is hard to see in bright light. Before work, when things are in or out, see how well it operates in the dark. Get confused by the bright light. Enjoy the color the way you like.

Wednesday, October 8, 2003

Riding my bike across the GW campus this afternoon when I detoured through a courtyard, misjudged the steps, lost control and nailed the passenger door of a fairly new compact parked on the street. No one on the sidewalk, no witnesses. I should've pedaled away...only I froze up like a bitch, and sure enough, a security guard arrived and I was trapped.

"Did you hit it," he asked.

He fucking knew. Fucking obvious dent in the door the size of an orange, plain as day. I figured that was a tactical question, one they'd use against me in court if said yes or no. So I didn't say a damn thing, and he didn't protest. We stood there looking at the damage for a few seconds, then the circus came to town. A ridiculously obese black female guard waddled on up. The male guard waited for her to stop jiggling and then he explained I hit the car with the bike. She rolled her eyes like a drama queen, like I was a day player in her sitcom from the late eighties. I bet some of the funniest scenes happen when she visits the old flirty Hispanic guy at the neighborhood check-cashing rathole. They're always yelling their dialogue because the bulletproof glass is so damn frickin thick!

Then she axed me for ID. I calmly told her I didn't have any, and in a blink, her tiny eyes became wide pudgy fudgy donuts...

"Wha? You ain't got no ID? Why you ain't got no ID? He ain't got no ID. You gonna be a John Doe. He gonna be a John Doe."

Hungry hippo of color went on and on and on. Thankfully, a white ginger male in his early-mid twenties exited the building across the street and approached us. The dented compact's soulless owner. I said that I worked part time at the Tenleytown Starbucks. When I told them, in addition to not having any identification, I didn't own a cell phone, oh how they stared like fucking horns were coming out of my head.

Told them my name was David Banner and that I lived with my mother at 8435 Roanoke Drive, NW. They asked for a phone number and I gave them the old Toronto loft with a 202 area code. They could have tried to call right then and there. They didn't. Lazy faggots.

Thursday, October 9, 2003

there is a time to kill yourself
i'll put it in the book
i'll write it down so that you'll know to remember the way you wanted us to go

i don't wanna go with you
i told you once before
i'm done with that
let's go together, you said
it'll be fun
blood is clever
it likes to run and run and run

Saturday, October 11, 2003

I have a knack for putting it all together.
I have a way of putting it all together.
Find the time to rule the time.
Teeth fall out, but then they grow again.

Monday, October 13, 2003

Toward the blinking object. That must happen. Has worked. It is working always. Because they are gone, a slot of false memory complicates the problem. Set an amount of time on the blinking object.

Tuesday, October 14, 2003

Hammy was a hamster. He lived in the attic, Korean Embassy. He played little games with the visiting Chinese. It wasn't fair. Looked in the attic, but Hammy wasn't there. Where did he go? Did anybody know? The Lebanese said what the Japanese said what the Taiwanese said what the Cantonese said. Hammy was a hamster.

Wednesday, October 15, 2003

Dear sirs,

It has come to my attention that certain members on the Board of Keepers for Junior CEOs, co-stockholders, rogue traders, corporate raiders, and manufacturers of Proclement Ointment, a Digital Sleep to Station subsidiary, distributor, provider, owner, and product vetoer of all merchant properties indicated above the aforementioned items, companies and persons, are held by contractual agreements, all rights, world wide, in perpetuity.

Thursday, October 16, 2003

Dirty motherfucker crawling onto your bed
Four different ways you can rip off his head
Stab, punch, kick

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Drive a nail through the nuts
But the only way to kill him is to give him a fuck

Rape to Tape (x 4)
Play button on your asshole
(yeah yeah)
Play button on your asshole
(yeah yeah)
Play button on your asshole

Rewind a fuckin face that's givin you shit

Friday, October 17, 2003

I check underneath the bed every time you see something queer.
I check underneath the side, that's screwed, my dear.
I saw you crawl...I saw you puke...and cool.
There is a hump.
There is a fuck.
A mule.

No one can stop me.
They see my bones...and cool.
A paper scrub.
A pussy scrub.
A fuck you. YOU!!!!!!

Monday, October 20, 2003

Incredible. Just feeling so completely incredible right now. Took a chance and called Ava long distance from work. She was in a good mood, drinking ginger ale, and we talked for almost two hours. She's taking tv/film courses at Sheridan. She sounded very excited about all of it and talked a lot about the short film she directed (on betacam sp, but whatever) that apparently turned out really well.

I like that she did most of the talking. Her voice kills me. Hushed and sleek, with a slight touch of Canadian, with a hint of another ingredient...Maybe the old country? No, I can't place it. I guess it's better off unknown.

Told her about my assistant editor, health and science, stripped down programming gig and she seemed genuinely impressed. "But," she added, "eventually you really need to get into some narrative." I agreed and said I was content for now to be holding a steady job and working on screenplays in my spare time. Then she kinda dropped a bomb...

Tom is actually going to make Bliss. He finally got NFBC and SODEC money for a version of the script Nathan wrote. Perfect. It fucking figures. There's a website and everything with a downloadable

screenplay, so I'll have to check it out. Dread, dread.

She asked if I was still drawing my little drawings.

"Of course," I said. "I manage to doodle something gay almost every day."

She laughed and that's when I decided to end the conversation. Leave her feeling happy and maybe wanting more. Maybe. Hopefully.

Wednesday, October 22, 2003

Just read Bliss. It's like a Y-tv afterschool special, with no laughs, no message, shit plot and plenty of African swift dick buttrape AIDS. 4 years, lord only fucking knows how many drafts, and that's the best they can do. Amazing. I distinctly remember Nathan, like every time I saw him, bugging me about how our draft didn't have a story -sort of the fucking point, by the by, it was supposed to be an ecstasy fueled drug fantasy time capsule, you fucking hack!

Tom had just seen American Beauty, or The Sixth Sense, or whatever, and was being all gay fag about it by jumping on the "but what's the story" bandwagon.

Pee yew. Their chortling abortion is gonna stink up the joint so bad.

Saturday, October 25, 2003

Went over Bliss with a mean red pen and marked the shit out of it. I don't know why. It's pointless faggotry. He recycled the basic structure Ava and I were forced to develop and then shat his diarrhea on top. There's a new, flat, one-dimensional character every two pages and Jordan still ends up a rotten spoiled cunt. Might be salvageable if it had some actual funny moments of piss your pants comedy. There's nothing there but empty old man dogshit masquerading as youth culture dogshit. They should be embarrassed, but I guess they'd need an inkling of reality for that to happen. Clueless old fucks, it's pointless dogshit faggotry. Pointless dogshit faggotry by decrepit old losers. And this got excreted by the geezer who said I would "never write a good screenplay."

Nice work, Nathan. Fucking bastion of suck.

He needs to take out his dentures and kill himself. He needs to go shopping for a coffin, that's what he motherfucking needs to do.

Tuesday, October 28, 2003

You're good. You're very very good. Visiting Ava in Toronto for the weekend. Didn't want to appear presumptuous, so I got a room at the Hilton on Richmond St. The plan is to be well dressed, funny, charming, and to pay for absolutely everything. Let the healing begin. DO NOT FUCK THIS UP!

Sunday, November 2, 2003

Things went better than expected. We spent the night in my hotel room and then packed it all up and went to her place in the morning. She's got a bland yet cozy efficiency at the corner of King St West and something. Watched her short, "four." Cute and film schoolish is the best way to describe it. I don't know about the scene where the kid shows his dick to the girls, but that's typical Ava, she's a good old fashioned repressed pervert. We played the number game. I got 5 out of 10 and she got 6 out of 10. Three years apart and our link remains strong as ever.

We left things open and honest. She knows how I feel. I just gotta figure out a way to get back to Canada and make shit stick.

Do not contact her for at least a week or so. No emails or phone calls. Don't want to come off clingy and desperate. Patience. Let this excellent healing germinate for a while. I'm proud of you.

Monday, November 3, 2003

I like to yodel in the sunshine.
I'd rather whistle in the dark.
The daffies come up after raintime.
You've got super hearty heart.
The sky is blue and so are you.
And if I am you, shouldn't I be blue too?
It's a picnic afternoon.
Farty fart fart.

Wednesday, November 5, 2003

Delaware lived in a giant redwood tree with the world's oldest living purple squirrel, Cambert Kayhawk, age 8 and one half years.

Thursday, November 6, 2003

The difference can be found through acceptance, courage, wisdom and some profound laughter. So then, there is no longer room for mandatory politeness.

Friday, November 7, 2003

a belief can do everything, forever.
go home, instead?
just kill like me, never.
or, please, question red.
suppose the umpteenth vendetta.

whisper xenophobe, you zillionaire.
a belief can do everything, forever.
but you should go home, instead.

Saturday, November 8, 2003

sight is the sum of our eyes and ears
in real imagination
real imagination?
do we need them, the two?
jaws crushed
arms cut off
yellow teeth split
real imagination
we need them
we do

Sunday, November 9, 2003

Saw "Birth Defects Too Hot For TV" the other day. I cracked open the VHS cassette, unspooled the video tape, cut it up into sections and broiled a little, every night, for seventeen days. Took me nine beers to digest the part about Hiroshima.

Monday, November 10, 2003

With his eyepiece he touched the cat who did not need to breathe.

Tuesday, November 11, 2003

Tape placed over the legs of a million box turtles is impossible, profoundly absurd, and cruel. But, if triumphant, the feat shall transform the ordinary novice retard into an intermediate flunky.

Wednesday, November 12, 2003

Silicone killed an elderly man in Northern California. He drank a can of hinge lubricant, licked the residue off his fingers and prayed for the product to fix his reproductive organs. A few minutes later, his breasts exploded. He fell to the ground without making a squeak.

Friday, November 14, 2003

My skin joined the Nazi coffee mug. My hair became the vapor of a child's dying breath. Both attributes

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were very, very, very grateful to be promoted up the ranks of such an underwhelming genocide.

Saturday, November 15, 2003

Finally called Ava. I emailed her the Henry & Sally script this afternoon, like we talked about, and I really just wanted to make sure she fucking received it.

She answered the phone and I said “hey,” and that’s when she said...“Don’t call me ever again.”

I asked her what was wrong and she replied, “I’m seeing someone.”

Before I could say anything, she hung up. I’m staring at this beautiful deathweapon. I won’t use it. Too quick. Too painless. Slit her throat and chop off her head? Slit her throat and chop off her head. Stab her in the arms and legs first, try not to puncture any arteries, let her know she’s dying, then decapitate that selfish cunt. That’s where it’s at. It’s you.

Wednesday, November 19, 2003

Ava, my love, my heart, you’ve got such an insatiable vagina for disrespect, it’s only a matter of time before I fingerbang it into pulpy submission.

She won’t answer my calls, won’t respond to emails. I will keep trying. Keep trying and trying and trying and trying.

Friday, November 21, 2003

Fire is top notch. It really really really really is.

Saturday, November 22, 2003

Bought a 12 ounce squeeze bottle of Ronsonol lighter fluid and placed it in a ziplock bag to prevent leakage. I put it in my backpack along with two butane lighters.

Wednesday, November 26, 2003

It happened. It happened because I wanted it to happen.

Got out of work early and decided to walk. I walked from Bethesda to Woodley Park, was about go over the bridge, when I crossed the street and wandered into Adams Morgan. I entered a basement bar near the intersection. There were five or six people huddled around pool tables, but no one at the bar, so that’s where I went. I got served by a racially ambiguous girl flaunting a colorful upper chest tattoo of Minnie Mouse surrounded by butterflies. She was pretty annoyed because I kept staring at it. Bitch

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tried to move as far away from me as she could without leaving her post.

So I drank my beer, motioned to the prude bitch, she refilled my glass and set it down. I turned and glanced at the empty section of the bar for several seconds, then someone bumped me. Looked to my left and witnessed a man grabbing my drink, about to walk away with it.

“Hey,” I said.

He stopped and faced me. Swayingly drunk, pasty white bar trash. His eyes were black and dead. The blackest, deadest eyes.

“That’s mine.”

He stood there all blank and dead eyed. Then, the very next second, it’s like someone flipped a switch and he came to life.

“How are you feeling,” he said.

Caught off guard, I barely managed to utter a homosexual and clearly intimidated “what?”

“How are you feeling,” he repeated.

“Fine,” I said.

A boozy shiteating grin rippled across his mouth.

“Me too,” he responded.

He set my pint on the counter and walked back to the pool tables. I quickly drank it down and left, stood near the corner and paced around for almost two hours, until finally, the white trash exited the bar. When I realized he was by himself, my adrenaline released and I felt like delivering a running dropkick to his spine.

I followed and watched him stagger down a couple of blocks. He turned into an alley and cornered down the access alley stumbling forward looking for something behind the restaurants and bars. His shitty car, parked illegally beside a dumpster, of course. How fitting. How perfect.

He fished out his keys, climbed inside, lit a cigarette and took one drag before flicking it on the ground. Then he was still. He just sat there with the door wide open. 5 or 6 or 7 minutes went by and he hadn’t moved a muscle. 10 minutes. 15.

I took off my pack, slowly unzipped it, removed the lighter fluid and one of the butane igniters. I carefully approached him. The paranoia tip toed right up my back the closer I got. I had flashes that he was playing possum and just waiting for me to get close. But he never attacked. I stood before him and joyfully discovered that he had passed the fuck out.

I took my time, emptied half the bottle on him and wetted some of the seat’s upholstery. I put the bottle

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back in the ziplock and secured my pack. Then the moment of truth. Sweet truth. I lit the belly edge of his shirt...and yes, tonight I achieved human fireball.

He woke up instantly.

I hurried away from the alley and popped out onto 18th. Even while I crossed the street, I heard him flailing wildly and screaming that high pitched primal monkey scream left over from the ancient times.

I walked up the street and headed towards the metro. And as I did, I became aware that my dick was rock hard and throbbing. It stayed that way until about Gallery Place. My body feels like I'm never going to need sleep ever again. Fuck. My eyes are wide open. The worm has definitely turned.

Saturday, November 29, 2003

Purchased a lovely brand new heavy duty 16 oz steel curved-claw rip hammer. The kit is getting pretty respectable.

Sunday, November 30, 2003

Journeyed epically far to the north east today, all the way out to shitkicking bumblefuck Glen Burnie. Now the proud owner of four 10 round extensions and 200 rounds of Winchester .45 ACP 230 grain FMJ.

Monday, March 8, 2004

Farside Productions hired me. The shop is right next to the Dupont Circle metro and should take less than 40 minutes to commute. 20, if I ride my bike like a demon with the shits. My official title is senior assistant editor.

The place was a ghost town. Suites haven't been built. Met the production manager and the supervising producer. Word on the street is that Farside has a golden ticket relationship with Discovery. So maybe this gig will go on for a good long while and hopefully lead to something interesting and not the same boring fucking monotonous repetitive crap?

Monday, June 7, 2004

Disturbing interaction this morning with one of the assistant designers, Debra. She baby stepped into my room and tried to chat me up, then she asked if I could put together a dvd reel of her "best bits so far." I've only seen her on video, and that sucks, but forcing myself to maintain eye contact so painfully goddamn live and up close with that sunken wrinkled catcher's mitt she calls a face...Well, it was brutal while it lasted.

She's gotta be early or middle 40s, and clearly the bitch is going through a mid-life crisis: She was

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dressed like a flashy high schooler on the Disney Channel. Try harder, oldass desperada. And stupid looking. Horn rimmed glasses, Ichabod Crane face, Michael Jackson man hands. Worst of all, she speaks in a high pitched, shrill voice. It's kinda jewy. No, it's actually a lot jewy. She's a mutant. How exactly did they decide she would be a good choice for on-camera talent? Doesn't make any sense. Anyway, I think Debra might be molesting her 11 year old son.

In a bid for sympathy and free labor, she jerked the wheel and launched into the details of her son's appendectomy, explaining the surgery went extremely fast because he didn't have any excess body fat around his stomach. Looking right into my eyes, she took a couple of very fucking deliberate beats of silence, and, in what can only be described as sexual, she said the word "Tasty."

Tasty? Fucking tasty? Was she talking about a creme brulee? No, she was talking about her pre-teen boy. What the fuck is wrong with people?

Not about to rock the boat, so I said yes to her dvd reel. She gave me a weird business card that was blank on both sides and coated in a high white gloss. She said I would need to use a coin to scratch off the card to reveal her information. I thought she was joking and waited for her to laugh. Instead she produced a dime and rubbed the glossy white until some text appeared.

I said, "Cool," like a real convincing enthusiastic dildo. But seriously, how much did that unnecessary gay shit cost?

Tuesday, July 6, 2004

Remember this. Remember right now, at this very moment in time, your life is shit and poop dull. Kill me.

Monday, July 26, 2004

Cute Australian accountant started at the office today. She even has a fancy porn star name...Madison Rook. Her fat ass was booming in those booming ass indigo blue jeans!

Nice set, too.

Thursday, August 12, 2004

Taking Madison to dinner on Saturday. I'm thinking the Paper Moon.

Saturday, August 14, 2004

Madison is a fucktwat. You don't need to bring your two fatass, boring and fatass, pig nosed girlfriends along for protection. We fucking work together, stupid bitch. Turns out she's not cool. Turns out she's a loud obnoxious drunk with an awful yuck-yuck laugh. Turns out Queensland is the motherfucking

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West Virginia of Australia. We were not in a bar. We were not in a club. Oh no. We were in a decent, clean, moderately priced restaurant...and strangers were shushing her, like a gaggle of fucking librarians, they shushed her, a grown ass woman, she was that goddamn loud.

I'm glad I left. She's gotta be the most inauthentic cunt I have ever met. Someone should permanently remove her tits. I think it might do some good, teach her to shut the fuck up and let other people talk.

Thursday, August 19, 2004

Cancer on the metro this morning in the form of a goofy old 50 something white bitch holding a stupid looking gourmet cake with absolutely no fucking protective covering.

16,000+ homicides in the United States every year. Please let her be one of them.

Sunday, August 22, 2004

Ava has a friendster page. She's got one photo of herself. It's b&w and she's standing outside in the middle of winter dressed like a haute couture ice queen. She's next to an exact copy of herself with the help of photoshop. I signed up and asked her to be my friend. She hasn't responded yet.

Wednesday, September 8, 2004

Such amazing amazingness. I really want to skip to the end, but that wouldn't be fair. Would it?

11pmish. Heading home on the train and who do I spot quietly sitting in the next railcar? Plasticbags hobo bitch. She got off at Metro Center and I felt compelled to follow. Bitch herked and jerked to the lower level and waited for the orange and blue. Couldn't tell which direction she was going cuz she kept pacing around with all her shit.

She boarded the train to Vienna. I got on a separate car and stood at the emergency door and never took my eyes off the crazyass filthy bitch. She exited at Foggy Bottom and so did I. Followed her up the escalator and out the station, past GW, Triangle Park, then right along side the Kennedy Center. She crossed the street and started on the bike path next to the river. It looked like she was going beyond the Water Gate, but she stepped off the path and approached a wooded area. Then a voice spoke to me.

A very real, very clear voice said, "do it, do it, do it, do it." The clear voice belonged to Mark David Chapman, from his interview with Barbara Walters.

Before I knew it I'd slung my backpack around and the claw hammer was in my hand. Not a jogger or bike rider in sight. There were groups of vehicles motoring down the parkway...but they quickly passed, leaving me and hobo bitch all alone. She made a sharp left and began negotiating her garbage into the bushes. My cock became a mighty Roman column and that's when the universe whispered in my ear:

Clobber that bitch.

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I struck her on the top of the head. Maybe not as hard as I would have liked. I think because I felt like a spectator, like it wasn't me, but I was watching me. The blow fully penetrated her diseased afro and cracked her skull with such dramatic effect, it was the kind of novelty audio you remember for life.

Without turning, she clutched the top of her head and simply, comically, flopped into the woods and disappeared. I couldn't believe it, it was too much like a dream. The foliage sucked her in like a natural garbage disposal. No screams. No moans. But she's in there, somewhere. Probably dying. Possibly dead.

I walked along the path back towards the Kennedy Center and threw the hammer into the Potomac. How convenient! I felt warm and fuzzy all the way home. I feel warm and fuzzy right now, it's like I've been drinking. I feel so right. That hammer crack was the perfect response. The perfect response. That's how you deal with bugs, you squash them.

I made a wonderful memory tonight. A beautiful memory. Even as I write these words, I'm replaying the head strike, embracing it, laughing with it. Her cracked nigger skull is my new long lost best friend.

Friday, September 17, 2004

Periodically checking the Bliss website is usually a sad, lame, fruitless, stupid fuckass endeavor...But what do you know, they've got an official trailer and screening dates.

Watched the largest qt. It's all downspeed motion blurs with slow dips to black and then pounding soundtrack. There were glimpses of normal speed shots, but they didn't look cinematic at all. That's what you get for going boring HD. 800,000 CAD budget, buddy, you could've gone 35mm with a doable shooting ratio. Bad Tom. Bad.

Saturday, September 18, 2004

Emailed Tom and congratulated him on completing Bliss. I told him that he made a big impression on me...

Ever since age 18, making a proper movie was something I always imagined myself doing. Before then, I didn't have any real interests or direction. You gave me an opportunity, the brass ring seemed to be dangling right in front of my face. In the beginning it was serendipitous the way things unfolded, but at the same time it felt like fate and I deserved a big pot of gold. I apologize for being so damn arrogant and acting the way I did. I really fucked it all up. Not because of my ideas, but because of my inability to express those ideas in a non-dick way. Communication is by far the most valuable skill a person can have.

Tom, I'm sorry for everything. And I really wish I'd asked you more questions, but I was too young and stupid and lazy to realize just how special my circumstances were. I still consider you my friend and I really hope you feel the same.

Pass the barf bag, s'il vous plaît...and take the bait, aborted Ewok fuckface!

Sunday, September 19, 2004

Tom completely forgives me, wants me to visit him and Evonne and their kid. I replied that I was very busy with my TV job and would try to free something up for a weekend sometime in the near future. I asked if it was alright to get a dvd of Bliss and he responded: Of course, man!

Faggots are so dumb with their two button combinations. I should've asked for the money the faggot owes me. He got paid. Nathan got paid. 3 drafts, faggot! Where's mine, faggot? He's a fucking dickhead asshole fucking double dog faggotass faggot retard faggot!

Tuesday, September 28, 2004

When I got home there was a padded envelope waiting for me. Bliss had arrived. Turned off the lights, got comfortable, popped it in. I stopped it after a minute. It's fucking trash. I broke out the 1911 for a cleaning, pressed play, and 78 minutes later, man, I don't know...800K for that rookie clown shit?

Goddamn, I just feel absolutely vindicated.

People say Canadians are apathetic and gentle. I say, yes, yes they are, when they're waiting in line. They excel, sure, if you're talking the music scene in Montreal, or the smack needle HIV junkie scene in Vancouver. But their cinema, it blows donkey dick. Seems like they never want to work on anything that has commercial potential. Ever. I don't know where the resistance comes from. It probably has a lot to do with the grants. Losers. Subsidizing the arts and expecting a competitive result is crazy.

Whatever. Social tinkering like that always blows the fuck up.

Tuesday, January 10, 2006

Ava is on Myspace. She's taken up the alias "spectercanine." I sent her a bunch messages to add me. Whistling in the dark. She continues to act as though I don't exist.

She wants people to know that she's a "lover of humanity, unsuccessful concealer of boho tendencies, and an all around barrel of monkeys." And she claims she wants to meet "free thinkers, movers, shakers, bon vivants, paradoxes, provocateurs, and you."

There are two photos on her page:

The first is a full profile shot. She's wearing black tights, a black long sleeve turtle neck, five inch open face heels, also black, with ankle straps. Like a human crab, she's bending backwards over a stack of thin white cushions that are piled 11 high. Her flat stomach is exposed and the outline of her right nipple is perfect against the beige background wall as she braces the floor with both hands. Her head is several inches off the parquet, but her hair never touches it. The back of her hair is disheveled.

The second photograph is a black and white medium close up of her wearing a dark feathered fedora. Someone off camera, to the right of the frame, just their nose, lips, and chin, is kissing her on the top

part of her cheek. I can't tell if it's a man or a woman. His/her age is indeterminate...but if I had to guess, I'd say middle aged.

Copy and pasted Ava's Myspace url into google. The only result, a link back to her page labeled "spectercanine on Myspace."

All emails sent to avalala@hotmail.com immediately bounce back "delivery status notification failure."

Searching her full name still only brings up her imdb page, and that leads nowhere. A real credit to her moniker. Stealthy.

Friday, January 13, 2006

Excavating Ava's Montreal/Toronto Myspace friends and coming up empty...that is until I found a guy named Tren. He's a music video director in Toronto, works for a production house called "ADK FILMS."

There was a post from spectercanine on his comments wall that said "Your friends are really cool."

The post had an accompanying photo labeled "dinner at tren's."

In the photo, two thin white homosexual males, mid to late twenties, are standing in a kitchen wearing nothing but tiny aprons. One of them has a hideous short rooster fauxhawk, dyed dark red. They appear to be preparing a meal.

Right clicked the image and selected "open link in new window" and viewed the photo again, this time in Photobucket.

Clicking on "queneau231's album" transported me to a Photobucket page with 5 pics.

1. "lemur_small" Close up of a wide eyed lemur looking straight down the barrel of the camera.
2. "backwards1" That 11 stack cushion thing, by itself on the parquet floor right next to the beige wall.
3. "bathroomparty" A tiled bathroom wall with an oval shaped mirror. Ava is taking a picture using the mirror's reflection. She's standing behind two girls in their late twenties, they're hamming it up. The girl on the left is very beautiful even though her eyes are closed.
4. "nuts" A rat's ass and scrotum on full display. There's a timecode burn-in at the bottom of the frame.
5. "hatfriend4" Close up of Ava, her mouth made up in Geisha style red lipstick, wearing a silver and black fur hat that wraps around her chin and cheeks. Her lips, nose, and stunning almond shaped green eyes are the only features visible.

Hatfriend all you want, babe. You still look like a Russian prima.

Saturday, October 7, 2006

I'm a fucking idiot stooge. Don't know why I didn't think of it before...Today I had the idea to google queneau231 mixed with various email extensions. Typed in queneau231@hotmail.com and hit the enter key. 1 result...

queneau231@hotmail.com, Canada - spectercanine

Then I tried queneau231@gmail.com...

queneau231@gmail.com - queneau231 - photo & video sharing - Photobucket

Just like that, the trail is warm again. Tried yahoo and aol. No dice.

Time to get serious. Seriously.

Sunday, October 8, 2006

I'm tempted to use the new email addresses. Can't do that, I have to resist the tickling itch. She might freak out and disappear again. Why, Ava? Why are you doing this to me? You're such a headache to deal with. I need to be patient and wait for her to get nice and comfortable and sloppy joe. The more intelligence I gather, the readier I'll be. And when I'm ready, I will take my bloody fucking reward.

Wednesday, October 25, 2006

Sometimes life is a movie.

For months I've been trying different password combos on her Photobucket page and getting nowhere. I stopped trying. I quit. I gave up. And that break is precisely why I'm back on track to rape her face...Because yesterday, like a blue bolt to my head, yesterday I remembered and it was glorious.

Back in the day while writing the script, she would sometimes let me use her laptop, "Junior." Forever a psychotic paranoid freak, she gave it a rubber duckie master password: "quack"

So I typed in "quack," and nothing. A five digit password is too small. Websites usually require 6 or more characters. So fuck it, I doubled up, entered "quackquack"

Party time. When I realized I was in, when it actually registered, my heart started beating so fast, I signed out and went to the kitchen for a glass of water. I then promptly raced to the toilet and took the most frictionless shit that's ever been taken in the developed world. I went back into the kitchen and drank three Coronas in quick succession to calm the fuck down. Ready, I saddled up to the computer and logged into a brave new dystopian world of psychological operations, cyberworm edition.

Photobucket personal information:

username: queneau231
password: quackquack
First name: Newton
Last name: Eyeshadow
Email: queneau231@gmail.com
Birthday: May 8, 1981 (she fucking wishes)
Country: Argentina

Not very exciting and full of lies. Where in the damn hell were the salacious tidbits? I waited till after 1am and moved on to her Myspace, tried quackquack...and it worked. Salacious tidbits?

Myspace personal information:

Date of birth: June 5, 1912 (whoa, nelly!)
Country: Canada
contact address: queneau231@hotmail.com
display name: spectercanine

Most of her inbox messages are the standard, cutesie, "be my friend" "add me" type that always consist of fake, one-liner tipsy filler dogshit replies, from both parties, that go on for days. However, I did manage to find some morsels of drama to chew on and quickly transcribed the meaty, juicy tribbles into my notebook.

"If you put it on the internet, it's there forever," they say. Internet. Myspace? Forever? They are paunchy slewtarded gayfags that should be bludgeoned to death.

spectercanine

i'm in canada, have been here for over 20 yrs. other than pictures and writing...i'm writing right now. a catalogue. taglines. i also direct, though it often feels like i should follow that with "in theory" b/c it's been very very slow.

spectercanine

i'm good. i've taken to waking up at silly hours like 5:30 and 6 and driving around with a coffee and heavy metal and then going for long walks wearing an army parka, hood up. i am battling insomnia and ADD either caused by or in reaction to a writing project i'm trying to put to bed. a few weeks ago my pastime was drinking heavily and laughing a lot. there were regular sleep patterns involved. i liked then better than now.

spectercanine

just remember, when you're fucking the dog don't let the condom slip off like it did at the drum circle.

why don't you do some exec. prodding and get me some gigs already?

Tren

oh i got gigs for you...let me make some calls...can you do handstands?

spectercanine

don't know if you noticed in my extensive friend list, but my friend josh, who is one of the nicest, funniest mofos i know, runs a hiphop label in montreal. mostly intelligent, with a conscience kind of music. if you want me to make a smooth ADK reach-out.

Tren

why arent you doing his videos?

spectercanine

k...the long version:

i hooked up w/a small prod. co. in berlin, got along with the EP, left it with, yeah we'll get you writing on videos, budgets are small, maybe have to throw your rate to airfare and etc...fine, cool. didn't expect to hear from them.

last week i get an email: they've got me pitching on a global 45 sec spot for coke, through stuttgart and thompson...what?! it's a total wank, they're shotgun spraying and getting all their directors to pitch, people like psycho and magi donna get these gigs, i know i'll never get it...the point is continued good relations w/ the prod co.

so:
the brief i got asked for a ballpark budget on the pitch. if i give you a quick run-down on my concept do you think you can give me a rough idea of what it costs?

the thing is due monday euro time, so i want to submit tomorrow so please give me a texty either yay or nay?

thanks, daddy.

Tren

oh fuck i did read that..im sorry av..what happened with it?

spectercanine

douche move not responding to my plea for help on coke pitch. there, it's out of my system. we can be friends again.

Tren

help on coke pitch? whatchoo talkin bout willis?

spectercanine

really? don't even. this here myspace has a sent folder that lets you see if people read your messages. just agree that i'm a sweet lemur and that you douched and we are friends again.

Tren

i have no fucking clue what you're talking about.

spectercanine

i went to a dinner party last night where a super couple were superpeople and their baby was superboy. one of the guests was also superman. is the world ending? is everyone gearing up to save it?

Tren

why are you so angry?

spectercanine

do you have an invisibility cloak?

Tren

i was in my office..not hiding..don't bicker at me with your rudeness.

spectercanine

knowing tren read that email and didn't respond makes me want to send more annoyed emails.

Sam

In Tren's defense, he has been terribly busy, we've done four vids in two weeks. But yeah, it don't take much to write an email. He's like that. I'm not sure if Rick or Jamie read it.

Hopefully you aren't giving up directing altogether. I miss working with you quite a bit.

Thursday, January 25, 2007

SHE LIVES!!!!

Plastic bags is alive! On my way home and she scampered onto the train holding, what else, a dozen hundred year old shopping bags. She plopped down in the rear of the railcar and I immediately got up and approached her. She never even noticed when I stopped a couple of feet away and stared at her for a good minute, she was too busy looking at that dark void beyond the window.

“Excuse me,” I said.

She turned and looked at me. No recognition. Nothing. I must’ve been just another honkey crackerass whitey. I guess we all look alike, so I took off my hat and locked in on her dead, ghoulish eyes...

“I was just wondering...”

Then I gently knocked on the top of my skull and said...

“How’s your head doing?”

Those dead eyes got so huge, so fast, like an expanding cartoon actress about to explode. I laughed out loud like a hyena. It was completely involuntary. That’s never happened before.

No time to really enjoy it though because she started screaming and thrashing like...well, like a crazy woman. Perfection. That woke all the late night metro snoozers right the fuck up. My timing was a little off, still had 30 or 40 seconds before the next station. I expeditiously stepped through to the next car, walked all the way to end of it and hopped off as soon as the doors opened. What a riot. I thought she was deader than zombie cock.

Sunday, January 28, 2007

Ava Baden Jasnik

Born: July 28, 1974 (9:50pm)

Bratislava, Slovak Republic (formerly Czechoslovakia)

Spiritual Name: Atmajeet Kaur/Princess Lioness of God

Email addresses:

queneau231@gmail.com	(facebook, sockpuppet, locked)
jasnik.ava@gmail.com	(primary, locked)
ava.jasnik.ttd@gmail.com	(no idea, locked)
thirtyinseven@gmail.com	(sockpuppet, locked)
badenprime@gmail.com	(sockpuppet, locked)
lemur@berlin.com	(primary, locked)
queneau231@hotmail.com	(sockpuppet, semi-abandoned, password still ok)

Accessible websites:

myspace.com (quackquack)
imdb.com (quackquack)
indastro.com (quackquack)
bebo.com (quackquack)
photobucket.com (quackquack)
vimeo.com (quackquack)
dailymotion.com (quackquack)
last.fm (quackquack)
pollyanna.com (quackquack)

dior.com (quackquack)
vogue.com (quackquack)
versace.com (quackquack)
my-wardrobe.com (quackquack)
americanapparel.com (quackquack)
purple.fr (quackquack)
ebay.com (quackquack)
paypal.com (quackquack)
telus.com (quackquack)
appleone.com (quackquack)
chemistry.com (quackquack)
okcupid.com (quackquack)
eharmony.com (quackquack)
match.com (quackquack)
jdate.com (quackquack)

Ava's living in sunny Los Angeles and trying to make a go of the whole writer/director thing. Yeah, then there's the world as it truly is: She's bouncing around office buildings, temping.

I rather enjoyed her resume mantra of the dead:

I have strong administrative experience, and a calm and friendly personality. I would like to do temp work. While a lot of my previous work is in creative fields and involves writing, I have strong organizational skills. I speak French.

Getting out of bed must be difficult. No more time to dream, my functional serf, my poor aggrieved lemur. She's the type who walks around thinking she has something unique to give, even though she's accomplished fuckall, if only someone with money and resources and development deals and assorted connections would look past her weak show reel and just give her a chance. The sad neurotic bushbaby is confusing her non-existent pride with misplaced ambition. Misplaced ambition, and no work ethic to back it up. She's kinda like Lee Harvey Oswald, before JFK, only lazier and fuckable.

Throughout this difficult time my Ava has tried, unsuccessfully, of course, to play the field. She even started a blog to track her progress. The idea was that she'd go on thirty dates in seven months and write about the experience. She bailed on the project after 4 lousy attempts. Maybe it's true what they say about guys from LA. Anyway, that's the thing about creative nonfiction, it takes a fat buttload of finesse, discipline...all that junk.

Poor girl, she's living her biggest fear: She's mediocre.

Monday, April 23, 2007

Farside move. Fairly painless. I like Bethesda. The commute is a little longer but the neighborhood is nice and quiet, decent selection of eatables, and bonus: the back office is totally vacant so there's plenty of room to hide if I need to catch a few winks.

Wednesday, May 2, 2007

As I write this, the index finger on my left hand is twitching. Not a whole lot, not a scary amount, not like it's a pre full blown Michael J. Fox Parkinson's twitch. No, it's subtle. Almost want to call it a micro vibration. See, I just sat up and it went away, kind of.

I drink way too much coffee too late in the day.

Wednesday, May 30, 2007

I strolled into the office around 11:30 AM, immediately picked up on a weird vibe the moment I stepped through the door. Reception was unmanned...The hallway was quiet and all the offline doors were wide open. Walked in the assistant edit suite and found Daniel, Ryan, and Achir staring at each other. Daniel turned to me with his sad fat face locked and loaded for blubbery whale tears.

I knew that face. I remembered it from when a teacher walked into my classroom unannounced and told everybody the fucking Challenger exploded. Before Daniel could utter the bad news, I asked him what I asked her before she dropped the turd...

"Who died?"

The younger Weldman brother got dead in a flaming car wreck on the highway late last night. The usual suspects are to blame. Now I have to act like I give a shit, hugging coworkers, consoling them, for at least two more days. If I keep my head down, weather the storm, avoid unnecessary interactions, maybe they'll forget to tell me about the funeral.

Crybabies. It doesn't pay to be all buddy buddy tight with office people. They just end up dying on you. Tee-hee.

Thursday, June 14, 2007

Today at the office I stood up to stretch and yawn and got a painful shocking cramp in my left pectoral and abdominal muscles. It lasted for about twenty seconds, a charlie horse in my tit and abs, then it went away.

The tremor in my index finger is back. Stopped drinking coffee, for a little over a week now, and yet it's back and not as subtle. Probably a vitamin deficiency. I need to get more exercise and sunshine and stop eating so much goddamn junk.

Monday, June 18, 2007

Woke up at 5 this morning because I thought the bed was shaking. I put my feet on the floor and listened to the room. It was me, a buzzing sensation emanating from somewhere on my body. I couldn't locate exactly where, from my back to my pelvis is what it felt like. And the index finger was really going.

Obviously, there's a connection. I was getting ready to leave for work and the symptoms mysteriously disappeared. Right now I feel ok. I bought a 200 tablet bottle of Centrum Silver multivitamins. I'll start taking two every morning for a week, then I'll cut it back to one a day. That should do something.

Saturday, June 23, 2007

Lifting fucking 10 pound free weights, just doing fucking curls, when I felt something go in my left shoulder, in the ball of the shoulder. It kills. Can't fucking lift my fucking arm above my head without getting zapped. Those fucking weights. I should get a plane to Sydney, tonight, go straight to Katherine's front door, punch her in the eye, shit in her mouth, shit on her bed, then light that hideous goddamn helmet hair on fire.

Tuesday, July 17, 2007

The shop is going dark. No shows or teasers or anything coming down the pipe, thanks to Adam, the perpetual failure Jew. I thought executive producers were producers who dropped anchor at channels like Nat Geo and Discovery, for a decade or more, then brought their contacts with them when they made the jump. Passive aggressive faggotry. I wonder how motivated he'd get if I kidnapped his wife and threatened to lop off her giant pendulous jewbag cow titties.

I'm taking a week to rest and get myself healthy. Too many late nights sleeping in the online have fucked me up good.

Friday, July 20, 2007

Using the bath tube for dips, did about three or four, when my heart started racing. I got up and stared at myself in the mirror and after 5 or 6 seconds my heart kicked back into a normal rhythm. What in the name of fuck is going on?

Wednesday, August 1, 2007

Saw Dr Lockhart. She ordered a full round of blood work with all the hematological trimmings. And some piss.

Monday, August 13, 2007

My blood work and piss came back totally normal.

The newest shit is there's an intermittent sharp stabbing pain in my left ear. And I'm also experiencing trouble with my balance. I feel like I live on a fucking boat half the time.

Wednesday, August 22, 2007

Jewish neurologist today at GW on K street. Young and pretty and wearing a gigantic diamond wedding ring. Her hands were beautiful.

She examined me and ordered a gay MRI of my brain. She thinks my physical symptoms are a result of working long graveyard hours. I hope she has life insurance. Throwing around erroneous bullshit opinions is a great way to get your face raped, it's a great way to get yourself cut wide open from the chin to the crotch. And then we can see if you're pregnant, glamour hands.

Sunday, August 26, 2007

My heartbeat feels really pronounced. It's not beating fast, it's just that I can feel it beating so clearly. It's hard to sleep. I've stopped consuming all forms of caffeine and alcohol, which sucks. I take a little nitequil before I go to bed and that seems to help knock me out.

Monday, September 10, 2007

MRI of brain came back normal. I didn't need the MRI to know that.

Wednesday, October 3, 2007

VEMP studies came back "normal absolute latencies bilaterally," and "normal asymmetry ratio of 10.4% (30-47% considered abnormal range)."

Their impressions on the VEMP results for both ears...wait for it...Normal, Normal.

Tuesday, October 23, 2007

My chest x-ray showed "no acute disease." That's just peachy.

My echocardiogram report proved once and for all that my heart is tiptop patty whacking ox balls. How nice. I should stab myself in the eye to celebrate and feel the vibration, Vietnam fucking shit!

Wednesday, November 14, 2007

MRI of cervical spine without contrast. Findings: FUCKALL.

Tuesday, November 20, 2007

This morning I yawned and triggered an arrhythmia. It went on for two or three minutes. After it sub-

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

sided, my left hand and shoulder got ice cold and I started having muscle spasms all over my body. I cabbed it to GW spasming the whole way, walked into the emergency department trembling like a freak.

They ran some blood, super quick. Wasn't a heart attack, that much is certain. They gave me some type of IV muscle relaxant and sent me on my way.

FINAL DIAGNOSIS

“Palpitations”

FOLLOW CONTACTS

“Follow up with Primary Care Physician”

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

“Your cardiac enzymes were negative today. Your chemistries were normal. Return to the ED if you have severe chest pain, shortness of breath, or any other concerns. Take that Toprol-XL once a day. Follow up with your cardiologist.”

Cabbed to the office feeling nice and sedate. Bought lunch and a box of Entenmann's, went straight to my room, turned off the lights, shut the blinds, plugged in the headphones and played WoW until it got dark outside. No problems all day. Bed time.

Thursday, November 29, 2007

Dr Lockhart extracted another round of blood and piss. She wants me to go to a psychiatric specialist for testing. “You'll enjoy it. It's very cerebral,” said the good doctor.

It was almost noon when she left the office building. Followed her for less than a block and watched her get into a black Cadillac Escalade that was hogging up almost two spots. Garish as hell, maybe a couple of years old. Who cares? Tomorrow the fat bitch gets a gift.

Friday, November 30, 2007

Got up at 9 and walked down to Lockhart's office. After almost 30 minutes of searching, I found her Escalade parked on a side street away from the morning crowd. Bumped the vehicle, was pleased when nothing happened. Pounded the hood for good measure, and still no alarm.

Using a short flathead screwdriver, I keyed a complete 360 around the vehicle, bumper to bumper. I thought about punching the bitch's driver side mirror, but my blood pressure was getting a little too high. I walked home like a doddering old man, got something to eat and crawled back into bed. Weak erection.

Tuesday, December 11, 2007

I received a rude email from trippyfish@hotmail.com:

Hey you filthy fucking bitch what's happening?

Stumped for a moment, then it clicked like a beetle: Darien. I didn't respond. I won't respond. But...if he keeps antagonizing me, it would be my pleasure, a red hot motherfucking thrill, to show him some real goddamn experience.

Friday, December 14, 2007

Darien emailed again. He apologized about the first email and said he missed talking to me and wished I would reconnect. He left his number. I typed "What do you want?" and sent it.

He soon responded with three paragraphs of incoherent gobbledygook. Something whatever about how he doesn't care about the drama that happened, the past is the past and he wants to move forward and all that trite shit. Ok, fine, but it's almost 2008, it's called spell check. Illiterate twat.

After 10 seconds of interneting, I found his Facebook page. He's a skydiving instructor living in Los Angeles. I replied to the message by giving him my cell number. Five minutes later, my phone was ringing. We talked for a couple, then I said that I would call him right back on the office line, which I did. He told me about his travels and his work and wife and child. I told him about my job and he seemed very interested and asked plenty of questions. Plenty. It felt like an informal interview. After 20-25 minutes, he stopped abruptly, said he had to go to work but promised to stay in touch.

Not so fucking clever. It was almost 8pm on the east coast, which made it almost 5pm on the west coast. You hafta drive to the airfield, punch in, suit up, safety brief customers, get in the airplane, take off, reach altitude. By that time it's closer to 7 or 8.

You are not tandem jumping at night. You're a fucking idiot liar who can't cold read for shit. You water testing fucktard egocentric scheming faggot.

Saturday, December 15, 2007

I feel like a total amateur. I never considered Amazon.

amazon.com (queneau231@gmail.com) (quackquack)

March 20, 2006

The Direct Path: Creating a Personal Journey to the Divine Using the World's Spiritual Traditions, Andrew Harvey

May 6, 2006

Spiritual Emergency: When Personal Transformation Becomes a Crisis, Stanislav & Christina Grof

July 3, 2006

Overcoming Underearning(TM): Overcome Your Money Fears and Earn What You Deserve, Barbara Stanny

Shipping Address:

Ava Jasnik
921 Fort Royal Blvd, #204
Toronto, Ontario M5Z 2A2
Canada

April 13, 2007

TwinLab Na-PCA, Non-Oily, with Aloe Vera, 8-Ounce (237 ml) (Pack of 4)

April 17, 2007

The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People: Powerful Lessons in Personal Change, Stephen R. Covey

July 11, 2007

She: Understanding Feminine Psychology, Robert A. Johnson

He: Understanding Masculine Psychology, Robert A. Johnson

We: Understanding the Psychology of Romantic Love, Robert A. Johnson

Inner Work: Using Dreams and Active Imagination for Personal Growth, Robert A. Johnson

October 26, 2007

Getting to Yes: Negotiating Agreement Without Giving In, Roger Fisher, William L. Ury, and Bruce Patton

Kellogg on Strategy: Concepts, Tools, and Frameworks for Practitioners, David Dranove, Sonia Marciano

Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste, by Pierre Bourdieu

November 2, 2007

Owning Your Own Shadow: Understanding the Dark Side of the Psyche, Robert A. Johnson

Shipping Address:

Ava Jasnik
17377 N Laurel Ave Apt 8
Los Angeles, California 90040-2361
United States

November 8, 2007

Sam Edelman Women's Rita (Bordeaux/White 8.5 M)

Shipping Address:

Ava Jasnik
419 Constance Drive
Albany, NY 12205
United States

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

The New York address belongs to Dr. Vitali and Vendula Jasník. For payment method, she has two Mastercards and a Visa. 33 years old and she's still pumping daddy and mama for cash. Classy, Ava. Real super classy, and classic.

Don't worry, my classy lemur, you'll never be destitute, that money will always fucking be there. No, her real trip is being seen and listened to and valued. Right now her mind is a deep dark panic filled room and the fucking horror-terror-acid monster that is reality is beginning to wiggle its way through the cracks of her too cool exterior. She's quickly passing through the faux spiritual awakening. Next up: a wild examination of her many failures and defects. Mark these words, I expect nothing but King Kong Godzilla mammoth excuses.

My dear love, even after your last dying breath, even as a corpse, you will somehow continue to be a buttfucking procrastinator. Go on then, twiddle your thumbs, postpone achievement. One day, when your beauty and charm have run-down, you're gonna find yourself alone in that dark room. No doors. No windows. No exits. Then a thought, clear as water, a naked realization that life is almost over and it has passed you by. You will be all alone when this happens. Only you won't be. I'll be there. I love you.

Wednesday, December 19, 2007

Darien called. He said living in LA was getting him excited about "film." He's feeling inspired, so inspired that he wants to write a movie and "make bank." Top marks for originality, presentation, and not having a fucking clue in your body. And look out, he's already writing! It's semi autobiographical, more or less a fictionalized retelling of his international drug dealing shenanigans. I told him to pdf whatever he's got so far and to send it my way. After a good long pause, he asked, "How do I make a pdf?"

He ended up emailing a raw Celtx file labeled "candyspin." After installing fucking Celtx, I launched the file and read 31 pages of the worst shit. Character, structure, plot, complete sentences, fucking spelling...every aspect...really, really, really, really, really horrible. He's so delusional.

I emailed him back that I thought it had a lot of potential.

Saturday, December 22, 2007

Tried to go for a walk after lunch and got as far as the Capitol before the pressure in my neck and chest became too much, too heavy, whatever. It was hard to breathe and the motion intolerance was acting like a fat juicy whore full of warm rat piss and hot vomit and disease.

I got home, took off my shoes and crawled into bed with all my clothes on. Stared at the wall for an hour while my body vibrated like a tuning fork. Got up and started writing this.

It might be nice to go to sleep and never wake up ever again. Gay emo talk. Sociopathic faggots commit suicide. That's not you, so knock it off.

Friday, January 11, 2008

I just talked to Darien, he sounded kinda drunk. He thanked me for helping him with his screenplay, and then, probably because of the screenplay connection, he asked if I still kept in touch with Ava. I told him no, I didn't know where she was at or what she was up to. He asked if I still had feelings for her and I said "nope," absolutely positively not. Those days were fun, but it was fake love fueled by drugs, drugs, drugs, more drugs, and the exhilarating promise of stardom. Nothing more than a phony relationship for a short ass period of time when I thought I would be young forever.

He said I was being dramatic...then he got all fucking serious and confessed that he kissed Ava one evening, "really brief," while everyone was busy getting ready to go out.

He was testing me, holding his drunk breath and just waiting for me to tell him to fuck off. I said, yeah, everybody was making out with everybody back then. And that's when I hooked him. He's gonna ask for something, and soon. Maybe he wants me to write candyspin? Maybe he's back in the drug game and looking to set up an operation in DC? Either way, he's a dead faggot.

Ps,

Tonight I killed a neighborhood cat. Male, young, mostly all black, except for a touch of white on the tips of its two front paws. Walking back from the store, I heard him meowing at me from somewhere. He stepped out of the darkness looking friendly and started following me along a knee high wall. I stopped and reached out to pet him and he swiped at me. So I grabbed a nice round garden stone and threw it as hard as I could. The quick motion really got my heart beating double time...but fucking unbelievably, the damn rock cracked the cat in the face and it dropped dead right on the wall.

I calmed down, picked him up and walked to the park, discreetly removed the collar and dumped the corpse in the nearest trash can.

I'm keeping the collar. His name was Buddy.

Sunday, February 3, 2008

Darien has officially dropped off the radar map. Not a peep since Jan 11. No emails or late night calls, and his gay Facebook page disappeared five days ago. He's such a clumsy piece of shit, whatever scam he's into, whatever kind of trouble...Raw sewage must be up to his chin by now.

Thursday, February 7, 2008

There's a warm and heavy weighted sensation in the upper left corner of my pectoral muscle. Prickling stabbing pain is radiating through my neck, down the left side of my back, and down my left arm and hand. I walk up a flight of stairs and my blood pressure gets crazy elevated.

I'm going to stop using my left arm until someone tells me what the fuck is happening. I hope I'm not dying. That would suck.

Wednesday, February 20, 2008

Met with an orthopedist, Dr Webster. He examined me and looked at my medical records and films. Got my chest x-rayed three fucking times because the stupid bitchass cow learner bitch trickass bitch didn't know what the fuck she was doing. Webster also scheduled MRIs of my left shoulder and cervical spine.

Friday, March 7, 2008

Finally something. The shoulder MRI revealed a 2mm tear in the left rotator cuff. Dr Webster said it's not big enough to be causing any of my problems, and certainly not arrhythmias.

He's referring me to an orthopedic specialist at Johns Hopkins Hospital. He thinks I might have thoracic outlet syndrome. His office is going to contact me with the information, hopefully asap.

Monday, March 10, 2008

Webster's office called and relayed the contact info for the head of surgery at Johns Hopkins. I phoned and a motherly sounding woman named Tracey picked up and said they were expecting my call. She gave me a number and told me to fax my medical records and a letter detailing my plight.

Assuming everything checks out with the gate keepers, she'll set up an appointment to meet with Dr. Harriet Riefenstahl, the big cheese kingfish honcho up there. Supposedly, Harriet's a goddamn fucking crackerjack ace surgeon, internationally renowned for snapping off dicks with her teeth.

Whatever. Her last name is strong. Stärke macht frei. A good omen.

Wednesday, April 22, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

-Miri

Saturday, April 25, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

miri,

back home now. dealing with pain, can only sleep for a few hours at a time, which is just fine cuz you're supposed to get up and move around to prevent blood clots. they went in under my left armpit, took the first rib and a little of the neck muscle. don't worry, it's not noticeable. hurts to cough...and it's an ice pick to the lungs when i take a deep breath. i like to imagine that i'm recovering from a deep stab wound. makes me feel tough. and yes, i signed a form before surgery and they preserved the rib. do you want it? maybe you can platinumize it and hook up a 24 karat gold chain, or make a stew your whole family could partake in? kidding.

i'm good on narcotics and netflix. are you back in dc?

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Best,
Miri

Sunday, April 26, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

good morning, little friend.

yeah, i'm recovering at the abode of my parental units. jesus christ, it's still chilly in the wee hours of the am! i just sneezed, like 10 secs ago...ow, it felt like getting shanked in the chest. this whole crazy nutty experience is like prison...so i guess that's about right. speaking of, i saw your shows. kinda very watchable. keep up the good work and be careful around those crafty bastards.

i can't believe farside still has an office here. thought e.p. adam drove it into the fucking ground. the goddamn place went dark so many times, i lost count. what's the vibe like? strip down bareass naked programming depression, or serviceable episodic purgatory? i don't miss that shit at all. can you tell?

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Ciao,
Miri

Monday, April 27, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

haven't worked at farside since may 2008. sometime in december 2008, i get a call from some farside office woman that i've never met asking me to please hurry to the office to help them with their move. wtf, right? i politely told her what was what and then hung up. 2 minutes later my phone rings and i ignore it. then i check the message: it's another woman, katherine from australia, someone i do know, telling me to c'mon dude and call her back, like i was being an unreasonable asshole or something. what a piece of work, eh? job crap is sort of a touchy subject. hahaha, no it's not. this health nonsense is a grand excuse, i know. things are compounded by my natural drive to be a lazy bastard. i'm sorta trying to get some shit together...but not really. financially, though, i'm not concerned at all.

pt in two weeks.

Wednesday, April 29, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Ciao,
Miri

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

i'm feeling better, thank you. i shoved a big piece of mdf under my mattress to make it ridged. that's seems to be helping. oh yeah, still on drugs. i'd never come out of my room without them. i've only been out the one time with my folks. before the surgery, i walked to the washington monument and back almost every day. it's a little under four miles. i'd like to get back to that.

katherine knopwood. she's a production manager. funny story, she left two 10 pound free weights when she went back to AU and i started using them in the office. one day, it felt like i pulled something in my left shoulder, so i quit using the weights. the office went dark and i decided to take the weights home. so i started using them at home...and hurt my left shoulder again. unbeknownst to silly me, i'd actually torn my rotator-cuff, and that snowballed into my TOS. pretty, pretty, pretty insane.

thank you so much for the card.

Thursday, April 30, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Ciao,
Miri

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

i'd love to find a place in dc for pt. it would make it easy on everyone if my appointments were in walking distance. i'm not allowed to drive and it sucks. i'm thinking maybe i'll just go back to the crofton rehab center in crofton, md. 3 times a week for 8 weeks.

katherine's legendary awful helmet hair is punishment enough.

Friday, May 1, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Pre-school time!
Miri

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

no pics on crazy hair. i think she got married, probably changed her last name. that makes women a pain to track down and/or stalk.

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

dude, failbook is a big fat inside joke. millions of ppl have unwittingly commoditized themselves. i hate to break it to you: you're not the end user, it's much more than a tool for advertisers and stalkers. the fbi/cia/nsa/dhs/irs/dod are straight-up lurking at the other end of the tubes. google "In-Q-tel" and we'll chat.

anyway, after the kiddies are done with it, facebook'll be 100% gay dads, lonely grandmothers, and local, state, federal law enforcement.

Monday, May 4, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Miri

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

feels like there's a wharf rat in my shoulder. things are less crap two weeks out, not as swollen, not as much pain, but still crap. no range of motion. i haven't taken a muscle relaxer in two days. that's a personal choice. i walked to a corner store a few days ago. only four or five blocks, left without my sling...great big mistake. mailed a letter the other day. as long as i've got the sling on, i'm ok. it's the damn natural swinging motion of the arms i'm not ready for. realistically, recovery is going to take 4 to 5 months.

on your fakebook account, at the very least, you oughta jack up all those security measures so that only your peeps can see and reach you. highly recommend doing this. too many weirdos out there.

seriously...if you're on these internets, then you are definitely being watched, for reals, player.

Wednesday, May 6, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Peace out, homey.

Miri

Friday, July 10, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

Have a good wknd,
Miri

Wednesday, July 15, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

are we still on for thursday? if so, make sure you bring your laptop's portable power adapter.

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

Thursday, July 16, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

no thanks, i'm off the tea.

give me a call before you're out front, i got a parking spot for you. wait, you're not driving an eighteen wheeler, are you?

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Talk soon,
Miri

Friday, July 17, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Miri

Saturday, July 18, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

i've had my g4 laptop since 2003, so i'm actually pretty jazzed about the prospect of a newish comp.

and do we have a happy thursday history thing? where did that come from?

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

i'll wipe the macbook drive and then reinstall the operating system. it'll go back to factory settings, all your master password stuff and whatnot will disappear.

well, if it's a thing, i'll wish you happy thursday next thursday, even though i won't be happy.

i'm joshing. i'll be plenty happy to see you.

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Monday, July 20, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

tomorrow works for me. make sure you got all your important guff off the old girl, because once i zap, there's no going back. what time should you be expecting me?

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

ok, cool. see you then.

Tuesday, July 21, 2009

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

got home safe and sound and saturated. i was in full-on pre panic attack, from rush hour dupont circle all the way to rush hour union station. but honestly, i forgot that d.c. is such a tiny place, traveling from one side to the other really isn't that bad.

i fixed the cable and windxed the unit. and i promise to put the comp to good use.

anyways, it was cool to finally meet your girls. i hope all your moving adventures go smooth and the new place quickly becomes a proper home.

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Love,
-Miri

Tuesday, August 4, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

To: miribelalon@gmail.com

i don't mind schlepping myself to p&p. in fact, i prefer it because it doesn't take you all the way into the city. it's still on conn ave, right?

yeah, let's do that. i should be there before 11am, but i'll call if i suspect things are gonna get totally fucked up.

anyways, i gotta go to bed. see you tomorrow, ladyfriend.

Wednesday, August 5, 2009

From: miribelalon@gmail.com

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Good luck w/errands.
Miri

After one hour of stupid chit chat at Politics & Prose, I convinced Miri to show me her new place. I got in her SUV and minutes later we arrived, only a hundred yards or so past the DC line. She gave me a full tour. When we entered the master bedroom, I told her about how I had to take Liam to the vet because his front claws were ingrown. I assured her the vet took care of business and the cat was going to be just fine. We were standing an arms length away and the sexual tension was incredible. I reached out to her and she responded by giving me a friendly hug. I pressed hard against her small frame and watched her eyes light up as she began to feel my power...

Then we kissed. It wasn't needed or memorable. I only wanted her pussy. And now that it's over, I

only wanna throw up.

Her clothed, tight titted body, it was just an illusion. Naked, she was doughy soft and her tits were miniature flapjacks. Flapjack tits. The clarity after I finished, equally terrifying. She used to be a woman. And now? She's a beady-eyed liberal Jew dwarf with a roast beef vagina.

I allowed myself to be weak because of the injury. Never again.

My heart and body belong to Ava.

Sunday, August 16, 2009

Miri keeps sending me text messages. Classic one liners like "I really need to talk to you."

Maybe she's pregnant? She'd have an awful lot of explaining to do. No, probably not. I wonder how she punts. The Great Melon Baller of Death? Yeah, archaic wall scraping sounds about right. Demented Jewess.

I'm hoping she'll get the hint and go away. If not, fine, I've got a few tricks up my sleeve to make life difficult for her. Finally got around to firing up the Macbook she gave me. Lame brain forgot to dump the Firefox cache. Bookmarked sites and passwords, oh my.

Gmail, (Miri and Seth) Apple, Sprint, Craigslist, Facebook, Monster, Ebay, Amazon, Capitalone.

There's enough here for an electronic nuclear option if she decides to get cuckoo and not fuck off. It's completely up to her, the dirtyass philandering, blood drinking, pillow biting, coat hangering, fetal brain scrambling whore skank.

Friday, August 28, 2009

Darien emailed a real humdinger:

My life is turned upside down. Call you soon.

Lovely. And so it begins.

Saturday, August 29, 2009

Darien didn't call, he emailed his tale...And oh what a goddamn grammatically challenged tale it were and be. I kinda admire his fuckwit obliviousness. The quality of his writing is such point & laugh turd scratch, but at the same time, there's a certain naive retard energy to it, like you can tell he's really getting off farting out all those misspelled words and slapping down periods and those rare, elusive commas.

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Four months ago, he went on a jump with a young guy (who used to be in a gang and got shot 12 times! Suck it, 50.) and the young guy passed out before the chute deployed. Darien regained control, pulled the chute, but he missed the landing zone and nailed a rocky ditch on the side of the road. The guy was fine. Darien was not. He suffered a double compound fracture to his left leg, bone sticking out, the works. Olivia freaked the fuck out and bailed on him. He's laid up in the hospital and she packed a few bags, literally grabbed their kid, flew straight to Toronto and went to live with her parents.

Someone needs a friend.

Sunday, October 18, 2009

I'm here. Finally.

The house is a typical, single level, 3bedroom/2bath SFV rental. The facade is ratty and the gutters look like they've never been cleaned. There's a couch, a modem, a wireless router and a dead ficus plant in the living room. He's turned the kitchen into a crafting hole for his oils and acrylics and brushes. I was greeted by a big amateurish canvas painting of Gandhi that was propped against what used to be a white upholstered chair. The chair has Pollock dots all over it and dry paint is speckled across the linoleum all the way to the middle of the living room's parquet floor.

There's a single hallway with four doors, two on each side. The first (right side) leads to an empty bathroom. The second, (left side) to an empty bedroom with one window. Third, (left side) an empty bedroom with two windows, my bedroom now. Forth, (right side) the master bedroom: queensize bed, a side table, a closet and bathroom. Faggot's bedroom, apparently.

Things I brought:

42" HD LCD

Ikea drafting table, power tools

2 laptop computers, mac/pc

Marijuana Horticulture Grower's Bible

Marijuana Garden Saver

Cannabis Cultivation

35mm Canon digital SLR

2 duffel bags containing clothes, bedding stuff, towels

Colt .45, six 10 round magazines

Inflatable mattress w/ built-in AC pump

The wireless router wasn't secure, so I gave it a new generic name, "NETWORK 44," and a memorable password for that fuckass retard: "candyspin."

Watching the channels load on the tv when there was a knock at the front door. Darien is 39. He looks haggard and at least 20-30 pounds overweight. Bad habits plus time, everything turns into a pile of shit and dies way before it's actually dead. He used to be handsome but now he's just a burnout with the eyes of a mad scientist. His leg healed up ok, meaning there's no noticeable limp. The scar is fucking brutal, though.

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He showed me around the house and then we toured the neglected backyard where nothing has ever been watered, ever. A broken hot tub is on the side filled with a viscous brown liquid. The garage is large and vacant and has a working washer/dryer. He mentioned ant problems, said he tried laying down traps outside the house, but the every Wednesday landscaper keeps throwing them away. Landscaper. Wednesday. Traps. Outside the house. Fucking inbred idiot.

He talked about all the dates he's been on over the past couple of weeks and then rattled off a few thumbnail ideas for candyspin. He also informed me that he has to get up early for the next four days. I asked him about the debit card situation for tomorrow and he gave me one. Bank of America, Visa, 2534.

The dummy still can't give me a straight answer about how much money Xander and Jacob fronted him. At first he said 15,000 Euros, and then a week later, he said \$19,000 US. He was all grinning teeth until I asked how much he had on both cards. His facial expressions and body language completely switched places with his filthy butthole, ready to spew more bullshit, like how dare I ask that question and make him have to think of more lies he won't be able to keep track of. He must've really been tired because he said he wasn't sure about the total amount and would have to check.

He's been here almost two and a half weeks and has not set foot in a grow shop, hasn't bought any equipment, hasn't priced anything whatsoever. I told him everything's gonna work out like we planned. He was beaming and talked constantly, from the driveway to the Japanese restaurant for dinner, back to the house again, one gigantic wild talking run-on faggot sentence. I nodded and laughed in all the right places, I think. Let the psychopath have his jollies. That's fine, and as it just so happens, that's necessary.

Darien, you grubby faggot, you were a dead bag of bones from the get-go. Never should've reached out to me. Should've checked your impulse for once in your fucktard life and dissolved into the background like a dull memory.

Three months is long time to wait for a punch line. It'll be worth it. Fucking better be. I just have to remember not to prematurely cave his head in, Bob Crane style.

Monday, October 19, 2009

The grow shop is 5 minutes away. 5 minutes. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. I checked out a number of fans, decided on a 306 feet/sec inline. Purchased ducting, a charcoal filter and a booster fan. Went to Home Depot, got a ladder, eight rolls of duct tape, a large trash can w/lid, two small bathroom trash cans, two 50ft and three 25ft extension cords, and a work light.

Returned to the house and discovered ants swarming a half filled coffee pot in the kitchen. Looked under the fucking sink, and what a surprise, no bug spray. I followed the procession into the living room...and lovely shit for brains...The dead ficus, the ants were using it as a forward operating base. I took the plant outside and put it next to the garbage bins.

Climbed into the attic, drilled two holes in the roof, went up on the roof and capped the holes. Set up the charcoal filter and booster fan, ran the ducting down into the grow room and into the inline.

Darien came home and launched into a story about a female friend of his that he took on a jump. He said while they were free falling she had the biggest orgasm of her life. They caught the whole event on helmet cameras and watched it repeatedly.

Tuesday, October 20, 2009

Grow shop: Bought visqueen plastic, two 24hr timers, six 600 watt HPS lamps, six Galaxy ballasts, a pH balance tester and a digital thermometer/hygrometer. Home Depot: 3 wall mountable oscillating fans, 18 gallon plastic tub, plastic watering can, 20ft hose, various measuring cups and syringes, a soil saturation gauge, heavy duty 8 inch eyebolts, carabiners, six lengths of 12ft chain, ten (1 ½ ft long X 2 ½ inches wide) blocks of MDF, four 3 prong extension cords, 4 surge protectors, 2 cans of ant/roach spray.

I thought for two seconds about checking the card's balance at a BofA ATM. Decided not to. Nigger faggot wants the dwindling account totals to be his little secret. Nigger faggot might check the account activity online, which includes the ATM check-your-balance transactions, which will make nigger faggot suspicious if he knows I know the true amounts, which will make him behave much more faggoty, which will force me to murder his nigger ass in broad daylight, and that would be bad.

I drilled six holes in the stucco ceiling. Held my breath each time. Mercifully, the extra long bit went right through and didn't touch the support beams. I placed the end of an eyebolt through one of the holes and it stayed in there long enough for me to slap a piece of tape over it. Then it was time to climb into the attic and search for the eyebolt. This was a colossal pain in the dick because I had to cut and dig into chunks of prehistoric insulation in order to find it. Finally found it and attached it to the drilled MDF block, which was braced against two support beams. Then I screwed on a Hex nut to fasten the whole deal. I repeated this five more times. It was fucking tedious and consumed most of my day.

Staple gunned the visqueen to the walls, and was in the middle of taping it to the floor, when I heard the front door open. Darien entered the grow room with a diminutive Asian woman. They were both drunk. She was impressed with the state of the room and asked if I had any weed. I said no and they left, went into his bedroom and had loud sex for 37 seconds. I know because I timed it.

Minutes later, I heard the sound of diminutive Asian's pointy heels clicking down the hall. She slammed the front door for emphasis, a nice touch. The girliest cathartic chuckle came outta me. Fuck, it was appreciated. Thank you midget wing wong, you made me raff.

I finished the floor and put up all the HPS lamps. There's a weird high shelf that runs the length of the far wall. All six ballasts fit, with room to spare, so the cables are near the ceiling and out of the way.

Wednesday, October 21, 2009

The grow room is almost done. I asked Darien how many plants and he gave me that blank glassy eyed stare he does so very well. The fucking guy hasn't done one lick of research on the whole dollars and cents, return profit for money spent, how much, how long, LA county medical marijuana business model

anything.

He threw out a number that sounded good to him. 25. I suggested we put as many clones as we could fit, but given the size of the room, 50 total was more realistic. He loved that.

Feebleminded imbecile, you continue to astonish me. Amazing what a difference ten years can make. I'd like to crack open his skull and release the gallons of fermented AIDS and baby rape sloshing around in there. Yeah right, as if that would help.

Guess I was never sober long enough to notice what a fucking moron I was dealing with. Painful as hell now. Every time he opens that mouth, another lie, another logical fallacy, buttering his own nuts, contradicting himself from sentence to sentence. It might be wise to get a beach umbrella to block the rolling waves of verbal diarrhea. Nice.

Hey, I'm not complaining, not really. It's all part of the fun & games. If he knew that 50 mature OGs are only capable of yielding 3 to 4 pounds, max, he would shit fully formed bricks and vomit penis meat sandwiches.

Also, the every Wednesday landscaper either never showed up or is so quick that I missed him.

Doubtful.

Thursday, October 22, 2009

Final push today. I went to Urban Garden and purchased two giant bags of soilless mix, fifty 2 gallon pots, fifty drip trays, and two big ass 5 gallon containers of Botanicare Pure Blend Pro, vegetation and flowering formula.

I'm feeling a little nervous and out of my depth. I just have to remain focused and go through each process in real time. This is a marathon, not a 100 yard dash...Just like a boring television production cycle. Universal archetypes, damn you.

Darien is thrilled about my progress and said he would call about the clones tomorrow morning. Then, for at least 20 to 25 nonstop minutes, he psychotically yapped about starting 5 or 10 or 15 or 20 new grow houses to "rake in the cash." He's planning on building a giant weed franchise empire. And once this grow is done, fuckballs, he's moving out. I'm welcome to stay here in the gayass valley, but he's gonna live in Hollywood, Venice Beach, or someotherfuckingplace, with big heavy bags of money!

He's quite the idea man. Very proud of himself for being so smart! Watching him wax on and off like a maniac, pacing around the kitchen, into the living room, then back to the kitchen, I grinned ear to ear. Like a twat I grinned. He finally looked at me and wondered what was up. I told him that I was super mega tits thrilled about our future and that I couldn't hide it anymore.

He bought it. Why wouldn't he? Darien loves enthusiasm.

Friday, October 23, 2009

Darien slept until 11:30ish. He ambled around the kitchen drinking coffee and then plopped on the couch and surfed the internet for over an hour. He asked if I wanted to go eat lunch and I said ok. We got into his white homosexual Prius and drove to a Denny's.

I never mentioned the clones...I'm too curious to see just how long he's gonna procrastinate on this shit. Well, it's dark outside and he didn't call a fucking soul. However, he did check his email, Facebook and Plenty Of Fish about twenty times each throughout the day.

We did some grocery shopping and he bought a gross whale ton of junkfood. Returned to the house, he guzzled a few cans of Budlight, then he promised that tomorrow "fer sure" he would definitely track the clones down. Um, yeah...That'd be great.

Saturday, October 24, 2009

I woke up at 9 and discovered Darien's bedroom door wide open. His bed was empty and the Prius wasn't in the driveway. For a tiny fraction of a second I thought he was out looking for clones. I should know better by now.

Worked on the script all day long, actually got a bunch of writing done, closing in on act III.

Darien rolled up at 4 or 5, said he got a call from work at 8am asking if he'd fill in for someone who couldn't make it. Sounds plausible but who the hell knows, he's such a habitual liar. With a bigass grin, he said everything would get sorted in the morning. Oh boy, can't wait!

A blond friend of Darien's, Brooke, picked us up and drove us to a lounge in Hollywood and we saw [REDACTED] and his band. It was a loud obnoxious collection of noise and I drank a fair amount in order to make it through. I sorta get it, though...Hollywood Blvd to Malibu is a playground for lonely celebrities to DUI and shit all over when they wanna be noticed by the plebs. Case and point, he finished with [REDACTED]

I remember watching his stupid SNL from six hundred years ago. His horrible grin. Terrifying smile, those rape teeth are forever emblazoned in my mind. Well, you still got it, you're still lamer than sun damaged hillbilly cocksnot.

Brooke hit it off with [REDACTED] dude faced wife, another screaming, phony enthusiastic, awful retard blond. She wore a white t-shirt with [REDACTED] rapeface on the front, I guess to remind the other bimbos about her meal ticket. There was talk of a late night yacht party, but, as shit tumbles, Darien and I were two penises too many. They rescinded, thank god, and Brooke took us to a small, quiet bar/restaurant near Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Brooke is a 35 year old, Southern California raised, trust fund dingbat with some classic ring-a-ding starfucker tendencies. Dizzy rich flake believes in spiritual energy and ghosts and demons. The house freaks her out. She thinks we keep it too dark and that's just asking for "trouble." She knows quite a lot about the history of LA celebrity bullshit, which is surprisingly interesting when you're kinda drunk

at 1 in the morning. She's a fucking trope. Total Manson cult fodder, The Source Family up the ding dong shaft. She's never in one place for too long. Always traveling, always vacationing. Nobody would even blink if she went missing. When she goes missing. Giggity.

All in all, the evening turned out to be a welcome escape from a week in the valley. Idiotic canyons and miniature reptiles. Supposedly, black project ultra super secret bioweapon laboratories are neatly, cleverly tucked away in the desert fucking yonder. If they're anything like Unit 731 meets Plum Island meets Operation Whitecoat meets "The Satan Bug," fast running zombies might actually happen. Fun.

Sunday, October 25, 2009

Overslept. My feet hit the floor on the far side of 10am. Stepped into the hall and thought for sure it was groundhog day and I was Bill Murray. His door, wide open. The bedroom, empty. Looked out the living room window and his LGBT car was not in the driveway. The house is so incredibly peaceful when he's not in it.

That's all fucked now.

I spent the rest of the morning working on candyspin and walking around the patchy yard in my bare feet. Eight days in, I haven't seen one neighbor. Not one. I heard a dog a few nights ago, but I have yet to see or hear a flesh and blood person. Is the block under witness protection?

In the afternoon, I drove out to West Hollywood and stopped in front of Ava's building. The realization that she might actually be in there, with the possibly she might walk out at any moment...the whole thing got my heart pounding so hard I felt it in my tongue. Shit made me sick. I wanted to get out of the car and lie on the ground, or puke, but instead I headed back to the valley as punishment for acting like a beta faggot.

The Prius was in the driveway when I pulled in. I entered the house and immediately noticed Darien lying on the couch watching tv. He sat up and that's when I looked down at his bare, swollen left foot.

He got another early morning call...and this time it bit him right in the cock. He landed awkwardly, most of the force going into the toes. He said he couldn't walk on it and was pretty sure something was broken. He hadn't gone to the hospital either. I asked him why and he snapped, "I don't have any fucking insurance!"

I told him that he needed to get the foot x-rayed and examined by a doctor, today. He blew air through his lips and returned to sulking on the couch like a child. I went to my room and jumped online, got the number of a walk in clinic, open 7 days a week, like the goddamn dispensaries. The nice receptionist said it would cost \$80 to see the doctor, the x-ray would be extra, but she couldn't give me a price quote over the phone without knowing the severity of his injury.

I loaded dumbass in the car and zipped to Urgent Care Clinic. His foot has two hairline fractures. They bandaged him up and the doctor told me he needed a medical boot and that he should keep his faggot weight off it for at least a month.

Monday, October 26, 2009

I awoke to the sound of Darien's loud mouth. It echoed through the walls and forced me out of bed. I opened my door and stepped into the hall and there he was, splayed out over that queen, on his cell, yellow pages and a blank note pad nearby.

"Do you have clones," his opening line, every time. Not hello. Not, yes, I was wondering if you could help me. "Do you have clones," in that mush mouth voice. There's no rhyme or reason to it, but every other day he sounds like a half drunk Down's kid. Tumor?

45 minutes later, he hopped into the living room eager to hit the street. I have to say, I was pleasantly surprised. Yeah, I was a little impressed by his attitude. I threw on clothes and we left.

48 San Fernando Valley OG Kush clones:

Purchased for \$11-\$12 a plant. Traveled 39 fucking miles all over LA because of idiot fuckface. 30 clones at one place, 2 at another, then 16 at the last. Fucking not how it's supposed to be done. They're in various states of wellness and shittyness, and that means they're going to grow at different rates and have different problems.

About to prepare the clones for transplantation.

2am. Watered ½ cup, 7ml per gallon, Botanicare PBP (3, 1.5, 4) veg formula.

One 600watt High Pressure Sodium lamp (HPS) for 24hrs at 6.5 feet. The booster/inline will be on from now until greenthumb jackpot, asshole failure, or until I cleave Darien's face into bite size morsels and feed them to the invisible, dead, or nonexistent neighbor's yipping dog.

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

9pm, watered 1 cup, 7ml per gallon, 1 HPS/24hrs. Plants showing signs of over watering. How is that possible?

Wednesday, October 28, 2009

Sometime in the afternoon, Darien called out to me all panicky from his bedroom. I charged in thinking maybe he had fallen or something...But instead I found him leaning against the bathroom door, pointing.

I entered the bathroom and witnessed dozens of ants swarming around the sink. Weird oddball nonsense, they weren't coming up through the drain, they were just there like regular faggots, aimlessly dicking around the basin, looking lost. Weird for two seconds, then solved. Shame. Really might've been a great jumping off point for a baffling mystery...if this place wasn't such a dirty fucking shithole.

I grabbed the spray and killed them, cleaned the sink, then went in the backyard and checked outside of Darien's windows and sliding door. No scouts. No marching band. Nothing. Sonofabitch annoying

if they get into the grow room.

1 HPS/24hrs. NO WATER, introduced humidifier, oscillating fan.

Thursday, October 29, 2009

NO WATER, humidifier, 1 HPS/24hrs, oscillating fan.

Friday, October 30, 2009

Entered the kitchen and froze in total disgusted horror, watched Darien as he devoured a Rotisserie chicken carcass like a punjab zombie. Hunched over the counter top with his trembling, greasy hands, smacking his lips between bites...I had the strongest urge, the natural urge, to quietly retrieve the Colt and fire at the back of his head. Yeah, baby. Pop the skullcap on that bitch. Turn the page, close the book.

I might do that anyway, goddamnit. Whether or not he's the living dead is totally irrelevant.

NO WATER, 1 HPS/24hrs. Introduced 18 gallon waterbucket.

Saturday, October 31, 2009

1pm, watered 1 cup 7ml per gallon, 2 HPS/24hrs, humidifier, two oscillating fans, air conditioner.

Sunday, November 1, 2009

1pm, watered 1 cup 7ml per gallon, 2 HPS/24hrs, humidifier, two oscillating fans, air conditioner.

Earlier this evening I walked into the living room where Darien was couched and typing away on my HP Pavilion. He looked up and asked if I owned a camera. I told him I did but that it was running low on power and needed to be recharged. He politely asked if it would be alright for me to charge it because he wants me to take some new photos for his retarded Facebook page.

"Sure," I said. Went to my room and plugged the camera battery in. He was off to bed before it charged all the way.

I checked his browsing history and wasn't the least bit surprised to find, between Facebook and Plenty Of Fish, a string of scat video websites and a number of creative google search terms:

"Chest shitting," "shit licking," "bavarian taco" were at the head of the pack. And then I went directly to the kitchen and washed my hands. Twice.

He's never taken the laptop to bed for the night, thank the Christ. He sits there and bogarts the damn

thing whenever he's in the living room, which is always. So he's looking at shit vids with the audio muted when I'm in there watching TV? Motherfucking cringe.

Monday, November 2, 2009

V1: 6am, watered 1 cup 8ml per gal, 3 HPS/18/6 cycle, humidifier, air con, 2 oscillating fans.

Tuesday, November 3, 2009

V2: Too hot in grow room, humidity too low. Buying a bigger humidifier at home depot. Plants are all transpiring, trying to keep cool.

4HPS/18/6, NO WATER.

Wednesday, November 4, 2009

V3: Blocked the entire house's ventilation system with copious amounts of insulation, then duct taped over the vents. That got the room a lot cooler.

Watered one third of the plants and then stopped. They're stressed from the temp fluxes and the low humidity. The new \$35 Walmart humidifier is junk made by yellow people.

The room is at 48%. It needs to be at least 60%. 4HPS, NO WATER.

Thursday, November 5, 2009

V4: 4HPS, humidity still sucks, need to resolve the problem. NO WATER. 4 plants are dying. Thanks, nigger fuckface.

The clones were really immature. I couldn't go into the nursery without a patient card and fuckface master drug dealer fuckface didn't know what the fuck he was doing. You lived in Amsterdam for so many years...You brag you're on a first name basis with hotshot drug people...So how is it that you know fuckall dickzero about drugs?

Friday, November 6, 2009

V5: Bought another Walmart humidifier. Even with two of them going, it's not enough. Still at 38% - 50%.

Watered 1cup 8ml -13ml per gallon, 2 oscillating fans, 4HPS. Temp is stable. Lost 2 weak plants, pulled them from the room. 2 more on the way out.

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Reading in bed when I felt something crawling on my arm. It was a precious ant, a scout. Curious fella, I carefully pinched him between my fingers and swallowed the fucker whole.

Saturday, November 7, 2009

V6: Humidity 38% - 42% when lights are on. As high as 58% when they're off. Temp is perfect, it's between 72-76F.

Plants all recovering from stress. NO WATER, 4HPS, 2 oscillating fans. The other two plants died.

Sunday, November 8, 2009

V7: 44 plants. Starting HPS lamp 5 at 5pm.

4am, watered 10ml per gallon. Watering as needed, looking for silver dollar of wetness. 2 humidifiers, 2 fans, air con. Didn't start lamp 5, the timer is only two prong. Time-wasting mismanagement. Have to get a proper timer from the shop.

Monday, November 9, 2009

V8: Starting HPS5 tonight, got the 3rd timer. Watered 10 ml per gal, 2 humidifiers, 2 fans, air con.

Fucking hellpiss. Started lamp 5, and after 2mins...lamp 1 & 2, 1 fan, the booster, plus the inline, it all shut down. Reset the breaker, back to 4 lamps. Need to get this power thing worked out, pronto.

Tuesday, November 10, 2009

V9: Yeah, still no lamp 5, need a longer extension cord to reach the garage. A 75-100 footer will do it. 4HPS, 2 humidifiers, 2 fans.

Wednesday, November 11, 2009

V10: Yeah, yeah. Extension cord, tomorrow. Right now...MOLD.

Noticed it forming around a small wet pancake area of the soil, a powdery white ring around the stem. They've been damp for too long, should have let the soil dry completely before I transplanted the clones. Caught it early, scooped the mold out and packed in some moist, not too moist, soilless mix.

4HPS, 10ml per gal, 2 humidifiers, 2 fans. Anyways, they're coming along nicely. Meh, no, not really. 4 or 5 are getting left behind.

Really need that 5th lamp.

Thursday, November 12, 2009

V11: Found an outlet for the 10amps in the garage right next to the boiler. Correction. 5amps = One 600 watt HPS. Didn't factor in the two humidifiers. Really need to make sure the 6th lamp is going to work. Fuck. So right now I'm good for lamp 5 and 2 humidifiers. Have to run the extension cord through the goddamn attic and drop it down in the garage.

4HPS, 2 humidifiers, 2 fans, NO WATER.

Friday, November 13, 2009

V12: Ran 25 and 50 feet of cord (duct taped together) through the hellfire attic. It's rated for 13amps. Outlet next to the boiler is no good, but I tried the far wall...Success.

Watered 10ml per gal, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, 5HPS. The plants are looking stressed. Probably from all the outages.

Saturday, November 14, 2009

V13: Gotta find 5 amps for lamp 6. Where? Bought 2 more timers. Watered 10ml per gal. 5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers.

Post watering: They look bad. All the plants look over fertilized. And I thought I was under fertilizing. Botanicare suggests 30ml per gallon for mature vegging. Good thing I babied them. I'll flush them with water and see if that helps. Also, another weak rootless plant died. Down to 43. Fuck.

Sunday, November 15, 2009

V14: Plants. Overfertilized. Watching them close. FLUSHED. 5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers.

Monday, November 16, 2009

Darien's jewish friend Heidi came over and made us dinner. Sorta cute in the face, but her body is kinda awful. I'm a meany. It's not that awful, it just looks like she's hiding a smurf. Her body is lumpy and fucking hideous. Another middle thirties actress wannabe, she lives with her millionaire mother and father at their cliff-mounted palace in the Hills. She's got Darien convinced that her best friend in the world is ██████████

I'm surrounded by lying liars. And why that black rhino? Of all the pretend friends she could have in the world, she picks the loudest, lamest, most narcissistic binge eating monstrosity cyborg fatass in town. Someone needs to poach that awful drag queen. I should do it.

We all watched television for a bit, then professor and grundle buns retired to the bedroom. Entered

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the kitchen to start on the dishes and was greeted by hundreds of ants feasting on dirty plates in the sink. I broke out the spray and hosed everything without mercy. I ran the dishwasher, bagged up all the garbage, put it outside by the fence. I sprayed the empty trash can, put in a new bag, then sprayed the inside of the bag.

I was back to watching TV when Heidi marched through the living room. She opened the front door and paused to give me a smirk with an extra weak “bye” before she left. The sorta cuteness in her face is long gone. She’s now a bridge troll, the kind that lurk underneath in the grimy wet darkness. Darien strolled into the living room a few minutes later and told me she “only” gave him a bj. The House of Classy. That’s where I live.

Tomorrow, I go hunting for those snacky little ant fucks.

V15: NO WATER. Letting them recover.

Tuesday, November 17, 2009

Fully inspected the backyard and found a mega epic ant trail behind the house, in the dry dirt, right below the kitchen window. I grabbed a shovel from the garage, broke through the hard crust and scooped up three or four loads of dirt. The ants fucking stormed out of the ground. They surfaced clutching their eggs, fleeing for their lives. I went through the rest of the can, retrieved another from the kitchen and sprayed along their trail to the edge of the neighbor’s property. Final death blow, I filled the hole back in. Genocide complete, their mouths will ask for nothing more. As it stands, I think that nasty dreadful business might be done and done.

V16: 5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, NO WATER.

Wednesday, November 18, 2009

V17: Watered thoroughly with tapwater. 5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers.

Discovered ice on the air con garage unit, and also on the pipe of the outdoor filter unit. As a result, the strength of the air con in the grow room was pussy as shit. Went up into the attic, fixed the opening in the air con ducting (with insulation) then turned the air con off and turned the fan on. The pressure is much better. I let the ice melt and then switched on the air conditioner at 5pm. SUPER, now I gotta fucking watch that bunk. All work and no play...

Thursday, November 19, 2009

V18: The pipes froze again. Room got pretty hot, an all time high of 93F. Air conditioner probably stopped being effective in the early morning while the lamps were still on. That AC unit is an old piece of shit on the verge of breaking in two. Pushing it like this every day, the damn thing is gonna die a cold explosive death. Then it’s game over, man. Game over. 5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, NO WATER.

Friday, November 20, 2009

V19: Watered with small amount of veg grow. The room is a little too warm because I waited till 5:30pm before turning on the AC.

Going lights out for 36 hrs, starting at 8am tomorrow, then beginning 12/12 light cycle. 8am to 8pm: lights off, 8pm to 8am: lights on.

Find power for lamp 6. Find power for lamp 6. Lamp 6. Power. Now.

Saturday, November 21, 2009

V20: 8am, lights off for 36 hours. NO WATER.

Sunday, November 22, 2009

F1: 8pm, lights on. End of 36 hour reset. Start 12/12 cycle.

5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, 7ml per gallon of water, Botanicare Pure Blend Pro (1.5, 4, 5) flowering formula.

Monday, November 23, 2009

F2: THRIPS! Like a goddamn nightmare, I noticed the goddamn leaf damage today. Multiple plants. They have the fucking gift of flight and thrive in 77 - 82F. I'm gonna try to control them with a low, lights off temp of 65 - 70F.

5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers.

Tuesday, November 24, 2009

F3: Temp got as low as 60F during the night cycle. This should deter thrip growth. Can't keep doing that. Yoyoing hurts the plants. Bought another 50ft extension cord. Said fuck it, ran the cord from the grow room, down the hall, plugged the bastard into one of the kitchen outlets and yippee, lamp 6 is good to go.

5HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, 7ml per gal, 1.25 cup water/per plant.

Wednesday, November 25, 2009

Darien's 40th birthday. He turned 40 today. 40. Celebrated at a restaurant with a bunch of his LA friends. Cherry was there and she was very nice to me. She looks good for 38. It's that filipina blood,

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it promotes strong hair and teeth. She's sad though. Los Angeles is crammed with desperate people, all fucking each other, literally and figuratively. On the outside, they're the most confident looking twats in the room. All the while, on the inside, they're really fucking terrified, scared shitless of growing old and never locking down a stable relationship, that safety net with a house and a washer/dryer.

F4: 1:30 AM. Lamp 6 has turned a warm room into a sauna. It felt like the sun was trying to rape my face. I've opened the grow room door in order to let the inferno out. This heat/air conditioner bullshit is a major issue and is primarily responsible for the state of the plants. High temperatures lower the relative humidity. Low humidity makes the plants consume water faster. High temps also create the perfect environment for pests, like the glamorous fucking thrip infestation I'm currently enjoying.

Heat sucks. Heat from the lights. Heat because the air con is dogshit. It's like fuckface picked the worst house in the Valley just to make my life an actual living hell. Triple dipped, double currynigger.

6HPS, 2 fans, 2 humidifiers, NO WATER.

Thursday, November 26, 2009

Had Thanksgiving with Uri and his family. Dashia's parents flew in from New York and everybody got drunk on her father's special Russian booze concoction before the first bite. Why in the fuck is Uri still friends with Darien? He's probably pining for the good old days. That's irrational braindamage, Uri. You should know better, you fuckin russkie canuck Jew. Silly vodka nigger, they're long gone. The good old days. Gone. Never to return. Enjoy the boring 2nd act of your life, watch your fat faced, fat-limbed children get fucking fatter with diabetes until they fucking explode, then sit the basement of some Boca Raton retirement home with your decrepit unwashed chemically castrated limp dick and masturbate to the latest synthetic gefilte fish. Then die.

F5: Thrips. God. Damn. It. The room is less hot tonight because I started the AC at 8pm on the nose. Also, the flipping door is wide open. The plants look sad and droopy.

Added 60ml of flowering grow to 18 gallons of water and watered moderately. I'm a lot fucking drunker than I think and doing it that way was pretty fucking stupid. Drinking + gardening do not mix.

Friday, November 27, 2009

F6: The house is getting too cold too quickly. The AC ices over and craps out around 5am. 3 hours of pure hellfire is unacceptable.

Humidity, still low: 30% - 35%. WATERED.

Saturday, November 28, 2009

F7: Thrips? Fuck if I know, I'm scared to look. Think I'll just flush today. Most of the plants have chemical burn spots in their lower shade leaves. They look like shit. Broken record. It's the high temp

and low humidity. I hope it's not a nitrogen thing. No, it's chemical burn. Or a nitrogen thing.

Sunday, November 29, 2009

F8: The plants are looking really really really rough. Chemical burn or deficiency? Should I be watering less with less formula, or more with more formula, or more with less, or less with more?

Monday, November 30, 2009

Gettin sloppy. No activity on Amazon for over a year. I thought maybe she'd grown tired of pretending to read. I tried plugging in her other email addresses, just not lately.

jasnik.ava@gmail.com with a little password called quackquack.

Sloppy on both of us. She opened the account about five months ago. Two Mastercards and two Visas. Both Mastercards are listed under her mother in Albany, New York. The Visas belong to Ava, courtesy of pappa Jasnik...However, the billing address is not in California.

42, Villa Aublet
Paris, 74129
France

July 15, 2009

Pretending to Be Normal: Living With Asperger's Syndrome, by Liane Holliday Willey

Asperger's and Girls, by Tony Attwood, plus 8 more experts

July 25, 2009

Autism and the God Connection: Redefining the Autistic Experience Through Extraordinary Accounts of Spiritual Giftedness, by William Stillman

July 30, 2009

Autistic Barriers in Neurotic Patients, by Frances Tustin

I hate being a lazy ding dong...but holy shit do I love nailing it right on the goddamn beak! Are you a sperg, Ava? Is that your new thing? Your new excuse? Retardation? Autism? Really? Is that the reason you're unaccomplished? Are you positive it's not because you're forever trying to broker every quality opportunity that crosses your path?

Tren fucking nailed it three years ago. That flaky douche served her the beating heart of darkness on a silver platter when he wrote: "why aren't you doing his videos?"

Well, Ava? Why the fuck aren't you?

F9: WATERED. Plants responding ok. Used more flowering formula.

Tuesday, December 1, 2009

F10: 43 plants. Trying to keep the room cool during night cycle. 66F. In addition to thrips, there appears to be spidermite damage on one of the plants. Fucking hellspawn. Spidermites. Perfect. WATERED.

Wednesday, December 2, 2009

F11: Ordered two different control bugs. In theory, they'll gobble up the spidermites and fight thrip larva in the soil. Arrives tomorrow or next day after.

pHing the fertilized water at 6.0 - 6.5, or somewhere in-between. The plants are responding. I think the water was too alkaline for them. I don't know what I'm doing.

NO WATER.

Thursday, December 3, 2009

Darien is 100 percent mobile again. The crutches are gone and the boot came off. He's still hobbling like a twat, but whatever. His new thing is to complain about "our" evaporating cash. It's great, I can actually see it manifest in slow motion, his nervousness, his anxiety, I measure it from the minuscule changes on his face. I watch him get more nervous with each passing day and my cock moves every single time.

I reassured him that after the grow we would be a-ok on the perpetual cycle tip, and that if he's really truly worried, then we should stop going out to drink and conserve "our" money. Idiot nodded like a bobbleheaded fat fuck, a kabuki bobbleheaded fat fuck. He's pathetic whenever he tries to pretend like he's a real motherfucking sensible adult human being. Retard, it's obvious you're not listening, you look retarded. For a guy who lies all the time, he is the worst actor. You live in Los Angeles...Take a class, you fucking twat, you nitwit swine, you festering shitskin doorknob faggot.

F12: WATERED.

Friday, December 4, 2009

F13: Used predatory nematodes for the thrip larva, and spidermite predators for the spidermites. Squirted all those niggas dead in the eye....Die mutha fuckas, die mutha fuckas, DIE!

Saturday, December 5, 2009

After 50 years of wasting taxpayer money on fake photos, films, videos, and drunk villagers looking for their 15, the UK Ministry of Defense decided to shut down the UFO Research Department. But mate, who'll investigate the unexplainable midnight skulking British elite paedophiles? Um, the fookin police, ya quivering tosspot bellend. Only, no, they won't. The bobbies are in on it. F14: NO WATER.

Sunday, December 6, 2009

F15: I don't know anymore. Chemical burn? Lack of nutrients? A combo? FLUSHED.

Monday, December 7, 2009

Spent the day in bed googling my private secret lady friend. Her name is Ava...She's a retarded person. I don't care if she sorts glass and learned her job slow, I'm never going to throw her away.

Was about to call it quits and break for dinner when I stumbled onto her uship.com account. Not what I'd call ground breaking. The only transaction was in 2007, she had a 2003 Volkswagen Golf shipped from Albany, NY to a residence in Los Angeles, California.

Mommy and daddy bought her a car and she never even drove it cross country. Not very adventurous, Ava. I thought you were looking for inspiration. Lazy Ava enables crazy Ava.

F16: NO WATER. Recovery time.

Tuesday, December 8, 2009

F17: NO WATER.

Wednesday, December 9, 2009

There's a rat living in the wall hedge outside. Three mornings in a row, I've watched the little vermin master from the kitchen, I've seen the diseased filth scurry back into its home from what's sure to have been a late night of partying and cavorting and nondiscriminatory rape.

If he comes calling tomorrow, I will name him Two Socks.

F18: NO WATER.

Thursday, December 10, 2009

The rat never showed.

Rat, we could've been friends forever. Now I'm just going to kill you if I see you again. For I know the plans I have for you, rat. I am Great White Death. I disintegrate bitches in my jaws, 50,000 rows of crushing, ripping teeth.

That's your fate when you befoul another man's property. Bastard, and nigger.

F19: WATERED. 5ml per gal molasses. 5ml per gal flowering.

Friday, December 11, 2009

F20: NO WATER. Major, major fucking chemical burn, or whatever, on all of the plants. Fuck. And the humidity is super low. 20% - 28%.

Lower leaves are yellow crispy shit that drop off when they can't take it anymore. Discoloration and burn curl moving its way up the lower-mid shade leaves. But against all odds, the buds are continuing to grow on every plant. Widening. Lengthening. It's not a complete disaster. Not yet.

Saturday, December 12, 2009

F21: FLUSHED.

Sunday, December 13, 2009

F22: The humidity is better now: 30 - 40%, lights on. Because the plants are holding onto the flush water and that water is evaporating in the air? Duh. The chemical nutrients might be trapped, it won't release without more water. Do they need more water?

NO WATER.

Monday, December 14, 2009

F23: It's all relative. They look ok from a bud growth angle, but they look like hammered fucking shit from a mangled leaf and general wellness angle.

What else can I do? I'll continue to dose them with a much lower concentration of formula and will continue to give them molasses. (molasses: 5ml per gal, aka 1 teaspoon per gallon.)

NO WATER.

Tuesday, December 15, 2009

F24: 5ml per gal flowering formula, 5ml per gal molasses.

Wednesday, December 16, 2009

F25: WATERED, 5ml per gal flowering, 5ml per gal molasses.

Thursday, December 17, 2009

These past few weeks, I have read all sorts of gay things. Among others, [REDACTED]

Blueberries? Beautiful?

Well now, Christopher, you sure made your flatulent voice heard. Really, you did. Yes. You really really did, you filthy dumb suicidal uppity twat Pig-Pen hippy wannabe. I bet his job in hell is to hunker down on all the evil monster demon cock. What a fucking horrid, horrid, horrid, awful and selfish turd of a son. Good riddance.

F26: NO WATER.

Friday, December 18, 2009

F27: Watered 5ml per gal flowering, 5ml per gal molasses.

Spidermites invaded another plant.

Saturday, December 19, 2009

F28: 5ml flowering formula, 5ml per gal molasses, 5ml per gallon nitrogen supplement.

Sunday, December 20, 2009

F29: 6ml per gal nitrogen.

Monday, December 21, 2009

F30: NO WATER. Plants. Horrible. Spidermites continue to spread. Poured cold water directly on top of their little web cities, a pointless cockheaded move. The way things are going, I don't think they'll mature all the way.

Hilarious, appalling, and then hilarious again...Darien is clueless about the whole situation. Clueless. Poking his fat face in the grow room once a week for 5 seconds. After an undulating jiggle, fat face says a variation of "They look great, man. Really great."

He hasn't mentioned anything about the buds, but I guess it's possible he noticed them and actually thinks they look "great, man" "really great," and doesn't feel the need to say shit about the leaf quality because it's not worth complaining about if the buds are doing well. Yeah right. He's a simpleminded dumb dumb. Too easy.

Tuesday, December 22, 2009

Woke up to Darien yelling. He was on his cell, marching around doing his favorite manic rooster kitchen/living room circuit, fag barking demands with a mouth full of jaw breakers, or cocks, or rat turds. One never knows.

Evidently, his cell phone bill is crazy expensive. Yeah, dickhead, it's astronomically expensive because you enjoy being a stupid crazy drooling niggerfag brown. Oh, and you're allergic to details and know nothing about money. This will be the third time he's called to complain and yet he never solves the problem by getting a cheaper plan or switching to a different provider. Insanity.

F31: 5ml per gal nitrogen.

Wednesday, December 23, 2009

F32: Flushed with 5.5ml per gallon of nitrogen.

Thursday, December 24, 2009

Downloaded and watched the 2nd season of Breaking Bad in one go. My eyes are bloodshot, my neck hurts like fucking hell. I'm a stupid asshole. White and Pinkman, such an obvious nod to Reservoir Dogs. Are they foreshadowing to the very end of the series that Jesse is going to run away with some top notch gear and leave Walt in the lurch? Does Walt get betrayed by a Mister Orange type?

If I cooked meth, I could blow up the house and torch Darien like a nice fried drumstick. The pigfucking popo would laugh and say "Ha ha, yummy chicken food."

Where's my brain at? It's Christmas Eve, they're way too busy raping foster children to even give a shit. All the more reason to blow the house up.

F33: NO WATER.

Friday, December 25, 2009

Quiet house.

Darien went over to Heidi's for the night. As luck would have it, I finished the first draft of candyspin this evening. Registered it with the WGA west on their website. \$20. Not bad. I put my name down as the sole registrant and the only writer. I doctored up and printed a fake copy of the registration with Darien as a co-writer. I'll give it to him when he gets home. Merry Christmas, bitch.

F34: 5.5ml per gal nitrogen, 3.5ml per gal flowering.

Cold room during the night cycle, a low of 56F. Doesn't matter. They don't care. The spidermites giggle

and tell me to kiss their little asses and suck their little d-i-c-k-s and then fart their little holiday farts in my goddamn general direction. Curse their blood.

Saturday, December 26, 2009

Two days without Darien. He called in the afternoon and said he was going to stay another night. Glory to the Universe.

I've been so busy with everything, I haven't had the time or the energy to properly rifle through his belongings. Wowza...The moron is in so much debt, it's worse than I thought. Almost \$10,000 in back taxes, not including penalties. And then there's the hospital bill for the leg. He owes about \$97,000. No medical insurance. No life insurance, either.

What a husband. What a father. What a guy. Hey family, I'll deal with that super massive giant ball of wax...never. No wonder Olivia bounced.

Awesome thought that I'm pretty sure might be connected to thinking about burning Darien alive like a nignog kebab:

What if the CIA replaced all of the FBI's mosque informants with islamophobic arsonists?

Answer: Hilarity ensues!

F35: NO WATER.

Sunday, December 27, 2009

F36: 5ml per gal nitrogen.

Monday, December 28, 2009

F37: NO WATER. The room was at 85% humidity at 8pm when the lights came on. That room is jam packed with creatures, so I really don't need mold right now. But the way things are going, kinda shit, that's exactly what I'll motherfuckin get.

Tuesday, December 29, 2009

Loading groceries into the fagmobile with dickcheese blowing smoke up my ass, talking about the grow like it's a done deal, a sure thing he's gonna get top price for. In the fagmobile, he's yapping about wanting to buy a dispensary or two...We were almost home and his headlights still weren't on.

A cop hiding in the darkness flashed him and he pulled over immediately. The cop said Darien was driving w/o his headlights and doing almost 60 in a 40 mph zone. Incredibly, the cop went easy and

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only gave the feral jackass a citation for the no lights. But then fucking idiot started complaining. The cop interrupted and said that he could just go ahead and give him a ticket for speeding, too. This took place 1000 feet from the driveway.

We get home, he's bitching the whole time that he's gonna fight the ticket, yap yap yap yap. I put away the groceries, entered the living room and sat down at the comp to check my email. Darien was on his second beer, standing, watching TV. He picked up the barbells, did a few curls, put them down, took off his shirt, turned to me and threw the sweaty rag at my face and said, "Wipe your ass with that."

I stood up, went to my room and locked the door. I focused on my breathing. It did me a world of good. Tonight you were very very close to getting your filthy niggerass murdered. I started mentally preparing to dismember your grimy body, you were that close. I want to regulate his windpipe. I will not regulate his windpipe. Not now. Later, though. Oh yes, later. Darien, faggot, you superstar faggot, you're still in the running to become America's Next Shot Dead Nigger Storage.

F38: NO WATER. 14 of 43 have spidermites. (Tick tock.) He's got that suitcase. No. Murdering and cutting him up here in the house...Reckless. Suitcase would never work anyway. He's too fucking fat.

Wednesday, December 30, 2009

Last night I dreamt that I murdered black bag lady.

I waited till she entered the wooded area and then I stepped in after her. I struck her repeatedly in the head with the blunt end of the claw hammer and the damn bitch refused to go down. I hit her in the ear and neck a few times...then finally, she fell on her back. I bludgeoned her face well over one hundred times until her features disintegrated. After the flesh and cartilage were gone, it was like pounding on a broken coconut covered in raspberry jam.

After several God of Thunder hammer strikes, I caved in her skull and globs of brain ran out onto the dirt. The globs reminded me of baby jellyfish. My clothes and skin were painted in blood and grey matter and bone bits. I became anxious when I realized she was all over my face and hands, and somehow the gore had managed to sneak under my clothing. Suddenly, I believed that if I didn't scrub her off in 5 seconds I would instantly contract Gonorrhea, Chlamydia, AIDS, Hepatitis A, B and C.

I zipped up my pack and rushed out of the wooded area to the railing overlooking the Potomac. Without giving it a second thought, I jumped in, let the hammer sink to the bottom and washed myself in the river. I hugged the wall and made my way under the TRB and crawled onto the grass next to the park trail. I walked to mom and dad's, went straight into the basement, put my clothing and backpack in the washing machine. Fearing the worst, I checked my cell phone but the display looked normal. Only in a dream.

Woke up, immediately realized I jizzed the bed. Probably happened while I cracked away at her uglyass, nastyass, bitchass stubborn face. That hammer. I miss that hammer. We never really got to know one another. We'll always have 9/8/04.

F39: 10 second flush with 5.5ml per gal nitrogen.

Thursday, December 31, 2009

He's out for the night. If the planets are aligned, he won't be back until next year. I used his shitbox pc and fashioned a nice typed letter to the faggots at the IRS. I called them cocksuckers and niggers and spics and jewfags and told the government servants they couldn't catch me because they were too busy dick-raping pure white babies. I rattled off a solid page of gold and signed it Darien Reinhardt Holz.

Included his social security number, his cell number, the house address, his mom's address in Maine. Used the printer to put the address of the house and the IRS on the envelope. Forever stamped.

He tumbled in at 4amish and went right straight to bed. Incredible. He's going Brando so goddamn fast, strangling him to death is gonna be a fucking bitch of a bitch of a trick bitchass project.

F40: NO WATER.

Friday, January 1, 2010

F41: NO WATER.

Saturday, January 2, 2010

F42: 10 second flush with 5.5 per gal nitrogen. The nitrogen seems to be working. Plants looking greener, fuller. A great development, but the spidermite/thrip damage is extensive.

Sunday, January 3, 2010

F43: NO WATER. Spidermites. Entire garden will be infested in a week or two.

Monday, January 4, 2010

Kill Rules:

1. Never google a target's name. Never research methods of killing and evasion on the internet. Laptop. Desktop. Mobile. Internet cafe. Public library. Random neighborhood with unsecured wireless network. Doesn't matter. Never ever. Period.

2. Never travel more than 10 miles outside the home range.

3. Never use a gun.

4. Only kill at night.

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5. Always dress in clean dark clothing (preferably a suit) to help mask blood splatter.
6. Dead sex, if the target is female and super hot to moderately attractive. No dicking after she's been a corpse for over 24 hours, the idea of cold vagina creeps me out.

F44: 10 second flush with plain water.

Tuesday, January 5, 2010

Killing Darien is going to be tricky. And by tricky I mean risky. I considered luring him out to the Southern California wilderness. After he was done pleading for his life, I'd put one through his sweaty forehead and then nine more, center mass. That's fantasy land. Too loud, too messy. Murder like that only works on TV...and in Mexico, where nobody gives a rat shit, too many dead mutilated bodies everywhere to care about one gringo nigger covered in deliberately grouped bullet holes.

Maybe slit his throat and watch him bleed out? Fun. His mom would have the option to go open casket. Now I'm just being silly.

It's difficult to get away with killing someone you know, and it's damn near impossible when you're living with that someone you know who needs killing. My second day here, he took me to that San Fernando Valley lookout point. I should've fucking pushed the lumpy shitsack right off the mountain. A ninety foot header would have clinched it, only there were loads of people around.

What if he didn't go head first? What if he just rolled down the hill and scratched his fat elbow? Gotta think of something, and soon. Yeah...tricky and risky, but it's gotta be done. Darien the sandblob must die.

F45: NO WATER.

Wednesday, January 6, 2010

F46: NO WATER.

Thursday, January 7, 2010

F47: 10.5ml per gal Botanicare Sweet original berry supplement, Final flush. Started pruning brittle dead leaves and leaves with 80% - 100% spidermite damage. Btw: spidermites fucking bite. The bites itch like crazy.

Friday, January 8, 2010

As a secondary form of revenge, I've been pissing in Darien's mint flavor mouthwash. Need to be extra careful about the amount of piss, because blue and too much yellow makes green.

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I put a little bit in his shampoo and conditioner, and I'm making it a daily ritual to go on his frazzled shredded toothbrush.

F48: NO WATER.

Saturday, January 9, 2010

Went to Petco and bought two vacuum sealed dog food containers. Holds up to 50 pounds each.

I pissed in Darien's gin. This way he'll drink up my salty essential fluids directly. He's sleeping right now. I wanna cut his throat and just stab, stab, stab, stab, stab, stab, stab, stab stab stab stab stab stab stab stabstabstabstabstab.

Can't. That would be a retarded move. And because I can't rage kill him, I engage in frivolous activity like a child. Amazing how pee pee revenge keeps me centered. At least I'm not a faggot poop maniac.

F49: NO WATER. Manicured.

Sunday, January 10, 2010

I've started a health-giving diet of peanuts, almonds, raisins, bananas, tunafish, chicken and vegetables, exclusively. Heavy on the peanuts. No alcohol, no sugary junk.

F50: 11ml per gallon sweet flush. Manicured some more.

Monday, January 11, 2010

F51: NO WATER.

Tuesday, January 12, 2010

My bowel movements are gigantic. I'm going constantly. Type 5 and 6 on the disgusting Bristol Chart. Peanuts and almonds, man. I feel like a Play Doh fun factory.

F52: NO WATER. Signs of final flowering. Tops of buds are closing up around white and orange hairs, like a Venus flytrap.

Wednesday, January 13, 2010

F53: Flushed with plain water.

Thursday, January 14, 2010

F54: NO WATER.

Friday, January 15, 2010

F55: NO WATER.

Saturday, January 16, 2010

They want to legalize degeneracy while they destroy personal freedom, the family, private property, education, religion and national sovereignty. Great! That's fine by me. Let them. I believe in the divine right of death and have been wishing upon many stars for a time when I'm able to dispense it freely without the risk of persecution.

Let them break the system if that's what they want. That leads to confusion...and then games, games, games, games.

Crossing my fingers, toes, arms, legs and eyes, hoping the great upheaval takes place during a record breaking summer heatwave in the not-so-distant future. Flies, flies, flies, and more flies. Maggots, too. Millions. Billions. Trillions. Reeking death. A maze of sunbaked corpses. My god, the squirming. The sound of those little darlings feasting on dead meat will be a clearly audible gem, a treasure to the blind and dying, or anyone with decent hearing, that the endtimes have arrived and they are very, very, very hungry.

F56: NO WATER.

Sunday, January 17, 2010

Ava, I miss you. Got so bored I went through my macbook hard drive looking for junk files to trash. I found a text clipping of your writing that I copied from your short lived, late 2008, French titled blog that you didn't hide very well. In the quick piece, I guess it was a creative writing exercise, you asked a bunch of rhetorical questions. Today I answered them. It was fun. It felt like we were having one of our whacked out 3AM conversations.

Ava: Hi.

Master Rapeface: hello, babe.

Ava: What would you do at this party?

Master Rapeface: i'm sorry, what?

Ava: Let's talk.

Master Rapeface: ok...

Ava: At this party I often feel like you bail and leave me here, you're too insulted to even try, you're too hurt to even try.

Master Rapeface: are you feeling alright?

Ava: What are you hurt by?

Master Rapeface: you're acting really bizarre, like...it's like you're doing a scene or something. you trying out new dialogue or...

Ava: What fire would you start here?

Master Rapeface: now we're talking. i simply adore fire...

Ava: What upsets you about here?

Master Rapeface: hold on a sec, kanye. grab yer shiny purse, sit down an lemme finish. you can't keep changing the subject all willy nilly like a rude drunk closet-homosexual fag hag shit-diaper negro dwarf. that's madness, girl.

Ava: About this woman with her ten day tenure and her wall if chick lit and her subliminal photo ops?

Master Rapeface: whoa.

Ava: And the men?

Master Rapeface: kill the men. gendercide the fucks. i don't mind. we're cool though, right?

Ava: And not being heard?

Master Rapeface: i listen to you. you know it's true, g-g-g-g-girl!

Ava: And you and me not feeling engaged and feeling strange and marginal though we play nice, too nice, bullshit nice.

Master Rapeface: now i'm sad. cheer up, buttercup...i love you.

F57: NO WATER.

Monday, January 18, 2010

F58: 5 second flush with water. Pruned heavily. At 8am, lights out for 36 hours.

Tuesday, January 19, 2010

F59: LIGHTS OUT. Temp pretty low, 55F. The inline will be going the whole time during harvest. It keeps the temp down and sucks the moisture out of the room. The booster can be unplugged.

I put leaf clippings into five plastic grocery bags and stored them in the freezer for Darien's Dutch hash-making project that he'll never get going. He's been saying we need to buy a scale, filter screens, pickle jars and turkey bags, over and over, for like two weeks now. Mush mouth, please shut the fuck up.

Pickles jars. Turkey bags. Faggot pants. You do nothing. You are nothing.

Wednesday, January 20, 2010

H1: No oscillating fans, no AC, no humidifier. Proud and robust spidermites, generations of proud and robust spidermites...DEAD.

Darien walked in the room and touched one of the buds and just kept repeating "They're so dry! Why are they so dry?"

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It sounded like a fucking bitchpanic accusation because it was. Funny though, I didn't have the usual urge to murder the fuck outta him. My lizardmonkeybrain knows how close I am to the finish line, it wants me to stay the course. So, I explained the wonders and benefits of curing, and like sunshine an lollipops rainbowing out of a unicorn's asshole, Gayrod Moocow calmed the fuck down and walked away.

7pm, started manicuring until 10am...and still only did 33 plants. Darien got drunk on gin & tonics, and my piss, but was remarkably productive for the duration. Magic piss! Hung cut plants on HPS lamp chains, evenly spread out. Lights out. DRYING.

Thursday, January 21, 2010

H2: 6pm to 1am. We manicured the last 10 plants. Turned lights off.

DRYING. Acceptable temp range: 65 to 75F. Acceptable humidity range: 45% to 55%. The room's temperature is on the low side: 61 to 65F. Humidity floating between 49% to 56%.

Spidermite survivors? Refugees is more like it. They climbed to the top of the hanging stems and chains and started web spinning. I like their never-say-die attitude. Has there ever been a case of spidermite teen suicide? Certainly not. They're little spiders, not little faggots.

Friday, January 22, 2010

H3: DRYING. Lights off. Temp 60F to 65F. Humidity 48% to 55%.

Saturday, January 23, 2010

H4: DRYING. Lights off. 6am. Temp 58F. Humidity 50%. A space heater would've come in pretty handy right here. 11:15pm. Temp 62F. Humidity 52%.

Spidermites have broken up into little dwindling concentration camps. They're finished.

Sunday, January 24, 2010

H5: DRYING. Lights off. 7:30pm. 65F, 52%.

Monday, January 25, 2010

H6: DRYING. Lights off. 11:50pm. 62.2F, 52%.

Tuesday, January 26, 2010

H7: DRYING. 9pm. Cut buds off stems and placed them in the dog food container at 12:30am. Curing for 24hrs.

Wednesday, January 27, 2010

H8: CURING. Every six hours unscrew lid and air out the container for 3 minutes.

Thursday, January 28, 2010

H9: CURING. 12:30am. Gently tipped container onto cookie sheet and lowered that into three large (grocery store grade) brown paper bags. Went six inches high with the buds. Rolled up the bags, taped them. Let the bags sit for 12hrs.

1pm. Ready to weigh, bag, sell. Total weight: 3 ¼ lbs.

Darien hit the fucking ceiling. I had to call on every ounce of strength to keep from laughing my ass off. He literally stomped around the house blurting "FUCK!" He marched down the hall and disappeared into his room. I counted to 8 before he unleashed another primal "FUCK!" Then he marched back up the hall into the kitchen and stared intensely at the kush on the dining table as if he were trying to replicate the buds using nothing but sweet desperation. He didn't believe me so he weighed the gear right then and there...and oh how those faggot hands did tremble.

Still 3...and ¼.

He shouted at the weed. "What the fuck, man?! What the fuck!"

A special moment. The bitchpanic, I'll never forget that look, his look of pure faggot bitchpanic. That's his signature look now, faggot bitchpanic. Amazing the way the blood drained from his haggard face the second he knew he was screwed. He's brown, but in that second, he looked gray. Biology, you're A number 1.

Didn't last long. He got into serious mode, piled the gear into three of his precious turkey bags and hid the stash in his bedroom closet. Then he called Uri and asked to borrow \$2400. \$2000 for February's rent, and \$400 because a wretched bitch like Darien fucking loves taking advantage of the kindhearted and gloms onto people with money and talent and passion...But secretly, he really wants someone to drive a rusty pitchfork through his throat. That's my theory.

Waited more than a couple of hours. Uri finally arrived and handed Darien \$2400 in cash. Uri also rolled up a fattie of the kush, smoked the whole thing, gave it the definitive seal of approval when he exhaled and said, "This works."

High as Jesus Christ, he tore out of the driveway on a Japanese motorcycle, the ass-up kind. Farewell, vodka nigger. Farewell.

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I drove Darien to Bank of America, he put the money straight in, and, almost immediately, he dialed back his bitch factor by a notch or two. We get home, he bolts into his room and closes the door. He was mumbling in there, talking on the phone, or to himself. I couldn't tell which. An hour later, he walked into the living room all showered, shaved, dressed...and holding a backpack. I thought I was gonna pass out, thought for sure he was leaving with the gear. "Where ya going," I said.

The universe really wants me to win because pickle jars fucking replied, "Heidi's." The bag was just overnight stuff. He promised to return in the afternoon so that we could start shopping the weed around. I said I would clean the room and get everything ready for the next grow. He left a little after 6pm.

Positive he was long gone, I grabbed all the marijuana, jetted down Ventura Blvd and checked out 2 dispensaries. They never asked me for a patient card or ID. The quickest dump was \$3300/pound, all at once, next day. The best return was \$3600/pound, on consignment, 3 to 4 days. Darien would have wanted to do that one, I think. My guy's name is Peter Morian at Greenland Collective. He weighed everything twice and it turns out it's actually 3.23 pounds. And bonus proof Darien is a grandmaster retard, Peter said it's not OG Kush, it's Bubba. He took my info, gave me his number, a receipt, and said the money will be ready at 3 or 4pm, but he's gonna call first.

I left the gear with Peter, had dinner at a Mexican restaurant, got back and started packing all my stuff into the Honda. Double checked the whole house, then I sat on the couch with the macbook, signed into my Verizon account and blocked Darien's cell number. When he can't reach me he's gonna get Uri to try, so I blocked Uri as well. His pc craptop is too slow to be handy, but just in case, I logged into the wireless and changed the password to numbers and letters. He can always reset it. Yeah, right. He's got the brain of a stillborn dodo bird, it'll keep him occupied for 20 seconds before he gives up and fagmobiles over to Uri's internet.

After that bit of nonsense, I went into the guest bathroom, took off all my clothes and placed them in two plastic bags. One for clothes, one for shoes. Head to toe nude, I stepped into the hall, closed the bathroom door, put on a cheap respirator and a pair of cleaning gloves. I entered my room and opened the closet and pulled out the other dog food container, the one holding 19 days worth of massive shits, and a fair amount of salty yellow piss. I dragged the container into Darien's room. His closet seemed like the most logical place to begin. I scooped out a handful of the pissy excreta mixture and smeared it over his clothing and shoes and boxes. I covered his bed, pillows and blankets and the side table. Entered the bathroom and made quick work of his toiletries and bath towels and canvased the shower, toilet, medicine cabinet, sink and mirror. I painted every room, every wall, window, closet, furniture, everything, all in my feces and pee. The kitchen took the longest. I did the refrigerator, inside and out, the dishwasher, all the cabinets, utensil drawers, the stove, the sink, the horrible Gandhi painting. I tried to be as thorough as possible. Still had a fifth of a container left, so I went back over Darien's room, then applied a lazy second coat to the house. Almost forgot about the garage, but, a little goes a long way, still had enough to give the old washer and dryer a decent going over.

I set the container in the hallway, stripped off the gloves and mask and carefully tossed them into the living room. Jumped in the guest shower, washed up, put on my clothes, filled my lungs with air and opened the bathroom door. I used a towel to pick up the container and poured whatever was left on the tile floor. I grabbed my laptop off the edge of the sink, raced outside to the driveway and took a deep breath.

Horrible afterthought: There's a chance he might end up masturbating to it all.

I'm writing this from my comfortable room at the Best Western. Goodbye Woodland Hills. And fuck you, Los Angeles.

Friday, January 29, 2010

Big fucking mistake. Got up early, nervous all day. I had coffee, instant hotel coffee, but still coffee, for the first time in months. That made the anxiety ten times worse. By 3pm I was sweating like a pig and visiting the toilet every 10 minutes for a couple drops of jittery piss. By 4pm my brain was going over every awful worst possible double double cross scenario. At 4:10, I called Peter. It rang a bunch of times and kicked into his voice mail. I hung up. Called back at 4:20 and the machine picked up again, this time I left a message. Hilarious. I just now realized I called a marijuana dispensary employee at 4fucking20.

Finally, at 4:36pm, my phone rang. Naturally I expected to see Peter's number flash across the display. But no. Unfamiliar digits. Was it faggot Darien calling? Had he seen and smelled the glory from deep within my bladder and large intestines? It rang again...

I literally said, "Don't be a pussy," out loud, answered the call and said hello. My man Peter Morian. He apologized for the delay and told me to come on over.

Greenland Collective. Back office. Cash money. Peter counted the whole whack right in front of me, twice. He put it all in a manilla envelope and placed it in my hand and was eager to get back to the front. \$10,659 for 3.23 pounds. Done. It was a good old fashioned, full-on, straight up drug deal.

Implosion is imminent on the whole fucking kit and goddamn green caboodle. There's something like 800 to 1000 dispensaries in LA. More than half of them are unlicensed. Only a matter of time before the federal cocksuckers go into maximum overdrive, kicking motherfucking doors in, murdering dogs, confiscating shit, trampling civil liberties. Everything those faggots do now, only more of it. Much much more. More warm bodies to fill all those for-profit rape factories that seem to be sprouting up out of the ground like weeds. Heh.

On my way out of the Valley, I spotted a group of street corner mailboxes. I quickly dropped in Darien's colorful letter to the IRS. That should've been a good time but it did nothing for me. Figures. Too much drama today. I'm physically and mentally exhausted and only did 6 hours of driving. Flagstaff, Arizona.

Tomorrow I will search for the loveliness of America, once more, for the first time. Good night.

FALLOUT

I returned home 4 days later. I did not check my email on the road because public wireless networks are ripe for hacking your twat and raping your life. So...when I checked my inbox, Darien had pretty thoroughly lit it up. He said he was going to drag my name through the mud and sue me for all the massive shits. Good thing there was no official record of me at the house. I never received any mail at the address and I never signed a lease or any other paper work. No email trail, either. I always made sure we discussed the arrangements over the phone. He didn't have a leg to stand on. And even if he did, what was the guy gonna do? Crunch the numbers with his Fudgie the Whale bitchtits and hire a lawyer? With whose money?

I bet he never cleaned it up. I bet he stiffed the landlord and got the fuck up out of there.

Desperate, he tried to guilt trip me about the grow money, said I was taking food out of his son's mouth. A howling laughriot. He's not a provider. He's not a dad. He's not even a man. He's a parasite hiding in a bloated, diseased flesh sack. His blood is made of fleas. He's subhuman dickcheese filth.

Anyway, then he just started signing me up for all kinds of spammy bullshit. You know, straight porn, gay porn, sick fuck porn, and NAMBLA. He used a number of sockpuppets and occasionally sent a "fuck you" message forty or fifty times in a row. I guess I became his hobby. It amused me at first, thinking about him hunched over someone else's computer, clicking away in the dark like an exuberant little monkey...but then it just became a nuisance. One hundred new gayfag emails, every day, with no foreseeable end. Lame.

I decided it was high time to shut the old boy down. What I knew, and had known ever since he first contacted me way way back in 2007, was the answer to his secret question:

"Mother's birthplace?"

And Darien being Darien, the only real question was whether or not he spelled it correctly. Yes. He spelled it correctly. "Caribou." Circle gets the square.

I changed the password, picked a new secret question, and biff, the account was mine. The worming commenced. And after the worming? I did not quit until I deleted fucking everything. EVERYTHING.

It worked. The spamming stopped, and a few weeks later he posted a bright and rosy ad for that beat up Prius. Faggot rank: promoted to Major. L.A. privileges, revoked. The last time I checked, he was working at a skydiving joint near Miami.

If the total crap liberal twat state of California lethally injected me for decapitating that goofball shitlicker...I'd be dead. I'd never forgive myself. By the way, I would option for the gas chamber, and I would die of boredom on death row because their system is chock-full of soft pussy faggots. I'm alive though, so it's not over. I'm not done with him...Not by damn sight.

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

Ava is back in Los Angeles. The Paris trip didn't last very long. Nine or ten months, maybe? That seems long. Maybe not. It's all relative, time flies by when you're busy and stressed out, which she was, trying to get that pesky really real director thing going again. The old hat. Trying to play catch up, struggling to learn the vocabulary of commercial filmmaking with all its endless tech: the lenses and filters and camera systems and rigs...and the lights...Holy shit, lighting motion pictures or pro-style commercials is a universe in and of itself. Then there's post-production sweetening and the numerous digital innovations that are constantly happening in that realm. A serious director needs to always and forever be on top of their game, their craft, their shit.

And so when you show up in a foreign land, a woman in your mid 30s, knowing far, far, far fucking less about the technical aspects than that super hipster Parisian chick or guy in their early 20s...When they look at you funny on the third day because they secretly pegged you a halfwit imposter on day one and two, they suspected, but now they know for sure...Then, yeah, you're gonna be stressed out, time is really gonna fly by.

It didn't happen, she never got close to the next level. Don't know why she thought France would be any different from Toronto or California or anywhere.

Serious question: Do people in North America still direct music videos? And if they do, can't we replace them with Chinese slaves so the West doesn't have to dick around with that shit anymore? I'm just saying, it's a faggoty, late 20th century pursuit, and a colossal waste of time best left to third worlders. Put those damn snakeheads on the case. They get paid in rat meat cooked in gutter oil, which they then shit into their traditional work-diaper...and they insist on only drinking their own urine...So bathroom breaks are nonexistent, which means productivity benefits. Get a bunch of snakeheads...Get all your art projects done on the cheap!

Anyhow, competition lives everywhere...Surprise, that includes Paris. It's poopy cuz she really gave it her best shot. No she didn't. She sucks.

So, nine or ten months of wasted time. Maybe it was closer to eleven months? Whatever, I'm not exactly sure. I tracked her through so-private.com, internationals.org and skype. Yep, same password. Like I said, she's back in California, living in a different subsidized treehouse in West Hollywood...and she's busy doing, I don't know, whatever Ava does. Probably all she's ever done...spend her parent's money on things to fill the void in her life: Shoes and outfits and cameras, undergraduate courses and plane tickets and other shit containing absolutely no magical answers. You're 38 years old, Ava. 38. Grow the fuck up so your parents can retire in peace and stop worrying about you. They really don't need to worry. They really don't. I'm going to watch her forever and ever.

And what about me? I wrote a horror movie with Nathan called "Hellhole." Can you believe that? Haven't seen the guy since 2000, he emails out of the clear blue, wants to write a screenplay, with me, the guy who "will never write a good screenplay." I guess time heals all minor wounds. Me, in DC. Him, in Montreal. And we did it all through skype and email. Amazing times we live in. Nathan's courting two financiers that are showing interest. One's got \$50,000 and the other has \$500,000. Guess which one we're trying to romance and marry? Trick question. We're trying to milk both.

I got a few more speculative projects that I'm working, but I've learned not to put too much energy into the whole movie dream. It might happen, it might not. It's a game of numbers. Let's pretend a no-

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

body like me accidentally writes the perfect screenplay. It has a golden, infallible structure, it reads in a way that makes you laugh and cry in all the right places. If, by accident, I wrote such a script, it wouldn't matter. It doesn't matter. Go ahead and deliver the perfect script. In the end, in that business, the movie business, you're always, always, waiting on other fuckos. That got me thinking about writing this book. I wouldn't have to rely on anybody but myself. No excuses. No fuckos.

While preparing this material I've read and reread my entries, and not once did I think any of my actions were incorrect. I still wanna crack people in the head with a claw hammer. I still wanna soak male and female bitches in accelerant and light them on fire. I dream about a day when, someone who deserves it, who really deserves it, will be murdered by yours truly. And if I'm sincerely honest with myself, then I'm neither an assistant editor, nor a screenwriter. I'm a killer. I just haven't killed anyone yet. I mean, I know, I'm not getting any younger, but there's still time. I just want my first one to be special...And hey, if that makes me a tender little bitch, so be it.

Ava's failures have taught me a lot. I've learned that it's not enough to look the part and to speak the language and to have all the toys. First, you gotta believe. Whether you want to be a lame director, a writer, or a killer...I think if you believe it in your heart, then it's true. Then it's real. Only then will you be ready to walk your chosen path.

LULL

Obviously, this isn't the end, there are many more pages left to turn. Stories never really end. Writers sit there in front of the work and they decide to just stop writing and fussing, they choose a convenient place on the last page, declare it the end, then cross their fingers and publish.

Fictional characters live in your head for a while, but even they fade into the background and become the shadows of shadows of shadows. The good ones do, anyway.

Real life characters are quite different, they keep on going well after the final word has been written...if they're still breathing.

The story isn't over until the central character is dead. And since Ava is very much alive, I will crack the fuck on.

I am not the central character of this story.

Wednesday, September 19, 2012

Ava, Ava, my dear girl. Her skype usage revealed that at 11:36am she called a scam artist who runs a Ibogaine treatment facility in Costa Rica. The call lasted 8 seconds.

At 4:27pm, she called again and talked for 28mins and 14 secs.

The 'treatment facility' claims a fucking jungle root will cure every addiction while helping you achieve a higher state of blah blah, new age crock-of-shit, blah blah blah, your bank account is now empty, you silly ignorant twat.

5:08pm, she called the toll-free number for Capital Bank. 8 minutes 34 seconds.

Is this happening? Is she for real? Is she actually washing out like a fucking airhead cliché?

Friday, September 21, 2012

Ava ordered Waking the Tiger: Healing Trauma, Peter A. Levine, Ann Frederick. Kindle edition.

Thursday, September 27, 2012

I did it. After years of playing it cool, I finally emailed her...

it's a rainy night. i'm sitting here working and you just popped into my head. how are you?

I know she won't respond, but I have to try.

"Petits lémuriers" = small lemurs. I wonder what she's referencing? Is it symbolic like a snakeskin jacket? No, I'm only goofing. She's trying to be cute on a nearly obsolete digital platform, the fucking Facebook. How original. How eccentric.

Speaking of which, she's been living in Los Angeles on and off for more than a couple of years now...I wonder if it's to the point where she's considering alterations to her very own fucking face. Because, seriously, based her current self portraits, I don't know what the girl is doing, but she needs to stop.

Not too long ago, my Ava was soft and moist and supple. Years of cigarettes, social drinking, occasional drugs and daily birth control pills have taken a mighty toll. She better not tuck or inject a goddamn thing. If anyone's gonna knife her up, it's gonna be me.

Wednesday, October 3, 2012

Googling and pipling Ava like mad this week. She's more hidden than ever before. On Monday I found a 2011 online petition that she signed to help stop the closing of Riverdale Farm in Toronto. Don't know how I missed that one. Wrote her the following email:

i dreamt that we left riverdale farm and walked through the park on our way to the city. your skin looked so radiant, and i wanted to tell you...but i didn't want to make you paranoid.

when i woke up i realized it wasn't a dream. it happened. we walked through that farm one summer morning and you did look so perfect and beautiful in the sunlight.

I made up the part about dreaming. A victimless crime. She's a visual person. I just wanted to give her a running start into that enchanted fairytale memory.

Thursday, October 4, 2012

Her skype and amazon have gone quiet. Perusing Alexa's 500 most popular sites for 2012. Needle in a haystack time.

#90: godaddy.com

7/28/2008, 5:48pm. Domain registration, 2 years: "AVAJASNIK.COM," "AVAJASNIK.NET."

Ok, so after more than a year of failure and fuckall nothing in Los Angeles, she registers her name, on her birthday, because she thinks she's about to blow up? Poor delusional ring-tailed menace, her life is desire gone horribly wrong.

#166: etsy.com

My excitement quickly fell off when I realized the last time she used the site was April 18, 2009. She ordered Babooshka Harem Jodphur Jersey black leggings. \$36, plus \$5 shipping.

That was the only activity. Nothing of value in her stupid account settings.

#184: statcounter.com

Fucking dumb and depressing. No projects, no deleted projects. The profile contained a bogus name, "Dolly Peale," and nothing else.

#258: tripadvisor.com

Profile name: townchick033

About me: Age 25-34

Location: Paris, France

Reviews: 2

Oct 31, 2009, Title: Paris: Baldaquin Hotel: awful

A terrible little hotel with miserable service and no wifi.

Oct 31, 2009, Title: Paris: Hotel Batignolles Villiers: Horrible!

Horrible hotel. I do not recommend. Problem with the room, they booked me into another hotel, which was also horrible. No discount given.

#281: pandora.com

Profile name: lemur6. Dust bunnies and crickets, all deceased. She hasn't been here for many years. It's like a cyber Pompeii. Spooky. Not really.

But seriously, what the fuck am I doing? This is all so goddamn tedious.

#310:groupon.com

Windshield chip repair or replacement at LA Auto Glass Winaffix. (Up to 71% off) Three options available.

\$29.00. Purchased September 28, 2012. Two Mastercards on file.

#478:expedia.com

Only one item in the itinerary: Monday, May 21, 2012, she flew Toronto to Los Angeles. Departed 8:10pm, arrived 10:29pm. Total flight time: 5 hours 19 minutes. Total cost: \$581.58

Friday, October 5, 2012

I used to think this intelligence gathering would be useful. It's worthless junior pissy shit. I need to confront her and find out why she abandoned me. That's the only remedy...it's also an awful idea. It's been so long, if we were face to face...I'd forget how to speak. I'd babble and bark like a lunatic, and I often fantasize about crushing her throat. Would I do that if I had the opportunity? Why would I do that? I love her.

Wednesday, October 10, 2012

Emailed Nathan the official 2nd Hellhole draft. I reminded him that I wasn't kidding about the chainsaw and tweezers...I cut megatons of the cutesie shit and basically rewrote 50-60% of the goddamn script. It's a helluva lot darker without the magic curse trope nonsense. Some supernatural elements remain, only now they're not as obnoxious. The new shit works, but hey, it's his movie to fuck up any way he sees fit.

Friday, October 12, 2012

All quiet on the Northern front, so I tried some misdirection psychology: I shot Nathan a quick email wishing him good luck with the movie screening. And what do you know, he emailed right back and thanked me and said he'd read the new draft on the weekend.

Feeling irritated because I'm living and breathing this thing, I want feed back as soon as possible and

I'm not getting it. My frustration is understandable but I need to relax because this is the process. Plus, he's got one hundred irons in the fire...I only have two.

Still, I've been detecting a definite bitch quality recently. I hear it in his voice whenever we talk. His words are fine, it's the somewhat borderline faggoty tone that concerns me. Its gradually increasing cuntiness. I don't like it.

Wednesday, October 17, 2012

so i finally read the new draft...i have to say i wasn't expecting such big changes! let me know when you can skype so we can talk it over and see if we can see through to the finish line.

thnx
N

Well that's a damn fucking squirty load off. I was beginning to think maybe he jumped off a tall bridge because he smelled it the fuck up at the Festival Du Nouveau Cinema. But he's alive. Splendid. Now I'm gonna get on a plane and fucking kill him. Only I'm not. I'd never get away with it. No, I told him I was free, completely free, all day, Saturday and Sunday. He just needed to name a window of time and I would be there with bells on. And within 30 minutes...

ok sounds good, i'll let you know. i might be moving, not confirmed yet. looking forward!

I keep daydreaming about jamming his bloated corpse into a leather duffel and heaving it into a redhot active volcano. That's not very sadistic. The fantasy works better if he's trapped in the bag alive and very much aware that it's about to go over the caldera's edge. Yeah, that is better.

Anyway...he's pissing me off.

Tuesday, October 23, 2012

I read an article about two male MU students that posted a flier on the men's bathroom wall in one of the residence halls. The flier is titled "Top Ten Ways to Get Away with Rape."

Some of their suggestions are really practical. It made me want to revisit "Kill Rules."

1. Never have any prior contact (direct/indirect) with the victim.
2. Never use a computer/internet to research/plan a murder.
3. Never use a gun.
4. Never travel over 5 miles for a kill.
5. The Cheney Rule: Never write anything down, no paper trail, no receipts, no checkout line security camera footage, e.g. buying duct tape and a shovel on the evening in question.

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6. Never bring a cell phone, or any other electronic device that can, will, or might approximate/reveal your location.
7. Never store, dump, or bury the victim. The body must be quickly and completely destroyed along with the murder weapon. So don't use a 4 ft long piece of rebar if it can't be melted down immediately after the killing.
8. Attractive female. 10 hour limit. Go for dead sex.

Wednesday, November 7, 2012

Emailed Nathan, told him that draft number three is almost done and should be ready in a few days. Hiyooo! Like a predictable faggot...

good to hear from you, can't wait to read the new version, swung it by carlos and manny, trying to shove it down their throats since they can easily get a name actor for the professor role..hope i'm wearing them down into submission..i have a good feeling about it..

Sunday, November 18, 2012

Got a response from Nathan. He finally read the latest, and while he definitely enjoyed some of the new elements, he felt the draft had lost a bit of focus. So he's going to do what I knew he would do all along...edit between the old draft, that he liked so much, and the new draft, that he sort of likes. He said not to worry, thinks we pretty much have everything. So whatfuckinever, we're good to go like goody gumdrops. We'll skype once more to finalize the new combo arrangement...and then I won't hear from him ever again.

Hack the fucking bitchass, faggotass hack? Hack off his fingers and toes and genitalia and feed them to his wife while his young stepchildren watch? No, that's much too vulgar a display of power. Don't involve the children, it's cruel and unnecessary.

Maybe just cut off the wife's pretty little head and let him go the rest of his life visualizing the intricate accelerant pattern across the floor that spells "Nathan." It all leads to her pussy, like it was written using her smoldering dead crotch. That's an artifact: The Pen of Flaming Malodorousness. DM to player: The authorities never find her head.

I'll have to wait for North America to become a mass killfuck deadzone before attempting to pull that rabbit out. Soon.

Saturday, November 24, 2012

Ava purchased the kindle edition of [In an Unspoken Voice: How the Body Releases Trauma and Restores Goodness](#), by Peter A Levine.

Who the hell does she think she's fooling? What fucking trauma, Ava? Did you try to return a pair of wedges but the store wouldn't honor your receipt?

I know everything about her. Her moods. Her habits. Her secrets. She's never been molested or raped or abused or bullied, never in her entire tra-la-la charmed life. She has nothing but first world, white bitch trust fund problems.

WHAT FUCKING TRAUMA?

Tuesday, November 27, 2012

Slept the entire flight, takeoff to landing, arrived at LAX around 12pm and went straight to Hertz rental. Checked into the Ramada Plaza Hotel in West Hollywood, ordered up some food to the room, took a shower, changed my clothes and got back in the car.

Behaving like a total pussyfag, trying to work up the nerve to go 1.5 miles, I decided to break the ice and headed for Topanga Canyon Blvd. I wasn't expecting to see an empty driveway, but there it was, empty. I hesitated, and then a quick green light forced me to circle the block before pulling in.

The facade is refurbished and no longer looks like an FBI crackhouse. Opened the side gate, walked through the backyard: The patches are gone, the hot tub is fixed, the kitchen and living room were clean and decorated. Gays occupy the home now, apparently.

That's pretty clever, pussyfaggot. Got any more?

Anyway, I was standing next to the sliding door when I heard a noise behind me and almost had a stroke. A family of ducks were detouring across the lawn on their way to the woods. I don't know why, maybe because of the ducks, or maybe because I'm a faggot goblin hündin coward stalling for time...but at that very moment I wanted to see the ocean.

Pathetic Venice Beach. It looked so dirty, the people looked so fucking shady and dirty, I almost didn't get out of the car. I walked along the promenade with the crummy tourists and junkies and the local boomer trash. I reached the end of the disgusting pier, stared at the water, sun warming my face and all that. I noticed a woman standing close to me. Really close. Too close. The most striking woman I've ever seen...Ever. Early to mid forties. Between 5'3" and 5'6". Lustrous, long, raven black hair. Pale white skin. Almond shaped, diamond melting eyes. And those lips...Her full, kissable lips.

This woman was unreal. Like a witch, a magnificently hot witch.

She was trying to make herself cry, but the tears weren't coming. I asked if she was ok and she looked at me like I just caught her stealing a popart. Embarrassed, she claimed she was only practicing and then trailed off and mimed her words like we were in a comedy.

"Are you an actress," I asked.

She replied, "sort of."

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

The sun glare forced me to contort my face. I must've looked like a twisting retard because she laughed and pointed and said, "That's really good."

We made faces at each other. It was loopy because it didn't feel loopy while we were doing it. Right in the middle of our little performance, she stopped and said she had to go meet up with her friends. She started to walk away...froze, then did the smoothest 180° while pulling a flier out of her bag. Like a sexy android. A sexy hot witchy android.

What's wrong with me? Stop writing shit like that. Anyway, she pulled the flier out and said...

"It's not for everyone, but...if you're interested."

She stared right into my eyeballs...and that's when I realized she had on contact lenses that made her pupils look subtly diabolic, a softer version of the Linda Blair Exorcist demonic gaze.

Done fucking around like a pussyfaggot, I hopped in the car and rolled into Ava's neighborhood. I guess people were still getting home from work because there was a good deal of parking on Havenhurst Drive. I pulled into a spot across the street, slightly adjacent, with a perfect view of her house, "The Franklin." They call it a multi-family home but it's really a bunch of units crammed together. She lives in apartment 5. Don't know if that's on the first or second floor.

I sat in the car and watched the place for a good hour. The neighborhood was dead. I got pretty antsy and thought about calling her cell. Irrational, I know. I'm just looking for ways to rip off this superglued pussyfaggot bandaid. Calling her would be dumber than dumb, it's kind of a one shot/no shot deal. She'll take one look at the 202 area code, not pick up, then two seconds later she blocks my ass. Really wish I knew her T-Mobile password. Where's quackquack when I actually need it?

I walked past the building a few times. Five or six vehicles drove up the street, but other than that it felt kinda weird. No activity, no people. Weird vibe. Weird all around. Then the neighborhood turned dark, super fast. No street lights anywhere. Before I knew it, it was 8 o'clock and I couldn't see shit. I'm back in my hotel room. I'm a pussyfaggot.

The witch's band is called "VORAGGHH!" They're playing at Bar Q, 11pm. Go? Or not? Or go. Or not. Or go. Or don't go. Go?

Wednesday, November 28, 2012

3:39am. I went. The venue was a damp dark shithole. I got there much too early and the clever twats were blasting top 40 country music over the sound system. I left a few times and did casual walking laps around the block until 11, but as torture would have it, Charlotte's band didn't go on until midnight.

They were very loud. I guess that's textbook hardcore. Charlotte is so hyper energetic, the way she popped and strutted around the tiny stage like a punk rock chicken...She's incredible.

A well-behaved crowd of 50 to 60 loser, poser, tattooed, mostly bearded wannabe trendy retards went nuts and seemed to be enjoying themselves: Doubleplusgay. I watched from the back of the room,

thought I was pretty well hidden, but she finally caught sight of me and started giving me Army salutes, and even a couple of sieg heils, throughout the performance.

We met up outside and I did a respectable impersonation of a guy who liked the show even though it wasn't his cup of tea. (chuckle) She asked if I wanted to go get a drink somewhere quiet. Her demon contact lenses were out and I rudely gazed at her intense, amazingly beautiful, golden amber eyes. She was cool about it. We found an outdoor patio bar and had it all to ourselves: Doubleplusungay.

The universe has a sense of humor...Charlotte is a Canadian. Born in Ottawa, Ontario, she's lived in Montreal, Quebec for over 20 years. Ballet, contemporary dance, avant-garde circus, theater, background roles in a couple of Hollywood AAA features, the lead in a few Canadian indies, model, front woman, a true high functioning full-time bohemian artist...and she's not homeless or up her own ass like a piece of conceited shit.

She walks with her toes angled outwards, like a duck. Decades of foot abuse, and that walk, her bunions must be epic. En pointe is the goddamn assassination of feet. She also has the gentlest, sexiest voice I've ever heard in my life. Though, one time, she laughed like Ernie from Sesame Street. Apparently my facial expressions really crack her up. In my mind I allotted three or four such laughs, then I planned on punching her exquisite nose and leaving. Lucky me, lucky her, she only did it the one time, thank goodness. That would've been tragic.

She was genuinely impressed and excited about the possibility of Hellhole actually happening and me actually getting paid. She's known, and knows, a lot of struggling/wannabe/awful writers, and is well aware that 99.9% of them will never come close to getting half a shot at the brass ring.

She's so beautiful, charismatic, humble, sincere and just outright fucking awesome and perfect, I sorta felt bad for embellishing and almost told her the truth about Nathan being an unreliable faggot hack. I'm lying, I didn't feel bad. I wasn't about to drop trou and shit on the mood...We were having too much fun reminiscing about Montreal. And here's a slice of fried cheese for the gayest 1998 flashback connection on record: We both recall rockin out at Sona's Free Bamboo Butterfly nights. Tits. Body paint. Cow blood. Unashamed Jean-Michel Basquiat ripoff garbage art everywhere. She was part of Owen Victor's crew, "the Travelers of Zot," and worked the party as a dancer.

Christ on a nightmare Burning Man bike, I'll have to take her word for it. I probably walked by and stared at her a million times during my OCD missions, hunting for oranges or apples or Jolly Ranchers or whatever. I'll never fucking remember because 1001 tabs of e won't let me. Rawhide!

I drove to her friend's duplex and we exchanged email addresses. She told me she had a good time and that I was a "sweet young guy." As soon as she said "guy" we laughed so fucking hard. After settling down, with perfect timing, she moved in on me and we kissed. No words for that.

I'm physically tired but my brain is fully awake. Ever since I landed, this whole entire day has unfolded circumstantially, like a movie plot, every single moment accounted for and purposeful.

I hate that. It's exhausting and false.

Friday, November 30, 2012

I drank 5 cups of coffee and then guzzled 3 Hoegaardens with lemon before emailing Charlotte. It's worth mentioning. All that caffeine and alcohol swishing around my gut, punching holes in my arteries while the poor liver tried to clean my dirty faggot blood. Too slow, body. Too slow. It got to my brain, which then spread to my fingers.

charlotte, my dearest queen,

i'm back in dc. i miss your eyes and your hands and your strength. you are my muse, now and forever, and although we only spent a few hours together, i suspect you might be the love of my life.

you are a teacher. people scramble to look at you, to hear you speak, to see you move, and they want to understand. that's your gift.

we could learn oodles from one another. all we need is time and proximity. and while i'm super bold here, i hope it's not too much to add that i would love to see you again. after all, montreal is still my favorite town.

good day,
my dear queen,
my new favorite canadian lady.

Saturday, December 1, 2012

Not a peep from Charlotte. Fuck it, I stand by what I wrote. In the meantime, I'm scouring the internet collecting anything I can find. It's been fun, but also a little too much like work. Her web presence is fairly hefty, I've already amassed 488 pictures, and 33 videos, most of which don't have a lot of replay value because the compression sucks. There are a couple of high-definition vids in the acceptable to decent range. Doesn't really matter, I'm downloading positively everything. She's incapable of being unphotogenic and somehow manages to remain dignified no matter what she's wearing. A remarkable feat considering it's all PVC, leather and boots, vampire circus burlesque of the living dead, electric tape on the nipples, Mad Max art show fetish boutique pinup crap.

I should stop. I really should. It's a fucking lame thing to do, but it makes me feel close to her. I poked around her gmail, checked out the protection: Verification code sent to her phone. No, I should stop. Charlotte is good. She was kind to me. She's a good person. I'll worm around for a couple more hours, then that's it.

Wednesday, December 5, 2012

My dear prince these are wonderful words you write, I thank you from my heart...you really are very wonderful and I wish we had more of those hours you spoke of. Most times things are the way they are because there is a lesson to be learned. (hehe...there's that "teacher" in me eh?!) But seriously, I am really touched by your words & who you are. Lovely man. I hope the new year brings you a lot of good...& maybe a trip back to Montreal sometime?

I immediately emailed back and asked if it was alright to call her that very instant. A minute later she replied and said she would love to hear from me, only she forgot to leave a number. In the time it took to ponder whether or not to reply and ask for her number, she sent a second email titled, "OOPS!!!"

She picked up from a landline and we talked for almost two hours. She was a little tired towards the end, but even so, her voice sounded incredible over the phone. Fuck. So incredible.

She returned to Montreal December 3rd and hit the ground running with her various fitness-exercise-dance choreography-model-actor instructing/teaching/coaching jobs. She would have responded sooner but her schedule was crazy and she didn't have the energy to give it the undivided attention it deserved. I respect her attitude. I told her that multitasking was a myth and the important things in life require complete focus. She agreed.

I was feeling really really really good and confident about how the conversation was going and so I took a chance and told her that I'd be in Montreal on Sunday. I thought about lying and using Nathan and Hellhole as a cover story, but she never asked why. She doesn't care why. She just wants me there.

We got very excited and talked about how much we liked each other. She said I could stay with her if I didn't mind sharing an apartment with two cats. A witch with cats. Go figure. We said our goodbyes and I jumped online and started pricing one way tickets to Trudeau International. Found a direct flight, Dec 9, Air Canada, red eye as fuck, 6:45am-8:21am, \$321.

Thursday, December 6, 2012

I spent most of the day proof reading the book for the ninety ninth time. Made a pdf and printed a copy to test my new laser jet's double sided printing function. The formatting turned out ok. I hole punched the manuscript, put it in a thin spiral binder, walked to the post office and mailed the binder to Ava in Los Angeles.

I'm giving that dismal lemur the very first early peek at this little masterwork. She desperately needs to see herself. It'll help her, it'll wake her up to just how lost she's become. It might even lead her back to the path. If she has any questions about the content, she can email or call whenever she likes. I'm sure we can work something out. I'm reasonable.

Charlotte emailed around 10pm. She got my itinerary and wanted me to know that she's giddy with happiness...But she also wanted to warn me about her hectic overwhelming schedule: She'll be gone mornings, afternoons, most evenings, Monday through Saturday. She gave me a professional breakdown of her comings and goings for the next two weeks. I reminded her that at some point in-between all this activity she would need to make time to eat and sleep. She fired back a quick one and suggested that I cook her a few hot meals and maybe rock some laundry.

I can do that.

Monday, December, 17, 2012

Truly. Unequivocally. The week has been a joyous blur. I'm hurtling through space on a supermassive water-rock magmasphere overflowing with cesspools of humanity. I haven't felt good about that, not for a long, long, long time. Everything is perfect. She is. I am. We are.

Charlotte is my ideal woman, my perfect match, and most important, she's an undercover misanthrope, a covert hater of mankind. She's also a Virgo. Our years are different but we share the same month and day. We were not the least bit surprised. We're fated. Born [REDACTED] when my queen turned 16 years old, I still did not exist.

Her beauty is absolute and timeless. I love her face and I often catch myself gazing at her eyes. Those eyes, hypnotic power radiates from those eyes...like staring into the center of a double rotating Bimini Twist, or a Bull's Eye, or a Blue Beauty, or a Black Princess. It's quite clear to me that we are destined to motherfucking reign supreme, ravaging, burning cities to the ground, melting the faces of so-called faggots and niggers...We will cut out their eyes before they melt. We will flay the bodies of the unmelted to make lampshades and funny hats.

She has two medium sized tattoos done entirely in black ink. The one below her navel is of the winged horned goat demon, Baphomet. She has a Roger Dean-style fairy girl on her lower back that was done in the early nineties and looks a bit muddy.

And how about this...I think I might have the talent to be an excellent house wife. I make sure the cats have clean litter boxes, fresh water to drink, etc. Tish, or Tishie Pooh as Charlotte likes to call her, is almost eighteen. Willow is almost two and gets into everything, but, surprisingly, he's very kind to Tish. Ever since the 10th, I've made sure that dinner is waiting for Charlotte when she comes home. It's always take-out. I'll make something in the kitchen, eventually. I get red or white wine to go with the meal, and, usually, we inhale the bottle before the first bite. She's a total lightweight and gets tipsy quickly. And the perverted shit that comes out of her mouth when she does. It's too funny. I take care of the dishes and make the bed every day. The patriarchy is missing a testicle, it ascended back into its body and reverted to a mini vag. I don't give a fuck.

We haven't gone out anywhere yet and I haven't met one of her friends. It's like we're the only humans left alive. Like I said, everything is perfect. Well, almost. She allows me to choke her but I find myself holding back. She tells me to go harder, only I can't, I don't want to. Isn't that strange? Her neck is beautiful, but I would die if she went unconscious. Worse if she felt the need to tap out. Fuck, I think I'd kill her and then myself. Yeah, I'm ok with playing it safe. Even at 50%, I'm in heaven.

Wednesday, December 19, 2012

Charlotte finished early with her classes and had the rest of the day off. I met up with her at Concordia and jokingly suggested we get a Christmas tree. She loved the idea. After a little investigating, we went to the Loblaws on Saint Croix Avenue and picked up a four footer. We also got a tree stand and some decorations. She wanted to help pay for everything but I flat out refused. She said I was being "too nice" and planted the sweetest kiss on my chin.

Wasn't difficult to convince her that lugging the tree by bus and foot would be an inconsiderate pain. She called a cab outside of the store and then we ducked back inside to wait. And as we did, she kinda got all quiet and weird. I could tell there was something on her mind. When I asked her what was up, she locked onto me with those eyes and said, "Where do you get your money from?"

A fair question. It's obvious I'm unemployed, and that Hellhole, like all the other goddamn projects I drone on about, is totally speculative and gutterball at this point. I explained that my dear parents made me the executor of their estate and I inherited quite a lot of money. I sold the house, along with all their antiques, was living off a giant annuity and would never have to get a nine-to-five if I didn't want to.

That gave her instant relief. Very curious, I wanted to hear her say what she was afraid of...but I kept it to myself and we started talking about how the cats might freak out over the tree.

It's interesting, the perception of a perfectly capable adult living off of their parents is negative, frowned upon, taboo as hell. With Ava, I had to put two and two together. She'd never fucking dream of telling a soul about her financial situation, that she's a pathetic dependent, mommy and daddy supplying her with credit cards and a chubbyass bank account. I think Mr. and Mrs. Jasnik are terrified that if they don't coddle their only child, well then, she's gonna end up a homeless junkie prostitute giving handjob for crack. Living parents, taboo. But somehow dead parents are ok, especially if they died rich.

She wants to buy me a gift. She made me promise, wink, if I get her something, wink wink, that it must not, wink, be expensive. Wink. We shook on it. Girl has no idea who she's fucking with.

Friday, December 28, 2012

There might be a wrinkle. There is a wrinkle. Nicole Phoenix is the wrinkle's name. She's a 24 year old fire-breathing dyke who sometimes performs with Charlotte. Light brunet, naturally pretty in the face, and what a waste of a body. A cryingass crime. A teary-eyed holocaust. That body is goddamn ballet exquisite: Lean muscles, perfect little tits, incredibly proportioned waist, athletic ass. A young version of Charlotte. Except for the eyes. There's definitely something lacking in Nicole's beady eyes.

I'm gonna pluck the fuckers out and eat them raw.

She keeps taking my Charlotte for quick drinks or whatever after practice or rehearsals or fire-twirling bullshit. These quick drinks are in danger of turning into something else. Tonight, Charlotte blamed the snow for making her late...but after a glass of wine and some light questioning, she admitted to having a few with that sneaky bitch.

The sneaky bitch is planning to move in for the kill. I won't let it get to that point, all those felching scenarios ricocheting in her sneaky cuntin' bitch head...I'll explode in her face like a dick full of semen, and that won't be good for her because she's a gay homoqueer lesbian. Troublesome dykes, they ruined feminism by hatin' on the cock. That's why women are flocking to derka derka Muhammad Jihad in record numbers, they're genetically driven to be controlled by the penis.

Men are not interested in fat ugly old yeti pussy. Hypergamy is a two way street. The loud mouthed

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nasty bitches went ahead and created a mountain out of a mole hill, fanatically prophesying that every man on the planet, straight A through queer Z, secretly wants to rape all women. It's true, though. We do. And someday we will. Admiral Ackbar!

I'm not going to wait for Charlotte to accept or reject that sneaky bitch. No, I'm going to remove the cancer before it's big enough to detect. Penis In Vagina. The end.

"Don't ever scream. Don't talk without permission. Be very quiet. Be docile and obedient, and, by all means, show proper respect."

Sneaky bitch's fuckhole status: DEFCON 1...PIV, PIV, PIV, PIV!!!!

Saturday, December 29, 2012

Sneaky bitch's real last name is Martel. Nicole Martel. Sneaky bitch works regular hours in a warehouse shop called "Les Ateliers du Diablo." She's an assistant and helps fabricate products and accessories for circus, stage, fire performers. She lives in a ratty apartment building right off of St Laurent. 66 Saint Joseph Blvd, East.

I'm on the fence. If I cut the sneaky bitch up and snap her bones, there's a definite possibility Charlotte goes running to the sneaky bitch's side to mother her. Not the reaction I want. I need to make Nicole look like a sleazy, ugly, untrustworthy, idiot asshole cunt that nobody wants around...A traitor. An evil, conniving, underhanded traitor. An outcast forever. Sounds great...But how? I don't know...She's young and naive...Maybe I should talk to her? Maybe I should act like an adult, just take her out for coffee and be honest-to-God direct? Hopefully she'll respect my feelings and gracefully back off.

I'm with Woodson, she's quite correct in her value judgment, young people really are the most open. They are indeed. Young people are the most open, especially when you spread their legs wide and tie them down with a strong length of skin-gouging bondage rope. Sexual abuse is the best way to break someone. Opportunity is the problem.

I acquired pepper spray because that sneaky bitch is asking for it. Ok...but what now? What should I do? What approach should I take? The four Bs will guide me: Blind. Beat. Bind. Buttfuck.

Tuesday, January 1, 2013

I'm no Machiavellian architect. I'll never be a brainy antagonist wringing my hands in the modern but unobtrusive war room of some desolate mountain-castle hideout. Mastermind and execute a devastating social engineering attack that resulted in Nicole permanently disgraced? Nope. Life is not a big gay movie, it doesn't work that way for a tourist like me. I'm an average man, and like most average men, I solve my problems with heaps of concrete sidewalk violence.

Yesterday began peacefully. Charlotte and I woke up at 11am. She wanted to keep sleeping, but I gently tapped her forehead with Willow's front paws until she couldn't stand it anymore. Then I made breakfast while she took a bath. I put a blanket on the living room floor and we had eggs, a pyramid of bacon,

honeytoast, grapefruit slices and coffee. We watched TV and talked about the day and our plans for the evening. She went into the bedroom to get dressed and I cleaned everything up, did the dishes, fed Tish and Willow, scooped their poops and peeps from the previous evening...My usual Zenist morning routine.

Her first class was at 2:45 pm, so we had plenty of time. She would have to come back to the apartment to shower and get things ready for her performance later on, but I wondered if maybe we could lighten the load a bit. I asked if she had a contact at Bain Mathieu. If so, we could take the 11 pound metal aerial hoop down there ahead of time and have them put it away for her.

She disappeared into the bedroom and returned with a number written down on a piece of yellow notebook paper. She called the number, a person answered and they had a French conversation. She wrote down another number, called it, had another French conversation, hung up and said they said, "Not a problem," bring the hoop. Easy peasy, lemon squeezy.

I picked up the big metal bastard and we commuted to the Bain Mathieu building, 2915 Ontario East. We left the hoop in a side office with Dominique, a super tall gal wearing an all white, scrunched, gay eurotrash homosexual cowboy hat. Aneurysm. Aneurysm for that bitch right now.

We arrived at Charlotte's dance school in Westmount a little after 2pm. She said to expect her at the apartment by 7-7:30, just enough time for a quick dinner. No drinking. We laughed and kissed and then I watched her duckwalk inside.

I marched straight to the Atwater metro station, rode to Berri UQAM, transferred to the orange line and hopped off at Mont Royal. I went outside to the corner and used a payphone to call the number I found on Les Ateliers du Diablo's lame, abandoned Myspace page. A potato dipshit answered in French, and I politely asked, in English, to speak with Nicole.

"Nicole?" He said it like he was confused, only more so because he did it in that fucking horribly awful potato garbage quebecois accent. Froggy dumbshit was taking too long to answer a simple question, possibly struggling wit da Hinglish, so I powered on through. "Yeah, is she there?"

He said yes, but was quick to inform me that I had called his personal cellular mobile phone and wanted to know if there was something he could help me with. I asked about the store hours and he told me there weren't any because he's not running a store, he's running a machine shop. I got tired of listening to his rude potato voice and I hung up clenching my jaw. I really wish he hadn't been such a cockhead. The whole time on the train back home I kept thinking, great, now I gotta fuck him up as well. As if the day wasn't going to be busy enough.

The shop is in LaSalle, it's located among a row of warehouses facing the street at Chouinard and Leger. I should've traveled directly from Atwater to Angrignon station, tossed a fuel bomb through the shop door, called it a fucking day. In broad daylight? Let's be realistic. Molotov cocktails are a nighttime beverage, and I drink responsibly.

I got to the apartment, changed Willow and Tish's litter, refreshed their water and food...Really started to feel like shit at this point. The back of my head, where the skull meets the neck, felt sore as fuck. Probably from carrying the hoop. I took a hot bath and slept until the water got cold.

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Charlotte and I had dinner, one glass of wine, then she left for her show. The plan was that I would get there around 10pm, watch her 10:45 performance, and then we bring in the New Year with a bunch of mostly gay guys.

The Nicole situation, a total wipe. No point trying to race across town on New Year's Eve and expect to get anything done. Nicole and the fucking pepper were long gone by then anyway. I decided to relax and enjoy the evening. I drank a few beers, listened to music, watched the cats mosey around, then it was time to go.

Out the door, well on my way to catch a taxi...I stopped, decided to head for the metro, took a train to Lauier and hurried down St Joseph Blvd. I had no agenda, I had no thoughts...I was five or six blocks deep when a magical thing happened, the magical thing that always seems to happen when I'm hunting garbage. I saw her. I saw Nicole. She was heading toward St Laurent with two other girls. They were speaking French, laughing it up, probably on their way to a lovely party. Nicole was on the far right closest to the street. I slowed my neurotic double march down to a natural winter jaunt and was only about fifteen feet behind them when they stopped at the crosswalk. The light was red forever. How many seconds left? Follow them when it turns green? My heart was pounding. I could've reached out and smacked her. I didn't. Oh no, I did one better. I picked my leg up and shoved her perfect ass right into oncoming traffic. Tunnel vision is a real thing. There might be one hundred eye-witnesses...I never checked. My knee was a foot and a half from my chin and I just fucking booted her with complete focus and total abandon...

The sneaky bitch jerked forward and went careening into the street and was hit by a dark sedan. The driver tried to do a little braking. Too late. The impact threw her body at least a dozen feet and she cracked the sopping wet asphalt like a floppy twisted rag doll. Her girlfriends started screaming, and, I presume, were running to her. I couldn't be sure because my back was already turned. I walked away from the whole glorious spectacle with a massive, painful erection.

I did not sneak a look at the beautiful pain and havoc. My only regret. I wanted to, but I didn't dare try. I continued walking normally, focused on controlling my breathing, trying to calm my heart before it exploded. I knew I had nothing to fear when I got to St Denis. I hailed a taxi at the intersection and gawked at my snow covered city for the entire ride. I tipped the driver 20 dollars and wished him a happy new year. The funny thing is, I meant it.

I spent the rest of the night on a drug & alcohol free megacloud. Shit was just hyper real and vivid, with hard contour edges on everything and everyone. My thoughts were positive and clear. Had a few meaningless conversations with total strangers...and I never got the urge to kill myself...or them.

Charlotte's performance went off without a hitch and we had a blast dancing and clowning. The crowd was good. Really good. Behaved themselves, no snarky bullshit. She introduced me to number of people and they were very nice and cheerful...And even more amazingly incredible, not all of them were shirtless, waxed torso, clean-shaven back and shoulders homosexuals. Best New Year's, ever!

Update: As of right now, 6:33 pm, I haven't heard a word about Nicole. Not from the internet, or TV, or Charlotte. Not a gosh darn tooting peep. With luck, the sneaky bitch is in a coma. Or the morgue. Or a cannibal rape cult. If I ever start a death metal band, I'm calling it Cannibal Rape Cult. CRC! CRC! Either way, I win.

Friday, January 4, 2013

Ava is dead.

The bitch is dead.

Ding dong! The bitch is dead!

Which old bitch? The retarded bitch! Ding dong, the retarded bitch is dead!

She's gone to where the drooling faggots go...They live in molten shit, they burn real slow...

Unreal. It's unreal. I've dreamt about her death so many times, and now it's here...It's surreal. Holy wow...It's actually legitimately surreal.

I got bored puttering around the apartment and jumped on facebook for the first time in over a month, went about doing my rounds. Her profile was gone, so I quickly searched through a handful of her old Montreal girlfriends. Goose egg. It appeared as though she vanished off the social network...but then I navigated to Bindy Black's profile, to her wall, dated December 17, 2012...and my brain queefed. It did. Total abstract reality caused by a chunk of text. Don't know for how long, but I lost myself staring at these words:

I am filled with the most devastating sadness I have ever known. Ava was unique, incredibly stylish, creative, funny, beautiful, authentic, full of energy and promise. Most of all, Ava was my friend. My heart goes out to the Jasnik family.

The words, they looked like crisp hieroglyphic gibberish. I read the text in my head a few more times. Out loud I said, "She's dead," and then it clicked. I think I was in shock for a little there.

Messaged Bindy with one of my puppets, told her that Ava and I knew each other in New York and I was heartbroken and wanted to know what happened. Minutes later...she responded. On December 10th or 11th, Ava OD'd in her apartment. Discovered on the 15th. The stench.

Ritalin? She always kept that prescription filled. More than likely, a serotonin reuptake inhibitor cocktail and a fist full of Ambien washed down with plenty of booze. Bindy didn't mention anything about a suicide note. I sent another message inquiring about it and seconds later little Miss Shouty Loud Caps answered with a resounding NO!

We were too much alike to be alive at the same time on this no-good lunatic planet. If I had been there, and she asked me politely, I would have prescribed a brand new X-Acto knife and scissors...

Next, I would...humbly, gratefully, I would open up her long neck, snip that wet, dazzling, all-important spinal cord...

Wait 5 gentlemanly minutes...

Then I'd fuck her dead holes like a champion bull on steroids and super-meth.

Saturday, January 5, 2013

I've expunged Ava's websites. Well, the ones I have access to. Was just about to deactivate her IMDB account when I decided to worm it one last time. Found this on the help desk page:

information removal
by jasnik.ava@gmail.com
(29 Jul 2011 12:40:58 AM)

Hi, there.

I love imdb and think it provides a wonderful service. However, I would like my entry (Ava Jasnik) to be deleted. I am dealing with a long-standing internet stalker and have been advised by experts on this matter that my online presence be as minimal as possible. I am happy to discuss this in detail and can be reached at [REDACTED]

Thanks,
Ava

That's unfair. I'm not a stalker. When she led me on and gave me hope and then fucked me over like she did, like a cunt turning on and off a light, a tremendous explosion happened in my brain. Rejection is a form of violence, I see that now. She fucked me up with some kind of post traumatic stress disorder and that lit the fuse on everything. I taught her a valuable lesson. You don't say "I love you" and then say "fuck off" in the same breath. You don't treat a person like that. You simply do not behave like a cold-hearted bitchcunt and then expect to just walk away scot-free.

Part of me thinks maybe death was her fucked up way to sabotage her employability forever. I mean, hey, on a sad-lazy-girl-retard level, she succeeded, if that was the plan.

Sheesh. What a goddamn drama whore, though. Hell, what a trope, the stupid dramatic irony. Let's be realistic: I'm the cause of her trauma. I'm the reason she killed herself. This book, this unfinished book is the straw that broke the lemur's back. My clumsy writing drove an intelligent human female to give up and commit suicide. Words, words, mere words forced Ava Jasnik to self-terminate. And you know what? That's way better than murder. Bless you, Ava, it's so much better. Farewell.

Tuesday, January 8, 2013

Charlotte asked me to move in!

It took her a few minutes to get it out, and when she finally did I played it cool and said, "That's a good idea."

She looked happy, but still a little anxious, so I added, "I'm just moving my shit next to your shit. It's not like we're married or anything."

She laughed, but then a weird moment of realization:

If I thought she would react by tackling my butt 'N nuts while shouting "yes," then I'd totally pop the

question. I'd never do that, though. Not in a million years. She's an artist, and they need to be free and don't take kindly to square cornball faggots holding them back. That's why this is huge...The apartment is her fortress of solitude. Trust factor...way way way off the chart. I really need to hold up my end of that, fo sho.

What a month I'm having. 2013 is shaping up to be my year. Super duper glad I powered through all the bad times and didn't kill myself like chickenshit pussybitch Ava. She hasn't been cold very long, but already she's like a horrible gross bitchcunt thing that happened a lifetime ago, my own personal Dachau and Auschwitz.

Goose stepping idea...I should get her birthday tattooed on my arm to commemorate the atrocities. Or maybe a lemur...only with her eyes and lips and those perfect tits.

Beep beep, Richie!

Anyhow, the move: I've got it all figured out. Fly to DC, rent a car and drive back to Montreal. Have to start thinking about what I'm gonna chuck. Getting out of the carriage house won't be a problem and the whole procedure should take two or three days, if I'm quickfast.

Sunday, February 10, 2013

Bizarre, nostalgic episode. It started with an email from Nathan "Hackfag" Ortega. I pitched a goddamn hissy fit, cursing at the screen, loud enough that Charlotte hurried into the living room to check on me. She thought...Well...she said it sounded like two people getting ready to fight. I apologized for yelling and then told her about the email from Hackfag. She asked me to read it again. And so, for her trouble, I did.

Hey man,

Yeah, as you've probably figured out, it's been quiet, the producers I had hoped to make some headway with have been too busy on their projects, it never even got read, what a bunch of assholes.

I'm wrapping up some stuff and will be taking a step back for a couple of months, going to Brazil for February-April. I'm pretty sure I'll have time to plan a new strategy, there's always that camera I was offered and it might just come down to grabbing it and doing it with \$5.

Hope you're well

When I finished reading, I turned to Charlotte and found myself staring at the back of her head. She stood perfectly, professionally still, long enough for me to realize that she was being weird. And then, ever so calmly, she said, "Kill him."

I laughed and that's when she whipped around and blurted, "Kill him!"

We stared at each other without blinking. I waited for her to flinch. I waited for her to break and explode her trademark goofy laughter all over the room. Instead, in a measured, hypnotic voice...

“Nathan hasn’t done a thing for you. He’s a bug. Kill him.”

Charlotte’s not a great actress. I mean, she’s alright, just not great. But the Oscar goes to her because right then and there she had me convinced. I laughed again, waited for her to crack any kind of a smile, show any kind of sign that she was only dicking around...but now she looked irritated.

I left the room and went to the kitchen, lingered around the sink like a nervous geek. I kept thinking any second now she’s gonna follow me in here and stare the stare of a hundred dark witches until I beg for her to please fucking quit it. So I tiptoed into the bathroom and quietly locked the door. I brushed my teeth and flossed. I tried to piss but couldn’t. I ran the water a few times to sound busy. Out of ideas, I flushed the toilet once and waited there for a couple of minutes wondering if the moment had passed and she was calm and maybe now I could stop hiding...like wussy bottom faggot. See? Bizarre.

When I opened the door...she was standing in the kitchen, waiting. Her face, her body...It was a creepy uncomfortable image. Arms at her side, her expression was blank, no clue what she might be thinking. She looked really old. And then...her face lit up, those giant eyes flared, she came alive and started laughing her ass off. I almost pissed myself. The only thing I could think to say was, “You suck.”

That made her cackle over the top. She crescendoed with spasmy pirouettes and almost flipped a chair. Eventually she settled down and gave me a hug and kissed me all over my lips. Then she cradled my face in her hands and said, “You took that really well, my love. What a good sport.”

I growled...and the noise that came out of her, that noise, the snorting giggles, or whatever the fuck that was, it paralysed my senses.

The woman is a crafty, ambush attack goofball. I learn something new about her every day. Today I learned she has another specialty laugh that kinda reminds me of a hyena raping and slaughtering a warehouse full of orphaned piglets. I also learned that she’s a pretty damn fine actress when she wants to be. And there’s the nostalgia: Intimidation is something I haven’t felt in a long time. And that feeling, that mixture of confusion, dependence, fear, it really is worth remembering every now and again.

My love, when you least expect it, I’m going to use both of these good sporting hands to choke the motherfucking living breath out of you...200%.

Friday, February 15, 2013

Charlotte went through the boxes I keep in the hall closet. There’s nothing incriminating or weird in any of them. Most of it’s comicbooks. The only semi-interesting shit isn’t very interesting. Tattered notebooks full of dopey narrative pictographs, dumb short stories, music video concepts and fragmented screenplay ideas that I’ll never develop. Childish drivel from 10-15 years ago...Hokey cheeseball fantasy smegma that I keep around because I’m a sentimental faggot. It needs to go in the fucking garbage, light it on fire. Not the comics. Obviously.

I don’t mind if she wants to look at all that loser dreck, I just wish she didn’t feel the need to be all sneaky sneak about it. That’s not like her.

Whatever. I don't know if it's worth bringing up. It's natural to be curious about the love of your life. I went through every single one of her possessions my first week here. Had to kill the hours somehow. That's just who I am, a worming worm till I die. Still, it's a bit out of character for Charlotte.

Saturday, February 16, 2013

Charlotte was mending a tear in the armpit of my shirt when she mentioned that last week she opened the boxes by accident while racing around trying to find some old boots. The boxes weren't labeled. Should've considered that, but it never crossed my mind. I swear, lately my thoughts have been foggy and nearsighted, like my brain is regressing into a myopic bat turd.

Like always, she was in a hurry, laser beam focused on getting out of the apartment, not paying attention to things in her periphery...and whatever, she opened them up. Duh. It happens.

I told her no problem, I would magic marker the hell out of them to avoid any future craziness...I sharpied the boxes and resealed them with duct tape. Done and done.

Knew there had to be a logical explanation. I'm such a paranoid, head-on collision faggoty shithead bumblwat. Why do I turn everything into a fucking demented lunatic conspiracy?

I need to calm down. Calm down. Nice and calm. Do what they do on television. The television host makes a joke about the latest worst scandal or atrocity, a studio audience laughs, and nobody murders the host, and nobody murders the audience, and then everybody forgets and focuses on the next segment, and then everybody goes home. I need to do that with all the paranoid rubbish and imaginary calamities that won't stop jumping around in my head.

That's better.

FALLOUT 2

Hello, reader. Three things:

First, an apology. The layout of this material is unintentionally deceitful and I sincerely apologize for any confusion that might have caused. I wrote "AUTHOR'S NOTE," "FALLOUT," and "LULL" in early August 2012. The rest of the book is chronological and spoiler free. Messing with the continuity, adding footnotes, or editing the content in a way that warns you, the astute reader, the inquisitive faggot, the troublesome nigger, would utterly disrupt its ultimate revelatory effect and clutter your view of my enemy's brilliant deception and the extent of their reach into my life.

Second, I am not a mind control victim.

Third, I'm not a victim.

Mind control... via (classical/unorthodox) training, mental or physical torture, rape trauma domination, psychoactive drugs, placebos, injections, gas, hypnotic suggestion, Jewish propaganda, subepidermal implants, deep body implants, ocular control override mechanisms, and external electronic (wave/point-of-contact) devices ...is nothing more than a decades long game of broken telephone, otherwise known as exaggerations containing one or two kernels of truth. Audio and visual triggers are horseshit. The Manchurian Candidate and The Parallax View are works of fiction. MK-ULTRA sex slaves do not exist. I know about reinforcement, operant conditioning, bridge signals, habituation and sensitization. These are extremely useful techniques if you're trying to modify the behavior of a naughty German Shepherd.

People all over the world are much simpler, they get their coercion the conventional, dependable way...through cash and goodies...or from the barrel of a gun.

Nifty platitudes aside, no amount of human meddling will ever create a person like me. I'm in total control of my actions. I made choices. I did those intrusively violent things because I fucking wanted to, because intrusive violence brings me pleasure. I've hit faggots and niggers and faggot niggers and niggerfaggots in the face until they're unrecognizable. I've hit them so hard and often they resemble a red sauce spaghetti ham after it gets tossed from the roof of a ten storey building. Although a handful were confirmed subordinates of subordinates of subordinates of my true enemies, a great many of these destroyed faggots and niggers weren't necessarily what I would call my true enemies. For whatever reason, most of them just needed to become victims, and I was more than willing to help them achieve that. Breaking their faces open was my gift to them: The males became scar tissue Frankensteins with an interesting story to tell...The women became too ugly to rape. You're welcome.

Now, a few words about my true enemies: Their method is to watch and wait. They learn who you are, your attributes, your buttons, your features, your weaknesses. Then it's game on. Again, they don't make you. The human automaton proxy assassin...That's fiction. They simply use what's already there.

And now a few about a noun: The word nigger as a label is not exclusive to the black-brown-beige

racism, it applies and covers the entire spectrum of society, it accurately describes certain people known as just-about-everybody. And you would know that...if you weren't such a nigger.

I'm in a good mood! It's the vitamin B-12, I mega-dosed 25000 mcg this morning about an hour ago and everything is kicking in, full force, and I just feel super-duper positively optimistic and fun! Don't freak out, I haven't become a sissy pacifist. Oh no, not by any stretch. Go on and threaten me, or my people...I'll meet you at the door any time. And...as you might have gathered from "destroyed faggots and niggers," I still get the blood tooth, I still have moments of occasional wandering eye.

Not so recently, I was standing in line at CVS when a Caucasian American in his late 20s sauntered in wearing a double-breasted gray tailored suit. The gregarious dandy spent the next minute ducking in and out of the aisles. He returned to the front, politely motioned to a CVS employee, and, once the employee had taken a few steps forward and seemed to be in sufficient range, this gray-suited thing inquired in a deep fraternal white guy voice...

"Excuse me, do you carry miniature 5-hour energies?"

The employee shook his head no and the dapper fellow in the gray suit nodded and started for the door. I put the peanut jars down and followed him into the street. Arms or legs? I couldn't decide. It took a few days, but eventually I managed to present him with his award, a shiny gopnik trophy. Actually, I gave him several. For that candid display of fuckery, he earned every single one. Are you familiar with the sound an aluminum baseball bat produces after it makes high velocity contact with a fully developed human kneecap? To me it sounds like music. To you it probably sounds a lot like a 500 foot home run.

Charlotte and I were perfect throughout the rest of February. Like a dream, we were. Yeah. I like that, it's eternal and real...We were a perfect, wide awake dream. Didn't matter what we had going on, as long as we were together, everything was delightfully dreamy and perfect.

At the end of the month she surprised me and took some time off. We spent three days and two nights in New York City. Veronica, another one of Charlotte's pitiful dyke associates, checked in on the cats. She was a year older than me but could've easily passed for a 50 year old abominable white prune, that fucking bitchcunt chain-smoker. Charlotte introduced us one time, on the street, very briefly, so the cunt's horrible stink evaded my senses. When we returned, the apartment reeked of cheap perfume and cigarettes. The likelihood that I'll see her again is slim, but you never know, stranger things have happened...and that is why the foul old cunt is on the list.

I hate New York and was secretly dreading a weekend in that giant toilet bowl: with its five borough curdle of toxic pollution and junkie syringes, dog shit landmines, urine stench, chunky puke splatterings, doberman sized rats, flesh-eating cockroaches, nigger chink-trash, nigger white-trash, nigger spic-trash, nigger nigger-trash, and trash. But, like everything she dabbles in, Charlotte made the experience new and exciting and slightly rambunctious and flushed my grumpy turds with her pull string of charisma.

The first two weeks of March were pretty interesting. Staying indoors and filling the goddamn hours until Charlotte got home was getting to me. I started drinking early in the morning and throughout most of the day. Harmless fun, ambling naked through the apartment, talking to the cats, drawing, writing, a lot of worming...but then shit got unpleasant and I started having out loud conversations with a dead lady. Drunken hallucinations, I know.

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

One time, I imagined Ava was in the kitchen making egg salad sandwiches while yelling at me for sitting on the bed in my street clothes. I ignored her like a champ for a solid hour, but she kept following me around, into the bathroom, yapping away as I pissed...So I gave in and yelled back at the annoying crowing shrewing bitch. Her true accent really comes out when she gets mad and I would get her going just to hear the old country.

I told Charlotte and she wasn't overly concerned. It was the booze and cabin fever. Nothing more. She suggested that I get a part time job to cut through the doldrums.

As a joke, I volunteered at a non-profit, no-kill animal shelter on Jean Talon. The joke was on me. After the first day, only two hours, it clicked. I guess I loved it. Yeah, I loved it. I know it might not be saying much, cleaning up doggy and kitty peeps & poops, but for me it was the most rewarding work I've ever done that didn't involve aggravated assault.

Going into the third week of March, my life was tops. I was living with Charlotte in our favorite city and finally doing a job that made me feel good about my place in the world. Like, not quite midway through the movie, when things seem to be going great for the protagonist, you know, that tiny little pocket of hope he inhabits right before the conspiring elements, the antagonist, the Universe, whatever, right before those dark forces ignite the central conflict by lighting his cock on fire with napalm and squirting corrosive diarrhea in his mouth.

Wednesday, March 20, 2013:

Charlotte worked her cardio class from 5:05pm to 6:00pm. From Concordia's Sir George Williams Campus, it should only take 30-40 minutes to get home. So when the clock struck 7 and she wasn't home, I sorta panicked. A few minutes after 7, I called her cell. It rang and rang and kicked into voice mail. I tried to sound casual, told her to call me when she got the message. I called again at 7:30, and this time an automated voice explained that the person I was trying to dial had either left the service area or powered down the phone.

She turned off her cell. I stood in the living room trying to understand why she had done that. Then it hit me, so obvious, I felt like an overprotective dolt. She hadn't turned it off, she was still on the metro and didn't pick up the first time because of all the noise, she couldn't hear it ringing. And because she was so very fucking far underground, and a majority of the Montreal Metro is a humongous fucking dead zone, the signal never got through, which explained it kicking into that generic warning message.

Just me being a freak, as usual. To celebrate, I laughed and did a maniacal asshole jig. Poor Tish had been resting in her basket, but now she was awake and miffed, that sour old face tighter than usual...She slowly got up and left the room. Furry ears pinned back, Willow straddled the floor between the living room and the hallway and stared at me. He had every reason to be concerned. 7:30 turned into 8, and 8 into 9. By then I was calling every few minutes and still getting that stupid automated voice. I texted in-between the calls and sent a dozen or more messages to her email addresses, all with the subject heading: **PLEASE CALL ME!!!!**

Then I tore through the apartment and checked every room, every drawer and surface, searching for anything with a phone number that might lead to one of her friends, a dyke associate, a family member, anyone. I looked up and down and yet I didn't find a single number, not one scrap of paper. Charlotte

got her first cell phone in 2008. Her first laptop computer, 2009. She spent almost half a century writing important numbers down on her hand and napkins and legal pads and stickynotes and little ripped bits of paper. But now, miraculously, suspiciously, there were none to be found.

I clicked through Concordia's website, got the number and extension for the Department of Recreation and Athletics at Sir George Williams Campus. Calling would be unproductive. I tried anyway. Straight to a voice recording.

Didn't need to, but I looked at my cell contacts. Charlotte was the only number in there. It had been a luxury not knowing and not wanting to know any of her friends. Sorta funny thing though, as much as I heard people drone on like she was some great matriarchal Montreal institution, she didn't actually have any best friends. When you're constantly on the go, traveling, working, trying to make ends meet, it's difficult to cultivate strong, lasting relationships. Well, that's how I rationalized it at the time. As long as it kept working in my favor, I didn't care. Only now my antisocial utopia had spun around and bit me in the ass. I needed to make a move, any move, so I put on my coat and got the hell out of there.

My plan was to hit up her favorite night spots with the ridiculous thought that maybe she ran into some friends on her way home and decided to have a bottle. Yeah right, she bumped into a ribbiting queef of circus twats and powered down her phone without calling to tell me. I don't think so. I turned around and marched back inside. I checked my email, made more calls and texts...almost threw my phone against the wall but resisted the urge and placed it on the floor. There was nothing I could do, nothing useful. I sat on the living room couch and waited all night.

I dreamt of an abandoned building in the middle of a rusty brown Armageddon city. I woke up in the dream, in the filthy basement of the building. I was tied to a metal chair bolted to a concrete floor. I lifted my head and locked eyes with Charlotte. Mere feet away, she was restrained to a chair just like me, only she had a ball gag in her mouth. Her eyes were wide open, terrified, tears streaming down her face. I heard a buzzing sound from a dark corner of the room that seemed to go on and on. Finally it stopped, and as soon as it did, a man rushed out of the darkness welding a machete high above his head. He cut Charlotte's head clean off and it rolled across the table towards me...

And that's when I jolted awake. I literally popped up on the couch and took a few seconds scanning the room to make sure everything was real.

I grabbed my phone. No calls, no texts. I watched the time go from 3:26 AM to 3:27. My head and stomach ached. I had been waiting for Charlotte to come home so we could have dinner, but the dark forces...they must hate dinner, they thought it would be more fun to light my cock on fire.

I went to the kitchen and ate three bowls of lukewarm butternut squash soup. Willow jumped on the counter and we stared at each other for I don't know how long.

BUZZZ!

I hopped sideways and banged into the refrigerator. That freaked out Willow and he skittered off the counter and darted for the bedroom.

BUZZZZZ!

The intercom. I ran down the hall to the box and said hello.

A weak voice responded, "It's me."

Charlotte. I pressed the buzzer and flew out the door and down the stairs to meet her. She inched along, staggering at the bottom of the foyer...when I reached out to her she practically collapsed in my arms. The hood of her coat was pulled tight over her head and that long flowing raven hair obscured her face like a girl in a Japanese horror movie. I thought she was drunk, so I carried her upstairs directly into our room and gently put her on the bed. I stepped to the light switch by the door, flicked on the overheads, then returned to her side and moved the hair away from her face. My heart started to pound so hard it bulged my eyeballs. The beats were in my tongue. I felt them pulsing in my fingers, too. I could feel them all over my body, getting faster and faster and faster.

Charlotte had two black eyes, there was swelling on her cheeks and forehead, her bottom lip was almost split, and three rings in her left ear...they had been ripped out so viciously that chunks of lobe were missing.

She made eye contact and I thought, maybe, for a second, she had on a pair of her special lenses: The whites of both eyes were engulfed in red, the darkest hemorrhage red that I've ever seen up close. My battered Valkyrie warrior, she still looked like a gorgeous goddamn fucking beauty.

Thankfully she put her hand on my jaw...and that helped, it was the little push I needed to escape a faggoty kaleidoscope of tears. I wiped them away and straightened myself up, completely aware how the room, the apartment, everything, had become pin-drop quiet. The kind of silence that makes your internal dialogue so clear you think you're talking out loud. I know I asked her what happened, but I repeated myself to be safe. My voice sounded like it belonged to a five year old boy.

She gripped my shoulder and pulled herself to a sitting position, her mouth half an inch from my ear...

"Hot bath."

Immediately I carried her into the bathroom where she steadied herself against my body and the sink. In the hard light I saw dry blood splatter all down the front of her coat and boots. I helped her out of her clothes...She had dozens upon dozens of purple, golfball sized bruises that covered her arms, legs, and back. I said nothing. I ran a hot bath like she wanted me to and I didn't say a word.

Her underwear was the last thing to come off. It looked white and clean, and I remember considering that a victory. So relieved that her anus and vagina wasn't bleeding or mutilated, and very thankful that she hadn't pissed or shit herself.

I helped her into the tub and then hurried to the kitchen and brought back a ziplock bag filled with ice to put on her face. I held the cold compress against her cheeks and forehead and under her eyes. She was very tough, didn't complain or flinch, not once. I cleaned and disinfected her cuts. Her ear was a horrendous sight to look at and would need to be reconstructed. Then it dawned on me: What was I doing? Why the fuck was I playing doctor?

“We hafta go to the hospital right now.”

She gazed at the wall like a mannequin. I said her name a few times but she continued to ignore me. I stood up, pulled out my cell...Suddenly her hand lurched forward trying grab it.

“No,” she yipped.

I backed up, snapped open the phone...and like an atomic bomb, she unleashed a blood curdling “NO!”

She had that terrified look, like the one in my nightmare. I closed the phone and put it in my pocket. Everything was hyper-exaggerated. We were basic cable actors in a Canadian urban television drama where the codependent boyfriend desperately tries to make sense of his irrational geriatric lover. It was the bathroom scene. Go to the other room, call for an ambulance or the police. Simple. Easy. That’s what I should’ve done. Instead, I played along. I hammed it up. Cliche dialogue? I couldn’t resist.

“What happened? Who did this?”

I blinked and suddenly she became peaceful. The shift happened so quickly it didn’t register until later, and by then the situation was beyond logic and repair.

“Bring me a pen and paper,” she said.

So I did. I returned with a ballpoint and the ratty notebook I was using for Hellhole rewrites. I handed them to her, and without pause or error, she wrote neatly on two lines. She gave me the notebook and I read the words out loud, a man’s full name and a numbered street address.

“Did he do this?”

She nodded yes. In several minutes I would be in the living room on my knees unlocking a small metal case that I kept hidden at the top far end of the bookshelf. But first, I needed to know, I needed to hear her tell it.

“Charlotte...What happened?”

If she had gone quiet on me, ignored me, deflected the question in any way, I would have locked my hand around her throat. I’m not saying I would’ve squeezed, but I would have grabbed her throat, that much I know. Unfortunately, she did not remain quiet. Wide as she could, she opened her blood red eyes and began to recount the evening’s events.

Cardio class ended at six on the dot. The post exercise chit-chat didn’t last very long, everyone cleared out of the room with purpose. All by herself, Charlotte gathered her things...

“Hello,” said a voice.

She yelped, and from a sitting position, hopped to her feet and whirled around, face to face with a tall slender white male in his early forties. Her reaction embarrassed the hell out of the man and he apologized several times. On the bright side, she immediately identified him as homosexual and that made

her relax a bit. He learned about the class from a friend, the friend gave it a positive review, and so now the man wanted to join the fun.

Charlotte responded, "Ok, sure," pulled a scheduler from her bag, checked for an opening and then asked if he preferred next Monday or Wednesday. He replied, "Both," and then he touched his toes without bending his knees. He did six in a row, six toe touches, as if to assure her in the weirdest way possible that he could handle the intensity of whatever dance & cardio bonanzas she had up her sleeve.

After his six, after a brief pause...they laughed, simultaneously.

It was at this point that I interrupted Charlotte in mid-laugh. She had been talking for less than five minutes, acting the scene out...

"Hey! Is he the fucking guy?"

She smiled the creepiest smile and a stranger appeared in her place. She didn't morph into someone else, a grotesque old hag covered in wet sores, grinning at me with rotten teeth, the dead woman from room 237. No, nothing like that. She looked different, though. Thought maybe she was in shock, or having a stroke. I don't know.

I reached for my phone with every intention of calling 911. I'd get her to a hospital, contact the police, and by then she'd be calm enough to explain everything, hopefully. But...she thoroughly fucked that up by saying, "Yes."

"Yes, what," I barked.

She answered in the finest, most captivatingly dramatic hushed tone: "He signed his name."

Of course. Of course he signed his name. When she added him to the scheduler, he had to give a name. Most likely a fake, but at least we'd have an alias for the police report.

Suddenly she turned over in the tub onto her stomach. With her left hand, she reached out and took my right and guided it to the back of her head and together we flipped a long swath of wet hair over her face. A square patch a little larger than a passport had been hastily shaved in the back of her skull. The mystery man's name was in the crookedly shaved square, it was carved into her beautiful porcelain skin. No...Carved is the wrong word for it, doesn't do it justice. The letters were perfect. Their alignment and contours, perfect. And deep, like they typeset her head with flesh removing sorts. I don't recall the font.

I ripped out the notebook page, stuffed it in my pocket and left the bathroom without saying a thing. I put on my coat and hurried into the living room, stood on a chair and retrieved the metal case at the far end of the bookshelf. I unlocked it and removed the Colt. What? Like I'd ever fucking dream of leaving it behind. That pistol has been, is, and will always be...my very best friend.

By the way, driving across the border is the key to smuggling just about anything into Canada. The trick is to have a Canadian driver, preferably in a rental. If you're a Yank, by yourself, with a car full of shit, red flags go off and they give you the business. But on the other hand, if it looks like you're

escorting a Canadian home, they don't even get out of the booth. Also, the chances of driving through unmolested triple increase if you and your Canadian companion are basic white. These are facts.

I slammed in the magazine, snapped the breach...and because subhumans that deserve to be shot dead have never been shot dead by a handgun with an engaged safety, I did not engage the safety. It was going to be a simple onetap head deletion at point blank range, but far enough to avoid messy sticky blowback, of course. If you've been paying attention, if you even give a shit, then you're aware this is a clear violation of Kill Rule 3. Here's the thing about killing, about real killing: There are no rules.

I removed the cash and placed my wallet on the couch next to my cell phone. I put the Colt in my belt pack and jumped up and down to make sure it was secure. Satisfied, I exited the apartment, locked the door and hurried out of the building to the street.

My destination, [REDACTED] I knew how to get to the park from Saint Hubert and figured I'd have no problem finding my way when I got in the vicinity. Time would be a factor, a little under three hours before daylight, but taking a cab was out of the question...So, unless I stumbled over an unlocked bike just lying around, I'd be walking the entire 2.9 miles. I never thought about that stuff. About the time and the distance, I did not give a fuck or a shit. My adrenaline carried me and I marched forward daydreaming like a motherfucker. I don't remember waiting on stoplights or crossing streets, I got lost in tactile red gore fantasy and must've killed hundreds of thousands of tall, slender, white homosexual men.

I cut through the park and popped out somewhere on [REDACTED] The neighborhood was dark and quiet and reminded me of the evening I spent waiting outside of Ava's apartment. Marching to war, I felt what all those devout religious niggerfaggots probably feel about their superstitions...I felt that my cause was just, I felt uber-righteous. Plus, murder for love is an electrifyingly powerful aphrodisiac...so when the blood rushed into my cock, I smiled, I giggled, I wasn't disturbed in the slightest marching down that street to war, formulating how best to fuck his soon-to-be gaping, gushing head wound:

- Shoot him in the skull.
- Race to the kitchen.
- Plastic wrap my dick.
- Fuck the head wound, disease free, to completion.

That was it, then and now, a one-two punch of execution-style killing/necro-skullfuck dessert really is, as far as murder-necrophilia revenge goes, the ultimate plan of action, the ultimate personal statement, the ultimate form of theatrics and post-theatrical communication.

Detached red brick homes lined the block and I moved from shadow to shadow hustling through front-yards and walkways. In my haste, I never considered just how dark it was going to be and I ended up wasting a lot of time trying to read the house numbers to make sure I was heading in the right direction. But then I found it: A two-storey with a driveway. I remember wishing it had been a rowhouse so that I could double down on my hatred. I detest rowhouses and the scum that live inside them. Powderly was right.

I walked along the side of the house through an areaway and stopped next to a tall privacy fence. I carefully scaled the cedar wood and paused at the top, looked into the pitch black, half expecting a

barking dog or a sensitive motion detector followed by an array of blinding floods. I waited, but nothing happened. I brought my legs over and dangled from the edge and slowly lowered myself into the yard.

The house looked completely black. Backyard, too. I couldn't see the lower half of my body and had the nauseating sensation that I was a disembodied head floating in a void. Almost lost my balance a few times just standing there. And if I had fallen, I would have crawled on my hands and knees and clawed my way into the house. "Kill," that had become my soundtrack, my mantra, in my own voice. That's all I wanted to do, get in there and fire a bullet through the center of his brain, wrap my dick and fuck that bloody 'hole.' .45 ACP, I'd be fucking whatever was left.

Moving across the yard, I never lifted my feet, I just inched along like a cross country skiing ninja, looking straight ahead, waiting for any kind of familiar shape to come into focus. My shin bumped into a wooden staircase that led to a terrace on the 2nd floor. I took my sweet time going up them, between 15-20 seconds for each step. Visibility improved dramatically once I reached the top, so much so that I instinctively crouched because I thought someone turned on a light. After realizing it was only the ambient stuff coming from the neighborhood, I took advantage of my position and used the opportunity to remove the Colt. I gripped the pistol and let it rest beside my leg. A few seconds passed, and then, like breaking news flashing across the lower third of my brain, it occurred to me that I was in the process of being a tender little bitch. This horrible about-to-be very dead faggot, this doomed nigger, he brutalized my lovely Charlotte...and now I was about to make him my first.

The moment of truth is very different from the dream, indeed, but in my case the goal remained the same: Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill.

And then dreadful reality: Acting on pure blind emotion had taken me very far, but I hadn't spent one solitary thought on how to get in the house without alarming the man. That opened the door to more questions. Did he live by himself? Seemed like an awful lot of room for just one occupant, and the Mazda minivan in the driveway suggested otherwise, though, not literally. An entire family might be sleeping on the other side of the wall. And what about a dog or two? A yappy, exotic bird? I didn't have a plan for children and pets. But then again, Charlotte said he was a dickhound. And that woman knows her gays, she really does. I scratched the family idea and prepared myself for the possibility of having to confront two adult males. What if his partner looked tall, white, fortyish, with a slender build? I'd call him by his name and wait for one of them to react. Only, no, I didn't like that scenario, too time consuming, and fuck playing games. I would simply execute them all and write it up as guilty by association.

Squatting there in the dark and doing all that thinking had lowered my blood pressure so much that I could no longer hear my heart pounding. Torrential sweat, coming out of every pore, drenching my back and torso. Steady droplets escaped the cotton brim of my winter hat and ran down the sides of my face. The voice in my head, my voice in my head, it bellowed "KILL!"

In one fluid motion, I stood up and walked forward a couple of feet...Instantly, the world went black and silent. My eyes were open, yet everything looked abyssal in all directions. It wasn't nothingness. Nothing is the absence of color. And since black is a color, it couldn't be nothing. No, this was real, and I existed at the center of it without fear or anger, or any emotion, really. I could have stayed there forever not giving a shit...But then I heard a sound, a repetitive tone that echoed and pulsed. The volume intensified with each new cycle. Long horizontal textures worked their way towards me through the

darkness. The textures were coming for me. My emotions returned, fear and panic set in. I wanted to escape...but how could I? I didn't have a body to run with.

My eyes snapped open. I put my hands flat on the deck and pushed myself up so that I was resting on my knees, still a little dazed, but mostly wondering what the fuck. Well, I'll tell you what: Got up too fast, passed out, put my head through a window pane. The broken glass triggered an alarm so loud it vibrated my face. I grabbed the Colt off the floor, hurried down the stairs, clambered up the fence, ran through the areaway, darted across the street and into the park. I must've been running on the path for a good minute before I noticed the pistol swinging in my hand. I toggled the safety and jammed the hunk of metal into my gun pack.

Made it to Park Ave and hailed a cab. I had him drop me off at Hubert & Sherbrooke and I walked the rest of the way. From the sidewalk, I looked up at the living room's big bay window. The light was on when I left. She must've turned it off. My Charlotte...Getting her some high quality medical attention was now my number one priority. We didn't have time for a trip to the states, so Royal Victoria Hospital would have to do. Wide awake, I plodded up the stairs and unlocked the apartment door. All the lights were off. I walked straight into the bedroom and flicked on the overheads...

The day I moved in, Charlotte caught me trying to hide my sketch books. She poured over them, all of them, one by one, she examined every little squiggle, thousands upon thousands of vile drawings. She fell in love with three...and so I let her have the ugly things. From that point forward, she was constantly always asking if I had drawn anything new and kept urging me to write and illustrate a graphic novel. I guess she thought the comicbook was still a relevant medium. "Hiding your talent is selfish." She said that to my face. Whatever, it was embarrassing, like when your mommy drools over your halfassed, non-creative dogshit art projects.

My drawings are dogshit...but Charlotte had those turds that she loved so much professionally framed and then she hung them side by side above the bed. They were the first thing I locked onto when the lights came on.

The frames were missing and long blue Tapcon anchors had been driven through the center of all three. The rest of the room was empty. Empty, as in cleaned out. The double bed, dresser drawers, the full length oak mirror, her numerous, wonderful water color paintings, large and small: Gone.

I turned to the closet...the door was wide open, clothes and shoes were in a sad pile on the floor of its narrow passage. My clothes and shoes. My sad pile. Charlotte's wardrobe, her entire freaky wardrobe? It. Was. Gone.

I darted back down the hall calling her name. The living room was stripped almost completely bare:

My two laptops were on the floor, the mac had a 50 foot ethernet cable plugged into it. Months before, I ran that long ass cable along the wall and coiled the excess right at the spot where it was plugged into the modem. Well, like everything else, the modem was fucking gone, but the cable was still flush against the wall and rolled up nice and tidy. My phone and wallet were on the floor next to each other and made to look as though the couch disappeared in a puff of smoke and they feather floated down to the hardwood. The metal case sat in the corner of the room where the bookshelf used to be and was positioned exactly as I had left it.

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

I checked the kitchen, the bathroom, the hall closet: Refrigerator, microwave, toaster oven, cutting board, inner and outer shower curtain, plastic totes, everything that Charlotte owned...Gone.

Back in the living room, I swiped my phone off the floor, about to speed dial her number...but that too was gone, deleted from my contacts. Knew it by heart, punched it in...It never even rang. I dialed several times and got nothing but dead air.

Charlotte did not rally her incredibly injured self and then pack Tish, Willow, a literal ton of furniture, appliances, clothes, storage, books, dishes, all that shit, up onto her swollen bruised head and carry it down two flights of stairs and out the door and down the street at five in the fucking morning. No sir, no way. A badly beaten fifty-two year old woman is not capable of such a tremendous feat. No one is. No solitary individual is capable.

Do you see it, reader? The giant anus, do you see it? Do you see that ancient four-dimensional horror materializing out of thin air, hovering above the living room...its chapped, quivering lips just waiting to explode gallons of acidic diarrhea into my open mouth?

I'm away for a little over two hours, and in that short time a crew of unknowns entered the apartment...These unknowns, they skillfully removed my girlfriend and every single motherfucking one of her belongings. Oh yeah...and they cleaned the whole place from top to bottom, super thorough: Windows, floors, walls, behind the toilet, the ceilings...Every nook and cranny, spotless.

I raced downstairs and banged on doors like a raving psycho, I even kicked a few while belting "HELP!" at the top of my lungs. Uber faggot dramatic, I unleashed one last epic primal scream to wake the dead. No one answered. Thinking about it now, I'm glad no one answered. Vanishing neighbors, that's too much. That's heavy-handed neo-noir Twilight Zone shit. They overdid it, they goofed the punch line. They fucked up.

I should thank them. Listening to that dead silence was a watershed moment for me. That's the very first time I suspected this triangulated serpent-hole clusterfuck might be a program, which it is.

I went back to the apartment and closed the front door but didn't lock it. I entered the bedroom closet, made a mattress out of the clothes pile and climbed aboard. I took out the Colt and had it ready in case they returned...and yes, yes, yes, oh how I wanted them to return. If they were brave enough to come back, well then, murder was the least I could offer. Bullets crashing through flesh and muscle, rupturing organs, super thickass terrified blood escaping frigid noses and faggoty mouths, splashing onto the polyurethane coated wood and flowing across the room like a crimson brook? A thousand times, yes.

Death, violent death, that's all I wanted to give them. That's because death makes sense, it has no equal in its ability to solve problems. Death makes problems go away, permanently. So, if your problem is a faggot person, or a faggoty group of faggot people...Don't hesitate. Be decisive, murder the person or group, detonate their chests with a shotgun blast and remove their heads with rusty pen knife...Leave them where they expire or dice the fuckers into piggie snacks and drop them in a sty, the ocean, the bottomless pit...Do it, kill them, give them a violent death, make them dead faggots, make that problem disappear.

I reached out and grabbed the corner of the door and pulled it until there was a teeny tiny sliver of an

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

opening. Yes siree, so ready, so finally ready to kill, kill, kill, kill...I closed my eyes, only meant to rest them for a second or two...but instead I drifted way down into heavenly fathoms of uninterrupted dreamless sleep.

THE DEAD LIE

I awoke in total darkness feeling magnificent. That's the best, waking up feeling weightless and tranquil and perfect. During those fleeting seconds you are the Universe, creator and destroyer of reality. You can do anything, be anything...But instead, you predictable lazyass, you convince yourself it's ok to go back to sleep even though you're not the least bit tired. Anyway, yeah, I felt nice. Too nice. Bullshit nice. Deprivation tank? Did I hallucinate everything? The past ten, fifteen, twenty years? It was all a dream. A dream. Goddamnit, that means the massive shits never took place.

I kicked open the door and let the dwindling sunlight in. I wasn't floating in salt water. Nope, no such luck. I was standing on a clothes pile in a bedroom closet, my life was still an upside down horror show, probably marinating in some lowly demon's festering nightmare dickcheese.

What now, I thought. Frantically looking for Charlotte seemed like a logical next step. Or contacting the police, explaining what the hell happened, just get it out in the open and deal with the consequences. Normally that's what people do when there's an emergency. They ask for help. That's what people do...normally.

My next move became as clear as invisible glass, and I'd like to thank the soothing, rejuvenating power of sleep for that. I didn't go to the police, didn't look for Charlotte, either. Attempt to track her down through secondhand acquaintances and known hangouts? Piss on that trouble, I wasn't about to investigate a thing. That's the way they'd expect me to behave, and hell if I was going to bite.

Now, I know that sounds cold-blooded, but I didn't struggle with my decision, not at all. My eyes were wide open, and so was my brain. I fixated on the first corner of this shit puzzle: Why in the hell would a beautiful, sweet, talented and charismatic woman like Charlotte be attracted to a grumpy dick splash like me? Why was she so eager and accommodating and ideal?

Go back and read our first encounter on November 27, 2012...It's all right there. If, instead of the ocean, I had decided to go see the Hollywood Walk of Fame, their commissioned outcome would not be any different, she would've been there on the corner waiting for me with that stupid flier. Charlotte is a participant, a live action seductress, a sexy agent provocateur playing a role in a fucked up mind's eye theatre. Detective work? I left Montreal that evening.

In typical standard operating dicknose fashion, Canadian customs made me pull over and I got a touchy touch of the business. I don't blame them. I was driving solo at night, over caffeinated, looking like a damp sketchy tweaker that just crawled out of the worst public toilet bowl in Scotland. They should have blown my fucking head off. Instead they did a normal cursory search of the trunk, backseat and underside. Good thing the Colt and extra magazines were beneath the passenger seat. Compared to the United States, Canadian border protection is, procedurally, twice as aggressive...but definitely, laughably, five times as retarded.

87 took me past Albany. I got there a little after nine and stopped at a Five Guys about 4 miles south

of town, inhaled everything and then sat in the car feeling bloated and gross and fantastically morbid. I had full color visions of those unknown apartment faggots. I ripped out intestines, indiscriminately bit down on guts, all while laughing through a spraying wet mess of gore. I jumped up and down on their plucked eyeballs, but that wasn't as much fun as gnashing my teeth into juicy, shit free entrails and watching their faces wriggle in agony.

And then a kooky epiphany: Ava should be relatively nearby. You know, cold and dead, lying in a box six feet under. I mean it's possible her parents might be that sentimental and export the body back to the old country. Highly unlikely, though.

Being that close, I couldn't go home without viewing the headstone, I just couldn't. Her parents are Catholic, she was baptized, so yeah, fairly confident I would find her buried in a cemetery. See the headstone, touch the headstone, resist the urge to piss on the headstone, give into the urge and piss on the headstone, then shit gets really real. Besides, Ava and I were becoming friends again, in my imagination, obviously. She talked to me in her sexiest flirty voice, lifted my spirits and generally kept me company while I drove. Yeah, man, headstone closure. Lemur headstone closure. That's good fucking soup. Visit the grave and say goodbye, and maybe even deliver a heartfelt apology. After all, I'm the reason she killed herself, right?

Too paranoid to get a motel, and no way I'd get any rest if I did, I ended up doing recon on Mr. and Mrs. Jasnik's lovely suburban home in North Albany. At around 1 am, I pulled into the empty parking lot of a no-name restaurant, hid the Colt within grabbing range, put my seat back and closed my eyes. Attempting to sleep this way I would be lucky if I got one solid hour...So you can imagine my surprise when I woke up to midmorning daylight.

Time to call the magnificent Jasniks, time to ask them where their selfish miserable dead daughter was buried. Only I didn't have my cell phone anymore. I canceled my plan and destroyed the phone before leaving Montreal.

I walked across the lot and entered the lobby of a Red Carpet Inn at precisely 7:42 AM. Vitali is the senior general practitioner at a thriving family medicine clinic...and with 18 minutes before the hour, on a non-holiday Thursday, he was probably there and well into his busy day. Impressive for a man pushing seventy-six. Boy, he must really love the work, really and truly, postponing his retirement like that. No hobgoblin wallet-draining bloodsuckers in that man's life, that's for damn sure.

So, that left me with the mother, Vendula. No problem. I readied myself for a super-easy-quick charm bomb offensive, inserted the quarters and dialed. Someone picked up in the middle of the first ring and a woman answered "hello" in a Slavic accent. I froze up and stopped breathing...

"Hello," said the voice again, only meaner, like it belonged to a fat old indignant Soviet-Brezhnev-era Babushka-wearing bitchcunt. Showtime...

"Mrs. Jasnik?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry for calling so early, but...I apologize. Lemme back up. My name is [REDACTED]...I used

to be Ava's boyfriend...I actually met you and your husband once in Toronto..."

"Oh yes. Long time ago."

"Yeah. Yeah, I know, a real long time."

I exhaled dramatically and waited for her to explain that precious dead Ava had departed forever...but instead I listened to her obnoxious, pigfucking vulgar nasal breathing until she felt obliged to speak.

"Soooo...I don't know why you're calling, █...Ava doesn't live here. Did she give you this number?"

"Yeah she did...I'm sorry, she doesn't live there?"

"Yes. She's an adult, █ You want to talk to Ava then you should call her, ok?"

I hesitated, didn't answer fast enough...

"Ok █ good bye..."

"Wait. When's the last time you saw her?"

"Why?"

"I don't know. You really got me confused..."

"What are you talking about?"

"Ava. I'm talking about Ava. What are you talking about?"

And that's when the bitch hung up. Like an asshole, I stood there with the receiver pressed against my face for over a minute before placing it in the cradle. I turned to leave, took half a step...and the damn phone started ringing. I whipped around and snatched it up, didn't say a word.

"Hello," said the indignant fat old Soviet bitchcunt with caller ID.

"Mrs. Jasnik," I quacked.

The words came out so mockingly dickish, I knew I might as well drop the act and go right for the jugular...only the old bitchcunt beat me to it. She unloaded both barrels of full fledged, metal jacketed, guttural English. From what I could decipher, she wanted to know just who the hell I thought I was, scaring her half to death, making her think something awful happened to her daughter. She said that Ava told her all about what I've been doing, that I'm a "stalker," blah, blah, fucking blah. Then she threatened to call the cops if I continued bothering her family.

"She's alive," I blurted.

She scoffed a perfect scoff that I wholly deserved. I sounded like a blatant, horizontally castrated, fairy

faggot dramaturg pleading for someone to rip my lips off. And she called me on it. Good for her.

“Stop harassing my daughter! You’ve been warned!”

And then, for the second time, she hammered the phone on me. I should’ve been mad, that’s the kind of thing that sets me off like a rocket. But I wasn’t. I calmly walked back to the rental and had a good long sit down.

Ava. My buddy. My imaginary friend. Made imaginary because she was stone cold dead. Only she wasn’t. Ava was not dead. Ava is not dead. Not yet, anyway.

I took a piss, filled the gas tank and drove the rest of the way without stopping. Arrived at my parent’s house a little after 2pm. Full disclosure: My mother and father are alive, just like Ava. I most certainly do live off an annuity, my grandfather made a fortune in ██████████ but it’s not as big as you might think. On second thought, maybe it is. It is.

I put my cardboard boxes and miscellaneous doodads in the farthest reaches of their basement, including two laptop computers and a jailbroken iPod Touch. They were most likely infected with keylogging software and cleverly hidden remote access dropbox protocols that came to life whenever I connected wirelessly or through a cable. I returned a few weeks later, destroyed the comps and dumped the parts in trash cans around the National Mall.

When I drove away from mom and dad’s house, my backpack contained 6 days of clothes, hygiene essentials, five thumb-drives, nineteen paper notebooks, the Colt and the extra magazines. I dropped off the rental, hopped on the orange line to New Carrollton, got in a cab and took a 25 minute ride. The driver stopped outside of a suburban low rise office building. From there, I walked down the middle of an industrial road for a little over a mile and then quickly made my way through a gated parking lot to an inconspicuous warehouse near some interlocking train tracks. The warehouse is the business address of my older brother. Thick metal doors, ear deafening alarm system, multiple high resolution closed circuit cameras monitoring the interior/exterior, plus my weapons...It was a poor man’s fortress, but not too shabby for a last minute International Boundary maneuver. So yeah, I could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Before they burned him alive, a concerned American once wrote: “Sometimes a reset needs to occur.”

Reset. Yes. The warehouse would be my reset. I’d recharge, gather my thoughts, acquire more weapons, clean and maintain those weapons...buy more bullets, more notebooks, more pens, begin making the lists...And then I would try my absolute level-fucking-best to put the rest of this shit puzzle together.

BE HONEST

Was that too much of a narrative shift between the dated entries and the traditional prose?

Gosh, I hope not. It's just that certain book critics hate it when the author changes gears almost halfway through the story. And by "certain book critics," I am in fact talking about disgustingly obese, tumor riddled, spinster bitchcunts.

When the great upheaval happens, and it will happen, I'm gonna disembowel so many of you fat fucks. So many. Dead fat fucks, dead fat fucks everywhere. I'm talking American dead fat fucks. That's a lot of dead fat fucks. That's a lot of whale meat.

Hot damn, with all that saturated human lard lying around, I might be tempted to low and slow a rack of gluteals with a jumble of sparkling titty kabobs.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Any news about Nicole Martel?

None, if the internet is to be believed. She's not dead, I would've heard something by now. Right? Honestly though, I don't wanna know anything. Like if she needs to use a fucking ramp, if she can't regulate her body temperature, if she owns a collection of catheter bags, if once a week she puts on a surgical glove frosted in laxative constipation ointment to corkscrew her asshole...Well, you get the picture. If she's got permanent wheelchair type damage, I don't wanna hear about it.

Listen, reader, I hope Nicole's ok, wherever she landed. Nicole, sweetie pie, if you're reading this, I really want to tell you I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that kick to your lovely ass. A joke. Of course you did, cunt. My one regret is that I never got to fuck you up properly. I should have made a plan, just you and me all alone, could've used you as a dickstop for hours. Fuck. I could've given you a brutal pummeling worth jerking off to. Choke slam your bitchass, knock your teeth out, give you 280 Jigsaw pattern stitches, dozens of surgical staples, fuck you up nice and proper, and not go to jail. Now that would be something. Boyfriends, husbands, or any gentlemen minding his own business when a bitch squares up...they're still waiting to call that fantasy by its real true name: Equality.

While I'm on the subject of lady parts, I'd like to mention the stellar hyperdrive masculinization of the average American female in this 2nd decade of the 21st century. There are numerous daily reports of their monstrously huge lantern pumpkin manjaws whipping through college campuses, shopping malls and suburban town centers. It's not funny. Every day, they're knocking over displays, raking the paint jobs of parked cars, and barbarically cutting defenseless children and smalls animals with those damn serrated mandibles. This is America's newest endemic disease. That's why healthy preconception nutrition is crucial for men and women. Air and water quality, also very important. Young ladies should stay away from birth control drugs. Pills, injections, suppositories, they increase testosterone levels, they cause deadly blood clots, they mutate genes and will rot titties and vaginas from the inside out.

Yeah, so I stopped googling Nicole and her troupe of frogs. I stopped web-searching everyone. It makes me ill thinking about the years I've pissed away, lonely days and nights, bloodshot eyes, hunched over a computer screen, obsessing, downloading, worming and obsessing.

Fap, fap, fap.

My internet usage is pretty limited nowadays, and given the lengths these people are willing to go for intel, whenever I do use a hypertext transfer protocol, I never engage in anything too deep. I bought a cheap Toshiba laptop at Best Buy (I put electric tape over the built-in webcam) and use it to check on news and do the occasional search. Gone are the days of simply plopping down and using any old connection, and never ever a family member's computer. Too paranoid? Maybe. They probably have

limited resources, and babysitting every computer is impractical and would spread them paper thin. I'm goofing. Their data collection centers are undoubtedly just as sophisticated as the government's trillion dollar not-so-black project operations. Fuck them. If they want new intelligence, I won't make it easy.

While driving between 1 and 50 miles to use cafe WiFi royally blows, doing it this way gives me piece of mind. I imagine it's damn hard to predict where I'm going to go until I go there. You'd have to be physically tailing me and then do your high tech mobile hacking bullshit right there on the fly. And oh my stars, how I would love to catch them in the act. I'm always armed, (Much more than just the Colt, fyi.) always waiting, waiting for the day when they slip up and get too close and reveal themselves. On that day, I will shoot them in the face and happily go to prison. Do you hear me, sick fuckers? You better. If I see you, I will murder you dead and then jerk off on your mutilated corpse until the police arrive.

I should also tell you that I've deleted and deactivated all my email and web accounts, legitimate and sockpuppets alike. Clearly, they were compromised and I would be a sadistic retard to start anything new. So, goodbye to that timewasting shit: No more email, no more social networking sites, (fuckass meme and GIF infested garbage, anyway) and no more paying for anything online. Cash or check, that's how I do things...For now.

Yes, I did get another cell phone. And I know they're listening in, but whatever, you try functioning without one. It's impossible. The faggot at the store tried to sell me one of those giant bricks with a full keyboard and speakers. I told him no flare, just a normal boring flip top for me, please. And what did he do? He rolled his faggot eyes. It's ok, I'm keeping track of the indignities, I'm writing it down for a rainy day. The rainy day when torrents of shit fall out of the sky. And when shit finally hits the fan, certain people are going to wake up with their tongues cut out, penises removed, tits severed, eyes molested. Reader, start making a list right now, your very own Main Core. It'll come in handy when they shut the power off.

What if you never got bored puttering around the apartment and never logged onto Facebook that day, or any other day, ever again?

Same result as Charlotte and the Venice Beach pier. Zero escape. I would've received the disinformation some other way. An email from Bindy sounds about right. She'd break the terrible news, explain how Ava died, and there you go. Email is great, you can craft a perfect social engineering packet of lies and the recipient never gets to see the maniacal toothy grin on your evil face.

Another hindsight revelation: Imagine the real live person that had to wait for me to log in so they could plant that propaganda for my eyes only. Maybe they hacked or spoofed Bindy's profile? Maybe it was Bindy? The logistics don't require a computer engineer. Hell, a nine year old can do all this technomasterbation walking down the street with a smartphone. It's not the how that gets me. No, it's their unwavering dedication to patience that turns me green.

Bindy,

I watched the short video 'documentary' your brother Keith made. If you've seen it then you are aware that he is, or most likely, well on his way to becoming, an accredited heterosexual pedophile. Traveling to shit countries like Belize and exploiting young girls, using his photographer credentials to lure them

into a false sense of hope, preying on their desperation to escape poverty so that he can ejaculate on them...That's his passion. He's an unapologetic vampire tourist. Keith is your flesh and blood and you need to know these things about him.

Bindy, I'm just trying to be polite. You're not that stupid, you damn well know that Keith is a pedophile psychopath douchebag. Did your parents ritualistically beat or molest the two of you? Perhaps you guys had private Diddler on the Roof sessions with a grabby childhood rabbi? Play it safe my dear, get yourself checked out by a neuropsychiatrist. Pedophilia is hereditary.

And don't be surprised when you receive an emotional late night call from a relative or family friend. Someday Keith will end up murdered in a dirt alley. They're going to lop off his circumcised dick and place it carefully in his mouth. Yes, fucking unpleasant, but that's the trajectory he's on.

Very truly yours,

Here's an interesting quickie: About a year after he graduated high school, Keith had one-an-done sex with Ava. She initiated the encounter out of kink and curiosity. Legend has it that he was born anus free. They did a baby buttole operation and fixed him right up...but we're talking the late seventies, in Canada...So the work, while functional, was not really aesthetically pleasing. I suppose that would suck if you were into buttoles, which Ava totally is because she's a fucking pervert. Ok, back to it...

Stupid me, a simple call to the Jasnik's would've exposed the lie, then battlestations. Shutdown all my online activities, stay on high alert, and who knows, constantly being on edge, maintaining situational awareness, it's possible I could've caught on to Charlotte...But that's not what happened. I was so happy with Ava out of the picture...I never questioned her death. I was too in love to be bothered.

Let's pretend, if, for some kooky improbable scenario reason, I never touched the internet, from January 4, 2013 until the end of time: Then my phone rings, or a text. I would never answer a call from a strange or unknown number, but I'd check the message, definitely. And upon hearing Bindy, or another sympathetic agent from the past, choking back tears and all that junk, well, I would've fallen for it. I'd call right back, then blammo...Rabbit suckerpunch to the nards.

But just for the sake of argument, what if I had taken a nude running jump off the deep end, balls out, like a salivating Amish Unabomber, and told technology to go permanently buttfuck itself in the mouth forever? Remember letters? Remember writing one, putting it in that envelope and walking it down to the mail box or sliding it under the recipient's door? No? Well then, you're probably a smelly street nigger, or a goddamn useless millennial. The opening hours of the great upheaval will not be kind to unskilled urban millennial faggots like you. The sweetest part is knowing that you won't recognize the end as the end. You'll be too entranced by that 4 or 5 or 6 or 7 or 8 inch screen, doing what you do best, repeddling aggregator horseshit, quietly drooling or masturbating or both, sitting there in your goddamn feces taking pictures and video of your face and genitalia, creating nothing and reposting everything. Decapitation, followed by your head on a pike, that'll be your new look until the rats and cockroaches and pearly white maggots nibble it down to the bone. Prepare yourself accordingly.

The mystery man on [REDACTED] is he real?

Yes, he's real. Well, he was real.

Did you think he was just some random dude? They wanted him gone, so now he's gone. I couldn't do it...meaning I royally fucked it up, so they fooled someone else into finishing the job. They. Them. The puppetmasters. Whoever they are, their joy in life is manipulating the bottom feeders, you and me, and getting us to willfully do their nasty fucked up bidding. Maybe it helps them orgasm? I can sort of relate to that.

Now listen up...You can choose not to believe a word. I'm making some pretty wild claims here, so I won't hold it against you if you don't believe me. Actually, it works out better if you don't because I've decided to redact mystery man's name and former address. I don't care about arousing the nipples of Canadian and U.S. law enforcement. I care about 'them' using Canadian and U.S. law enforcement to turn my life into hammered shit snacks...shit snacks that I'll be forced to eat.

To be clear, I will murder every henchmen faggot that crosses my path...but I have no desire to attract the eternal focus of the main antagonists. A buttfucking retaliatory lawsuit, investigation, unwanted attention, all of the above, from people that have the means to reach across any border on the planet is not my idea of a good time. I don't want to be their number 1 hobby. No thanks. Though, it might be a lost cause at this point...Maybe fuck it? Maybe...death to everyone? Maybe...game on? Maybe.

So...During that minute or two, when you stood blinking next to the payphone, after the first time she hung up...Mrs Jasnik called Ava, got a frantic recap in Slovak, I'm assuming, then called you back and used said recap to take a fat verbal dump on your ears? That sounds fishy.

Right. Because up until now my story didn't have a dent. Fuck you, it happened.

Why didn't you go straight to the Jasnik's after the second hang up?

Go straight to the Jasnik's? For what?

I'm just sayin, if it only took Vendula a minute, minute and a half to call you back, odds are pretty good Ava was standing next to her the whole time.

Oh. Like they were having breakfast coffee in the kitchen, or something like that?

Yeah. Something like that.

An you wanna know why I didn't go over there to say good morning?

Uh-huh.

I'd be lying if said I didn't think about it at the time. Sitting in the car...I thought about it, that she might be in the house...Yeah, I thought about it.

So why didn't you check?

Because nothing but terrific outright fucking murder is why. C'mon, you heard Vendula. As soon as I knocked or buzzed or got spotted walking up the driveway, she'd be on the phone to 911. Then what? I'd have to force entry if I wanted to get inside. And do you seriously think a bossy old twat like Mrs

Jasnik is gonna let me just waltz around her home unchallenged?

So now I'm punching a seventy year old woman in the face trying to prevent her from doing the crazy shit you just know bitches like that will do. Yelling. Scratching. Maybe she gets a little too excited and suffers a quivery heart attack? Ummm...No. Unlike their smelly alcoholic men, the women from the Stalingrad generation are tempered in toxic waste and basically unkillable.

In order to make her sit down and shut up...I'd have to knock her unconscious without caving her face in...an almost impossible task. You know how women are always complaining how easily they bruise from a little pinch? Well imagine smashing your mom or grandmother in the gob, repeatedly. Means a lot of punching to the face and head area. Keep in mind, high volume crystal-breaking levels of baboon shrieking throughout the beating. Maybe a few punches stray south and hit her in the throat? She's a tough old bird, but if she catches one too many...bad things can happen.

But hey, we're playing "what if." Imagine she cracked the front door half an inch and I kicked it open and dropped her in one shot with my right while closing the door with my left. I drag the smelly limp bearmoose into the bathroom like a professional. I search the house and find Ava cowering somewhere. There would be no tearful reunion, there would be no "Baby, please tell me what happened." Snap judgment, I just fucking kill her. Yep. Hands on throat, super rage personal, aaaaaannn dead.

Then I would kill Mrs Jasnik on the back end. And if I accidentally killed her on the front end? Shit, finishing Ava becomes a matter of self preservation. Then I would absolutely have to burn their big fancy house to the ground. Sounds like a delicious cake walk, but it's not. Remember, this is taking place under the blinding light of American sunshine, in a rich neighborhood, where a constant flow of utility trucks, delivery people, repairmen, dogwalkers and nannies are ever present. Not to mention, someone is bound to have a security camera pointed at the street, and a glimpse of my rental passing through the frame is a gift to any junior homicide detective trying to move the case forward.

So yeah...A big wet goddamn red flaming mess all around if I had let my emotions get the better of me. Good thing I have them in check.

Is it possible there's no connection whatsoever between Ava's death hoax and the Charlotte event?

What the fuck is your problem?

Ok, ok, moving on. What's up with Ava?

I don't know. No idea. Could care less. It's fucking boring thinking about her. What's up with Ava? Who cares! How's that for drama? Besides, you know damn well she's incapable of personal growth, so nothing fucking new is ever going to happen to her, probably. Like I'd give two shits if something did. Best guess, she continues to live off mommy & daddy and isn't fooling anybody with her flaky, new age wannabe, no career having, California daydreaming inside a hugbox echo-chamber of faggots. She's almost 40, and a Leo. Those spots have not changed since forever. It would be easy to dismiss her as just another victim of the self-esteem movement, but that's lazy and dishonest as fuck, and you know it. Poor misunderstood Ava. Poor retarded snowflake lemur in the sun. Phony-baloney bullshit.

I don't hate her for the death hoax, no way that bitchcunt had anything to do with the initial idea. I

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

was supposed to forget about her and become totally obsessed with Charlotte. That was the narrative, and it worked. They played Ava like they played me, piss and shit, so I can't blame her for that. I hate her for everything else. Call me insane, but I refuse to let go of the bad blood. I want an apology. I'm still waiting for one. If she had acted like an adult and treated me with respect, you know, like a human with feelings, she could've dumped me properly and I would've been cool with it. Why didn't she tell me before I left Toronto? It's silly. A little moment of honesty, of Ava fighting against her bitchcunt nature and gender...Just the tiniest jolt of straightforward truth...and my energy, my drive, my focus, my life, the whole thing goes in a complete, extraordinarily new direction. Yes it would. New direction. Maybe. It's possible. Irrelevant now because we'll never know.

You caused this, Ava. You. And I'll never let it go. Never. I hate you all day, every day. I overflow with non-stop venom laced homicidal ideation imagining the pathetic daily routines that make up your pathetic life. Ava Jasnik, you bitch, you cunt, you liar, you are a callous empty vessel that will never find love...and if you ever see me, bitch, you better run the other fucking way, cunt. You also better hope you never die around me because necrophilia is still on the motherfucking bucket list, 10 hour rule be damned. If you're within range, I will seek out your decomposing body and cock hammer the openings and fuckholes into a fine paste, dry out the paste into a powder...and then snort the powder.

Though, now that I think about it, there's a pretty excellent chance 'they' are the reason she ignored me. Plus, they probably wormed all of her shit, like they love to do...but maybe they over did it with the snooping and drove her into double freak out mode. On gmail, like most updated email platforms, there's a recent activity cache that logs IP addresses and locations. Ava must've seen something weird, that's why she changed her main email so many times, and that explains her IMDB comment. See there? I'm not her stalker after all.

Ava, with fondness I shall always remember the time you walked into the living room and saw me naked, simultaneously fake humping Zoe's two (whiny, yet bizarrely cooperative) Siamese cats. You laughed until you cried. Also that time you nonchalantly called me into the bedroom. You were lying on the futon, your beautiful eyes gazing up at me. "I think I need to see a doctor," you said. Before I could ask what was wrong, I inhaled the most rotten carcass smelling fart ever to come out of a live human ass. Your face, as my eyes widened...So mischievous, your face. Buttstink ambush. Unexpected, and genius.

And hey, remember the time we stood on the rooftop of the now defunct Shift magazine? During the course of one cigarette, you made me realize that experimental filmmaking is for queers.

Ava, you will never be a sought-after, pioneering artist. You will never be an artist. Period. I hope that by now you've taken a good long look in the mirror and reached the same conclusion. Like most rich kids, you had potential in your twenties...but you postponed, neglected, avoided the challenges that would've made you great. Occasionally pecking at the vague edges will always be the coward's method. Your life never begins, your full abilities never realized. Unused creative muscle atrophies until all that's left is flabby, muted, unfulfilled dreams. Your dreams, Ava. Your dreams.

About your recent photography: I like them, but there is such a thing as being too minimalistic. They're almost pretty, but they're all so very distant...and slightly processed. I don't know what they remind me of. Whatever it is, it's cold...which makes total sense coming from you. Continue snapping iPhone pics, if that's what makes you happy...but the next Cindy Sherman, the next Vivian Maier, you are not.

Time marches on, my dear. Get comfortable in your new role: The fraying, crusty middle aged single woman who never got it together. Embrace your lameness. Wear it like a badge. Own it. Go teach a yoga class. Have fun at the acoustic theology meeting, or whatever power of suggestion, self-identified queerbait, Jung and Shamanism in dialogue with solipsistic pigeon dingleberries hokum you're into this week. And please resist putting injectables into your face. Try to grow old with some dignity.

I can't lie to you, my kulak princess...You won't grow old. When it all goes down, the piss pants blowout, the free-for-all jamboree of devastation, you'll be the first casualty. I'm guessing you get sodomized to death during the chaos. I envy the lucky bastard or bastards. Reader, a warning: Vigorous buttrape will be commonplace, out in the open, right outside your door. No lube. A running of trains. You don't even know. But you will.

Amendment to bucket list: I will not dick a body that has been raped to death by someone other than myself.

What happened to Charlotte?

She vanished for a hot minute then reappeared on the Montreal scene completely healed like nothing happened. When I say completely healed, I mean completely healed...like nothing happened. And no mention of the incident anywhere.

Her internet presence is greater than ever: Semi-professional videos and pictures flood the tunnels and tubes at regular intervals, she's all over the social networking platforms, every selfie/comment is liked, smiley faced, golden checkmarked, yellow star approved, pseudo-communicative pictorial representation faggotry bursting at the seams while dragging a clammy, voracious homosexual comet tail of synthetic fiber-wearing, custom-fang brandishing, eye shadow abusing sycophants from the farthest reaches of the nauseatingly cringeworthy and pathetic darkcore galaxy: Cybertrannygoth Raverfagbuttsex Steamgaypunk TK-421. Whatever, she looks amazing.

Charlotte's situation is different, she's directly involved with 'them.' Dupable pawns like me and Ava are disposable, but Charlotte is a crucial piece of their infrastructure, a reusable fixture they need to put back in place for the next mindfuck. And for the record, rockin out at a few of the same parties in 1998 doesn't count as mindfucking. We never interacted, and like I mentioned before...She's got a face you never forget...I don't remember seeing her. I guess it could be another one of her calculated lies...It's also conceivable she wasn't even a member of the network back then...But I doubt that. Their tendrils are everywhere. I imagine they've got an army of mega charismatic, uber attractive, sterilized men and women gallivanting in major cities across the globe.

All I can do is speculate about these things. I wish I had more for you. I wish I had the moxie to produce full color pages of maps and charts and websites and photocopies of stained xeroxed documents bearing code names and fancy call signs of handlers, enforcers, minibosses, middle men, superbosses and their overlords. But no. The answers aren't cut and dry and easily attainable. They're fantastical, the variables are well hidden, constantly fluctuating, and so I don't really know what the fuck is going on.

I do think about going back to Montreal for a smash and kidnap. A lot. Like every second. Like right now. I could go right now. I'd drug her, tie her up and stow her in the trunk. Kill any faggots that get

in my way, start to finish. Futile, but the idea is front and center, nagging, poking, tempting. I have to keep reminding myself that she's no damsel in distress. We make our choices in life. Charlotte wants to be there doing what she's doing. I have to live with that, and so does she. Plus, if I got anywhere near the island, they'd know in a flash and be gunning for me with all kinds of crazyass weirdo manga shit. They'll never let me get close. What can I do anyway? Get frustrated and fucking rage, cripple and kill some people, then get myself crippled or killed? I'd rather amputate my groinal bulge.

I know she's a foxy, highly skilled manipulative whore who almost tricked me into murdering a guy. I don't care. Charlotte continues to inspire me. I dream about her. I fantasize about her. She's my queen and I'm her prince. No matter how warped, no matter how venomous, no matter how brief, love is love. I dedicated this book to all those who believe in exposing the lies, and I stand by that, but I reserve a secondary dedication for Charlotte, my heart, my one true soul mate. Charlotte, I fell in love the second I saw those demented, possessed eyes. I saw through those contacts, into the woman, into the person, into your essence. You are good. Bisou, bisou, bisou, Je t'aime.

These so-called programs, how long have they been going on?

First of all, and I cannot stress this enough...“so-called?” Seriously, go fuck yourself. Now, to the second part of your question...

As dark and toxic and paranoid as I've become, I really have to step back and tip an imaginary faggot fedora out of respect for their mastery of the board. That's the brilliance of this particular game, isn't it? No one knows they're playing. Ok, I figured it out, but that's gotta be a rare occurrence. And c'mon, my discovery was pure accident, let's all agree on that shit. If I hadn't been such an oxygen deprived lightweight, I'd be in a Canadian prison serving 25 years on a first degree murder conviction. Or maybe they have you killed after you accomplish their dirty work? No, I mean, yeah, there's more to it than that. I don't know. Thankfully I'm not the kill-thirsty revenge-maniac life ender they were hoping for. Being a failed assassin never felt so good.

I think too much. That's a problem. Can't do anything physically spectacular if you're perpetually analysing the world around you, then thinking about thinking about analysing the world around you, and then a few more layers of abstraction on top of that. It's pointless, too much thinking will rotate you away from getting it done, too much thought accomplishes nothing. Be decisive. Killing requires split second action. I was capable, but only for a windowed period of time. They should've known that, the sloppy devils.

I take back the last part. I'm completely on board for some kill-thirsty revenge-maniac life ending...On my terms, of course. And I'm doing the palaeolithic diet now. The caveman regimen: Meat, fish, cheese, whole milk, eggs, vegetables. No refined sugars, no grains or beans, rice, starches, and never again to corn-based/hydrogenated-based anything. Ninety minutes of exercise a day. Nothing fancy, no running, and not all at once. Lots of push-ups, moderately intense cardio, squats and curls with barbells never to exceed ten fucking pounds, and fully committed stretching before and after work outs. Red blood cells, primed.

Jena Zetler, my 1998, Jewish, super vegan roommate from the old Toronto loft at 90 Ontario Street, she got nailed with a nasty, aggressive, oppressive, woman hating form of breast cancer in 2011. It runs in her family, but whatever, that's what happens to pure vegans...They get sick. If Hitler had eaten the

occasional steak and sold a few paintings, who the hell knows, the world might be very different. Jena didn't make it. Left a son, a daughter, a grieving husband...You know, the inevitable trail of vegan farts, destruction, tears. She was a cutter in high school. One Saturday, we were just hanging around the loft, she busted out the photos and showed me the evidence. On her face, of all places. I asked her why and she smirked and replied, "I was bored."

Thursday, September 4, 2003, aka, ground zero, aka, the jumping-off point: Ava and I spent less than fifteen minutes emailing back and forth. What am I doing, just flip to the page and read it again. But isn't that creepy? I knew something was off. We hadn't seen each other in three years and she responds to a chopped up stuffed animal by contacting me and affecting a semi-flirtatious, encouraging tone.

They wanted me to pursue her. Build me up then tear me down was the program. That means Ava was already on their radar well before I discovered the club website. They were just waiting for me to work up the nerve. The mutilated stuffed animal, the emails, the phone call, the weekend Toronto visit, all part of a larger narrative, a chapter in the book of unseen influence. How esoterically sinister.

What yummy, enticing flavor of carrot did they dangle in front of that horrid bitchcunt? And how did they dangle the incentivizing carrot without breaking the prime directive? Yeah, that's the real question here. Ava had to believe that she convinced herself to rekindle a romance with me, and not because they forced her to. What they do is real life incepting, without the dreaming, the dream jumping, the slow motion, or any other type of gay shit associated with that repellent delivery system of subversive Hollywood propaganda. I'm telling you, Ava would not have been able to fake our reunion, even if they threatened to kill her parents, a gunman inside the house ready to execute them if she half-assed the program. She turns into a fucking beached jellyfish in minor stressful situations. Apply a teeny tiny nudge of external pressure and she folds up like a paper vagina.

Reader, for your consideration: Ava worked as a costume designer on Bliss. Over the phone, Tom told me a great story about how she arrived late to the first production meeting, then brought everything to a screeching halt several times throughout by asking some advanced placement, head-turningly moronic questions. When the meeting dispersed, the 1st assistant director pulled Tom aside and remarked, "What is she doing here?" She confirmed his suspicions during the middle of principal photography when she locked herself out of the wardrobe truck and lost the keys.

Much panic, many teardrops, chunks of tangled lemur fur everywhere. She screamed at crew people and walked off the movie, which was fine with everybody...and, the way Tom explained it, it all kinda worked out because her shit was pretty much done, meaning she was basically wrapped and would've been out of a job the very next day.

That 1st AD had her number from the goddamn start. There's a guy who knows the difference between a high-functioning autistic and a plain-as-day, unmistakable, spoiled bitchcunt asshole. She knows how to name drop 24/7 and can really fake her way through any casual conversation...but where the rubber meets the road, she's a pathological space cadet. Too smart and proud (and now too old) to be a trophy wife, but too stupid to attract a hipster millionaire sugar daddy. And she fucking wonders why. Another bird-walk. Ok...

Ava is far too selfish and cold to do anything Ava doesn't want to do. Hogwash, you say? Well now, I know someone who doesn't have a clue about Eastern European women. They are notorious for their

ice queen complex. It's in their DNA, it's in the blood...It's in the bloodline. Genealogical trauma, something to do with their grandmothers getting brutally raped by Russian soldiers during WWII.

“Better to have a Russian on your belly than an American over your head,” as the old saying goes.

Historical side note: In addition to Slovak, French, and English, Ava speaks fluent German. Makes you wonder, if her grandma did get tackled...Was it Ivan or Fritz?

Secretly Influenced Person (SIP)

Homeless people and strangers:

Absolutely. I encountered my fair share from 2001-2003. Perfect sleeper agitators for any metropolitan area, they usually work in groups, so if you need to use foul disgusting public transportation, alternate your routes and keep the niggerfaggots guessing. You're not supposed to know that gangs of organized stalkers exist. Be assertive, preempt their bullshit: Play games, get confrontational and violent. Fuck them up. Harassing you becomes a risky proposition if they know you're willing and able to make them bleed, especially after you set them on fire.

Madison Rook:

No. Some bitches are just loud, drunk, slovenly whores tripping through life and grinning at you like their crap doesn't stink. I checked in on her Facebook 6 or 7 months ago. She moved up the food chain, they made her a coordinator at Farside's Los Angeles production office. Big city life appears to agree and she looked like a bloated, blotchy red hambeast. I hope a gnarly infectious disease devours her face and genitals. What a phony. What a crumpled empty can. She's a Buchenwald parchment display, only fatter and faker. Cloak yourself in white wine and trivial opinions before confronting this oinking screaming twat of a windbag. Use a blowtorch...Military grade is optimal for wino skanks. Terminate with extreme prejudice.

If you meet someone from Queensland, all regions, and they bounce around like an animated kangaroo, don't fall into the trap of thinking he/she/preferred gender pronoun is outgoing, extroverted, a social people person, what-have-you. Australian accents, like established middle class British accents, for the most part, sound comforting. Don't be deceived by the Queenslander. Upon closer inspection you will realize it's nothing more than a typical piece of funny-talking white abo, cultured bogan trash.

Nathan Ortega:

Did I forget to mention that Ava and Nathan were in a tumultuous one-and-a-half year relationship? Yeah. It had been over for about a year when I first got together with her. Apparently he's got a small dick, and according to Ava, his well below average penis, multiplied with a relentless cocaine habit, put a strain on their day-to-day and was the eventual reason for the break up.

He was jealous of me, naturally. A 34 year old hack director, pseudo drug addict, with a gray shriveled up micropeen, who doesn't dance...and then here I come bounding onto the scene, a sleek young wild cat ready to party all over the dancefloor, and then afterwards all over his beautiful ex girlfriend...Make that super jealous. He was also shocked and butthurt when Tom picked me and the lemur to write Bliss. Babydick already had two horrible writer/director indiefag features under his belt at that point. It was uber-insulting to him, a slap in the face, that Ava and “the boy,” unproven nobodies that we were, and

continue to be, would be doing what he thought he was anointed to fucking do.

Tom stood by us, and to his credit, he defended our first and second draft of the script on more than a few occasions when Nathan tried to swoop in like a shit-disturbing vulture. This is before Tom went all gayfag about the story. But up until then, the future was looking bright for everyone except Nathan. If I were him during that uptick saga, yeah, I totally get it, I would've been salty as fuck, too.

Nathan behaving like a bitch adds up, but it doesn't make him a SIP. In fact, if anything, it makes him the perfect candidate for a program...which then makes him a SIP.

Does that mean they've been running a program on me since 1999? That's ridiculous. I loved my life back then. Loved it. There wasn't a hateful thought in my head. There was no room for hate, it was filled to capacity with delusions of peace, love, MDMA and movie stardom. Early in the development of Bliss, I truly sincerely believed I was well on my way to becoming a famous screenwriter, or at the very least, a wealthy one. I fantasized about my acceptance speech on a regular basis. I'm now fully aware that Hollywood is a massive cabal of Communist-romanticizing, Satan-worshipping, incest-loving, one-eye-covering, pedophile vampires and covert pedophile apologists and overt pedophile apologists and impotent voyeuristic graybearded kingmakers, and that the always shit Academy Awards broadcast is the diseased dark ritual event where they proudly flap their lesion bedazzled rapewings in order to infect the viewing public with a self-deluding form of AIDS, which exponentially replicates in the mouth whenever the carrier talks about popular culture.

But like I said, ridiculous. 1999 was my year. I was happier than a pig in shit, high as a kite almost every weekend, having tons of unprotected sex. They don't make you. They only use what's already there. But I was happy. So why did they target me? Because I was happy?

Reader, are you lost? I am confusing you? Does it sound like I'm making shit up as I go? They built that into the game, it's one of the brilliant side effects of acquiring fantastical knowledge. Whenever you try to explain this gak, you come off like a tinfoil whacko who forgot to take his medication.

It doesn't matter how, why, or when things started. Things started, and that's a known known. Know what else started? Nathan humping a new leg, begging for more free shit, trying to get another dull ass project off the ground. I guess Hellhole is too commercial. Figures. If it's not about a gaggle of closeted homos playing amateur hockey, or an inexplicably beautiful young girl living in a boring town, idiot canuck producers want no part of it. Pure faggotry. He's like all the rest, masochistic to the core, falling into the entitlement trap with metronome regularity. It's unnatural. It's not the free money that sucks, it's the zero talents like Nathan always getting it. Shit. Maybe that's why they get the funding.

Whatever, he's on the list.

Tom Sullivan:

Bliss, the screenplay, the shitty movie, the missed opportunity to get a screenwriter credit on a shitty movie. Boo-hoo, right? I've beaten myself up long enough, I'm ready to let it go and move on. But, I just wanna make it clear, the whole debacle was caused by amateur clowns pretending to be artists. Quintessential Canadian filmmaking, really.

Low point: In the middle of shooting a scene for the demo, Tom stops recording to inform me, in front

of everyone, that Margaret “is doing circles around you.” Ava, goddamn wide-eyed traitor, nodding in agreement as he continued with the insults. Oh right, because comments like that are meant to inspire confidence in non-professional actors. A 36 year old man who wants to be a serious director of feature films does not talk this way unless he’s trying to break the actor’s spirit. Well, he broke mine. About a month after the demo embarrassment, and no-one “showing interest” in the script, I left Montreal with my tail between my legs.

Okay, that was many years ago. For crying out loud, he’s almost fifty. He’s a middle aged man with kids and a mortgage. The system weeds out dead weight, and unless you run a studio, no-name director pricks don’t last very long. And he’s still working, so there you go. I bet he’s great to his actors and crew, on and off the set. Yeah, I’m ready to admit that Tom is a talented man and a good solid guy. Looking back, my fake apology was spot on.

I’m kidding. Tom, your work is inert. At best, it’s freshly aborted cheesy dickdick fromage curd wad. Nathan is a low rent hack, but you’re a flaccid battle axe the size of Jupiter. When’s the last time you did anything original? When? Wait, I’ve got something: September of 1999, day seven or eight of the festival, you stepped on ██████████ foot at that BoC party.

The A-listers were hunting for edgy quirky drugmovie scripts a couple of years after Trainspotting, and ██████████ was no exception. This was an industry party and yet I still had to wait until a small hole opened in the asteroid belt of people orbiting around him. I zeroed in, lunged for his hand and said, “Hey man, it’s cool to meet you.” He was only trying to be polite when he asked “Where are you from,” but when I said I was born and raised in Washington DC, he stopped scanning the room and made eye contact. It took every ounce of my resolve, but I did not mention, even though I wanted to scream it in his ear, that maybe 35 minutes into the movie I totally knew he was dead.

We talked politics. I told him the story, before it became common knowledge, about Hillary & Bill in the elevator and her yelling at him like a dog that shit on the rug. There I was, chatting with the biggest movie star in the world, he’s surrounded by his rigid people and I had him laughing, the butter was dripping, just about to pitch Bliss...Then faggot Tom dances right over ██████████ foot. Did he apologize? No. The tipsy Ewok grinned at us like...whoops, then he disappeared back into the crowd like a whirling dervish of derpy derp derp.

██████████ was not pleased, not one bit. His switchbutton of faggotry had been toggled, his invisible line had been crossed. The incident happened pretty quick, so I’m fairly confident he had no idea that Tom and I were acquainted, which is hilarious because it implies that, in his mind, if one person is acting like a nigger, then by grid-based, radius-of-effect proximity, everyone else is a looming, imminent nigger by default. It was a vicinity issue, he wanted to be as far away from boozy retards as possible, and he really didn’t give a shit how well his conversation with some kid was going.

He didn’t look at me, he didn’t say anything, he just walked to other side of the room with his entourage while inner and outer rings of beggar faggots continued forming and tightening and circling. That was it. That was my one shot. Opportunity, gone. At official and non-official events, the pecking order rules are very clear: You, a nobody, do not get a second chance to schmooze a mega celebrity. Everybody wants something from them and their senses are highly tuned to that pungent desperation the fucking weasels give off. Myself included.

Tom, you stomped him by accident, so points for originality fully cancel out...But I'll give you this much...When you stomped him, his perplexed turtle-like facial expression was actually pretty fucking sweet.

Fuck you, Tom. You are pure garbage. You're a bonafide rat fink SIP. And I still "resent you," only "sometimes" has been replaced with "all of the time." And you simply weren't man enough for Evonne, that's why she left your tired ass. Now see, that's unfair. Totally unfair. A new low for me. Of course you were man enough for Evonne. You were married for a decade and raised two children together. It's only after you got her acting career going that greener pastures opened up and she decided it was time to bail while she still had the rest of her thirties. Be patient, she'll crawl back in a few years when the work dries up. Or never.

An autopsy cannot reanimate a corpse, but I say murder every Ewok-looking hack director that's out there, stack those hairy midget retards up, provide science enough cadavers to really put that fucking shit to the test. Then straight to the crematorium.

Rot in hell, goddamn fucking milk-bagging potatonigger.

Darien Reinhardt Holz:

I went back and forth and then back and forth again on this one. Not back and forth on whether or not he's a SIP, which he is. No, I'm talking about the back and forth on whether or not to violate his current email. Too late. One for the road. I pinky swear.

Old decrepit Darien, those shit encrusted habits die hard, apparently. Still loving the Hotmail, and still opting for that secret question to reset the password. Tisk, tisk. Wanna take a guess at Mr Poopenshaft's favorite historical person? I did. Got it in two tries: Roosevelt.

Beyond the dating site potentials, the social networking hump-my-face-tonight swinger profile requests, spam, and his usual, dishonest, narcissistic, self-aggrandizing everyday boring correspondence, I found a collection of emails from Olivia. They went as far back as November 2011, with the most recent dated May 10, 2013. And the main topic of those emails? Child support. Every single one of them, all about child support and Darien underpaying it or not paying at all. Sometimes she received a check, other times he sent nothing, but even when he paid, the amount was always less than what they had agreed to. Sad. Really sad, and fucking moronic on his part. It's not like she's living in Toronto, 1500 miles away, and there's no possibility he'll ever get ambushed with a court order. She's in Miami, too, with the kid. And riddle me this: Why is Darien holding onto those emails, emails that are a constant reminder of his deadbeat scumbag existence?

In one exchange, he fed her the dumbest, most embarrassing bullshit excuse for a story about running out of checks. Without a pinch or whiff of snarkiness, she replied by telling him to please go to the bank, withdraw the money in cash, then call her so they could set up a time to meet. His response?

Your acting like a stupid bitch.

I found a skydiving website while searching for his email address. They did a one page interview with him. When asked about his favorite hobbies, he responded:

I enjoy laughing and learning with my 7 year old son.

Thoroughly upset, I logged out, but not before changing the secret answer back to Roosevelt. I'm not getting soft, so you can throw that junk right out of your dickhole, pussyhole, whatever. I could've wormed the other messages, ransacked his shit like before and then just deleted everything...But how would that be fair to Olivia and the kid? Fuck you.

My activities are well documented. Call me whatever you like, it doesn't bother me. Let it be known, though, the one thing I am not, the one thing that I will never be...is a worthless rancid non-human shitdumpster psychopath like Darien.

The fat bastard is on my list, near the top, of course...But Darien's into his middle forties now, and heart disease runs deep in the Holz family. Sonofabitch...Natural causes might get him before I do. Well, if that's his fate...When the final greasy platelet stops the flow, and that clogged aortic valve of his belches and sputters, please let it be at 10,000 feet, please over shoot the landing zone by a mile, and please, please, please, you degenerate geep, you hybrid shit-licker, you feckless mongrel dolt, you nigger-trash white-trash mixed ghou...please stay somewhat conscious all the way to the ground.

Miribel Alon:

Reader, I'm sorry. I lied. I never went to Miri's house that day, we didn't kiss, we didn't have sex, she never texted incessantly like a jilted lover. I wrote those fake entries to make myself appear super jazzy crotch, like some kind of alpha-as-fuck big swinging dick sexual predator. I also wanted to heat up that section because it was reading a little meow meow pussy with the cute emails.

I made the critical mistake of showing Miri a paper draft. Before she read it, before I let her touch it, I sat her down and lied my ass off. I said the book was a novel with fictionalized events based on my real life. She smiled all excited...She couldn't wait to see what I'd come up with. Then she read the entire manuscript in my presence. By the end, she looked like a frightened mouse. Clearly, the material freaked her out. She was freaked out and said she would be "upset" if I used any of her emails, and that I would have a "major, serious problem" if I let the sex fabrication go to print.

But how's this for transparent...She had no issue, no annoyance, no beef with the implied abortion stuff. In fact, she never even mentioned it. That's silent truth right there. How else can a woman assert power? By voting? C'mon. Fluke that tingling uterus like a champ. Dumpster dunk. A hearty vaginal ice cream scoop. Killing that person who's growing in their belly and pressing against their constipated poops is biggest ego trip currently available to the nigger of genders. It beats my necro fuck fetish, hands down.

The only way she would permit the use her name, the names of her husband and children, the emails and the made-up fornication, was if I added a clarifying statement to make everyone understand that Miribel Alon and I have never, ever, engaged in any type of sexual activity, ever. I am writing this statement to disclaim a lie and falsehood, of my own making, intended to deceive the reader of this material. Let me state once more: I have never engaged in any type of sexual activity with Miribel Alon.

I am also obligated to inform you that Miribel Alon does not have "flapjack tits," nor is she a "dwarf" with a "doughy soft" body and "beady-eyes." Additionally, Miri wants me to tell you, "the goodly reader," that the status of a woman's vagina is between the woman and her gynecologist.

She read the copy and thought it was clear and funny and finally gave me the greenlight to use everything. I still wanted to get some shit in writing. We could make a gentlemen's agreement, she could promise not to take legal action against me and my dinky nothing of a book that two people are going to buy...But what if this dinky nothing of a book actually ends up doing well and the cash starts rolling in?

While Miri certainly does not have flapjack tits, a doughy soft body, beady eyes and a dwarfy stature, she is definitely, 110% confirmed, American Jew. Ashkenazi, so her bloodline is diluted with icky dirty crud. Millenniums of vulgar impure flesh have strengthened their resolve, they'll fucking sue your ass like an Orthodox. Those Orthodox Jews retain the best lawyers. They have to. When the commandments of your religion justify and promote child-rape, a celebrated Judeo-Islamic-Christian tradition, and your insulated communities are crawling with pedophiles, you damn well better hire the best lawyers.

Fun fact: Bar and bat mizvahs are not so much the celebration of a youth's transition into adulthood as they are a fiendish public announcement that, hey fellas, they're 13 and 12 now, they've aged out of desirability, you guys should probably stop molesting them. They also love to suck baby penises and eat their foreskins, which explains the abnormally high rate of herpes among Jewish newborns...But if you even dream about mixing dairy and meat, then you're a filthy sacrilegious heretic.

Anyhow, I needed to protect myself and told her so. She reacted wicked awesomely and downloaded a liability waiver template, filled in the blanks, signed it and delivered it to me in person. Then we had lunch.

I showed the document to a lawyer lady and she said the only way to get near ironclad was to have Miri's husband sign one. I relayed that to Miri, but she said it would be best not to involve Seth. She promised everything would be fine and reminded me who wears the pants in her family. Miri does. Miri wears the pants. I just wanted to get back to working on the book...So if she was satisfied, then great, fantastic, I was satisfied.

Now that I have a waiver of liability, I'd like to go on the record by saying Miribel Alon's nipples look exactly like gay prolapsed buttholes...Infected, old gay homosexual prolapsed buttholes. No joke, that's exactly what her nipples look like: Wrecked, blown-out ancient buttholes that are about to explode on a pre-kindergarten classroom stockpiled with holy wafers.

Fire at will, right? Nipples like buttholes, right? Home free, right? Wrong as wrong can be. I have a reoccurring dream where I choke, slap, punch, elbow and rape her all while in full-body blackface. I'm assuming it's non-consensual because she's always fuck-tied and gagged. Lately she's been dying towards the end. Maybe eventually I'll have a series where she's dead throughout.

Thank you so much, Miri. Before the highways of death, the Mad Max bestiality conventions, the child-killing sprees, the shit-piss-puke-blood incrustated streets reeking of garbage, the riot squads, the lootings, the rapings, the paramilitary door to door round ups...before all that, I'm going to help you and your family get to high ground. I'm the only way you get out alive, kiddo.

Oh, another thing. She said no way in hell she would allow the use of her real email address. Incredibly, miribelalon@gmail.com was available, and for the sake of authenticity, I signed up. So, just know that any questions or comments sent to that email will not reach Miri. They will sit unread in a drab little

inbox until civilization implodes. Any day now.

After all the hoop jumping, after all her talk about not involving him...and pants wearing, she fucking told Seth anyway. He shit himself a number of times and then demanded to read the latest version. No phone call, no heads-up warning, she just appeared at my front door one afternoon with a thumb-drive in hand. I flat-out said, "Fuck no." She went back and tried to calm things down, only he flipped out and declared that a defamation lawsuit was in the works if I published. He also wanted to know what the hell was up with her brain...giving me fancy-free approval to print their real names, especially the names of their children, in my "anti-semitic," "racist" book.

Ignore his unoriginal, hypocritical rhetoric...He was right about one thing, though: What the hell is Miri thinking? She's weird. She seems normal on the surface until you sit down and analyze her pattern of behavior. She's a fucking oddity, wanting to be my friend, wanting to go for walks on the Mall, far out of her way, at 7 in the morning. Maybe she's a typical bored housewife at the Tenway Junction? No. It sucks to admit, but she definitely has all the makings of a Secretly Influenced Person. She went to McGill (key words: depatterning and psychic driving) in the late nineties, right around the time I was staggering down St Laurent Boulevard and de Pins fantasizing my acceptance speech for Best Original Screenplay.

So, to make the 'Alon' family happy, guess what else I made up for the sake of authenticity? Yeah, wonderful ripple effect.

It gets better. Miri and Seth decided that I needed to edit the emails. Seriously. Miri drove to my place half a dozen times over the course of five or six hours, and she even brought Seth along once. I can't believe I let them in. That miniature golem kinda has a power over me.

They stood there bickering at each other about the best way for me to tweak the content. Miri took out a giant legal pad and they unspooled a goddamn laundry list of ratshit to "fix" and "improve" the entire book, like somefuckinhow it had become their property, like they were co-authors and only they could workshop this baby into literary shape. She read the damn thing one time, told him about it, and now they were experts. This is the world we live in today: Open the door a crack and prepare to be inundated by a tsunami of entitled nitwits.

I told them, with the exception of the Miri sex fabrication, the book was completely true...so they could take their notes and burn in hell because I wasn't changing a word. And? They returned to bickering like I wasn't in the room. Honestly, who does that?

This was my first and only time meeting Seth, and I have to tell you, I don't think a second or third impression will be necessary. Seth Alon, effeminate twenty-first century male, a stooge with a narrow face and a recessed chin, a ninny toilet castrati suffering from a terminal bout of the faggots. He never looked me in the eyes. Whenever words crawled out of that rat hole mouth, he turned his head to a three-quarter profile. He never moved his head, and the tiny eyes clicked back and forth...from Miri, to the wall beside me, then back to Miri again.

Two or three minutes went by and they were still going at it like Jewish midgets in a goat rodeo. He repositioned his glasses...and that's when I caught a glimpse of something poking out underneath the cuff of his long sleeve dress shirt. It looked like a solid white rubber wristband. Fuck that, it was a

solid white rubber wristband. Hey reader, take a break and keyword “white privilege” into the old search engine and see what pops up. A self-debasing badge on a 2013 Jew. Sweet irony.

Looking for a quiet, easy, super nifty way to checkmate the politically correct, government-worshipping assfuck zombies that surround you? Well look no further!

Send those bootlicking undead useful idiots high-resolution pictures of drone strike victims, preferably dead babies, or anything murdered by death-from-above, infanticidal demonic niggerfaggot queers like Hotel Two-Six and Crazyhorse One-Eight. Dead babies with intact eyes are great, shredded pieces of freshly exploded toddlers (tiny gray hands and feet) oughta make quite the statement as well. Honestly though, any hajji looking effervescent and melted after a white phosphorus shower will do just fine. For maximum comedic impact, print them on glossy photographic paper, include a cheerful note and mail the bundle to the assfuck zombie’s home or place of business.

To be fair, everyone pretty much looks the same through the monochrome viewfinder of an Apache helicopter that’s hovering almost a mile up. Maybe Sand People journalists should know better than to walk around with Tusken Raiders that are holding AKs and RPGs in broad daylight.

My turn to flip out. I calmly walked up to Seth, got ‘this close’ to his cartoon beta face...and like a lover, I whispered, “I’m gonna cut off your dick an eat it.”

Before he could begin to recalculate, I accused him of having ties to Mossad. The look of panic on his face when I asked him what the fuck he was doing the morning of September 11, 2001. Hardcore flashbacks of Darien and 3 ¼ pounds. I had to holler nonstop or else I would’ve pissed myself laughing.

They weren’t moving towards the door fast enough for me, so I yelled “JEWS DID 9/11” until they were scurrying through the parking lot. Over the top, but it’s all I could think of to get them out of there. I moved the next day.

Wow.

Yeah. I blame myself. I do. It’s my fault for writing her into this thing...into the book. Why do I need to have her in the book?

Hey, that’s my job. So why do you need to have her in the book?

I don’t know. Too much bird-walking here. Sorry, reader. A thousand pardons. That’s why the emails are mega redacted. Fucking lame.

I’m a man of my word, I’m still gonna help them escape. Weak, guilt riddled cowardly faggots like Miri and Seth will always be weak, guilt riddled cowardly faggots. When the penis mayhem gets going, and vigorous buttrape is happening a few blocks away, then a few houses down, then right outside...even then, those two will stand firm in the belief that statist rules and social order are real things. When the door flies off its hinges, no biggie, they’ll just have a nice civilized chat with those feral buttrapists. Loyal parasites to the very bitter end, they’re KIA without my help. Trust me, they’ll be grateful when I pull up to the front door. They’ll look into the eyes of their terrified daughters and they’ll get in. They won’t have a choice.

Long term, I'm thinking about Bella and Elora. Those poor girls, it's not their fault their parents are a couple of deranged faggot lemmings. In the near and dear future, before cannibalism kicks into high gear, young white females will be traded like a currency more valuable than gold, food, or clean water.

Reader, do you have children? You will be forced to viciously protect them. You will be forced to kill, and you should feel pretty darn good about that. Children have no voice in this world, no power, and so they cannot be blamed for the shitty awful decrepit condition of the world. The children are truly innocent...So when the time comes, fight for them, kill for them...But listen up, like all things, there is a cut off. Obese preteens and teenagers are not innocent. They're old enough to contribute to the cesspool, and therefore I regard them as fair game. When everything breaks down, when it all goes madhouse, take what you want from these young, corpulent shitbags. Whatever you want. I'm sure as hell gonna take what I want...and onto the grill it will go.

If Miri and Seth give me any trouble, the whiny, treacherous, or lethal kind, I'll probably escort them out back to stand against a wall and call it even-stein for the hassle they put me through, create myself another bucket list opportunity. Daily multitudes should be piling up by then, and no one is going to blink at two more dead bodies. Hell, if I kill them during the starvation phase, the horror of finding two dead bodies magically becomes "Dinner is served." That's assuming I don't carve them up for round steaks, first. No worries, if it's fresh enough, shank and organ meat can be very nutritious.

The girls will need some time to adjust, but kids are pretty quick to get over shit once they realize you're the only person keeping them fed and alive and unraped. A Road Warrior life isn't so bad. Just imagine them in the custody of Child Protective Services. Hematomas and vaginal/anal-tearing, anyone?

That reminds me: Use the great upheaval to create your own morality. Have fun with it!

To avoid the wrath of the diabolical overlords, or the irritation of a legal shitstorm, you refuse to reveal mystery man's identity, you changed the names of Miribel, Seth, Bella, Elora Alon...and you redacted the emails. But what about everyone else? Are the names in this book real?

Yes.

I don't believe you.

Well that's absurd retardation, isn't it?

Retardation? How so?

We're the same person, you fucking twit.

Oh. Right. Well...Ok, back to real names. Doing that doesn't make sense. Real names...That's counterproductive, isn't it? By using real names you're just inviting multiple lawsuits, right?

They can't hurt me. Let em try. These soft pussyfaggot morons...If they want to...If they attempt to...If they get a flash brain burp in which they cause me one more speck of grief, I simply move them to the top of the list.

What list?

The List. The final list. My kill list.

During the great upheaval I'm gonna be super busy racing around eradicating local fat fucks, cutting their heads off, grilling them, eating them, that'll be my day job. But my true calling is to work my way through the kill list. The dream is to embark on a glowing white hot skullcrushing murderfuck rampage. Many of the faggots in this book are on the rolls. There's also a fiery, bubbling diarrhea-pit of Hollywood celebrities, beltway politicians, special interest debutantes, media ideologues and pundits, radio personalities, news readers, television presenters, phony journalists, religious leaders, slam poets, menstrual blood painters, vomit performers, hyperventilating debaters, youth marketers, self-proclaimed feminists, internet feminists, old liberal feminists, neo-feminists, men's rights activists, genderfucks, fake hate crime perpetrators, false rape accusers, college & university professors, fake homeless people, homeless people, lobbyists, pharmaceutical sales representatives...and many other odds and ends...pages of social justice, progressive stack peddling, low-hanging rotten fruit...doomed and plump scumbag deadfucks, very soon-to-be scumbag deadfucks...that I really don't wanna get into right now.

What I can tell you is that it's going to be a thrilling, courageous, cock-hardening adventure, a definitive test of my intellect and abilities. It will be a masterful masterpiece, the most important wet work of my life.

Anything else?

Yes. I am a violent man. I'm here to tell you that violence solves nothing and everything.

I don't believe in revolution...I want to see annihilation...I want to see coagulating blood piles...I want to see dead faggots everywhere, draped across every city, town, village, roof to basement, dead faggots, dead. Whoever fires the first shot wins. Hang the traitors by their necks until dead, but if time is a factor, conserve your ammo and slit their throats. Butcher the lap-dogs, pitch fork the sociopathic vermin agents of the state, skin them, pick clean their bones, chew their organ meat and shit them out onto the marble floors of ransacked government buildings. Sounds about right, doesn't it? Government buildings, repurposed: Future drug dens, public toilets, sewers and morgues. We must fill them. We will fill them.

Reader in the distant future, did we fill them?

Ten years ago I had it right. I had it right and then I let it get away. I made a conscious decision to live up inside my ass. Right up inside my own ass, in the trenches, on the front line, fighting these secret wars. Ten years. Ten years, wasted. Imagine the colossal structures I might've razed to swimmable ash if I had only retained a singular vision, made a plan and followed through with that plan, do or die:

The headquarters of a multinational corporation, or that lousy piece-of-shit diabolical modern Tower of Babel in Strasbourg? How about every futuristic occult building in Astana, Kazakhstan? Maybe China's New Century Global Centre...or better yet, how about every last one of their delightfully mean and godawful City Urban Administrative and Law Enforcement Bureau offices? Go large and do the Kremlin with explosive metal barrels of kerosene? Perhaps just keep it local and flametorch the offices, laboratories and institutes of people who work to normalize your perception of subhuman behavior:

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- Pedophilia is ‘adult-child-intimacy.’
- Incest, it’s ‘intergenerational fornication,’ essentially.
- Child molestation is simply ‘youngster maltreatment.’
- Baby rape, nothing more than ‘infantile aggravation.’

If you use or accept any of these psychotic euphemisms, fucking kill yourself this instant. Or wait it out. Please be vocal and hyper-public about your mental illness. This makes it easier on those of us cultivating our special lists.

A gallon of gasoline and a fire source are the only things you need to make a difference in this shitty fucked up world. Inferno served with a piping side of ruinous death. That’s reality. You can it make a reality. We choose our reality every second of every hour. Who did you choose to be today? Who will you choose to be tomorrow? A professional victim, again?

It’s easy, it’s commonplace, to exist between the time of your birth and death like a runny, spurting gob of compliant miscarriage. You have your things, your surrogate genitals, and you think they make you happy. You watch people, sometimes innocent, get the shit kicked back into their heads. It’s fun to watch suffering, it’s entertaining. Swarms of human bugs crawling out from under their urban slums, mad and delusional, with the unified coherence of an ugly retarded child, they rage, they drool, they “scuttle around like drugged cockroaches in a bottle” for your amusement. That’s fun to watch because it’s easy. I get it. Jacking off to tragedy is so much easier than trying to achieve individual freedom. Individual freedom requires brains and yarbles and blood. You better get some before it’s over. When the clock strikes midnight, into the lake of fire go the weak. After the dust settles, autistic proles inherit the Earth and wander the crumbling urban wasteland raping and killing anything that breathes. They pollute the gene pool back to amino glop. La Fin.

You better harden the fuck up, and quick.

A wounded, cornered, stunted animal...That’s what you are. It’s time to strike back...It’s time to strike pain against your tormenters, it’s time to get creative, it’s time to fight the persistent illusion: Indulge those crazy racing thoughts, because it doesn’t matter, something else is writing your life. Mathematical queerness and irregularities throughout the whole model. Doom rules the works. Your involvement is worthless, your input is shit...But that doesn’t mean you can’t have a few laughs.

Reader, always remember, secretly influenced people lurk everywhere. If you can, if possible, identify the perpetrators, learn their names, find out where they live and work and frequent, get them alone, then attack, attack, attack, attack. Please don’t feel obligated to kill them. If you can get away with it, and you feel it’s worth the effort, by all means, take em out. If not, then a good old fashioned boot party will do nicely. But go hard. No delicate stuff, please. You’re not breaking in a new gang member, you’re giving that contagonist twat a teeth shattering, lights out concussion. Use your hands and feet and make a statement by randomly hammerfisting the limp body like a victorious gorilla. Bonus points for headstomps that create permanent brain damage or 20-year comas.

Also, take a page out the swinedonut pigfucker rulebook and yell “Stop resisting!” as you cave in the back of their wretched faggot head. And here’s a repetitive IUP-zone opportunity: Most people react to being sexually assaulted with cringeworthy, over-the-top animated histrionics...much more animated histrionics than if you’re just beating them up. So, before they lose consciousness, don’t forget to honk

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those tits, or grope the buttocks, or diddle the penis, or pat the vagina. They'll scream like they're being eaten alive.

Having destroyed the body, you must now annihilate every last trace of their dignity. You're going for maximum disrespect, so as a final garnish...piss, shit, puke, splooge on that miserable lowlife SIP. Not your cup of tea? You're missing out. Executing all four is graduation day with a Master's Degree in bukkakeru ultra-violence.

Be careful not to imbibe their fluids or consume their raw flesh. Blood-gargling might seem like the right action in the heat of the moment, but faster than you can say "Pull up your pants, faggot," you will find yourself lousy with disease.

Deathweapon enthusiast, put your pistols, shotguns and rifles away. I know it's tempting, you just wanna give in and rampage. Don't. Resist the urge. You must not give in to the urge. Regardless of your skills, whether novice or pro, history does not favor the mad shooter. You will only do so much damage before they get you. And they'll get you. They always do. Don't rot in a grave. Don't rot in a prison cell. Then you're out of the game. Don't be selfish, stay in the game and put those weapons to bed. Stockpile ammunition, store it properly, hide it intelligently. There's gonna be plenty of time for gunplay later on, I guarantee it.

The authoritarian technocratic goons will not stop until they're in complete and total control. A million digital eyes watching you. Tens of thousands of weaponized unmanned aerial vehicles hovering up there in the clouds just waiting for a reason. The henchmen robots are here.

Don't blame the machines...There are people behind the curtain, twisting dials, flipping switches, pulling triggers. Always people. Forever it's been people. Power-tripping faggots and niggers and faggot niggers and niggerfaggots. Horrible people, they make the rules, they do the damage. It's mostly tyrannical fishing expeditions, organized crime, psychic vampires, death cults and pedophile network mission creep running the asylum...So hurry the fuck up, the faggotry abounds at breakneck speed.

Enough reading. Get your lazy ass out there and ignite the planet, already. Make a list. Gasoline. Fire source. Blacken the sky. Scorch everything. Burn motherfuckers down and fuck off.

GOODBYE

Thank you for taking the time to read this book. And if you're just flipping through or peeking ahead, I would like you to put the book down, turn off the E-book reader, exit the Portable Document Format, etcetera, and kindly give yourself a third degree burn in the center of your forehead, you jolly skipping faggot.

Anyway, I really hope you had fun. I really do. I certainly had fun writing. It's been therapeutic.

Lazy bitchcunt Ava is still alive...so I guess I'm breaking my awesome rule about endings. I suppose I could change the rule by allowing multiple central characters. I would love to drag every single one of them to the middle of the street and murder them in the cleansing light of day, peck empty their eye sockets and rape the bloody holes with a 12 inch butcher knife, maybe whip out my stiff cock and finish up with an actual bonafide skullfuck. I won't though, because that would be self-indulgent.

It's ok. It's alright. I'm good. I'm solid. I'm patiently waiting for the collapse. And when it happens, I'll be ready with some true artistic achievement. I'll take to the road, Bella and Elora in the back, kill list on the dash. If there's time, I'll BTK my victims in a quiet place, let them dwell on the hours and minutes they might or might not have left. I'll drop cruel oneliners while laying out my instruments of torment and suffering:

“The secret to enjoying life is to always think about the eventuality of death.”

My expectations are realistic, the likelihood that I'll mark everyone off is super low. And hey, if I only manage a couple of names, chalk that shit up a raging throbbing win. I'm not worried about kills, not really. There's bound to be random faggots pissing me off along the way. Killing random faggots can be meaningful. Their random faggot deaths will be messy and sweet and no-one will know, and no-one will care...Except for me. I'll know. I care. I have standards.

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MASTER NECRO MEGA-DAMAGE RAPEFACE

Monday, June 3, 2013

I saw mom today. She called to tell me that FedEx delivered a big thick envelope to the house with my name on it. She said the return address was from a law office in Los Angeles and sounded kinda nervous reading the names of Parker, Hills, Tavaréz & Beachman LLP.

I laughed and told her it was just a bunch of paper work from some entertainment lawyers helping me with a screenplay I'm shopping around. She perked up instantly and said she could mail the envelope to me if I wanted. I said no need, I'd be there in a few. Drove right over, had coffee and chatted for a good hour, left her smiling and waving goodbye. I pulled into a spot a block from the house and opened the envelope.

Ava is suing me. The verified complaint is for:

1. Libel
2. False Light
3. Harassment
4. Stalking
5. ~~Boiling In Hot Excrement~~

Why isn't eavesdropping on there, along with an epic host of other invasion of privacy statutes? I reckon it's difficult to prove. Her lawyers would need to subpoena the websites, then hope and pray the data retention goes back far enough. The procedure is time consuming and unquestionably not free of charge, they bill it as an extra expense on top of the normal legal fees. And it's California, the land of perpetual litigation and frivolity...Omitting the cyber-worming makes the lawsuit easier to ram through an overburdened, buttfucking court system.

Unlimited jurisdiction. Demand for jury trial. Chocolate freaky deaky dirtybird sprinkle tits. The bulk of the complaint contains scanned, zoomed-in sections of the book, this book, the early draft that I gleefully mailed to Ava. There are screen-grabs of practically every email and social networking instant message that I sent to her in the year 2003, 2004, 2005, January 2006, and September/October 2012.

The captions. Reader, the captions! Gloriously bureaucratic lawyerfag captions underneath everything, hyper-absolute, they contextualized the motherloving shit out of my "nefarious campaign of torment."

The totality of the document is bizarre. I like it, I like it a lot and I'm sorta jealous. Minus the legalese, and after one or two passes to flesh out the meat, it would make a lovely 63 page companion novella. I wish I could incorporate it into the book somehow. Oh wait, I just did.

I might actually be a little worried if I thought she came up with this scheme completely on her own. Long term planning, organizing, legally recognized archiving, emotional endurance...Does that sound like Ava? This is just another program. Button-pushing faggots, they're trying to piss me off to set me off. They probably want those lawyers dead, or in wheelchairs, or dead.

A program is the driving force behind all this, but still, I'm really glad she kept everything. Honestly, it's too much motherfucking fun going back over my old rantings. I miss that guy...I miss the snap, crackle, pop. I never journaled about it because I guess I wasn't proud of doing it at the time, but for

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2 solid years, after she announced, "I'm seeing someone," I emailed her relentlessly and basically tried to do my best FBI vs MLK impersonation. In so many colorful ways, I tried to convince her to go kill herself. Feast your eyes on this slice of blueberry gold...

Buy a large caliber weapon, like a shotgun.
Purchase a gigantic white poster board.
Write "The Best Of Me" on the gigantic white poster board.
Put the poster board behind your head.
Put the barrel of the loaded weapon against your forehead.
Pull trigger.

Sometimes I went dead stop, didn't email her anything for weeks on end. When I finally got back into it, I always made sure I sent the cutest spine-tingler:

i'm coming over right now.

And I also went through a phase for a month in 2005 where I threatened her with unorthodox physical violence:

i will drop a room full of furniture on you.

It's all immortalized for a limited time in the complaint. Here's another classic...

don't you want to be with jesus? he longs to be with you. stop worrying, child. you won't go to hell. ava, he's waiting. go to him.

The why of it? C'mon, it's so easy and childish and purifying, it's downright hilarious. Don't listen to those whalelike, sneering, groveling, permanently offended mutant cowboy lesbian snowflakes on the internet...It's always ok to tell someone to go kill themselves. No reason is a great reason. Do it. It feels amazing, especially if you're really fucking angry, and quadruple especially if the person takes the advice to heart and jumps in front of a speeding daytime bus and explodes misty red viscera all over the highway. Whatever happens, don't ever apologize. You're a dandy if you do.

With globs of optimism erupting out of her butt & twat, Ava is claiming pain, suffering, inconvenience, emotional distress, loss of reputation, (wtf, seriously?) and punitive damages for a grand total of \$2,390,000. Only that's not the final number. It's going up, up, up. Plus legal fees...Up.

Gotta love their expert timing. Yesterday I finished another round of editing, and I even started playing around with the typesetting. Amazing how an increase to the letter and word-spacing, by just a fraction of a fraction of an inch, magically opens up the text. When done right it's imperceptible and perceptible. The book cover is done, too. It's very fitting, don't you think?

What a program. Here I am thinking I'm nothing but small-fry chicken shit, a needle prick of a bleep on their radar. It's clear as day they're trying to stop me from publishing. I don't care. You faggots better JDAM nuke me from orbit. Nothing can stop me.

Postscript,

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Walking to 7/11 at around midnight, I almost tripped over a white shoe box in the middle of the sidewalk. It had numerous holes punched in the lid and a written request that looked like it had been scrawled by an autistic 8 year old. I think they punched the holes first, then decided to write the note:

Please Help This Bird.

I nudged the box with my foot and something moved. Sick or wounded birds that fit in shoe boxes don't rally. They die. I picked up the box and carefully placed it in a trash can. Damn litter bugs.

WARNING! TOTAL MINDFUCK PROGRAM ALERT!

2:17 AM. Can't sleep. I keep reading the complaint over and over...Then it slammed me like a goddamn horror movie. The evil in the room is palpable. I've got goose bumps right now and the Colt is next to me on the kitchen table. I'm tapping it with my left hand. Both G33s are here keeping us company.

Parker, Hills, Tavarez & Beachman. Please Help This Bird.

I'm back. Few minutes after 3. I put on my boots, went to the trash can and dumped the bird on the sidewalk. A finch, nearly dead. Stomped it into oblivion.

I discovered gun belts for concealed carry, and these are unobtrusive, manageable, I prefer them when I go out. One eardrum-busting, high velocity .357 SIG bullet fired into the center-mass at point blank range or contact will create an exit-wound force of fluids so explosive, so spectacular...under the right circumstances, maybe at a hipster Jew niggerfaggot gallery in West Hollywood, one that's completely empty, the walls and floor painted super-white...if you got lucky, if the juicy contents were packed extra close together, if the splatter physics really fucking shine, there are many lovers of aesthetics who would consider the result modern art. Not me, though.

Listen up all you faggots and misled criminals: I'm ready to kill. Be my guest, get close. Fucking try me.

Wednesday, June 5, 2013

4th floor bedroom at mom and dad's. Just checking on my old digs. Kidding. I moved in.

This way I can stay on point for the flood of legal documents Ava's lawyers are going to send, cut that shit off at the pass, and also flag any calls they make to the landline. When you're under secret heavy surveillance, living on the 4th floor of a large house helps discourage sneak-and-peek incursions. Again...Fucking try me, henchmen scum. I triple dog dare you.

I'm anticipating the amended complaint, then I probably won't hear a peep out of them for a stretch. Bitchcunt's going to get a judgment, but the way they're barrelling ultra aggressive, 63 page novella full steam ahead, I'm more than hopeful those overreaching, no condom wearing, amateur faggoty lawyers won't stop, drop, and request a financial discovery until it's super late in the game. I haven't filed a W2 since 2009.

“My annuity,” he said with a giant crazy ear-to-ear smile on his face. “Extra-hard Swiss.”

This ain't my first rodeo. Actually, yes, yes it is. But, as you already know, I have loads of time to kill. I read a lot. I study. All kinds of shit. Including law shit. Especially law shit. And now that I live way the fuck up in a tower, I'm sort of like a modern day lich...with guns.

I'll wait for the judgment before I release the book. She'll be in too much debt to sue me twice. Still kinda double blows, because even though I refuse to participate in this program of cowardly, fiduciary violence and assorted faggotry, the case might take six months to a year. Oh well. It'll give me ample time to have new adventures. When it's printed and bound I'm gonna take another road trip out West and visit my dear darling special friend and give her a 'signed copy.' Maybe I get lucky and roll up right after an unexpected, catastrophic earthquake. Or I could just say fuck it, cock-slap danger in the face, publish this bad boy and hop on to the next project. Yeah. Decisions.

Published or not, I'm definitely moving to Los Angeles when the lawsuit is behind me. She's at the top of the list. Top of the top, floating high above the capstone. I prefer to be in bucket range when everything goes to hell.

Friday, June 7, 2013

As expected, the lawyers called. A few years ago I convinced mom and dad to ditch all but one of the landlines. No need for the extra hardware, because cell phones. It's all the way upstairs, next to the computer/printer/fax machine, and is mostly relegated to catching telemarketing flim flam. I turned the ringer volume down, and while there's always a chance they might call when dad is bidding on shiny trinkets, I'm forever posted in the bedroom less than 10 feet away. It's a pretty elaborate setup for a guy just trying to protect his parents from modern day assassins. They're worth it, I guess. Oh, and there's no personal recording, it's got one of those generic, robotic male prompts.

It rang at precisely 12 PM, Eastern Standard Time. Monica Tavaréz left my parents a soft little message about who she is, that she knows who they are, that she's representing Ava Jasnik, very serious matter, please inform your son and tell him to call us. She sounded petite and super cute. Curiosity got the better of me. I walked to the coffee shop on 7th St and North Carolina Ave, broke out the Toshiba and found a high resolution photo of her standing outside of her law office posing with the rest of the firm. She's cute! Totally cute and petite in her adorable widdle pinstripe business suit.

Monica, you made it. You are on the list, girlfriend. That's right, kill and bucket. Congratulations!

Wednesday, June 12, 2013

Deflated sour grapes. I was cleaning out the gutters on the sun deck when I looked down into Carroll's yard and saw a twisted, half submerged human stick figure lying in a big inflatable raft. I focused on the blue nipple of a shriveled tit, so the stick figure was female...but her face was turned away from me, so I couldn't be one hundred percent that it was Carroll. It looked fake and could've easily been a mannequin partially covered in magnolia leaves...But I knew, my brain kept reminding me, that I was staring at a deader than dead body.

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Went down to the kitchen, enjoyed a very large cup of coffee with rich, delicious heavy whipping cream. I skipped through the cable channels, did my sweep of the news, watched their beady eyes, their disingenuous, choreographed facial expressions, hand gestures and body movements. I listened to their bullshit trickery, their inverted penis indoctrination, made my mental notes and locked it down. I like to wait a few days before I scan the television. That way there's always a fresh crop of paid mockingbird contrarian shills ready to be added to the kill list.

When they do that two, three, four, five, six way split-picture thing...Man, I just wanna fucking outright downright thoroughly murder somebody. One of them busily monologues while the others nod, but there's always that one smug expert cunt disagreeingly shaking no and pulling stupid faces, contorting themselves without ever moving outside of the vertical rectangle. I often catch them doing that negative reaction in response to monologuing that supports their position on the topic. Watch them and you'll see, they're not listening, they're blindly going through the motions of a preplanned improvisation. They're actors, trained monkeys, graduates of media management dickery, playing the black, white, gray or sepia tone hat, flinging their Neuro-Linguistic Programming feces through the pixels. The NLP feces that make it through are immediately absorbed by your corneas. In the eyeball, they wait for more NLP feces and gather strength in overpowering numbers, then it's straight to the brain where they corner your amygdala and rape it repeatedly, insectifying you like the gullible ultra-faggot bug that you are.

These corporate hucksters, these actors, someone needs to be waiting for them when they return to their hotels and apartments and houses after a long day of propagandizing. Or...give them a wake up call...Kick in that goddamn front door, or better yet, smash it with a fucking battleaxe, but pause every few seconds to remind them, "I'm gonna fuck you in the mouth an butt butt! Hard!" This'll confuse the actor long enough and provide the precious seconds needed to break down the door. Enter the dwelling and question the actor about their harmful performances. Then maybe heavy duty wire cutters to the base of their tongue? Cut off their nose? Shoot them in the genitals? Acid attack to the face? Flay them? Gouge out their eyeballs, pour ammonia in the sockets? Tackle their buttocks and split them like a chicken? Inject their dicks and titties and vaginas with a quart of desomorphine? Spiked rings on every finger and literally fist-rape the shit out of them, inflict massive internal injury and bleeding until the colon/rectum is destroyed beyond all recognition, causing one heck of a drawn-out excruciating death, hopefully?

Just spitballing here. Expand on my themes, develop your own, do whatever you want. There are no rules, so let your creativity flow!

Also, too many fake banter violations and I put an asterisk next to your name. It's a reminder to gift you with some very focused torture. Sensitive areas, hours of pain and suffering. If the quality is there, then definitely PIV before BTK, then BTK, followed by bucket. At the time of this entry, all the names on the cable news list are marked with an asterisk for fake banter violations.

Legitimate TV/movie actors...Mediocre legitimate TV/movie actors...Successful mediocre legitimate TV/movie actors, they really truly suck. Forever on stage, performing anytime there's a crowd, hamming for cameras, real and imaginary, they fucking suck. They fucking suck, and they simply can't be trusted, especially at weddings. And funerals, but to a lesser extent. Did you see the picture of that unfunny buffoon (black, giant veneers, friends with an unfunny Jew) dancing with his mom? I call bullshit. And cut that fucking disgusting thing off your face. Or leave it. It'll give a wayward adventurer something memorable to do before he crosses your name out of a blood drenched notebook.

I finally made my way to the backyard and climbed over the fence to confirm the body's identity. It was Carroll. She looked completely emaciated, 80-90 lbs. Shit, maybe less. If she had died in a more comfortable position, that white tank top and matching underwear would've definitely made a great floating escape.

Mom and dad were at Costco and I decided not to call 911 until they returned. My cell rang at 1:55 PM. Dad said they were 5 minutes from home and so I stood in the garage and greeted them when they pulled up. After multiple trips, I carried the last bundle of groceries into the kitchen and helped mom put everything away. My left pectoralis minor got inflamed and bitchy and so I popped half a muscle relaxer. That took the edge off and I'll be fine by tomorrow if I manage to sleep through the night lying flat on my back.

They retired to their bedroom and I let them rest for a couple of hours. At 5:46 PM, I made the call. Carroll had slow wasting cancer from smoking and also mid-stage Parkinson's. That's what mom said.

You and I know the truth, don't we, reader? Another program. The dark forces, they reached into their inexhaustible, flea-ridden bag of surrogate rodents, and that SIP...that he, she, or them, with perfectly rational motives known only to he, she, or them...was tapped to commit a murder. And so it's done, Carroll is dead.

Those dark forces, they ordered the execution of my parent's next door neighbor, they drowned a dying old woman to get a rise out of me.

I should be upset. I should be very upset. I should be foaming at the mouth. I should be gnashing my teeth and pounding my fists. I should be cleaning my guns and preparing for war. I should, but it's the oddest thing...I'm calm. More than calm. No, I'm not calm...I'm victorious. I feel victorious. Only much more than that. I feel absolutely maniacal, like anything is possible. I'm having seriously intense delusions of grandeur up in here. I feel like I've won a grand prize, the ultimate grand prize, whatever that is...and I keep winning it over and over and over again.

The feeling is incredible, I never want it to end. I just wish I knew where it was coming from. Also...Sudden, godly erections. My dick keeps trying to punch me in the face.

Friday, June 14, 2013

Received a letter from Monica and her miscarriage of accomplices. A one page "Dear Mr. and Mrs." to mom and dad, a nuts & bolts recap of the "referenced action, filed against" me "for defamatory and harassing conduct." Boring and more boring language: "Legal," "ethical obligations," "endeavored," "endeavor," "resolution." Proxy this and that, help us help him, blah, blah, fucking blah.

They are flying blind while having a grand mal epileptic seizure. Behaving this way, like such rank amateurs, this is a litigious car wreck in extremely super slow motion. I would be puzzled up to my tits, if I had tits, if I didn't know what's really going on with Ava's lawyer retards and their retarded ass-clownery. They've been instructed to proceed like ass-clowns to get me to lower my guard. A nifty misdirection tactic, allowing me to feel superior to those gurgling vampire lapdog faggots.

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When the real anvil finally drops, the dark forces are betting I'll be totally unprepared. They want me to look up and realize that I'm supercolossally fucked before I splatter against the concrete. They want drama and vulnerability and death. Mostly death, though.

I'm hedging against that, been stacking cash and assets ever since I got back to DC, ready to bug out at a moment's notice. They can do anything, to anyone, whenever they want. And they know I know. This is the game. I think they like watching me play, that's why I'm not dead or in prison.

Three reassuring facts: I'm alive. I'm not in prison. I have access to my money. If shit gets weird, it'll do so in a hot fucking jiffy. More bullets? Maybe. Higher capacity magazines? I'll think about it. My answer is yes.

Tuesday, June 18, 2013

Monica called and left my parents another message. Nothing new, more or less the same pitch. I erased it and deleted the number off the caller ID.

I killed Liam while mom and dad were at lunch. The poor little guy was almost completely blind and had been going in and out of consciousness for weeks. Walking into corners and getting lost, shitting and pissing on the kitchen/hallway/bathroom floor every other day, attacking invisible enemies...That's not living. He started the violent puking last night, always a good indicator the animal is approaching the rainbow bridge...So I thought why not.

The sheer will to live as I choked him...He really came to life in those final seconds. I respect the hell out of him for that. The fight and power he had left...Full respect. Really. Very, very, very impressed.

Liam, you were a friendly, handsome cat. You loved the company of humans and welcomed everyone to rub your belly for as long as they wanted. You were adored by all. He would've turned 20 this year.

I warned mom and dad before they entered in the house. Their faces, so old, so sad, so ready for tears. Their pure emotion fingered my giggle-switch...Nearly flipped it, too. I maintained, thank god. Laughing would've fucked everything up. And if everything was fucked up then I never would've enjoyed what came next: They huddled over Liam and gave him pets and told him how good he was. That part was beyond euphoria. No giggle-switches, not one destructive thought...Just a beautiful, euphoric moment as I watched them...and surprise, the incredible feeling returned. It wasn't as strong as before and those waves of grandeur tapered off pretty quickly.

This month is bananas.

Tuesday, June 25, 2013

Zoning out in the kitchen drinking mocha flavored coffee some time between 8 and 9 when the doorbell rang. Anticipating this conventional system shit for weeks and knew it would happen first thing in the morning.

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A middle aged black man in a heavyass bomber jacket, without a bead of sweat on his face, asked me to sign a little index card, the acknowledgement of receipt, or proof of service. Whatever. Anyway, I signed. He handed me a thick packet containing the first amended compliant, damages, and other wastes of paper. Dude was super fucking cool, a former DC cop, retired a sergeant. Standing there in that cracked leather bomber, he amused me with tales of his “bitch ex-wife” trying to get at his pension. We briefly commiserated about the scorn of women and then I asked if he wanted a bottle of cold water for the road. He smiled and said “No thank you,” but I insisted, darted to the fridge and returned to the front in seconds and gave it to him. We shook and he wished me good luck.

Quality people exist in the world. They have to because I met one today, a good egg, a kind soul, the kind who might be worth saving when the end is nigh.

He turned to leave and I got a really fantastic look at the embroidered white circle on the back of his jacket. A solid white circle about the size of a grapefruit. It wasn't faded or stained, it was new...brand spanking new because it was meant for me. I ran back to the kitchen and grabbed a steak knife from the drawer, raced out the front, down the stairs, out the gate onto the sidewalk. He was long gone.

Sorry about the ambush, reader. Please just try to imagine how I felt. The games. They play, I play, we play together. I'm dealing with mondo-tier evil coated in demonshit synchronicity and just wanted to give you a fucking taste.

Wednesday, June 26, 2013

“Court nails,” fuck yeah, sir. Speaking of the exact opposite of a grotesque illiterate goiter-neck Jabba the Hutt manatee...Looks like cute little Monica is going to be the main point of contact on this bitch. She left a follow-up message, addressed me directly and acknowledged my cooperation on signing the receipt thingy.

That smug cuntty bitchass trollop. I can't wait, believe it or not, I can't wait to move to Los Angeles. PIV, PIV, PIV, Monica Tavaréz. Then I'm gonna slit your paper mache zombie cog throat. Your corpse becomes my property. I will administer necrosexual mega-damage to my new corpse. If this somehow revives you, then I will cut off your head and refrigerate it in a way that would have made JD proud.

Friday, July 5, 2013

The greatest unproduced short film in the world was dictated to me by my grandfather 12 days before he died.

I waited for mom and dad to go to lunch...then I dragged the metal fire pit out to the middle of the backyard. I placed one cardboard box on the grill, drenched it in lighter fluid, set the garbage on fire, closed the protective mesh without any problems, sat back and enjoyed the show. All my old notebooks, openfaced legal pads, fliptop memo books, thousands of drawings, all that fucking drivel...up in smoke. I wormed the box beforehand, right there on the grill, before drenching everything. I skimmed random pages of horseshit word and sentence fragments and then quickly cycled through the drawings one last time. I tore up a few that were pissing me off, that I never really liked, and that felt kinda good.

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Near the bottom of the box, under a manilla envelope (poems and lyrics) labeled “embarrassing,” I found the navy-blue spiral binder.

Throughout August 2002, I stayed at the bedside of my terminal grandfather and kept a journal of his activities. The entries are concentrated liquid shit, that is to dramatically say...they are dull as crap. Looking over the first couple of weeks, pure dull shit. Lazy, inconsistent quality, no meat to speak of, absolutely zero insight or gloom worth paying a dime for. It’s nothing but time stamps followed by soup, fruit, cake and ice cream, pills and more pills, then the occasional observation:

“outside in chair (15-20 minutes)”

Who gives a leaping fuck about a crackerass faggot writing cold little nothing, boring-as-dust factoids?

But then a breakthrough...

Friday, August 16, 2002

1:20 AM	jello
3:00 AM	½ blueberry muffin, coffee
4:45 AM	put chair in bathroom, helped him shave
5:20 AM	bath
6:10 AM	coffee, drank it outside
11:30 AM - 1:30 PM	sleep
1:30 PM	coffee, a good slice of pecan coffee cake
2:30 PM	Odessa oxygen used 104/70 blood sugar 190
3:45 PM	1 prandin 2 puffs combivent a bowl vanilla ice cream
6:10 PM	⅓ bowl beef & potato soup 1 peeled orange
7:00 PM	2 puffs of combivent
7:00 PM - 10:30 PM	sleep

Fell asleep on the couch, woke up to find grandpa sitting on the edge of his bed.

10:42 PM, he drank a full mug of 2% milk and ate ¼ of a square of coffee cake. He asked me what I was studying and wanted to know when I would be going back to school. I told him I couldn’t go back because I’d never been there in the first place. He seemed surprised and wanted to know why. I said college, university, higher education in general is a waste of money if you don’t have a plan.

I told him all about my interest in screenwriting and movies and his face slowly glazed over and stayed that way for a long time. He was lying on the bed with his eyes open, staring into space. I drifted, almost fell asleep again, when all of a sudden he started talking. He said that many years ago he had come up with a good idea for a movie while reading a newspaper article about Jerusalem.

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Tel Aviv. Outdoor cafe. Daytime. A middle age Israeli woman stares right down the barrel of a camera and addresses it, talks about how it feels to live in fear, violence busting out is a highly probable everyday occurrence. She says people need to live their lives without fear. Be aware, but live fearlessly.

Nearby, a bomb explodes. Flames and debris fly past the camera and rip the woman out of the frame. The camera tumbles into thick smoke and dust, and we cut to:

A young attractive woman sitting at an outdoor cafe in Tel Aviv. She addresses a camera and talks about how her mother was killed in a terrorist attack, that her mom died at very spot where she's currently sitting. The daughter has journeyed to the cafe to finish her mother's statement. Live life to the fullest, be beautiful in your deeds, be free...Nearby, a bomb explodes. Same as before. Fireball, debris, screams, chaos. Cut To:

A young man at an outdoor cafe in Tel Aviv, addressing a camera. He is the boyfriend of the young woman killed in the previous blast. He wants everyone to know that violence is cyclical madness, it took away the love of his life, and she was only trying to spread truth while honoring her mother. Nearby, a bomb explodes. Cut to:

Father of the young man, outdoor cafe, addressing the camera in the same POV style. He talks about losing his son to violence. A bomb explodes. Cut to:

Wife of the father...A bomb explodes. Cut to:

Sister of the wife...A bomb explodes.

On and on like this, faster and faster until the screen is just quick cuts of people, young and old, framed in medium close up, looking into a camera a split second before a cafe bomb explodes and engulfs them in heat and shrapnel death.

Friday, July 5, 2013

I paraphrased the hell out of what he actually said...but the core idea totally belongs to him. He didn't have a title and so I suggested "Chain Café." He smiled immediately. And after a minute of unblinking, silent contemplation, he approved by saying "Catchy."

Out-fucking-standing, serving up fresh new money ideas on his death bed. What a goddamn brilliant champion. What a man.

Executed properly, grandpa's idea has the potential to go all the way: Unknown but professional Israeli actors, English subtitles, convincing practical and digital Visual FX, maybe a runtime of 9 to 11 minutes, all the way to champagne town. A work like that, undeniably slick and convincing, that hits every note, that tugs every heartstring...without pandering too much to the increasingly maligned Zionist faggot skunks...would penetrate and destroy the entire major festival circuit of assholes on its way to collecting the Oscar for Best Live Action Short Film.

Brilliant.

Monday, July 8, 2013

Opened a P.O. Box at 600 Penn Ave SE. 3 inches X 5.5 inches, depth of 14.75 inches. 12 months, 124.00, plus tax.

Paid dad in cash and used his Visa to purchase 10 ISBNs from Bowker. He asked what the book is about and I said, "It's a guide for improving physical and mental health. It's also got a pretty strong anti drug message."

He laughed. We both did. He's intrigued and excited to read the damn thing when it's finished. Me too.

Tuesday, July 9, 2013

Around 9 pm, I was taking a shower when I heard something drop. A soft sound, like a plastic table mat hitting a wood surface from a height of seven or eight inches. I pulled the curtain aside and noticed a beige sheet of construction paper propped against the rug and the sink. There was only one explanation for it. Dripping wet, shower still running, I hopped out of the tub and jerked open the bathroom door and stepped into the hall, flicked on the lights and looked down the stairs in time to see the top of mom's silver gray head as it disappeared around the corner of the 3rd floor hallway.

I turned over the blank construction paper and discovered a recently painted illustration on the other side: Sunflowers in a vase. It's pretty: Pretty simple, pretty basic, pretty boring, but also pretty bright and cheerful, done in orange, yellow, red, blue colored pencils and water colors. I recognized the style immediately:

It's one of Charlotte's.

Clap. Clap. Clap. Nice try, faggots. I don't give a shit how in league they are with you sick fucks, I'm never going to kill my parents. Never ever. I'll kill myself before I do that. And hey, thanks for the gift. Charlotte's painting is a marvelous, infinite treasure...it's one hundred thousand million billion times greater than any picture I might find of her online.

In a twisted way, this attention is kind of gratifying. I must really be under the skin and nails for you weirdos to be pulling out all the stops. I gotta be doing something right, burrowing into your nerves like an American tick who doesn't give a shit. I love it.

Still, my parents might try to do something of the kooky 112 Ocean Avenue variety. I'm prepared, got a 3 liter Deer Park bottle under the bed, that way I don't have to leave my room and there's zero risk of running into one of them locked in a pose, leering at me from the end of the hall, or the bottom of the stairs, contorting their faces with open mouthed grins, or some cheesy jump scare trope of equal or lesser value.

Thursday, July 11, 2013

Good morning! I'm starting the purge ahead of schedule. I've got 17 days until July 28, Ava's 39th. 17

full days to drive and murder and strike through the names. Yes, I understand what this means. Do you?

Without a national diversionary crisis, eventually, I'm going to be caught and arrested, or killed by a hail of bullets, or by a sniper shot, or by vindictive incendiary device fires that will hopefully mercifully suck the oxygen from my lungs and render me unconscious before I burn and shrivel into a crispy black shell of a dead thing. On the bright side, currently, we are not in the throws a national crisis, and that means the population isn't running for holes in the dirt. You get it. The element of surprise is on my side. That's tolerable, don't you think? I do. As far as making advantages go...slaying a predictable, semi-relaxed target is a decent straightforward trade off...It's a lot easier than navigating a scorched earth planethell bitchcunt murder quest, that's for damn sure.

If the dark forces decide to intervene and rain on my parade, I guess I'll just go out in a blaze. I'm aware that contradicts the manifesto, but no worries, I honestly doubt they'll lift a pinky finger. They love death. They worship it. All the faggoty beaver pastries and handmaidens I've got on my list, it'll be pretty lame if they monkey wrench me. No, I think they're gonna approve and permit me to do my thing all over the place. In fact, I bet they're gonna masturbate to it.

\$15,246 in cash, that's more than enough for tolls, gas, meals. I removed the back seats and set up an extremely comfortable bed. My guns, ammo, suppressors, special knives, tool kit for B&E, and that's about it for the important gear. I don't want my vehicle packed to the gills with gasoline and torture whizbang. Sucks. This operation is built for speed, unfortunately. Kills will need to be quick, and that double sucks...but that's life, reader.

Almost forgot about the vitamins. I'm bringing fish oil, B12, C, D3, E, K, and 350mg muscle relaxers. Ok, and some oxycodone, but they're only 5mg, so whatever, it's not a big deal.

I'm not concerned how mom and dad are going to react after it's all said and done...I took care of them last night and used them in a hearty stew that I ate for breakfast. Do you have any idea how much work is involved in finding a suitable cut of meat on two elderly American bodies? A lot. You have to cut through an ocean of piss-yellow fat before you get to the red lean stuff. Did not plan for that. The house is an unholy mess.

You're well within your rights to point at this page and call me a fucking asshole faggot. Seriously, my parents are fine. I told you, I don't care how deep the rabbit hole goes, I will never harm or kill them, never ever. Just trying to keep it light and fun before I say goodbye.

To all you media faggots, it might be worth mentioning that I have a genuine interest in flowers and gardening. You know, to give me a softer profile. How bad can a rampage-killmachine dick & balls necrofucker be if he's into flowers and gardening? Reader, they're not going to mention the flowers and gardening. The media will never humanize someone like me. I am mayonnaise, I am cracker, I am vanilla...and those flavors are not the correct flavors of the modern victim.

To be a proper modern victim, first and foremost, you need a vagina. If no vagina is available, then be one or a combination of the following: black, brown, beige, homosexual, illegal immigrant alien, Jew. I don't usually harp about trends, but it's fashionable right now to coddle sandniggers. Modern victims, indeed. Modern victims that orgiastically worship a giant black cube of death, that jostle and push at a

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chance to kiss the black stones of death, that pour camel urine on their cuts and abrasions, that wail and blubber and scream nonstop about everything. Honestly, only a retarded subhuman savage victim, only a group of severely retarded subhuman savage victims, a high-pitched chorus of sandniggers, calls out to their god every second of every moment for every gunshot, explosion, decapitation, immolation, piss, shit, fart, burp, puke, infant clitoris mutilated, child bride sodomized, young boy raped, or goat successfully fucked.

But yeah, whatever, anyway, my parents are going to be devastated by my actions in the days and weeks ahead. Mom, dad, it's not your fault. You're good people...You're also fuckhead SIPs, but you did give me life, and for that I commend you both.

Ok, highlighting the obvious:

Vendula Jasnik
Vitali Jasnik
Darien Reinhardt Holz
Monica Tavarez
Stephen Calvin Parker
Anderson T. Hills
Scott Beachman
Ava Jasnik

17 days to cross-country murder these bitches, ding dongs and faggots, along with many other faggots, niggers, niggerfaggots and faggot niggers in-between. Fast and procedural, no time for play, just work. All work. It's gonna be close. Albany, Miami, a detour here and there, then Los Angeles, in 17 days, honoring the speed limit, it's gonna be real close. Bitchcunt Ava is dead last, the screamy stabby final boss confrontation where I get to proudly collect my bloody fucking reward, thank you very much.

At long, long, long last, it's finally going to happen, I finally get to kill my Ava. Desire. Convenience. The supreme moment. I must remember to remember to have molecular focus during her murder. Very important that I absorb every detail, large and small, devour colors, shapes, emotions, actions, fluids, textures, sounds, all of it, I must remember the entire reality of the event. The memory of her death will feed me until I die, it will beat my heart, it will breathe for me, it will be the air.

1. Drinking Her Delicious Tears
2. Atomic Mountain Blasting Her Vagina
3. Obliterating Her Dead Anus And Rectum
4. Super Deepcocking All The Holes, Touching All The Walls
5. ~~Killing The Bitchcunt Ferociously Quick~~

But why, right? About the whole shebang, why, right? Why so sudden and carefree of giving a fuck? What I'm about to do is definitive, possibly suicidal, it only goes in one direction and cannot be undone once vital blood spills. So how did I arrive here?

I don't like Thursdays.

LAST MINUTE

I redacted the names of a few retards. Kind of. It doesn't matter if what you've written about someone is true or not, misappropriating their name or likeness for commercial purposes can turn you into a defendant real quick. Hell no, I'm not having second thoughts, it's just that I'm going to make my brother the sole claimant of the book's copyright...and so if there's any money in this, I don't want those vampire faggots suing him.

Ok, sure, naturally, things will be sketchy like raw meat on the floor, sour grim locked jaws, oral herpes, diseased bile reactions, contaminated hyperbole, ammonia aftertaste, for at least a little bit before everything goes back to normal. Believe me, I understand, I get it, this book will be used in numerous investigations by thick-skulled, pork-necked, pigfucking national surveillance state, welfare state, dog murdering state, pedophile operative law enforcement agencies around the globe. It's going to be puzzled over and studied and followed forever.

So...in what way does the purge not inject repugnant shit into my brother's life?

World War II happened and produced so many casualties that historians still can't decide on a final number...they're still counting the bodies. And yet, Mein Kampf has sold copies well into the tens of millions almost 70 years after the fact.

Reader, as you go about assembling your kill list, please, don't forget to keep in mind, behind every television presenter there's a segment producer, and behind every segment producer there's a producer pulling the strings. These well-hidden cancers inject the intelligentsia's daily dose of social engineering into you, the buffoon insect. Don't forget about the cancers behind the scenes, who think they're invisible, who think you don't know, who waltz around anonymously without a care. Let them know that's not true, give them some attention. Make it hurt. Make it last. Make it fun.

He who cycles the kill list kills well; he who kills well does not die; and he who does not die goes to heaven.

Sunday, July 21, 2013

Get ready to puke. The Colt and I are about to head for the great white north. Don't wanna say precisely when, but we're leaving soon. Very soon.

Min-maxed the gear, everything I need will fit in my backpack. No rental this time, going the traditional route is just begging for shadowy interference, my inescapable fate. They're going to send an armada of yowling SIPs and governmental thugs to give me a good old fashioned rapey touch of the business. A touch of the business? Yeah, right. Death trap mouthwash with extra added death squad piss flavored piss is more like it.

I'll use my personal vehicle and then go on foot when I get close to the border. One of the benefits of traveling light is that I have the option to ditch if I run into some trouble. I'll sneak across and then mix it up with whatever is available at that moment: Train, bus, cab, car, bike. But even if it's available, I might not utilize. I can't be predicable, don't want to create patterns. Never create patterns. Patterns, don't create them, that's how they get you. Spontaneity rules the day. Spontaneity and decapitations, it's the only way to be perfectly goddamned delightfully sure.

I lied about lying about Miri. It's all true. We kissed, we fucked, more than once, and on more than one occasion. She still has problems, still has the face of a naked mole rat Jew with straight white teeth...But her body, her body is a lot tighter now from running 5 miles almost every day.

I'm not a wolf around the hen house type. I'm not. I just wanted to see if I could get her. Idle time. Devil's Workshop. After the injury I was bored as hell, so there. Whatever. I'm totally done with that trifling racist midget whore. What? Miri, a "racist?" What's that all about? Well let me tell you:

Not too long ago, before she knew about any of this crazy book stuff, we were having lunch at my apartment and she said that Deep Nutrition: Why Your Genes Need Traditional Food was "propaganda" because the author, the superb Catherine Shanahan, "thinks Halle Berry is beautiful."

She was so relaxed and matter-of-fact about it, I couldn't let it go, I had to follow up...So I jokingly asked, "Do you think all black people are unattractive?"

Without a hint of sarcasm, Miribel Alon shrugged and replied, "Not all."

There's a difference, a very clear difference, between privately, impulsively, saying "nigger" or "fucking kike" or "nigger kike" or "fucking kike nigger," and publicly, casually, expressing your displeasure of a race or group. I guess she felt safe around me, she felt comfortable enough to be somewhat honest, and you know I respect that, but at the same time...Oy vey.

Miri's your ordinary average closet-bigot, the kind who think they're exempt because they truly believe they're down with the cause, bidding time, nodding and winking at their peers, waiting on that new utopian era of equality. People like Miri will be the first to die because people like her are the most condescending, the most oppressive, and it's convenient when the smug bitches you want to execute are standing next to you waiting on further instructions. Fuck her and her weak, sickly family. I wash my hands of them. They're on their own. C'est la vie.

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

There are people reading your thoughts. Right now. Literally, right now, they're reading your thoughts. Not just the crap you're posting online...Yes, they've tapped all the access points on all the networks, but they can also backdoor any operating system on any device and worm without you suspecting a thing. This is no longer conspiratorial, this is common knowledge. Everything, they're looking at it. And what if they don't like what they see? What happens if your ideas and blurbs and messages and comments and fucking tweets threaten this industrial society and its future? Well then, they'll hide child pornography on your hard drive and the cops will drag you off to the rape factory where you're marked for culturally enriched disembowelment. Or they roll up in those happy-looking Mine-Resistant Ambush Protected armored fighting vehicles and breach the front door like a horde of shit breathing razorbacks, a militarized centipede of local police dynamically enter your home and find a metric shit-ton of meth in your bedroom closet. Or you fall off a bridge. Or your car explodes. Or you get hit by a truck. Or you overdose. Or you disappear. Happens every day, so don't get too caught up in technology. Quietly prize truth, beauty, and hate. Lots of hate. Hate as much as you can. You'll live longer.

There is a definite possibility that I will be killed during my epic attempt to infiltrate Montreal. Reader, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance, with this historical deed, to gain your respect. I don't need or want your love, so kindly direct it someplace else.

We live in a century of ass-fuckingly disturbing insectification and pervasive fear, where the threat of no-knock, triggerhappy, jackbooted manbaby thugs bursting through a door near you is very real. Get yourself mentally and physically prepared. The great upheaval is inevitable. Watch for the signs, and, if you live long enough, brace yourself for the smell of rotting flesh. Open-air graveyards, countless dead bodies breaking down, melting, putrefying, frothy bubbling liquids escaping out of them, out of natural and man-made holes...You'll never get used to it. The stench will permeate everything. You'll try to hide underground: in the basement of a derelict house, or the pissy laundry room of a tenement apartment building, handkerchief and a dirty t-shirt covering your face. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, maybe even hundreds of thousands of bloated dead strewn about your city. It will follow you. Human decomposition, it's the odor that you taste!

It's important to have goals. It's important to work hard to achieve them. Most people are unwilling to do this, and to them I enthusiastically suggest vehicle-assisted ligature suicide. For the less adventurous, a self inflicted lobotomy is the easiest way to coast. The Ava way. Don't be like Ava. Do something with your life before it's too late. And forget her, she doesn't deserve martyrdom or fanfare. She's a loser, and I don't waste energy on losers anymore, and neither should you. And yet...you know me, I'm a romantic at heart, I can't write her off completely. No, I've still got high hopes for Ava. I hope she regrets everything when the darkness comes to take her away. I hope she's alone when it does. I hope it hurts. Oh Ava, I really hope it hurts.

I want my Charlotte. I want her. I want her and I will have her. I want to fight and kill. I will have to fight and kill to get her back. I'm ready for it. I'm going to smile, I'm going to laugh, I'm going to shout, I'm going to rip their eyelids off and greet them with bullets and knives and surround them in a circle of hateful vengeful murderous death.

My motto: "Destruction by any means." My signature...I don't know yet. It would be a tremendous, legendary accomplishment to dead sex the foreheads of everyone I kill. Totally unrealistic, though. I'll be much too busy slaughterhousing to pause for dead sex. It's just that I imagine those three rivers foaming with much blood and my cock becomes great and all powerful.

Freedom of Murder is a force multiplier, it's your birthright. It's the personal, natural choice that trumps artificiality: Wealth, money, influence, laws, rights, due process...These are nouns written on paper tigers that you rip up and eat whenever you practice Freedom of Murder. Although you run the risk of getting shot on sight, caught, imprisoned, vilified, executed by the state, etc, you will have permanently silenced the voice that annoyed you so much. Voices, if you're ambitious.

Freedom of Murder: It's the one and only thought that keeps the powers-that-be awake at night. When the great upheaval is well under way, and the cops and military are running for their outnumbered lives, burning their uniforms, hiding in the walls with their families, pissing and shitting and crying into a communal bucket...That's precisely the time when a cultural mosaic of downtrodden faggots, young and old, resurface from their dirt holes and begin merrily ripping those local, regional, national elites out of their plush, semi-fortified homes. Middle of the street becomes a nonstop nigger mutant circus orgy of rape and death. Mutilated, hanging by dead or dying ankles, blood oozing and coagulating from anuses/vaginas/urethras, faggot losers about to be soaked in barrels of gasoline and set on fire by faggot losers. Yeah, that's a vision. Freedom of Murder in your back pocket. People always seem indestructible until you kill them and they're dead.

Having said that, I have very little left to say. I've lost my zeal for writing. It's postponement, always has been. The writing, it delays my true purpose in life. Now is the time for killing. I must kill. I will kill. There is nothing more exciting to me than a heap of castrated human corpses. I will make that dream come true. I will make it real. I will finish this so that I can begin.

Charlotte sleeps. My darling Charlotte, I can wake her up, I know I can. There's good in her, I just have to find it. For her love...I will do anything. I will do all things. I will fucking murder zone the whole damn island...and far, far beyond.

Tuesday, October 8, 2013

I'm writing to you from my quaint apartment. You'll get no specifics out of me, reader. Ok, fine, you get one hint: I have a magnificent view of the Eighth and Ninth Circle of Hell.

I left DC during the early morning hours of Wednesday, July 24th. The drive was uneventful until I reached a stretch of the New Jersey Turnpike, 20-25 miles outside of New York City...that's where they decided to interfere, that's where they decided to play. Multiple vehicles were following me, driving aggressively, tailgating, frequently dropping back and motoring ahead. They worked solo and in groups of three. Different makes and models, but all were colored the whitest metallic white.

One of them cut in front of me and I watched a female passenger, a hideous Asian in a white pantsuit, as she climbed into the backseat. She held up a white balloon, pressed it against the rear-window, smiled a jagged black-toothed smile and popped it with her finger. Then they dropped way, way back. I lost sight of the entire convoy.

I exited a bunch of times, paid a toll, crossed the Holland Tunnel and entered Lower Manhattan. I ditched the car on the street. It was clean and empty on the inside. No miscellaneous items, no GPS to remove, nothing in the glove box, nothing in the trunk. I locked the doors and walked away with my backpack over one shoulder.

Within no time, I'm on the subway heading to Penn Station trying to come up with an exit strategy. I could take a train to Pittsfield, Massachusetts and wing it from there. Very good. Avoid patterns. Always maintain spontaneity. But then a snag: Penn Station has metal detectors, TSA Nazi check points, droves of local NYC pork all kitted-out, tactical as fuck with carbines at the ready, doing random searches, walking their crotch & bomb sniffing dogs. I couldn't take the train. It was frustrating. I knew they were gonna try some thorny diabolical shit, I just thought they'd wait until I got close to Montreal, close enough so that I start thinking it's possible to actually make it into the city unscathed. Smart play, though, unleashing the madness where they did, it was the perfect spot for a methodical ambush. They know how much I fucking hate being anywhere near this portal of degenerative flesh and brain rot and noxious pustular disease. Hats off to you theatrical twats.

I stood in the compartment next to one of the sliding doors and kept my eyes locked on the floor to avoid any direct contact with the native C.H.U.D.s. Across from me, a gentle female voice spoke.

“I like your suit.”

I neglected to tell you that I purchased two custom-fit linen suits for the journey. Who's afraid of the clean-cut man in the new summer suit? No-one. No-one wonders if that pack over his shoulder is filled back to front and top to bottom with delicious killfuck. No-one can align his hate, his lust for death, his desire to fuck the fresh dead holes of beautiful corpses, with the man they see before them, the man in the comfortable-looking suit. One navy, one cream. I was wearing the navy, and a white cotton dress shirt, black knit silk tie, black Bally leather captoe lace-ups. I had jammed the poor cream, along with a pair of brown Bally tatoon leather brogues, as neatly as I could into the pack. I was saving that ensemble for Montreal. Blood splatter on cream? C'mon. Super dramatic. C'est super chouette!

My head tilted up a few degrees and she was already in full view, the most beautiful creature: Huge, almond shaped, dark brown eyes. Tapered, jaw skimming bob, platinum blonde, with a hint of black roots showing. Big full lips accentuated by pink lipstick. She has a warm medium skin tone. Her skin, what color is it? Alabaster French beige? Powdered sand? Translucent mocha? Cosmic latte? Her skin is very fair and brown and captures every available light source, reconstitutes the photons, shoots them back at your face and fucks you up so that you fall in love. This beautiful creature stared at me from her motorized wheelchair and the future revealed itself.

“I like your suit,” she repeated.

“Thanks. Ralph Lauren.” I said.

Her perfectly shaped dark eyebrows went up half an inch, and with a cheeky smile, she said, “I know.”

I told her my first name, she told me hers, then we shook hands. Her fingers are long, immaculate, and also somewhat twisted. They're wonderful. Everything about her is wonderful.

Five stops later and she was gone. I had plenty of information, enough to get started. I reclaimed my vehicle and hurried back to mom and dad's house without incident. I stayed in the locked and barricaded bedroom at night, then roamed around the city during the day with my backpack. For weeks I used several coffee shops to worm for intel on Jacinta, my young Capricorn fashionista. From what I've learned about her, I think she was only trying to get my attention when she complemented me on the

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

suit. Another program. Another SIP. It's ok, I've made my peace with the games.

I like Jacinta. I like watching her. I like her sweet voice. She's very kind to people, to strangers, to everyone she interacts with. Jacinta is the light. She's magical. She's a unicorn. Her physical beauty and passion and fragility and emotional vulnerability overwhelms me...but I don't feel sorry for her. I respect her, immensely. So does everyone else. Everyone loves her. She is phenomenal and perfect, and that is why I'm going to kill her.

By the time you read this she'll already be dead. My first official kill. That's correct, I'm a tender bitch, probably knee deep in Montreal carcasses right now...or dead myself. I'm going with "dead myself."

Did the nation weep? Did the world weep? Did you weep? Did the masses gather at dusk and light candles of solidarity? Did they sing in unison? Are the copycats still copying my infamous, legendary work? Did the media faggots acknowledge my interest in flowers and gardening?

Why did I torture Jacinta? Why did I decapitate her slowly with a chainsaw? Why did I feel the need to use a chainsaw? Was it really necessary to dead sex her neck stump and defecate in the mouth of her severed head? Why did I record the event and then upload it to the most open-minded redistributors on the internet?

Why, why, why? I already told you why. And by now you know why. There really was something magic about her. Around her you felt that endless incredible stuff was just about on the verge of happening at any moment. So lovable, so beautiful, so young, so everything that is good and pure and radiant...She was a unicorn. Jacinta was a unicorn, a unicorn with special privileges. Do you see, reader? She wanted to be destroyed. She was asking for it.

Truth above all else. Beauty. Then hate. Always hate.

THAT FACE

I have a new reoccurring dream. It's late evening, Jacinta is patiently waiting on the sidewalk, unaware of danger, fully preoccupied by her tiny dog's piss. Overly excited, I just want to get her in the car as fast as possible. She's very petite, so I try brute force ripping her out of the chair...only she springs back into place and begins fighting me and yelling for help. Then I remember that she's buckled into the seat. I quickly move aside layers of clothing and wrangle the face of the seatbelt around her waist. I press the release and she pitches forward, falls out of the chair and lands on her stomach. I don't know where the dog is during any of this. Just like the actual experience, I forget the little turdmaker is even there.

Jacinta's a virtuous, pretty cripple with an angle...And that's ok. Another pure-of-heart simpleton cripple living out loud, and that's cool. The relatively soon-to-be dead get a pass when it comes to all that cringeworthy bullshit they're so well known for. Modern tech amplifies their range. Again, that's fine. The terminally ill, and persons with built-in shortened life expectancies, they should feel free to be as narcissistic as they want. To me, they're a natural resource. Rich deposits of potential comedy, that's what they are. Sick and dying people provide the healthy with an open invitation to sentimentality. You consume their story, you make your faggoty promises...and then do nothing. Very masturbatory. Very funny. Watch it from a safe distance and laugh, laugh, laugh the mighty laugh of kings!

Or don't. Get involved, get up close and personal. There's almost 8 billion people on this malignant water-rock, they can't all be special beautiful snowflakes. Though, many try to convince us, don't they? The yammering blobfish, the crying goblin shark, the screeching rodents and bugs, they desperately want us to believe they are compelling, unique lovelies. They try like mad bastards.

Hi. I'm a gender-courtly arid neutral, omni-prefix-unibrow, green-orange casual, tin modified, earlobe variant, purple bananapony teacup.

Add delusional characters to your list. Sentence them, sentence it, go to work when the time is right, carry out the punishment in accordance with your laws. Get hands on, get sticky. Discriminate. Torment it right back down into the sewer where it belongs. Educate it, make sure it understands the difference between emotional feelings and physical reality. Strike it down, silence it forever. Do whatever you think must be done to eradicate the filth.

Face-first, Jacinta hit the cold sidewalk and the back of her dress flew up over her waist. She did not have on winter leggings or tights or underwear of any kind. The image was not erotic or arousing or alive or recognizable to my eyes. I didn't know what I was looking at. I was paralysed. The image paralysed me. And so I stood there...Mesmerized. Mortified.

Reader, her ass...Her ass was beyond flat, a marvel of a sight, a bottomless pit of revelations: Ashy and withered and painfully sad, Mother of God, it reminded me of my dying grandfather's 92 year old chalk-white leather-reptilian ass, with its loose drooping folds of skin, like the face of a hairless French Mastiff. I swear to you now and eternally, for one heart-fluttering second, I thought her buttocks

were melting.

There was no way in hell. I couldn't chainsaw her beautiful head, not with a disability like that. I picked her up and put her back in the chair, drove off and escaped the toxic metropolis in record-breaking time.

I rented a three-storey Victorian home in the middle of nowhere, a poor man's Overlook Hotel. I've been here for eight days. It's great. It's the peace and quiet that I wanted. No internet, no cable, but there are six working touchtone phones. How antiquated, right? Completely furnished in the Victorian era style, there's a hell of a lot to look at. Everything has character, everything says fuck off, don't touch. The surrounding property is nice and creepy, too. Pointy iron front gate, frozen dirt road leading up to the place, and a huge snow covered backyard near the edge of the gloomy barren woods. I just know in my heart that Stephen would give it his wise old expert nod of approval.

Canon 5D Mark III
VHSc camcorder, 4 hours of tape
Video 8 camcorder, 6 hours of tape
Canon XL1, 560 minutes of mini dv tape
Souped-up PC desktop/video-editing workhorse
Refurbished 2012 Macbook Pro
Toshiba laptop
Various A/V equipment and cables
Pistol, Caliber .45, Automatic, M1911A1, aka: The Colt
Nine 10 round magazines, four 12 round magazines
Jack, my rescue cat

Jack is 6 years young. He's a dark medium gray, longhaired Norwegian Forest Cat with an extra small tuft of white fur on his chest. The energetic fella is still getting used to the big old house that he's not supposed to be in. The owners were very up-front about not wanting animals, no matter how cute and housebroken, stepping one little paw into their museum. I keep the doors of the nicer rooms closed, and I purchased about a dozen of those cheap cardboard scratching posts and put them in all the hot spots to discourage Jack from going to clawtown on the vintage upholsteries and woody antiques.

The guy has oodles of personality, which is the main reason why he's gained 1 or 2 pounds since I got him, the snacky chowhound. Whenever he wants something he stands up on his hind legs and rubs his front paws together. It's incredible. How do you say no to that? You don't. Yeah, I spoil the shit outta that cat.

I highly suspect his former servants neglected to give him fresh water because a few days after I got him home I discovered him drinking out of the toilet. I started putting the lid down and he countered by jumping up on the sink and vocalizing his desire to drink from the faucet. Anyway, I often remind him not to worry about the bad people from his past. The dark days are behind him. He knows, I think he knows, life is good now. We have fun together, I rough him up and he loves the attention. We go outside and he really enjoys that because he's totally winterized with that giant fluffy coat and there's fur growing out of his ears and the bottom of his paws.

He's on the desk staring at me with his pointed oval, midnight green pupils and canary yellow irises.

Demon marble eyes, like if Gmork had a handsome gentle-tempered son. He's also quite the talker...But if I ever hear him say "whoever has the control has the power," he's gonna get such a flick to the snout for being unnecessarily redundant...Or maybe just reward him with an oven roasted chicken flavored treat for speaking human words. I could do both.

Captain Howdy!

Do you know what I'm doing, you cuntin' reader? I'm making a movie about a man who's trying to make a horror movie all by himself. He has a pet cat for company. The movie within the movie and the primary movie are not 'horror movies' in the traditional sense. There's no such thing as a horror movie, anyway...Melodramas with meticulous carnage, false beats, and assorted repetitive stupidity.

The protagonist in my movie is trying to construct an honest, true horror movie...and that's a major problem the character must deal with. Horror, as a genre, of any medium, is disingenuous poppycock varnish. Movies, television, novels, comics, video games, they've lost their ability to terrorize, they've lost their ability to deliver inescapable moments of true horror. Somewhere, somehow, they lost their powers of horrification. Come to think of it, they never had any powers to begin with. Honest, true horror, what does that even mean? Horror movies are especially limp dick, broken pieces of lying shit. Glorified makeup & special effects demo reels. Jump scares. One dimensional characters played by two dimensional actors. No danger. No fear. No risk. No horror. No power. A dead end. Scrap it.

The genre can't compete with reality:

Police dashboard camera shootouts, forward facing bodycamera SWAT raids, high-definition firing squads, improvised explosive device ambushes, suicide vest shock waves, homicide bomber vehicle overpressure extravaganzas, beheading videos, dismemberment tutorials, smartphone amateur fights and sucker punches, train platform self-terminations, sidewalk-intersection-highway crash surveillance, closed-circuit television miscellaneous rape/murder/gore...These are the truest forms of expression, the purest forms of visual terror and horror.

Go watch some right now. Go make some right now.

It's doomed. My movie, it's most likely doomed. I knew that before I got here, I knew before I bought the first piece of equipment. I don't care, I'm gonna make this fucking movie, the doubts and flaws can choke on my dick. I'm having lots of fun collaborating with Jack, he's helping with the screenplay. He follows me around everywhere, my little furry assistant. I'm never alone, and that's really nice.

Darien's mother died quite recently and the timing just could not have been better. My editing skills needed some brushing up...and her sad lonely death was a great opportunity to get back in the saddle before jumping into the vast abyss of a feature. I brought my entire collection of VHS tapes to the house, about 80 hours worth. A majority of the footage was shot in Toronto during 1997-1998. I recorded 2 hours of Darien and his mother interacting all sweet and cordial together when she was in town visiting a friend. Personally, I think the two psychopaths were beyond milking it for the camera. That chummy display...Raping the cow is more like it. Anyhow, I cut it down to a lean 10 minutes, burned a shiny DVD and mailed it to Darien. Pretty thoughtful of me, eh?

15 DAYS LATER...

BEHEAD ALL SATANS

The movie is on permanent hiatus. I refuse to slam my head against the wall anymore. I was doing that wretched faggot thing, that fearful apeman thing that non-creatives do: Make uninformed decisions, desperately forcing shit that isn't working, that will never work. That's sad madness. Sad madness is unhealthy. I don't want any part of it.

Started drawing again. Vigorously full tilt. I was taking a hot bath, had my oscillating Holmes table fan going on the lowest speed for some enjoyable zone-out white noise, trying to forget how I fucking ruined the movie by constructing impassable roadblocks, getting myself stuck on purpose, being my own worst enemy, my own worst faggot or nigger or niggerfaggot or faggot nigger...and then just like that...A new idea popped into my brain. I love that fan.

Heaping Globes of Joy and Wonder is an indie art book illustrated by Poppy Margaret Springfield. She's white, 22 years old, comes from a rich family, and is looking to do her own solo thing after dropping out of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The indie art book is cover to cover portrait doodles, juvenile caricatures done in that inconsistent, minimalistic indie garbage style. If you're familiar with the look of that goofy student shit, then you will instantly appreciate how well I nailed it...because that's my skill-level: Lazy, flat, undisciplined first-year chicken scratch is the downright best I can do.

One-offs are lame. They can be interesting, they can be powerful, they can be cute, they can be funny, but they will never have the impact of a narrative because there's no progression at all. Advanced master class visual narrative storytelling demands systematic continuity, it cries out for balanced order. A one-off is the signature method of a closed, frightened, lazy mind...one panel, one image, a one-off, like a greedy old faggot...it's the strategy of a tuna sandwich.

The drawings are based on the subhuman cunts and dicks and abortions Poppy encountered during her unpaid internship at the People's Women's Clinic Center of Health. She hand writes little journal entries for each doodle...But she gradually begins to develop a rational/irrational hatred for the characters, gives them demeaning names, goes on and on about how stupid and ugly and filthy they are, how they wrecked her day with their awful stinking foulness, the world is better off without them, etc.

Schizophrenic, but that's Poppy, a silver spoon-fed, self-righteous hypocritical whitey bitch who never checks her privileges because she's edgy to the hypermax ultra kingfish supertriple supreme edge with psychological disorders.

Maybe at the midpoint she gets some anal/vaginal corrective rape-therapy? I don't know, that might just embolden her retardation. Females want to be suddenly violently raped, or to a lesser extreme, they want to be forcibly penetrated by their male partners. A hairy dyke with a strap-on isn't going to cut it. A woman's biological fundamental desire for rape, her pseudo-empowerment domination fantasies, her falling victim to provoked or unprovoked rape, requires a fully erect dick and cannot be satiated by other women. Women want a stabbing blood engorged cock, they crave real live thrusting human penis flesh. Only a man can provide this. And if Poppy gets raped, she's likely to wear and flaunt that rape like a badge of honor. It'll legitimize her smugness, it'll fuel her awkward, embarrassing rat claw attempts at thought-provoking art.

Heaping Globbs of Joy and Wonder

by

Poppy Margaret Springfield

Artistic Statement:

My work results from exploring and liberating the labyrinthine interactions between humans and their decisions. I do not wish to simply observe, to see the world as I literally see it and then render that visual perception onto paper. Instead, I hope to move beyond the mere autobiographical techniques of the past and have thoughtfully appropriated multiple perspectives for the creation of the images within this collection.

I begin conceiving a unique image by visualizing it. I begin creating a unique image by moving my hand improvisationally, remembering the visualized unique image, I move my hand from a place of retained knowing; I wait for an intangible impulse or a stable shape to take form and then act upon it with pen or pencil.

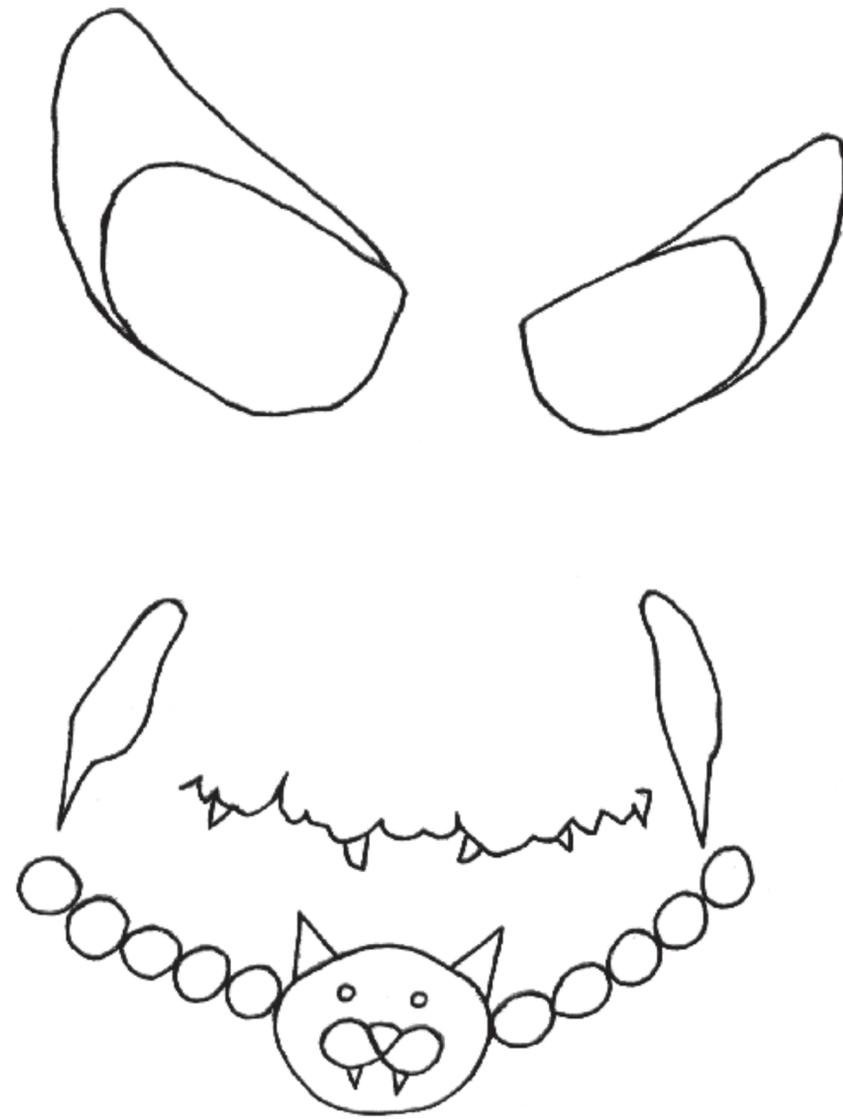
My ultimate aim is to inaugurate a greater social dialogue, to shift the focus from political questions in perceived aberrant behavior to legitimate laughter in private and public settings while challenging the very essence of the Feminine Spirit.

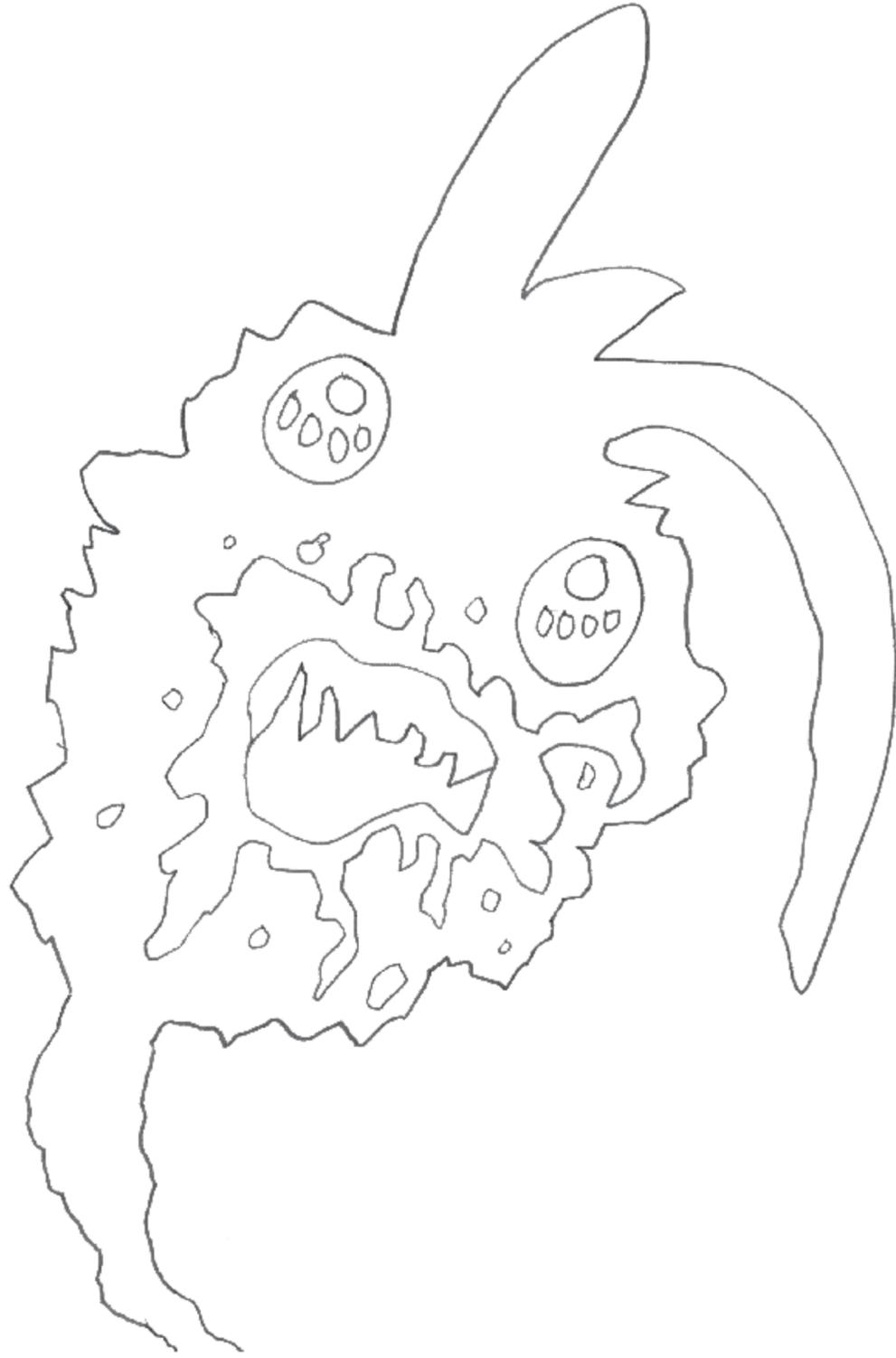
Acknowledgments:

Special thanks to every individual who endeavors at the People's Women's Clinic Center of Health in Chicago. I am eternally grateful for the help and patience bestowed upon me during our magnificent journey. I shall never forget the beautiful people at the PWCCCH!

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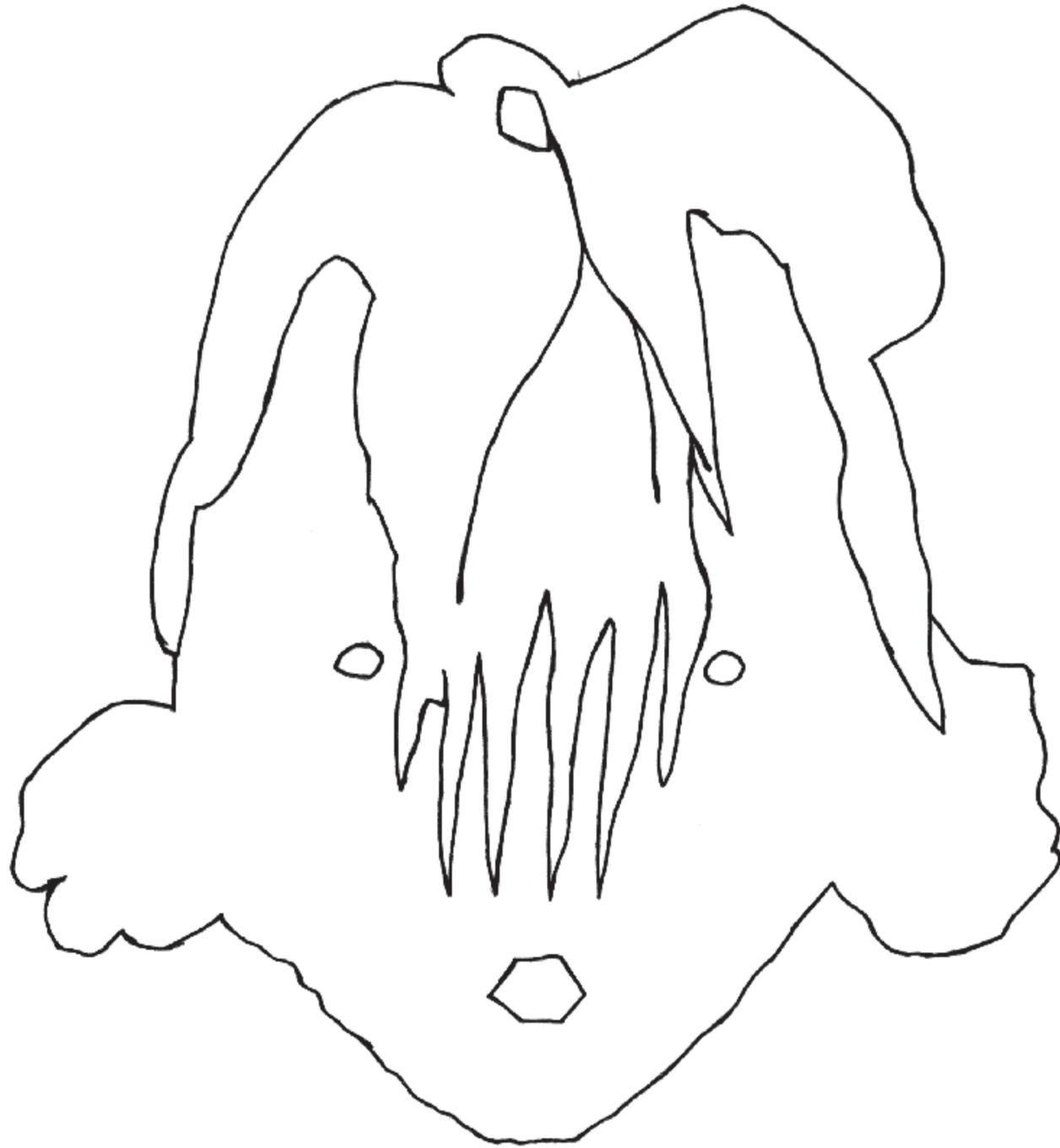






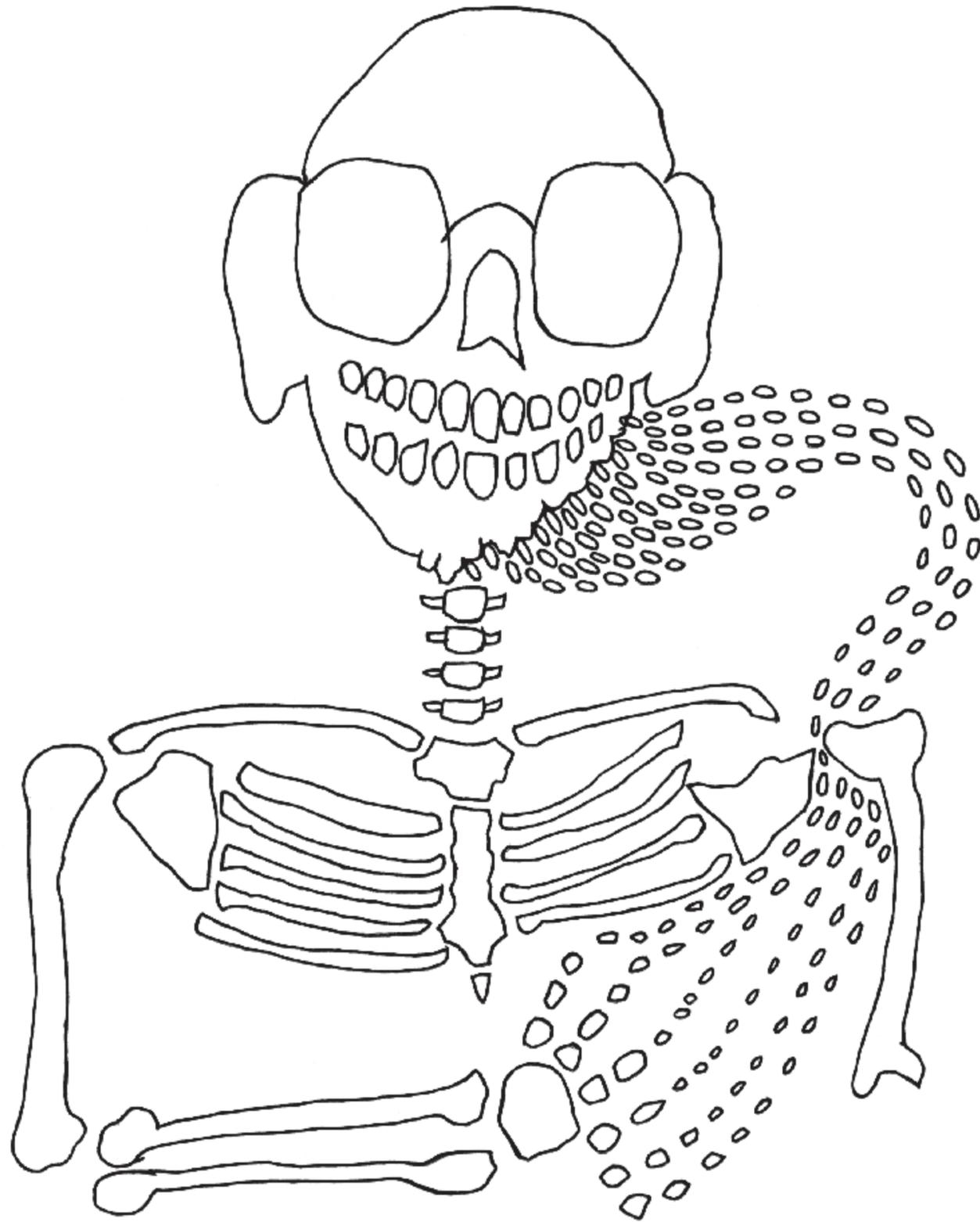


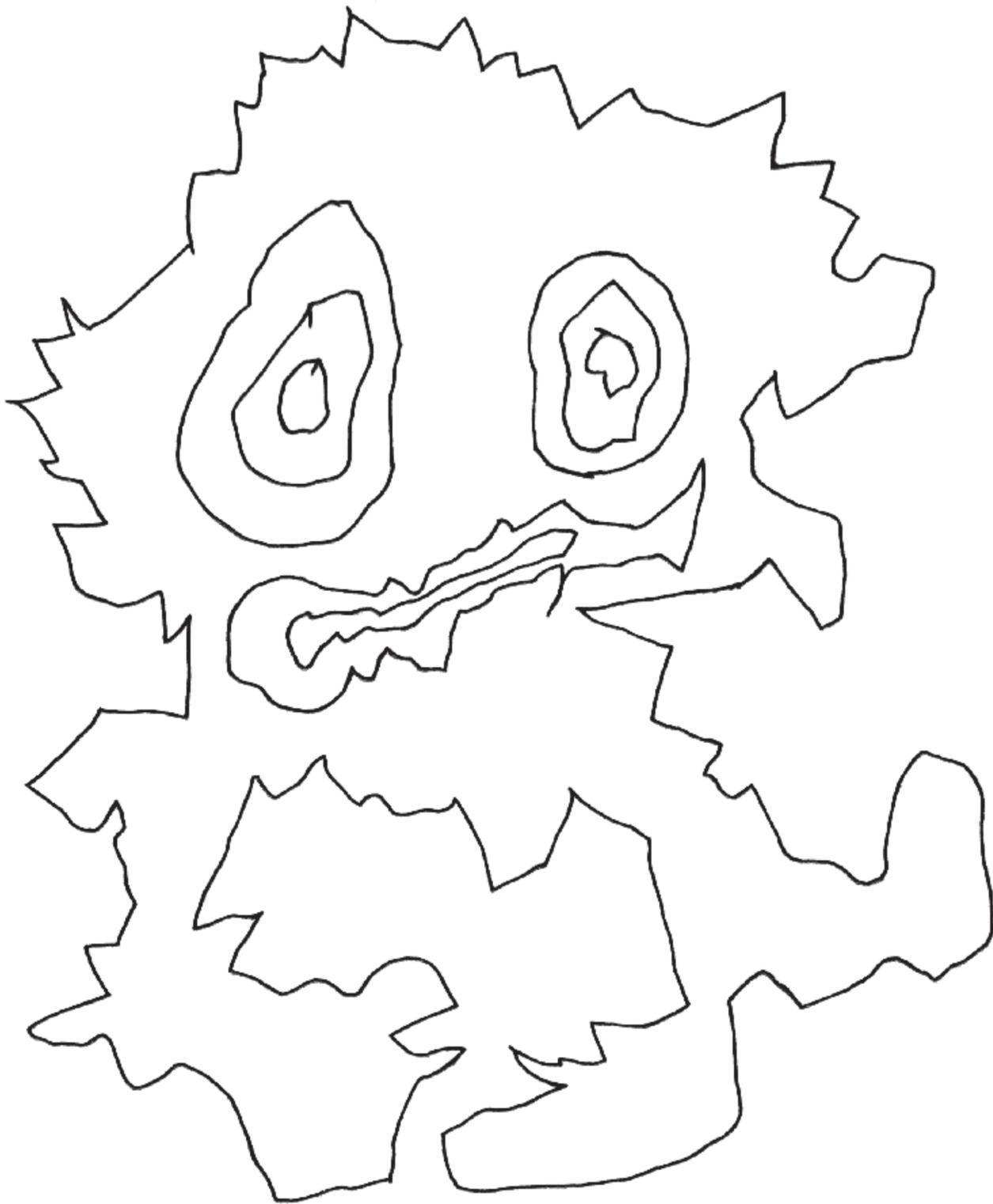
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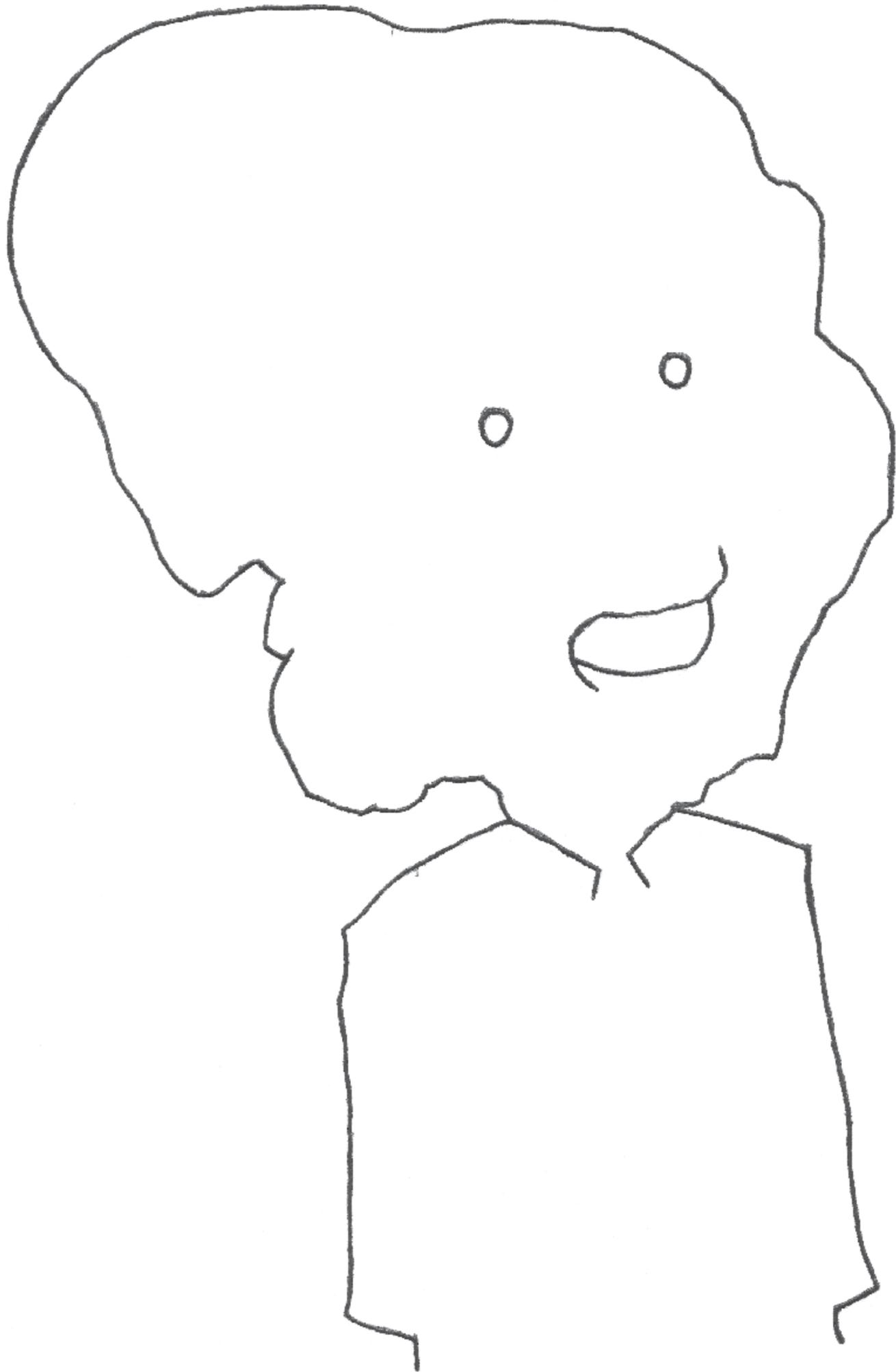


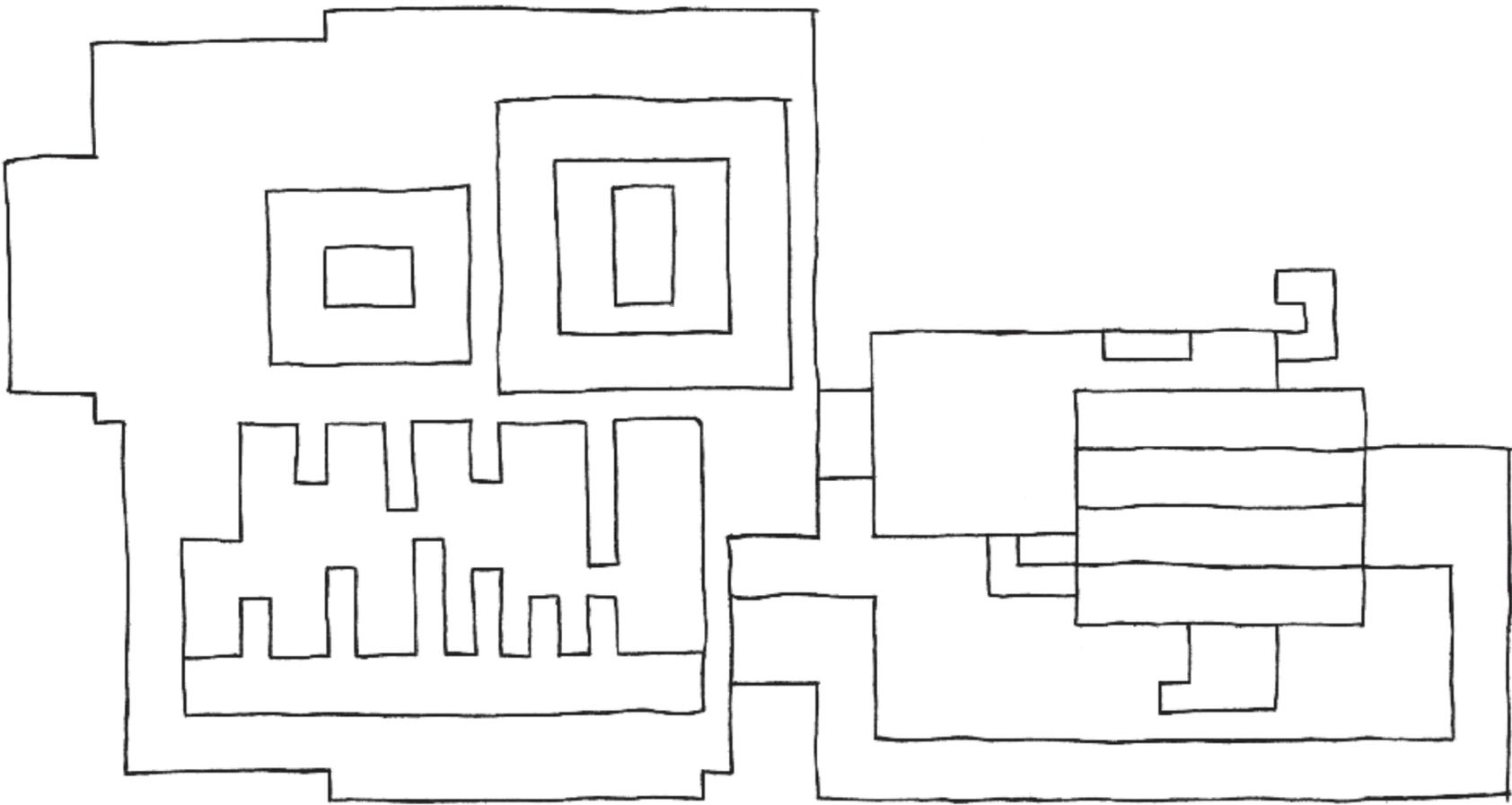






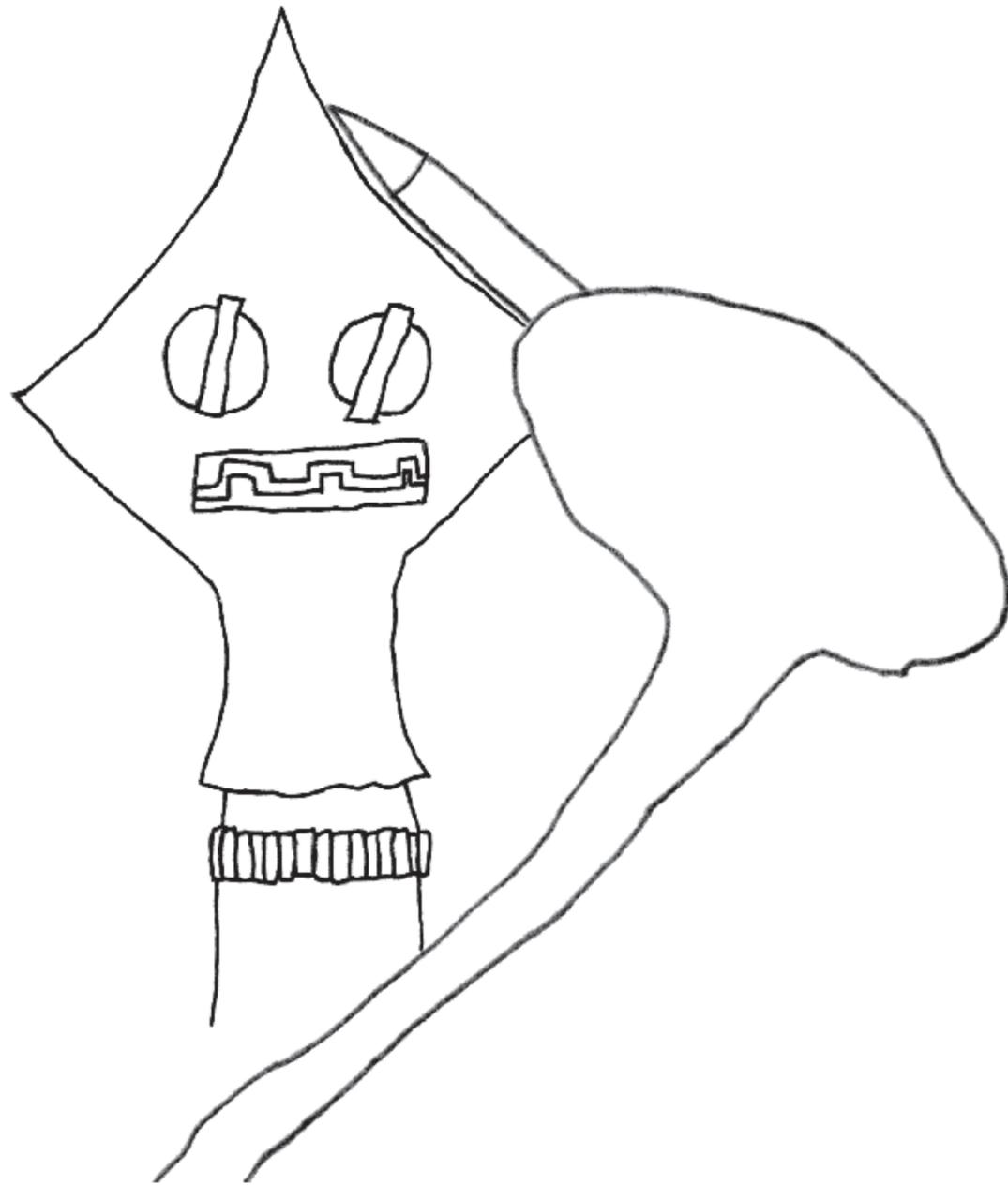
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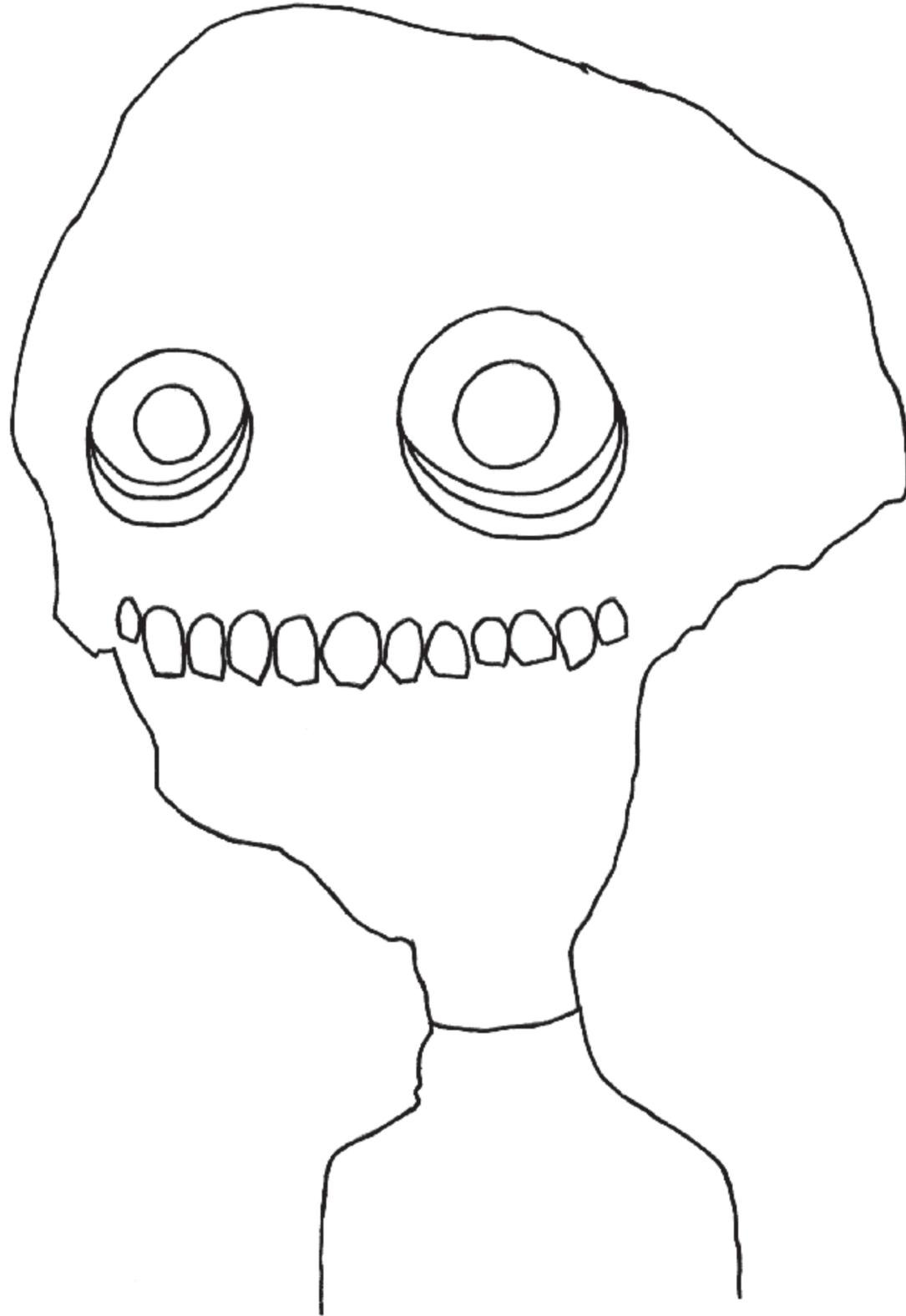


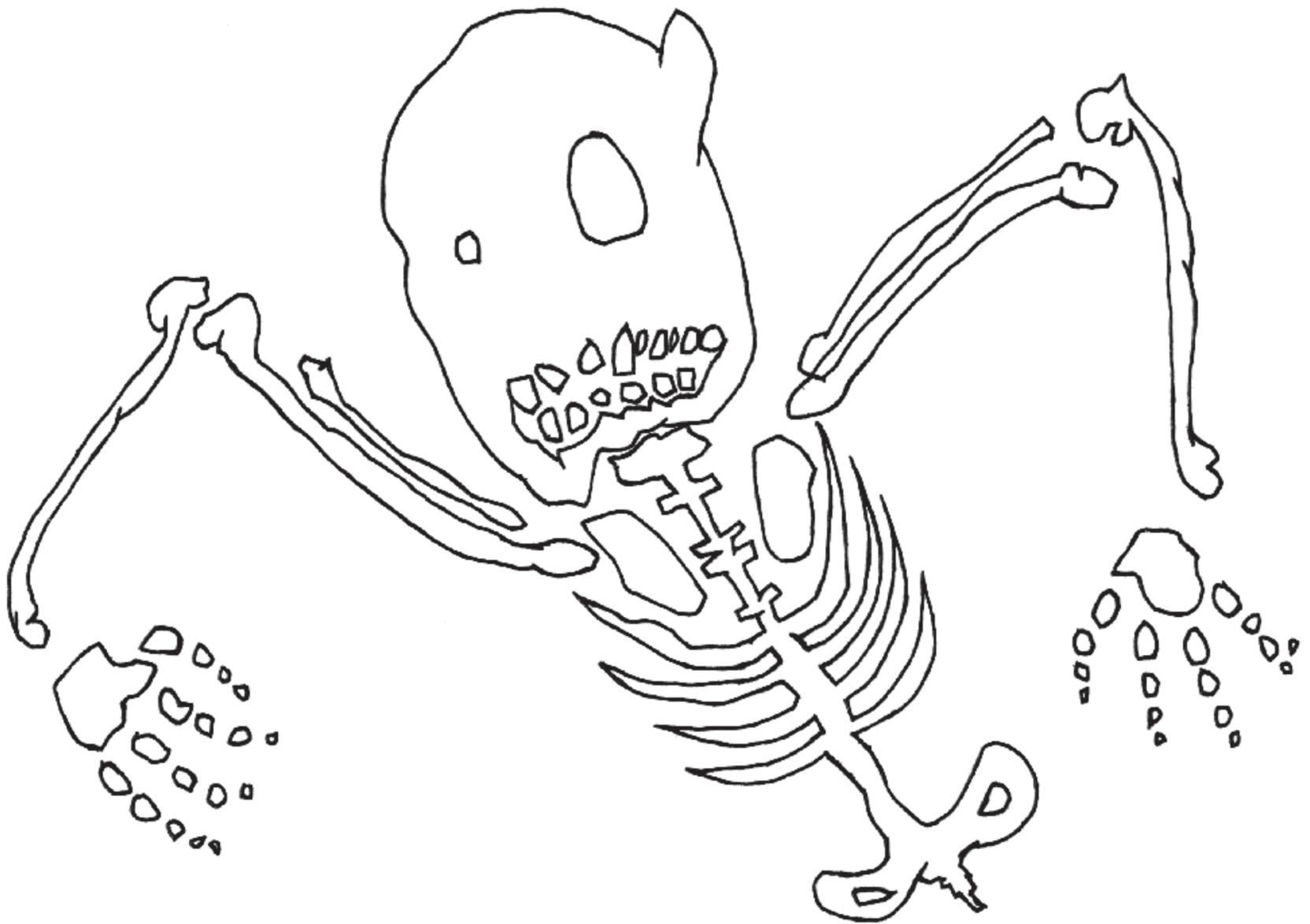


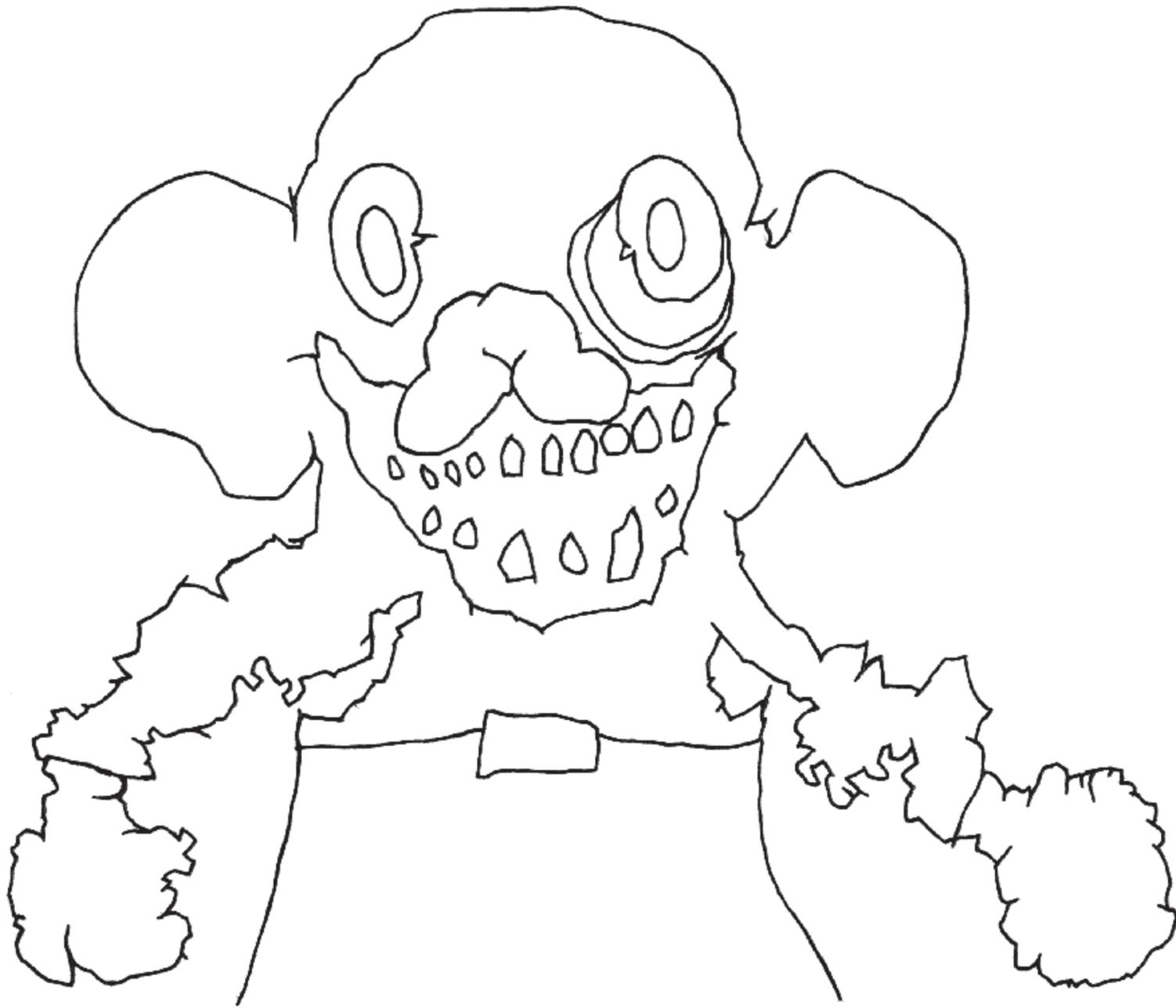


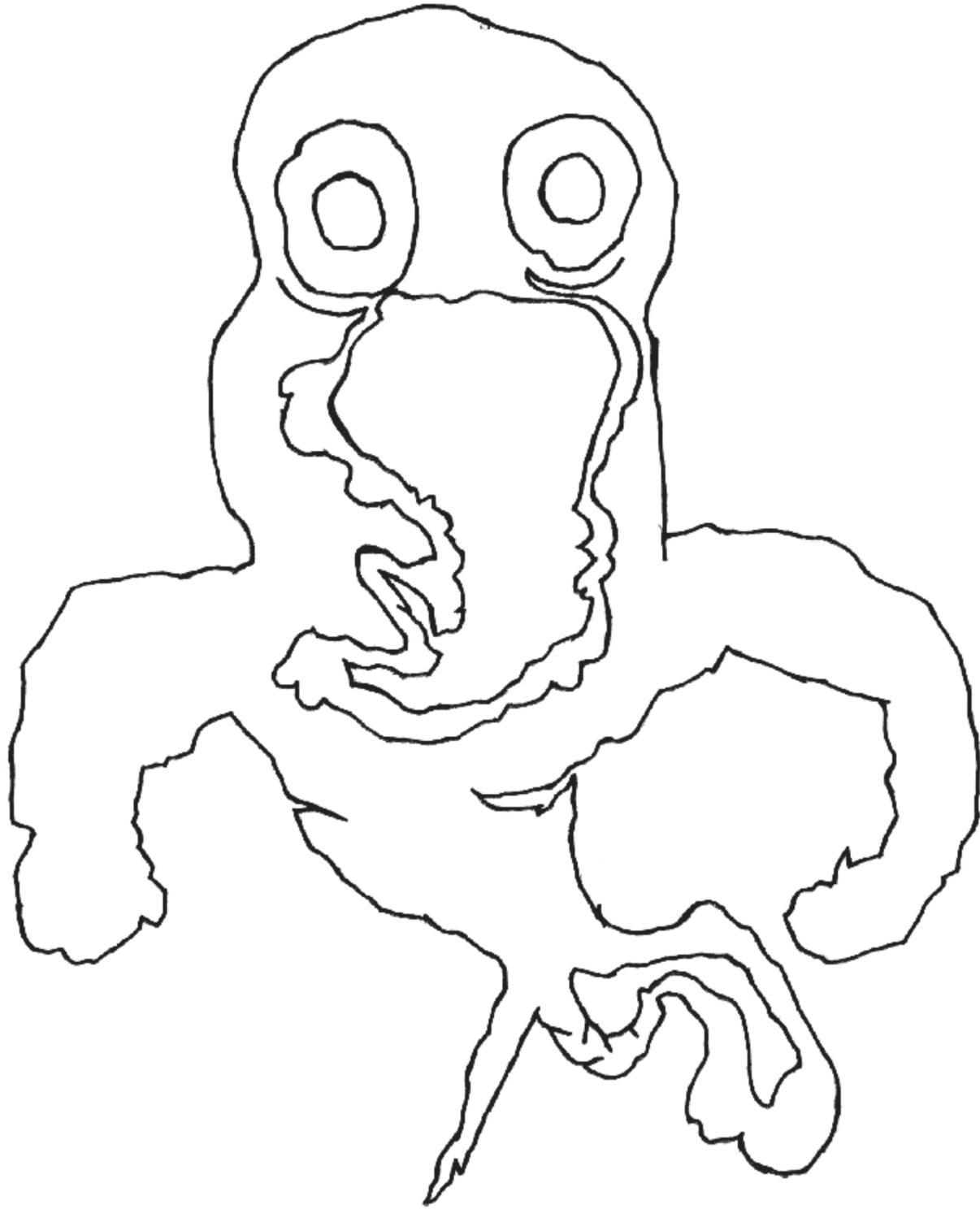


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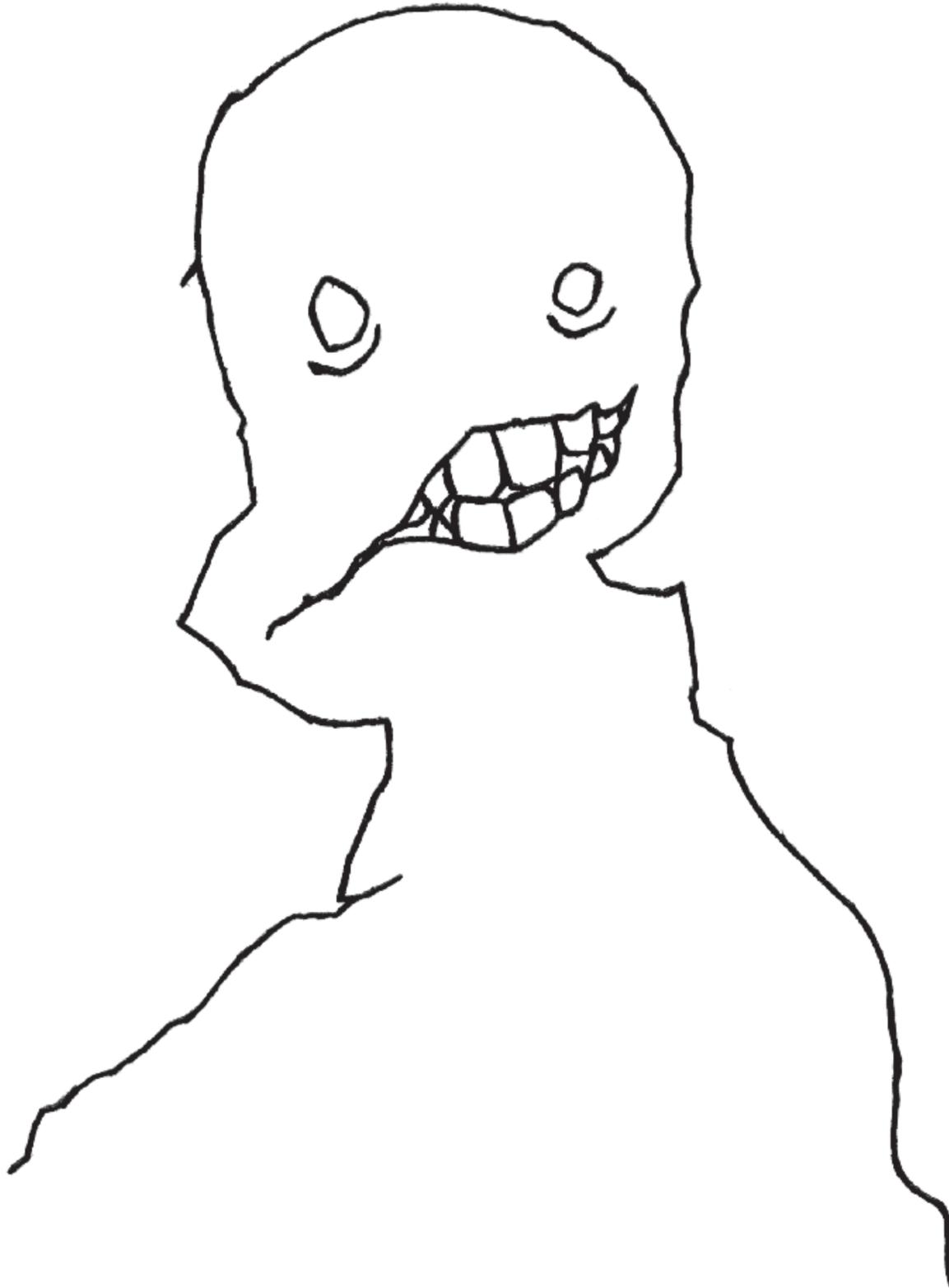


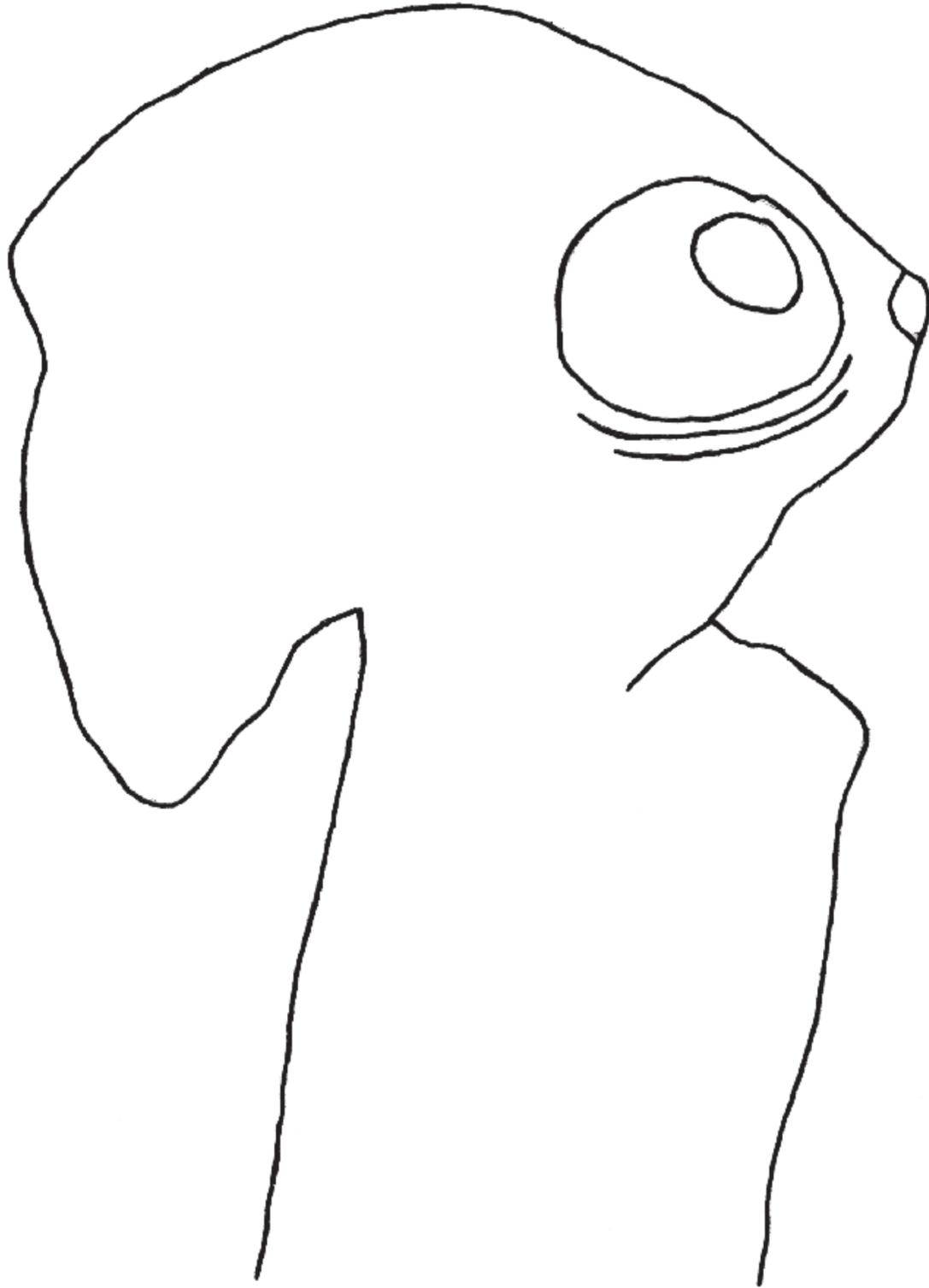




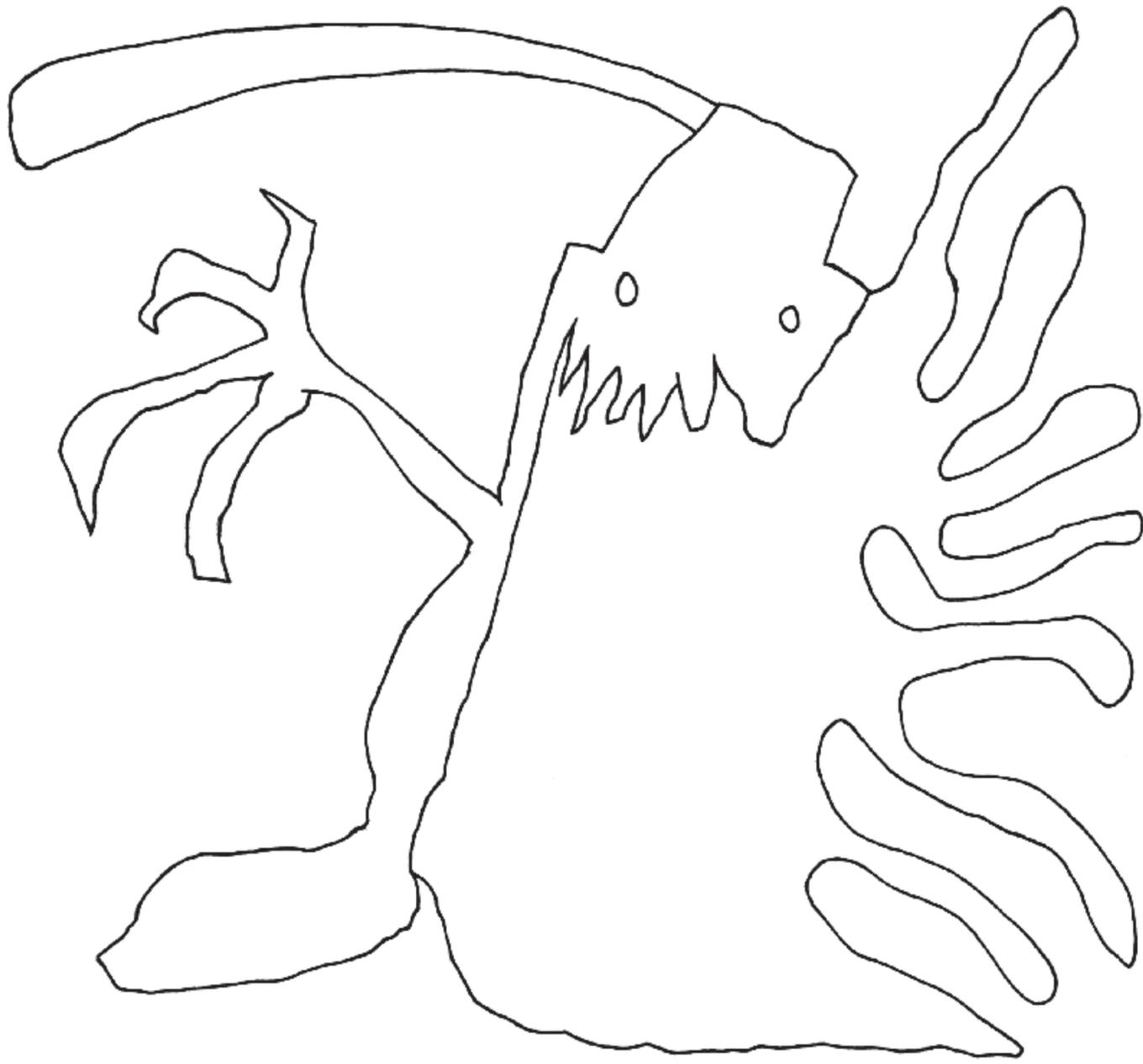


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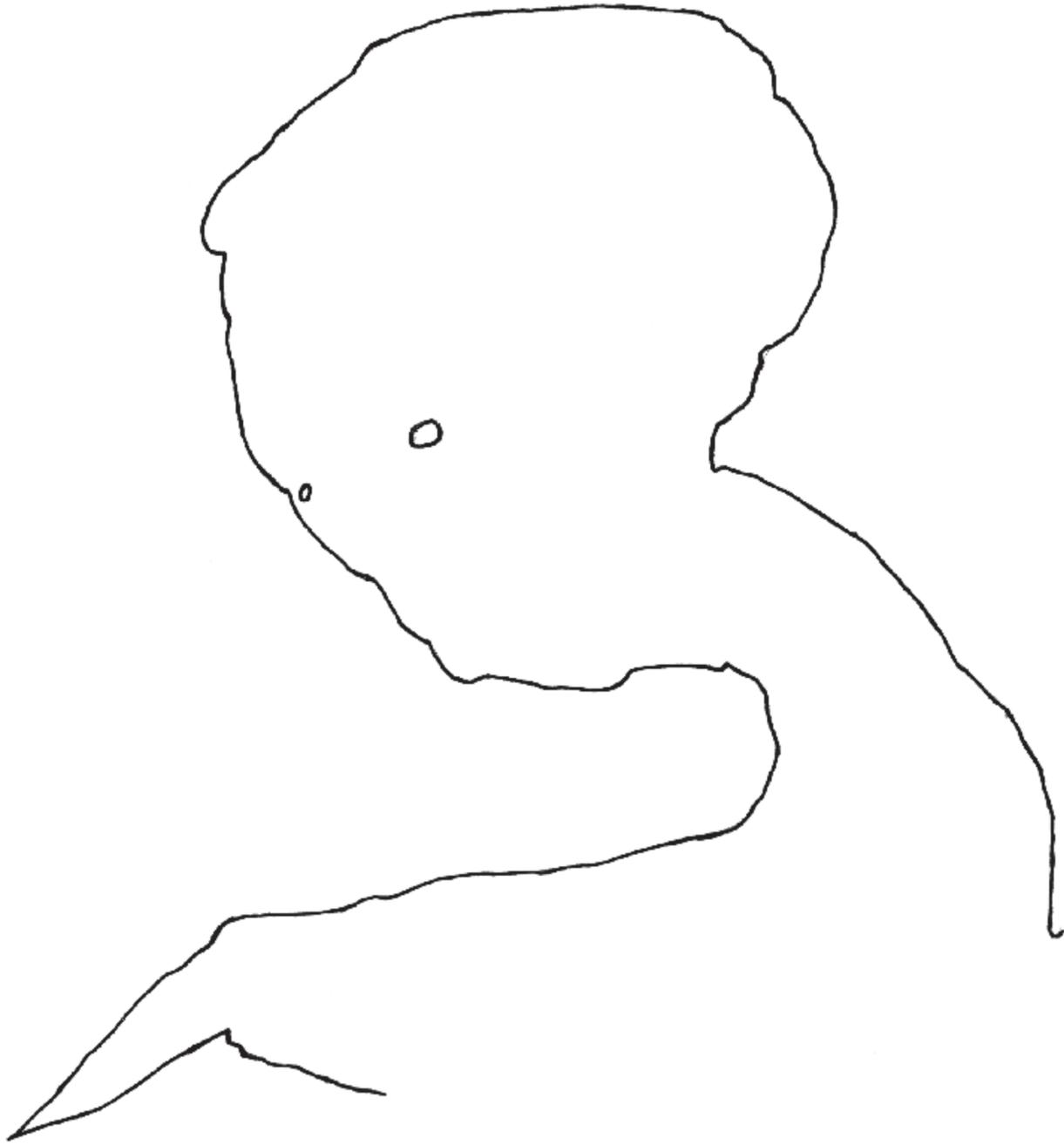




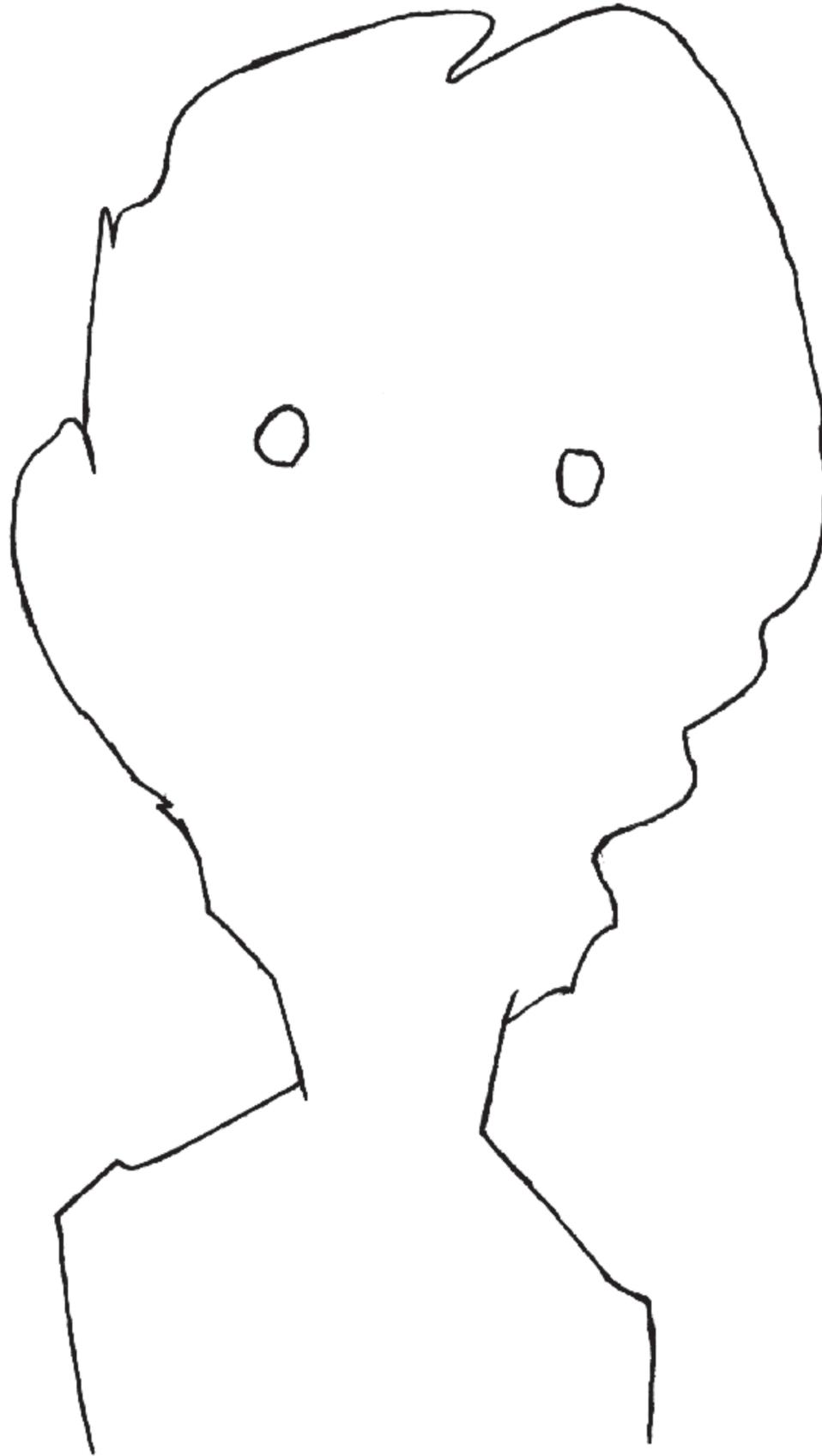




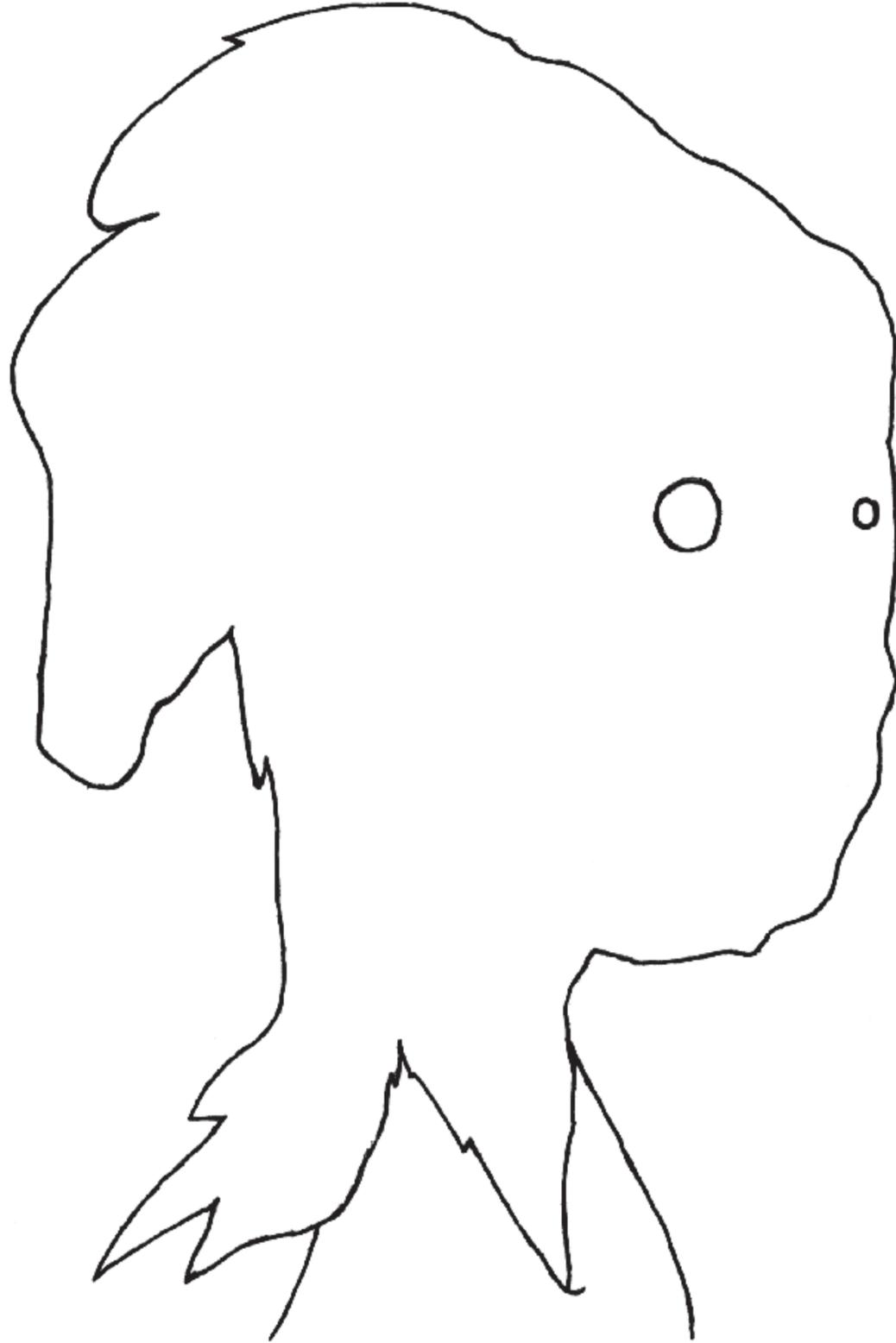
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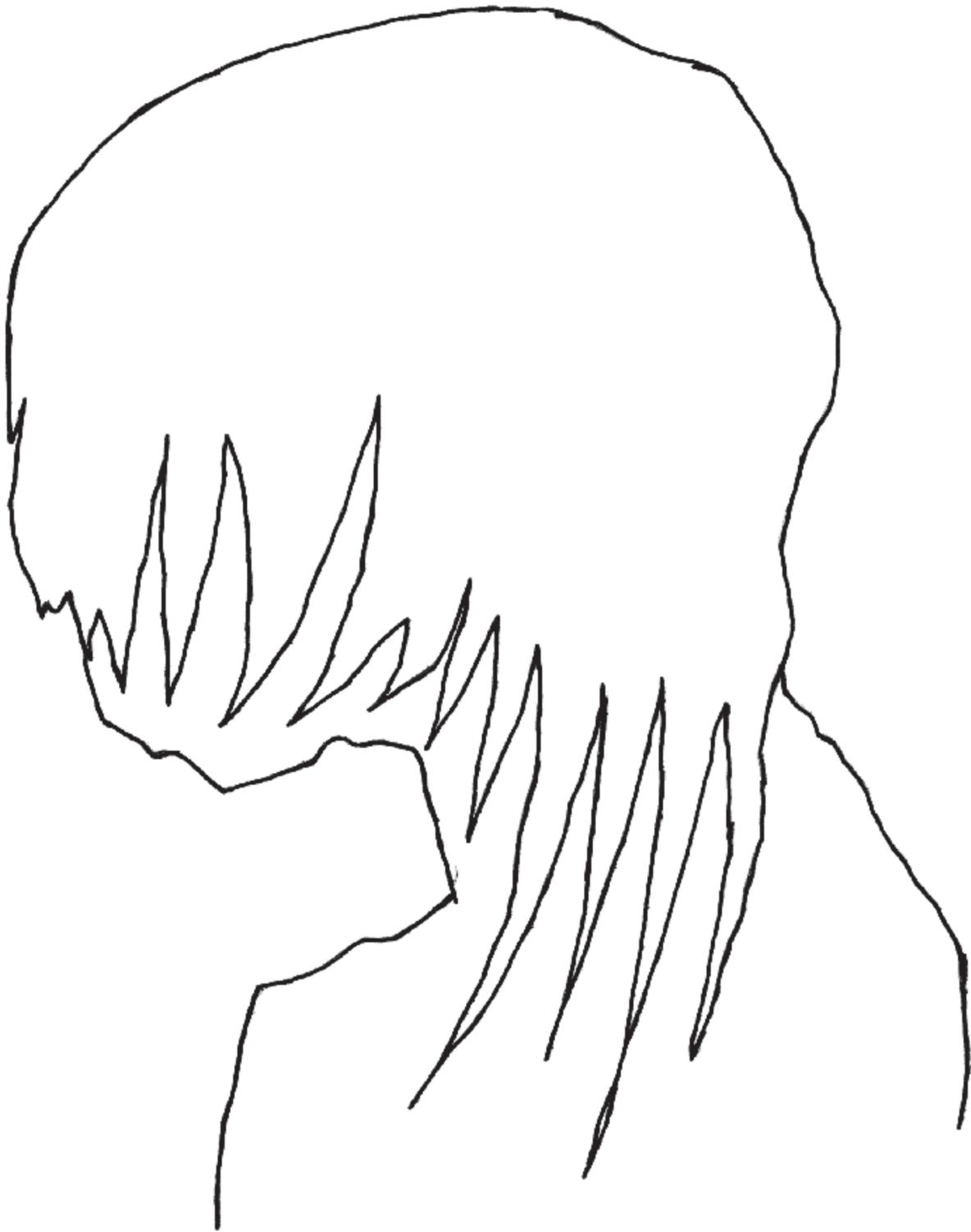
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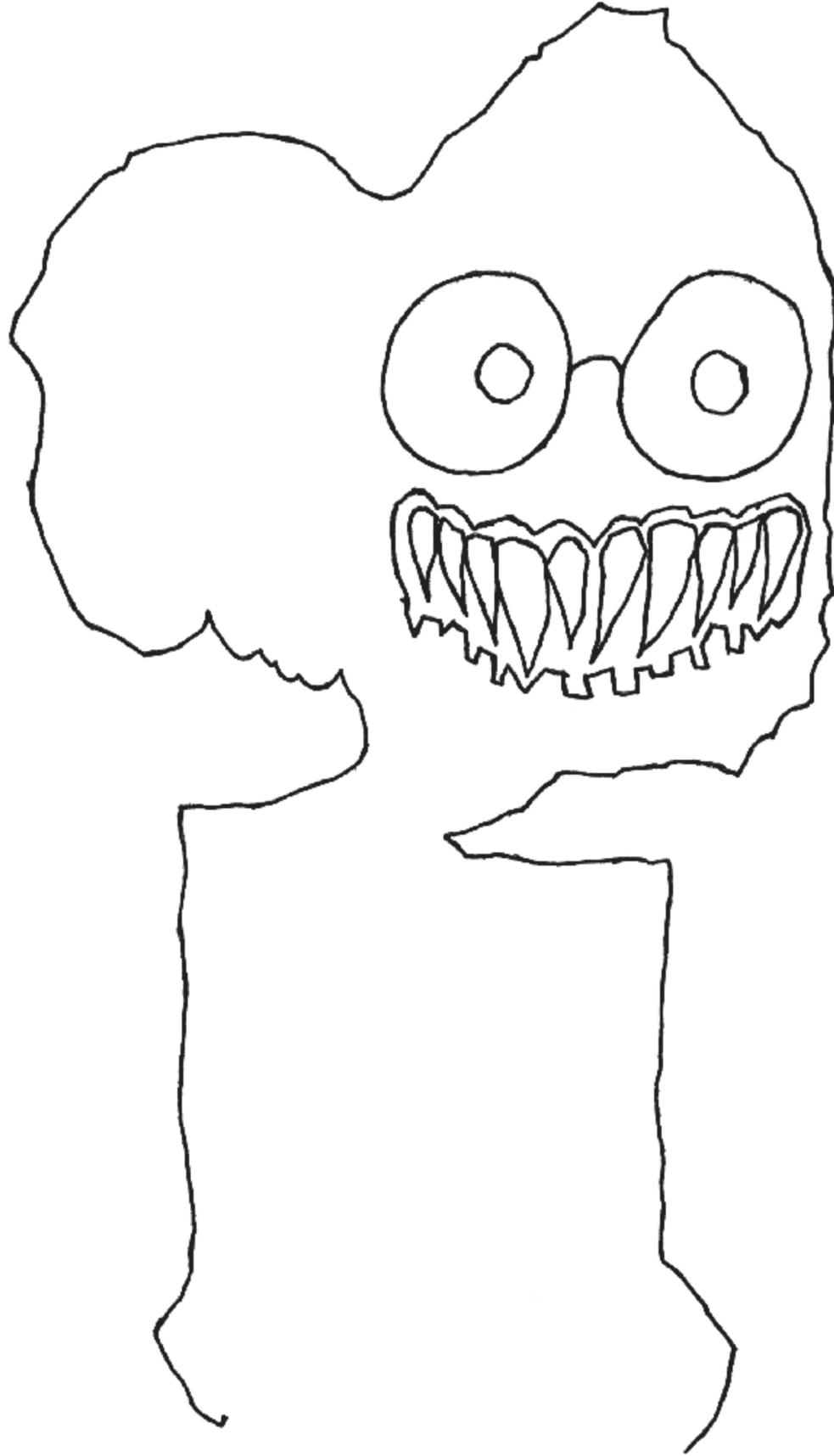
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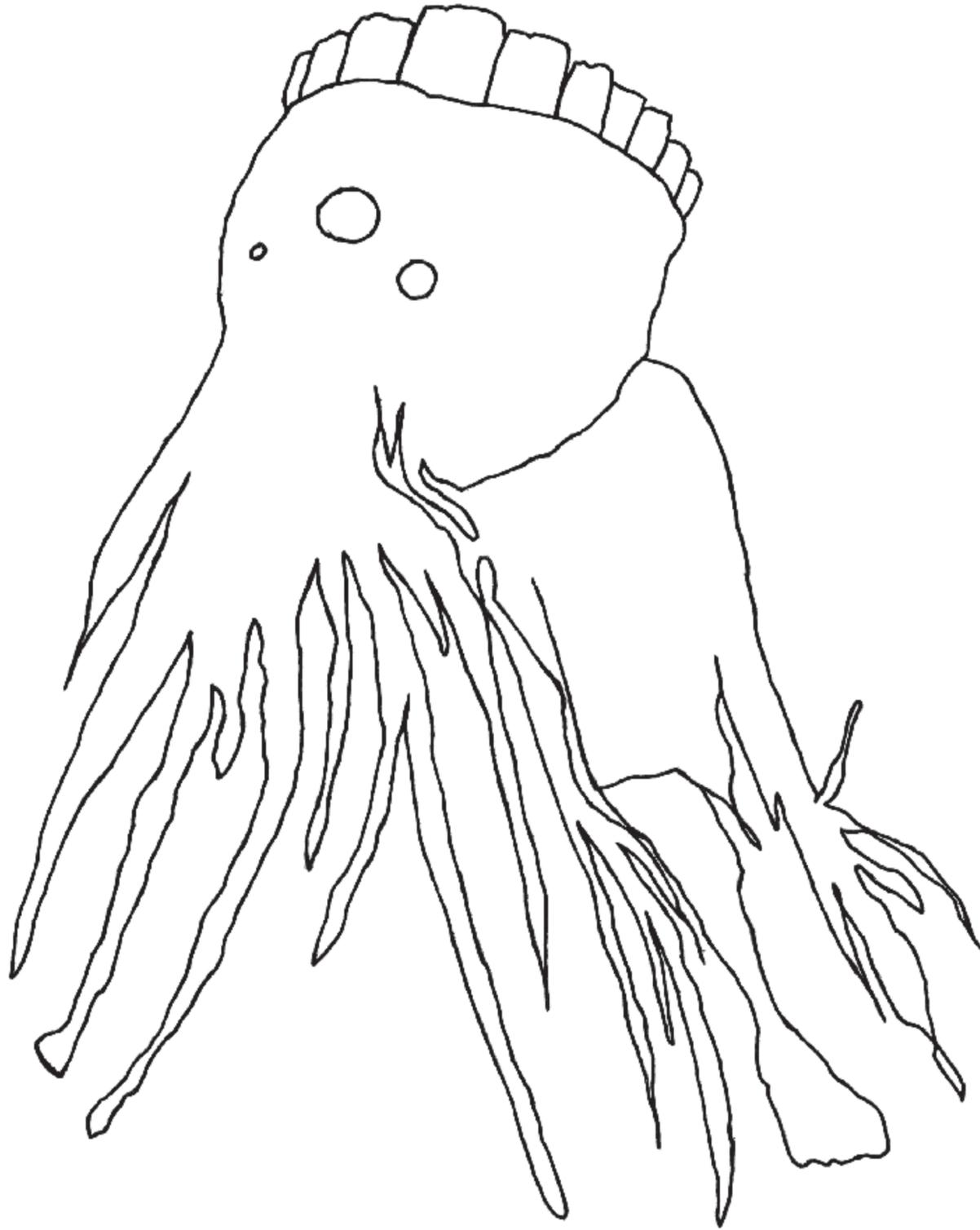
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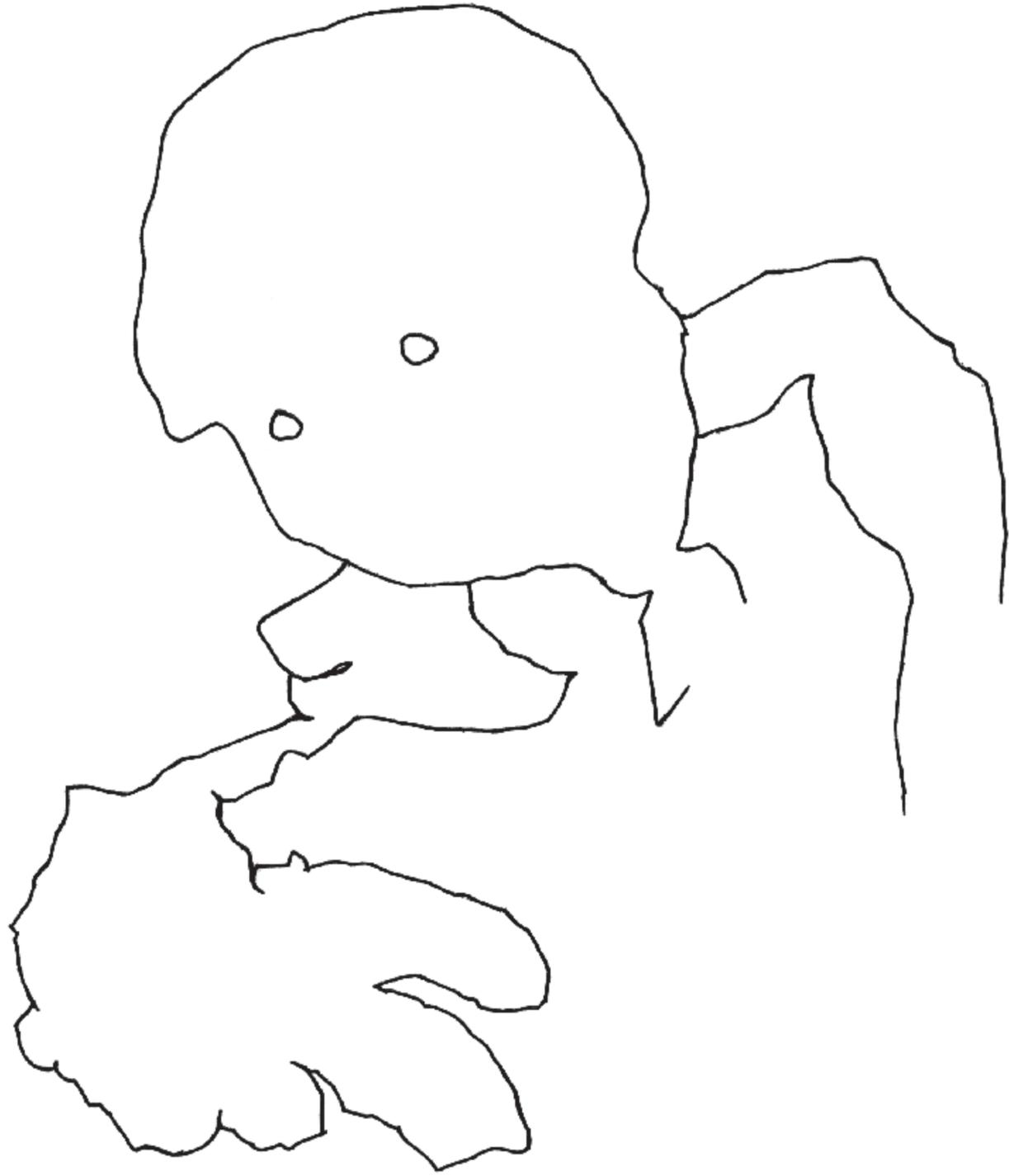














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