

V1.1 02/28/08

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Pretend you don't exist.

Act as if you [don't] wake up to the monotonous cackle of your half-broken alarm clock today. You [don't] get up and see a dead man in the mirror staring back at you. Imagine for a moment that [for once] you [don't] choke down the cardboard-textured cereal sitting on top of the fridge. You [don't] scrub off the filth on your body collected during your comatose state. You [don't] brush your teeth. You [don't] douche your oral cavity with liquids to prevent the gum-disease known as gingivitis. You [don't] squeeze your mass into a layer of fabric and tie, button and/or zip it up. Glance at the time. Gather a few possessions.

You [don't] pluck yourself unexpectedly from an idle status into a frigid world of machines, currency and garbage. A world where you [don't] exist.

With or without you, the cosmos proceed. You've missed your train. You've fallen off. You've been left behind. Nothing in the future changes in your absence. No strange species of marsupial ceases to exist once you have. People in the future do not suddenly have one eye, a 3rd arm, a secondary stomach, 7 dicks or extra-sensory perception. They're exactly the same. The minute slot of space and time you took up in the history of existence has collapsed, self-terminated, cancelled out.

Develop this picture in the bowels of your mind. This is your self portrait. This is your résumé. This is your autobiography. Your _

“This entire job is dicks,”

she says.

And at this moment, for those of you who care: The sun shines down annoyingly just like every other morning, shit whizzes by, things happen, etc.

“The cunts sat me in a cold-as-shit room for like 3 hours doing absolutely nothing when I could have been being trained for the position. I haven’t even got started in the department I applied for, so I have no idea what it’s like, but I already want to just tell them to choke on a flaming bag of chocolate-coated cocks and get the fuck out of there.”

The drive to work is never long enough. You’re snatched out from a state of mild comfort in the car and tossed out into the world just as you were in the transition from your bed into this speeding metallic box. There’s no real relaxation in this majestic transportation vessel foreshadowing a bright and glorious future because she keeps yapping about the predictably shitty job that she’s heading to day 2 of. And then of course there’s always the fact that she doesn’t exist. You have this silly hobby that absolutely no one knows about where you imagine other people narrating your life as if it’s theirs’. Today it’s that skinny, most likely drugged-up girl you saw on Halloween who:

1. stood next to you and spoke as if she could have been somewhat interested in you, or things you had to say.
2. wanted to bang you.

One of those, probably. It doesn’t make you comfortable to analyze and assume things about absolutely anyone or anything that happens to you, but you do it all the time. It doesn’t really do anything for you, it’s just a thing you do.

She looked like she was 2, and by that you mean maybe 17. You can’t recall if she was attractive so you’re just gonna say she wasn’t. To be safe. You remind yourself that you’re pretty desperate though, so you might still “hit it,” as you’d say. But you can’t guarantee that her supple frame would keep her alive through all of that, if you know what I mean. And by “I”, I mean “you.”

So this coked-up toddler sex fiend, for lack of better words, is narrating your shitty life. We’re off to a spectacular start. You’re aborted and abandoned by the automobile womb that nurtured your tired man-fetus body for all of maybe 10 minutes from your run-down home to your job. Clearly your esteemed 2 years at a community college near you “studying” digital “arts”, philosophy and psychology are paying for themselves.

You are Ted. Or Bob. Or Steve or Mike or Rich. It doesn’t matter. What does matter is that you’re an intolerable cunt. And in a few months, everyone you know will be dead.

MARCH

13th, 2008 A.D.

The sounds of horns

act as the music for the ending credits. The list of names absolute. The characters, directors, producers, writers, cinematographers, grips, union guys: all shrinking in importance as the list rises and grows. Existence filthy with its own secretions. Nothing is clear anymore. The radio drunkenly seeps ennui. Whispering back dirty secrets. The belated audio reminder of the stain on the species' panties. Every day is a cloudy afternoon and every black night is a void.

Someone hit the pause button on the world. The wordless music backed with percussion from the creaky freight elevator slowly descends into the lowest bowels of times. The Halloween candy tastes like every tootsie-roll you've ever eaten. Like they're all surplus tootsie-rolls from the 70's. The distant crackle from one or more small fires and the droning radio's jazz/static assist the day-long afternoons and infinite nights in passing. The lack of background noise is the absolute most unbearable trait of today. An abandoned civilization's noises feed off of your sanity. They invade your mind, throw every object off of every flat surface in your brain and begin to procreate on it all. They're sitting on your couch watching "the game" when you return, eating your food, drinking your alcohol.

"My... hands..."

The others look into the direction of your uproar. No one speaks anymore. Again we are cave-dwellers. The world has exploded and resurrected by Dali in 6 days. Few useful possessions exist. A species given the most random of tools to continue life with. A plastic Jack-O-Lantern filled with Halloween candy, a working (if that's actually what it does) radio, fliers of pornography, plastic, a plastic building full of plastic people shattered and scattered.

Everyone is orphaned. Back to school. We were once all holding a yellow knotted rope. Single file. Out to lunch. Into class. The rope is taken, the teachers away. The playground now a fortress. The class now a tribe. The school now in chaos. Hide and seek. Go underground. This is where you'll eat, sleep, and rarely bathe. **Do not deviate.** Do not approach. Only follow. Only observe.

Nothing else today, consumed by pitch. To be consumed.

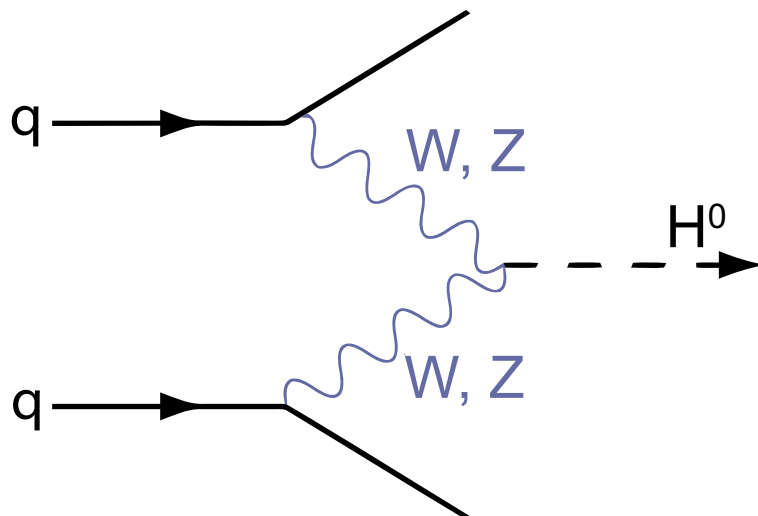
~ JANUARY
[DATE UNKNOWN] 2012 A.D.

It's not about me.

I won't take responsibility for any of this. I'm giving it all to you. This can be your legacy now, your struggle. I'll just remain a nameless voice. A voiceless presence. And by "I", I mean "you."

I'd say "let's start from the beginning" or some stupid shit. In fact, I did say that, but I don't mean it. It will be the same tale no matter what order in which the chapters are read.

MAY 2008



*[celerators, people both inside and outside the physics community have voiced concern that [CORRUPTED] might trigger one of several theoretical disasters capable of destroying the Earth or even the entire Universe. This has raised con[CORRUPTED] risks outw[CORRUPTED]gh [CORRUPTED]otential benefits of constructing and operating the]*¹

¹ Recovered web data fragments. Origin unknown.

session concluded