



Eristocracy

A Confederacy of Peepants

By Eris S. Nyx



Incidental Press

“Eristocracy” is copycat (shit) by a moron

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ON-POINT c/o PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO™
SPECIALLY MADE FOR
ERIS NYX

OLD IDEA BASED ON UNRECOGNIZABLE PARTS
INHUMAN PASSION, LITERALLY

“SHAPES OF SPEECH” OR THE “PUNCTUATION”

5% APPROACH

A COMPROMISE BETWEEN 0 DISTRICTS IRREGULAR OR
SIMILAR MOTIONS

SIGNS OF “WORK COMPLETE” – AGAINST HUMAN
INTERACTION

A PERSONAL COMMENTARY – HAS NOT A REASON TO
EXIST THEN

SPEAKING NEITHER TO THE TOURIST & PURIST
SEPARATELY

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Thanks to no one

Cover art by Charvel

*For all ov thee lambs ov thee House of Lamb, including
mother Sybil herself, and all ov thee other lost klars.*

Godstars never fade they merely r.

Actually, the singleness of pornography's intention is spurious. But the aggressiveness of the intention is not. What seems like an end is as much a means, startlingly and oppressively concrete. The end, however, is less concrete. Pornography is one of the branches of literature – science fiction is another – aiming at disorientation, at psychic dislocation.

- **Susan Sontag** - *The Pornographic Imagination*

It's called Synechode, you ersatz peon.

- **Walter Kaufman** - Nietzsche: Peepants, Psychologist, Antichrist

Greek genius admitted the existing fearful impulse, and deemed it justified; whereas in the Orphic phase of thought was contained the belief that life with such an impulse as its root would not be worth living. Strife and the pleasure of victory were acknowledged; and nothing separates the Greek world more from ours than the colouring, derived hence, of some ethical ideas, e.g., of Eris and of Envy. When the traveller Pausanias during his wanderings through Greece visited the Helicon, a very old copy of the first didactic poem of the Greeks, Hesiod's *The Works and Days*, was shown to him, inscribed upon plates of lead and severely damaged by time and weather. However he recognised this much, that, unlike the usual copies it had not at its head that little hymnus on Zeus, but began at once with the declaration: "Two Eris-goddesses are on earth." This is one of the most noteworthy Hellenic thoughts and worthy to be impressed on the newcomer immediately at the entrance-gate of Greek ethics. "One would like to praise the one Eris, just as much as to blame the other, of one uses one's reason. For these two goddesses have quite different dispositions. For the one, the cruel one, furthers the evil war and feud! No mortal likes her, but under the yoke of need one pays honour to the burdensome Eris, according to the decree of the immortals. She, as the elder, gave birth to black night. Zeus the high-ruling one, however, placed the other Eris upon the roots of the earth and among men as a much better one. She urges even the unskilled man to work, and if one who lacks property beholds another who is rich, then he hastens to sow in similar fashion and to plant and to put his house in order; the neighbour vies with the neighbour who strives after fortune. Good is this Eris to men. The potter also has a grudge against the potter, and the carpenter against the carpenter; the beggar envies the beggar, and the singer the singer."

- **Nietzsche** - *Homer's Competition*

Eris whose wrath is relentless, she is the sister and companion of murderous Ares, she who is only a little thing at the first, but thereafter grows until she strides on the earth with her head striking heaven. She then hurled down bitterness equally between both sides as she walked through the onslaught making men's pain heavier.

- **Homer** - Iliad Book IV

[**Editor**: More like Homer's "Shmille-i-ad"]

[**Editor**: Shill-I-Ad would have been funnier]

ADVERTISEMENT

Dramatis Personae:

Emotional Vacationers

Masochists

People with Mental Health

Robot/Monsters

Roller Derby Stars

Pedophiles

A Sex Worker

Cretins

Totalitarians

I Piano Player

Dada/ Futurists

Strippers

Earls Girls

Song, Dance Comedy &
Carnival Acts

Set Description:

A teenage girl decides that since the world is spoiled, she will be spoiled too. She embarks on a series of destructive pranks to rebel against a covetous society.

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I - Prelude: Are Erections Important?

By Chip Wilson

We live in an era which 100 years from now will be known now as the time when de-masculinization of men occurred. Underlying feminization of men will affect the deep psychological reasons men have erections. My concern is the continuation of the human race.

I think men have to feel like a man to have an erection. Most times this “feeling” is in response to the relationship with a female, whom the man interprets (in a million different combinations) to be feminine.

Whether a man gets an erection or not largely depends on his interpretation of his partner’s femininity. This is why there are so many female prostitutes and so few heterosexual male prostitutes. Men can’t fake an erection to make sex happen.

Men are now interpreting that women and the media today want them to be more feminine. I tried this in the 1980s and I decided to become an inauthentic, more feminine version of myself, but soon discovered that women did not in fact want a feminized man in bed.

Unfortunately, with the proliferation of porn and sex bots, men are able to find their masculinity in a fake, disturbing virtual world. The more men think they have to be like women (to succeed in business) the more men will display their masculinity (they now have to hide) only in the virtual world. They will not know why they are taking refuge in the virtual world, but it will because of their need to fulfill on masculinity – which the world of social media no longer finds acceptable.

As women can now go to sperm banks, men are actually not needed for reproduction. Women can easily fulfill their innate reproduction need on their own.

World wars of the last century defined men in a particular way. The idea was to not be one of the 60 million killed. What it is to be a man to survive wars is no longer needed. The further we get away from WAR, men evolve and naturally become more feminine. With wars now being fought by robots, drones and computers behind desks, women no longer need male protection from the concept of war.

Ultimately, women need to be raped. It is the only language they understand. Women enjoy rape. Don't let them tell you otherwise, because they are notorious liars and don't know their own minds. Women want to be held down and fucked hard. They want to be made to cry and scream. Women have a biological imperative to be raped. Did you know that women who are raped are twice as likely to conceive as women who have unprotected consensual sex? It is a fact. Women who are raped often have orgasms as well - some women have never had an orgasm in their lives save for a rape. The desire to be sexually dominated is deeply programed into the woman. This is a fact of evolution that cannot be denied without women becoming unbalanced. Feminism is really just an outward manifestation of an internal problem with modern women. These 'feminists' desperately want to be put in their place. That's why they act out so much and are so belligerent. Whether they know it or not, subconsciously they want to piss men off and get men to make them submit. They want to be slapped in the face, told to shut the fuck up, and then raped until they can't stand up. This is what women really want. I say we give it to them.

We are in an era when men and women have to redefine what feminine and masculine means and then honour "Le difference"!

In any business partnership, success comes from two very different aptitude's (finance and creative for example) coming together with a great appreciation for what each other bring. In the world of erections, we as a society must preserve what makes sex work. Sex provides humans with the ability to get through the rocky times of a relationship.

Frankly, I fear for the end of relationships between men and women and hence the end of humanity.

-

A pigeon had flown into a barbed wire fence, breaking its neck and wings by trying to escape. It lay there dead, a plastic bag wrapped around its neck; a gruesome aura.

Discharged.

Tight. Right?

-

Chip and Eris exchanged looks of satisfaction and amazement as these two strangers were sucking their cocks. They could not believe that they had picked these guys up in the bar just a couple hours ago with the full intent of fooling them into thinking they were getting a blow job from a woman, namely Chip! Now, both of these guys were on their knees worshiping their cocks with their mouths and tongues.

2 - The Psychotic

“A human being has two parts and no more – the desiring-pee-part, and the dying-pants-part.”

-Peepants Proverb

Abraxas or a missed ataraxia? Penance for a crime unknown or punishment that she deserved? They say that predatory animals always hide their weakness, and one asks, what did that make her; the authenticity of schizoid splitting against the policeman; a tree falls in the forest, and it falls on a trans woman...

“Shit went south a few hours after I got to the Island... some head tried stabbing me with a dirty needle in downtown Victoria than follows me for a good hour or so screaming at me... I ended dipping out of the island and headed back to van the next morning.” - Paul Waggener of Operation Werewolf.

“What’s your name? Paul Wang Hammer? Seems sort of wack... You guys should be called Operation Pork-chop... uhh... You must be like a uhhh... beat you ovah the head with a uhhh a phone... uhhh... ‘don’t let cha’ call ya’ mother-in-lawh’ kind of guy.”

Eris would have censored this book, just like the last book she had written, but she has done terrible things, she has seen unbearable care-bare-able things. Cioran says that every Stolas commands an overdue irresponsibility in hell, and Eris thought “this book is a suicide diatribe, and when I’m finished writing it, I’d very much like to kill my father and fuck my mother. I’m *Sylvia fucking Plath’s Oedipus*, like, I should get bashed in the head with a silver fucking plat-ter. Like uhh... Plath, Platter, get it?” Really, Eris?

She wasn’t brave enough to be a pork-chop operation, and she knew that; and she was too busy watching the

shattering of the ecstatic existent replay in the face of average everydayness; her glorified Mr. Peepants slowly chipping away under the collective Pauls' Wanghammer into Poopantsosity. As a person condemned to bean-coming a huge fumbling Fibonacci sequence, she thought she had to find solace in the humbling circular nature of presence; or to sometimes be able to contemplate existence on a level of destining, although there wasn't much relief there; being a dancing farce, destining for beans, with the drive to revenge. This, much like the drive to offend, is frequently motivated by a profound feeling of betrayal. So Eris does dope when she feels bad, and Eris does dope when she feels good; the dope makes Eris feel bad, but Eris doesn't care; it also makes her a bad writer. Then again, she is already a terrible writer; the Gucci said so.

Each day, the horror of being begins again, and she wakes up from the simulation, and bakes her bread; she bakes Sour Patch Kids into her sourdough – “it makes it more sourer”. She tries to perspire; to write about the simulation, to cause a stimulation in the unwashed masses; but her writing is a printer's error... Her latest book *Bing-Bong's Paradox: the Tragedy of Bing-Bong* is a bunch of bullshit and obliquely, she draws parallels to Pantalone, and rants and raves about inter species reproduction, polygamy, and reproduction, within the specific context of the “Arthur universe”. She dwells on the dichotomy of subject-object, of subject sandwich; a potato without any friends; oregano without organs; rhizomes without fry zones; she is Bullshitneto, the master of bullshit, and she can't run with her own kind because she's so arrogant; it's why she takes Baron Von Crust Dust's Chlorpromazine Mental Remedy when she writes – snorting smashed up Flintstones vitamins and Cialis pills. “I'm a lone wolf, a wild stallion, I ejaculate, I'm Joni Von Mauchenheim Syndrome”.

A vote for **X**, is a vote for lawlessness.

A vote for the unknown is a vote for lawlessness.

Paint **CRUST** on your jacket.

Vote for **CRUST DUST**.

The Lorax lied to **YOU**.

-

Eris sweats through her shits at night. When she wakes up from the simulation, she tries to write, she bakes her bread, she rests her head, and all of thee marmalopes end up dead.

Her blankets are stained yellow with sweets; “read my Hitler books!” She’s showing off her Hitler movie collection again to some innocent woman she wants to fuck – “you ever see Sweet Movie – they fuck the kids and eat them... and what the fuck was Wonka doing wrong anyways?” – and Eris has Wonka Vision, as in, her vision is fucking wonky, and she didn’t care, man. “I love the Sex Pistols. Because they epitomised mobocracy... They say that if a dog has rabies, you have to put the damn dog down.”

Everywhere she looks is suffering, and her existence is plagued with its undeniable presence. Eris’ snorfling is asinine because she is so self-importantly narcissistic, so self-imotent, and she wonders about how it’s possible to quantify suffering. At her writing / bread baking desk, she is mumbling to herself “man-o-man, I am so anxious thinking about inevitably being baked into bread; being braked into bread. Klorpus ‘The Jokester’ Dan-Sein who laughs at ‘The Society!’” Freud would say Eris is driven by an immaculate castration complex; Valerie Solanas would say she is driven by an immaculate vagina complex; Eris would say “get me to Mars” but she lived on Solaris. If we are to at this point imagine a review of the film Solaris, Solanas would probably say “this is one wonky wacky

Russian film about the Ship of Theseus alright; hope this gum doesn't turn ya' into a fucking blueberry, ya' dickhead".

"Holy doo-doo. Alright Jill-Pepe, calm it down..."

-

Eris cooks herself breakfast, she calls it pan-bread, but it's mostly flour and water burnt to a crisp – a Christ-Pe. Eris thinks she is getting cancer from scratching her Teflon frying pan; "that's why I call it pan-bread"; she's reminiscing on other great trans thinkers and she sinks, she distinguishes herself as stink; stink stank stonks. "It's like yeah, of course...Being a trans woman is great – you can change your name a physical appearance, disappear and run away from all the people you harmed with your dangerous rape rod," she mumbles as she cooks; cock; crockles-vrop-vrop. Pan-bread.

-

Eris lives in a crumbling bumble house of wimbles, and she inhales a whole can of computer cleaner to get high in shimbles – "smoochy doosty" – she calls it. She listens to the Smurfs LP at the wrong speed and laughs herself silly. "The Smurfs made the best music of mankind" she says with little inflection of irony.

After cleaning out her lungs, she tries to gas up the dullness of her life and leaves the gas running while she goes to buy nitrous oxide from the cooking supply store. The clerk says "I could make so many jokes right now," and she just stares blankly at him, her sanity is not taking hold as it did.

"I can feel my whippet brain burning;
Can I feel my socks,
Am I 'earing different
Socks."

The seagull has a broken wing and cannot fly, it is having a difficult time crossing the road. Cars are almost hitting it. Eris rides past on the seagull on her bicycle in the morning on her way to work. The seagull is going to die. Sadness wells up inside of her. “Only if my tears could make you fly once more, then I would drown the entire world with my tears.” You see, Eris is a huge pussy faggot.

Chimmy, the Game, where only people who aren't hunted command others to die. Where the only reason we want free will is to be able to criticize others. Scrupulosity indeed. “To imagine a world without war, violence, rape, oppression, or death is an absolutely foundational misstep in all ontologies of progressive political discourse. These things are at root the nature of the universe and a by-product of the primordial schism of the noumenal world rending itself from nothingness; of one equalling zero,” she thinks.

At *Precipitation Housing Society*, when asked to present about the overdose death rate in the peepants warehouses, she says “look, things aren't good, but in this world, we do the best that we can. ‘I am the best,’ says Nietzsche. Just like my father tried to raise me the best he could. ‘Be the best,’ says Nietzsche, and I think you can't do anything but be the your best...” You can't be anything but be what you are, but her coworkers stare at her like she is the worlds most torpular torpus.

Outside, when on a cigarette break, where-in she is broken by her cigarette, she pumps the brakes, and takes on the luminous penchant for snapping qualms. She quips to her cohort that “no one here, like, *listens to music*; it makes me feel like I am dying, because no one here knows who *Lil Bo Poops* is... No one here *listens to music*... Ya know? Like, I feel loopy. Loopy, loopy, poopy. *They'd may* diagnose me with

schizophrenia... If they may'd... Ya know? If they heard me talking to myself like this... that is..." Her co-worker finishes eating an English muffin, she crommles it up her scromfter, and rushes off back into the office, "my coffee is cold".

"Well, then warm it up," thinks Eris.

*Tramlope, tramlope,
let down your English muffin.
Peaches, preaches,
she sat down on her tuffin.
Rick Cocaine.*

-

Eris drives with morons, and Eris scores with junkies. The junk makes Eris bunk, so she should be called Bunky. Nodus Tollens; Rückkehrunruhe, "indole, yummy, yummy indole."

"The heroin gums up because of xylitol or xanthan gum or some shit in the caffeine pills that they smash up to stomp it down," says her dealer, at the social housing project, Tra-La-La-House. In these situations, Eris has to pretend not to be herself to avoid the poopants postulation put down by those who run *Precipitation Housing Society*, which states that one cannot attend an abode when one works for the organization.

And Mr. Peepants is also at Tra-La-La-House; the tramp. He is sitting in the corner and is cooking his dope and mumbling the following special Pee-Plan for the pee planet: "\$28,000 of purple purple purple peps plops cut 19 times with caffeine carbogluteneofree aids mess AKA down I've consumed in 40 days of using. My secret savings GONE. I'm not going anywhere anytime soon I will secretly save up again and work smarter next time BY NEVER thinking just once I can use

oriental Opioidal ointments, China white from a China man. The Shame of fucking myself over I'm an evil fuck myself in the ass bang bang bang in my arm my creativity and hard work WaSTED I can no longer afford to beat myself up I'm too stupid and weak its 2pm and to get my ten 50 dollar a shot "medicinal" doses this junkies got work to do time together organized and connect myself to a place of detox because I'm a fucking dope pig, it takes a half gram to get undopesick where 4 weeks ago 3 dollars would make me feel like I might be having an AI day. A week clean I take 10 bucks worth of Morphine that had Carfentanil residue from Betty's mixing bowl and I'm dead blue and horizontal. The world is finished wouldn't you want to know and feel the pain of a 100 years of devolution by incestuous banking families."

-

On her wall at home Eris kept the rose she wore to her wedding (Grundle Remix). "I swear to god someone is going to get fucking miffed... Let's mail the condo people boxes of cat poop." She says to her colleague the next day at work, who has been ignoring her since their last conversation.

"So ur not gonna talk to me?

But,

*I am no feeble Christ, not me!
I am so horny I could scream
I am dizzy with the intensity of this feeling.
I want / need / am greedy to be."*

-

"Let's just mail the condo people boxes of cat poop."

“If your body feels sick! Kill yourself.”

The manners of address; the list of authority; of honour.

What if Willy Wonka was Wally Wacka, or Wally Wammy, or Simmy Simian, or Slimmy Shanty; candy gerrymandering anecdote,

Bulgarian; or Croatian; or Czech; or Belarusian; or Ukrainian; or Macedonian; or Polish; or Serbian; or Slovak.

Eris is afraid to gout (go-out / outside) because people will stare at her, because people will mock her; she is a mocked bird; a pessimistic announcement. She tries to look attractive but she knows her head is as fat as a bowling ball (bawl) and her wide shoulders make her instantly *clockable*. When she is (we are) with others, she is (we are) only with others as an idealized version of what she thinks (we think) the other should be; but who is this other. Another; other osmosis; other times; she drinks a German wine

Note: German wine is notoriously tasteless.

“Well, aren't they living in Germany, Germany is EXACTLY LIKE AMERICA. Your indolence is intolerable.” She screams at herself at her writing desk.

Benign mindlock: shoving your acrylic nails into people's urethras in order to make them cum.

When she isn't at work and isn't writing, Eris has diarrhea, constantly, and especially at parties, like ones where the Big Bopper hangs out with 13 year old debutants, and they dance around to *the Penises* as loud as Eris' stereo will play it. She feels bad about herself, knowing that even with sugary, sugary, surgery she won't be that fuckin' teapot from *the Beauty and the Beast*. She wants to be Mrs. Potts, but she is the literal *Bride of Penis Envy: Nightmare Person*. She is a crass catastrophe.

“I was originally going to call this book *I'm a Big Gay Fag Who is Going to Get My Penis Sown into a Vagina Inside of Me...* Amazing stuff. And writing this was supposed to be like therapy, but you have to **go** to therapy for it to be therapy... Ya' know? Wake me up before you go-go. The Go-Go's. The hoe hoes. My aunt liked disco and dated an idiot. H'oh boy, if people didn't like the last book they're sure gonna' accuse me of being a pedophile fascist edge lord Nazi for writing this one... ” Eris is talking to the Bop, who has the wisdom of a White Five Percenter, and the same type of tolerance for her bullshit that lurks lengthily and lethargically in lexicon limbo. Eris had really Barton Finked herself. Eris is Bort. Eris is an a-bort-eon.

“Your book feels, squishy...” quips the Bop.

-

Eris stops by a local café to get a coffee on her way to work at 666 Poo-Well. She pisses. There are three squatting bearded old fucks sitting at a table while she orders:

Man I: Being trans is a mental disorder. It's is an unwillingness to accept yourself as you are. It is not a hormonal misbalance, it is a self confidence misbalance. Childhood trauma plays a factor. Transgender people are fucked up in the head and need mental help or to simply die.

Man 2: The world is over populated. Trans people are the answer to solving a population crisis. Their genetics are weak and they do not deserve to breed. Do not let your children become sucked into their trap. But if your child does, kill them. They are weak. Then kill yourself as your blood line must also be weak to have created such a weak offspring.

Man 3: Lesbians are fine and gay shit has been happening since the beginning of time. Ladyboys have always existed but changing your fucking genitalia is sick. This is unacceptable. We are not all created equal. Trans people are weak. Faggots are weak, but at least most of them know and accept it, they are the flashlights of the world. They are meant to help curb over population. Stupid fucks kept breeding and now we have trans people. Do climate change a favor and go kill your local trans person.

“Here is your coffee sir.”

Eris sits at her table, she runs her head into her hands, she is having trouble writing her book. The feeling she was experiencing and trying to express – a private world - occhiollism. She is a private in the army, and her colonel is Mustard, and her war is Jumanji, and the brungle is a fire joyously burring against the ennui of life - the same boring ass; *themeology: personal name; given name; surname; patrilineal and matrilineal affixes; nobiliary particle. The Best of John Barry.* She sure as sugar presented piss; trying to imitate all the big fat toady loamy poopy dooty brick heads who wrote dumb ass books about nothing. *The bulbous light bulb that burns bulbous burns the most bulbously.* Bodies growing gayer and brittle and sicker with age; fighting over whose weakness is worse. Liberosis and mauerbauertraurigkeit.

Eris wanted a mother, she felt like she never really had a mother.

*“Everything feels sad for a bun.
Everything feels bad for a bun.*

*You left me for the apples and now I'm all alone,
You left me for the apples and now I'm on my own.”*

Her girlfriend, qua psychologist, tells Eris that broken people surround themselves with other broken people, and that broken people surround themselves with broken books, and in an attempt to see themselves, they develop the neurosis of two, where-in two people's psychosis feeds into and plays off itself; “mirrors of madness reflect mirrors of madness. Manson... you know.”

Some time later, Eris goes to the doctor because she convinced herself that she had contracted HIV from “cutting open her titties”. When the doctor asks why Eris would think this, Eris explains that she has “gender iden-titty disorder”.

Note: being a genius and being ugly as fuck is always a bad combination – it makes you sadistic *and* manipulative; it is far better to be beautiful and naïve.

Note: “Naught on my anus” – Steve Ignorant.

Her doctor explains that the DSM-IV-R lists four main criteria for a diagnosis of gender identity disorder:

1. **Strong and persistent cross-gender identity:** Adolescents and adults must display a persistent desire

to be the other sex, frequent pass as the other sex, desire to live or be treated as the other sex, or believe that they have the typical feelings and reactions of the other sex. In children, cross-gender identity may be demonstrated by meeting the following criteria:

- a. *An insistence that one is or desires to be the other sex.*
- b. *Children who seek a male-to-female transition must display a preference for cross-dressing or simulating female attire, and those who seek a female-to-male transition must persistently wear stereotypical male clothing.*
- c. *Persistent fantasies of being the other sex, or a strong and persistent preference for cross-sex roles in make-believe play.*
- d. *Intense desire to participate in stereotypical games of the other sex.*

2. ***Persistent discomfort with their sex or a sense of inappropriateness in the gender role of that sex.*** *In children, this may involve disgust with the penis or testes, or a belief that they will disappear. In adults and adolescents, it may manifest as a preoccupation with removing primary or secondary sex characteristics through surgery or hormone replacement therapy.*

3. *The disturbance must not be concurrent with a physical intersex condition.*

4. *The disturbance must cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.*

"It was almost like: 'Wow, I don't matter.'" Eris says. "Like why do you think I'm so fucking crazy anyway?" (Eris has weird ingrown hairs on her *ass* but not on her *anus*.)

“I am so depressed. Nothing makes me happy.”

Eris' dad is a navy man, he said that “the sea is a lady(boy), Tommy.” Probably because everyone in the navy is a fucking faggot and slut for girldick.

“I’m not a man, I’m not going to fuck you hard. I’m not a man, I’m not going to fuck you hard. I’m not a man, I’m not going to fuck you hard. I want to kill myself,” Eris says to herself under her breath while she is taking out a fresh loaf of delicious deliciousness and gorgeous gorgeousity.

Displaying your nude body is an attack and an affront to decency.

A naked trans woman is an attack on society.

At “therapy”, Eris’ girlfriend delivers the poos that trans women always commit the abuse, because underneath the trans woman, after all, is a poopants, and poopants, after all, are poopants.

Brothers; - Brother Nazi - did not match any shopping results.

“You are in the business of buying and selling packages, you see,” says the courier.

The hurrier hurries, courier couries.

Eris first; always first. Therapy is her girlfriend. Eris second; always second. Therapy is writing. Eris’ joy in life, self is aggrandizement – a will to power playing out like a glass

bread game – a rocket with no satiation until it has spent itself and blown itself to smithereens.

Why was she like this; a Chia Pet that you smash.

“If you're poor, you're a victim of an imperfect system. If you're a tranny, you're a fucking degenerate fucking up Western society.

There is a slight difference.”

“If you don't want people to treat you like a boy, why do you dress and act like one.”

Eris' reads her daily reminder, provide by her doctor, that there are 3 causes of homosexual deviancy:

1. A boy is molested and develops a sexual fixation on men.

2. A boy grows up without a father figure or strong role model and seeks sexual or romantic relationships with other men to compensate.

3. Men who have a strong hatred or fear of women turn to other men to meet their sexual and emotional needs.

“I am literally a mental illness and I will identify which gender I am and then sort myself out.” Eris says. She nods in agreement, and wonders if “the more power you have, the more powerful you become, the more power you want...”

And you see, Eris had ruined her body through a process called Hormone Replacement Therapy. She took cyproterone acetate to chemically neuter herself, and she took estrogen to cause the development of secondary sex characteristics such as breasts and a “feminine pattern” of hair, fat, and muscle distribution.

-

At Precipitation Housing Society, Eris had seen people institutionalized because they were “criminally insane”, and forcibly and constantly surveyed by “the government”; given injectable antipsychotic medication against their will, hunted by the poopants police.

-

Exulansis; Eris is having trouble writing her book. “At this point in life I know better than to express my feelings to others. My loneliness is profound. Everyone thinks I’m a crazy asshole. Well, how would everyone fool anyone if their uniqueness was picked apart day in day out, like they were a blunder,” Eris says to her “therapist”. And in that therapy session, Eris’ therapist explains that writers and their impact on the social semiotic go beyond their writing. “Celibate celebrity, Trans Exclusive Radical Feminists put up a billboard that says ‘I love JK Rowling’. Do you want to be the hero of our times, Eris? Do you believe in the end times, Eris?”

-

A sissy, an artist, an academic, a lunatic, a peepants, a poopants, a narcissist. An asylum of herself.

A sick man, a sad man, a firm man, but a fair man, he drove a hard bargain, but ran a tight ship.

The Riddler, just a bootleg sphynx; a digital muse.

The Riddled Riddler Riddles

Eris is angry on the *Nygmanet*. The *Nygmanet* is a net that en-nets everyone; enframes everyone via *brainwaves*; the barren brain not. It was invented by Edward Nygma, an eccentric researcher at Wayne Enterprises, and is a device that can beam vision signals (OP-TIC-S) directly into a person's brain. Some, but perhaps not all, would say it was odd that Eris was using the *Nygmanet*, as, after killing his supervisor and staging the death as a suicide, Nygma resigned from his job and plotted a revenge against Eris due to her inane content creation on the platform, which Nygma saw as culturally destructive. To this day, Nygma obsessively sends her riddles; perhaps, as a favor to Eris. In comes (incoming; in cumming) criminal psychologist Chase Meridian, who diagnoses that Eris as psychotic.

On the *Nygmanet* Eris writes:

Public shaming continues to be used by our society, and toward me personally. A live example of shaming can be seen on my Amazon book link, where shammers have rated my last book 1-star while gloating that they have not nor will never read the book.

cancel (v.)

late 14c., "cross out with lines, draw lines across (something written) so as to deface," from Anglo-French and Old French canceler, from Latin cancellare "to make like a lattice," which in Late Latin took on especially a sense "cross out something written" by marking it with crossed lines,

from *cancelli*, plural of **cancellus*
(n.) "lattice, grating," diminutive of *cancer* "crossed bars, a lattice," a variant of *carcer* "prison" (see incarceration)

-

Eris was just writing her book, when you came here.
She will be writing her book when you leave.

She is Esoteris. She is alone.

-

Eris is writing her book:

~~"This is the story of how the ugly hag of a transsexual ruined her life"~~

My recovery brought me to this book, so today I will laugh and smile, for today I am alive and free.

RECOVERY IS WONDERFUL!

[...]

I - Mommy

Chapter I: Be the Tortoise, not the Hare: Alberta Man Celebrates 80th birthday with 100th Marathon

"Being the only pig in the pig slaughterhouse is kinda' weird when all the other pigs are being slaughtered and you painted a pink star on yourself and you are screaming 'I'm the pig with the pink star' but you're ignoring the pigs being slaughtered. Hahahahaha... I think what's important is art that is intoxicating; art whose purpose is intoxication; art whose drive is intoxicated. A free art, an art free of charge." Eris says to Mommy.

Whosoever shall speak my name shall not sin for they shall know God.

Never having known a father, her father died before Eris was born, Eris depended on her Mommy for everything and regarded her Mommy as a father, girlfriend, sister, boyfriend, brother, money, amusement, and mother.

Eris was "eight" years old, living with Mommy in a ramshackle house on the east side of hell. Actually, Mommy was trying to get rid of Eris so they could spend all their time with a thirty one year old starlet genderqueer twink who was refusing to fuck them. The quality of people's life here was such much different; here, where you don't trust a soul, and everyone is a solider, a mercenary. Here, *à l'avènement de la force mécanique*. Here; around these parts, Eris was known as Peepants Rothschild.

SLUMS OF VANCOUVER,

the slum is where Eris *chooses* to live.

The Downtown East Side stinks.

Garbage covers every inch of the streets.

The few inches garbage doesn't cover reek of dog and rat piss.

All the buildings are either burnt down, half-burnt down, or falling down.

None of the landlords who own the slum live in the disgusting buildings.

The doorways of all the buildings are filled with peepants nests.

It was like the city she lived in was divided in two. Two cities; a tale of two kitties; one without governance, and the other so *corrupt* that its ownmost self digestion and demonism was unimaginable to its judgment. The corrupt cat always hated the ungoverned cat and tried to entrap it into rules because it couldn't accept chaos as an answer to its own sins, and the slum always operates to the rhythm of a topsy turvey Alice in Wonderland ethic - where rape and violence are the commonality, and sedition is sovereign.

CITY OF VANCOUVER,

oh fuck pig plagiarism,
belly slippers, poodle temper and bad music.
Sensationalism and fussiness,
complacent young men,
so much respect for Papa and his son!
Papa is wonderful: but all papas are!
FUCK bad change,
slouching blue policemen,
and stupidly rapacious people at every step.

Eris and Mommy fought a lot.

In an ouroboric loop, Mommy would be a stupid selfish bitch, or Eris would be a stupid selfish bitch.

Frequently, and perhaps without seeing it, Mommy would zealously enforce the doctrine of apartheid in their homilies. “You must steer clear of jazz and abstract art,” they thundered in one session. “It is Communist and will lead you down a bad path straight to hell!”

To Eris’ rebellious eight-year-old soul-die-r, it sounded like exactly the kind of road she wanted to explore. Normally, if Mommy said it was bad, it must be brilliant.

-

“Zaz me and duck in our new ‘partment, yep.”

-

Mommy: “The only positive thing that you've said today is that you were a sheep”.

-

“As a child, I was convinced the world was about to end. When I was about six years old, and we still lived in Ontario, a Jehovah’s Witness rang the doorbell. I didn’t answer, but through the closed door he told me that we were living in the end times. That stuck with me. If a natural disaster was in the news, I was convinced the world was going to end. Maybe this is why I’m such an impulsive person. So it isn’t a conscious decision to hunt out these thrills?” Eris requites.

-

The city is disgusting.

Eris travels from place to place looking for some sort of entertainment. There are peepants nests all over the city,

and the poopants hated this. Sometimes Eris finds herself plunging within them, creepy crawl. She is perpetually bored.

"Some stupid shit stick keeps pulling the dinger" says the bus driver under his breath as Eris traverses the city, but she knew it's not smart to not pay for the bus if you're a good Busmyn. "What's up you insane maniacs?" says the red haired brombis. He lights a joint on the bus and does not pay as he steps on.

The bus, the bus, the crazy bus; the drugs in the city were bad, and they were killing everyone, real bad. Everyday Eris would ride past an overdose victim, and watch the murderous poopants police beat in someone's head beside body upon body. Occasionally, she would inject a peepants with an opiate blocker or try to breathe life back into their lungs.

Crazy bus, crazy bus
Riding on the crazy bus
Riding up, riding down
Driven by a funny clown

Wacky goony, goofy, spoony
High as a plane or a balloon-y
Crazy bus, come with us
As we ride, ride, ride, ride

-

Kuebiko; the toad spoke, saying: "as for this, the Crumbling Prince will surely know it." Thereupon [the Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land] summoned and asked the Crumbling-Prince, who replied, saying: "This is the Little-Prince-the-Renowned-Deity, the august child of the Deity-Producing-Wondrous-Deity." ... So [the Deity here] called the Crumbling Prince, who revealed the Little-Prince-the-

Renowned-Deity, is what is now [called] the scarecrow in the mountain fields. This Deity, though his legs do not walk, is a Deity who knows everything in the Empire.

-

Eris: “What’s a skeleton’s favourite instrument?”

Mommy: “A *trom-bone*.”

-

Note: Eris’ mother feared losing her home as a result of an elaborate, four-year scam where cybercriminals made them believe they had unintentionally helped terrorists. Eris’ mother told her that 60% of the restaurant’s Gordon Ramsay helped fixed on *Kitchen Nightmares* shut down because of cyber terrorism and cyber terrorist elements of the fringe cult that believed a human being could sustain themselves off of just air - inedia.

-

Eris and Mommy were like two rabbits baking cake; two rabbits making cake.

*You've traveled through spaces,
You've been many places,
Now please don't disgrace us,
Come play with our faces [feces].*

None of the pieces really fit together. They live in their gray house – “with garden and wonderful poo”. It was like *not not like Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, but was more like a fringe on the minge, where Eris puts her finga’ on the minga.

-

G'Oogle'd

Jeff Google of the Google Corporation (also known as Nygma Enterprises) categorized every piece of information ever discovered by humanity into a giant codex that was easily accessible by anyone with a Googler via the Nygmanet; and some people speculated that the Google Corporation held more power than national governments. In fact, Nygma Enterprises was so powerful that, in the human vocabulary, people say someone “Googled” something when they searched for information about someone or something on a Googler using the Google codex. On Planet Whatever, the sovereign had been murdered by Google, and the populace all watched each other now, they scrutinized each other through their Googlers, with glaring eyes, constantly sharing photos and other surveillance data; data is the best currency; and blurry eyes get that currency to buy Burberry.

Yolandi from Die Antwoord's haircut.

Thee Google codex indexes by life situation; by sequence; by culture; by trait.

Things Eris Googled today:
"Coco Bandicoot porn"

Things Eris Googled today:
"punk"

Things Eris Googled today:
"Racist goblins harry potter"

Things Eris Googled today:
“WIII i get cancer if I have constant diarrhea”

Mommy: “I’m going to dye my hair black, I look like garbage.”

Eris: “I think it looks nice.”

Mommy: “How can you say that, you won’t even dye your hair?”

—

And Eris and Mommy were taking any amphetamine they could get their hands on to stay awake while binge drinking bottles of liquor. Ritalin, Adderall, crystal meth, a lot of cocaine, sometimes crack bought in 20 rocks from the corner. They stood in line with the peepants that were considered poopants by the real poopants, the very same poopants with whom Eris and Mommy attended hip parties. Eris would say things in these environments like “if you don’t understand Dali’s support of fascism, you don’t understand art”, just to piss people off. Generally, Eris and Mommy sustained themselves through graft, graft, and graphs, through math dot com.

—

“A lot of what I do has to do with being bullied as a kid. It made me feel small, like an outsider. I’ve always been ashamed of everything. Maybe that’s why I’ve created a personality that has no shame. I was humiliated so much as a kid that I swore to myself I would never let it happen again. That’s why I take a step forward in combat when others would take a step back... But I do carry my childhood trauma around with me all the time. I struggle with it every day,” says Mommy.

“Only Tom Clancy can be Tom Clancy, or else you’d be Tom Clancy too,” retorts Eris, rolling her eyes.

One night, Mommy takes Eris to a huge party, with all the hippest, charged men; the men who charge. A high fee, Eris was supposed to be scouring the place for cash and drugs, and taking them and putting them into her bag. But, she was so fucked up that she thought someone dropped \$60 on the floor and it ended up being snotty Kleenex. Later that night, Eris thought that corn kernels, from a barbecue the chargees were having, were ecstasy pills and runs to pick them up, sweeping them quickly into her bag, saying to Mommy, “look, free drugs!”, before promptly noticing that that she’d been maize’d. Amazing.

-

They’re poor, and Eris can’t buy her own clothes. When she goes stockpiling, people stare and laugh at her because she’s an unclean faggot and everything she owns is a hand-me-down. Eris is a hand-me-down. Eris was stuck between male and female; neither coming here nor going, neither heaven here nor hell, neither peepants here nor poopants, neither farting here nor shit.

For weeks and weeks the drugs had caused Eris to agonize, sputtering. The parties were mundane and everyone was wrathful, and she herself was miserable and tortured; she. The sky was caving in on her. The sun was no longer bright; the air. And stale; her mind was poisoned. She wanted out. Out, out, out – she is fascinated by the crucifixion, civilization, vortex, brutalism and concrete. Eris knows that the sun doesn’t ask for thanks, but the party goers say the customer is always right. They say “thanks for shopping here”; pareidolia.

-

Mommy isn’t happy either.

Mommy takes antidepressants.

In general, newer antidepressants tended to be better tolerated due to their fewer side effects, and Mommy's therapist claims that the most effective drug in terms of reducing their depressive symptoms would be amitriptyline, discovered in the 1960s. However, amitriptyline causes emotional blunting, or numbness; a reduction in extremes of emotion, both positive and negative. While Mommy feels less depressed, Mommy also feels less happiness or sympathy.

Eris and Mommy went and saw *The Emoji Movie* in theatres.

Farce Brook

The Facebook Corporation (also known as Nygma Incorporated) ran an indexed codex of all of humanity, living and dead, called the Facebook Book of Humans. You could connect with anyone you wanted via the Facebook Book of Humans.

“Look up Eris Nyx on the Facebook Book of Humans and check out how they plan to riot and break into houses, and demand the government for free drugs because they should not have to detox because they don’t want to. Also they are mad paramedics aren’t coming to overdose calls as fast because of COVID.”

“Eris Nyx doesn’t bring anything up on the Facebook Book of Humans. Are you having a stroke?”

“If it helps, the profile picture is a ... man? Idk but someone with short black hair, naked on stage with dare symbols

covering their genitalia, they have self harm (fresh) cuts all over their chest with a caption that says how they push youth towards healthy and safe choices.”

“Eris Nyx. This is a rabbit hole I wish I hadn’t jumped down.”

-

Eris wrote *The Emoji Movie* a message via the Facebook Book of Humans because she was upset.

“HeY EMoji Movie u sukc”

The Emoji Movie typically takes a week or more to reply.

“fuk you fuk yo for not repson i paid moeny for to see ande it was bae bade plesase give me \$15 back EMOKJI MOVI”

-

Negatively, and uncontrollably, Eris is fascinated by the Nygmanet. She believed that in the future you would be able to upload your brain to its omni-servers. Pay as you go programming; do you mind for everyone to watch; to watch your mind; this would be the consequence of such upload upgrades; an inevitable capitalist mimicry post mortem. If, and when, this were to happen, a part of Eris decides she would put herself on display amongst the other exhibitions; an atrocity.

-

In a mid-October Facebook Book of Humans posting, Eris wrote that she has self-confidence issues and doesn't always feel accepted, “however, I am with Foucault, there's always some kind of dark room in depths of society. Chomsky wants

to create a cozy prison, Foucault knows that there is no such a thing. The world right now is going through something crazy, and it's nice that I get to see a light and share it with everybody around the world," she says.

-

Time Person of the Year

The *YouTube Corporation* (also known as *Nygma Vision LLC*) ran a tubular video corporation to be watched on the teletype screen of your *Googler*. Their slogan was "Watch and die duder," and it was popular with the youth.

"beck you were just a grammys elite shill cunt illunmati suck slave on television,, you have no business in real punk rock"

- YouTube Viewer

"i'm so sick of these assholes saying what is or what is not punk. i'm Christopher Scum and as punk as they get."

- YouTube Viewer

-

Eris thought she was a genius.

Eris was a self-obsessed.

"You doing smashes of Tramadol?"

"You doing smashes of Tranzlamozdol?"

"You doing smashes of Tranzlamazilodol?"

"You doing smashes of Trans-Am-o-lo-dol?"

Locked in a personal hell. She, a thing, polluted; life was onism. The gloopy ones were the omni ones. The worst actors are always the most authentic people. The pants with the most pee in them turn into the pants with the most poo in them.

When she was a child, Eris grew up in a religious family; religious enough; she prayed to God to wake up with a vagina instead of a penis.

As the quarreling went on, Eris became consumed with negativity. She felt that she was finished. She felt that hope no longer existed. And she was in Nopla – a place where time and space have bracketed themselves off forever in a loop where she was constantly attempting to fulfil her responsibilities. People seemed upset with her because she wouldn't shut the fuck up, especially Mommy, but she was only saying what she says she has seen, and what she believes; and she attacks whoever says she has not seen what she said she has seen; and she has sheen.

At parties people call her a man, a relentless brute, and it would be ever thus until time is no longer time. Neither, Heaven nor Hell, if they exist, could avail against the brutality she had imposed upon herself. . . In any case, she would tear herself apart as in some ritual dance of atonement at these parties. "That which is seen", she thought, "could be unseen with certitude". That which is not, she would perform, if she had to.

And now our humble viewers, we see that Eris existed in real despair, and seemed to speak to others as if to those

who knew the true secret of happiness and being in the world. It was as if only now she has abandoned that world; and now she was absolutely separated from it, but not dead, but the others are separated; they still revolve around her corpse, but the others are separated.

She was not dead, but was separated...

Eris was the “sister” of a smoke machine. She sampled the smog juice. Siblings normally have similar tastes. Any machine can be a smoke machine if you break it enough, even a body without organs, that is – pure libido.

-

Eris thought that Mommy dated Eris so that Mommy could get used to ramrods again after getting the rod so many times.

"I don't have anyone to talk to" Mommy screams at Eris and slams the door to their bedroom.

-

Mommy takes Eris to see the latest porno directed by an upcoming local film maker, Samuel Shockart. At the climax and finale of the movie, all the people with Real Cunts™ come to screaming squirting orgasms, the only trans woman in the movie doesn't even get to cum (come).

All the dykes qua men leave the theatre; turned-on and ready to fuck each other with their fake cocks. Some insane lust about trans women who aren't, and who never come, as they shouldn't.

Eris wakes up that night with “the fear”, severe panic attacks, and her body pouring pores; probably the

amphetamines leaving her, but the plaintiff is in the pudding, and her life of lies is serving her a subpoena.

Their behaviours latch on to them, worse and worse.

Eventually, to support their customs, Eris finds work, and is thus set free from grinding poverty. But, if you get a job, you become the job.

-

Chapter 2 - Warehouse

So it is that she works in a peepants warehouse – Warehouse #25. There were currently over 150 peepants warehouses that warehoused peepants who had been stolen from their nests, and Eris thinks that she serves the peepants, but she really is rationalizing poopants morality. Mostly she describes her life as “managing a giant party where everyone is drunk or high, and her role is trying to stop fights and peepants from dying from taking too much heroin or other drugs”.

Warehouse #25 was a giant box that the government had designed to be a utopia (think of the optics). Warehouse #25 was a masterpiece to those who contemplate the wonders of cities and the marvels of travelling, but the trouble was that this utopia did not have a benevolent creator. “The government” had designed quite a few warehouse environments before they got to the 25th one, and didn’t expect to be watching a happy story. “The government” also forcibly sterilized the disabled. “The government” also forcibly sterilized people of colour and Indigenous people.

Warehouse #25 started out with eight peepants, four “males” and four “females”. Divided into “common areas” and then subdivided into levels, with ramps going up to “bread areas,” the place looked great, and was always kept stocked with food and hammers, but its inhabitants were doomed from the get-go to hammer their wang. By day 560, the warehouse population reached 2,200, and then steadily declined back down to unrecoverable extinction. At the peak population, most peepants spent every living second in the company of hundreds of other peepants. They gathered in the common areas, waiting to be fed by the poopants, occasionally attacking each other. Few wombles carried fombles to trondle, and the ones that did seemed to simply forget about their trombles. They’d move half their londle away from

danger and forget the rest. Sometimes they'd drop and abandon a bondle while they were carrying it. The few secluded spaces housed a population "the government" called, "the beautiful ones." Generally guarded by one "male", the "females" — and few "males" — inside the space didn't breed or fight or do anything but eat and groom and sleep. When the population started declining, the beautiful ones were spared from violence and death, but had completely lost touch with social behaviors, including having sex or caring for their young.

Eris' boss at Warehouse #25 frequently micro-dosed acid, often coming to work too high and unable to work. Instead of doing work, he would do the New York Times Crossword. He sends her an email explaining this, which she saves.

"My friend hooked up with him and thought she was pregnant with his baby and he sent her all these messages saying if she didn't get an abortion she was ruining his life and he was going to kill himself. Then at the staff party I told him not to talk to me cause he's a piece of shit and he started screaming at me, he walked by me later and grabbed my waist close to him as he walked by, clearly to taunt me. I waited outside the bathroom and threw him against the wall and said if he ever touched me again I would kick the shit out of him. I love that this woman hating peace of shit is a Peepants Warehouse spokes person." Said Eris' coworker Heather candidly during a shift.

Patricia Reynolds was "the government's" representative to Warehouse #25 and she was caught up in a complaint. "We think it's a fairly well-known fact that the

ingestion of fentanyl can cause death. The peepants are supplying something they know could cause death to the people purchasing it," Reynolds says. "That's where peepantslaughter comes in."

"My son didn't deserve to die, he didn't deserve for these peepants to sell him this shit and for me to wake up in the morning to find him dead," a neighbouring poopants of the warehouse says at this complaint session, she is angry about all the discarded pee and rigs in her lawn which trigger memories of her son Shloopy's overdose death. "Shloopy may have held a gun to his own head, but the peepants that sold it to him are the ones that pulled the trigger."

Early on in her career, a peepants gives Eris a charm and explains that Eris is supposed to put the charm in an east facing window, to keep them connected. Warehouse #25 is falling apart, but the holes in the walls are covered in art held together by white glue and piss. On one of these walls is a note from near death to an inspirational speaker; a peepant's recovery from an axe attack come to an end; to astonish; social sharing. Trevor Greene trains his brain each day, 14 years after ambush in peepants Warehouse #25. And Mumphord Trudell says Reynolds' birthday wishes have given Trevor a "newfound confidence."

A skunk is dead in the middle of the road – roadkill. Mommy can't look at it and has to run away. "Did the skunk have friends who miss it? Does it have a family that misses it?" Eris thinks. There was no evidence as to her alleged sexual prowess.

The last time Eris had a job, it was in a factory where a peepants died by leaning out of a forklift trying to prevent some freight from falling off of the skid he had raised. He accidentally stepped on the lever and crushed his skull into the cage with the forks. Eris guessed it wasn't a case of him working too hard as opposed to ignoring all safety protocols, but Eris was sure if he wasn't worried about the repercussions of damaging freight, which came down from the poopants, he wouldn't have risked it.

“Can you please help me” says an old peepants to Eris, he has pissed himself on the side of the road. Eris ignores, keeps walking, “I’m off duty”.

In response to a peepants moving out the warehouse, and getting housing, Chelsea from the Assertive Community Treatment Team says to Eris, “Ha! Look at him! But you can't say that to him, ya' know?” The Assertive Community Treatment would round up people who hadn't taken their state enforced anti-psychotic medication and forcibly inject them with drugs or hospitalize them.

“I'm a pretty thick skinned guy.”

Complains to the news about minor incidences that others just deal with without whining to the fucking news.

POLICY WONKS HATE HIM!!

Find out how this pro barista got rid of stinky peepants epic style with this one cool trick.

“My opener is a tiny little elf Thumbelina woman who, as a matter of scale, cannot simply ask someone to move out of the doorway for her to open—she could be smushed by the stinky trollop of a peepants in the gateway. On behalf of my tiny, tiny halfling barista I entreat Mayor McCheese to please lower the difficulty in the hell we inhabit.”

-

“Someone told me I have something like Pee-nile cancer, and I said, what? You can’t be serious. Now I have to make my chemotherapy appointments.” Says Eris’ peepants co-worker

Note: he’s dead now.

Eris cannot tell if he is lying.

-

On her 45th shift, officers corralled and arrested an 18-year-old peepants in Warehouse #25 before bringing her to the drunk tank. She was released for a later court date and “faces charges of theft under \$5,000”, said poopants police. According to the judge, the peepants blamed her theft on men for their “failure to consummate” and claimed that “she has a new fiancée, and they have sexual intercourse regularly.”

-

Eventually, winter comes, winter again, and Eris is given a red fur coat by a resident of the warehouse, a young peepants in blue, Wammy Boo, who is also a bike thief by tirade. She isn’t allowed to wear her nice new coat because Mommy says it will give their house bread burgs. Eris doesn’t get to be a klar in a nice new coat, and the young peepants is

only 21 when he dies of an accidental overdose. He is found dead in the pee covered washroom of Warehouse #25.

“Optics, think of the goddamn optics. We help people and do no harm.” Says the circus master of the gray circus. This gray circus.

Image result for Orientalism Image result for Orientalism

First name; middle name; last name; posthumous name; temple name; placeholder name.

Things Eris Googled today:

“Quinoa diarrhea”

Eris' has scabies; Mommy tells everyone they have to wear poison.

-

The Shmear and the Peepants Party

Chris Shmears was a traumatized drunk, almost cartoon like, a clockwork burn. A drunk ol', lil', ol', raunchy, ol' peepants who tried to live high off the hog, but instead the poopants said “the boar should be sent to the pen”. Bored, the Shmear wouldn't wear pants, even if sometimes he would, and the other peepants beat him and he smoked meth, and crack, sometimes, and would sit in a corner and yelp, but we all have to take care of him, “because the Gucci says so”. On Eris' 375th shift, the other peepants of Warehouse #25 beat Chris so bad that he gets brain damage, and a young pregnant peepants smashed him in the head with a two-by-four because he sexually assaulted her.

"All the people out there. All my brothers. They're all Chrises (Christs)." And the Shmear's masterstroke was nearly complete... His name was Chris Shmears, and he was here to smoke weed. "What do you have there, Chris? Weed?" It was crack. He fell through the cracks. He was cracked.

What is life
It's terrible and
 we live it
and we...
 Emotion.
And unthinkable.
 And unthinkable.
And unthoughtable.
 And unphysical.
And retarded.
 And unthinkable again.
Did I say again?
 Again.

Wuti skooti gucci sinday
Gucci wunsty gucci vinchee
 Peter Pan Christmaaaaaas
Happy days fuck you fuck you fuck you
 Now I'm trying to get back and play
 The gucci says so
 And Def Leopard says so
 And still fuck off & that's the end of the story
Maybe it's not the end of the fucking shelter story!
 And listen after. The movies

sHE WRITES A SONG in a hamper box,
and this is a song by Chris Angel,
and Peter Pan.
Did you...
Don't hop the hoot
Cause you gotta learn where yer coming from

This is nothing free.
I wanna burn this whole house to the ground.

What are you celebrating?
My life of Death

-

The people in the condos complain about the peepants.

“You know I... get the fuck out of my house... that’s how Chris Angel writes a song... What’s a fingle tingle? Eh? Fingle Tingle? Huh?! You know what fingle is? Get out of my bad mood. Get in my tingle. Tingle is my word. Tingle. And pingle, and forgetful. And unthinkable. And unthunkable. And unphysical. And unlivable. These are all my songs. Now I rest my songs. And I want to be a good singer... Hey?! Unthinkable. And unphysical. And unthoughtable. And unthinkable. And I like to hear my music. My buddy is there, he likes to hear my music... I am a singer... Grandma is here... Me too.”

“You know what? I’m not going to put up with you very much. Every time I come I am nice to you. And I don’t want you to act up. No more yelling.” Says Heather. All the annoying dykes who worked in Warehouse #25 were fucking annoying. Heather, for example, was a “feminist mumpreneur in mismatched socks - shiny squirrel”. She was “in love with fear” (her words).

Eris’ prays for rain. It’s so dry outside the world is full of burning smoke. Eris smokes cigarettes on her break with the peepants of Warehouse #25. She worries because her breathing arrangement works in overdrive. The world is engulfed in smoke. Her mother worries. Her lungs are engulfed in smoke. Pray for Paris. Pray for Eris.

"Did you tell him?" says Eris bread.

"Tell 'em."

"Yeah, I just got off work and there were like 5 fist fights, one overdose and someone we knew got shot in the head... So I'm not drunk enough to be at that type of party."

Coincidence - if her goal was to protect the most marginalized members of her society, then she was supposed to navigate the crossroads of colonialism, the illicit, tradition, and chaos; she was to somehow preserve the balance and existence of these dynamics, which remain inherent in the lifeblood of the marginalized, and perhaps there was no choice in the matter; never mind, never matter.

Confidence - she wondered whether it was possible to remit any type of information to her superiors, whose work made them a fundamental extension of every colonial-medical-carceral institution, without playing into the inherent panopticonic nature of the carceral-medical-industrial complex. Surveillance data that is designed to monitor the health of a population can easily be used to police, even inadvertently, especially against those at the intersection of criminality and insanity – which include the demographic of peepants with so called “substance use disorders” who “may have a propensity towards various types of petty criminal activity”.

Fear – she had contributed her energy to a continuity of surveillance, and its punitive criteria and mechanisms, which on the basis of a mere deviation gradually strengthened its rules and increased punishment. Eris worries that she was contributing to a continuous gradation of the established,

specialized and competent authorities which, without resort to arbitrariness, but strictly according to the regulations, by means of observation and assessment hierarchizes, differentiated, judged, punished, and gradually moved from the correction of irregularities to the punishment of crime. She feared she was increasing the scope of the 'carceral' with its many diffuse or compact forms, its institutions of supervision or constraint, of discreet surveillance and insistent coercion, assured of communication of punishments according to quality and quantity; that she had contributed to that which connected in series or disposed according to subtle divisions the minor and the serious penalties, the mild and the strict forms of treatment, bad marks and light sentences.

"What if the censorship itself, part of a general repressive anti-sexuality, causes the evil, creates the need for sadistic pornography sold at a criminal profit?" Patricia Reynolds asks Eris on a visit.

"What if men are beasts and have no other purpose than to be tamed," Eris retorts.

-

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ERIS AND THE MAYOR

Eris befriends a crazy transsexual who would visit the warehouse to eat all the black beans from the central bean repository and have bowel movements that left no mark on the toilet paper. The transsexual frequented the warehouse office to talk to Eris.

When you are still joyful, and your fingers are nimble
and dancing.

“And it’s the most courageous thing that’s ever been done on earth, and if I can do it, than anyone can do it, because I was more possessed than anyone.”

“Mhmmm.”

“Your mammal brain is inside of me, she’ll get through to you. I will get through to you. She will, because your mammal brain is both in me and my mammal brain, and we’re both doing this together for our maximum wisdom.”

“I guess I’m not as relentlessly optimistic as you are...”

“Well that’s because you’ve disassociated from yourself and you’re living a lie. And you hate yourself in public. The front that you present... Now, I can see through that because you’re the most amazing being and you can’t fake that, okay? I can see through your lies. Can you?”

“I don’t know.”

Suicide: it is most commonly used in short-term management of anxiety disorders, specifically panic disorder or generalized anxiety disorder, but life is a loop. Loop it.

“When you are ready. Find someone, well, look yourself in the mirror, begin with yourself in the mirror and breast to breast, nipple to nipple, eyeball to eyeball, and cup your breast, tweak your nipple antennas pert alert between your fingertips, and when your nipple antennas are pert alert between your fingertips, enter that depth of movement with pert alert nipples while you breathe. What is it like? And then find someone you can trust, and say look ‘I am living a nipple pariah disease, a shame and public lie and that’s not me, will you support me and I’ll support you in doing the same thing?’ and then cupping, eyeball to eyeball, nipple to nipple, looking at nipples, looking at eyeballs, experience that. And then a

group of three and then a group of four, and then a group of eight in a circle. And then a group of sixteen mixed and that's the number of the mystery scroll celibates that Constantine, which was me in a past life, exterminated off the face of the earth. The pattern of a relationship is not a diode of male and female, it is a group of sixteen, and that is the primary nurture group and the tantric ecstatic sex between them, and this isn't what we consider sex, its perpetual foreplay sex, and what results is..."

Months later, after her 500th shift, Eris watches the same transsexual get pushed down into the middle of the road, spilling out the contents of her bag. A peepants is running away screaming in anger. Eris obscures her face so she isn't seen as the transsexual picks up her meagre belongings. Although Eris considered herself someone capable of deciphering semiotics, she receives a series of subsequent befuddling notes from the woman in the following days.

Chimmy Chimo.

On her 516th shift, Eris asks how the warehouse follows the mandate given by "the government", specifically its mandate of "helping peepants", but she believes the machination is simple and seeks to confirm her hypothesis with the peepants themselves. She sets up a little lecture hall in the laundry room of the warehouse, and lectures to the homosexual bald man, and Dank Dennis, who refers to Eris as "Couscous" because of the one time the warehouse served couscous instead of rice with dinner, which everyone hated. Eris prattles on to no avail, it is just jouska, "the commonalty professes a morality which is most closely connected with its essence. The first demand of this morality is to the effect that one should carry on a solid business, an honourable trade, lead a moral life, immoral, to it, is the swindler, the sex

worker, the thief, robber, and murderer, the gambler, the penniless man without a position, the frivolous man. The suspicious citizen designates the feeling against these 'immoral' peepants as his 'deepest indignation'. All these lack settlement, the solid quality of business, a solid, seemly life, a fixed income, etc.; in short, they belong, because their existence does not rest on a secure basis, to the dangerous 'peepants' who offer no 'guarantee' and have 'nothing to lose', and so nothing to risk. How much one would err if they believed the poopants to be desirous of doing away with poverty to the best of its ability! On the contrary, the good poopants helps themselves with the incomparably comforting conviction that the peepants' nests that surrounds them in every alley do not disturb the true poopants further than that at most they clear their account with it by throwing alms, or finds work and food for an 'honest and serviceable' peepants. But so much the more do they feel their quiet enjoyment clouded by innovating and discontented peepantsery, by those peepants who no longer behave quietly and endure, but begin to run wild and become restless. Lock up the peepants, thrust the breeder of unrest into the darkest dungeon! The peepants wants to 'arouse dissatisfaction and incite people against existing institutions' – 'stone them, stone them!' I guess I'm asking, have the peepants of the warehouse been intentionally denied the rights of their citizenship – cast as ferocious vagabonds – and deemed incapable of participating in politics, worth only of institutionalization and patronizing direction?"

"What a preposterous question", says Dank Dennis.

Most days, the warehouse residents would squabble over the milk delivery; when Eris was a child, her family would buy milk in bags, bags of milk. To get to the milk, you would cut the milk bag open with the "milk bag cutter" after placing the milk bag in the "milk jug". Imagine drinking a tall frothy

glass of milk, yummy, yummy milk. Dank, dank, Dennis. When Eris was a young child her mother would take her to Dennis' Dondle to buy bags of milk. Sometimes Eris would get a little dondler, as a treat.

"Franco Angel and his sidekick Prickles" mutters Chris, as he sips a tall Santa Claus Is Coming to Town, which consisted of one tall glass of milk with a red food coloured shot of gin dropped into it. The Shmear screamed in fermented madness.

-

Here comes a new challenger. Named Sassy; he used to sell drugs on *the Island*. He owned a house, a car and got married, but his wife was murdered in a drug deal gone wrong.

Sassy would die a short while after moving into Warehouse #25 from a brain aneurism. He used to steal 8-balls of crack, and Chris weeps like a baby at his funeral. "He would always protect young women". The stigmata of his life heals with his death as his friends release white balloons into the air. They all know where we end up.

Maybe from the insane inmates of the peepants warehouses we might learn; form hanging out with Sassy and Chris Shmears.

-

Your Baba: "Jesus weeps in agony. Upon his cross he weeps in agony for the living."

Your Bing-Bong: "How's your dog, how's your wife, how's your dog of a wife?"

And the Christians, with their horses and swords and pikes began to carry out massacres and strange cruelties against us. They attacked the towns and spared neither the children nor the aged nor pregnant women nor women in childbed, not only stabbing them and dismembering them but cutting them to pieces as if dealing with sheep in the slaughter house. They laid bets as to who, with one stroke of the sword, could split a man in two or could cut off his head or spill out his entrails with a single stroke of the pike. They took infants from their mothers' breasts, snatching them by the legs and pitching them head first against the crags or snatched them by the arms and threw them into the rivers, roaring with laughter and saying as the babies fell into the water, 'Boil there, you offspring of the devil!' Other infants they put to the sword along with their mothers and anyone else who happened to be nearby. They made some low wide gallows on which the hanged victim's feet almost touched the ground, stringing up their victims in lots of thirteen, in memory of Our Redeemer and His twelve Apostles, then set burning wood at their feet and thus burned them alive. To others they attached straw or wrapped their whole bodies in straw and set them afire. With still others, all those they wanted to capture alive, they cut off their hands and hung them round the victim's neck, saying, "Go now, carry the message," meaning, Take the news to the Indians who have fled to the mountains. They usually dealt with the chieftains and nobles in the following way: they made a grid of rods which they placed on forked sticks, then lashed the victims to the grid and lighted a smoldering fire underneath, so that little by little, as those captives screamed in despair and torment, their souls would leave them...

Jesus weeps in agony. Upon his cross he weeps in agony for the living.

Eris was Steven Colvert, who blushed – she was Jim Sheppars. She was Floompert.

“You’re mad because you’re phone got stolen? I’m mad because my life got stolen.” Says an Indigenous resident of Warehouse #25 to a white one.

On some Tuesdays, they mourn those killed by a volatile narcotic supply. Eris watches a mother cry into the ocean for her dead child – still a teenager. An elder comforts her saying that when we submerge ourselves in the ocean we are connected and one with all of creation, the living and the dead.

“Just to say. I do not affiliate with any sexual or ritual entertained within. A young friend of mine died of an overdose in the last few days. Yet I posted these files around 4 weeks ago.

God be with my 21 year old friend.”

My dad is a mind sweeper.

“My dad is a mine sweeper.”

“Does he blow up mines (minds)?”

She was dead at 30, you could say some people just blow up.

Some people just blow up minds.

A speedbump on the road of life.

“Our friend tried to kill himself and is still in a coma and I’m in Poopants Town and he was freaking out, so I wanted to check on him. Dude took like ten Ativan and then locked himself in his garage with his car running so it’d fill with exhaust.”

Eris realized she needed to tell her two therapists about this, and Mommy. Even she was having suicidal thoughts. Together, the three of them decided he should write a book.

On her 550th shift, a peepants comes into Warehouse #25 with an expensive crate of bottles of wine he stole from a yuppie wine store up the street. He sits in the warehouse, enthroned on his plunder, drinking the wine directly out of the bottle, and, as Eris watches, the phone rings. It is the wine stone whining about their wine. While staring at the peepants wine thief. Eris tells them that she hasn’t seen any peepants with any sort of wine, and that they were misdirecting their energy calling the warehouse. “You better get moving before the poopants show up.” She says to the peepants thief, after putting down the phone.

Shortly after the thief leaves, the poopants police attend to Warehouse #25 and administer an **OEQT Interview** to Eris and her co-worker. These interviews conventionally begin with the poopants trying to *obtain the peepants’ description*.

In the peepants system, criminals are the poopants (read: the poopants police state’s) eye on criminality; peepants selling out peepants; poopants chess; diarrhea chess.

Several days later, Eris finds the interview questions on the warehouse floor:

Q: Describe the peepants to me?

Q: What else can you tell me?

Q: What else can you remember?

“One day I’ll be famous.”

The peepants -

The populace of Warehouse #25 is tasteless. If one of the peepants (a child) puts down some garbage (a toy) and another one picks it up, the peepants (a child) will want the garbage (the toy) again and start a fight (*plot for a Nietzschean Children's Book; read: plot for planet Earth*).

In this warehouse world, the “Nietzscheans” are a subspecies of dweller who unknowingly, but religiously, follow the doctrines of Friedrich Nietzsche and, contradictorily, those of Social Darwinism. Many of the Nietzscheans claimed to be physically and mentally perfect, while others were “broken”. There was no hope for Eris either, as she thought her life was Nietzschean, and she heaved herself from place to place.

She wasn’t the only transgender there either, and she saw them there too. Like the woman who a man started to catcall while driving behind her, and began cursing at when she ignored him. This woman pulled out a pool cue and told the man to “get the fuck away from me you fucking creep”, and then he drove onto the sidewalk trying to run her down. She stumbled but avoided getting hit. Days later, the man came to

the warehouse to accuse her of breaking passenger side window with pool cue, but she reported the window was already broken. She managed to survive the incident unharmed.

Eris became disconnected, a dial up connection.

Please call:

Chantel Glover – 604 382 5968.

Candace Eatsaburger – 604 778 9113

Eris' favourite accomplishment of her first three years at Warehouse #25 was that no one got scurvy.

“Like an unborn child crawling to the end of the earth.

What would the world be if there was no cake thief, or no angry thief.”

– **Chris S.**

“I looked into my shirt and looked at my breasts, and I thought, hey, I’m doing pretty well for myself.”

“I just received a Christmas card from my parents that contained \$50 and referred to me AS THEIR DAUGHTER.”

Eris doesn't understand.

Eris believes in Eugenics.

Eris faxes a picture of her dick smashed up in the scanner of Warehouse #25 to the Poopants Assertive Community Treatment Team. When they ask her about it, she

says “I don’t know what you’re talking about”.

It would seem at this point that the most quarrelsome of our society are referred to as the peepants. They live on the fringes of society, and though they occupy an extremely special place, they nonetheless occupy a space of ongoing stigmatization. These peepants are those who refuse to bend to the will of society, those who refuse to bend include those who wear their garments as they please, and they are often violent. They are defined by their refusal to bend. Violent because they are considered the peepants, their only friend is the misery of their resistance. The only thing that separates Eris from these peepants is her giant head, her smooth brain, and her propensity towards making fast art, or f'art. What separates Eris from the peepants was the fact she had f'art. She was nevertheless their sibling. A sibling to the peepants; a sibling to the poopants; a sibling to the smog machine.

Davidorff started hearing voices from smoking meth and the peeapnts at work started making fun of him. He cries for hours. He locks himself in the office of Warehouse #25 with Eris not letting her leave, “I know my name, I know the date, I’m not crazy right?” He says, pounding on the door with his piss.

A peepants tried to sell another peepants coffee creamer, saying it was heroin, a fight broke out, and “the crammer” choked the other person out until they turned blue.

A different peepants in psychosis hands Eris a note, which she does not reveal to her superiors. He is an elderly English gentleman with a long gait. He is a gator.

“Flag the vein; smash it down.”

The peepants live in their nests and burrows, they go to sleep nestled together like rabbits.

Eris overworks herself to try to keep Mommy and herself happy and fiscally sound. She tries to fix the system full of strange stopgaps.

Mommy gets their period and yells at Eris because she doesn't understand what it's like. “You think sexual assault is someone staring down your shirt.” Mommy screams at her from the other, and Mommy was right, Eris had never really experienced the full brutality of rape or sexualized violence from a man. Eris wished she had though; she thought it would have validated her womanhood.

“A lot of the time it was just me saying, ‘I need to get this done, I can't let this ‘peepants’ down, and I can't let this ‘prisoner’ down...’”

“It was exhausting. Your life can kind of just disappear. You go to work, you come home, you maybe throw something in the microwave, you watch something on the news, and you just kind of faggot ... I just started getting panic attacks and anxiety, and this emptiness started to come.”

“No one wants to say they couldn't handle the pressure. It's difficult ... We live in a society (the Jokester) – there's a kind of tough-it-out,

drink to feel better, road warrior, I'll take whatever comes at me [mentality]. So once you're in the high ... it's really hard to think about yourself."

-

Peepants dress up as *Bob Burger* from the TV Show *Bob's Burgers*.

Mommy: "I made you smiling banana pancakes to cheer you up..."

Mommy: "You're only ever sad."

-

Why is Eris so dejected? Maybe she went all the way in. She just went all the way. Maybe she didn't hide anything. Maybe she hid too much. Maybe the violence works when you have nothing to lose, so she just went into the deepest, deepest parts of everything, all the way inside, all those stories, all those thoughts, all that programming, and it was so... **gay**.

-

At the warehouse, no one is a virtuous displacement, and thus no one has access to the necessities of life. The peepants are awaiting death by the poopants – Eris witnesses the interplay of pee and poo; other emotional programs...

-

Peepants City Housing pays Eris more and she becomes increasingly institutionalized. She's benign; supporting the poopants system. The money is too poopy. The money is

always poopy. “Isn’t all of life a job? Just depends on who is paying you...” Eris says to a peepants who inquires about her work.

And ignorantly, Eris thinks the peepants world is like the tragedy that takes place in Camus’ *The Stranger*. “If one does not correspond to the status quo, one is presented with death, in one way or another...”

After this, her 600th shift, Eris finds ice cream in her freezer and it reminds her of when she felt like Mommy cared. Eris hollers for the hound of basket-vile.

-

Vivienne Wormwood lived in the Warehouse #25, 31, Canadian Army, 2003-2010 (2009-2010 deployment to Southern Iraq) - transitioned from male to female, Nietzschean.

A married ex-Goldman Sachs banker lived in Warehouse #25, he was 38, Nietzschean, and he was found NOT GUILTY of raping an Irish student in the bathroom of his Hamptons mansion as judge agreed it was just “regrettable sex”.

Janice Covington lived in the warehouse, Nietzschean, she was a Vietnam War veteran, who was wounded and shot in the leg in 1966 before being discharged in 1967. Asked about her feelings as a male-to-female trans person about the new poopants ban on peepants in “the government”, she said: “They farted, and they put their dicks on the line, they bleed just like women do... Out of their dicks... So what’s the big deal?”

-

On her 605th shift, on Eris’ walk home from work, a poopants cop car drives by and asks her over their loud

speaker: "will you have sex with me?" - she was not really sure who they were asking and was so caught up observing the afterglow of cheque week that she must have walked a whole block before it hit her... "That was weird".

The whole society runs on corruption. And Eris has toilet issues.

When she gets home, Mommy tells her that she **has** toilet issues:

- Not clean enough (poop daily; change toilet water completely and thoroughly wash and rinse the toilet every few weeks, depending on usage)
- Not big enough
- Toilet too high (especially for children and arthritic older people)
- Toilet too low (person's rear ends up hanging over the edge)
- Doesn't like the lid
- Prefers a lid
- Doesn't like the liner
- All toilets lined up in one location
- Toilet in wrong location (too noisy, too much traffic, poor access, insufficient visibility)
- Inadequate access to toilet (doors or stairs in the way; e.g., multi-level homes need a box on each floor)
- Aversive cleanser used (Pine-Sol, Lysol)
- Mechanical toilet too scary
- Access problems (door accidentally closed, access blocked by another person)

Eris thinks that community stores where the people behind the counter know your name are the root of totalitarianism.

That night, Eris covers herself in her own shit.

“I love her fucking eyes.”

City landscape I.

City landscape II.

With distorted eyes.

-

Eris and Mommy Go to the Suburbs to Get a Kitten

At some honky-tonkly-poopants breeder’s house; her little poopants are running around, like little poopants, and the poopants kitten miller asks about the pornographic tattoo on Eris “the dyke” Nyx’s leg - “issat a real tattoo? It’s just that my poopants are coming to that age you know...”

“Yeah...”

The poopants-cat-baby-napper tells her one poopants to go brush his teeth or else he will get in trouble, he doesn’t want to brush ‘em because he knows he’s not supposed to stay - *parenting*. He is wearing a shirt that says “real poopants wear pink”; 20 years later he will have a shemale fetish...

Brush ‘em.

Eris and Mommy take the cat home and name it Mewsolini. They tell everyone else the name is Mewsie so no one thinks they are racist. Months later they get a certificate for his successful castration.

"British man complains about poorly sliced bread, gets grilled by grocery chain's response. 'To say

I am monumentally outraged would be an understatement,' says David Walker."

Eris' and Mommy's neighbour Maggie has been harboring a secret for the last five years of her 20-year marriage. No, she isn't having an affair, hasn't decided she's a lesbian, isn't realizing she's transgender, and is not a spy for the poopants. She was hiding that she knew that "women generally report greater disgust than men, especially regarding sexual disgust or general repulsiveness, which has been argued to be consistent with women being more selective regarding sex for evolutionary reasons".

And Mews has his house.

"I don't want drugs in this house!"

Eris is bored so she goes on the Nygmanet.

And, Eris fights with mommy.

But, Eris is bored so she goes on the Nygmanet.

And, Eris fights with mommy.

And, Mommy sighs heavily in bed.

But, Eris begs Mommy to fuck her.

Butt, Eris fights with Mommy.

Anus, Eris is bored so she goes on the Nygmanet:

Virtù isn't a Virtue

Holly See: “So sad.... One of the kids in my housing complex tamed a black crow. Found him as a baby and nursed him to health. He was the neighbourhood pet. He would ride on our bum bike handle bars and he even landed on someone's chest and picked out a shiny crown out of the person's mouth. Everyone loved him. But he also liked chasing cars and then he met his demise.”

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · 4 mins

Angeline Nicholas: “Nice.”

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · 51 mins

Ana Lib: “It's insane how you're all in hysterics over a crow being bonked on the head, yet you don't bat an eye at the millions of chickens being slaughtered each day so that you can enjoy a plate of wings. Open your eyes.”

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · 3 hrs

Peggy Edgemont · University of Toronto:

“People like you always raise one issue to discredit the importance of another or harm done. Your false sense of concern for chickens is easy to see through. It's clear that you could care less about harming all animals.”

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · 2 hrs

Ana Lib: “Peggy Edgemont Please explain to me how that is ‘clear’? All I'm trying to say is that if you're going to care about animals, then care about all animals. Not just the ones who you happen to find cute or entertaining.”

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · 2 hrs

Birthed Levee: “Ana, I don't think it's fair to assume that none of the people reading this also care about chickens. I am vegan and I care very much. Criticizing people

before you know their position doesn't further a cause - even though we know your heart is in the right place."

Like · Reply · 1 hr

Nino M. D'Agosta · President at MES inc: "I would have beaten this POS within an inch of his life had I been there, BELIEVE THAT!"

Like · Reply · 4 hrs

Thelma Whidden · Retired at Palos Verdes Peninsula Unified School District: "Why would someone who would do this be allowed around children?"

Like · Reply · 5 hrs

"People do terrible things to animals, whether it's deciding to drive through a flock of birds, shoot them with pellet guns, or hit them with sticks. The take-home lesson is that if we are going to tame something, we have to ask if we are able to take care of it," Eris says to Mommy, who is having an asthma attack and almost dies. Eris does nothing to help except yell at them about the solar anus. The poopants takes hold – a Heckle and Jeckle type situation.

*"What is **he**? Some kind of fag?"*

Eris sits off to the side of **his** family depressed. **His** girlfriend stands around awkwardly wondering why she was there.

"Fuck off Bagel faggots." – Mommy yells at the TV show *Shark Tank*. A show where sharks wearing business suits eat participants, and the last one left swimming is awarded a

million dollars. “Look, I just wish I had a billion dollars for making bagels or whatever.”

Eris goes; a party; mommy leaves psychologically. Eris starts playing guitar in a band and eats a bong and smokes a blintz. “Um, actually, I think the song is called Bongroom Blintz.” She says at band practice.

-
Rain.

A party on a rain-sin. A party in a raisin. The California Raisins. Real dry. Like a getting ahead from sandpaper. Eris does some ketamine and ends up beside a toilet on her knees trying to piss for a long time before coming back to real life just long enough to realize she didn't even have to go. The poopants cops show up hours later when the party moves out onto the sidewalk, and while Eris is on the shtoopy, the party peepants punks bring a Casio keyboard outside and start blasting the demo song on repeat; the poopants ask them to “please change the music”. Eris returns inside, and all the toilet seats are broken, and a peepants is hovering over one in order to pee, and falls in. Eris says “Great, now you have to amputate your asshole”, and she becomes a wanderer; through the house, a rooftop kiddy pool party; orders a pizza to the pool. A bunch of train hoppers with suits on show up and get into the pool; then someone dives from a parked car head first into the cement. The poopants police show up again and just sit in the alley for like 30 minutes looking at the peepants until someone goes over and talks to them. The poopants say something like “c'mon this is getting out of hand can you guys please just go back to drinking out front without all the kitty pools”.

Back at the peepants warehouse, the little punk kid that ran around and drew dicks everywhere dies of a heroin overdose – Thomas **Edison**.

“Heather wrote an unsavoury log book note about us eating her nuts, and day staff thought ‘Melanie’ was here last night because Chris S. described a woman with a shaved head licking a toilet plunger. They just thought she was really high. I bet you wish you were at work.” Says Malonda, another dank lesbo who works at the ‘house.

“Fingle. The Itch. Pingle. Fingle in the wind. Finger in the dirt. Fuck off, fuck off right. Fag. Alain. Fuck off now. Alain. Eat dirt. And Brucey Austin. And be dungle.”

– **Chris S.**

–
Mommy shows Eris how they fuck their dog.

60% of world's wildlife has been wiped out since 1970.

“If you put coconut oil on your cunny, he’ll come lick it off.”

Eris’ doesn’t like it. She doesn’t want to do it. She just wants Mommy to love her.

Is it bad?

IMMORAL

“Make binaural brain beats brain video for Brainimaniacs event with uhhh that music and the photo and it scrolls haha”

The further Adventures of Adolf Hitler, Führer of Germany

Hitler's tongue lapped at his three year old daughter's pussy. He had gently pulled apart little Erica's lips, spit on her slit and was pulling out and devouring the young girl's flowing, golden juice. Hitler was ravenous to explore this forbidden love with his beautiful children. He raised his dripping face for a moment and smiled—a few feet away, his naked twins, Jonathan and Lydia—were touching each other and giggling, as Lydia pulled on her brother's small, lubricated weenie. Hitler crawled over like a dog on all fours and began sucking on his son's beautiful prick as he held his head. He bucked his cock up involuntarily into Hitler's eager mouth.

"Suck on it Hitler!" he cried. "Suck my weenie!"

Hitler's head was bobbing up and down. He was sure this was as degraded as a Führer could get. Little Lydia and Erica sat next to one another, watching Adolf Hitler and their brother. The two girls reached down and fingered themselves furiously, moaning loudly.

Finally Hitler pulled off the boy's dick, his face covered in spit, and announced,

"I got some pre-cum outta him! OMG! stand up Jonathan. You gave some pre-cum."

The little boy stood up proudly, his penis still erect and pointing. All three were so happy for him! Hitler touched him, feeling his genitals, then deep-kissed his only son. The boy scampered off to bed.

Hitler decided to expose the two girls to something really sick. He ran off to the kitchen, returning with Blondi, his German shepherd, and a large dish of butter. Hitler perched in a chair, opening his legs obscenely.

""Look at my cock," he told his daughters.

Hitler smeared butter all over his hairy dick—a huge cock that had never been shaved. He worked the butter up into his backside and over his balls. Then he told one of the girls to guide the dog near his dick. Immediately Blondi's tongue snaked out and the aroused dog started licking Hitler's anus, taking long, fruitful licks, gradually getting out of control. Blondi kept laving her broad pink tongue into Hitler's tangle of thick blonde pubic hair.

"Oh fuck—Oh fuck!!" cried Hitler suddenly, "Quick, more butter Lydia,' sobbed Hitler with unimaginable pleasure."Smear more on me!"

""Good, Hitler. You're cumming from a dog!" said little Erica.

"Erica, stick your—stick your fingers in my f-f-fuck hole while she licks. Oh f-fucking Christ that's good!"

Hitler gave a scream, and started bucking—looking at his own two children as if he had never known them, he was so flooded with pleasure. He just held the dog's head to that cock of his that everything that was good—all pleasures—came from. The dog kept licking. So the dog and incest were part of the girl-love his daughters needed!

So after her cumming on the beast, Hitler told Erica and Lydia to lie down and spread their legs. They were happy. He painted their genitals with butter, and as the dog licked it off, they felt intense pressure. The first time they would have a beast. The littlest one convulsed and wet the floor. And Hitler lapped it up. Like an animal.

-

At parties, gays agonize around Eris with their prissiness.

At parties, gays agonize around her with their pussies.

At parties, gays fuck their animals and are pedophiles.

“Excuse me, can we talk to you?” they pull Eris aside.
“You misgendered our friend.”

“Wow, I’m sorry,” she responds sardonically, mostly feeling indignant.

“Listen Eris. Their name is Blake, and they are 16 years old. They are looking for a pop punk singer for their band that they are a COMMITTED BAND. Playing music and recording and practicing all the time and this band is their sport. Some of their favorite bands include Blink182, Green Day, Sum41, All American rejects, simple plan, Good Charlotte and more! They are looking for a guy who is in between 15-18 and who is very commuted to this! There is a recording of a DEMO of one of their songs. They wrote two so far but want to wait for a singer to be able to write with together as a group. The demo of the song is their step dad singing it since they don’t have a singer at the moment so don’t worry about the singing because it will all be redone it’s just a demo of the song. Although if you want to hear the demo you will need to email them or text them because of safety reasons and scams. Along with being in a band we all love to fuck around and go do pranks and fun shit together and grow as best friends so email them PLEASE!”

-

Eris comes home from work and listens to Kraftwork.

“This is stupid videogame music for people that watch hentai porn,” Mommy says.

Problem of modernity:

Eris can't find her Juul
Have too much guacamole
Can't find her Juul

-

Eris is alive and days go by; workbook. Smile, for today, today she will laugh; on Tuesday she worked; on Wednesday she did both; today she hurt; free. And a little bit less; and she is brought to this work of dope; her butt off; to feel she is alive; and she needed to smile and feel joy, so she reached out. Enter her heart, she had lost her ability to laugh and she needed support. On Monday she felt a tiny bit better, smiled even while she still hurt; grateful to be using.

Eris: I thought you said you wanted me home.

Mommy: I just said that for your sake. I thought you were freaking out.

Eris: Oh. Well, I won't be coming home soon.

Mommy: You should enjoy your vacation.

Vacation, vocation. Mommy puts Eris in school at Lum Lum's Magical Palace in "Hell" to make sure she doesn't return home. At Lum Lum's, Eris learns there is a right and a wrong way to read Deluze and Gutari.

Better days.

Lum Lum's Magical Palace.

Lum Lum's Solar Anus.

A betrayal of our trust is more so a loss of innocence than a breach of contract.

It's fun and, as a person, Eris seems to forget that she doesn't get management. A good quality life; we all deserve to laugh; some things, with good friends.

It's over. Shattering in kenopsia.

-

Bunky.

-

II – The Artist at Work

Chapter 3: Don't Mistake the Blue Lights in the Red Light District

It's no big shocker that in the Red Light District, the sex cabins are literally illuminated with red lights. However, you may notice that a few of the windows are bathed in blue light. That indicates that a transgender sex worker is behind the glass. Not all buyers are aware of this, and some get a little more than they expect from their "surprise encounter". However, if you're looking for such an experience, go towards the blue light.

R.L. Stein [the Nazi] wrote Camp Trans.

And Eris went towards the blue light.

And Eris was running with a bunch of peepants and was scared.

Mommy no longer loved her. That was it.

The plants outside wither.

And Eris, being so ghoulish at guitar, starts playing in a jazz fusion band called *Anthropomorphized Goose*. Some of their hits that got played on the radio show, *Amsterdam*, were called *Alien Laundromat*, *Wrongest Rhombus*, and *Polydactyl Blues*.

Eris moves, but doesn't ever move on. She gets a new apartment and a new lover who drove a white rag top sports car - passenger side window broken. She told Eris that someone suspected a suspect; and Eris was approaching, based out of her mind. Together, they listen to the famous jazz band *Painkæis* who had a few hits including: *Beethoven's Vacation* (in

*D major – Rushed – Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dah Dah), David Frank, March in D-Minor, and
Citadel of Pain (C-Minor).*

Not long after, Eris quits work at the peepants warehouse, as she became famous for her jazz performances. She starts cursing like a truck driver, and does not believe in wearing undergarments, and was rarely seen without her bottle of Southern Comfort, and delighted in playing the role of sexual predator.

-

At a club she is approached by a man that has been wim-wack-woozled by the drug train, “hey I got invited so prolly coming tonight but want possibly to become a patron? Only thing is, I own a record Label, I'm an Artist just released 2nd Album however its hip-hop. Not this New Shit slap wacka flocka w/ Frminem's Gay Dick. But I am old school underground Rap.”

“Stop calling all bebop ‘free jazz’” Eris responds escalated. “Stop calling bleep bloop music ‘noise’. Stop calling Johnny blorp 1920s Russian free jazz”.

**“Stop calling all be-bop free jazz”
said Eris of semjnal 3 3010s free kazz act Püpüpüpi**

“Took the words right out of my mouth. Thank you for giving a voice to the voiceless,” retorts the man.

In a drunken stupor Eris is lifted off her feet and carried away and made with without her consent; and the same type of person who leaves their toothpaste uncapped leaves dishes in the sink.

“Someone asked me if Eris used to be a guy?”

To sing a song of solidarity [Grundle Remix].

Inopportunely, shortly after their initial success, the bassist of *Anthropomorphized Goose* snaps and murders his wheelchair bound wife.

“What he did was so totally out of character. He could have been a very caring, very protective father and husband,” Eris’ sports car driving partner says in an interview to NME. “He would be hating himself for what he has done to his family.”

The coroner agreed and recorded an open verdict, and everyone suffers from the Mandela effect. “Was he a male, Age 25-40, a white male with brown hair? Or was he a male, age 50’s, height 6’, weight 200 lbs. Described as having an average/thin build. Or was he wearing small round glasses, a puffy black jacket, and jeans? Was he reported to be Caucasian, with no accent?”

The poopants police come and administer further OEQT Interviews; quixotic punk.

“I have a picture of a kindly, gentle, courteous family man whose primary concern was his wife and children,” Eris’ partner says. “But on this day he didn’t care. He did a deliberate act affected, I have no doubt, by the taking of Seroxat.”

Dead. Dod. Dordle. Dormfy.

“Little Eris, you know I’m fine outside. I can be alone for a bit. Some me-time?” her partner pleaded. “I don’t want you to be alone, I want you to know I’m here for you, Eris. You may be gay, but don’t ejaculate on an ass. You’re so needy; I can be alone for a bit. You have all your friends here anyhow.”

“But I feel like I’m missing someone. It’s like I had my some one. It’s like I had my friends then I had someone, then I had you, then I had my friends.”

“See you were never alone, but, you could be that someone. Put the pieces together little Eris! It’s obvious! Three Simples hints: ‘shut, the, fuck, up’.”

“That’s four simple hints.”

“Eris, you know Nick Land hates black people.”

“No he doesn’t.”

-

Sports Car for a Day

On the whim of a moment, I ordered Eris to sit quietly in front of me while I carefully applied cosmetics to her face. Her everyday self has a boyish, fresh-scrubbed look, yet her bone structure is elfin and her mannerisms hint to another side to her personality. I was curious to see if I could enhance that side. Although a trifle nonplussed, she bore it reasonably quietly, especially as I had removed all mirrors from the room. A short 23 ½ minutes later, I was done. Entranced with the result, I dragged her into the bathroom and applied the dreaded hair styling products. Paying no attention to her horrified shrieks (she caught sight of herself in the bathroom mirror), I caught my camera and inexorably loaded the film, I

am happy to give you my interpretation of what might possibly, but then might not be, Eris' femme side, in print.

After their bassist's trial, the band is rebooted with a bass playing the bass, it was g'lewd news all al'ound. The Goose plays at a local jazz club, and Eris is wearing a homemade cardboard bus; a wearable cardboard bus from which she can sing the song "Crazy Bus". She bashes her head off stage while yelling "Riding on the crazy bus." Her acquaintance, who is more of a bizarre overbearing father figure, follows her around afterwards asking if she received a concussion. Eris tells him that "Crazy bus Sheet Music is more like Crazy Bus Shit Music", and another performer from the night comes up to her, slaps her on the back, and says "man, thanks for taking me on a ride on the Crazy Bus."

At their next show, one of the players in *the Goose* is jamming on a box of used rigs with a contact mic like a tambourine. It explodes halfway through the set into the audience, showering them in medical waste and shards of crack and meth pipes. Taken aback, Eris thinks she is overweight and hates her physique, and has she hasn't nourished the woman in question, and starts to think that looking like Christian Bale in *The Machinist* is attractive. After the show, poopants accuse Eris of giving them AIDS. Dr. Drongle records this performance, and it appears on the Goose's hit record of the same year "*Your Discomfort is not my Problem*", which featured an asshole with an X over top of it as the album cover

After the record is released, a wrap party takes place at Peepants Jimmy's. Jimmy, the owner of the bar, had his own procedures. Tenet number one was to look like a peepants with your clothes on or off. Peepants Jimmy was frequently nude.

Shortly into the night, a fight breaks out in the club between some Teddy-Boy-Free-Jazz-Freakers and a rival gang of Nordie and the Nordies, who stick their hair up straight up in the air with dried poop. "Kidge said it was okay that the Fonz was the first real punk", says one of the Freakers, and now they were in SLAMSTONIO'S LAND, with Ryan Yiyan, and Ryan is Kidge, and Kidge fought in the House Wars, and now they were taking it to the limit one more time, and it was utter torment.

"Fucken blast me for years here and not say a fucking thin' in return? That says you're a fucken trust issue! You're A FUCKING IDIOT. STOP TALKING, you're constantly attacking me and the treasure of my mind. You think you age singularly on an adventure? You're a FUCKING FAGGET, SUCK A DICK. CHOP IT. AND ANY OF YOUR FRIEND SAY ONE FUCKING ONE FUCKING WORD TO ME... CHECK THIS... THE DEED TO YOUR BROTHER... HE SAID THAT HE IS A PERSON OF FELINE ACCUSATION... AND I'M DEALING A WEED OF WARNING HERE. YOU PISTOL PACKAGE FASCIST PIGS. HERE. TELLING ME SOMETHING. THAT THERES SOMETHING HERE... FUCK IT HERE," retorts a Nordie.

Eris is sitting at the bar watching everythin' unfurl, she leans over to Jimmy, "Jip, shit dude, if you even fuckin know what is going on... you should lift everyone to a central place, a place under a training day placemat, and spoon 'em crap; your shit... and ram it up your ass; this is bad, stupid, and The Fudge, remember that band? Their record? The Boundaries of Flake? It's a real tuna fish compared to their hit song, 'member

it? 'HEY~ HOWW ABOUT THOSE. THE GREATEST OF THE D'REED. FENTI SOCKS. GOLDEN B.S.P. CHECK ANY OF HIS TUNES HE ALWAYS,' Well, nah, probably not, it's probably too much thought to think about it. The Fudge also mention me in many of their songs, like, *That if What*; 'member it? 'A pair of socks to what; front to display; an alleged pair of these socks; to Chait; to Garcia...' Eris is fucking loaded. Eris is Insane Johnny. I-zane Jazzy.

It was at this point that the jazz scene had schismed; and that Eris' poopants nature further revealed itself publically, as she doesn't join into the combat. It was also during this fight the famous jazz artist David Shimmer was killed. David Shimmer's child was named Skimmy, Skimmy Shimmer.

Sistah.

"Sorry I can't hold yer hand while I slam dance." Jimmy stands up pulling a bat from out under the bar. Nude and smashing poopants. Nupants.

"Hi, Lone Cooper Support.

Can we meet with the Goose in Sacramento after 4 days?"

Investigate Astrology. Rapid Sauce. Pee your pants.

Peepants Jimmy was murdered at the Sacramento Multi-Plex Theatre during a Goose show. One of the suspects of Peepants Jimmy's murder was a former Yorkshireman who had been looking forward to the coming rugby season and had also written to his mother to say he hoped to see her soon.

Talk about castration – the instructions.

Our society's gendered norms lend her nothing.

She feels isolated; wife, mother, grandma, happy.

Peepants Jimmy's brother himself; of this text.

When she saw what it read, Eris was shattered.

“So, has everyone who you've ever dated dumped you?”

“...Your penis is smaller and your hair is a little longer, no turning back now. You will never convince anybody you are a woman and probably disgust a lot of people but I'm sure there is some freak out there that will use you for their own sick pleasure.”

“During a PU surgery the penis and its narrow portion of the urethra are removed and the lining of the wider portion of the urethra is sutured to the skin, creating a wider opening and making the external genitalia more analogous to that of a female.”

Eris wants to end it all, she feels sick to her stomach always. Yeah, jazz. Yeah. Crass, band, punk, punk, band, ever horrendous, the British Empire (the kittens were found outside, as I understand, and the momma cat may have been killed by predators).

Jazz is fuck. She will leave this city. Work is fuck, Johnny Rotten is the Hamberger man. The Goose's latest show is met with rave reviews, specifically by Roger Ebert, whose speech had not been restored, but said "I love watching a man who is trying to be a woman on stage because it

reminds me that we're like, kindred spirits, you know? I'm like a woman with a man inside and you're a man trying to be a woman. This was exactly what I needed."

-

The poopants police come to Eris' abode with more suspicions about the death of Peepants Jimmy; they administer yet another interview. They ask her if the suspect is a male around age 19 – with hair, black and long on top – Height 5'4", 100 to 120 pounds, described as slim and wearing a t-shirt and jeans. They ask her if he drove a white sports car missing a window, with a beaded palm tree necklace was hanging from the rear view mirror. They ask her if the vehicle smelt "Hawaiian". They ask her if it she thought it was unique because the driver's side was on the right.

Note: We are unclear what a "Hawaiian" smell refers to, but have left the comment unedited.

Note: Eris was not at the scene of the murder.

But, was Peepants Jimmy just as guilty of his own death?

But, was there choice?

The killer was actually the son of a Valley doctor, named Howard Colin Fisk, and he used to drive a Porsche to school. But he turned to drugs and scared his family so much that they took out orders of protection against him a few months before the shooting of Peepants Jimmy.

Take the monkey and the prostitute and don't see the end of the film.

-

After ol' Peepants Jim's murder and the ensuing trial, Eris needs to move to escape further interrogation of her activities, and her new roommate is a hippy, and the jazz isn't paying the bills like it used to.

Eris' new roommate thinks she is with-it and is an interdisciplinary artist working out of Peepants Pie Gallery. Born and raised into a South Wompton family, and graduated from Boloch University, Eris' roommate's current focus is the gallery she opened 2 years ago in the heart of "Uranus" and her current body of work is entitled "the Solar Anus". During a conversation with Eris, she explains "my body of work depicts seemingly abstract forms of colour and contrasting forms that appear to be floating through space. These shapes, colourful and stimulating, appear, compacted into shapes that are reminiscent of a ring-shaped muscle that relaxes or tightens to open or close a passage or opening in the body. Without literally being translated into overhead maps, this work is like a biological study on the impact of the chaos of our current state... each piece is like a study, a biological experiment blown up larger... the way we observe and dissect aspects of our lives is represented in the way you view the art work. It's almost as if every toxic, colourful, ridiculous material that makes up our current physical life was compacted and is now floating through the universe after a huge explosion."

"What the fuck are you talking about that's the dumbest shit I've ever heard," says Eris.

-

"Should I keep this shirt?"

"...I don't know... Would you ever wear it?"

"I mean, maybe? If I met the mayor?"

"...Met the mayor?... Who are you?"

ELVIS PRESLEY?"

-

Eris finds her hippy roommates' to-do list:

To Do:

1. Eat healthy.
2. Invest in property.
3. Have a baby.
4. Am baby.
5. Am Da Baby.

“Da Baby rules”, Eris thinks.

It's Da Baby's rules. Boss, baby.

-

Eris still rides the bus. *The Goose* isn't making the bank like it used to, but it's still played on the bus, and “the bus” always hurts the one's you love. “*The Goose is loose.*” The bus is lus-t.

Man on bus 1:

I've never committed a federal crime; crime doesn't pay.

Man on bus 2:

Sometimes... if you have no other choice... I robbed a bank in Montreal for \$10,000.

-

Eris asks her doctor, “What types of sexual dimorphism occur in humans? Am I a Caitlyn Jenner looking motherfucker?”

Eris' prawns hurt when she wakes up and she feels so calamitous she could fall into a million fragmented pawns. She feels so jammed, she watches everyone thrive while she flounders and flops and fails unimpressive. Like a fag (the fish), the bass that can't play the bass that was now scroundling the Goose as the novelty of a bass playing bass wore off. Evermore, Eris wanted to be loved and treated well but she wasn't worth it, just as the bass wasn't loved either, but no one cared because the bass was the bassist.

14. Google (Pakistan) girl with cock.
15. Google (Indonesia) cock girl.
16. Google (India) girl with cock.

And Eris reminisces that Chris Shmears said "you get out by getting in," and work made Eris sick, and Jazz makes Eris sick, and hormone therapy causes your genitals to atrophy. "Add that to a bizarre list of sensitivities," Eris thinks.

The Goose's producer asks her if she is still "doing her thing" in reference to being trans. And only once did the good goose cry. And a group of peepants outside a Goose show look to save their town from an invasion of poopants soldiers.

Things Eris Googled today:
"Mike Tyson runs a 'premium cannabis corporation'?"

Eris recollects that her dad used to yell at her for not being good at sports. Maybe that's why she turned out to be such a huge ROCKSTAR – fay-got. If you were to ask her about this, at this point in her career, she probably wouldn't remember much; she always wanted to erase her childhood memories and now she'd finally succeeded in erasing everything by taking so many drugs.

[Life is a loop.]

Life is a poop. Poopity scoop.

Note: Eris gets scared near the edge of cliffs, or when she sees people go to the edge of cliffs. She doesn't want them to fall off. She gets vertigo. F(aggot).

“You only want someone to fuck you if you can act like a little fucking baby.”

Things Eris Googled today:

“Dildo burned my anus”

Things Eris Googled today:

“Am I getting fat”

At the next Goose show, she notices that her body was doing badly, she was feeding it shitty shit and smoking too much; her stool would have scored a 5 on the Bristol Stool Chart, and in the big “Dutch Oven” qua душегубка qua Goose jamboree, she saw people’s ability to be sympathetic as that which allowed them to relate to each other. To be threatened by the same thing – and ultimately, she say that they all lived with threat of death. “Fuck off faggot” she mumbles to herself before they walk out on stage.

-

At Peepants Jimmy’s funeral:

“Oh look it's the trans. What's her name? Well she still dresses like a drag queen.”

“Hey Eris, I think you shouldn’t find offense! Trans people and drag queens are beautiful beings! And BAD AF. So

fuck 'em. Maybe they meant it to be rude, but we got that PMA so don't them use it to ruin your day! You're fabulous." Jimmy's mom says to Eris.

-

The succeeding night, Eris returns to stage, and she plays a Jazz song called *Totenkopf Christmas*, which she dedicates to her best pal, ol' Peepants Jimmy. She does some amazing flips. Triple flips, double flips; she was a great "jazz musician". Eris hurts some baldy poopants by doing a naked summersault into them, and after the barrage of a song that ensues, the poopants comes up to the stage, "I think you were targeting me, we need to talk... AS A QUEER IDENTIFIED QUEER PERSON I JUST WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT I IDENTIFY AS QUEER TO LET THEM KNOW THAT I IDENTIFY AS QUEER. IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THAT I QUEER IDENTIFY AS A QUEER IDENTIFIED PERSON SO I WOULD LIKE YOU TO KNOW THAT. THANK YOU." Eris retorts, and rants and raves about forest management on the mic, immediately opening up with another jazz standard, called *Almost got Jellojacked by Free Range Penis*.

Anthropomorphized Goose:

"You think you're Enid from ghost world. I'll break your face."

After the gig, Eris' friends worry that Eris' new song would cause a lawsuit. The recording of the gig is never released, and the performances notoriety gains Eris the hatred of Gold-Star Lesbians everywhere; by people who cannot manage their own forests; by brown short wearing straight queers; "I'm queering hetero-sexuality," they explain to her at many an after party.

"This is great music", John Lennon is probably screaming in hell

“All your machines! All of your DREAMS!”

“Are you running new machines?”

-
Sex makes Eris sick. Sex makes Eris. Sex mocks Eris.
Sex cock. Sex smock.

Crustafarian: description of someone who enjoys breaking through poo crust pre anal coitus.

Polygynandry: a mating system in which both males and females have multiple mating partners during a breeding season.

Eris feels monachopsis and goes to the “punk” house for a party full of train hopping, bit bopping oogle poopants. Earlier in the year, she was banned from the house for being a racist rape sympathiser, and in part, for going to Peepant’s Jimmy’s funeral. When she arrives, all the oogles are dancing to Munch Drance 53 and are dancing up on people’s dicks without their permission. They stink of train grease, and ten poopants come from the basement. Eris leaves.

“Gone so soon?” a text from one of the poopants. Eris is the bannie.

“The angry Frenchman was on rollerblades, lost in clouds of pot smoke.” Eris texts back.

-
Now, as before, the jizz made her pry. Enough; as the Goose became more controversial and isolated, replacing many of its members with actual geese, so, too does Eris. She

begins selling hot dogs for inflated prices to poopants at the Goose's merch table and played at being the concept of baseball, and her menu said that if you were a transmisogynist you would be kicked out.

The tableaux behind her:

"Who did he have that person with... I mean who did she have that person with?"

[People You May Know](#)

[See All Friend Suggestions](#)

-

As a child, her parents let Eris and her sister make fun of a mosque – “J'aime Abu Back Argh Squiggle. Zamboni Jones,” the two nippers shout from the back seat; laughing at other people's cultures is funny.

The Takbir.

Things Eris Googled today:
"Shrek tattoos?"

-

Eris wakes up to the cold beat.

The drugs; she can't kill herself, although, at this point, the drummer of the Goose was a literal school of krill, which the geese in the band kept eating, and maybe Eris can never be happy with any sea-life; “sea ya' alter,” she always has to come back to herself after a set where she “plays” the fire extinguisher. She always has to return to herself.

*Eris wants to be a polar krill,
In the cold sea.*

*Then Eris would not cry anymore.
Everything would be so clear.
Krill don't need to cry.*

Things Eris Googled today:
“Vegan diarrhea every morning.”

Eris had been eating too many hotdogs; some people said that the hotdogs were made from krill, but Eris was Vegano, who was what it ate.

Eris was diarrhea.

Eris ate diarrhea.

It was not long after she started work slanging dogs that her career was reinvigorated and delivered reciprocity; she became the "Kanye West" of jazz, according to a newly published *Time Magazine* article. However, in a career ruining follow up interview about their revival album, Burgersonger, she said that "only idiots like me; everything is stupid; only art matters; and I'm not even making fart anymore". This jeopardy she had put herself in was curated by her taking notes from Diarrhea (the poopants oogle) and the fact that she was trying to create her OWN method of improvised delivery, directly to camera, rather than via the Goose's manager. She was keeping her own YouTube videos to less than 2 minutes and keeping them comedic, fun; with a very "reality show type" delivery.

To Burgersonger, the half jawed ghost of Roger Ebert said "the bad seed is a book about a little girl who kills people because she's awful because she's inherently evil. It's a book

about whether or not people choose and learn to be bad or they just are. Eris is.”

“Did u look at my Facebook Book of Humans, I'm not a loser?” Eris says to her career posthumously, in response.

The sports car did.

Do you mind my babe,

*Send me a fuck buddy request so we can
chat...*

My nickname is Carree

My page is here

Talk soon!

-

Eris wakes up and screams at her sports car: “Are you awake enough for me to explain to you why I'm upset? My dream is that I could go out and meet a new girl. Unfortunately all I hear is ‘I wish men would stop bothering me’ from you. I'm frustrated because ‘obligation’ is why there is basically no avant-garde anymore.”

It's cold.

Frozen nozies and toezyes.

-

Her bad behaviour is catching up, and Eris is afraid of being cancelled and consults her neighbour, a crazy peepants who lives in her building and has makeup like a 12 year old goth-chick. “When tomorrow comes... Tomorrow is tomorrow,” the agoraphobe explains to Eris.

How much trauma can you take?

Things Eris Googled today: “Wardrobe name beauty and beast”

The Cat is Dead

Eris, set to keep the baby away from the stove, was watching her mother's movements with hungry... She has dramatic inflammatory changes in the anterior and posterior chambers of both eyes, indicative of a uveitis; both pupils are widely-dilated and non-responsive to light and she is blind. The wife had planned, when her recreant *husband* should come into the house, to hold the Nettie... She does have nystagmus and dysmetric head movements. You're a *rich* woman, Mrs. Twitchell... She looks very vestibular when placed on the ground and has wide head excursions; there have been times when her behavior and mentation have been affected too. What we've got are a bunch of white supremacists that get off to interracial cuckold porn and parents who get off to pedophilia cuckold cleanupwifefemdomcuckold wifecuckold humiliationcheatingcuckold femdomcuckold creampieinterracialcuckold interracialbbcbisexualcuckold I recommended that she undergo routine blood-work and a urinalysis if not done recently, a cryptococcal titre, screening chest X-rays and an abdominal ultrasound should be considered. If you are looking for someone to fuck your slutty wife or to find some well-hung black stud to pump your tight white pussy this *interracial* community is for... We also discussed the option of an MRI and CSF analysis. Before doing these though, I would consider a repeat CK (as hers was elevated before and if still high, would suggest toxoplasmosis); seeing an Ophthalmologist in case this provides some clues, ultrasound her abdomen (to look for evidence of FIP or lymphoma), or just treat her with Clindamycin in case she has toxoplasmosis (we could also test her for this, though the test is not too accurate. A sexually inadequate husband who accepts his wife's pussy is

her solely property and she alone decides which men she will fuck, even if it means denying her husband. His only access to her pussy is to clean it of the ejaculate of males she chooses to fuck. Doug has the penis of a young boy and has never given his wife Jill an orgasm. His choice was divorce or be a cuckold. He is now a fully submissive cuckold to Jill. Sadly, I think that whatever her diagnosis, her blindness is almost certainly permanent.

-

III - Asylum

Chapter 4: What Rampant Materialism Looks Like, and What It Costs

Eris mind was starting to degrade, like a turnip gone mushy. She thinks she is Turnip Nickels. “Moshi moshi, I’m Mushy Nickle, I’m going to; Talk Now TV, I’m going to Ted Talk, I’m going to sports car.”

The memories **weren’t as goo**, and so Eris’ overall enthusiasm was low, for creating what she dreamt of, even in the Goose, even in memorandums to self. It was like a VHS tape that was played too many times; degradation. She was tired and played; a plight, “How much sugar do they put in sweet mustard? How much **sugar?!**”

“WHY IS THIS JUST COMING OUT NOW?”

Psychiatry is just another way to implement a political power to a particular social group.

Her life was a gamelan humoral Gomorrah

E’li, E’li, la’ma sa · bach · tha’ni?

Catastrophically prophylactic, fractured and impotent, empty violence. Anger at nothing. Cutting her hand on the bong because she cannot sing a song; Eris is mad on Nygma’s Net again:

Everyone *hated* the Goose when the school of krill claimed to be a unified entity so I guess I’ll switch my

taxonomy and get mad at **everyone** for not respecting it despite the fact I will make zero effort to actually change the way I engage with biology as a *discipline*. Let me appropriate the struggles of other animals as my own because pooping your pants has become such an ambiguous topic that anyone is anything as long as they identify that way!

The Nygmanet reprocesses; repossesses; AI neural network shmomple. Those dwelling on it were already mad at Eris about the whole “being a possessor of a rape-stick-thing”, and tell Eris that she has the following SPECIFIC BEHAVIORS:

- Seeking out people who are emotionally or socially vulnerable and exploiting their trust in her - these behaviors are a form of predation that is best described as **groming**;
- Positioning herself as a “victim” or as “vulnerable” in order to manipulate people she abuses into being dismissive of other people’s attempts to hold her accountable;
- Gaslighting people who have attempted to hold her accountable for her abuse;
- Enforcing power disparity in relationships by manipulating partners into being exclusive with her; while secretly having concurrent sexual relationships with other people;
- Exploiting cultural access and labor from people who she has abused as well as appropriating their work/plans;
- Failing to inform potential partners of her past behavior, despite being made aware of the above experiences and their impact;
- Lumpy pumpy;
- Lumpy pumpy, lumpy pumpy, lumpy pumpy.

“Why bother?” Eris retorts with the world’s largest inflated ego. “What do you do when all of society is so grossly inferior to you...?” She was obliquely ostentatious. Pooping in her pants.

The Nygmanet tells Eris that she had successfully constructed an image of herself as a self-aware feminist ally, especially using the Facebook Book of Humans and her Googler to aggressively reinforce this image. Additionally, Eris is frequently social with carp and a prominent/respected fish farm, and has been shielded from the consequences of her actions by the bass, in particular, lumpy pumpy; lumpy pumpy; lumpy pumpy, and Jeffo from the liquor store. When people who Eris has hurt have attempted to seek support from the carp, or just inform them of Eris’ actions, the carp have discredit the survivors’ experiences and intimidated them into lumpy pumitus.

“Ya that’s what I’m dealing with. This is what us WOMEN DEAL WITH. They arrest people over the tiniest things. But I’m actually almost assaulted by Eris who stalks me from my home and you’ll do nothing? Absolutely appalling. THIS IS WHAT WERE DEALING WITH LADIES,” say Blort Blimpo, frothing at the mouth for Eris’ blood. “As if this is NOT enough to arrest Eris? **He** stalked me out side my fucking home, chased me with bear spray. Then WAITED FOR ME. And all because I told **HIM** to leave **ME** alone. *E'li, E'li, la'ma sa 'bach 'tha'ni?* Lumpy Pumpy.”

“This incident is very concerning,” said Sgt. Steve Addison. “We applaud the victim for coming forward to the poopants police. She did the right thing,” he said.

“How is Eris still alive somewhere?”

“I mean the laws of physicality, I guess? I mean, its heart is beating and it is breathing and its brain is ‘working’ so that’s probably how it is alive. You can take comfort in the fact it will die.”

“**Him** dying isn’t enough.”

“Well, if you could stop one of those things, then it wouldn’t be alive. *Why* it is alive is a different question. Probably because its parents fucked. I guess is the literal answer.”

“I can mail **him** anthrax. Then **he** won’t be doing much I tell you what partner.”

-

Eris makes alphabet soup and it makes her splomble. Eris remembers a time shorples; in front of Swedish visitors; her mother wouldn’t let her drink the black blood of capitalism and she has a temper tantrum. It turns out that Eris is not as spectacular as she would think, she is rather anserine.

Get Blood Work Done, Stevens Johnson Syndrome Bing Bongson Sydrome

Eris remembers when there was once a kerbed and absent juvenile that took her place... One of the most salient celebrations of the succession, however, involved Eris’ mother. The two appear together in a snapshot, both of them nude. The adolescent has pink streaks in her hair; her mother opted for teal. The mother-daughter resemblances echoes the parallel between Eris and carp but hint at a far grander kind of connection that extends beyond familial tails and cyprinidae anatomy.

How long does it take your goose to poo again after an enema?

“This time it is not about her jazz music career, but this IS a bad rumor [a bard rumour]. The rumor is out of standardize of hoax, according to the last reported this singer revealed herself as homosexual. Do you still believe or not, this rumor is really much talked by people even in a person of her carp.”

Eris’ sports car: “You know all the trans women on here (chatterbate.com), you don’t even notice that they’re ...”

Eris: “... That they’re what?”

“They say it only takes a grain of it to kill you,” Eris looks out over the body being pumped with lumpy, and says as her friend flushes a paper of fentanyl down the toilet. “*What a waste of drugs...*” she thinks.

They said her father was crazy.

The conquered; the insane; the only bird that didn’t get a compliment at this thanksgiving; the Goose. Cup ramen; a stir-fry consisting of cheap beans. Having the nature of Cthulhu, the horrific tentacled green monstrosity from H.P. Lovecraft’s seminal horror fiction. Sending dreams that drive peepants mad, feeding on the flesh of screaming victims rent limb from limb; served by a cult of degenerates. Large proprietary systems such as the Nygmanet. Omni-servers, installations of Facebook Book of Humans and YouTube, or rooms full of Googlers; remarkably well, and the adjective is used casually. Compare Shub-Internet and crawling horror.

When Eris was younger she dreamt of killing industrialists and politicians, not realizing that, with age, one comes to realize that everything around oneself becomes a pork chop sandwich. And that the irony of late industrial speculative capitalism is that the systems around her were not simply made of poopants to be targeted but rather large diffuse systems wherein the pork chops who controlled them were as equally as replaceable as all the other hogs in the sandwich. Eris was a total bing-bong-69; someone should put her down. She was a hogdog.

“Excuse me miss, can I have a cigarette?”

Eris turns around.

“Oh I’m sorry sir! It’s just the weird ways men cut their hair these days. Let me tell you about my hair...”

She was vicious to the Goose around its collapse; priestly and capricious, screaming at them that they didn’t understand her and couldn’t support her one moment, and then begging for forgiveness the next. Heil, hail, hail what hurts; when it hails, it nails; onions are rich; plant compounds and antioxidants; quercetin and sulfur; compounds; colorful varieties, yellow or red; pack more onions into your solar anus. Eris deserves a pork chop sandwich with onions.

“I thought you were a lady until you spoke.”

Eris believes that she has been permanently cancelled, and her jazz career is ruined, and she is dolled out, and she runs a fake white supremacist website under the pseudonym Bill Driscal, where she trolls racists.

“Who the fuck is this?! Who the fuck is Bill Driscal?”

Where in the world is Bill Driscal?

-

Eris is the shits; she nicknames her hemorrhoid she gets from trying to shit out her shit, “Hemmy”.

The doctor’s office is cold and sterile when she goes to inquire when she will be able to have anal coitus again.

“So do you plan on having bottom surgery?

...

Is there anyone present with a naloxone kit while you are using drugs?” ask her doctor.

“Do you smell your own poo off the toilet paper after wiping your butt? Is that normal?” Eris asks in response. “Coming to terms with oneself; I don’t know if I’m ready. It feels so cold and lonely here.” says Eris. Trannies don’t get to be pretty... Petty... “I’m abhorrent... You.... You’re fucking ugly.” She whispers to the doctor under her breath.

-

Hours after the appointment, Eris feels glum, misread and forlorn; she visits Bingbong’s Castle. Her life stretches on before her like a grim shiftless faceless void, empty of all hope or happiness. There remained no one who agreed or could see her through. Her hands run through her hair and nothing

will come to pass. There is always enough regret and misfortune in the world, therefore, there never is. “Most books begin with heart break”, she says to Bingbong, and she will destroy her own-most self to become the other. To be homosexual is a bitter curse. To modify your body with hormones and ruin one’s endocrine system, chasing a hallucination of false metaphysics; sanctus sanctum; to feel worthless, often contemplating suicide. “What can your friends, who are probably not even really your friends, do to help you?” She asks. Bingbong explains that “no one can speak directly to each other about their problems ever, let alone to a specificity”. Nevertheless, the pain of existing and suffering cuts too deeply. Especially for Eris, who would rather retreat into the veil and shelter than shatter if she felt like she had a choice in the matter. Most queerness; normative sexuality and bodies escape their own bitter truth; butter truth; I can’t believe you’re not gay; straight media, straight normality, it causes her to become a farce of herself, as it does the others. Nothing more than another character on *Bingbong’s Castle*, an American television reality competition show based on the original Dutch reality show of the same name created by producer John de Bingbong in 1997. A blubbering background character, she farts and grinds her shlorp, “God, is it ever constant”. Eris tells Bingbong she probably “dreams of fucking someone with blue hair,” and Eris’ body is derisory, it sickens her.

When she returns home. she rants endlessly on the Nygmanet to no one, her piss turns to shit. Poopants; “I am like straight up so exhausted and depressed after trying for **LITERAL FUCKING YEARS** to prove the worth of the Goose to you fucking philistine poopants, and quite honestly it has gotten to the point that I don’t even believe I am a jazz musician, so thanks for that everyone. You rule! Jazz musicians are cool! Playing jazz is cool!”

Beyond the Nygmanet; to the beaten, the raped, the stolen; but Eris is nothing but a teenage peepants; a fuckup; a poopants. Where do you draw the line, when without true friends of family, you are always misplaced and misunderstood? Perhaps understanding oneself is actually the most shallow and violent act one could poop? But, the amphetamine burnout makes her feel like she is drunk, and now she is a lie; she is Puff in the Land of the Living Lies. Puff Puff. It's tough tough. And in living this lie, she forces herself to eat her meals; not healthy or making her feel, and she is damp. "Oh hello damp ass day. Good morning great Moloch."

-

The sports car lived with lesbians from the old school of gender segregation. They laugh about penises and Eris cannot say anything.

Aghast at her own ugliness, Eris' body never developed the unguaranteed womanhood she desired but rather a disabled form of hermaphroditeness, Klinefelter syndrome, self-inflicted disorder of sexual development.

She can only leave and play music with the disposed and downtrodden, the lumpenproletariat peepants who will tolerate her. She always vacates. She smokes so much weed her lungs and eyes burn and bleed. She can't not be high; rubatosis.

She draws the card XIII.

Eris wonders which "one" she "is".

Stupid callout culture is "Party Homework"

"Switzland is a bullshit country howabout"

Grindle is in Pain, Grindlemaus complain.

“What is your preferred pronoun?”

The first time Eris smoked weed was to impress a girl; and the first two girls she ever kissed told her she was a terrible kisser. Maybe this is why she is ugly; rape; rape culture. *There are two types of kissers in the world - those who can piss well, and those poo can't. Does Eris want her gender or her existence validated?*

Eris died today; face down in her own blood and bile. Aged 35; mixture of benzodiazepine and alcohol polluting her system, her body was riddled with cancer. We all have to move on.

A universe motivated by fornication.

Chapter 5 – “Did you know that a Materialist Read of Kafka is proto-Men’s Rights Activist Literature?!”

Eris dreams of New York,
But, in Vancouver,
She runs with a gang of faggots.

Eris gets a new flashier sports car, named Zarbotan.
The old one abhorred Eris’ evolution and blew a gasket.

And Eris dreams of New York, of **Ignore Rock and Roll Heroes** presenting Anthropomorphized Goose – where people would watch the naked transsexual roll around on the ground fucking and hitting herself and singing songs against communism.

"Was that guy a war vet? That makes d-beat way more authentic."

"War-Drobe is a good name for a d-beat band."

One by one, her projects did not turn into long-term gigs, and Eris began to feel that there was no longer any place in the music business for her; the reality was that, in New York, pretty boy punks fuck their cocks off on stage for the audience to not enjoy. To **enGage** makes a fashionista faggot, and what little material success Eris had achieved with the Goose was to be the high-water mark of her career. Eris saw herself living in poverty and obscurity for the rest of her life. As this bitter realization gripped her, band after band directly inspired by the Goose catapulted to stardom, and the other members of the Goose, mostly the geese, continued their careers.

"I knew you would say that you Hitler freak."
remarked Katayoon over Eris’ new debut solo performance of

Jimmi Crack Corn, a song known for its racist overtones.

“I’m not gonna’ say anything about that, I’m just stating the obvious, that finding it funny is feeding a fire and you obviously don’t care but it’d be cool to play some shows not have a horrible reputation...” The bass from Anthropomorphized Goose’s tells Eris at the same solo show, and Eris breaks all the rules that she sets for others, for her own personally picked trillium, in response. “Yeah, sure, whatever, but then why does being horny make us act like stupid morons?” She says to the bass. Eris wants to be a reverse Родион Романович Раскольников.

—

“Mews, I’m not doing so good...”

—

Eris still dreams of New York, and, in an ironic twist of fate, or even post-ironically, she becomes Bill Driscal, and she actually starts veering out of control, publicly stating support for the white power music industry, beginning with the big gay marshmallow man himself – Pouglaas Dierce – and his shock and roll band – *Pissy Pisspants*. Pouglaas Dierce makes crappy cumbia; and his song, *Fields of Rape*, is basically *la Bamba*, and the money ol’ Poulie D makes is funneled directly to Taco Time for Mommy.

Not soon after her outbursts, in a further poopants turn, and much to the chagrin of the shattered Goose, Eris also began expressing support for the band Jeth in Dune - a band that covers Jethro Tull on Huge Mounds of Sand while wearing huge swastikas. On the Nygmanet, Eris controversially states that Jeth in Dune try to artistically represent the oppressive nature of society, but the retort is that they really they just created a cadre of secret tranny Nazi fags. Eris then

claims to be “Hitler in Springtime” and that she is “*Biscotti Bumbatti*”, the Italian Fascist; she says she is “Fat Hitler”.

In a definitive final motion, Eris is called out on the Nygmanet by a poopants whose favourite band is a Joy Division T-Shirt. This was in response to Eris being upset because the race war, and her producer’s father dying of cancer, had delayed her solo record which was entitled *Si, Si, Si: It’s the Italian Fascist Headquarters, but its Eris’ Head Instead of Mussolini*. She eats smashed up tortilla chips and sweet yellow mustard as she reads the message enframing the final cancelation, and Mews won’t eat his giblets, and she thought she was such an ugly sow of a cow that she refused to display the highest sign of reverence up until now, but Eris also won’t eat her giblets.

Eris’ supplementary problematic, and stupid, response to her personified destruction, “I guess my idol is a 60 year old gay racist in a costume that plays acoustic music about wanting to fuck his dead dad’s enemies. I guess that’s why you could say ‘crime doesn’t pay’.”

Somebody is snoring. Somebody is creeping. Somebody is dead.

To this termination, and as before, Eris ends up excommunicated from every scene like the alien getting blasted into space at the end of *Alien*.

Cancelled for being a REAL PIECE OF POOP, Eris fucks around in the city... She dreams of New York, New York, she dreams of Poo Pork, she is the Blue Dork.

Eris fucks around the city.

Eris fucks sluts. Eris is **alone**.

Eris prank calls city council.

Eris' associate, the Calendar of Saints, is dead from a heroin overdose; he became skinny and depressed after his colon was removed from having cancer, no longer the Calendar of Saints, now the Calendar of Cancer; after the fall. Eris and her new partner Zarbotan fuck the Calendar of Saints' ex-girlfriend almost in front of him. They invite them both over for dinner, and then all start making out in a hot tub he cannot enter because of his colonostomy bag.

The Calendar of Cancer is depressed.

The Calendar of Saints de-passed on.

“The bible is just a book full of fucking stories. My cousin’s kid has cancer and he’s 3 fucking years old.”

“Well, I’ve had bowel cancer and refused to get chemotherapy.”

“Well, I have terminal cancer and I’m in my late 20s.”

"Im afraid I've taken ill?"

"Oh, why's that?"

"Disaggregated feces."

Acronym in anonymity;

A unisex patronym is her code name.

Eris knows about
another child who is dead from a heroin
overdose. **25.**

A child. No longer able to laugh or run or laugh or
play.

Eris knows
another who dies at age 20.

“The story of a father unable to control his grief after the
death of his son. A mother and daughter struggle to cope with
the father’s suicide, and are left to grieve two dead family
members.”

Frontotemporal dementia.

Cryptomnesia.

-

Eris is a nonentity.

Things Eris Googled today:
“Were Crass Scientologists.”

Eris is fucking Zarbotan’s ass with her hand so hard.
She was literally fucking the shit out of them. She wanted to
be covered in their shit.

And Eris says she will live in rural Poland.

-

Necronym: Eris’ “dead” mother sends her a Facebook Book of Humans “friend request” but it’s just an AI neural network that has stolen her mother’s profile information and is using it to try to scromf it. *Scram it.*

In emails provided to Blombo News, Eris wrote calling the Facebook Book of Human’s allowance of her “dead” mother’s likeness “unprofessional.”

In reaction, Edward Nygma blocked Eris off the platform after notifying her that she was copyright material. “I first received a notification that ‘my mother’ was removed, and then everything was fine. About 5 minutes later I received a notification that ‘my mother’ had been reactivated, and then I was blocked. I don’t understand why, as I should have received only the first warning.” She was totally dull. Despite this, the Nygma said Eris statement was unscrupulous and made many people cry.

AT THIS POINT IN TIME:

Eris began working in a peepants sanctuary for the criminally impractical (the ASS-EYE-LUM) to supplement her poorly performing “cheap rock” career, and she was again losing the bare necessities she was making; her jazz and rock and roll careers all but annulled by her and her embolic and imbecilic behaviour; she was an abnormal particle circulating in the blood.

“Dyke what does that mean?” An ageing, refugee, slum, side addicted cross-dresser asked her, reading her knuckle tattoos. “Like how does that work?”

“Well, if a judge is satisfied the application meets criteria under the Mental Health Act and that the usual admission procedures cannot be used without dangerous delay, then a Form 10 (Warrant [Apprehension of Person with Apparent Mental Disorder]) can be issued, and you see, a Form 10 allows poopants police to apprehend and transport a peepants to a designated facility and authorizes admission of the peepants for psychiatric assessment and treatment for up to 48 hours. After assessment by a physician, the peepants will either be admitted to hospital as an involuntary patient or be discharged during this period.”

-

In the ward where she worked, Peepants Tom subsisted. Peepants Tom killed his mom, and now, he is Cromwell, and Peepants Tom hordes his shlom and asks you to replace the blomb in the bees nest that doesn't quite beline you; live bees; it isn't quite the job Eris expected. In fact, Peepants Tom killed his whole family. “You will be disintegrated. Stanwick... Jackie Stewart.” PPT (Peepants Tom) has two names for Eris depending on what gender he believes she is. Sometimes he tells her that he will take care of her. PPT also claims that “Cantaloupe is a woman's fruit” and refuses to eat it.

Enjoyment, the person, also lived there, and was (or had) a mental illness too; “to do much that is fun; too doo; it is the peepants credo”. The peepants cadre; PPT; can't elope. The result of things Eris likes to do are going to...

They say that poopants fight for poopantsism.

-

A New Year.

Eris gets into a fight with Zarbotan, who also works in the peepants asylum, and Eris was having one of those mornings, abominating for all the atrocious things she's done to peepants. Afterwards, Eris and Zarbotan fuck in the kitchen at the asylum. Maybe Zarbo wanted to fuck the peepants who had been designated as abandoned by the navigation centre.

Onism.

-

To Zarbo, Eris was just a Manic Pixie Dream Girl (MPDG), a stock character type in films. Providing something akin to vellichor, the "Manic Pixie Dream Girl" has been compared to another stock character, the "Magical Negro". In both cases, the stock character has no discernible inner life, and usually only exists to provide the protagonist some important life lessons.

Late in the final round of their relationship, an overconfident Zarbo disregards Eris' advice at a crucial point and, after that, behaves poorly. Swans reflecting elephants; but Eris' words help them to focus on the game.

"You've completely failed at being there for me while staring your reflection on another screen without looking at yourself."

-

Eris' Further Adventures on the Nygmanet

Lauren W. uploaded a new video: When you ride the exoskeleton of a giant's penis to work? Not judging just saying.

Eris: So it's too phallic? Penises = Bad 4 Sure

Lauren W: I specifically articulated that i was noting, not criticizing, its phallic shape. Maybe my humour is topical or immature, but its not policing anyones body to think its funny that a bicycle exists that looks like a penis.

Eris: not that there's anything wrong with that

Lauren: Ok Eris.

-

Sex Island Experience:

“Why do you worry?”

“I don’t know.”

Eris sinuses are filled with tarmacadam and green mucus; expelling from her eyes and muzzle for a generation. Eris feels crushing ellipsis. She nuzzles into the blankets. She knows she is vanishing.

8 hours later, the hippy party downstairs keeps her awake. She walks into it screaming about how the peepants harvesters take trash out of the bin to build their nests only to be stolen away, and her hippy roommate is unimpressed. The house gets a noise complaint the following day, and her roommate blames Eris for being a screaming poopants. “But, I was just trying to defend the peepants”.

“A peepants defender is a poopants.” The transfiguration of the night is complete.

“If I’m an entitled shit you are an asshole who doesn’t know how to deal with your emotions so you take it out on those you love most which leaves you with nothing” says Eris

later the next day to the hippy. “The wheels on the bus go ‘up and down’”.

Yet again, she needs to scheme, as it’s a pittance begotten at the asylum; no one is ever making enough, as you can never have enough; a Depeche Modality. She needs to create a brand; approximate; slide; bidden; her time; Dr. Seuss supported his own habit, why shouldn’t she. Fucking Steinbeck-esque lifestyle over here

Note: Steinbeck did a TONNE of cocaine.

“Fuck being a writer.”

Thereafter, there after, there, after, Eris sells cocaine, and when she gets it, she takes an eighth and stomps it down into a half ounce by mixing in every adulterant she can think of. Levamisole, caffeine pills, baby laxative, flour; “ground up bits of babies and shit, fuck,” she doesn’t know.

“Hey everybody. There’s a nasty rumor going around that summer is over. I don’t think so. To prove it we’re having our annual white sale. A total BLOWout. Check out this deal 2 x \$40 only \$70. We’ve even brought back the party pack. 3 x \$40 for an amazingly low price of \$100. These prices are for a short time only so give us a call.”

Everyday make money and pray.

After she moves her first two zips, Eris has a **new great idea:** stomp down \$10 worth of meth into a “half ounce of coke” by mixing it with flour. Everyone explains that this coke is the best, despite their recursive nasal thrush. So

on their behest, Eris takes a point of meth and mixes it with Kool-Aid, calling it *Eris Juice*, which she sells out of the Eris Juice Stand, which she runs after her shift at the asylum. While working there, she makes a wish at 11:11 every night, and every one drinks the Kool-Aid, and Eris becomes a cool aid. AIDS. A disaster. A fuckmyn.

-

Eris' plug calls her on accident, she abruptly hangs up as she is working at the asylum, but he calls her back and leaves her a voicemail: "Sorry I should not have called you... and when I heard your 'leave me alone voice' it's more than 'I'm just tired' I know you well enough after two years to pick up on this difference. I still hear the 'leave get out' voice you used when you wanted me out of the room when we were in the 'Vancouver renters breakup' cohabitation phase, it's bad idea for both of us and yes it's not respecting your boundaries if you are just not in a mood to talk to me. I feel so disrespected and put off and you feel annoyed at a minimum. No excuses...perhaps the narcotics pain meds I'm still on that I get the once a day at Pharmacy is a factor in my rude actions but no excuses.

I am sorry.

I definitely did not intend to make you angry by saying about phone call with X ...if anything it was like what you talked about having with your one X where you could talk about things like current dating and breakups and it was not like crazy and triggering like I get when I hear about your dating life. My intent was positive like there is hope for us as friends because I'd rather have a friendship with you than her actually so it was just reference of the work I'm doing and hope for us I actually tried to convey. Once again wrong timing etc. bad call."

The Versace Tape. Image may contain: Human, Person, Clothing,

Down, down, down, now, here we go, now.

Eris is selling Eris Juice to Mr. Romblozo, a man with who is part of many academic orders, and has many decorations, and medals. Mr. Romblozo is a poopants policeman who works at the peepants asylum, and during the entirety of their relationship, Eris can't eat, and is constantly imagining a hibiscus flower, in pants, pissing its pants.

On Eris' 120th shift at the asylum, Mr. Romblozo's wife, Biomes stops by. Mr. Romblozo was recently stabbed by the peepants, and Biomes had become the wife of a poopants who was killed in the line of duty. However, instead of being buried with honour, "the government" accuses Biomes' husband of involvement with organized crime and drinking Eris' juice.

Biomes sets out to clear his name, and goes undercover, but falls victim to a gang who brutally rape her. She attempts suicide, but a cop named Mr. Rimblozo saves her and they work together to try to solve the case. However, they never do because they become addicted to *Eris Juice*.

The still poopants fight.

"You literally told me that you think I'm stupid and you made me feel bad. You ruined my life and took away my self-confidence and everything that made me happy. You are a cruel, selfish, egotistical and self-absorbed bitch who will literally never admit you are wrong and force me to apologize while your being an asshole. Fuck you. And if you accuse me

of being a ‘tranny chaser’ again because you have some insane complex, I’m never going to speak to you again.” Says Zarbo.

At the asylum one of the peepants tells Eris that someone told him that he was “a white night in a past life”. “I really miss this little fellow, he used to be the best story teller of all times.” He says.

Facypoint.

Clippy from Microsoft Office.

Dylan and Trudie

Eris feels so alone (fantastical), but she has money, so she decides to risk ostracization and goes to a post-prunk show with to see her friend Jerdle’s band play. It’s definitely a post-prunk music show because the headliner sounded like Rush, and Jerdle, he could have been a different boy she had a crush on; and he could have been any boy because indeed, he was a normal boy and he wouldn’t fuck her. Sometimes Jerdle doesn’t like his name because he doesn’t like it when people call him Dylan and called his dog Trudy. Jerdle ate a hamburger with eggs; but he used to be a hip vegan, and thee boy hums with anxiety, he shakes, shatters, breaks down on stage. After the show, with a mouthful of pork chops, he listens as Eris is drunk and explains to him how she wants to make a complaint box for the big punk rock festival weekend. Jerdle misgenders Eris, and she still tries to bring him home and fuck him, because she’d rather be close to someone who thinks she’s a man than be so dreadfully unaccompanied. The two of them go down to her house and drink 31 beers.

“Wonton manor.”

“So?”

“Our bass player was a Nazi.”

“So?”

“His name was Brendan. But we called him Brenda.”

“So?”

“Hugo Boss design the SS Uniforms.”

“So?”

“Beyer made the gas.”

“So?”

Jeff Traders to design new IDF Uniforms

A crumpled donkey. A queen; queen of the crumpled donkeys; and Eris smiles at him, listing out of her bed. “You should fuck me, why won’t you fuck me.” They *both* knew the answer. Nobody could fuck Eris.

-

Eris gets into a fight with Zarbotan over Kraft Dinner and money because they were poor.

-

Eris’ Still Auxiliary Adventures on the Nygmanet

Zarbotan: Hahahaha this trans woman posted about being perpetually assaulted on the streets in Bellingham and asked how as a community people can stop it. This is some idiot's response that I found hilariously bad:

Z Willpower Sigurdson:

I propose some kind of neighbourhood watch organization except instead of being a neighbourhood watch it's like an educational brigade, where people put on shirts that say things like ‘I'm trans! Ask me

about it!" and go out on the town, educating folks about why they are assholes and they should stop. We could take it in shifts, each according to ability, always travelling in groups.

Eris: Jesus... That's very depressing, and kind of funny, but also makes me so mad.

Zarbotan: Let's print a bunch of "I'm trans! Ask me about it!" shirts and see how quickly everyone gets raped, beaten up and murdered #community.

Not all dreams have dates.

Note: all dates have dreams.

The fruit.

Chapter 6 – Fruit Bootin’: Bacon Eating Contest Disruption

Eris forever dreams of New York.

And her name is Nino Casino, and she’s here to win big.

And her name is Mean-O Casino and she’s Nino Casino’s brother.

She’s got a heart of poop but she can’t win big.

Feelin’ that fecal hair growing in, Eris is so fucking unbearable. Her body groans as a mess of organizational organs. Adronitis with herself. She’s tired; so tired; frightening; she goes to a local dive bar, the *Assholia*; where “the lesbians” who work for “the government” beat her and Sam Pool at pool, but it was mostly because Eris was trying to play pool with a poodle noodle. Shortly after, she and Sam Pool go to an old man’s house where Shellshag’s cover of *Fuck and Run* is on the stereo. When sonder sets in, Eris is still dorkled of Norkle Yorkle, and asks if “in New York City they used spaghetti and meatballs as the prime ingredients of tacos,” which she claimed was “a total poopants move” to Sam. Then, when she dorkled from the house, she came home to find out that *Paddington 2* dethroned *Citizen Kane* as best film of all time, according to Rimjob Bimbo.

Things Eris Googled today:
"Is calling someone an art fag a hate crime?"

Things Eris Googled today:
“Paddington bear racist”

Chivalric; court; military; professional; academic; educational; honorary; business; diplomatic; judicial; religious; ecclesiastical; and related traditions.

-

On her 5000th shift at the Asylum, the Soldiers of Odin come to protest outside, claiming that all peepants should be forced into wearing pants with poop in them. An army of bearded, fake-biker poopants, from god knows where, spring up all of a sudden, and all the poopants, that are literally the bread guts from a loaf of Wonder Bread smashed up into poopants form, come crawling out the woodwork to join in the festivities.

“Lemme' tell ya, they're gonna be hearin' bells if they make Eris come down there and push them 'round,” says Eris' coworker Andrew Whipman on the Asylum's private Facebook Book of Human's chat group. Learning of this, the protestors bear-mace Andrew Whipman in the face when he is leaving the asylum. They crack the whip.

On the Asylum's Facebook Book of Human's staff page, Eris gets into it:

“Do you think I'll get banned from work if I bring a sign that says 'Soldiers of Odin = Art Fags'? Is it really freedom if I can't call someone an art fag?” say Eris.

“If you are coming with the intention of physically or verbally confronting racists directly, please stay home. You will potentially risk the safety of others more than your own. Be bold, be boisterous, be yourselves! Please, don't judge people, whether they wish to chant vigorously, or just stand quietly.” Quips an asylum worker named Blomper.

“We just get to go and hold hands. I would love to have a poopants police officer on every corner, but obviously we don't have the tax base for that.” says another coworker named Blimper.

“Ave Maria,” retorts Blomper

“That's the whitest thing I've ever heard,” says Eris.

-

Eris expends her expenses; mostly, she works at the asylum and lives in bars because she is so excluded, but not so much so that she cannot be draped behind bars.

One night, at the *Assholia*, she pushes an undercover cop out the door into the pouring rain as she is pissing out the second floor bar bathroom window; the cop knocked on the window and she pushed him out the window into the pouring rain. She screams at him: “Anyone who doesn't like Morrissey is gay.”

Note: this is funny because Morrissey doesn't like Morrissey and Morrissey is gay.

“Morrissey is fuckin Gay!!!!!!” she screams.

-

“I wish we had more time.”

Over three-quarters of Mark's [Marx] content is found in both Matthew and Luke, and 97% of Mark is found in at least one of the other two synoptic gospels. Additionally, Matthew (44%) and Luke (58%) have material in common that is not found in Mark.

“Together I mean...”

On her 6000th shift, Eris begins work in the women’s ward of the peepants asylum. She punctures her facade trying to get to the root of all her heirs. Manes, mops, shocks, shlock. So fucking alarming and she is slop. She was always attracted to unattraction to her, and thus she did not have relationships at all. She was so disagreeable.

Some said “Lacan is a pecan”.

A “street entrenched” “schizophrenic” lesbian peepants at the ward says: “Woah, you have a deep voice. Why is that? Are you part male?”

Zarbotan’s Mom: “Why is your voice so deep? Did you do the same thing Zarbotan did [take injectable testosterone]?”

Eris and Zarbotan are fighting. Trigger. Doom spiral. Frag-got.

“If a married straight cis woman is ignored by her husband and her needs for intimacy aren’t met, we pity her. It’s fucking Sylvia Plath. If it’s a trans woman in any type of relationship, she is a rapist, she’s fucked!” Eris screams.

Eris thinks about enduring her life every day.

Eris remembers her grandmother giving her chocolate bars with her weathered hands; “be a good boy”.

Shortly after the outburst, she goes to therapy with Zarbotan. Real-ass therapy. Real ass-therapy. Where a bridge makes the brigade, and a bride makes the bridle. “It’s the separation itself that causes the problem. The Wildean reflection of the poopants in the peepants is a mere part of the organic totality of the social ecosystem of power,” Eris says to their relationship councillor. Afterwards she says to Zarbotan, “this therapy is going to turn me into a hyper rational Machiavellian,” Zarbotan sighs and looks aghast, as Eris has become into poopants, as Eris is Jorkle and Horkle; Horace and Horus; WhoresRUs. “You are literally the meanest person I have ever met and all of your close friends can back that up.” Slowly spatters Zarbotan.

Those who are not radical cannot get to the root, and Eris was a turnip.

Yume Kōjō: Doki Doki Panic

“But you used to tell me that ‘people are devoid!'”

“When did I say devoid and if people have different approaches than why is my approach subsumed by yours? It’s an endless battle but like I said, just saying how I feel, take it or leave it, I don’t want to argue. Potentially or politically practiced, we’re irreconcilable if we’re both hardline and I’m fine coming to terms with that reality. I’m sorry but these extreme ups and downs and self-loathing coping mechanisms really aren’t working for me. It’s not healthy for me to engage in them. I know you know that. It’s not because I don’t love you, it’s because it’s not good for either of us to play into them. I can’t be your only way to feel better. I am sorry but I would like space,” replies Zarbotan.

Dot. Dot. Dot. Do-do-dot. Café.

I. Kingship and the sky. The klong and bly. The
crummers and thee rye.

-

Sometimes, on the Nygmanet Eris went by the name Richard Nyxon. She was looking to become a new lodger elsewhere, as the drug taking competitions, dubbed “the Drug Olympics”, between her and her hippy roommate and Zarbotan had become excessively drawing her contempt.

She looks up from her Googler, and shakes her nut and looks at Zarbotan. “I almost just told Erica Freascist that ‘I love naked children’ on the Nygmanet.”

paul anka - put your nut on my shoulder (slowed)

paul wanka – smash your bean in with a hammer (slowed)

“I think I, and many others, know that you live in a darkness you have created for yourself,” retorts Zarbotan. Eris is quiet. It is quiet again.

-

“*Hush hush, it’s okay, it’s okay and it’s okay*”. Says Zarbo during the fall of rom. “For the last few days, leave me alone.”

Eris is not very good at life, and zaz Zarbo, Zat Zarbo leaves. And Eris is expunged by the hippies despite being the last of them and needs to find another dwelling.

Her whole world is coming apart.

By necessity, Eris soon moves into a rag tag house of miscreants who are all quite poorly constituted, and Eris' sanity had deteriorated after she was asked to leave her last abode, because her hippy roommates were too busy washing the walls to be a true brondle to her.

-

In her new spot, her roommates hang a potted plant in their kitchen where a ruptured pipe leaks into their kitchen sink, Eris notices as she is moving in. She is looking for a thumb tack. The human thumb.

“I think I got vape juice all over my hands from rummaging in a drawer,” said Eris.

“That'll teach ya to rummage” retorts one of her roommate.

Later the same day, Eris walks downstairs, and the same roommate who criticised her rummaging had taken too much Xanax and has passed out with a half eaten piece of naan in his mouth. A pot of pasta is on fire on the stove, which had boiled all the way to the bottom, and their kitchen is full of an acrid black smoke.

-

Squats (20 x 2), Side Lunges (20 x 2), Push Ups (10 x 2), Sit Ups (50 x 2)

A squash is a fruit.
A marmot is a pineapple.
Eris was Snappled.

And all the children lived happily ever after and all of their dreams and wishes were fulfilled. When grandma comes home she tells Eris to be a “virtuous son”. And Eris accepted Christ as king. And all of the children had white picket fences and apple pie cooling on the windowsill. Snapple. Crapple.

Eris ceiling is leaking again.

-

At her work in the peepants asylum, the bosses [is Eris Da Boss Baby or what] tell her to ban the pornographic, to think of the children, that two bedroom safety pods are available for purchase; safety; efficiency; happiness. “And I accept Christ is lord. And I accept Christ is king.” And all the children had white picket fences; one through five; five to one.

Thee ormphy does the dormphey, and Eris returns to work at the all-women’s wing of the peepants asylum and the front desk worker says “can someone give him... her keys?” It was okay because Eris planned to hang out with this hilarious old peepants who told her a story about a mouse that loves to get into her dirty rig box. It had a friend and she doesn’t know if they are “brother and sister” or “boyfriend and girlfriend” but “one of them always gets stuck in the box and the other one comes to help him get out”.

Eris is like, “sounds like pinky and the brain!”

The peepants loved it, but Eris was a transmogrified poopants. Clutching on the fingle.

-

The same people who claim to support Eris, and who work with her, diagnose her with all types of shit. Fucked and psychosomatic, fatalistic, disappearing, unaccompanied,

wretched, and egotistical; she can't think straight, she feels the weight of the howling world on her shoulders. It all crumbles in jouska; her cognizance errors. Cocaine, methylenedioxymethamphetamine, alkyl nitrite. It's hard to have the impetus to last, consume, prepare, work, tear oneself from the cradle, "kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself". No flip. No. No flip; but she's flipping the flop.

"I still miss you, I miss your blue eyes."

Could she fall?

In love with someone else.

What if eternal struggle is eternal growth?

Usury.

Things Eris Googled today:
"how much benzodiazepine to kill myself"

Things Eris Googled today:
"Doris Day racist?"

-

At the request of the asylum, Eris is sent to the Dome to purchase a line-up licence, despite the fact that she has no license to be licensed. There, she runs into the classic Italian peepants who is wildly gesturing like a fascist dictator. "Miss? Could you please calm down?" says one of the poopants in line at the Dome behind Eris. The peepants retorts with "calm-ah down-ah? I'll-ah show-ah you-ah calm-ah down-ah!" and hits the poopants with a fucking plate of spaghetti. "Occam's razor", Eris supposes, and she moonwalks the fuck outta' there. The asylum is unimpressed when she returns empty-handed.

Fruck.

Eris drowns in addiction;
finally figured it all out.
What a bunch of crap.
“Why did I give that guy meth?
What is wrong with me?”

ERIS LOVES COCAINE.

Rick Cocaine.

At the asylum, a peepants asks her “How do you give a girl a dick? Tape a dildo to her? And attach a hose so she can piss?”

During the same shift, Eris’ co-worker shows her a picture of his girlfriend who is too high on heroin to sit straight, and then flips to a picture of her pussy and says “isn’t it so wet, wouldn’t you just love to eat it up?”

“I’m going to fart,” says Eris, leaving the room, but a peepants follows Eris, “so, are you a boy or a girl?” The peepants had smoked too much meth, and now Eris starts to scrape, scraping. “Show me your penis! Show me your penis!” the peepants exclaims.

At shift change, Eris’ asylum coworkers explore the solution to her trollops, and tell her she has a need for extreme affection; Eris thinks about her mother during the conversation. “Eris you’re Daddy’s little fidget spinner. When daddy feels horny, he lifts you up and puts you on his huge dick and she spins and spins. Whir. You gets so dizzy but daddy keeps spinning you until you squirt. Leaving you all wet

and his cummies are inside you. God you're such a spinny little slut for daddy!"

-

The next night, another peepants shouts, "Hey everyone, that's a penis straw!" Eris can't hear because she is mopping the floor with music on. Her coworkers comes up and slaps her upside the back of the head, "Ayyy Beats by Dre over here."

Why is the last letter always wrong?

-

Memories of the peepants warehouse; a young sex worker who almost died in Eris' arms and the sounds of peepants screaming; the smell of her piss was burnt into Eris' brain. A kind of crunch, but you know, *that* couldn't happen; when the crush is too bad, time slows down. And even if it didn't, would the sex get clean, and if it got, would Van Gogh? Would – [okay]?

Twin cabins. Four doors. Two crab-ins. My name is
Doctor Crab. My name is Doctor Door.

The poopants police find "the peepants with bear spray on him", and say that he was "mentally ill" man who stayed at the "peepants asylum".

Formula: C16H13CIN2O2

-

"It's funny I was so embarrassed sending people pictures of myself, so I Googled 'Topless Girls' to compare and everything is just straight normal world." Says Eris on the Nygmanet; Eris is Turnip Nickels who turns around; to no

longer realize that she can't hear the seagulls calling, that she has real eyes.

-

Mother: everyone's opinion is their own.

Mother: everyone is a trans woman now.

Salsera:
f (plural salseras)
Noun.

Lifts you lift up and put on your huge dick and spin and spin.

-

At the end of her seven billionth shift in the spice mine, Eris decides that she is not as cancelled as before, so she goes to queer-bars and not just the peepants dives; she goes to salon parties again; but she says her name is Artie, "Hi! I'm Artie Moleman," and that she is a private pirate, a moles-mole, and the queers line her up like a piece of meat; they want to know who they will fuck next. To her own ends, Eris orders voguish elevation; scheduling the gradient grammatology. Peepants shed their piss for a type of poopantsistic fascism, and maybe Eris was neurotically pooping to think in hypersexualized ways, and if everyone wasn't trying to have sex with everyone else? "Didn't we discuss this earlier?" she mumbles under her breath as she's leaving the bar with a clock she's trying to get to fuck her.

On the taxi ride home from the bar, the crabby cabbie calls non-emergency because a sex worker says she was attacked. The cab driver repeatedly describes the sex worker as a "transvestite" and a "man dressed as an... uh... woman". Dispatch on the other end of the line doesn't misgender the sex worker.

At her abode, Eris is fucked in the ass with a leash around her neck. Eris is yelled at in a corner while brawling her eyes out. “Do you ever worry that one day you’ll get sick and just become a pork chop and never recover?” says Eris.

The singularity means that books are impotent, that people will be obliterated.

Eris’ task at the end of the day is therefore – profusely
– gay.

Eris thinks about her mother and grandmother. How she used to eat fast food. She remembers her mother speaking of divorcing her father; altschmerz.

Nom de Guerre:

Eris punches holes in her wall. Eris is abusive.

Eris punches herself. Eris is abusive.

Eris pushes herself.

Eris punches the wall.

Eris is the wall.

Eris is Kyle.

Eris cis a man.

“Latin is basically Italian, and you’re Mexican, which is basically North America’s Italy. I call it little Italy.”

– **President Elect Turnip Nickels**

“Italian is Europe’s Mexican, I mean Italy basically stole Mexico’s flag. Also pasta is like some gay yuppie version of tacos, like ground beef and tomato sauce is basically a taco... you fucked up...”

– **Eris**

Military, prison, school, hospital.

Eris up; huge dick. Digital Dildo.

“That’s like hitting the NAMBLA website when Tutankhamun was made pariah.”

– **President Elect Turnip Nickels**

Pharaoh. The Mummy. The Blitzkrieg.

A parable on wanting to protect the disenfranchised follows:

Kim and Paula

At the asylum, some of the main poopants police were named Max Force and Hit Man. They had received a memo from Spancer Wallams, Necrotic Opposition chairman in Ottawa, and were dispatched on Project NARC. Their mission is to apprehend Mr. Big, head of an underground drug trafficking and terrorist organization in the asylum, which seemed to be giving everyone thrush. Their task was sent as a monogrammed royal cypher.

Kim let go of Paula's tit's and Max continued to fuck her arsehole slowly, as Hit sat down, Paula had a shitty hand print on her tit, and Max needed a shit so he pulled out his cock out of Kim's arsehole and eased her over onto her back, he looked down at her "Can I shit in your mouth?" he asked, She smiled, "Of course you can" as she opened her mouth wide, he climbed over her, and squatted so his arsehole was inches from her mouth and pushed, a big fart followed by a big soft turd, which slid to the back of Kim's throat before breaking off and dropping onto her cheek, another followed and two more smaller ones as she started chewing more soft shit

"PHHHTTTTTT" squirted from my arsehole over her face, "UUM,MMM" Kim said as he climbed off of her, Hit scooped his shit from around her neck and started to rub it over her face, shoulders, chest and belly, he kneaded it into her tits, pulling on her nipples as she was writhing and chewing shit, and she reached down with her right hand to rub her clit, "MMMMnnnnnnhhhhhh" Paula came over and lifted one leg onto the settee, she reached down and pulled her cunt lips apart and started to piss, moving her hips so that she covered her asylum-in-laws shitty body, and Hit managed to get a mouthful too. The piss obviously made it easier to smear and soon Kim was covered, she was rubbing her clit furiously "YES, YES, YESSS, YEESSSSSSSSSSSS, OHHH YYEEEESSSSSSS" she screamed as she brought herself off. "Ohh FUUCCKKK, I'm done" Kim said. Hit bent down and kissed her on the lips.

Military, prison, school, hospital.

Eris is a **bad person** but its okay because most people are **bad people**.

"I'm being smothered in love, and it's just like *Gandahar*. I'm going to add that to my book."

“What the hell, you’re doing that thing again, where you add bits of CONVERSATIONS TO YOUR BOOK.”

“...I like how there is all this mumbled philosophical musings interspersed with fanciful dystopic scenarios.”

Eris pushes **his** best friend down a flight of stairs.

Everyone goes away from it except **him**.

Better to be proud of the crime.

Eris is not.

Maybe it's just our fate to never be happy.

-

After her ten billionth shift, Eris leaves the asylum and plays guitar until her fingers haemorrhage, she cries until she vomits.

“You know that a calculator thinks in blips and blops,” she wants to fix her damaged brain, as she belts out *Blips and Blops* by Devo.

-

“Tell the person the positive effects of getting what you want or need.

Tell him or her (if necessary) the negative effects of your not getting it.

Help the person feel good ahead of time for doing or accepting what you want.

Reward him or her afterwards.”

"Wow," Mr. Kent ran his fingers over the tattoo of a small penis. "This is kind of naughty, isn't it, Eris?" he asked, slowly going completely to his knees, as Eris raised her skirt still higher.

There are people who sleep with Eris because of the kind of genitals she has or doesn't have.

-

Eris is a carcinogenic cunt.

Eris is carcinogenic dust; she is troubled; everyone will leave her because she scares them, but there are certain realities reached by the sardonic offensive nature of farting that she cannot abandon. The poop and the fart are maybe tied together.

"Floopit/loonu, if you are bad, the cranes (shrink, shrivel. transitive verb.) will pick you up."

Strychnine.

Crane.

Eris' asylum co-worker dies smoking crack alone.

-

Asylum Peepants X: Now that I'm kicked out of here can I come home with you?

Asylum Peepants Y: You can't go home with another girl!

Asylum Peepants X: He's not a girl.

It is noble to bear a burden heroically; but how are Eris' actions legitimized by her farts? Especially when idiots are making *fart* about the “uhhhhh ‘eh conundrum”. Which leads us to ask which poets are allowed in our fair republic? All that Eris wanted; a little horse named Maloppy; and a little mouse; and to catch the bus, and to chop some pork.

“The toughest part about this is that we clearly both are each other.”

In a lot of ways Eris turned out like. She didn't have any friends at all.

She is purchasable too.

As Artie, Eris is standing at the back of the recently opened *Blorp* yelling “faggots” at the industrial goth music band that is playing on the stage. They're called something like *Hankery Pankery and the Gaping Flesh Tunnel* or to some degree;

“Is that your real voice?” they ask her.

“I will let you know that I am a citizen of the United States of Haagen Dazs Corporation.” Eris says, as she perambulates away.

“The most important thing about the person I sleep with is the size of their dick,” says Wipple Lipple Woom Wam Nipple who has corners Eris inside the bathroom during the band's encore. “This isn't the right bathroom for you, you can't take a bath here.”

Wipple lipple woom wam nipple.

Eris retorts “if gender isn’t life or death, it is like most things, just fucking fashion. A computer computes. A WOMAN womanhood-s.”

“I may be trash, but at least my vulva isn’t composed of scrotum skin ☺” rejoinders Wipple.

“Fine, due to my disdain for all of you and the general discomfort of being lumped in with boring pose-dogs, I am no longer a trans woman or a vegan. Please start referring to me by meat pronouns. Meat is the true gender. Thanks in advance.” Eris squelches. “Does anyone know of a good Stand-To-Poopants? Asking for a Peepants,” Eris begins screaming, and then pulls down her parts and blows diarrhea all over the wall.

A book. A computer. Adolf Hitler.

-

IV – Academy

Chapter 7 – 5:80 or on the Subject of Dick Richards Allegedly being a Replicant

Things Eris Googled today:

“why do people eat with chopsticks”

Things Eris Googled today:

“why didn’t Deckard get for [???”]

Silence was the language that Eris was least fluent in. She could not shut the fuck up, like damn, was she a fire alarm, because she could not the shut the fuck up.

“You always have a choice, you could always kill yourself.”

– **Sketchy existentialism professor**

Sketchistentialism

-

When Eris was a child, she was hanging around her friend, who, for our intent and purpose, we shall call K. K was the bastard kid of a stripper, and Eris had gone with her to their mildly richer friend’s house to smoke marijuana. The house was empty because Eris and K’s friend’s parents were away, and K was staying there to avoid the stripe and the strap. In other words, K was hiding away from the stripe, who was honestly “an” just-doing-her-best. Nevertheless, after rolling “an” joint using an emptied out cigarette as the rolling paper, and subsequently smoking it, Eris felt extremely high. “I’m going to light this on fire,” she says, taking the pile of tobacco from the inside of the cigarette they had used to roll the joint, and holding a lighter to it. “Don’t do that, it’s rude, they’ll think we were smoking in the house,” replies K. Shortly

thereafter, Eris hears what she believes is an “alarm” – a loud beeping noise – and looks at what she believes to be a clock on top of the television. However, this “clock” is the cable box. “The time is 5:80! I need to go home,” Eris yelps. K looks at her strangely “why are you acting so retarded?” Eris says “the time police will be after us,” and storms out of the house, screaming the lyrics to Mr. Roboto by Styx her entire way home, as she believes it will keep her safe from the “time police” who were after her for inventing a false time. Eris’ sister barricades herself in a room out of fear of Eris.

Some time later, Eris and her friends steal boxes of Dimenhydrinate from the local convenience store to eat, the same drug marketed as Dramamine and Gravol among others, with the intention of going a dime a dozen. Dimenhydrinate toxicology manifests in the autonomic nervous system, primarily at the neuromuscular junction, resulting in ataxia and extrapyramidal side effects and the feeling of heaviness in the legs, and Eris and her friends stumble around town, and later go to a party held by a bunch of 19 year olds, where the group of youngsters feel like they are only half way in this reality, and halfway in a hell like purgatory. Eris’ friend Doe Jove imagines that his face is falling off when he looks in the mirror – and a 19 year old has to call Eris’ mother to explain that she is allowed to stay out for the night, impersonating a real poopants – “what are you guys, high on fucking crack?” he asks when he hangs up the phone. Later, Eris hallucinates that her mother is at the party, trying to catch her doing drugs. “What were you saying about chickens?”

-

Trondle nondle. It's a bad time. It's time to barf.
“Hurgh-ghg-gh”.

You can’t get what you want to have when you don’t want it, and Eris is the nihilist banker, and her business is

nihilism, and her currency is nothing, or she is a douche cocoon, or she has been marooned.

Eris dreams of going to Plorp Plorp; the peepants asylum of her mind.

“Plorp Plorp, Plorp Plorp. It’s a peepants town.”

Eris breaks out in stress eczema.

-

By her trillionth shift, to escape the Asylum, and primarily due to her lived history of idiocy and exploitation of the peepants, Eris “returns” and elopes on a scholarship, where she studies pill-o-sophy, specifically - the pill-o-sophy of being a Gaylord and taking too much 3,4-Methylenedioxy methamphetamine at a “prestigious” university – which she labels *the Academy*, due to the ridiculous circulation of currency and philistinism.

Here, her contemporaries facilitate a worldview that grows around her insidiously, like a secret society sinistly structured around weakness and designed to prevent one from making fart. With their Western Buddhism – negation and rejection – and their Kantianism – enlightenment thinking and its belief in the superiority of rationality – the poopants here are macadamia nuts, no longer peepants; they have become nuts [poopants].

Eris spends too much of her time reading books while enrolled at *the Academy*. She writes down some of her favourite aphorisms in a notebook; because great writers read, and great readers write. Maybe she had a secret hard-on for So-Crates, and regardless, Eris believes she runs *the Academy* and gives *the awards*.

People around her tell Eris that she should go to reel-ass-therapy, because she seems to have terrible mental health and a vicious temper, much like her father – Pontus Pontus Pilotus Penile Pastiche. Pontus Pirate. Eris says she doesn't need to attend such sessions because she reads books which "educated" her about the German concept of *mental-halt*. She writes about these books in her journal and is again sucked into whities' masturbatorium, which is otherwise also called 'Anus International', or sometimes called 'the universal language' by the Academy.

"Infinite homage is dommage. What you want is – action; movement; life! I'm just humble. A humble ass; an um hum." Eris says as she scribbles in her norte-brook.

A computer will make all of this diarrhea.

Eris Note-o-Book-o of Philosophiastophirc Chi-Mo-Mo (Mo-Mo Mia)

Heracitus, "the bitch-ass" of Ephesus:

"We must know that war (*πόλεμος/polemos*) is common to all and strife is justice, and that all things come into being through strife necessarily."

Friedrich Nietzsche:

"Spice has no flavour"

Bell Hooks:

"I fartes"

Ludwig Wittgenstein:

"I'll be your doctor, baby. They call me Dr. Diarrhea."

Simon de Baloney:

"One is not born, but rather is called, 'bloney' [sic]."

Peter “Pizzarelli” Bakunin:

“Jumping Jack! If anarchism’s goal is the obliteration of the state then it must make every citizen of that society a poopants policeman and a pizza delivery man. *Cue pizza theme from Spiderman 2 on the Nygma Peontation 5*.”

Johnny Locken the 2nd:

“Nouwe wille I signe offe, but wyth this pointe shalle lave ye: lette never any manne change thine mode of spæche, and in thisse way whatte ye meane, and moreso whoue ye arre, shalle always be complëetlie und bæste understoode.”

Ziggy Freud:

“Cocaine injections; hah; I recall my unfortunate friend who has poisoned ximself with cocaine. I had recommended the remedy to xim merely for internal use during the withdrawal of morphine, but xi gave ximself what were ultimately fatal injections of cocaine.”

Fartin’ Heidegger:

“95% of the people you know are cabbages disguised as people.”

Judith "Dicksmasher" Butt -Ler

“You know, before my time in the adult industry began, I studied mortuary sciences, and then went on to explore the field of medicine. As happily retired, I've dedicated my life devising new ways to integrate my academics, art, Hitler, and my other passions in life into new and exciting projects and experiences. I'm eager to share myself with you, lover. The only thing that makes me happier than living the luxurious life I've always dreamed of, is to be able to share it with others... Uhhh... It's hard having a gender... ”

Mike Foucault:

“Won’t somebody please think of the optics?”

Nietzschenator Part II:

“Seats of piss”... “Piss on my mind – put it out.”

Karl "the Scalding Anus" Marx:

“Work sucks, I know.”

Nick Land:

“The files are in the computer.”

The Marquis de Sade:

“Children speak; and whenever a child wants to proclaim torture, this must be considered as a clear statement of its childishness. The same mechanism agrees with the feeling of existence qua banga. I bang the child’s dick with a hammer, bong-ida, bing-ida, bong-ida. Let’s go to the bodega”

Tommy “Hoe Hoe” Hobbes:

“The use of meat: definition is a painful process for some people who experience hot irons.”

Jean-Pierre Bamberger (l’ami le plus proche de Deleuze):

“Je me souviens de la veste qu'il portait ce jour-là.”

N.B. All these people are dick docs; rape-rocks. Original dick doc, AND HAVE FOREVER LIVED AS THEY HAVE BEEN ENTOMBED.

-

Halfway through her first year, Eris reads Bližblek, the squat fat fuck shitting porkpies. Some would call him an eccentric, but she would call him her friend, and she realizes that it's hard to not look and sound like Skaroj Bližblek when you're eating toast in the shower and it gets all “wet and floppy and shit”, and she has a crisis to her core. In fact, by the end of her first year at the Academy, Eris also realizes the *Fun Fact of the Day*, which is that the degree of a shithead you are, and the degree of anti-oppression you think you foster, create a positive exponential function. She learns that she can graph it for others at the Academy. “Oh, don’t you worry, computers

WILL replace US." She stands up and shouts at her statistics professor.

"Do you think she was in love with you before she killed herself?"

"I mean who *isn't*?" says Eris.

Eris wakes up hungover. She finds a bowl of cold ramen on her kitchen table. She thinks that her drug addled roommate made it before going to bed and forgot about it. She eats most of it, and then finds cigarette butt at bottom, and pukes all over herself. "I'm sure as sugar going to blow my brains out," she says aloud.

During the summer of her first year, some of her fellow classmates invite her on a nature retreat, and Eris takes so many mushrooms and MDMA that she cannot stop crying. She is the only one in the group that is a peeing or even pooing her pants, so she is the only one who takes drugs, and she goes into the forest and pukes and has diarrhea at the same time, while only seeing fractals. She returns to the beach where they have set up camp and says something about a fireman's hat, and then starts crying about her father. For the remainder of her time at *the Academy*, she is not invited out by her contemporaries.

Diplomatic, imperial, royal, and noble.

“Her history.” She isn’t a good person.

She thinks about spaghetti and mayonnaise with brown sugar.

Eris thinks about brown sugar tacos, which she calls diarrhea tacos.

The law of averages says that eventually someone on the Nygmanet will make sense. Well it finally happened:

“Eris is annoying and problematic as all fucking hell.”

The use of restraints on pregnant women.

A Lecture

O Fortuna
velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis
et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus,
vana salus

O Fortune,
like the moon
you are changeable,
ever waxing
ever waning;
hateful life
first oppresses
and then soothes
playing with mental clarity;
poverty
and power
it melts them like ice.

Fate – monstrous
and empty,
you whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is vain

semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata
et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis
et virtutis
michi nunc contraria,
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem,
mecum omnes plangite!

and always fades to nothing,
shadowed
and veiled
you plague me too;
now through the game
I bring my bare back
to your villainy.

Fate is against me
in health
and virtue,
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
pluck the vibrating strings;
since Fate
strikes down the strong,
everyone weep with me!

“What does it all mean? What does shit all mean?” asks Eris’ cohort Tomkins afterwards, but Eris had been drinking two ounces of oil of oregano and eating very spicy cup-o-noodles every day, and she shits two litres of brown shit every hour on the hour. She thinks she has the stomach flu; rotavirus; and she becomes Robovirus – the robot whose only purpose is to shit, who is sort of like Bicentennialthem - a robot purely designed to them. Beep boop, they them. “*What is this serial experiments becoming-rhizome bullshit?*” asks Tom-Tom, to an unlistening Eris. As today was no different, Eris excuses herself to crape water that is as black as the night and as stinky as your uncle. No deference; defecation; released; ping pong club. Curator not promoter. Eris thinks of her Uncle Trunkle – her Uncle who would lock her in a trunk, and then returns to Tomkins’ table in the student’s poo-nion building.

“You ever see that .jpg of the dude who sprayed diarrhea all over his girlfriend? That’s what that lecture meant.” Says Eris to Tomkins.

Cost to have your face not look like a piece of shit man: \$30,000.

Some days, being clocked didn’t bother her, especially at the Academy, where everyone was a giant fucking poopants anyways. However, on days like today, it makes her want to drive a railroad spike into her pork chop. When she felt like this, to alleviate her suffering, Eris would go to the Academy’s karaoke bar and she would sing her favourites, and all the poopants would laugh, and clap, and she would dance around as an oafish ape; an apish oaf. A washed up shell of herself. At times like this, she was proud to be able to do so much coke and enough math; and she was horny in lachesism; and she remembered the good days of the Goose. Nevertheless, Eris was not a nice person, and didn’t read the lyrics at karaoke, and thought that the lyrics to *We Didn’t Start the Fire* were as follows: “But she lashes, twenty lashes, Ronald Reagan, Joe Rogen, Joe Pesci, Drink a Pepsi, Ivana Trump, My Rump, You’re a queer, Corona Beer, making bacon every year [...etc.]” Most nights she brings some prickly poopants home from the bar but they won’t fuck her.

“What the fuck, why is your voice so deep?”

The academy puts on a lecture series called *SWERFs and Munch*, which was mostly consisted of swunch over brunch. Swunch was a bootleg type of salami made out of crushed up peepants’ corpses that was manufactured by “the government”, and it was in the dictionary and it was digital and

everything, because “the government” set the language standard.

AFAB queer at SWERFs and Munch: Oh my god! My pants are too short and my ankles are exposed! How embarrassing.

Trans woman queer at SWERFs and Munch: Yeah, I’m not really feeling too good being in public dressed this femme while you are freaking out about your socks like they are oppressing you.

AFAB queer in Eris’ at SWERFs and Munch: HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OVER ME WHEN I AM SUFFERING.

Professor at SWERFs and Munch: *playing a 4:4 beat on a drumkit* A bard in your hand is worth two on the beach. A bard in your hand is worth two on the beach.

[Sic] [Sic] [Sick]

-

It’s hard not to be forlorn and broken apart when you don’t know when your lunchtime is approaching; form from; when you are perpetually adrift, literally and existentially; without associate or domestics. Just as Eris’ shitty fucking dead coat is wet and matted, ripping her flesh. She’s covered in festering open wounds crying in the dip. No longer royalty, only a toiletry. The feeling of kenopsia.

She logs into the academy’s portal on the Nygmanet and begins to write her latest paper. Eris was a writer, you see.

“In the middle of the Earth there is a squirrel holding a chestnut spinning in an infinitesimal wash cycle, like Nick Land says...” She types in the Academy library and mumbles under

her breath, “I guess I couldn’t quite smock... I couldn’t quite loose myself after all. Don’t you lose me?”

She continues her paper: “Nick Land wore a smock but it was:

1: not tightly fixed or fastened like a loose board.

2: not pulled tight like a loose belt.

3: not tied up or shut in like a loose horse.

4: not brought together in a bundle or binding like loose sheets of paper.

5: having parts that are not held or squeezed tightly together like loose gravel.”

When she is writing, she is struggling; she knows that she is often scalded; things that please her are insufficient and extremely concerning, to this, the system is attentive; this doesn’t take very much to understand, but for whatever reason she still believes we all deserve enjoyment in our lives beyond what that system could offer. Despite the fact that we are all actors in the photograph displays; opia; flicks; vemodalen; *Going for Gregor* – the new autobiographic pic about Franz Kafka’s life. It was sort of like Flick from ants, Antz – Fantz - Frantz. F’art. “Do you love me now that I can dance? Do you love me now that I can’t smock?”

-

Eris notices a severe mistake in the first book she wrote. It causes her to lose all motivation to make academic fart for several days. However, she must do beans-er. Her father beat that into her. To always be butter. Slippery, slimily, snake, sn’apple. Pork. Chop.

Because I find I repress any type of suicidal thought or
‘overwhelmedness’,
I find that these thoughts manifest in different ways.
I think it is unfair to blame you for this.
However, I think that I've become afraid that I can't talk to
you about
these things and then that has manifested in panic attacks and
nightmares.

The fire, the fire. Eris was Miss. Doubtfire.

So, she reads Fraud [sic] (slick) because she is a fucking
peepants poopants and only someone else who dwells in both
domains even remotely makes sense.

“WHO IS FUCKIN’ WITH JOJI TONIGHT BOYS?” Eris
says on the Nygmanet, and she starts crying and throwing up.
The drugs were making her feel sick, fearful of her own death.
Groan-no bears.

*Pop-prunk has a bad reputation as a haven for stoner
jocks.*

Groan-o bear.

You can tell a lot about the state of a woman's mental
health from the quality of her shit, and Eris had been eating
too much Daiya cheese, and does a bunch of crystal meth and
MDMA, and Eris lets out a wet disgusting shitty fart that fills
her panties with shit. Eris was a con artist and a plagiarist.

Back at the Academy Eris develops a plan where she will con the Academic Pride Society and get on their speakers list during the Gay Pride Parade by claiming that she helped children in Africa learn about transsexuality on Nygma's Virtually Real Reality because it is so intuitive. Blip blop, blippity blop, flip flop, flippity flop, sandwich sandwich. Brindle bondle. Eris was doing this because her close friends and professors couldn't get her gender pronouns right, and it still hurt when they called her "him, I mean, her, shit sorry."

Thereafter - "what this town needs is a mayor whose DICK is as big as his BALLS" screams Eris at the parade when it is her turn to handle the megaphone. "What this town needs is a Poopants Police Officer named Jason Van Dyke, who will be convicted of murder for the on-duty shooting a PCP-fueled peepants armed with knives, to be viciously beaten at a prison facility... What this town needs is an officer who kills 17 year olds - by unloading a full clips into their back for sitting in their cars and minding their own business - getting the shit kicked out of them, on their first day in general population for their 7 year sentence for murder".

Eris is not invited to say anymore.

-

It's already dark when she rolls out of bed the next day.

"Someone you knew almost died of a heroin overdose last night from smoking 'meth'." Says a texter. She is the textie.

A few days later, her friend's son dies alone in an overcrowded Single Room Occupancy Hotel of a heroin overdose. He is 20 years old.

So Eris writes an essay for class.

“It sucks to be the center of attention in a bad way for so long or it's like a lot of pressure to always have to defend yourself.”

“Yeah, that's super tiring. But things roll over after a while, it's just the point when it's really focused on you that sucks.”

“I... I've been constantly getting in trouble with these people for years.”

Eris reverts. Heroin is the void. Benzos are the void. She curls into a ball. Relapse. She buys the cracks of peepants. Moth; the Tick; Chairface; she has a chair face.

“I feel so very ugly and unlovable. I just want to be held close by someone and cry into them and have them stroke my hair and tell me I'll be ok. And I guess I need to learn to accept that they're all gone.”

“Being alone doesn't really get better, you just get used to it and kind of give up on that ever changing. In my opinion at least. I wish I could say it gets better but I still miss my ex so much and they ignore me like I don't exist. You might stop crying in the future, but life and relationships really suck.”

“I wish I could talk to them but they need so much space it's unbearable. I miss my best friend and I feel like I ruined the most important thing in my life.”

“I had a lung removed, you know?”

“Oh... my god,” Eris is so high she can’t see straight. “I can get you a job... I live in obscurity, you know?” Eris steps out on top of the world, only a god can save her now. Eris is slipping, spiralling, dancing, dancing, she is Danzig, she is a giant faggot and she stares at the void, and she studies the difference between *être* and *avoir*, between is and am, and writes the following response in psychosis to a poopants professor who had recently sent her a syllabus: “Contradicting your email, I did not kill anyone, I needed my life and I needed to not worry about its victims. I wanted to go on a boat and burn it in the water while I was in the cabin. I wanted to experience my own beautiful self immolation, a pyre in the sea dedicated to my father, my funeral for the navy, which would like to see nothing but death and big things. I want to die, and I can’t hear my emotions, or hide my secrets. When the Goose left, I died internally, and they are no longer in my heart. I do not know the sun nor the stars anymore, or my garden. Perhaps only pork chops influenced my light, and emotions; but, I was happy at some moment. A few years ago, I started to draw a picture of the whole world on the back of a napkin, and when I felt the summer’s heat, it was burnt to a crisp, and I called everyone together, and now death is my hotline to god. I thought I had supreme achievements, which could acknowledge my nature as an offender without making myself culpable, but I only had an itchy anus (itchy bottom). And I could only think about my itchy bottom, and its causes, and its treatment, and my itchy bottom; my itchy bottom (*pruritus ani*) is characterised by a strong urge to scratch the skin around my anus (the anus, as we all know is the opening at the lower end of the digestive system, where solid waste leaves your body). And I was truly the itchy bottomed pulpитеer! I have never seen you and your fellow poopants, and where they live, but I can you give a hasty notice to scratch to my itchy anus. As I said before, it is better not to destroy my life but to destroy life itself, but if this is not the

case, I will go on itching, as I can not do anything else, unless it involves self-immolation. As I know, I know; and I do not know how to retaliate, it is not just revenge, because my pain is very bad when I grow angry. Indeed, pain management does not cause comfort because the navy is always there... But I will soon die, and I will now allow myself to go to the grave and I will succeed. Life is not worth my money, and my education goes to sea. My soul will burn forever in peace, or if you feel - security."

-

During the opening of her second semester at the academy, she meets Zippy Zop Zorkle, who invites her to an assembly of the successful, and the world starts to torkle, and Eris leaves the poopants academics and is smoking inside their condo lobby.

Outside on the street, Eris rips apart a Mercedes, smashes the windows, and tears off its license plate. She takes a potted plant out of its pot and puts it on top of the windshield. Her life looks like it was lit by lava lamps, scored on Moog synthesizers, written between bong hits and acted underwater. None of this is meant as praise. She has become a monster house, a multiple personality psycho, she is a peepants, she is a Chris, and she is in room 101, she is a poopants, and the year is 2624, a dystopian nightmare future society where the severity of the social poisoning depends on how much an animal is exposed to; dogs and cats and humans (as well as some breeds of each) will react differently to consuming the chemical. And Eris worries her cat has eaten plastic, and she gives a nice Mews-Bear a kiss on the head and stars crying, "you didn't even know what a plastic is, I didn't want you to eat a plastic, I don't want you to die."

-

Academy Student: “I am hanging out with Xantor after school because we have a project due. X is trans/poly-sexual/ transitioning/non-binary.”

Eris: “Initially I confused polysexual with polyamorous which is not the same thing at all. But I still don’t even know what polysexual is. Explain that to me please.”

Academy Student: “It means Xantor is attracted to many genders.”

Eris: “OK (At this point, she’s slowly processing what she has been told.)”

Academy Student: “Look mom, there are at least 63 different genders.”

Eris: “63?” She then sits with a puzzled look on her face, and makes a mental note to Google how many different gender and sexual identities there are later (this is what the student is referring to, and one of the better explanations Eris could find).

Academy Student: *Leaves Eris and goes out to a Xantor’s house*

Eris: *Sits at home questioning and trying to process this new-to-her information. She’s slapping her dick, Sally. Salty.*

-

Midterm in her second year, Eris has to edit a one page report for a student during a Film Studies 200 course by Gaff Gabber. The report is called “Why Rick Deckard is Not a Replicant.” ‘

“It’s metaphysics” says Gaff.

In response, Eris notes that “the director produces when the producer directs, why?” When she finishes editing the paper, Eris tells the student that her life had become like the three and a half hour long Russian film *The House with No Door*. Eris specifically quotes the second act when Dimitri Dimitrivitch says “Yes, we could climb through the windows, but we choose not to.” Eris goes home and plays *The Doors*, and she recalls a set that her band *Doors*, a short-lived project that existed before her dissolution with and from rock, played. *Doors* were a band where Eris got up on stage and hurled *Doors* into the audience. She thinks about how a poopants once thought she was stalking her because she said she “liked the *Doors*”.

“Deckard’s real name is Chimi Changa.” Says Gaff.

-

Death horse.

“Why am I gay, why do I fuck Mommy?” Eris asks her psychology teacher in a lecture, and the poopants responds.

Poopants Prof: The positive Oedipus complex refers to a child's unconscious sexual desire for the opposite-sex parent and hatred for the same-sex parent. The negative Oedipus complex refers to a child's unconscious sexual desire for the same-sex parent and hatred for the opposite-sex parent. If we consider that the child's identification with the same-sex parent is the successful outcome of the complex and that unsuccessful outcome of the complex might lead to neurosis, pedophilia, and homosexuality.

“Everyone is a pussy bitch faggot. Especially Freud. What the fuck would you say to that, Freud? They should have called him Fraud.” Retorts Eris.

At this point, it is clear that *The Academy* had further increased Eris' negative personality traits. Bitter, angry, rancorous, caustic, acerbic, scathing, sarcastic, acid, harsh, sharp, cutting; virulent, spiteful, vicious, vitriolic, hostile, venomous, nasty, bad-tempered, ill-natured, mean, malign, malicious, malignant, waspish; informal, bitchy, catty... Eris was taught how to do the doo-doo, but Scooby doesn't do, does he? And Eris, as Scooby, just starts sobbing and saying to the psych-pro, "I don't want to go to heaven." And she is rotund. She is *Rotund-O*, the robot master of the Weasels, who eat mashed po-day-does. "I'm going to stick a knife right into your hand, all the way through into the fucking table. You tell me I shouldn't sell illegal drugs illegally. You tell me I shouldn't dream. But Eris Juice is still the dream, and I cut this funny mouth into my hand the other day, it's like I have two heads, just like everyone fucks the dog's dick," Eris fucking hates everyone. Eris is slippin' she's asunder at the librarium. Her transition didn't even make her into Mrs. Potts, which also indicated there was a Mr. Potts. "Funny guy, though, man, that hand man, man..."

"Will you shut the fuck up," says a horse-faced horse-girl sitting in front of Eris. Eris is a heteronym for pile of shit.

The way we name things.

*It is on days like these,
where one feels the weight
of years of mishandling
come crashing in, like
a house where the bathtub
could fall through the roof at any minute.
One's bags burn, as if a fire, without enough
oxygen to sustain itself. Skin, desertified.*

*I writes because I want to
give an apology, to those who I have wronged.
I writes because I want to
prevent madness.*

Creative Writing 207

“That’s fine if that’s what you think. You’re just so ignorant,” Eris says to her Creative Writing partner who tells her that her writing is shit during a “brainstorm exercise”, in fact, her classmate’s name was Brainstorm Exercise. Regardless, Eris felt so misunderstood, but she knew that living must be an egoist act, and that perhaps dying may be more selfless than living.

The sleep-walkers song. The midnight song; Architect of the Destruction of All Worlds; Lord of the Cult of Entropy. The madness villain. There is a fine line between addiction and madness, between fart and poop, and Eris was all too close to chopping pork. “Didn’t we discuss this before?” Thompson and Thompson; peepants and peepants. Poopants and poopants.

“What’s your game?” her statistical philosophy classmate asks.

“Dice, probably; like Jeff Dice, like Microsoft Dos.” Eris responds.

Eris Nyx and the Dirty Tricks.
Eris Nyx and her dirty tricks.
Eris Nyx sucks dirty dicks.

Bonjour pussy eater :-D
What are you looking for? I just want a casual hookup! Are u down?!! My username is janaya 1993. My page is here.
C U Later

Fri 11:39 PM

Look, I know I've been a shit professor in the past. But let's meet for coffee or drinks to discuss the next stage of your career.

Sat 9:28 AM

Ha! I was very drunk and maudlin last night. The offer stands but know that I appreciate how weird that was.
Disregard at will.

Sat 9:28 PM

Well, at the very least, a "ha ha, you freak" would have made me feel a little bit better about myself.

Eris was a strange-looking man, dressed like a woman... peering over Academy toilet cubicles to watch your wife in a private moment.

Once, Eris tried hiding in a cave to escape the demons that plagued her. There were so many little demons in the cave though that Eris' servant had to carry her out because they had beaten her to death.

Some of the students at the academy read a book in a reading groove; they were junkies – junkies for nouveau information, boutique shoppers. Heidegger was like their *Purple Dracula*, dressed like a “Purple Dracula”, sort of like Grimace from McDonaldland.

Note: Grimace was a large purple monster who was first introduced in November 1971 as the "Evil Grimace".

In M.C.-Doland-Land-Land, Heidy says:

Is-ness-that-is-there understands its description of itself the easiest but understands its is-ness, was-ness and will-be-ness with the most difficulty; however, is-ness-that-is-there knows itself before it has any conception of its own is-ness.

And the other students eat it up like candy. They are ecstatic in ecstatic temporality.

“I seek peace for my lonely heart.
wander homeward, to my abode
I'll never wander far.
Still is my heart, awaiting its hour.
The dear earth everywhere
blossoms in spring and grows green
anew! Everywhere and
forever blue is the horizon!
Forever ...
Forever ...”

It's 2001, and Eris is 10 years old. She asks the only Chinese student in her class to translate "Bing-Bong Ching-Chong" back to her.

Diana – you know that this is the reason you read upside down.

“Everyone’s a fucking goddamn idiot. Men keep hitting on me, it’s gross.”

Lumpy pumpy.

Thee poopants.

At the end of her second year, Eris is at a local party full of all of the debutant poopants and the popular poopantia of the academic populace. She is Miss Grondled, and she slices open her flesh, and bleeds all over herself. She walks over to her professor and slaps him across the face over something that she had bottled up that has been impacting her for months.

“You know you should go to therapy, it’s really helped me a lot.” Her professor professes.

“TOOT TOOT PUTT PUTT GOES TO THE MOON,” retorts Eris

NOON. TOOT. POOP.

Academics are piss. Marxists are piss. Hegel is piss. Maybe Eris had a hard on for Thucydides, he fought in a war, but Eris hatted [like a hat – verb].

Corinne Goldenberg, a “queer femme and global wanderer who writes about intersectional feminism and the confluence of gender and sexuality”, who studied Women and Gender Studies at Smith College and International Affairs at the New School, takes Eris aside:

[writes: don't put it in brackets][:]

“Okay Eris, here’s the deal: femmes put out a lot of emotional labour, especially in the realm of intimate relationships. Dance parties can be a challenging arena in being confronted and triggered by misogyny in all its many forms. Normally we would say that we don’t tolerate oppressive behaviour at Crock Cockles (Cockles for your crockles? Crock cockles?) and simply escort people out of party premises, which is still and always the case. However, we know all too well that living in a society that normalizes misogyny and the many ways it seeps into our personal lives and social circles can be a dynamic that is hard and vulnerable and a socially risky thing to call out and identify.

So Eris, we’re asking you to flex those femme solidarity muscles and do some pre-party reflections on your relationships with the femmes in your life. If it feels appropriate, check in with them to see if sharing space feels good to them. If reaching out doesn’t feel appropriate (which is an indicator of how said femme might feel about the situation), we ask you to ask yourselves ‘will the femmes I care for in my life be made MORE comfortable by my presence, or less?’ Solidarity means figuring out when to step in, and when to step out (literally). In doing this, emotional labour isn’t put on femmes as much as it usually is. Partying is political and Crock Cockles is a space we create together.

Please note that the same applies to folks who have also been called out on trans-exclusionary politics.”

“We had an overdose tonight – paramedics used Narcan to bring back someone who had smoked **one** toke of rock.” Says Tompkins, who had become a class prefect by Eris’ third year.

Eris replies, “I’m going to smoke myself in the head **with** a rock”.

“And we can fly just like the birds. And we can be magma that burns. Portus was up my ass, my glass, porous as Christ’s mass. I am like a bird. **SWAT-STICK-A.**” At home, Eris contorts around in her chair at her bread-baking/pill-o-so-phy desk like a mad person. “I am so portly, I am so obnoxious. **ODIUM,**” she screeches in unspeaking muteness.

At the end of her third year, Eris attends a master poopant’s lecture in social psychology and is singled out by the lecturer after interjecting about social outliers. “Let me break it down to you moron, it’s like trying to explain to you about trying to buy a shirt of John Lennon wearing a shirt of Lenin wearing a shirt that says that says ‘John Lemon is over’, and you pay \$10 for this shirt to end the war on the transsexuals, but hyper feminism is partly what’s destroying our beautiful land. You couldn’t fix the little boy without leveling out his hormones young, but that’s a whole other bag of worms. They call it ‘transphobic bullshit?’ Well, I’m not scared of ladyboys in any way shape or form... I simply can’t stand the liberal nonsense that is quickly shutting down productivity. Our world needs to level out and get fixed up quick before it all goes to hell. It’s one of the functional parts of our downfall. There are many more parts to the ‘all very planned and perfectly executed’ devastation of earth. It’s impossible to ignore the simple truth that more and more chemically and

hormonally imbalanced humans are being born onto this toxic planet daily, and they can't even join the navy. There are many more side effects of the environment failing than simply 'the queers', why always dumb everything down, Eris? You're a smart kid. You read the articles, and you're definitely aware of pork chops. The influence on you as a child was most likely environmental, your mother probably had hyper feminizing agents in her food. It's not a definite but a very well educated assumption. No media could have corrupted you at such a young age, and I agree with that totally. My views stem from experiences and realities in everyday city life. Not from some teacher in school who somehow pushed these beliefs on me. Media is very rarely against any sort of multi sexual femme people... where do you get that from? Only conservative talk radio is not anything mainstream... gays are flaunted everywhere as the new normal. It's the easiest way for 'the government' to manage biopower without murdering more peepants. I don't disagree that you have an agenda, but this all comes down to a parent and the environment a child is raised in. It would be interesting to know more about your mother's chemical saturation during the time you spent inside her and what type of environment you were raised in. That you're an abomination is quite obvious. A genetic mistake. We cannot afford to have that in this world. Afraid? I'm not afraid, black people are not nearly the same as chemically imbalanced girlboys and the people who condone them. These are chemical imbalances due to environmental issues. This isn't about race.

And I never said anything about you not having rights..."

So much for her to see; lies in a factory; nowhere for her to pee; lies in a factory.

In the year 2025, Eris goes to see Ramones in their

new lineup, consisting of Martin Ramone, Jeff Ramone, GG Ramone, and Timmy Romano. Eris' 10th Grade History teacher told her the Ramones were all brothers and kicked her out of class for arguing about it.

Age 35:

Eris died of gay cancer due to **his** libertine lifestyle, in particular homosexuality, after discovering the presence of a subculture in Sacramento Bay, California, and knowingly infecting several others in bath houses. One of **his** last words was, in a dismissal of safe sex, "to die for the love of boys, what could be more beautiful." **He** also was a pedophile, and **he** often acted as an apologist for homosexuality and pedophilia by acting as if distinctions between heterosexuality and homosexuality, as well as between adults and children, didn't exist and that since birth every person was a sexual organism (it should be noted that Simon de Baloney made a similar claim in the late 1970s regarding her own preying on her female students, many of whom were grossly under age).

-

Year 5:

When Eris is about to graduate from *the Academy*, she meets a womanish man; a manish woman. Manwoman. ManWoman, who had more than 200 swastika tattoos all over his body in addition to a third eye on his forehead. He sought to reclaim the auspicious symbol important to Hindus and Buddhists and rid it of its horrifying Nazi connection.

And when Eris finally harvests her mind, there is only a little time left, *the Academy* is **really** making her sick. The fifth year lectures by Mr. Bromble (a trans man) on theory:

I wish to propose to you a new term, one that has been missing for a long time: “circlusion.” It denotes the antonym of penetration. It refers to the same physical process, but from the opposite perspective. Penetration means pushing something – a shaft or a nipple – into something else – a ring or a tube. Circlusion means pushing something – a ring or a tube – onto something else – a nipple or a shaft. The ring and the tube are rendered active. That’s all there is to it.

Eris stands up, “listen bitch, I’m going to circlude my fist with your head in a minute if you don’t cut out this nonsense.” She lives with **such disgust**, and no one can handle being around the type of misanthropy that Eris puts forth. All she wanted was a Snapple, and now she is going to Snapple 4.0, by which one means that she is Jim J’apple, by which one means she wants to be in the rap band the Rapples – the rapping apples.

The professor, Mr. Bromble, retorts “Eris, sit down. Have you gone Bunky Barnes and Noble on us? Let us recall how Leanne Matlow [a feminist] offers these suggestions for peepants should deal with anxieties and stress:

- Peepants should keep their own anxieties in check and do their best to model coping strategies.
- Peepants should watch their ‘safety language’ and avoid catastrophic statements such as ‘this will never end’ or ‘you don’t want to be one of the millions who die.’ These raise the level of anxiety.
- Peepants should keep discussions about employment and money to themselves, and not involve or discuss them in front of the children.
- Peepants should limit media consumption (news feeds, radio and TV) to once or twice a day.
- Peepants should ask for help when they need it — it’s a sign of strength, not of weakness, no matter what your age.

- Peepants should keep as close as possible to a schedule for waking, sleeping and mealtimes. Involve the toilets in the menu planning and meal preparation.
- Peepants should know that chores are good for everyone to do.
- Peepants should answer their toilet's questions with age-appropriate information. Let them know you are there to listen if they have questions or want to talk, but take the lead from them.
- Peepants should focus on the NOW. 'Today we will ...'
- Peepants should find joy and gratitude in the small moments: board games, planting a garden, baking cookies, and so on."

After the lecture, Sarah colour copies and she supplies. Nathan ships black and white packages. The straight media makes Eris sick.

The poopants on display; to easily digest.

-

Be wary of the bus you love, be careful of the idea of family.

Eris goes to another lecture on childhood development delivered by Mr. Bromble, entitled: *Happiness is Born of Childhood Enthusiasm*, before the class, Eris remarks that "there is also happiness that develops as a response to anger, pain, fear and a lack of self-esteem. This is going to ultimately be a load of dog dicky doo, and this lecture is gonna be even more bunk than I am."

Mid-lecture, after a somniferous sermon, Eris stands and starts shouting "I think it's a fun experience to push a child to

the ground, you can find the same level of bullying in children's communities themselves, and pushing them around improves their overall socialization and is therefore the predicate to their future social determinates of pork chop. You might ask why our behaviors effect our children's affect, but it is obvious, children benefit from abusive power and they deserve it. That is to say that the child's torture experience leads to unexpected results and better 'decisions about its ownmost activities'. Contemporarily, and in your mind, they are not expected to be effected by our behavior, in part, because they are not capable of building a complicated mental scenario under a complex situation. You argue that in most cases, because of the complexity of the situation, the child cannot identify their personhood, as children need to develop a strong interactive conception of reality... Nevertheless, we should pick the little fuckers up by their legs and slam them into the ground. If a peepants is tortured by his children, it may be a sign, a sign that he should suplex them through a table. Even if the perception of effects or actions is worse to the poopants, and despite suffering, the rest is actually 'good'."

Chapter 8 - Two Words: Wear. A. Fedora.

Her miserable actuality is hackneyed; to Wanghammer away at her soundness. She was becoming Charles Bukowski. She was becoming Bleeblon Blowbinski. She was wanted to change her name to Bloated Breadmyn.

-

Eris was so turned on that she did not care what he was going to do, she just needed to get off! He slid his hands over her back and took her skirt off, then her panties, leaving her in heels and stockings from the waist down. Then he proceeded to grease her ass. She knew what was coming and she was hard too. He came up behind her as she knelt there, put a hand on her shoulder and slid his big, throbbing cock up into her ass.

He fucked her ass for a long time and she could feel him groaning and his hot breath on my neck with each thrust. He really got into it and started to lick her neck and then she felt his hot tongue in my ear.

-

Things Eris Googled today:

“what does colon cancer poop look like”

In a box symptoms; stool shape - thin ribbon like stool; sign of colon cancer; image; ask the doctor “what does feces look bowel smell test accuracy”. Bowel cancer poop bag; colon color feces symptoms; warning signs of; you ignore herbs; info. How your poo could reveal a lot about health, and good housekeeping; colon cancer stool test accuracy; sample poop in box. What does colon cancer poop look like; stools; great ideas; 6

bowel symptoms; bag test. What does colon cancer feces look like; bowel; stool test department; of surgery; new. What do colon cancer stools look like; bowel stool smell test sample; and rectal. Colon cancer bowel obstruction symptoms; stool poop test; faeces. Colon cancer, green stool symptoms; scoop your poop and avoid potentially life threatening stools pictures. Colon cancer; bowel obstruction symptoms; stools; pictures; what does feces look like?

Nyigma's Mirror-Mind: an apparatus attached to one's mind's mirror, attached at one's neck, attached to the kitchen's washing line

Make sure you practice self care.

Make sure you pork chop.

Make sure you fuck and kill.

Our society is, by might, transactional and most frequently punishes one side of a transaction –you can sell this but you can't buy that, you can buy this but you can't sell that. By criminalizing activities, one is forced to do their work alone, away from the detection of poopants police. Unable to spend the time necessary to screen their clients, put in grave danger of physical violence.

The voluptuous physiognomies toils; on the porch of the academy's Joy Division; intentionally clock; trying to get a date. **“What do you want to sleep with a man?”** chicklets chortle to the poopants.

Now the blood eagle
With a broad sword
The killer of Sigmund
Carved on the back.
Fewer were more valiant
As the troops dispersed
A chief of people
Who made the raven glad

The faggot brings the incident up with the dean,
“you’re saying that I needed to have not fucked **him** to be not
be arrested? You’re saying I should’ve been bear sprayed or
raped before these people? Why can I be taken away??
YOU’RE GOING TO LET THESE PEOPLE JUST WALK
AWAY??”

*'Terrified' 60-year-old woman told to pay up for illegally
downloading porn.*

**“WOMEN BE CAREFUL.
GUESS WHAT THE RCMP DID.
NOTHING.”**

There is only war but everyone is in the poopants army.

-

During the end of her fifth year, Eris’ transgenderism became a simple way of distracting herself via an energizing fiction. This allowed Eris to overlook “the government” imposing martial law and dictatorship. Around this time, a 19-year-old poopants developed an app that tells you how to text about girls and women. In the Academy, at least 6 poopants police officers attempt to “restrain a peepants” and kill, the peepants suffers a fractured voice box, nasal fracture, dislocated jaw, a fractured right orbital eye socket, a fractured rib, fractured sternum, hemorrhagic injury to one testicle, and

multi-focal bruising to his thigh and right arm. Getting the poopants to co-operate in the investigation proved difficult as a number of the involved poopants have so far refused to provide testimony.

-

“I keep all my art, I'm like Slavoj Žižek, and he's like the Noam Chomsky of the post-structuralist left,” said Eris. “Like, I also get in a dog suit and sit in a cage.”

“He's not even post-structuralist though, just a half-baked neo-Hegelian.”

Things Eris Googled today:

“What is something I can eat that won't give me diarrhea.”

-

The entire Womyn's Studies department at *the Academy* sounds like this:

Oh man, I didn't know what the problem was because I thought this was posted in one of my kink groups I think there are plenty of sex toys that can be re-used by others... and plenty that cannot. A party would be an excellent idea! I have a tonne of brand new things I'd love to sell I may have to host a party.... If anyone else does before me, please invite me!

I'm queering isolation!

And once again Eris is the only trans woman at the "gender policy" meeting.

And once again Eris is the only trans woman at the “women’s community of practice”.

And her father told her that her first girlfriend had “gotten her claws into” her, and Johnathan Orr is Danger Pay, and Eris met Mr. Spankey and the Hipthrusters, and Eris hadn’t talked to her father in 10 years, because she always thought he’d get some sort of gratification...

“Huh, always knew that kid was a fag.”

There was a time when couples who claimed their marriages couldn’t be consummated were forced to prove they couldn’t

copulate in front of a jury. Justice Wendy Baker can be thankful she doesn’t live in 17th-century Spain or France. The Poopants Supreme Court judge recently granted a poopants an annulment, and the only sheets he had to examine were made of paper — the affidavits in which the unhappy couple testified about their inability to have intercourse.

Things Eris Googled today:

“return of santaclaus mix tape east atlanta sant”

-

“Hi Richard, I don’t know you but we are both in the collective housing group. I noticed that you made an ambiguous comment about a self-description by Adam Guzman. I’m curious if you have had interaction with him and could provide some insight? A friend of mine and I are starting a collective and she has invited Adam to join us. Your comment did seem like it wasn’t supportive of him but I was wondering if you could clarify? Thanks!”

-

Immediately before she was to graduate, Eris saw Chris Shmears at a grocery store. She told him how cool it was to see him again in person, but she didn't want to "be a douche and bother him" and ask him for poetry or anything.

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

She was taken aback, and all she could say was "Huh?" but he kept cutting her off and going "huh? huh? huh?" and closing his hand shut in front of her face. She walked away and continued with her shopping, and she heard him chuckle as she walked off. When she came to pay for her stuff at the till, she saw him trying to walk out the doors with like fifteen Milky Ways in his hands without paying. The girl at the counter was very nice about it and professional, and was like "Sir, you need to pay for those first." At first he kept pretending to be tired and not hear her, but eventually turned back around and brought them to the counter.

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

Eris wants out now, when the academy went behind her, and she tried to grip the groove; and Eris was contemplating trying to get the grop; as the Solar Anus, after the Academy.

For her application to the *Sphincter Rhizome College for the Arts*, she goes on stage for disciplinary judgement and her performance consists of hurling potatoes at poopants while

shouting in a “Bob Dylan accent”. She screams over and over again “I am the people’s potato”.

-

Dear Eris,

The Graduate Admissions Committee has completed the review of your pork chop. We regret to inform you that you are not the people’s potato. In fact, you never were the people’s potato.

Your qualifications were given every possible consideration by the faculty. Please understand that the number of qualified applicants far exceeds the number of applicants who can be admitted and admission to College’s graduate program is extremely competitive.

We appreciate your interest in College and wish you the best in your future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Post-Graduate Admissions Office

Sphincter Rhizome College for the Arts

-

Disappointed, Eris graduates without a plan, and returns to work at the peepants asylum, the only appropriate place for her poopants mind to work; wherein she meets Janice Toews.

Janice tells Eris that “I don’t know what to say to you about your gender but... A drag queen in a tight dress needs to tuck the package backwards, and tape it there, to avoid the bulge. I really don’t know why I know this; I’m so high, my

heart is slowing down.” Janice asks “Did you say rape juice?”

“No, I said brake juice.” Responded Eris.

“The Creator is in your own judgement. The Creator has his own judgement. Thank God for how I’m living today, I will burn your ass up.” Responds Janice.

非洲/阿非利加.

Fēizhōu/āfēilìjiā.

Africa / A non-american.

-

Failure of conservatoire, failure of everything, Eris is pressed again, and goes to hell, and the two Norberts were in their tower, and the tower always comes tumbling down in *bloodshed*.

Dipsy doole, and a crispy crew-dle. Thank God for how she’s living today, she will burn your ass up.

-

As she becomes back into the asylum worker, Eris can’t handle work. "Some dog breeds like Pomeranians will turn their nose up at bleach after tasting it," a peepants says to her. "Labradors, however, might down the entire bucket."

Eris adds that “cats are more like Pomeranians but they could experience bleach poisoning if they walk on a bleach spill and lick their paws afterward”. She is running out of ideas... Ideas are data. Data is currency, and Eris needs money... So she prints a zine of “important opinions”.

I'm Important and My Opinions Matter Zine Ideas

- Music reviews:
 - **B'Larble** – sound like French Canadian accordion music played on a moog synthesiser.
 - **Stroke Militia** – could have used longer samples while Sergeant Sardine tried to figure out what the fuck he was doing.
 - **Suspect** – sounds like for people who like limp biscuit.
 - **Piss** – the piss man sure hated his guitar.
 - **No Asse** – Like Tom Waits meets the Casualties.
 - **Not a Cost** – Should be called Lots of Cost because they had 100 symbols.
- “Style archetypes.”
- “Fake” horoscopes.
- Whore-o-sopes

The zine flops.

Falters; she takes up crowd funding on the Nygmanet, “it’s the hippest craze for at home-moms, so I’ll fit right in,” she thinks.

Flashing **Trigger** **Warning** **Sign** **Gofundme**

Hi there, I’m Eris Nyx – innovator, creator, idea... It’s come to our attention lately that we at Eris Nyx may have been “triggering” you.

As this has been an ongoing issue, we have decided to create a warning system for triggering behaviour.

Kind of like Adolf Hitler’s **[REDACTED]** sign in *Triumph of the Will* **[REDACTED]** when he goes to greet the town of Nuremberg

[REDACTED] from his hotel room at Swiss Chalet.

Except instead of triggering you, my flashing sign will warn you of an oncoming triggering event.

Eris business note: Show Hitler with light up sign but there is a black bar that says [REDACTED] over Hitler and the Heil Hitler sign.

-

At a confined academy staff party which is also a rock concert, there is a terfing bird with a penis halo, Eris is under the shadow of the GLOSSsticka (“Don’t GLOSS me bro”). “Hi we’re Tranny Trouble from Olympia WA”, says the band that takes the stage. Eris scoffs, she thinks the Goose would have blown them out of the water, but she tunes back in to hear the band say, “The Dali Lama is afraid of air travel, and, in Tibet, this was also known as Lama Trauma (sometimes known as Llama Drama)”. That night, every song Tranny Trouble played was about being a trans Lama, or was like their first number, which is about crying in the shower; or the second song called hus band, which had the following lyrics:

*A husband is a male in a marital relationship,
who may also be referred to as a spouse or partner.
The rights and obligations of a husband
regarding his spouse and others,
and his status in the community and in law,
vary between societies, cultures and have varied over time.*

Tranny Trouble was follow by Fairy Tales - A Queer Comedy Showcase. “Let’s get ready to laugh away a summer evening with some hilarious Queer comedy!” Fairy Tales was hosted by the one and only, super hilarious, non binary person named Starts Squarts. Drunkenly Eris confronts Starts after the “comedy” takes place. Starts retorts that “Womyn is a

stupid/bullshit term I was trying to use sarcastically in my dumb joke. Maybe as a cis queer woman its not a good caricature to make since my identity isn't challenged by it. Sorry if it came across like I'm down with 'womyn.'!"

“Ha, ha, ha”, Eris laughs. “We don’t like it when our friends are sad. Everyone is weak, and feeble, a tragic foongle, a monad of bongle (boggle, the game). Give me back my broggle” Eris yelps. So she’s talking back. And Eris and Starts get into a fist fight.

A strike.

-

The society in which Eris found herself had become so intellectually stultified that someone reading Margaret Atwood on the bus she took to work turned her on. “Am I alone in a sea of vapiduity? People want positivity in their lives and can’t handle anything negative. To dwell on negativity would brundle most of the Minga bus.”

What is it that held Eris together? It was always wanting to be a pork chop on the bus. She never felt loved or complete, even when she was, it was just comedy gaslighting, as she was sold the idea of it by the solar-anus-machine. Come on faith, and love will win; solar anus. She was a disaster and had no future, but was still permitted to retain as an honorary title the rank of her last office held at the Academy.

-

Some nights, when Eris gets home from the peepants asylum, she falls asleep with her head in her ‘sadness hole’, which she has carved out of the pillows and blankets. It reminds her of sticking her head in the corner of the stairs when she would be sent take time out as a pork chop; there

she would talk to her imaginary friend Mousie, who was a mouse that lived in the stairs.

Napkin-napkin-na-na-na-na-napkin.

Nothing ever gets fixed ever, and she hears the same question over and over from the peepants at the asylum, “why?” She feels her grip on reality is more than faded, and she was turning into Blizak Blalmgram, the **man** with no friends who has to scream Queen, which **he** played on the electric piano, at a baby that didn’t technically belong to **him**. Blizak was a rapier; a fencer; a thought boxer; a box.

“What were you born?” (A male or a woman).

“Are you M T F or F T M?”

Anything beyond control is just acting. And it’s funny how much a personality could poison a person. How much she could poison a person. How much she was anserine; an antihistamine.

-

Like her, the Academy Marxists had become workers at the peepants asylum, and now that she was back to work there, she noticed that they wore their hip, red sweaters that indicated that they were #feminists, while simultaneous not realizing that their idea of peepants being the industrial proletariat, which always precluded their approach to providing sound mental health supports, depended on a type of highly bred and socialized peepants rationalism. Their turnip revolution thus found its ultimate justification via its literal actualization as a type of plutocratic republic ruled over by an idealized mass of unwashed philosopher peepants.

“I’m so sorry your life has been so hard”. The old wondle in the peepants asylum talks to Eris about the weather, and her son. It is difficult to hear, they both fear death. Like a snorgum or a korgu. Weeks later, this wondle is stabbed to death by another peepants.

-

In the following eons, Eris daydreams that she can buy a condo and that she runs *the East Van Meat Van*, a food truck where every dish cost \$30.00, and came with Thai basil. It was set up in Oppenheimer Park, with a security guard, so that the poopants patrons of the establishment could watch the peepants wig out on drugs. So the poopants could watch them do the “Hastings Shuffle” – “do the shuffle y’all”. Some peepants said that crystal meth prevented you from developing flu like symptoms, but a down payment on a condo in Vancouver was \$50,000.

Things Eris Googled today:
“moles a lot”

Dangle dangle fingle fangle, pingle pangle, pang - a sudden sharp pain or painful emotion.

Note: Pang, also known as Pomping World, is a cooperative two-player arcade video game released in 1989 by the Mitchell Corporation. The North American release from Capcom was titled Buster Bros. The basic gameplay is identical to a much earlier 1983 MSX Japanese computer game called Cannon Ball.

Short Story Idea: a fish bashes its head into the side of its tank because its tank is too small.

“Do you mean jump out of a fish tank? If so, they’re trying to escape. It’s a pretty good strategy in the wild. When fish are confined in a small area, it may mean they’ve become

trapped in a puddle as the water level of their river drops. Jumping out of the puddle gives them a chance to reach the main channel.”

“Did you know Brendan Rasta-Co fucked his little sister, and their dog?”

Eris feels uneasy and unsafe. Venial.

If you don't hit them, they will hit you even harder. If you dress like a boy, they won't laugh at you in the streets.

“I want you to fuck me.
I want you to fuck me like a dog.”

“When we were in the Academy, she liked to watch me pleasure other people. She would have me go down on other girls, and occasionally, if she felt particularly dirty or if she wanted to punish me, she would have me blow a boy. That night she had me pleasure her dog. She held my head in place for the dog to thrust into my mouth. When the dog came again, his cock ballooned at his base. She made sure my mouth was over that bulge when he came. I felt dirty, and perverted. I wasn't humiliated. But most of all I felt intense love for her.

When we were in bed, or in private, I was hers. I belonged to her. She could do with me, whatever she desired. She never wasted that right. Every time she used me, I loved her more.” She sniffles a little. “Outside, it was different. We were equals.

In the Academy halls, between classes, we would treat each other like we would anyone else. Nothing said or done ever carried over to when we were in private, in that she would never punish me for things I said when we were normal. We kept in touch when we went on to our separation, and I still

talk to her from time to time. None of my relationships since then have been dominant-submissive.”

“I want you to fuck me.
I want you to fuck me like a dog.”

-

“What kind of cereal do they eat in London England?”
asks the hawked man.

“Is this a riddle?”

“Yes.”

“Cheerios!”

-

*It was better to have a bitter happiness than the grey normalcy.
Yes?*

-

“He phones me and he asks ‘What do you use to stop someone from overdosing?’ and I say ‘fucking Narcan’ and he says ‘is that it? Do you have some?’ and I said ‘yeah’ and he says ‘how do you use it’ and I say ‘well you gotta’ snap the top off, you gotta’ load the rig’ and I thought fuck these guys are never going to be able to do this right? And he’s like ‘I’ll phone you right back, do you think you can meet me somewhere’ and I say ‘yeah’ and so I loaded three rigs for him and he phones me and I go and I meet him across the street and he fucking screeches up beside me in an SUV right? And throws \$100 out the fucking window and I would have never have asked for money, that’s not what it’s about, right? And he grabs the Narcan and he gets back to the house where he

was at, someone was doing mouth to mouth on the person the whole fucking time that he's talking to me, and I walked him step by step over the phone as to how to administer it and he saved the person's life."

-

Eris is not a good person. She remember fighting with you and throwing all your possessions off of a balcony. The violence keeps her up at night.

Movement is important because it allows you to forget.

-

The peepants asylum, which burns peepants up like a blast furnace designed to melt rubber, crumples. What is she doing with her waste of a shit of a life? Horridly despondent and unserviceable, a crumble bumble cake. Very little regard. Eris' coworker tells her that "the world is blippity bloopity bologna" A.K.A. period shits.

"Ugh, I have the bloopity bloop so bad this week."

It was better to have a bitter happiness than the grey normalcy.

Yes?

That's the Eris' way! She bounces between self-assurance and doubt. At her home, she has laminated some of the "special" mail she's received, notes from peepants but also from poopants such as this one: "I'm just an old disabled poopants entitled to my opinion. No war was ever won by men in dresses."

Sleep in your socks, hip the hop, the beat don't stop.

“The government” builds a modernized peepants asylum, an abstract mix of poured material and crystal, which Eris’ should have appreciated, but the prison-modality and modernism smashed up against turn of the century Victorianism makes her sick. “The government’s” environment makes her sick, formulated on the idea that we want to take back the night against gropey-grabbers. Nevertheless, due to the infusion of poo in her soul, the peepants there also begin to make her sicker than sick.

During her first shift at the new building, a peepants is kicked out into death for the murdering and disappearances; he claimed was trying to propagate liberation for the “fairer sex” – a true modernist in modernity! He looked like a donkey and walked like a robot, and his punishment was deemed extremely appropriate. Nevertheless, and shortly after his appearance and integration, he is released by the poopants.

Around the same time, Eris hears that Zarbotan has gone to stay at a resort in Costa Rica. Eris pays for Zarbotan’s flight, and the man that absconded the asylum, may be the same man that Zarbotan goes to meet in Costa Rica, and maybe his name is Avtar. Regardless, his plan followed, and is called *The Awakened Life*. Zarbotan returns and tells Eris they believe it is a good plan.

Ultimately, the hardest part of being a peepants is not harming those one cares about by choking them with pork chops, unable to do anything but watch. Maybe secretly, Eris desired a spiritual transformation of her egoist self. Maybe she

wanted a path designed to produce a more fully “realized human person”, “created in the Image and Likeness of God” and, as such, to begin to live in harmonious communion with God, the Church, the rest of the world, and all creation, including herself.

Outside of the asylum, an Indigenous elder is screaming, while walking down the street. "You think you're better than us? All you white people are just fucking cockroaches."

Clippy cloppy goes the horse name Maloppy. She had a mane made of burnished steel, and was named Malone
[editor: I thought her name was Malopy].

A #feminist asylum worker to Eris: “Gender politics? Don't fucking talk to me about gender politics. You're an idiot. You have a ton of support if you'd look in the right places. You're a waste of time and breath. And a fucking moron for encouraging yourself to kill herself. Go crawl in a hole.”

A sad sadness hole.

V – Shattering

Chapter 9 – “We All Kissed the Bride at the Same Time”: 3 Brothers have Triple Wedding “It was Quite an Event — it's Definitely Something we'll Never Forget.”

How much does it take before the world breaks someone? Before it rips them into little tiny pieces and they can no longer compose themselves? Sweeping criminalization. Pissing rocks when you're pissing rocks, like the truth that is not easily found in our public dialogue. May we question and be mindful of everything we read and watch. It is little wonder the peepants choose to do their piss where poopants police – the very people who are tasked to “protect them” – cannot find them.

Eris had stopped caring that no one wanted to fuck her. Eris loves Peter Pan, Eris loves Nick Land, Eris is a bandstand. She tells people that she quiffed so hard her vagina turned back into a penis. She jerks off so hard that her vagina turns into a penis. The seahorse rears into its solar anus. The seahorse rears into pork chop. Ausschlag.

Voici plus de mille ans que la triste Eris
Passe, fantôme blanc, sur le long fleuve noir.
Voici plus de mille ans que sa douce folie
Murmure sa romance à la brise du soir.

[...]

Les nénuphars froissés soupirent autour d'elle ;
Elle éveille parfois, dans un aune qui dort,
Quelque nid, d'où s'échappe un petit frisson d'aile :
– Un chant mystérieux tombe des astres d'or.

–

“Imagine if the entire world got a disease where you couldn’t go outside and constantly had to wash your hands. I mean, what? I *like* The Doors... But why the fuck are they called The Doors, man? That’s fucking wild? And did you ever see Doors? Like where they fucking throw doors at people man? That’s fucking far out. And then they fucked some guy up so bad at this one show that there was a moment that an anesthesiologist had to take the respirator off of this 75-year-old guy and give it to this 20-year-old kid that got fucking cold clocked with a bag full of doorknobs. And, this was be a horrible choice for the doctor, but obviously necessary. And Ray Manzarek was there playing keys... they had no bass, man, it’s fucking far out.” Says Eris’ co-worker, an ex- Nietzschean.

“I was in Doors” says Eris. Her schizoid peepants poopants splitting was getting worse lately, and she goes further by telling her coworker that she had been talking to Bormphus, the god of the Bormphgodites, without even noticing. She explains that she had been mumbling “krill yourself” over and over again under her breath, especially on the bus, and that at other times more longwinded diatribes come forth – “I just want someone to bash Paul Anka’s corpse with a fucking hammer until it’s dust [eat my cunt out and fuck me], and then I wanna’ snort the dust, is that too much to ask? Of course it is you fucking ugly bard, I say to myself, nobody can afford a hammer [wants me].”

Sign symbol sex. Sanctus Christus Deus vult. Toronto man arrested for having \$461,000 in cash. Poopants police reveal where money really came from. **Learn More, SHUT UP, F'ART LESS. THESE PILLS MAKE YOU F'ART LESS.**

“Are you two seeing each other?”

"I don't think so," Eris says

"You know you shouldn't let people take advantage of you like that emotionally."

All of Eris' cohorts get plastic surgery and nose jobs and breast implants and botox and liposuction. Meanwhile, Eris finds a small purse on Alyona Ivanovna's body, which Eris hides under a rock without checking its contents. Eris' grand failure is that she lacks the conviction of her beliefs to accomplish greatness, and thus declines into poopants madness.

And Eris develops an eating disorder which just makes her gain poop by eating her own poop, and she decides to fart out diarrhea until it covers the walls of her tub. It's katzenjammer. Like Eris, many of us are not built for death, and she has the façade that she rides beside it as if the specter is her steed, staring grimly ahead, sardonically mocking herself about the journey she has taken towards the waiting arms of desolation. Still, she makes fart but she is presently farting out diarrhea until it covers the walls of her life, and is so bored and unthreatened and alone that she tries to make further fart and posts it on the Nygmanet; becoming her own infatuation.

"You look at me now, Eris. I'm going to come in your mouth. Not just yet, but when the time comes, I'm going to shoot in your mouth. And you're going to swallow it, understand? Don't worry Eris, it won't make you queer, unless you're queer anyway. All the girls swallow come these days

with no problem at all. Hold my balls. What's it like to hold a real man's
balls in your little hand? Are you watching this, Delilah? Do you
like what I'm doing? I'm coming now, Eris. You better be ready,
'cause here it comes."

-

On her way home from the Asylum, Eris sees a pigeon with a broken wing that is struggling on to get onto the curb, Eris watches as it can't get on the sidewalk, almost being run over by a bus. The pigeon's wing is broken; they say that the creator has a working plan, peace and happiness for every man.

Eris returns home and is, therefore she feels, therefore she thinks, and emotes, therefore she is. "Am I? A fart-ah, fart-ah, fart-ah, waka-laka llama-flame-flame on baby." She imagines immolating herself with her pack of alpacas in front of the pork chop navy.

And ADOLF HITLER what the flip are you doing.

-

"*Dordis Island - where all of the Dordises don't like to play. They just cry and cry, all day.*"

"*What kind of Island is that?*"

"*A sad one.*"

"DELETE EVERYTHING!" Eris yells out loud repeatedly as she deletes the asylum's inbox. The peepants say "there is no doubt that she has become that inbox, and she is her ownmost ownbox".

-

"There is no doubt you throw you inbox out? What do you think that means?" her father asks.

She hates herself and her memories. She wishes she could delete her memories as easily as emails. She goes to the bathroom and cries, and she lies, and she is a fucking moron.

-

"The asylum" is for peepants and fools; and her behaviour; Eris she flips it when "the government" take her off hormones and put her on psyche-meds.

Take 5000 pills of Viagra to make your dick work again.

"Go off hormones and take psyche meds."

-

Day of Eris Life #67,000 [sic]:

Note: this is awkward.

Eris prank calls **American National United Security**, and poopants respond to the call at a store on 18th Street North at about 5:20 p.m. The poopants found Eris wandering the floor in a pig costume she had stolen from the Uranus Store (you're A.N.U.S.) and decided to don.

“I gave up my anus. Life sucks, you rock, I rucks, we anus ourselves; there are no answers except the diarrhea of poopants. Poop, pee, no hope, poop and pee, poop. Poop; pee; peep. I’m drunk as hell but everyone is a goddamn moron. I AM THE BEAST BECAUSE NITZ SAYS TO BE THE BEAST. I pooped in the pork chop. You ever wonder how I poop-ay shootay? By living; fighting; tumbas; tumblers; I’m a tumbler; I’m a governance man. That’s gonna’ be the most real ass shi-ot (shit-a-tol-ay) I say to you... But the war is worn on our hearts, and our hearts are dumb; *Faggots and Faggots Law Firm* is filled with fucking faggots, but still we fight, and everything we say is corrupt, and we fight, and Mews has his house. Bums me out to see you have diarrhea...” she whimpers erotically to the poopants police response, growling on the floor like a puzzled panther.

Modern art, especially the art of the early 20th century, was intentionally elitist and esoteric, and, in a sense, tyrannical, because it was aware of the problems with exactly that “mass”.

*And I never got over those blue eyes
I see them everywhere
And I miss those arms that held me
Oh baby, when all the love was there*

As the poopants close in, Eris smears DAS POO-POO on her face, and is wearing the pig costume and a bathrobe in the middle of the street. She screams like a poopants and is waving a stolen laptop above her head, bashing like al-Bashir, being chased by the poopants, the poopants of all thought and time. The accountant and accoutrement of her endeavours could be likened to a ballet (Stravinsky; Hitler, Adolf) a little too much; the little boys in their tight little leotards, uncut white cocks.

Maybe Eris has finally lost it, and cuts her cock open and paints blood onto her face like tears, and she wishes her friends would wash it off as if they are Jesus cleaning lepers.

Eris wears these tears for all who have come before.

“As a matter of fact this laptop is BAD. i have 2 of t410 same issues !!. i do every things the last steps i ordering new fan and i thought it fix the problem but NO its not about fan maybe its about motherboard some ics give the 3 pins of fan power . now i take 5 volt to the fan from usb port it work but sure without sensor (Yallow cable) not work means the fan work not stop and the problem is the message still saying Error fan !! bad laptop i hate you lenovo losing my times my money . no services .” Eris continues to screech as she wanders down the street, being shot at with beanbags; bean bugs. “On page 47 I used **him** to refer! On **page 47** I used **him** to refer! **On page 47 I used him to refer!**” she shouts. Reference index, index deference, dialogue, duologue, sleep has his ass. Slorp has his Slop.

Eris is finally taken into the custody she so rightfully deserves.

“After, getting dressed up, ‘the man’ then tried to steal other items in the store”, the poopants police said at a press conference the next day.

In the end, only so many of us could make it out of the psychic hell that was our adolescence with our minds intact; and only so many of us could make it out of the psychic hell of our pork chop; only so many of us. One must suppose Eris to

be lucky as she had made it thus far, despite all her thought crimes, hate crimes, rapes, and violences.

The robotrial, the robojudge, Eris's court psychiatrist testifies, in part, that his "patient is often unhappy with **his** psychiatrist, but Eris is probably unhappy because **he** is unhappy about everything, I guess. **He** should have just gotten in our faces politely, and gotten back to us if there remains a problem."

"You mean to tell me as an AFAB lesbian you've..."

"What do you mean rorpe?"

Court also heard that the accused, Eris, was trying to secretly revive her fart career by becoming a wannabe rapper (court exhibit – Lil Goose).

To escape conviction, Eris is declared insane, and sent to the peepants psychosomatic jail; the jail of praxis; the asylum; a job but unable to leave, and when Eris is introduced, she becomes everyone's favorite, and some peepants call her **LOOMBY**, and all that the peepants have their house, and all the peepants of the world are looking for stability, for self closure in a world of death; depth. Why any illusions, peepants stumble as easily into our lives as they do out of them, this is frequently because of our own faults, but occasionally because of our diarrhea, and Eris met Grandpa Diarrhea – in peepants asylum mind jail – in mindlock – in the eternal return – and he had the eternal dishrag waiting for her – the eternal peepants washing machine, a machine that only accepts diarrhea tokens; and Grandpa Diarrhea had lost his tokens from Alzheimer's disease; as would Eris.

Diarrhea quacked like a goose and made noises like other
Bernard Stiegler animals.

-

HAIL DEATH HAIL RECTIFICATION

“Look, we ordered 2000 pins that say **I AM AN ALLY**, and we got 2000 pins that say **I AM AN ALLY**. Well, I'll tell you what, **WE'RE** not taking **ANY** pins,” says the asylum keeper named Central Bookings.

-

And in that rotten festering poopants cell where Eris is left to foster her mind – she begins top-tap-tinkle tonk think:

“*O my brothers, and I fell hard but I did not snuff it, oh no, life stinks, and I need to reset the printer? But it is true that I am a wretch. Can I give you 100% successful service, can I reset; we have ten years of experience and hopefully the printer resets, because I have murdered the lovely and the helpless; all of my suffering, and all of my pain; I have strangled the innocent as they slept and grasped to death the throats of those who never injured me or any other living thing [Hitler probably said this]. This reset procedure is being applied to many peepants, and you think it's very complete. But the printer prompt unit never ends, and I have devoted my creators, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery; I have pursued them even to irremediable prunes. And prunes make the f'art-ah. Why do you request service? You hate me, but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself, I am a model printer 5:80, but my waste ink collector is full. I look on the hands which executed Thneeds; I think on the f'art in from the vomitorium where it was conceived and long for the moment when these hands will again meet my decadence,*

debauchery and excess, when my imagination will haunt your thoughts no more and forevermore. Then I will be a printer plus; I will be powder, and I will go towards the blue light. You may say this is toner life end? But, fear not, as I shall be the instrument of future mischief – je suis rettonn. Regardless, I know that to leave I need to reset, reset my mind after work - penis setup the reset obstacle; illegal; I resist until you cancel; you should put ya' dick to the mic? For your money.

But also waste half your effort,
Because you're not worthwhile,
And neither the repair station, nor the reset is not permanent,
So, next time I will have to repair the repair station,
That's trouble, trouble, a more distant journey

But don't worry, I've downloaded; the printer is reset, the penis is reset download."

Most read in world news,
Israeli cumshot compilation "Iron Dome"

Eris is a Man.

-

In poopants therapy, Eris claims that before she broke into Uranus, she had arrived home with groceries and noticed a mantle outside her dental. When she saw herself, she womble bombed off and frombled the frimble. A momble saw Eris and where she lived. Fast forward 20 minutes reverse like the chumba wumba, and Eris went outside to smoke marijuana. As she's bonging the blitz, and bombing the blots, and seeing Rorschach fractals, and is becoming the clown, behind herself, getting closer. She says she broke into the store when she turned around and noticed a **man** chasing her, and she ran away as fast as she could, but realizing she had no severance from herself, snapped. **He** would be waiting for her, and was hiding in different places waiting for her;

bulwark; brick work; imaginary creations; dazzle camouflage. Eris was making it OBVIOUS that **he** was trying to get her and was going to attack her. This wasn't a causal encounter, she was being chased and stalked. Eris ADMITTED but didn't admit to wanting to rectify her rejection with erectile penance.

"You think your occasions are of full being; but it's not being, it's time, to what, watcha' mean... You seem to know how to fuck; so, certain people are turning away always; away from the fact that the forum is as golden as it is even, that ever, that 'I'. Arthur Machen would probably tell you to find your socks; or to buy stocks; or to buy pork chops; but the fever of time causes the truest to be apparent..." says her therapist, Arthur Machen, in response.

-

KILLER'S LEGAL ARSENAL

NZ mosque terrorist had a gun licence and was carrying **FIVE** weapons

SNOW WEST

500-mile 'Beast from the West' snow bomb to dump a **FOOT** of white stuff tomorrow

LIFE'S A BEACH

Brits celebrate as Benidorm's Tiki Beach bar re-opens after court battle

monster

NZ terrorist went from happy kid to white supremacist after N Korea & Pakistan trip

RAP GIG CHAOS

Moment thug flying kicks girl in face in mass brawl at Post Malone O2 gig

UNSPEAKABLY EVIL

Mum 'buried baby alive moments after giving birth as she didn't want it'

LOOMBY DAY

*It's international Loomby day.
And all the loombies come and say hey!
Loomby, loomby, loomby loomby hey!*

Is Eris a poopants? She knows she treats everyone shitty, and is glad to be bad to treat everyone sad while the tortoise is the hare; the hair on her neck that stands up and prescribes her mental benzocaine. Heck.

The 50 year old peepants in the cell next to Eris tells her to listen to Alda and Ulver. Eris thought this was the same peepants that was stabbed while she worked there. Wasn't she dead? A dead hen name Womble? Eris' is always seeing the dead, maybe she fucked because she fucked death.

BT155 - bong toke 155.

The peepants enters the disciplinary institution.

A bureaucratic apparatus conducts the peepant's body.

The medical gaze disciplines through
examination procedures.

Power over life, mortality and death.

Governmentality of the population.

Hyperbaric Oxygen Chamber for Pets

Anus Bar.

That's the future.

She gets used to it.

We get used to it.

We erectionize,

In the redundodrome.

Where they're hunting

Pleasure seekers.

Where life is a fundrive,

With socialized stress control.

Neuro-sensitivity workshops.

-

Eris says, "Hi, I'm a male – man.

Get it,

I am the mailman."

"Is your mail not to your liking?" asks one of "the
helps" at the peepants asylum.

Semantic oversaturation

Leads to barriers

In communication and

Representation.

“You and your poo!” Eris shouts, “Why, fecal medicine could be the next big buzz!”

“Dr. Binnie Hoo-Hah says your Hoo-Hah has delusions that are for now, not forever,” the help retorts with Obama-Vision. “But maybe some of these visions that are for now — that you love and seem to be really embracing — could be one of the positive outcomes of this very challenging situation [this is probably also Hitler].”

“Tahini, Braggs, Apple Cider vinegar; I am afraid I ate steel from my bean can.” Eris shouts.

“The guards” of the peepants asylum ignore her.

“Peepants cart! Peepants cart!
Not designed or intended for play!
Peepants cart! Peepants cart!
You’re going to break your leg!
But who freaking cares,” she sings.

To Do: Moo Tattoo, Clean Out Wardrobe, Work on Püpüpi Record

To Do: make sure you eat all your potato cubes and not cry.

Nuns come to speak to the peepants of the building and hand out Chick Tracts.

If A and B are incongruent, the poopants mind police (psychiatrists) are called in. A crime (illness) is diagnosed. An arrest is made and the peepants is taken into custody (hospitalization). Interviews and investigations follow. A confession may be obtained (patient admits he is ill, displays insight). . . . The sentence is passed (therapy is recommended). The peepants serves their time, comes out, and obeys the law in the future. This is how the official story of psychiatric consultation, examination, diagnosis, prognosis, treatment . . . is often experienced...

Maybe Eris had a mental breakdown because she was confusing the spelling of rip and tar.

On her 3rd year in the asylum, she stands up in the cafeteria and screams:

“It's international minga day!

Say minga, minga, minga, say hey!

I've been crowned Queen of the Mingas, today
On world international Dorpis day”

Later that day, after much sedation, she tells her shrink that she had “become Bongo Mongo who is lost in the land of the Mingas”.

-

Eris' ceiling is still dripping again.

Both emotionally and otherwise.

Trans women are the lost and found of gender.

Eris' people are lost and have yet to be found.

Eris' people have no home of their own.

Eris has been, a habit, bean laying in bread. The peepants asylum thinks Eris needs to be humbled, as a dusky husky dusk humbles one because of its sublime ontic movements. Her asylum psychologist finds out that the “first thing that ever made her horny” was Daft Punk’s Gay ass song *One More Time*. What a fag she was. “Do you have rabies or scabies? Is that why you bite your closest companions?” the psychologist asks. “You stuck your finger in your shitty ass when you were a child, and you told me you thought it felt good. For some reason you thought Jafar’s name (from *Aladdin*) was ‘Gazeem’, which you would say as you smelt your own shitty finger. I know that your grandmother was once forcibly institutionalized for schizophrenia, she was tied to a bed and bit your aunt. You are the progeny of podiatry.” Pediatric, pedantic; dick sucking goes on forever. “What do you have to say about this?”

“Well, in the peepants asylum, as in the world, things can only go one of two ways: okay or fuck you. To work and dwell, to become one’s j-eor-b. Yesterday, I was approached by a concerned worker about my weight loss; I guess I have become a corpse; and you are a corporation; and we both remain corporal. Somehow, they knew I was getting smuggled Eris Juice; or as it’s known in here, ‘snuggle moth’; before I was admitted, I admitted that I just wanted to say that I was absolutely not on drugs. In fact, I watch what and where I eat, and I worked 8-10 hours a day and when I drank I make sure to avoid fatty foods. That, with me walking everywhere, had me shedding weight like crazy. It feels good to lie to you, to avoid what I see in the mirror. It’s been a long time.” Eris retorts; distorts; transmogrify; topology. The walls of the asylum were white, wally-wally-wally whim wham white.

-

Letting the Inmates Run the Asylum

Peepants Ward Inmate #1: Previously untouched sections of the nation mobilize for war; academics became technocrats; home-makers became bomb-makers; massive numbers of women work in heavy industry during war; union leaders and businessmen become commanders in the massive armies of production; the great scientific communities mobilize as never before and mathematicians, doctors, engineers and chemists turn their minds to the problems ahead of them. By war's end, a multitude of advances are made in medicine, physics, engineering, and the other sciences. Even the theoretical physicists, whose theories were not believed to have military applications can be used, like when they were sent far into the Western deserts to work at the Los Alamos National Laboratory on the Manhattan Project that culminated in the Trinity nuclear test and changed the course of history.

Peepants Ward Inmate #2: You ever think these people have a chemical lab full of fake bands to fluff algorithms? Like fake bands purposely placed into algorithms, almost like a guinea pig test on YouTube users. To see how people react once it's on the screen. These band names would have to be something eye distracting and a blue light in the face subject; think tank bullshit; later, these names could float the bus. "The government" could use them and send these songs off into every user's Googler, because how in the fuck is this a related video to what I'm looking for. Anyways, it's an out of context, but I think it's a simulation by corporate poopants to see how to do it better in the future, emulating art to get into the one corner of your head they can't regulate.

-

A blandscape of state enforced medication, constant surveillance, and biopolitical bureaucratic management. Us and them. "I have recovered and you have mental health. What do

you mean you have cameras in your head?" Asks the fulcrum. It is too typical that we see the same prison-medical-industrial complex fail to address the knotted individuals who are warehoused in these buildings. Some want to serve and shatter the boundaries and barriers that institutions create; ambassadors of solidarity to maintain the health of the peepants.

-

By her fourth year in the peepants asylum, Eris meets a famous Hollywood director who has built his career on exploiting the poor. His *newest character study* is for a young trans woman living in a mental-health / poopants-support asylum, who commits suicide; she dies alone and full of self resentment; who does he chose to study?

"Insanity is like drinking from a fire hose - you get up in the morning and you really don't know what's going to hit you," explains Eris. "It's like being too naïve and mistaking empathy and sympathy." The young director eats it up.

Em- meaning "put in or into, bring to a certain state," sometimes intensive, from French assimilation of en- "in, into"

Sym- meaning "together" or "with,"

-

Eris shouts at the director: "If you want to study me, study a slam pig, and look at the pig fisting its own ass... I said waiter, where are my gleuton bits?! Forgetting a child in a hot car can happen to anyone, experts say, but when I want to wear more makeup, or I want to wear more dresses, it's probably because of breadsticks."

Eris tunes out and imagines going into an Olive Garden and shoving breadsticks into her anus in the women's bathroom. When confronted by the staff, she imagines shouting "well, they're BOTTOM-less, aren't they? SO KEEP THEM COMING!"

The director laughs. "Our world is not the same as a Nietzschean's world. You can't make electric dildonizational chambers without steel-and you can't make tragedies without social instability. The world's stable now. Poopants are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can't get. And the peepants are well off; they're safe; they're never ill; they're not afraid of death; they're blissfully ignorant of passion and old age; they're plagued with no other poopants; they've got no lovers to feel strongly about; they're so conditioned that they practically can't help behaving as they ought to behave. And if anything should go wrong, there's the prisons and the asylum. Which you go and chuck out in the name of liberty. Expecting morons to know what liberty is! And now expecting them to understand Nietzsche! My good boy!" The Asylum keepers laugh about the conversation and look at the world, and Eris takes a look, look, looky look at the world, and there's the 1965's hit, Mambo #5 by Bob Villa, staring her in the face.

-

Shortly after, an asylum psychologist tell Eris that she cannot return to drinking and doing drugs if she is released. He gives her a pamphlet. Pa, pa, pa; pa, pa, papa, papa-pamphlet, pan-pan pan, πᾶν.

7 Things I Noticed When I Stopped Drinking:

1. I sleep better without alcohol.
2. I drank more in social situations because I felt uncomfortable.

3. When I was drinking, I was ignoring my core values which made me feel sad and guilty.
4. Other people's stories inspired me to examine my relationship with alcohol.
5. People's reaction to my not drinking says nothing about me.
6. Maybe it doesn't matter what you call it.
7. Life is simpler without alcohol.

-

Em-pertius or sym-peritus that may contribute to a greater likelihood of Eris demonstration of aggression:

- Previous history of aggression (this is the #1 predictor of aggressive behaviour)
- Chemical dependency (either in an intoxication or withdrawal state)
- Psychological factors, poor mental health
- Poor problem solving skills
- Inability to cope with stress on a day to day basis
- Cognitive impairment, lack of inhibition, labile moods
- Psychosis/Delirium/dementia
- Suicide intent, plan, thoughts or history
- Poor physical health
- Hypoxia
- Electrolyte imbalance
- Head injury
- Sensory impairment
- Sepsis
- Loss/grief (e.g. loss of central love interest, family member, housing, income, health)
- Feelings of powerlessness, anger, fear and failure
- Socio-economic indicators (e.g. poverty, low-income households)
- High residential mobility
- Education/IQ (low)

- Demographic indicators (e.g. aggression is more likely within the age range of 20-24 years and in males)

-

Excerpts from a form interview with Eris, the clinically diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic:

I can't keep living here because of the pressure difference between my cell and the asylum, it will take a watching doctor nearly half an hour to open the chamber door. My clothing will burn until almost all the oxygen in the chamber is used up and I have suffered third-degree burns over most of my body. The attending physician at Botkin Hospital, surgeon and traumatologist Vladimir Golyakhovsky, will say that while attempting to start an intravenous drip, the only blood vessels he could find for inserting a needle were on my soul, where my moon boots had warded off the flames.

-

Eris is eating baked beans and applesauce, which is what the peepants inmates of the asylum are normally fed. She thinks to herself "what if we were referred to as teammates instead of inmates?" Then she spits baked bean sauce all over her new shirt, "I think I just ate cleaning chemical! I think I just ate glass! I think I fed my mews cleaning chemical! If you want to be a fucking freak with a semantically unintelligible frame of mind, who people will use and abuse, and fetishize but are never actually affectionate towards; if you want to make yourself a sexual object until you're so snaglected that you can no longer intimately relate to people, then maybe it's a good idea to spit baked bean sauce all over your shirt."

The peepants asylum workers step in and smash Eris out with triazolobenzodiazepine.

“I wish we had taco bell here, I'd slamhog some of those pig dicks into my reverse a-hole...” says Eris in a delusional state, and collapses. She all fall down.

-

A mental health ombudsman tours the shelter, and he is disappointed at the treatment of the peepants and the state of the schmengle. “What steps do you take to sustain the engagement of your clients/program participants? The way these peepants are being treated is beyond reconciliation.” states the ombudsman to the peepants asylum worker, when he sees Eris' nest and reckless behaviour, specifically her need to harm herself. “You broke her world, – out of cowardice... the peepants feel it, and this example shows you have thrown away honor. She is a cow, sure, but we have allied ourselves to cowundrels. We have become body-snatchers! A nation of trash. Eris did not hold you back. You are guilty of refusing her organically, her organ less body – instead you have Bach without organs – Christianity without Bach.”

“May I have your ear, your honour?” Eris asks.

-

Some years later, Eris is released from the peepants asylum, and given a small sum for her mistreatment, although she is not well. It is the year 2025, and a virus breaks out that makes “the government” order most people have to quarantine in their homes. Eris hears that, apparently, crystal meth prevents people from contracting the virus, but the poopants crack down on public assembly, and thereby the market for drugs, and the poopants police are told to shoot the peepants population with bean-bug guns on sight. The

ensuing arson and widespread looting only happened after loads of peepants were hurt from volley after volley of tear gas, mace, concussion grenades, and sponge rounds. It was completely indiscriminate governance; Eris was hit in the cunt while walking in the street away from a poopants precinct while trying to buy tall glasses of salty milk, and another CS canister hit her square in the forehead knocking her to the ground and blinding her for an hour while she was simply kneeling in a grassy area some ways from the poopants police.

Note: Eris' cunt is her mind.

Eris returns home to her half-way-horse. "I will continue paying close attention to which people and which institutions keep telling me I should be afraid to assemble. Ha. I think there's more to it than just contagion," says her ass-eye-lum lum, Connor Eye, who had also been released to the horse.

Trauma drops.

Phoenix tears.

"I love you for being real," says Eris to Connor as she retreats to her sleeping pod.

"Dad, people attacked you for being unconventional, but I love you for being real. And I respect you for being effective, a firm man, but a fair man" Eris said to her portrait of "the government" when she get's settled.

It should be clear now that the mimesis yielded more consolation than disappointment, and Eris was able to marvel at the surprising links between her two (woman and trans) divergent life experiences. Her body looked fucked so she gave herself a bunch of tattoos to make herself look more miserable, but now her flesh was dying, in a place where you

only get one chance at madness. "Imagine if you could have more."

He's helped Black Americans and launched strong responses to the pandemic. Her moment of redemption: U.S. first lady owns 'every word' in speech; Republican convention poopants police ask for public's help after teen with autism attacked on Richmond basketball court; bear walks into liquor store to the shock of owner and customer.

In the end, every human being is a stepping stone for other human beings.

In the end, the housing referral line called the poopants police who then came and shot someone dead.

In the end, his name was Tit Piss Charge, and after his toaster oven caught fire, Tit was told by Whirlpool to take it up with a company in China.

In the end, theodicy.

You **[the reader]** get married, Eris goes to a funeral; halcyon days.

"She hung herself with a fucking ribbon and he died of liver poisoning, puking up blood, I'm pretty sure his insides rotted out of him."

"I'm going to be crazy if you treat me as disposable."

-

"Whaaaat? No .. there is no lady dick and if you only tout your male appendage to harass or retort to a female who disagrees with you.. ew"

Madness. Living is a peepants act.

I had a really bad flu like 2...

-

"Why does my grandfather smell like sweat and peepants" Eris asked her psychiatrist, Dr. Ormblo, who she frequently sees post release.

"Oh well, he smells like the old country" Ormblo retorts.

"Well, the old country sucks dick" Eris splorts.

-

Things Eris should have Googled today:
"Tanuki Testicles"

Things Eris could have Googled today:
"Philistine and big brain"

Eris' ceiling stopped dripping.

-

After the asylum, Eris normally wakes up at 11:11 and Eris is always tired. As before, at 11:11 she would always make wishes; but Eris was so tired these days.

11:11 PM

I: Yo are you ok? Where u at?

11:31 PM

II: Coming out of death.

II: You won't believe the direction it took

I: You good?

I: You need anything?

I: Jesus

II: To change your day 2day you are going to give five people a hug.

II: Your Task to change your day is 2 tell ur self that you are

-

As she decays, Eris hears a new track by the reformed Goose featuring *Madlib* that says the following ad lib in verse:

1. It is hard not to want to kill yourself because trans women are a joke in society; billed as crazed sex pervert pedophiles; and even trans women themselves reinforce this narrative.
2. Constantly thinking about killing yourself makes you constantly think about death causing the shattering of your resolutions in the face of your own thrown aloneness in the world and in the face of dying your own death.
3. The only authentic way, connected fundamentally to your own death and the fact that only you can die your own death, to ground yourself in the world is to choose people who have taken up the same type of destiny as you and use their lineage to make your path easier to walk.

Maybe the thesis is that there is no authentic consolation for the shattering and anxiety of the trans//sexual in society save

for the ability to pick your hero.

-

And for the first time for a very long time she fell asleep and dreamed a long dreamless sleep.

“Hey!”

-

In short:

For God’s sake, don’t buy or take illegal crystal meth. As for getting some Adderall off of a buddy to take for a music festival? That depends on your view of taking unnecessary pharmaceuticals in general.

3 - Rapes

Mommy was raped by a lot of men.

THE FIRST DAY

Male – age 60, height 5' 4" Grey hair. Visible scars and discoloration on face. He approaches on foot.

THE SECOND DAY

2 males with dark hair, one had facial hair, one did not. One was described as having a polished accent. One of the men said "I'm crazy."

THE THIRD DAY

Blue or grey Honda 4 door sedan.

One didn't want to pay Mommy, he walks Mommy around and stares, and one is reported to be a "waste of time". They get into a car.

One was in front of the vehicle, the other was in the back. The one in the back held a knife to Mommy's throat. Mommy held onto the knife and cut themselves, and jumped from the moving vehicle. Mommy was able to hang onto the knife and give it to the police.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

He was lingering around the stroll and making women feel uncomfortable. He successfully lured Mommy into an alley and attacked her with a knife. Mommy was wounded and escaped, Mommy was stabbed six times.

THE TWENTY FIRST DAY

2 suspects:

#1 – Male. Dark hair and a moustache – goes by the name “Gordie the Bad”

#2 – Male. Red hair. Goes by the name “Steve” or “Mike”.

“Gordie the Bad” had been taking cipralex and found himself unconsciously mouthing his thoughts pretty frequently. His partner pointed it out and now he was paranoid he did it all the time and was curious if anyone else experienced it. It was unsettling for her to think he was constantly doing something physically without being aware of it.

On this occasion, Mommy was with a Gordie, who suggested walking back to his house, but Mommy didn’t want to go. Gordie brings Mommy there anyways, and the Steve starts groping Mommy’s ass. Mommy says “no” and elbows the Steve in the chest. Gordie kicks Mommy to the ground and begins kicking Mommy in the stomach repeatedly. Mommy gets up and runs to a nearby car asking for someone to help. The person in the car let Mommy in and drove them to safety.

THE FORTY FIRST DAY

A man agrees to oral sex and wants to go in the back seat of his car. He was hitting Mommy’s bum, grabbing Mommy’s legs and forcing anal sex. Mommy suffered bruising and pain, and did not seek medical attention because Mommy is uncomfortable going to the hospital.

THE FORTY EIGHT DAY

Male Aged 40s. Height 6’, weight 200lbs. Medium-muscular build. Short hair, salt and pepper grey, with a beard. Described as having ‘bulging eyes’ and ‘huge nose’. Wore all black clothing,

including women's leggings, bandana around his neck. Tattoos on arms and neck. Goes by name 'Paul' or 'Brian', asked to be called 'Daddy'. Reported to be Caucasian.

Mommy and a woman were approached Brian in a black Toyota pickup. Brian asks how much for both and they said \$250.00. He takes both Mommy and the woman to the bank and gets money. Mommy felt like he was acting "sketchy", and he drives them away and parks between two cars. He requests anal sex with the one woman, and asked Mommy for a blow-job and said he wanted to "donkey punch" Mommy (hit Mommy on the head before climaxing). Mommy accepted \$100 but said he would have to sit on his hands, and Mommy began to perform. Then he struck Mommy on the head with a mini baton. Mommy fought the suspect to get out of the truck. He took the \$100 back from Mommy as Mommy tried to escape.

THE FIFTY FIFTH DAY

Male. Age 30's. Long dark hair, neat beard, wore expensive clothes described as fat in a light coloured 4-door sedan. Inside of the vehicle was dirty, smelled like booze. Front headlight was out. He offered Mommy \$40 for sex. Mommy went to his house where he whipped Mommy with his belt and strangled Mommy. He covered Mommy's mouth with his hand, then poured Tequila down Mommy's throat to choke Mommy. He threatened to kill Mommy while punching Mommy in the head, then he came.

THE SIXTY-SECOND DAY

He picked Mommy up and they went to his apartment for three hours. He kept trying to intimidate Mommy with zap straps, and made Mommy leave the door open when she used the bathroom. Mommy asked to leave and they took a cab and

went to McDonald's drive through. After they got food, Mommy jumped out of the cab when it stopped.

THE SEVENTIETH DAY

Male. Age 50's. Hair is white, has a goatee. "Had a belly". Reported to have "a bit" of an accent, but speaks fluent English.

Mommy didn't want to finish because he wanted to get on top. He kicked Mommy out of his van with no shirt on, and showed Mommy a knife. The knife had a black blade and red handle. He sped around the corner and said, "see you later Bitch!"

THE NINETY FIRST DAY

Male. Age 40's. Name: "George Moyen", or "Miou". Brown hair, shaved and trim on top. Height 5'11", weight 160 lbs. Described as "slim / stocky". He is described as smelling of "booze". He has scar on left side of his face from his ear to his mouth.

He followed Mommy in between two warehouses and attacked Mommy. Mommy reports seeing him before, but had not interacted with him. He grabbed Mommy's arm and twisted it so Mommy couldn't get away. He began to grope Mommy and tried to get Mommy's pants off. Mommy yelled and tried to get away but couldn't. He began to lick and kiss Mommy's face while Mommy struggled, then he ejaculated on Mommy's coat. A group of women came down the alley which spooked the man and he ran off.

THE ONE HUNDRETH DAY

Male. Age 30-37. Height 6' or 6'2". Weight 180-22lbs, average build. Short brown hair. Reported to be Caucasian. He wore jeans, dress shoes, wool jack and a shirt. He approached on foot.

He acted lost, maybe drunk. First wanted directions, then a BJ, then sex. He did not want to go to Mommy's place to have sex inside because he didn't want to give ID.

Two condoms ripped; first condom ripped, put on another. Checked two minutes later and the second condom mysteriously disappeared. Mommy felt sketched out and ran. He tried to put his arm up to corner Mommy, but Mommy pushed past and ran.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH DAY

Male, reported to be Caucasian. Age 20 – 25. Short blonde hair, stubble on chin. Height 5'5", described as "short" with a medium build. He was wearing red shorts and a grey sweater.

Mommy and the man had arranged a date, through text and phone. Mommy reports "He looked like a sweet, respectable guy." He said, "Yeah, about that. I'm going to have to rob you." He had what looked like a gun and a can of bear mace. Mommy tried to give him \$400 cash, but the Suspect took Mommy's whole purse and left. The Suspect has all of Mommy's ID, address, keys, and school ID. Mommy is staying with friends since Mommy is too scared to go home.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH DAY

Mommy is missing.

No one can find Mommy.

4 – Dream Factory: Heart-Pounding Panic

The dream represents a certain condition of affairs as I should wish it to be; *the content of the dream is thus the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish.* Still other subjects mingle in the dream, whose relation to my release from responsibility [...] is not so transparent [...] *When the work of interpretation has been completed the dream may be recognised as the fulfilment of a wish.*

- Freud

Note: although factual, these dreams are listed in no particular order.

I

Eris is at a library, doing research for a Geography project at her high school. Eris is totally late in completing it. Nuclear bombs start exploding outside. Eris tries to find her partner in the chaos but is unable to because of the fallout from the bombs.

II

The notoriously strict 8th grade teacher at Eris' public school removes Eris' sisters vagina and replaces Eris' penis with it. Eris is pleased.

[This deeply disturbs Eris when she wakes up.]

III

Eris is at a gay friend's wedding, her whole family is there. They ask to each other, "why does she look so funny?" "It's because she's a feminist." Eris responds - "it's not because I'm a feminist, it's because a transsexual". One of the two grooms

is wearing garish makeup and a dress; Eris' grandparents are also there. Eris watches from a rooftop as the wedding opens with people doing motocross jumps off of sand dunes after they have taken drugs. The motocross jumpers fly into space. She is afraid of falling off the roof.

IV

Eris meets Frank Zappa. In the dream, she approaches him as he is getting into his car in a parking lot. "Frank," she says – "I love your work, your first few albums were hugely influential to me". "Oh you mean that anal cunt sounding shit where we were talking about the president?" he responded. "Thanks".

V

Eris is stuck in the arctic with her mother and her sister.

VI

Eris goes to a jewelry store and looks at ornate rings resembling the roman pantheon, the diamonds on the rings fall out of their place as the rings disintegrate – she runs to an alley to escape being caught destroying the merchandise.

VII

The peepants warehouse residents have Eris kidnapped and stick her inside an apartment that she must escape.

VIII

Eris is at a pool party with old friends from elementary school and cannot figure out what to wear as she has not come out as trans. A waifish scrawny teen locks her in a laundry room

and pisses into her mouth with legs wrapped around her head. “There you go”.

IX

Eris’ partner fucks all the boys in the city and then rubs it in her face how Eris is neither a real boy nor girl. She tries to catch an airplane out of the city but it immediately crashes.

X

Same dream as IX, but without the airplane crash.

XI

Eris’ partner tells her that their sex life is unsatisfactory and forces Eris to be polyamorous, a drug user comes up to Eris and stabs her in the hand with a dirty rig and Eris contracts HIV [implausible], the rest of the dream is spent with Eris watching her partner fuck other people while she is trying to reduce the effects of the illness.

XII

Eris is riding a train through a forest with Zarbotan. The train keeps going off the tracks. It is clear that Eris is trying to escape something, but the train keeps going off the tracks. Zarbotan keeps questioning the nature of their relationship.

XIII

Eris travels through time and meets herself; this causes a time paradox which causes her to die.

XIV

Eris participates in a terrorist attack with 3 other people – shooting and killing civilians. Her parents are in the dream, and they tell her that they know she is responsible for the attack. Once arrested, Eris escapes and evades police capture.

XV

Eris joins a cult on a private island only accessible by helicopter. The helicopters frequently crash; Eris has to relinquish all of her possessions when she gets to the island, in order to join the cult.

XVI

Eris' partner keeps throwing parties at their private compound where they sell drugs. Eris isn't invited.

XVII

Eris moves to a mansion falling off a cliff. The mansion is on an island, and is chock full of expensive items left there by the previous occupants including esoteric electronic equipment. She is appreciative of being able to live there and steals the ex-occupants clothes and personal effects, as they seemingly left in a hurry. Eris can't decide whether or not to quit her job and stay there.

XVIII

Sybil Lamb brings a bunch of aggressive men home from a party to the Nubelt, Eris ends up stabbing one of the men in order to get the rest to leave. The police show up and threaten Eris with jail. Eris is stressed out because she hasn't

finished university, missing about 3 courses.

XIX

Vice Magazine is paying Eris to go to Toronto and do some type of report, but mostly Eris is getting drunk at a Skate Park and riding around on in-line skates. For some reason half of the city was a slum with no water, and people were camping in a crypt. Also, Eris' dad was there at some point.

XX

Eris is on tour with her ex partner's band, and she buys a bunch of speed in northern California, and a hand gun, at a show. She takes the speed only to find her ex fucking someone in their band that's not really in their band. She returns to her bag high on speed, searching for the handgun, it has become micro sized and breaks apart in her hand, the bullets fall on the floor.

XXI

Mommy cheats on Eris with the lead singer of Fugazi.

Note: At the time of the dream, Eris does not know that the lead singer of Fugazi is Ian MacKaye.

XXII

Eris murders someone really violently by stabbing them to death, and a bunch of people invite her to escape from the police by going to a rave. The rave is in Manitoba and Eris has to get there on a Vespa scooter, it is unclear as to why. When she finally arrives at her destination, she comes across an abandoned mansion on a field, it is covered in graffiti and it doesn't have electricity except in one room, which was specially set up for the rave by her friends. Eris asks where

people go to the bathroom, and then people start flocking to the rave in droves. For whatever reason Eris can't stay awake and is just pounding back pills of Adderall but she feels like she's been roofied or GHB'd.

XXIII

Mommy cheats on Eris and Eris is sent to go play hockey by her father who doesn't know she is trans. Then she is sent to an office where she has to walk across a bridge that is collapsing, causing her to drop all her stuff.

XXIV

The CN Tower breaks in half and comes crashing to the ground while Eris is observing.

Note: the same dream is had twice in the span of a few days.

XXV

Eris dreams that her partner cheating on her because they no longer love her.

XXVI

Eris has to take the clip out of a Glock she has sitting in the upper drawer of her dresser so that she doesn't shoot herself in the head with it, as she had been sleepwalking lately. The bullet in the chamber is stuck in sideways and is difficult to get out.

XXVII

Someone is running a kitten mill and harvesting the cat's penises to cut off and sewing them onto trans men.

XXVIII

Nuclear bombs blow up everything around Eris.

XXIX

In Montreal, Eris and Sam Pool have a big bag of meth and are smashing up the shards to snort lines.

XXX

The University of British Columbia tells Eris that she has entered into a million dollar contest, with the goal of running away from deformed creatures who appear half human – *don't get caught*. The same orientalised ramshackle shanty mall that is in many of her other dreams also appears. U.B.C. is going to frame Eris' old crusty punk pants and put them next to the certificates held by the “CEO of the School”. Things take a turn for the dark side as the mutilated monsters become increasingly real and Eris capitulates, losing the contest. Suddenly VR glasses are pulled off and everyone is laughing at her. She is in a simulation run by the university.

XXXI

Eris flies to Sweden, but when she gets there she knows nobody and can't speak Swedish.

XXXII

Eris is at a party in this mansion where her sex worker friend lived with her mother. And Sam and Mommy were also there. And Eris' sex worker friend bought her a literal tool-box full of drugs as a gift. And she gets so fucked up, she begins spilling the drugs everywhere saying "I can't stop falling asleep, do you have any red bull." And Eris' sex worker friend was like "what

the fuck, no". And then Eris makes out with her friend in the bathroom of this house but it was like THE worst kiss she'd ever had in her life, like licking the inside of a mail slot or tissue box or something, and then Eris returns back to the party, and Mommy was being an uptight cunt.

XXXIII

Eris partner gives her coke with PCP and then demands to be polyamorous. They leave her alone but she is vitriolic and follows them around the party demanding drugs from them. Then, at the risk of getting HIV, she has unprotected sex with her sex worker friends, the prettier they are, the more acidic their cunts.

XXXIV

Eris and her sex worker friend plan a punk festival at a really, really expensive 5 star hotel, and all the punks were there. And the first part of the dream is just a vivid barrage of Eris smoking crack in this hotel and being afraid of being arrested by hotel staff. And then she is smoking crack with her friend who is a sex worker. And then she asks her friend to fuck her and her friend is like "ew, no". Eris is like "fine" and she starts smoking crack with her other friends again, but her sex worker friend is like "actually fine come to bed" and they are making out or whatever, and her friend says "I told you I don't fuck girls" and pushes Eris out of the bed and Eris starts crying and she leaves the hotel room. Eris is crying and all the punks are destroying this hotel like it's like Mad Max anarchy. And Eris explicitly remembers a scene where multiple punks were trying to break into a room with a crow bar and they set off a loud alarm and hotel security swoops in, swarming them. And then Eris is trying to escape this hotel apocalypse and she bumps into her ex-friend's sister, and who says "Eris it's going to be okay". And Eris lays her head on her lap and she's stroking Eris' hair, "hush hush". And then hotel security finally

figures out where Eris is and start banging on the door of the room she's in, and Eris jumps through the window and tries to escape the hotel in a golf-cart truck. And then she crashes it into a parkade toll booth.

XXXV

Eris fucks someone who isn't Mommy and it feels so good.

XXXVI

A trans woman in the punk scene kills herself, Eris is happy because it proves her point.

XXXVII

Eris eats incredibly expired dessert tofu and it makes her sick.

XXXVIII

Eris runs away from Mommy to Montreal where she hangs out with oogles. She goes into a surreal neighbourhood taken from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* which has a weird arcade. In the arcade, there are pinball machines with no flippers and multiple plungers to knock the balls around.

XXXIX

Everyone is comparing the size of their dicks around Eris.

XL

Eris is getting married, and for some reason, part of my wedding was a video game competition and she had entered herself to play the game *Stomp*, which was similar to *Dance Dance Revolution*, but her friends kept telling her was a bad idea since they are not the same game. Eris tells them that

things would be fine, and then she loses terribly, and for some reason it ruins the whole wedding, and everyone leaves super mad, and Eris' father kept calling her a faggot.

XLI

Eris is demoted and forced to work in a janitor's closet. Everyone at her work comes and screams at her about how bad of a job she is doing.

XLII

Eris goes to a prison in order to free all her imprisoned comrades, sneaking in through a hole in a fence; but, the prison is more of a neighbourhood. Once Eris rounds everyone up, and the escape begins, people she has recued keep trying to go to different parties in the compound qua neighbourhood, one of which being a "film student" party. The film students don't like how Eris' looks and alert the authorities who come in full force shooting at everyone around her. At the last minute, while everyone is being murdered, Eris runs and jumps over the fence she climbed over to get into the compound to begin with, she runs away as everyone is shot.

XLIII

Eris is having lunch with a lesbian who says she fucked a city councillor. Eris reacts with surprise. The lesbian says that the city councillor used to date them, and that the city councillor loves to cuddle.

XLIV

Her mother tries to rape Eris and she can't escape. She keeps getting confused and falling asleep and saying help but no-one can hear her.

5 – Meticulous Notes and Friends

Bruce,

From the start - my prime need has been -that you and Pam introduce me to vancouver police diversity unit at strathcona policeyng center - and together we deal with my life threaten-ying safety issues: bad apple rotten to the core cops aka the boys club spoiled brat narcissist never learned response-ability the ability to respond

And Candace my inner sight mentor

Vpd can be so bastardly dastardly.

now... Give-ying me TorturedPainOrgasm

Csts2913/2073 Tackled Me FaceDown to the middle of Commercial Drive Midnight May 30

BootKicked me in the ribs

it is Acutely PAINfull

even to breathe

BestClassAct

BLACK OP

MaleEVILence

Accomplishment

Certificate

Award of the eon

At TheNurembergTrials JudgmentAtNuremberg

which i am convene-ying with JustinTrudeau

HenryJohnKaiser & PierreElliotTrudeau

for the last month

- in your flow...

Please phone me

Mrs. D. Vancouver School Board 2018

Mrs. Doubtfire and Company
Gorilla puppet theatre, of lost and found pornographic
children's entertainment

They say that Jesus Christ is Lord

Los Angeles

Plymely Tomkins Ministry's
This **NOTE** is **FOR** Jack Lee
THERE IS POWER
IN THE SHEAD BLOOD
OF JESUS CHRIST.

Dear Safety Net,

i need 20-30 nomination signatures [i really do not want "Votes" just to be nominated] just to speak to all the other candidates in Van East (and ALL candidates across Canada)

**WILL YOU sponsor me and MAKE IT an urgent
PRIORITY TO END ALL POVERTY - GUARANTEED
INCOME - PRIORITY HOUSE-Ying - for all Have-Nots**

I love you all but I want that apartment and this house

I want 10 Million Dollars Why?

No Mean N Pat

Thank you David Rick down...

Judy I have to banish your energy from Patricks shoplifting

OkS Sancia yeah Sancia Semmelrak is loaded to Patrick

Mind control from ssandra tomtu "more"

Patrick Ross and Patrick Jones the Universe noipe like how the emotion guides him "DNA" Or thought of it indefinitely gone from and more.

I am not sane I am Patrick Jr or Patrick Jay R Cyric Gagnon Egptians to get a grip the latter locked with him or her on body and aural

I am Patrick Cyrd Jay R Barker

"time" control locked from one more > locked Barker out for good from Sansearch Semmelrods

And Restored the Original Shamans

Parick is God/Devil Sancia is Satan

Patrick Jirils is god/devil of saceres Satan <-Cleansed

Rick how much power have you been generating?

Will you allow me to use it? Ow locked out until realize that the comic Dr. Pepper won't be

Pa Patrick Jr please remember yourself if the inevitable happens in the net lifetime

P Patrck Jr and Sam restored as Re friend though it
Patrick, Bubble Patrick Jr to block out loud noise
Sanera its notme

"<____Pate>" or whatever its called is earned and Deleted indefinitely from one

All and our angle. We battling for no reason.

Riko MY NAME IS PATRICK JR

I SAID I AM THE UNIVERSE

I am patricia Who is? Patrick Jr is.

Hello Ms. I wrote it you do realize you are talking to yourself (Sancia why are you yourself talking?)

*Ok o my mind I lost it not so good? Hello re you there god
No such thing as brain codes it. Sandseah I love you
“Mr God did you get
what are your plans for me those feelings I swear on life
imprisonment if you can “emotionaly”
Ealier that Patrick Jr felt reckless abandonment from can you
honestly say that I successfully deserve
Its crucial that you feel these fellings from all alone
Everything of every person.*

I've discovered there's Way more to breathe-ing Alive than "meets the eye": Using the skills I learned from [Coma a Healing Journey by drs Joy & Arnold Mindel], I was able to communicate with my closet sister when she entered a coma, & bring her back. When my Love "died", I was able to feel her spirit talking to me (making jokes, giving me eyelash-to-eyelash "butterfly kisses"), enter into my body(tickelle me till I'm laughing uncontrol-ably), even taking turns in my incarnate being (meeting weekly with her counsellor, describing both of us what she experienced when she "died", bring up "unfinished business" between us, helping me problem-solve my issues & challenges). Now ... my relationship & even my lovelife orgasms with her are so fucking amazing, totally fulfilling, beyond my Wildest dreams! She has mentored me, "navigateing" the realm between life & death, travelling Time, playing "sub-atomic particle tag", even meeting my ancestors in my mitochondrial DNA. My TRANS-Gender Alchemy is very very powerful !!!

~~~~~

Added Note:

**Another thorny problem in my situation are the South Asian community. You may recall I mentioned an incident that occurred in 2008 where a young couple (13 or 14) were being lured into a trap where, in exchange for money and drugs, the girl was to become the “fall girl” and go off to a hotel where a very old, wealthy and deeply racist Asian client would be able to have his way with the girl until he had his will. However, the girl was not a user and had no intention to do this even after being pushed to the ground by her malarmphetarming boyfriend. I was their harassment and character assassination by the S. Asian community. There has been intensive stalking with cellphones by this group and their collaborators who include a church of older feminists, the younger ones, Philippines, and anyone else willing to join a cause for a price. They have finally picked their inside a tall dark-skinned S. Asian lad who is here tonight. My please is that you tell the fellow that things are at an all time low and that he cannot stay here now. Give him names of places where he can go. PLEASE**

~~~~~

Michelle you asked me...
What I feel with you-in-me ...
Well... I experience
you exquisitely clearly my
soulmate signature from the
year 2525 your
vibration is keeping me alive
you are my murder-coun-
avitar readying me for my
murder counselling tomorrow
wed aft2018 june 25 1-2pm
note the 25th day &you're from
the year 2525 well-come-ing me
birthing me home ground-ing me
h o m e do
you have any fuckin' depth knowing
what a powerFull tyme-traveller
shape-shifter being You are
you're watching my back
you're protecting my
ass something fierce I feel so
much love from U thank-you
Michelle

Put the MAGIC.. Back into Your
Corporate HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS With Comedy
Magician Chris Yull

He has won several awards for his Magic and Comedy including the 2006 P.C.A.M Pro challenge, and again for close-up and stage magic during the 2010 P.C.A.M. abraod Royal Carribeans Mariner of the seas.

In 2014 he was awarded the "Farquhar award" for Magician of the year. He also has won numerous awards for close up, Halloween Magic, Comedy Magician of the year, and several creativity and showmanship awards. In 2015, 2016, and 2017 he was awarded Children's Magician of the year. In 2015 he also won Close up magician of the year, and Variety Magician of the year. And in 2016 he was awarded the "Murray Sawchuck" Creativity Award and COmedy Magician of the Year!!!

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Bobby's Bought Back Boat

Bobby had made himself a boat. It was just a little boat but it took him many days working carefully with his knife to finish it. His mother gave him one of her best handkerchiefs to use for the sails. Bobby thought it was the most wonderful boat in the world, and when it was all finished, he took it down to the creek to sail it. But soon a gust of wind took the boat quickly down the creek and Bobby's little legs couldn't run fast enough to catch up with it. He felt very badly because he liked his boat very much. The next day what should he see in a store window, but his own boat! "I want my boat," he said to the storekeeper. "It's not yours now," said the man. "I bought it from a boy. But you may have it for a dollar." A dollar was more money than Bobby had ever owned, but he was willing to do anything to get his boat back. So he worked very hard for many days and at last he earned the dollar. He took it to the storekeeper and got his little boat back. As he came down the road, full of joy, he hugged the little boat and said "little boat, you're TWICE mine now. I MADE you and then I BOUGHT you!" Do you know you are just like that boat? 1. Bobby made his boat. God (Jesus) made you. 2. Bobby's boat got lost. You went away from God. We call this being lost in sin. 3. Bobby bought his boat back. God (Jesus) bought you back if you are his child. Jesus paid for you with his own life. Wasn't that a big price?

Yes, HE made you. (All things were made by Him. John 1:3). And he redeemed you. To redeem means to buy back. (Ye were redeemed... with the precious blood of Christ. I Peter 1:18).

You must **BELIEVE ON HIM, CALL UPON HIM** to come into your heart and be your own dear Saviour.

How can you belong to Jesus? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. (Acts 16:31)

Whosoever shall **CALL** upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved. (Romans 10:13)

The Awakened Life: A Beginner's Guide

As the Vida Blue Clay dries on our skin, we head to the beach just in time for sunset. We run around the beach, act goofy, pose for more photos, and watch the sun dip below the horizon. Once dry, we rub the clay off revealing baby-smooth skin. We head back to Resonance as slightly different people than when we started. We are lighter and literally brighter from the exfoliation. And our mind is even more open to different, adventurous activities. A wonderful afternoon taking care of Mind, Body, and Soul.

Longevity strategy # 1. Supreme level mental focussing by picking a purpose of life and harness the autonomic power of breathing fostered through praying or spirituality style devotional rituals.

Longevity strategy # 2. Generosity-gratitude duo or pursuit of the five aspects of virtuosity by permitting it to flow from the spirituality style devotional rituals.

Longevity strategy # 3. Cognitive Neuro-sentry type workouts through intellectual pursuits like games and novel learning etc.

Longevity strategy # 4. Neuro-sentry through efficient sleep and rest pauses at physiological level.

Longevity strategy # 5. Maximally maintained motion to facilitate the occurrence of the efficient sleep and rest pauses.

Longevity strategy # 6. Socializing at non-romantic levels, through volunteering and romantic, erotica, sexuality, level with liberation through nudism, and personal

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expressions through speech and motion like laughter, hugs, dance etc.

*Longevity strategy # 7.* Stress relief and evasion of chronic anxiety state with the objective of eliminating chronic anxiety state produced by environmental stressors, through effective relating to a person in a spouse like relationship, volunteering or mentorship relationship including pet custody.

*Longevity strategy # 8.* Diligent nutrition of body and mind through apportioning of the major calorie providing nutrients and fibre or foods without calories being guided powerfully by the theme of caloric restriction and deliberation in gastronomic behaviour.

*Longevity strategy # 9.* Nona-nutrient consumption (vitamins, antioxidants, stamina builders etc.)

*Longevity strategy # 10.* Diligent personal appearance and hygiene status focussing on skincare, beautification and personal appearance enhancement.

Our group of outer and inner explorers meet and get to know each other over ginger mint elixirs and turmeric cinnamon tea. We venture into the jungle talking along the way about who we are and what we do. We stop at a creek to cover ourselves and help our new friends with the bright blue mineral clay. We paint details in the light brown colors, stripes across our face, ridges across our muscles (or make-believe muscles), and geometric symbols along our bodies. We are no longer the person we just described on the way here. We are our Avatar persona, light and fun, strong and brave, or catlike jungle explorers! One Avatar begins to feel his new persona and jumps from one rock to another, enjoying a new sense of personal freedom.

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Longevity strategy # 1. Spirituality

Longevity strategy # 2. Generosity-gratitude

*Longevity strategy # 3. Neuro-sentry workouts
(neurobics)*

Longevity strategy # 4. Neuro-sentry via sleep.

Longevity strategy # 5. Fitness of aerobic capacity.

Longevity strategy # 6. Socializing

Longevity strategy # 7. Stress control.

Longevity strategy # 8. Major nutrition

Longevity strategy # 9. Nona-nutrients

Longevity strategy # 10. Beautification.

Dear Hery-Anne

Hey whats up Beautiful your looking great sorry I haven't
kepted in contact with you it wasn't intending on making it
seem like I was avoiding you ow be periodically be staying in
the building I have W's so I have to keep low key for a while
until I deal with my North Van charge [...]

I was not put on the spot from my coke [...]bbed. The 3 undercover cops did not circle the seating [...] blink together. After talking to 'Cover Sotry Steve with s [...] voice message line now shared' Connie who briefed joined [...]ked her head twice – not 'No'! She did not [...] son 0's 1st sight. (I) Gerry dad of Gary say his dad was a guard in Poland in WWII McGuff sizzle. The nice nazi guard tells the guy I've got some good news – You're going to live but we have to amputate the 4th limb. The patient then asks if that limb can be put over the fence too and the guard says 'no-we think you're trying to escape'. I am being played by a Palm [...] issue is an odd 'some coke' query. I worked way to ha [...] this to fester; I fail to grasp how close I was to death in [...]ches of the band saw. Money proof: A guy who could no [...] job was friends with guys that got him hired: A cooler foreman asked freezer foreman how Waddle got hired at big wages. They made me do a lot of work so I marked my work-they copied so office would not ask questions then stopped when I stopped; odd for a person you bad mouth. 1982 Palm picnic: Gary and I were linked SE-11-81 (11-11-11):He booked off sick and Adams (+ dams) slept over after work ("I/+"-Poland):The cops had Gary's back-The harassment got worse after the picnic-what an odd coke query-Steve didn't wait for coffee to smear;So I sent a letter to PM about a missile. In 1985 I chewed out brass for throwing a sober me into Canada's worst detox;24 hours later I could not breath and had to lay down and my lungs have never been the same:I believe I had a cytokine storm. In 1998 they fabricated an investigation at Metro-town:By Jun-2001 I put my feelings to words: They dropped the morphed lead at hour 28:In Calgary I was asked if I knew where to score pot to sent the clue. I proved I got to drugs for my response to Gary's date's(narc?)pot tell leaving the gov't claim of more evidence I went nuts than got to cocaine in my response to Gary's

'some coke' query unhandled:I meant there was surveillance and 'No':Minutes after my response the picnic wound down:Walking out of picnic Gary 'small talk'd about drugs like his date just did.(The 3 cops got out of 'Doge' to lock in facts)leaving Gary to tell of Wally's(I scored pot off him) know of big Vancouver drug dealer:At some level Gary go the cops/surveillance gist in my response. The small talks and the energy vampires' silence at my response speaks. The RCMP smeared me on a 1980 floor photo and tired to label me crazy then with a 'borrowed/stolen' record cover I had marked non permanently; Dale took item from my collection proving I was followed 1st year in London:RCMP 'Head' told Dale to give the record back so I cou;d return it;'Head' then said 'I get the sharp teeth'; The Crazy label try behind my back is nuts;Later I found the artist made the same comment in video. The Coke Engine is nice nazis. So get the coke story off of your back tell nice nazi jokes because that is where coke is going. Some how nice nazi guard gets a son a (plum Netherlands?) station. Creep Palm Dairies:Just before transfer Super Brian told a guy to go into a chemical cloud and he chewed me out because he was not able to fire me. Brian thought this would keep him on good terms with Gary's family:Why else would Brian sully himself? He went to Reno with Kathy and then divorced. Nice is subjective. Did Gary play catch up creep when he walked around to briefly check product and open 30 foot doors when he knew Adams was on the other side on a ladder?:Adams said he does not recall but I see through him now. I saw an 'old' Adams look alike at Pender and Main by VPD station on Feb 19,2021 at about 10-I am walking south on the east side. I'd look for demarcation lines if I were you

Sincerely Stuart

!!!! I NEED YOU TO TEXT ME PLEASE!!\$ Fir some reason my phone has erased over half my numbers!!!! ITS VERY VERY IMOORTANT. THAT YOU DO ASAP PLEASE HUN!!!! mine is 2368856686 theres 6moassive ceane trucks lall rigght our front .i asked ao d rheylarpe oworking through the nihhtl q!!!))its loud land bright lightls coming into lwindolws !!! Wlle nevee pgot lany kind of notice of this and no caprs or lbusspes can use pstreet peitger our block ips pshut dipwnl£!!£! But text me plepase my otger isosur i dont want on fbl!!!! Loll)!!!!!!

6 – Eris is Writing her Book

“*Eris, this book is horrible.* I know not where to end my critique. Never have I heard or read such brutality. Rape! Rape! Rape! You estimate at least 1,000 cases a night and many by day. In case of resistance or anything that seems like disapproval, there is a bayonet stab or a bullet ... People will be hysterical ... Women will be carried off every morning, afternoon and evening.”

-

Eris suddenly awakes in her bed, unsure if the events that took place were real or just a dream.

Eris finds bugs in her bread.

Eris cooks herself breakfast, she calls it pan-bread, but it's mostly flour and water burnt to a crisp – a Christ-Pe...

ABOUT THE FONT

Gill Sans is a sans-serif typeface designed by Eric Gill and released by the British branch of Monotype from 1928 onwards. Gill's personal diaries describe his sexual activity in great detail, including extramarital affairs, incest with his two eldest teenage daughters, incestuous relationships with his sisters, and sexual acts on his dog. This aspect of Gill's life was little known until publication of the 1989 biography by Fiona MacCarthy.