

Volume 3 of the Lost parables of a wandering Techno, Green Anarchist...



I made an oath of detachment set to last all of my days post-18 years, should I never return here. My survival depends upon an oath which thus far procured my protection. I shall offer myself to Detachment, unhindered by any debts to this world.

These boundaries, they are not the trees which later became my home and primary element of survival, no! but the hospital green and tan rubber sideboards of an asylum which contain me. The doctors keep me here under observation to help determine if a whole generation of teenagers are worth experimenting on or if we should be hauled off to The Zones. I spend my 18th birthday here at the Arkadian Ward, floor 3S, specially designed for youth. I'd be transferred to the adult ward in a week due to my incompatibility with other patients. This was my third time here...

My parents sent me to the slow death of the Wards as a sacrifice because I'm undersized, half blind and possibly divergent. These aren't the stated 'reasons' of course, according to the documents. The papers state that my thought processes are, according to my parents, 'delusional' but when assessed by a team of so-called professionals, my parents Catholic-judgments are disregarded, yet here we sit. Because the more I ask, the less useful I am to the world. A coverup, for a mistake.

The combination of Chlorylhydrate date rape drugs and Haldol have me drooling over the only sign of my parents love, distributed like a doggy bag upon our last and solitary visit after three weeks. Chlorylhydrate was the famous 1970's roofie apparently also useful in sedating teens who have been strung out on the Ritz all day and can't sleep.

A Dunkin Donuts bag, I can't use my jaw bones to eat from, weak and dystonic as a side effect, an allergic reaction to the Haldol which would persist the whole three weeks that the adult neuroleptics were prescribed. This was my first time here... I am 6. I'm told I was only on the ward for three days, papers would state the contrary. The family would later come out as having passively participated in a latent offshoot of the

MK ULTRA project...

In this place I cannot wake. Laying here on this couch I have made a pact. The gray serenity of this waking nightmare, smoke rising from my left hand, teeth gnashing from powerful loads of copious ill-prescribed anti-psychotics... It has been 8 years since, though if I am there still, on that couch, and all before me was but a dream and I am still able to retain this experience; if all these journeys into the Underworld were but a memory, to retain any cognizance of where I've been, I will it to an end. Let me dream forever if this reality is but a tangent, allow it to persist. I am here without rabbit to guide me through this trip. I AM here! I am! The past 8 years can't be a fabrication-I wouldn't want to wake up, not in that Fairview apartment. I can hear the Tardive Dyskenesia biting in my head and retain bits of the sensation in my teeth. I can see myself eating from the floor like a dog. The taste of rotten soda stained, grinding teeth-a tether to that other world? Nothing ever feels real enough to convince me I am not there, back again. Did I sleep with a cigar in my hand? Fire? Hospital? Time feels strange here.

The handler or my mother if it were true that she really was infact my mother, she arrives once a week to scream about non-existent messes, to tell that I am getting worse. (predators will often shame their victims as filthy and unkempt, a projection of their own self image and rejection.) I can't form full sentences... catatonia setting in. I sit to eat the plate she delivered because I'm starving. The door slams again. The only

hope to look forward to. A dog bag, television reruns of House.... am I supposed to die here? I'm only 18...

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It's been 6 years, just north of the Zones where I was held. I am 24 now. There are erroneous facts: Donald Trump is president. The USA is frozen on repeat. Similar to post Batistas Cuba, a timeline that made its extant karmic loop in American history-(all of the Cubano vehicles had been modeled for a time after the 1950s Bel-air style of Chevy and other vintage as a result of Communism induced-communication breakdown), thus an embargo took place which isolated the nation for a time both culturally and technologically for several decades beginning in 1959. This is the famous Cuban pimp-mobile so famously recognized by automotive fans of this unique sought out region. This process of regressive history began in the USA after the government collapsed in 2016.

My sister has taken my place as human captive-Sacrifice.

In the Zones I would sit for hours self immolating and swallowing loads of prescribed pills just to feel. To shed even a tear was to know that I'm alive.

* * *

I can't sit still. I can't move. I am crawling inside of my skin.

The pills I am prescribed are of a voluminous concoction of anti-psychotics, Depakote, stimulants; Concerta, Abilify, Lum... fuck I can't remember all the colorful skittles inside the week boxes she lined up last afternoon. Only time I get a visit.

I can't even call on my own for a refill in this present, communication breakdown, thoughts wont retain. Speaking is

difficult, blank spaces growing with the videogame collection. Catatonia setting in. Darla and Jess are my only friends. I walk to den-mother Jess for herbs and demons. Her noises and cat stains. Jess has a yeast infection or... and Darla is my downstairs neighbor, you can smell when she's home which is usually an indicator that it's time. In the most humiliating way conceivable, I venture down the flight of echoing, laminate stairs to her apartment at the bottom to the left. I pretend for an hour: I knock and enter her L shaped kitchenette leading 20 paces into her living room, 32 inch with Lifetime network playing perpetual reruns, or maybe the movies are different, similar plots. One can never tell. After 2016 one may be inclined to suggest that all Lifetime films had been scripted by A.I.

Rebecca always said she'd rather date an alleycat than a lawyer.

One step closer but never enough; eventually me and Becca revoked our spiritual marriage,' as she would call it. In due course regarding our mutual nervous condition and mutual not so veiled repulsion for each other. Never the uptake and too late infact. She said Sadists prefer company with their own. A blackmailer seeking Golden Calf. We never spoke again.

Darla has an eye condition. Tunnel vision inhibits her screen time. I sit, pretending to be interested unable to make small talk. Catatonia. 10 minutes pass before the sacred question. Cravings envelope me. In her Velvet Red Laz E Boy, she reaches out to hand me what she knew I'd ask for.

"Got an extra cig..."

Her hostility sounds like "why don't you buy your own?" Finances are controlled by Handler at this time.

The ritual: fake gratitude, stick around 30. Savor the flavor, return to couch and play games.

The consoles are 4 square; entries into a vast multiplayer landscape yet with no access to the Internet. No phone either would connect me to the outside world. GTA4, MASS EFFECT, Dead Space, (destroyed that gameplay in two days jamming to Van Halen). Like a lost dog I would count the endless simulated day cycles in Liberty City as my waking hours turned desperate night in front of a television, besides cramming episodes of LOST, barely laughing at the so-not-funny-its-funny humor of The Late Late Show with Craig Ferguson.

“If your family could do something like this to you... you have no family kid.”

The fat, 36 year old tech named Sam G sitting ontop of me insinuates as I beg to be returned to the women who dropped me here.

Haldol injection...

Food is inedible. Dystonia has taken over. The vaccinated grew fur...

The parent feared her prodigy, mutilates the Son.

Munchhausen Biproxy: a condition where a parental caregiver sickens their ward for personal gratification.. 14 years would be spent in this cycle of pills and institutionalization.

Falling from the sky to the ashes... any attempt to look back at the change results in acute psychosis. Focus is needed for survival. The accelerated decay coincides quite visibly with the arrival of major and potentially Alien corporations in every city in the former United States.

My uncle, sits beyond 7 pyramids of asswipe, some would rather live tormented by another than die alone. Lockdown. I tried to bully him back into his realm, bleak indeed though, a replacement, for the Time it had to come... the Vampires took what was left of those Altima rides with Major Tom.

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Back in the Megaregional port of the North Boston Supercity again. The Groups have caught on. Teams scrounge, searching for the Wastelands Fox, the night time scavenger. All which is the night who obscures our reign over this no man's part of town, a monopoly over resources against a backdrop of a decrepit array of generations past left-behinds; junkies and zombies, and some poorly trained human pirates, traffickers. Staggered time frames for operations even by daylight now make it possible while the sun is safe; early-April, not quite the UVB required to rot you from the outside.

“A box must be broken down in order to fit... “ the trick is to be unbreakable, ‘not worth the time.’

Room after room we sought to profile the Controllers. They never suspect us. A state trooper who can't spell 5 letter words prepares to pay 700\$ for laser hair removal, 510, 2nd building.

We always thought that the zombies were out in the streets, preparations were made...

...until we woke up and it was everyone around us...

The abandoned junkie fort which made up our personal Concrete Island served as coverage from the hoards beyond from the month of April through May of 2025; the cyclotron of consumer activity, a defacto barricade from the beyond. Several small caliber rounds dispensed for purity sake. Questionable circumstance indeed on both sides. Occasionally, a raider might have hit our stash of scrap refuge piled up from the towers where work is conducted during the Night.



(that's not compromising at all...) Rarely a cop drives by this pothole dusted hood. In a primitive sense all needs are met, the monkey brain, the Nihilism of Excess. But to perpetuate a genuine human experience is key here, well after financial needs are devastated. The Soul of Struggle.

That terrible thing I almost became became them. I watched myself die ten thousand times a day in other worlds. Shun. Shame. The culture of death. An evil replaced corruption. Trained in early days as a 13 year old on the rez as Alaskan refugee, the effects of mass, fetal-alcohol syndrome were as familiar to me as the looks of a four gen deep PFAS Zombie in the Zones. Ray spoke of a dark reality which led him to drugs. In 15-20, 30 years, Classism would overrun the dwindling cultural identity of the American race. Testing for The Affliction never ceased so much like all human-to-human interface enforced by the ghost-like controllers. Trash piling over into the streets.

Access to Excess

The life of a cat isn't bad. Every once in a while some of them take you in... and every night you sit there contemplating slitting their throats and taking it all then eating them."

A 24 y o. kid calls out to me at the refill station to ask 'how big wheels on a board helps me to "survive" in this Wasteland' and without understanding sufficient nuance layered in the term 'Survive,' I turned for a demonstration and bailed across the lot hitting a few square shaped pebbles to rock the point heavier. His face was that of a creature whose appearance was only pleasing in it's controlled perfection opposing natural and resilient beauty. Dressed in white sweats and a white tea as if impersonating an off-brand Eloi, this character didn't

appear outdoorsy to start, or possessing an engineering degree. Never before had I felt conceited to deny answer to a question til then and what blatant stupidity felt like a stage for a fall, alluring my suspicion.

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...the building I work is a third ratio of Students, state workers and junkies... A state cop. The pot scene fell from movement to industry following legalization defacto in the US after the 2018 farm bill signed by Trump, and so went the small town headie districts and hobo cafes. Everywhere from The Zones to The Hills and the once great city of Denver who capitalized on a facade of progress disintegrated into rapid paced outdoor prison restaurants and overpriced housing developments which resembled even cheaper inner city projects weaseled in under the guise of low to middle-income house planning, some with even the mocking audacity to have rooted themselves across from homeless shelters. Bathrooms locked, no loitering or free refills. Playlist reruns.

Spice K2 became syncretized with the semi-conscious Fentanyl zombie, altogether only half true.

Pig-Nazi-Alien-Ghost



Is a lack of structure similar to abandonment? Is rigidity a response? Edwardian prowess; routine and homogeneity. Domesticated beyond Humanity. Critical Mass.

Just another day wandering through the garbage fields of a sick society. He who became pirate rather than slave. Castaway on Concrete Island. Grass is the Carpet of The World.

A facade perpetually capitalizing upon itself, an echo of a

dead world. A procedural nightmare to never wake. An act.
10,000 weak lower their heads for fear of reprisal. A roulette
wheel run by AI. A Catdog episode where the two are trapped
in a rotary. Robbery of a retarded empire.

Pride, Self Respect and Balance all tossed overboard in a
matter of five years. Pride is Shame, Shame is Pride.

Those who take The Path destroy all others having seen them
before; the Path must remain esoteric. Sought out.

Between us and existence lies a void of misunderstanding.
Irritability of instability. Fetishes of Fascists. Desire for order.
A coast to coast high tension zone.

The more complex truths arrived at in the stationary.

Many of whom impersonate a psychic interpretation of
themselves; then as a man become materialized charactiture
of Self. Become the role. Taken on that 'personality.' -Self
imposing stereotype.

He would demonstrably drink his own piss in front of you to
get you to drink his piss.

Living your best life by deduction.

Old men with egos. A culture being rearranged and relocated
to hide its disgrace. The problems of the Great Recession never
solved. Normalized poverty and despair. Copy, Pasted the
word 'Luxury' on spray painted gold. Shut-ins living inside
themselves, deluded. "Bring you in and dial it deep as they
can"--Broken, Gorilaz. Abandoned halfway. Dreams medicated

away...

What we built is a showpiece on a mantel of rise and decay...

North Point City is an infantile warzone of mental illness and human waste; uneven ground.

Sexual fantasies of sticking your cock in a bag of maggots; Maggots feeding on rotting flesh at the center of a rotary. A man jerking himself in public at the Capitol.

The Latitude is a generic amalgamation of the educated General Population of the Mega's North Point City: a Statie likes to vape. Menthol ZYN and Lite beers. An Amanda Show impersonator: 'MAHA.' Random and painfully relatable of suburban life in Middle America of the 90's. You heard it growing up like an imitation of Arnold.

Lies through omission
the current condition.
Out of place with Time.

The weak inherit the Realm; the meek inherit the Earth.

13 hours a day, mom your forgetting, it's 2:30 on the clock.
"you get used to it." ___, She says its for memory, but that was a scam. Twas up by 3 in the morning. Strange associations, unfortunate intonations; "I'm glad to meet you, my hostess speaks." "I shouldn't emerge past ten, but since you come so early, why ever would you come so early.."

The weakest are the finest at using systems in order to survive. The strongest end up in the Wastelands.

A Grave for one, a House for two.

Ditch digger turned dick digger, gettin paid to stand around scratching yourself. Pay you extra to bend over. Ever been to Dover?

Invest in Plastics.

So Narcissistic you can't invite him to take advantage of you because it would require effort getting here. He wears a mask going into stores as to appear intimidating and to remain safe from the filth of Humanity, for, "I don't know if I count myself as Human," remarked one bearded cashier at Theory Wellness in SP. Genocidal parasites living the life of shut-in 'luxury,' at the cost of the world's oldest civilizations. Overtly good health is considered taboo and certifiable. Patients are treated afor 'adhd.'

They who might kill the world that they may lie beneath it.

"This is the lifestyle I chose," -a 2nd grade school teacher prepares to rate a video for TikTok of herself drinking Red Wine and securing a Cow suit to her barbie doll blonde frame.

Like sled dogs are the children harnessed together, marching a line, towed by a single driver.

"Too many Others."

Rise above or Fall beneath them.

Eight pieces of Eleven, steal the X.

Cartels stalk the Night.

A Navaho in a Tahoe on a Smartphone.

Dumb and Bored and Illiterate on the rez and easy prey.
Roof repairs are costly...

Our entire timeline is a chemical manufacture.

I'm educated see? the robot does the work for me. Why chose your lifestyle?

Our president is an anthropomorphized, collective projection of societies' Evil. And its Narcissism.

They like to see what they can get away with. Who makes the rules? Between a King and Drunkard, I chose the Maid.

Our cities are game-boards, charged with negative energy. The vaccines changed their bodily chemistry. A mans soul becomes one with the graveyard in the streets, wailing for he wanted to get high, but didnt wanna be stuck this way... screaming your way out of a nightmare wont save you. The cars become tombs with wheels and your life is caught spinning forever. Having lost his mind, cast into the graveyard of concrete and steel and tan tinted sidestreets.

A soundingboard for soul death. She'd said she'd aged 30 years in six months, before that she was 13. 13 going on 40 and never had to do much. Got bored and wandered the rez, now she has something to struggle for.



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We got a lead out of *Manchester* in the Outer Rim. Cults trafficking prizes... Our old contact involved. Could it be that Mike's disappearance was related, his belated and erratic communication? Was Ben trying to tell me something? Could I have really been wrong this whole time? Have the Groups already taken over the abandoned half? A drug dealer could have stolen the other half of Branson and the dispensaries were just greaser schemes: politicians look the other way while buds get laced with Fentanyl compounds. Was I wrong about Ben? -"Dont let them in."

A cult of white supremacists have taken over downtown Port City and are working with the cartels to traffic “lesser races.” Pretty blonde girls conveniently make the cut.

Under the Gameboard



Elton heard about a conspiracy to frame me as a kidnapper and have me taken out, one way or another... there was nothing to do but dig. The Zones' division of The Groups were in on it encompassing half of the entire region.

Purity guarantees Freedom.

One Year in The Sun was enough to see what could

not be revealed from within the framework. The Zones were on fire and all that remained were the Cults and the Groups. Different factions battling it out over supremacy like Maggots feasting on dead flesh. Their children needed to be contained, they knew too much, I knew too much. My Enforcer background might be the very thing that gets me killed instead, THIS time. I would have to aim low to get out, safe underground.

A massive fishnet were cast not only for I but others like. A group effort whose survival depends upon the profits reaped and truths buried. My own private Hitler; my family was behind the deeper layers.

My sister was trafficked when she was 12 by her own mother.

They cling to rarity. Like the first White girl to ever walk in the room.

Zeroes and Ones. Too much abundance, the effect of diversity and ease of access to more. The Human Shopping Mall Effect. So Narcissistic one must pay to interact with each other. Enabled by social networking systems of a non-decentralized nature. Many mediocre, yet few leaders remain. Settle for the so called 'middle road.' Suffering together' meant an initiation ritual dished out by the jealous toward the gifted whose power might be dissolved into the masses. The weak cannibalize the strong and use their medical authority to sicken you to increase their strength.

A third life like living between the worlds of the living and the dead. The natives halfway hangout, the white people do absolutely nothing. Such was my time in Alaska.

Sharks fish for humans. All is connected in the world of animals.

The Plant manipulates the supermodel. He holds the package until backup arrives. Sharks swarm. Using beautiful women to provide for the man who despises them. Broken into shares, there's no telling how high up the food chain it goes.

Elton had a family once but his wife told him "she doesn't care."

Gold Diggers of America. An organization induced through long standing trauma, repetition and cyclotron toxicity, desensitization and social media networks. The Human Mall Effect.

Dreams of getting paid to manipulate women on the internet... a delusion fed by the stream itself.

The dissolution of abusive sub/dom relationships...

Hyper-stimulation, control from within. An electric shock rewires your nerves. You are a slave now.

Harvest Moon



*I don't know what's real anymore. Smaller or 'underweight' people and children are being targeted for abduction. It is an effort to diagnose or eliminate the remarkable nature involved with their resilience. To determine and eradicate the gene whilst a subhuman race of chemical clones were waiting to replace us. Poor children could not be granted heightened cognitive potential, not after Arab Spring. Not with the potential for human **networking**. The 60's, ten fold.*

"...You have no idea what's going on do you?"

"WHAT?"

"It's a secret..."

Ironical cliché?

Believe none of what you hear and half of what you see.

Catfishing. A nationwide trollfest.

Politics are diversion from perversion.

You can't just live one life.

One foot in, one foot out.
No matter where you go, there you are...
When you're in Shittown its Time to get down.
I am behind myself in the 3rd person.
Can you be happy with nothing? Can you get it all back? Can you live both lives?
Shant beauty be seen often?
Not taken darkly, one may at times sacrifice the higher for the lower realms
and vice versa. We must pay the bills.
Its not madness if its True.

The Kronos Effect

Fear of Time that leads to the misbelief that children have surpassed you. Fear
or hatred of children which leads to contemplation of alternative timelines.
Missing time personified in youth. Chronophobia. Having not fulfilled.

Next Volume: Dark Atlantis

Caught in the Crossfire

Seven Down