

They have to lure you off to the Square. The Cults are not an officially recognized organization as are the Groups and what difference. Yet the void between each's own justifications refuse, it to be that a general consensus of the activities of the Cults can be only conducted covertly. An unsub is required generally to appear associated with them before their disappearance. Association is key.

Squares. Hubs for traffic. A vet. An older person. A decayed reflection of the perspective victim. Actors and famous locals are hired to lure us off... and before too late comes, the lights we learned can fool the eyes, and like the Fox our Pirate had been named himself vanishes down the culverts and hidden concrete Cow Trails of Boston. The train reaches the Limits and an old run down Retail Wasteland by 21:30.

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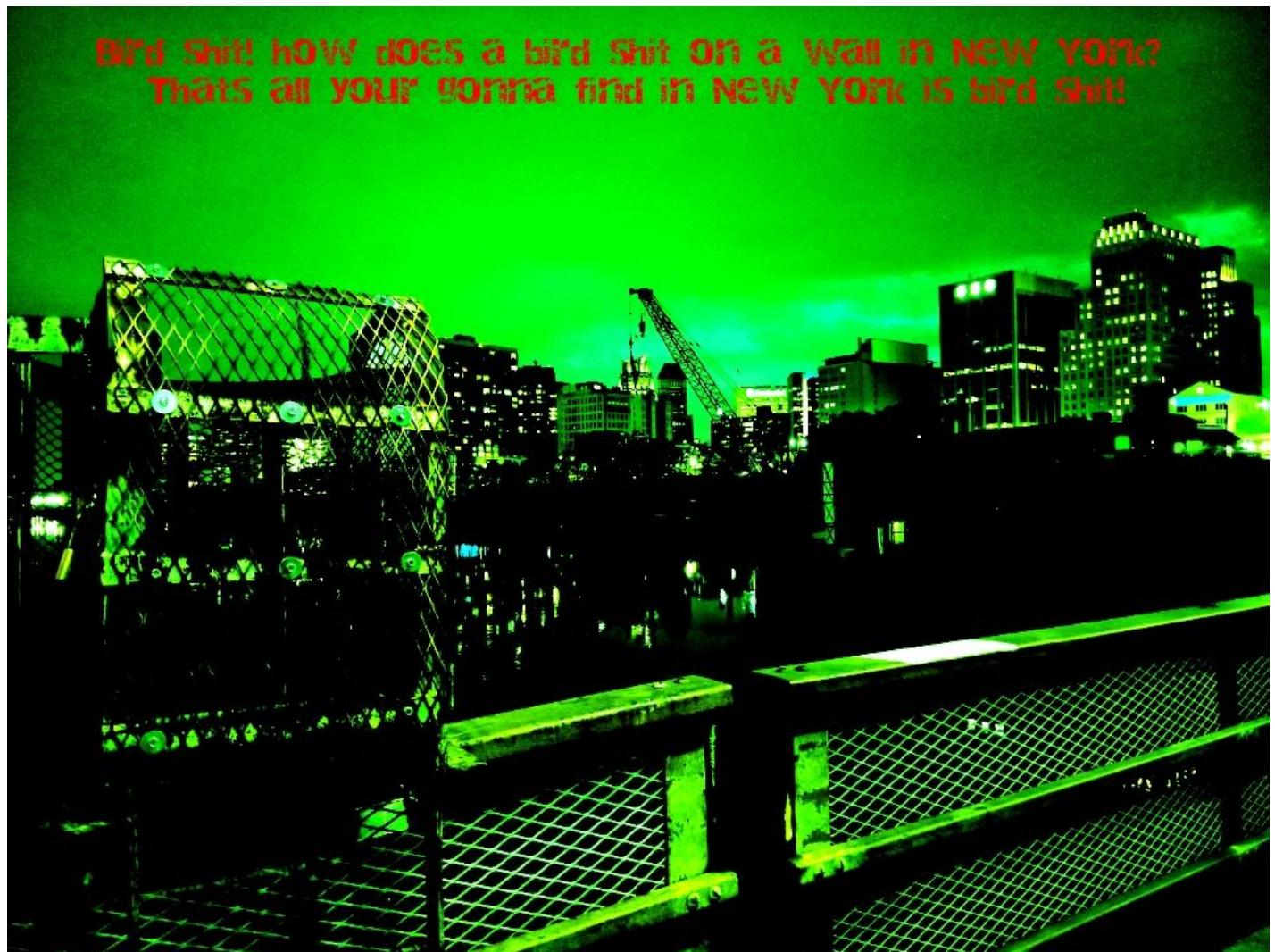
## The SqΔ4ē



**Sidewalks are Freeways.**

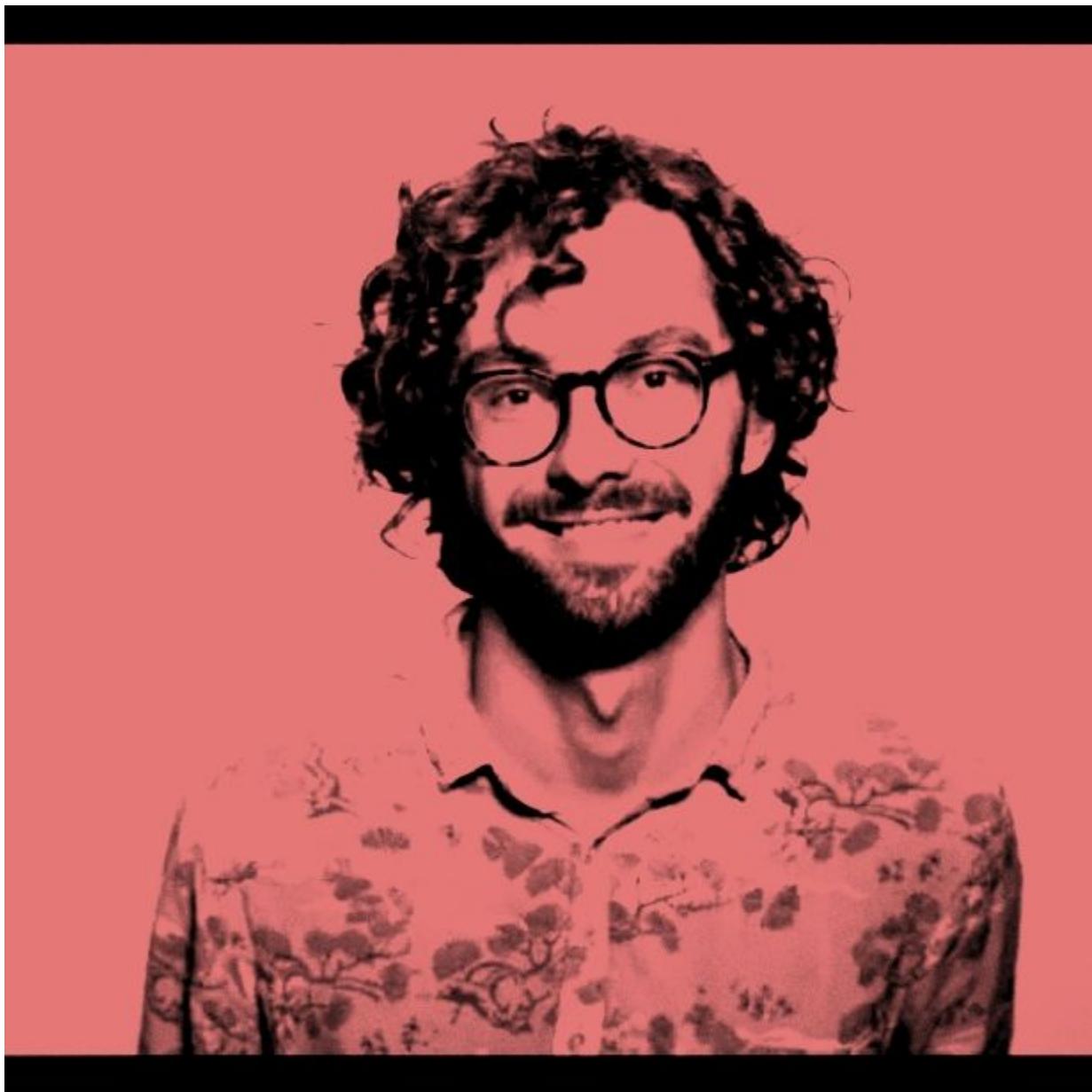


*Vilification of Women. Envy toward Gay Men.  
Johnny cum lately, wished he'd tried. Hidden  
secrets. A girl in a closet. The birthplace and  
dumping ground of Neo Capitalism.*



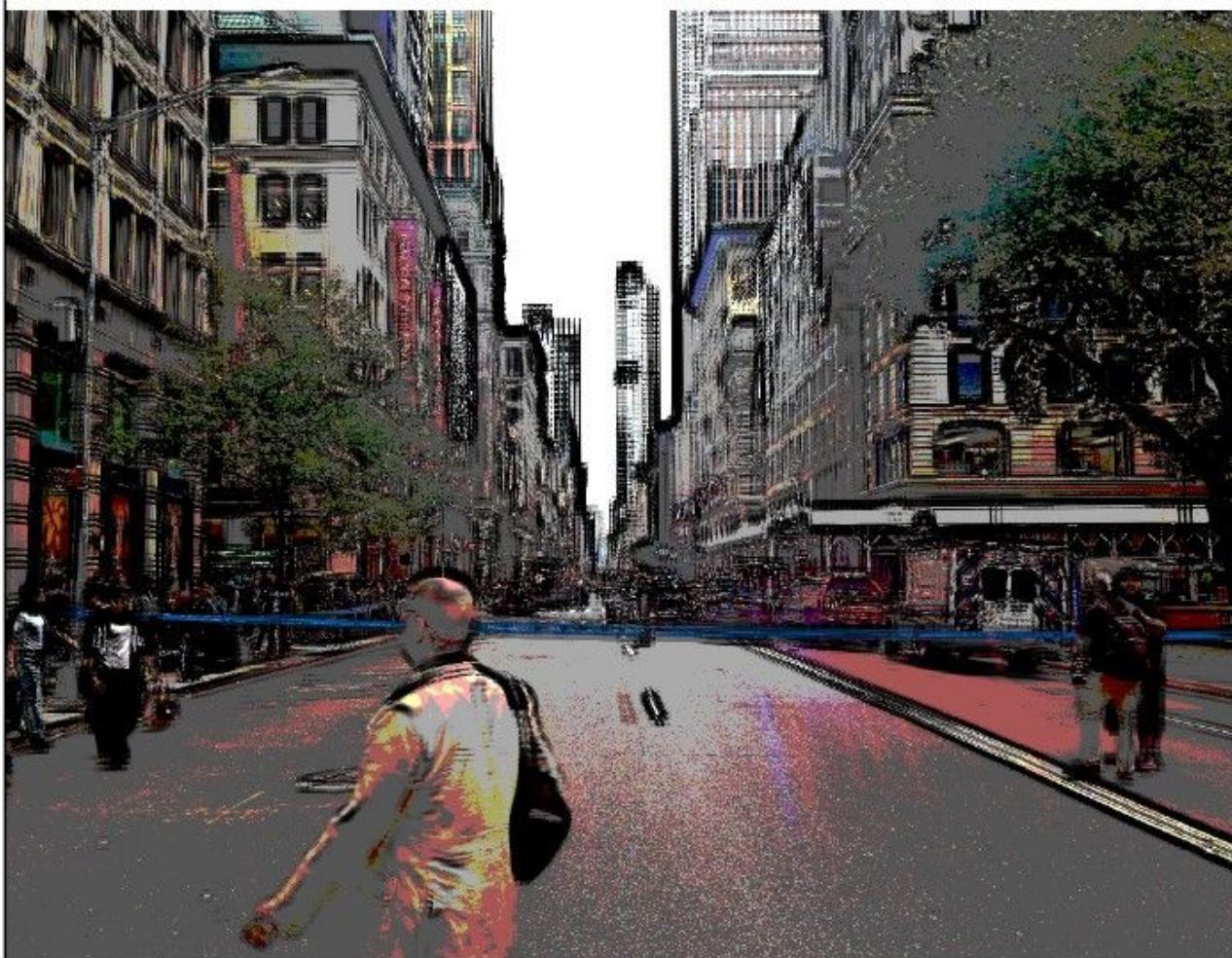
*it all got Dark after the advent of Electricity.  
Interaction via Transaction. Mind-wipe complete. Buy  
and sell, repeat.*

*And in the birthplace of it all, Edison, Zone 1, The Reactor Fields and the Chem Zone. The parks were teeming with mutant afterbirth. What far flung insanity had been turned out on these streets.*





*And for all that separated me from them was a concrete barrier, it was a matter of when. A whirling hurricane of half humans trapped in a never ending high tension, high tech ghetto burger. But here, just inches beyond the wall, silence.*



(“*they wear loose clothing...*”) *Ray’s words hit me. The gray sweat pants and generic Hawaiian t-shirt are nondescript yet suspiciously out of place.*

*We are in a massive, chemical park next to a slum. Does this guy work at a gym, or beach? I turn to bail. “Stop moving!” His faux authority built into his intonation. A Brown Shirt. To ditch was easier then cleaning up the pile of shit that comes after a 50 cal ball loader obliterates the target’s brain matter.*

**Limit your freedom, the Brown Shirts are watching.**

PRIMARY CAUSE FOR REAL MENTAL ILLNESS:  
UNMITIGATED TRAUMA AND CHRONIC HIGH TENSION.



*All one Unit.*

*The city, a scab that rotted, became cancer and took  
over the Host.*

*In their minds they have convinced themselves that  
the Revolution ended when it is in its most intense  
and outwardly obvious phase. Blatant justification as*

*indicator of the lack of belief in their own sentiment.*

*Under Control, they walk around like clowns  
victoriously laughing while the horrified world  
watches and mocks. They have been trained to out  
themselves by insinuation believing they are boasting  
about their (faux) victory. A troll has been played  
upon them.*





