

Sports as catharsis for poverty

“Something bad happened while you were gone kid”

It's a secret...

One you want me to know right?

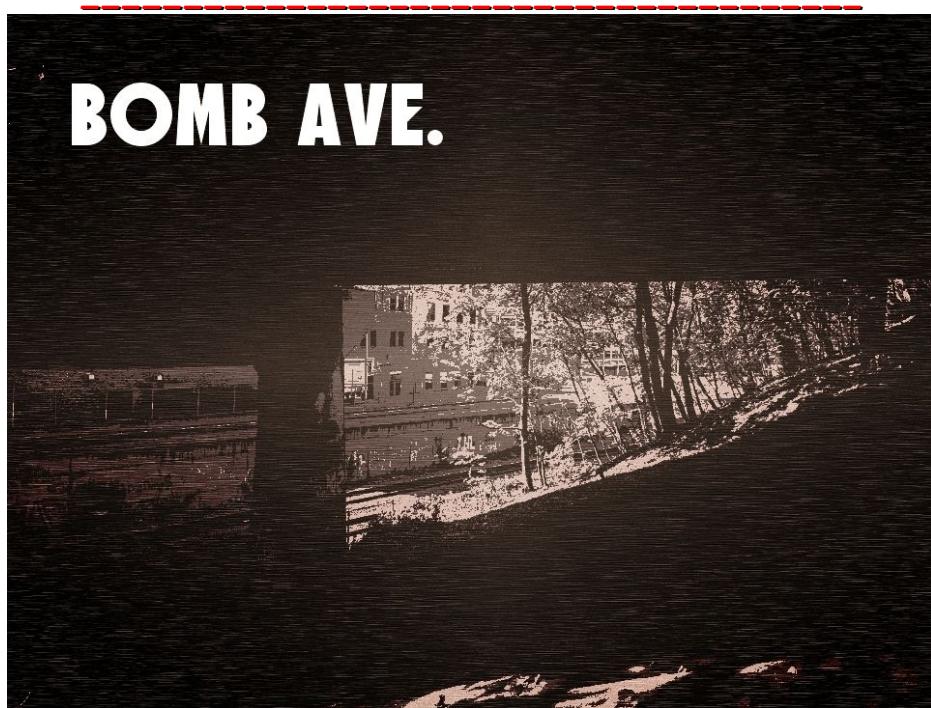
“Meh...”

They all know something...

**Know you're being hunted; peace comes from survival.
They're only Human right?**

**The burbs isolated us, the city choked us but there was no new place.
Those who remained stayed wound up dead or incarcerated. Those
who left out kept leaving because there was nothing.**

I travel between worlds...





I invited myself to a couch party. Got turned out before the big Move. They were hunters seeking control over their object of envy, little that I knew.

They had spoken in codes like a dramatic Soccer match. A ballay of metaphor and stories and known ritual. The Shadyside alleys of East Liberty are a small labyrinth of hills. One latch locked, one doorknob lock unsealed, already minutes into inspection before it matters. Now this. I turn the latch to bailout for an overpass nearby. Minutes on and you can hear them whistling. A bridge meets the road above. A 100 meter dash-climb. A black cloak covers Red hair. Passersby make disappointed looks as if something had gone amiss. The coucher was from Kazakstan. “Grew up in East Liberty.” ...doubt it.

How did you meet?

Did he pretend to be into African American short stories? Another Facebook Anarchist? A plant at a bookstore.

**The Shirts are making arrests. The Primary Team
Lead from The Groups are setting traps on the
outer rim of the great Supercity where I'm
awaiting supplies.**



**A Raider waits for sleep. Under the tracks one can
never know what they carry and just on the edge of
that sacred horizon, one can be heard climbing
down the concrete canal where I'm camped and**

scurries away like a rat. A loud announcement helps. Get you when you're down. I'm equiped with a 50 cal. Brain Blaster, Alaskan Ulu blade. Kukri.



Kickin it with your dick in it.

Floor to the Wall.

Gotto crawl up to get outta this stall.

"Damnl They had to lock it..."

I can hear him pacing. I'm out lightly before a half hour passes. Barely
REM 2.

Another stalks the shitter. An hours more pass.

Three days remain...

My anatomy is worth 234 million credit on the Dark Markets. All it takes to lure a Wasteland Zombie is 15 bucks. They'll never be heard from again. I got a tape recording of these facts. They brag. Criminals brag. Strange tendency. Evil is retarded. The Corporate State wants its experiment back.



“You could make a killing with Salvage in this economy.”

The man in the blue dress shirt responds,

“If only you could find someone to buy it...”

Best joke ever...



~

It never gets better but he's addicted to the Pain. Take away a mans sense of humor and hez libel to kill himself, look at Robin Williams, the 'bench in Boston Common is dedicated to me' guy. 1959 was the Day the Music Died, September, Buddy Holly dies in a plane crash with friends. 2019 was when Comedy died. Williams slits his wrists and hangs himself.

They see that you have the power to prosper, and they try to take it.



“Why do they sit next to you faking phone calls with non-existent people, for attention?”

Sometimes its to communicate to you indirectly, sometimes its random.

There's a message in the Tao about beauty which must be Hidden. But there are lots of strip clubs... “I'm good at profiling people” she said. They all said. What is profiling versus societal enforcement?

No... you're not.



Southbound...

To Be Continued

You can't save everybody...

MK Ultra had been co-opted by massive corporations and used to maintain the controlled feral state of the American population by 2016, used to turn victims into their perpetrators. Sympathy with Fascism. Daddy Complexes. Identification with famous serial killers. Will project abuse patterns forward to effect activation of the program. A social contagion. Trauma based mind control.