



... does not determine
the transaction date. Some merchants may
provide a transaction date that may be different
than the day the purchase was made.
Your Cashback Bonus is calculated on each
purchase, accumulates daily, and is rounded to
the nearest cent. Your accumulated Cashback
Bonus is then applied to your Cashback Bonus
account at the end of each billing period. It may
take 1-2 billing periods after a transaction has
been processed for your Cashback Bonus to
be added to your account. You will not receive
certain purchases from the 5% Cashback Bonus
Program. For the purposes of the 5% Cashback
Bonus Program, we may group certain MCCs to
create categories. This does not reclassify the
selected Merchants or MCCs in any way. Discover
Bank does not assign MCCs to merchants, but
we make every effort to include all relevant
MCCs for our program's categories. Some
purchases, however, may not qualify for the
rewards category that you might expect. Even if
you purchase items at a merchant that
to fit in a rewards category.

...-DISCOVER (1-800-368-5622)
day/7 days a week.

No Rewards Expired
Rewards never expire. We will credit your
balance. We will credit your account with your
rewards if your account is closed or if you
do not use your rewards within 18 months. You may
redeem your rewards in some limited
ways. You choose to use your rewards.

my ex-wife and I
are still in our twenties



PLUS
18

table... of contents

a poem, a journal entry, a vignette, four pieces of "visual art", two short stories, and one song.

<i>intro</i>	4
<i>so called "mouthfeel"</i>	7
<i>selves stuff</i>	12
<i>Duplication Glitch</i>	16
<i>GABAPENTIN 300 MG CAPSULE; TAKE ONE CAPSULE BY MOUTH TWICE A DAY AS NEEDED FOR BACK PAIN</i>	18
<i>[REDACTED], I think you should take a look at me.</i>	40
<i>Orange Ball of Nothing</i>	44

intro

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and we've never been married. I met her in an apartment building lobby while I was going to play Magic the Gathering for the first time. I played Magic the Gathering for the second time with her, and she clobbered me so hard that I never played again. I think that was a valuable lesson, because playing Magic the Gathering is a kind of self-harm.

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and I didn't assassinate a member of the board of treasurers of Pennsylvania. We haven't ever been near a political figure, *ever*. Okay, except that one time that we had dinner with a state senator. But that's irrelevant, please stop asking.

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and if I'm being honest with you, she doesn't really like a lot of ideas behind zine distribution. The idea that important information would be gated by a zine is kind of very Trotskyist. You're going to achieve the revolution if you print enough newspapers, and the more newspapers you print the more revolution it is. She thinks it's great artistically, though.

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and we fuck nasty. It's probably obvious when you look at the two of us. You can't even imagine the half the kinks involved. The sex we have on a Thursday without trying is likely better than the best you have ever had.

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and I'm pretty sure she's a rampant misogynist.

She keeps punching me in the tits for shits and giggles and then she calls me a faggot about it.

I don't really mind, though, because I'm okay with being her little faggot in the moment.

I want her to empty a used sharps container over my guts — for her to put her disease in me.

My ex-wife and I are still on our twenties, and we are actually two worms.

I am the eternal one that ate Connecticut.

She, on the other hand, is a real doctor.

We are both actually worms, and neither of us like to play the drums.

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and if I ever see her again, I don't know what I'm going to do.

The war in the distant galaxy of Vades Commandant has been going on for eons, and I yearn for her touch, but I can not receive it.

We are on opposite sides of the party line, the division between us as thick and impenetrable as the border between Greece and Albania.

But I will cross the line, some day, when the call sounds, and we will point our phasers at one another, tears in our eyes, the other's blood in our hearts.

so called "mouthfeel"

a few months ago I was browsing FetLife. as one does; or rather, as one does when they are desperate, and well, I was. between the chokeslam stream incident and my unceremonious move two years ago, I needed the slimy red on black webpage to establish myself in a new habitat.

the event billed itself as a movie in the park and a play party.

the movie has come to an end, and the knock out next to me is pulling at the straps of her top suggestively. the top itself already almost shows her nipples. or I think it does. *slut*. can't really tell if there is areola peeking out from this far at this time of night. there's almost nothing left to the imagination. some kind of cloudy tattoo sits along her sternum and her chest is riddled with hickeys. the fuck me eyes and flagrant flagging with her carabiner have easily identified her as prey.

I hoist myself up. the ground at my feet is surrounded by cowards: well meaning and friendly, but not willing to play. it's better that way; I actually wanted to focus on the movie this time around. I stride across the park and sit down on her picnic blanket. her face is even nicer up close: eyes sunk in like a fox, each brow half a moustache, a cute angular nose cutting between them. she hardly wears any makeup. her eyes are a mysterious hybrid of every major shade. her lips look soft yet weathered and *she does an amazing job shaving*.

"god, you're handsome", she whispers against my neck. the moisture of her warm breath calms me. we begin to kiss. she runs her hands through my short hair. it's half stimulating, half intimacy. I put my hand

My ex-wife and I are still in our twenties, and we started dating while making this.

We basically already were, it's hard not to be when you are divorced and were never married.

All of these factors are unrelated: much like the outlined circumstances, these works just happen to be bound together. Conclusions derived from their proximity are a happy accident.

An orchestrated accident, but an accident nonetheless.

to her waist. it's soft *for a girl who looks like she only weighs 140*. I retract my tongue from her mouth, and she goes up to slightly bite my lip. instinctively, I slightly pull back. she gets the message; you don't get to bite back.

she withdraws from my lips. her hand lightly runs its course around my back and chest. a faint "please" escapes her mouth as I unceremoniously remove her top. her tits catch on the fabric and noticeably bounce. holding the half a garment in my hands, I now fully take in their size. fucking massive. I lean in closer once again, and massage one with my right hand. oh shit that's all natural, *what the fuck?* I let the top fall from my hand, and *it felt dirty*. I lean into the other boob and begin to suck. the piercings complement her so well, though I am not the biggest fan of the taste of pennies in my mouth. a firing squad's worth of bite marks on the way down tell me what I should do with my teeth.

by the time I come up for air, she is clearly fully desperate. *aww, the pathetic little pervert bitch hardly deserves what she has gotten already and she wants more*. I stand up. she can barely sit up straight with what I put her through. "now be a good girl, help me out", I command as I hold her up by the arms and guide her to take my pants off. it's easy enough for her to slip them down. I shove her to the ground. as hot as it would be to hold her up while I squatted on her face for all to see, I don't want to risk her giving out on me.

the light impact crushes her. she needs motivation to recover, so I provide it: "besides, you won't get anything from me until you do something first.". I can finally see a bit of her dick through her tight,

tight shorts. I squat down to take my rightful seat on my prey, and the autumn breeze rushes against my thighs. contact is made with my face. peach fuzz like my own greets my ass. her mouth learns the lay of the land quickly. girls like this want to worship all of you. your taste, "mouthfeel" as *it* might say, the pressure and texture subsuming their senses.

for a minute, I lose myself in her mouth, and the scene around me.

half a dozen pairs are doing as we are. someone has lined up to be used as an ashtray in front of the projector. fall leaves rustle as a lit cigarette makes contact with her. she probes along my lips. an older man a few spots away from me buries his fist deep in someone's back and locks eyes with me. the muffled screams serve as excellent ambiance. my hips sway, and she keeps up. I can vaguely hear one of the organizers. the sensation starts to build. I can barely make out what she is saying to some—

sparks start at my feet. fire burns in my hands. my lungs are coffee and tea. my toes fail to grip the grass through my boot.

...then it washes over me.

is her practice, even exclusive, to tick? she is clearly fully in subspace by now. “can I take your pants off?”, I say while I lick her ear. with a bit of a delay, she gives a wordless, yet enthusiastic nod. I am ready to move on to the next chunk of my fun. I reach down to unbutton and whisper “you earned a ride, plaything”. her dick noticeably twitches. *it still seems rather small.*

I glide my face down to her crotch. finish my unbuttoning. pull down her adorable boxers—

she's cis. not literally but she might as well be. sure she has the fashion sense of a tranny but her heart isn't in it. no fucking signs of stubble or hair removal. there was no extra backing to her voice.

every bit of arousal instantly leaves my body. “you are no better than the chaser I am. worse even. you aren't a man in a dress, you never have been, you never will be. you are a cis woman desperately working to trick everyone around you. give up and get a real pussy.” I raise my body and voice. “you don't deserve affection, you depraved assimilation traitor”.

I stomp it directly in the sternum. dig my foot in. the heel of my combat boots strains its ribcage like it's made of cheap plastic rulers.

I swiftly leave it stranded on its blanket. my boots pound against the dirt. I hear it sob as I make my way to collect my belongings.

Duplication Glitch

In November I ordered a vibrator from Lovense. It arrived damaged. It still absolutely worked, there was just a gouge in the head.

So I emailed them. “Hey, my vibrator arrived damaged.”

“Okay. Show us the packaging.”

I showed them the damage that could have easily been my doing. The proof was accepted. They sent me the order all over again.

In January I ordered some stickers from Redbubble. They didn’t show up by the expected delivery date.

So I emailed them. “Hey, my stickers never arrived.”

“Check again a bit later?”

“It’s later. They still haven’t come.”

They didn’t bother to check where my stickers were. They sent me the order all over again.

Now, my vibrator actually was damaged when it arrived, and my package of stickers actually never did show up. I repaired the first vibrator with some Sugru. The replacement vibrator arrived about a week later. 200 dollars worth of vibrator for only 110.

So, what if you ordered something.

It never arrived, or it arrived damaged, or you received the wrong product.

Then you emailed someone. Told them the issue. You get a free replacement.

And you were lying.

Addendum: While writing this I received a bag that I ordered once. And then I received a bag that I ordered once. I made no attempt to instigate a duplication glitch, it just happened anyway.

GABAPENTIN 300 MG CAPSULE; TAKE ONE CAPSULE BY MOUTH TWICE A DAY AS NEEDED FOR BACK PAIN

"I'm going to slash your tires."

- Tires Michael

"The ending of Mulholland Drive doesn't make any sense. I really can't—Was it all a dream? The dream is reality and the reality is a dream. It's kind of saccharine nonsense. Like —god, imagine if that happened to me. I think it happened to my cousin Throckmorton at some point.", Nail said, while he drank out of a sippy cup full of slurp juice to wash down his cold meal of rice and beans that he was eating out of a plastic storage container.

"You don't have a cousin named Throckmorton. You made that up.", Hammer replied. She was trying to keep her eyes on the road, but she couldn't get over the searing anger of her hatred. She briefly wondered what would happen if she let go of the wheel, and stopped, dropped, and rolled onto the highway. She mostly wanted, in this moment, to be anywhere but here. Anything except with this asshole, picking him up from something as awful as this.

Nail ended up in the psych ward about a week ago after he tried to overdose on Benadryl. He didn't actually manage to do any lasting damage, he was just deliriously constipated and still cry-screaming on the toilet after three hours. His roommates were really pissed, mostly because the bathroom is the only place in his shitty apartment that had a window (fire code be damned), so nobody in the entire place could

smoke, because they all smoked inside like they were in a 50's Hollywood movie.

"Y— yeah, but I still don't know why they would screen Mulholland Drive in a hospital. You'd imagine that would make people more mentally ill.", Nail said. He looked out the window, and stared longingly into the distance. There was a billboard on the roadside that said "Have you or a loved one ever kinned a Homestuck character? You may be entitled to financial compensation! Call (617) 299 9911 for free HVAC repair." Nail could make some serious dough if that claim was true. It wasn't.

The car went silent, because Hammer didn't want to hear anything else. She drove off Exit 6A into a backwater part of town that nobody really cared to look at. There was a Buc-ee's, because it was the kind of town that has a Buc-ee's, but its parking lot would have better indicated a vague sense of dead mall energy. There was a Subway in a nearby strip mall that was serving a new Teriyaki Chicken Testicle sandwich. She wondered how you would teriyaki a testicle. Carefully, ostensibly. There was a closed gun store with a busted up 1990 Nissan Pulsar NX outside, and a guy who was loading up conspicuous cargo into the truck.

Nobody really liked Nail very much. He was the type of guy that showed up at your lunch table at some point in high school, and you took pity on him because he was a loner, but then you realized that he was actually just annoying. But you didn't want him to hurt himself, so you just kept talking and talking, letting him try to fit into your friend group.

One time he showed up at a Mexican restaurant downtown 3 hours before anybody else in the group chat showed up. He found himself just eating a basket of chips the entire time, and guzzling down room temperature water at a concerning pace. He ended up walking home and walked *back* to the restaurant later in the day when people showed up, and the waiter didn't even bill him for the chips out of pity. He *needed* friends, better friends, but he wasn't really willing to put in any effort. Nobody here was willing to help him.

So when Hammer pulled into the pharmacy by the Buc-ee's, and helped Nail walk in and out with a new prescription for Perplexil, she was ecstatic. Maybe this would finally be his normal pills. Maybe, just maybe, she'd be free to have a new friend.

"So *Amending Fences* is definitely the best episode of MLP because it shows the consequences of Twilight leaving behind her entire life in episode 1 of the entire series. She wasn't a friendless loser before all of this, she just really hated herself and thought nobody would miss her. It's almost kind of a deconstruction of the entire show, because Spike mentions that it's ironic that Twilight fucking Sparkle is the Princess of Friendship. It's got a really surprising amount of pathos for a kid's show, and it's really the thing that cemented the series as something special to me. It even has a character, what was her name, Moondancer? Who's supposed to mirror Twilight's like. Bookish nature in the first episode. It really makes you go and think about what you're watching. It's got a really important message in it, which is that you matter to people even if you don't know you do. Your actions have consequences. You aren't in a narrative, but you have significance.

Don't leave everything behind, don't be an ass. Y'know?", Cythe says, as he leaned back into the corner of the grey couch towards the wall in Hammer's common area. Her apartment was sparsely decorated, but it had two couches in it for some reason, and there was a slightly broken coffee table between the two of them. The coffee table had some ripped up zines on it that looked like they could be used for kindling. Around the room sat Cythe, Hammer, Dallas, and, unfortunately, Nail.

Nail was sitting across the coffee table, and he was wearing a necklace with a golden chain. It had a miniature red lampshade on its end, dangling over his flat chest that was proudly displaying a t-shirt that said *TOKÉMON: GOTTA SMOKE 'EM ALL*, despite the fact that he had never even smoked a single weed. His hair was tightly matted, as if you got the sense that he really didn't want to cut it, and whoever did would be a deeply sorry sap. More than that, it's as if you got the sense that he didn't really care about his body or what happened to it.

But, for whatever reason, Nail was having a good day. He was enjoying this.

Hammer, on the other hand, mostly wanted the show to get back on the road. "Okay, babe, hold on.", she said, straining on the word *babe*. "First off, I'm pretty sure MLP isn't really doing like, meta-deconstructive shit. Second off, I want to start Quiplash back up, since we've just been sitting here for a bit, and I really do appreciate listening to you infodump but I want to get a few more rounds in before everyone has to leave." She grabbed a slice of greasy pizza from the glass coffee table, which had stains from leaving hot mugs and pizza boxes

on it, and shoveled it into her mouth. She loved the way Cythe talked, but she didn't like the words that he said, or the order in which he said them in.

Everyone joined the Jackbox room. Nail's nickname was his own name, because he was direct and lacked imagination. Dallas's was "FembotY2K", whatever that meant. Hammer's was "Diane". Cythe's was "Betty", which is weird, given Cythe really didn't like it when anybody referred to him by a female name. He'd had enough of that in his childhood. But Nail didn't really think about that in the moment, and the game came and went. Nobody really did anything of note, because everyone just answered "cum", and the entire group was pretty sure that Nail didn't know what sex was since he never voted for it. It's cum, it's the funniest answer next to balls, nuts, or bees. What more did he want?

At least that's what would have happened about two weeks ago. This time, Nail acted different. The first prompt came onto the screen. "Who is God's understudy?". Nail versus Dallas. Dallas said "cum". Nail said "that shit what which Mormons believe in".

Immediately, Dallas protested, while the rest of the group started laughing. "Dude, you aren't supposed to give an actually funny answer", he said, as if Nail had violated an unspoken social norm.

But Nail somehow managed to shrug it off, and said nothing more than "skill issue", a phrase that he had never uttered before in his life and never would have before now. Today was a different day.

The majority of the game went by like this. Somehow, Nail won. Nobody really understood how he did, but he did. Neither did Nail, but he didn't care, because people seemed to like him a lot, and they never seemed to before. He enjoyed the attention, and he enjoyed not feeling like his friends hated him for the first time in his life. What bliss it was.

The next day, Nail and Cythe were hanging out on a swing set in a local park. Cythe was talking about his various askblogs that he used to set up for Homestuck characters on Tumblr back when he was in high school, but Nail genuinely couldn't take any more talk about that kind of stuff. He briefly remembered the billboard, and whether or not he'd qualify for an HVAC repair if he pretended to love Cythe the way Hammer did. But he wouldn't be able to make that work convincingly.

He was surprised when he got the call the prior day, because nobody had ever actually DMed him before, instead opting to string him along in group chats. Cythe actually wanted to *hang out with him* this time. It was certainly unprecedented, given the only friends that Nail ever had who bothered to text him first were ones that he made on various Discord servers for random TV shows he liked as a kid. He was big into Star Trek, at least he thought he was. ...Pokémon, the old anime seasons, none of the newer stuff. Maybe he was into Code Lyoko. God, Code Lyoko was good. At least he thought it was. He couldn't think about it for too long anymore.

"You know, nobody actually indulges my rants about weird art shit", Cythe said, as he looked over at Nail while swinging backwards.

"...Why not? I think it's interesting.", Nail said.

"I dunno. Most of the stuff I'm into is kid's bullshit, you know? I mean, Dallas is basically permanently 14 or whatever the hell, but he still acts like he's too cool for it. It's like people's brains turn allll the way off when they look at this stuff."

"...Yeah, I guess. I always thought it was really weird how people just let anything go to kids. I mean like— the whole like, Elsagate thing a while back was really weird. It's just weird.", Nail said as a commercial plane crashed into a nearby building. The swingset's chains creaked underneath his weight.

"Right? It's just that parents' critical analysis brains turn off. You have gotta know what kind of things you're giving your children."

"I always thought it was weird. Like, have you ever seen *Ghostbusters*? It's great, of course, but it's got so many sex jokes in it and stuff and it's basically Reagan-era privatization fantasy stuff. Same with *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Kids should not be allowed to see *The Incredibles*, they'll get weird kinks."

"Yeah. Fuckin'— Elastigirl. Completely fucked my shit."

"...Yeah?"

"Yeah. I'm pretty sure that the weird sex shit in kids cartoons is the reason I ended up so overwhelmingly trans", Cythe said, not considering the implications of that sentence. He heard sirens in the

distance as first responders began to flood the impacted area. He could hear screaming.

"Man, I wish I was trans."

"No. You don't."

"Oh."

Cythe cracked open a beer that he left by the swingset. The two of them were on a children's playground, but it was the middle of the day on a Wednesday, so he figured it would be okay to get wasted and talk about weird kinks with a guy he didn't like very much where kids could see. He shouldn't have been drinking this soon after surgery, either. But he didn't really care much, given that he poured the Heineken (— fuck that shit, Pabst Blue Ribbon —) straight into his gaping mouth-hole.

"Glad we could get that one cleared up!"

"Yeah. So back to the uh— the Elsagate stuff and MLP. Maybe I should watch it? I think it's probably worth looking at still.", Nail said.

"The Elsagate AND MLP? Do you want to watch Elsagate MLP stuff?"

"No, I mean, sorry. I mean it might be cool if we could hang out and go through it, I mean MLP, because I think it's interesting when you talk about that stuff."

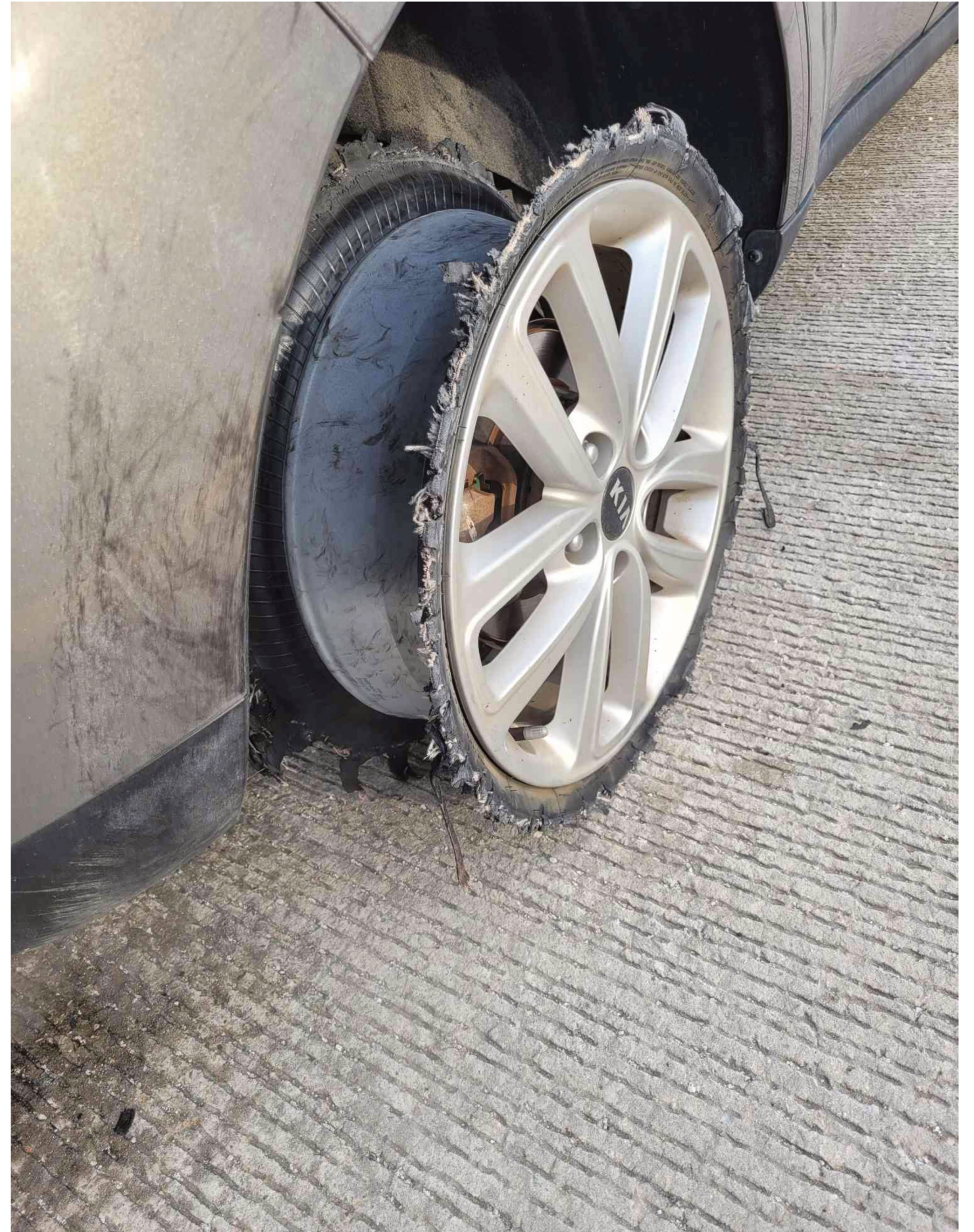
"Yeah, it's neat."

"Huh. What. The fuck?", Cythe said, genuinely taken aback while his voice cracked. Nail always seemed kind of awful, like some awkward stuttering mess of a human being. But something had changed recently, he guessed.

And that was how Nail and Cythe began hanging out without the rest of the group, while Cythe's vision blurred from the alcohol as he thought about the corpses that were going to pile up by the nearby loose slabs of concrete and rubble. He pictured a wet mass of cranberry-colored bloody slop.

Tires Michael wasn't really the type of guy you wanted to mess with. He would always show up somewhere on the highway, scream "I'm going to slash your tires", and then do exactly that. Dallas obviously couldn't stop thinking about him while he was pulled over on the curb, given the... circumstances.

While driving with Nail in the passenger seat down the highway, Dallas's tires suddenly decided to give up on him. Not just *give up* in the sense that they were cut, oh no, the entirety of the tire just stripped itself from the metal frame. Whatever rubber material, or whatever the hell they make tires out of, just... checked out and took up residence in the bathroom of a Denver Denny's.



Well, not quite a Denver Denny's, given that the tire was still on the road. It was just on the other side of it from where Dallas and Nail were standing. The two of them just... stared at it, while waiting for Triple-A to show up with a new tire. Dallas looked tired, bags under his eyes from driving for so long. He was taking a trip with Nail to the Creation Evidence Museum in Glen Rose, TX. Dallas, of course, was a massive fan of flood geology, and he wanted the newly-tolerable Nail to learn about it.

"That's... that's a whole tire right there.", Nail said, his penchant for the obvious not helping him.

"Yeeep. I'm pretty sure this is the type of shit that happens in a slapstick comedy movie.", Dallas replied.

"To be fair, it is really funny, actually."

"Yeah, I guess. I'm mostly just annoyed."

The two of them stared in silence at the trees and brambles in the background. Highway 67 into Glen Rose was pretty desolate, and it was really unlikely that anybody was going to get to them. It made Nail think pretty heavily about stuff, given that he grew up near here, and he wasn't really able to meet many people. He would make up characters in his head a lot back when he was a kid, while his parents made a living putting the child screams into bottles of orange juice.

"Did I ever tell you about some of the stuff that I thought up as a kid?", Nail said, trying to break the lull in conversation.

"...No??"

"Yeah, so— okay, this one's weird.", Nail said, continuing without Dallas prompting for any further words. "You know how some kids would imagine skateboarders riding along the power lines and fences and stuff?"

"Wait, you're joking. I figured that was just me."

"Right? I mean, I never did that, but I— I thought about it a lot, because people would mention it to me when I talked about this type of thing. Anyway, there aren't really any power lines around here, right?"

Dallas would usually be annoyed by Nail's rambles, but he wasn't this time, for whatever reason. He mostly just looked perplexed at his desolate surroundings. Of all the places for his car to fail... this was just his luck. Whatever. "No, not really. Pretty barren."

"So I would make up other things to do on long highways like this one, because I couldn't really think of anything else to do. So I would— I would hallucinate things. Voluntarily. I made up this guy named Tires Michael."

"Tires... Michael.", Dallas said, drawing out his speech and trying to stifle a laugh.

"Right, I wasn't— I wasn't very good at naming things. You can laugh. Whatever, anyways, he would show up on the side of the road and say

something like 'I'm going to slash your tires', then uh. Then..."

"Then he would slash their tires?" Dallas chuckled, smirking.

"Right, and I would watch the car flatten out and crash. Obviously I didn't like, actually see it. I'm not schizophrenic or whatever. But I would imagine it so hard that it seemed real, like I would even see it collide and crash with other cars. I would watch the fires in the distance. Sometimes I almost told my mom to stop the car so they could help."

"That. Wow, that's kinda fucked up, huh.", Dallas said. He was a man of few words.

"Yeah."

"Yeah. You're really funny, Nail. I never told you that."

"Really?"

"Yeah", Dallas said, as he sipped from the cup of horse piss he had in his glove compartment.

Nail was lying by himself on his couch at home. He didn't have a bed, because his parents didn't really think he was going to stay this long, and his room was converted into a home office for his dad's small business selling bioweapons to the US Army.

He had a pill bottle in his left hand, and a Sharpie in his right. He crossed out the word "depression" on the bottle and wrote "horrors", which is the force that he made up to explain the shit that was going on in his head. He thought, at that moment, that the joke that he was making was pretty funny. After all, he still didn't really think he was *depressed*.

It's a lot easier to try and think about horrors as controlling your life if you're really messed up in the head. If nothing makes sense, it's gotta be an act of God.

The television was blaring ancient, grainy episodes of some TV show. Columbo, maybe, given he just heard the signature contradiction sound effect that show used. He only really put on TV for the noise, because he was the type of guy that couldn't really focus unless a bunch of things were happening at once. He had his laptop out, and he was trying to think happy thoughts. His job application spreadsheet was collecting hundreds of entries by now. He really wanted to do something out of high school, but he couldn't seem to find anything. It felt like he was going to live here forever. It felt like he would never get out.

But he couldn't really do anything about that, especially as he heard the door creak open, and—

—he found himself falling, and falling, and falling, like the couch couldn't bear to hold him anymore. He couldn't feel his skin, and he didn't really know whether skin was a thing he should be able to feel.

He looked down, and he saw a pit full of red ooze, with electricity arcing between thick, wet globules that looked like rotten cranberries. They peppered the surface of his vision, and he briefly thought of the eyes of a fly. It hurt for him to think about it, as if his head experienced whatever was going on in the sphere eversion video he saw on YouTube once. Is this it? Is this how you turn a sphere inside out?

The cranberry-globules began to sweat and deform, twisting in on themselves as if to form snail shells. From their center, he could almost make out the faces of his friends. All that he saw was them laughing at him, not with him. He couldn't get rid of the thought that they were doing nothing but acting, but he didn't know how to voice it anymore. Half the time, it was as if he had no control over the things that he said.

It was only after the faces laughed at him that he stopped falling, hitting the grey soles of his shoes on the cobblestone path below.

He squinted, and tried to take stock of his surroundings. There were bushes, some of which were pointier than others, to his left and right; the landscaping was immaculate. In front of him was a wooden door with an ornate, boxy pattern, and a small lamp. He looked at the pillar next to the door. Room number 17.

He, of course, didn't really know what to do with that information. He touched the excellently trimmed hedge next to him, placing his hand deep into the bristles and leaves. It felt *fake* somehow under his touch; it had the consistency of plastic, not leaves. This couldn't be right. None of this was right.

But he took his hand out, and felt the wood. Plastic, again. Smooth, like a printed texture on a cheap desk. Panicked, he backed up into the wall, and noticed that he couldn't feel any of the dimples in its texture. The colors were as muted as he was.

He opened the door inwards with a *creak*, grasping onto its metal handle to find nothing but more smoothness. The lights were still barely on, but the bulb seemed to be old. A basket of rotting plants sat on the table, and he thought about the many times that he bought food from the grocery store only to let it go far past its expiration date. It was only after this thought that he noticed the ungodly *stench*, one that smelled like a body decomposing.

He walked further and further down the alien hallway, hearing the *squelch* of his wet sneakers on the wooden flooring. He looked to his right into a room with a bed with messy, red sheets. He saw a woman in a green dress by the corner where the fitted sheet was parting from the bed.

He had to stop himself from screaming when he saw the body. It was curled up into a fetal position. He thought, in that moment, that he must be being tortured, that he was strapped to the electro-shock machine that his dad had desperately wanted to sign him up for. His emotion, therefore, was nothing but resignation. He realized that if he just ignored his olfactory sensations, Hammer?'s rotting corpse wouldn't bother him. Was it Hammer? Who knows. It looked like her to him, it had all the right curves of her body. But she would never wear a dress...

He was back in Hammer's car.

As Nail's thoughts began to cohere again, Hammer was thinking about the last week or so. She wasn't a big fan of Nail before, but as soon as he started the pills, he seemed uncanny. It was like you could tell that he was boiling underneath the surface, like a frog set on the burner of a stove. But he didn't show it anymore. He wasn't crying, he wasn't screaming, and he wasn't the little baby that he used to be. He seemed... new. He seemed different, for the better.

Hammer didn't want anything to do with it. She didn't know what to do with this new Nail. She was used to having a friend as a project, or used to babying him, or whatever. She couldn't... well, it's really impossible to know what she was thinking, but she said this. "I don't trust you."

"W—what?", Nail replied.

Hammer pressed the button on the hood of her car. The garage door began to crank shut, eking down with the grinding of mechanical chains. "I'm willing to let you hole up here for now, but I don't trust you. Look, obviously your parents are shitty. Mine fucking hate me. But this isn't like you."

The car engine sputtered, and let out a moan that sounded almost human. "What's not like me? I've been doing great."

"That's the problem! I'm too used to dealing with your annoying bullshit to figure out what the fuck is going on! Cythe likes you, and I

mean actually *likes*, Dallas tolerates you now, I—"

"...You didn't like me? Wh— why did you bother talking to me then.", Nail said. The garage door closed. The pale blue light of the stereo system's display dimly lit the seats.

Hammer took the keys out of her car. The lights began to shut down, and soon, it was pitch black, to the point where you start seeing static. "No, I don't mean it like that. It's just that you don't really seem to know how to talk to people. It gets grating."

"I— what do you want me to say to that."

It was in this moment that Hammer realized that she was in the wrong. She'd have to apologize for this in the morning, probably. At least Nail hoped she would need to. "Nothing, I guess. Just that I'm glad that you're doing better, bud. Hope you're able to get out of there soon. You really need it."

"Gee, how compassionate of you."

"You're welcome. Sheets are on the couch. Take as much time as you need.", she said as she walked out of the car.

Whatever! Whatever. This wasn't important, anyways. Nail couldn't even remember the— the dialogue up until this point, he couldn't even seem to think of it. Okay, Whatever, Sure, Fine, Whatever. This wasn't new to him, he was always forgetful. He couldn't seem to— god, was he crying? Stumbling out of the car like a widdle baby?

Wow, what a pathetic little idiot Nail was. Why did they bother putting him on these pills if everyone was going to hate him anyway? They. Who even was his psych. But people really did seem to like him more, he knew that for a fact. He was just... confused. This couldn't be the world that he lived in before.

But that wasn't his problem in the moment. Mostly, he was afraid. Afraid of a bunch of things that were out of his control. That's probably why he was on the pills in the first place, because his psych didn't really feel like dealing with— no, it wasn't that. He couldn't even really make that argument. It was too far-fetched. But he wanted to know how things got to this point. He wanted to know why his thoughts got so *dark* all the time.

Nail walked out of the dark garage into Hammer's brightly illuminated, multi-colored home. He stepped through the hallway, and went to the living room. It looked like his childhood bedroom, with a race car bed— no, a couch, it was a couch, she said it was, right? — and a vague smell of horse piss. He couldn't really bother to do anything other than sleep, so he took out the tiny pill bottle he kept in his pocket for things like this, and dry swallowed 300 straight milligrams of whatever he took.

He usually passed out about 30 minutes from taking the pill, given that drowsiness was one of the side effects. Usually, he'd distract himself with something stupid. But the conversation that Hammer seemingly sprung on him out of nowhere was too much. He didn't want to see what came out of the door again, but... he needed to get his story straight.

So he lies down on the couch, puts on the thin, green sheets that were left for him, and remembers to read between the lines.

[REDACTED], *I think you should take a look at me.*

[REDACTED]. i am happy to be transgender. actively fucking enthusiastic. i love almost every inch of this body and role i have built for myself. my handmade and nuanced iteration of womanhood owns.

i love other trans people. I think we are great, powerful, creative, and loveable. I don't feel like you.

I think you should take a look at me, like how I visually appear as a person. How I sound and act too.

You listen to my voice. It's autistic. High with off-kilter intonation and emphasis. It's endearing.

You look at my hair. It's somewhat short, leftovers of dye at the ends. It's been long until quite recently.

You look at my eyebrows. They are full. The hints of my unibrow show through my half hearted efforts to shave and pluck it.

You look at my eyes and nose. They are fine. Entirely normal.

You look at my upper lip. You see nothing. I tell you to come closer and take a closer look. You guess you see some hair there.

You look at my lips and chin. Nothing to say about them. Maybe that chin is a bit weird, you don't really want to make a judgment about it.

You look at my neck and shoulders. Actively attractive.

You look at my chest, waist, legs, butt.

You look at my dick. [REDACTED].

It's 2017. I am nonbinary. I just came out. Like only a few months ago. and i am plummeting

my voice is deepening. i feel it every day, my voice deeper than it was a few weeks ago. cracks. they run along my throat. i feel a lump of unnecessary bone growing. protruding. my chest is a void. not in the good way, it slots incorrectly. my shoulders are fine. i know they will get worse. expand beyond my bounds. my face grows hair. constantly.

~~Sisyphian~~ Sisyphian.

if nothing is done, i will be bald by 20.

like anyone my age, i crave kinship and knowing who i am.

One in four people at my school know me as a boy, a weird and detestable one at that. I hope I can avoid the worst of their ire. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED].

I get the sign off to pour the concrete. I have the concrete. The construction team tells me I need to wait. My cosigners go to bat and the team does not delay.

I hit the bottom. I made a bottom. A place to climb from. I still draw ire.

They don't feel joy about me hitting the floor. Not even the trans people. They feel no enthusiasm for my eventual climb.

I sit in the bottom of that pit for two years. Nothing is getting worse. There is a bit more concrete after the initial pour.

And then the dead sea pours in. They feel joy for that, but not my joy. It's not a climb. I just get to float to the top. I still draw ire, I still feel alone.

It's almost now again. Sea nearly fills the hole. I can touch the surface. There is joy that I rode the current.

Everyone else's hole reached the true bottom. Then they climbed or rode their dead sea. Their seas and ladders were slower.

I look in the mirror and I see a cis dyke with autism. I don't see a faggot who clawed.

I reach the top of the hole. No podium yet, but not every cis person gets that feeling of total stability in their body, self, and presentation.

I don't feel trans. I feel like a girl who sat at the bottom of a hole for three years. I feel like I emerged from the hole the wrong way.

I on some level envy your struggle and deeper hole even if it would have been worse for me. I envy being bigger.

I stopped being nonbinary and became a woman as I neared the top. If I didn't I would have ended up higher on this pillar.

You forgot to mention that I am short when you looked at me.

I think I might be more satisfied with a transition that started half a year later. Not in the moment. Not falling further down the pit. Not sitting at the bottom. Not riding the dead sea. Maybe not even when I climb out. But at the podium, I might be more satisfied.

there is this sense of my experience not being like my community's. It comes up. Shared niceties and maladies that many had pre transition, that I have none of. Sure there are hints. i feel cis in those minutes where i remember and it feels fucking terrible

yet i still feel the classic wound. a childhood lost in some way.

any sense of envy for a "worse" transition feels wrong. it should feel wrong. safety though blending in is good actually.

I am so fucking hot, such a fucking tranny, being trans is one of the best things to ever happen to me, I have great sex, and the way I do all of this is incredible.

anyway i have been trying to figure out what i am doing about bottom surgery

Originally written August 2023. Redacted for publication.

Orange Ball of Nothing

(read left to right)

^{F5}
you kneel towards me, begging with your puppy eyes

^{F5}
you'll never see that i have my hooks deep in here

^{F6}
i want to say what you want to hear

^{F6}
i would tell you to go to hell

^C
i hope it'll be worth it, leaving me here

^C
i hope it'll be worth it, leaving me here

^{F5}
i see the sun rising over your new home

^{F5}
you try to put out the flaming wreckage

^{F6}
the walls'll drip blood, and the paint won't dry

^{F6}
i'd want to see you crawling back to me

^C
i hope it'll be worth it, leaving me here

^C
i hope it'll be worth it, leaving you here

^{F5}

^{C7sus4}
you scream and beg and whine

^{C7sus4}
i don't know what you'll find

^{C7sus4}
but it's too horrible to bear

^{C7sus4}
but you'll already find it there

^{Bb} ^{Bbmaj7}
i hope it was worth it

^{Bb} ^{Bbmaj7}
i hope it was worth it

^{C7sus4}
it'll burn the whole place down

^{C7sus4}
the water makes you drown

^{C7sus4}
no one will stay by your side

^{C7sus4}
but you exist in suicide



^{Bb} ^{Bbmaj7}
i hope it was worth it

^{Bb} ^{Bbmaj7}
i hope it was worth it

chords by the Symbles
<https://tulips.gay/static/orangeball.mp3>



If anyone has any information as to the whereabouts of Tulips, please contact the Suffolk County Police Department at (717) 787 2500.

 @tulips.gay
 <https://tulips.gay>

Talia Silver currently isn't. Sorry for the inconvenience. Since you are here, help yourself to some of the complementary refreshments. Feel free to check back later when she is extant, has qualities, and is doing actions.

 [grieveCausality](#)
 @nefola@lesbian.solutions

Alice W can be most easily reached by leaving two silver coins and a profession of love to the third man wearing an orange cap you see in London's Hyde Park, upon which he will give you a sour look and an address on the other side of the world.

Cover and back page.

 @spiralcomps
 [monsanto.edu](#)

The Symbles can be located in your local hammerspace, rift, or other transdimensional conduit.

Guitar on *Orange Ball of Nothing*.

 <https://thesymbles.bandcamp.com>

Floral is currently on an extended deep sea dive in an attempt to become one with the greater essence of the dark depths of the ocean. Contact is ill-advised.

Art on *GABAPENTIN 300 MG CAPSULE*.

 [@floralstone@bsky.social](#)

The tire fell off of Betty's car.

 [@meathoneys.bsky.social](#)



HOLLAND DIE

David Lynch's 10 Grinches Uncocking This Thriller

- 1 Pay Adam Keshner at least two coffee cup coffee cup at least two cups are revealed before the coffee.
- 2 Notice appearances of the red Aunt Ruthi.
- 3 Can you hear?????? of the film that occurrences is surrounding actresses for? Is it mentioned again?
- 4 An occurrence is a terrible event... notice the location of the occurrence
- 5 Who What a key, an why?
- 6 Notice the as **Graaaaahh!** coffee c
- 7 What is gathered at the
- 8 Did t... milla?
- 9 N... dling the mo
- 10 Whe

