

Misty Memoir

Fuck Back Harder

The work on the spoiled

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¹ In this book, the word "not" occurs only once.

Misty Memoir is a writer and activist.

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"Keep revising, just keep going. Practice writing. Write like it's your last day."

An advice of the French writer with whom she was allowed to practice for two days

"This book is a crescent."

Young athletic man from the neighborhood

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The nature of man is often reduced to evil. But this is only half the truth. Evil simply happened.

A virus threatens humanity. Who
knows what comes next?

Who knows what has gone before?

The memory had been erased. It was stored in a cloud called Cloud, which was composed of crystalline bits and bytes. And these, in turn, made up data, deeds and entire stories. The memories of the people were in it. People had detached themselves from everything and handed it over to the cloud, from which information could be obtained about everything that happened yesterday, the day before yesterday or forty years ago.

Only, over time, people had forgotten what was important. Priorities were replaced by meaningless data queries, with which meaningless statistics were thrown together, which in turn served a propaganda whose sole purpose was the end.

Memories of the grandmother were in the cloud. One just knew that this woman had existed. In the past, one had a picture of the grandmother on the living room wall or in the hallway. In the time of the cloud, there were only digital photo albums. They could be accessed at any time, but because you spent your time filling up on drugs of all kinds to log out of the technoid shit for a moment, you ultimately lacked the time and also the desire to remember.

Those who handed over the data and pictures of their biography to the cloud paid money for it and had more peace in their lives. At least, that's what the posters in the train stations advertised.

Insurance policies were taken out online. The telephone was replaced by the Internet. One worry less. The advantage was the flawless functioning of humans as a workforce. The cloud became his constant companion in everyday life.

The data became independent and worked - or rather, they did work for their host. Over time, they had developed a life of their own and began to patronize the host. In the end, they did the host in. He became a vegetable.

The data "knew" what was good for the host and it also knew what could harm his market value. According to the supercomputer, it was best for him to sit at home and vegetate. Cloud's followers hardly moved. Work, sports, shopping: Everything took place at home, if at all, and at most in the front garden, if one had one.

Sensual encounters were rare. Now and then, in the few front gardens that still existed, or in garden sheds, there was spontaneous, unpersonal sex between neighbors. Spontaneous sex was forbidden. If you wanted sex, you had to use whoever the supercomputer suggested.

In so-called sex boxes one was allowed to fuck these candidates. This was clean and sterile and legal. Mostly women took advantage of these services.

Men had it easier. They had a so-called wank brain. The wank brain was a newly formed brain region of the Cloud men. It was a sensational and purely accidental abnormal mutation,

which initially appeared only in diligent consumers of pornographic films. The wank brain was a bubble the size of an apricot. Inside it was a tissue that stored the sexual dreams and nightmares of its owners.

By means of brain surgery, man could have a plug-in installed and connect to a sex doll that subsequently did exactly what the jerk-off brain asked them to do. The sex dolls felt very real, they talked like parrots and said everything their jerk-off man wanted to hear.

Cloud men had thus become sociopaths. The abolition of women was on the rise. In the end, there would have been only rubber dolls and a few men, and at the very end . . . ? Cloned people who were dead?

Only one person could put a stop to this very probable development of mankind: a hacker.

Internet reality had become so bizarre that people hardly recognized themselves in the mirror. Then, in the year 2032, it happened. The cloud shattered like a hated mirror that people had grown tired of. In the cloud all shadows of the people had brewed together to a bad thunderstorm. It was high time that their data image was destroyed before their eyes.

Hackers had tampered with the cloud, tickled it. Then everything burst out of it. The cloud of data, deeds and stories dissolved into raindrops of bits and bytes.

Wake up in technofascism

Officially, it is the plague that enables data fascism as a kind of fire accelerant. In reality, a war against humans is taking place. They are on the hunt for DNA and eternal life.

With the grimace of death on your neck, you get up in the morning in this world and look in the mirror at a self that has become a stranger to you. Anyone could be a carrier of the virus. All of them are nasty germ carriers, disgusting, worthless critters. You want to press the button on the spray can with the ant poison and turn it on yourself, set yourself on fire and die. But the will to survive is hard to break.

Anything that interferes with the system is switched off. An mRNA inoculation probe takes over the execution. It is located somewhere in the body of the useless worker. When the order of the stingy old men comes, the probe checkmates the body of its host.

Those times were over at some point. Mankind has been set to zero. Those who stayed out of the cloud or only had one foot in it survived and can still tell their grandchildren about it.

Threaten(ed) Humanity

The dates are a simple matter. She was born on the first of June, just like Marilyn Monroe, the Hollywood actress who may have been born to Bobby Kennedy, the brother of then

American President John F. Kennedy, had been murdered or pumped full of a lethal dose of drugs by him. Maybe it was completely different. There are many theories. Marilyn Monroe was one of the biggest sex bombs of the fifties and sixties of the twentieth century.

Our woman, a twin of Marilyn Monroe in terms of her birthday, but also a Gemini astrologically, is anything but a sex bomb. Her age is in the range of female menopause. She notices this because her innate unruliness shows itself more than usual. The menopause is a kind of second puberty that offers women many opportunities to develop and to get a little closer to the stars that they have only ever been allowed to see from afar.

She has just turned forty-seven years old. The cross sum of the number of letters of the word forty-seven is seven. That is insignificant for the system in which people believe they live. She herself has only one foot in the cloud. Unfortunately, you have to reveal a little of yourself and feed the cloud so that it will leave you alone.

You are born into it, and you can only survive the muck if you give up a leg or stick it in the cloud. The cloud sticks to her leg. The rest of her body is untouched. While others wear shackles or are in prison, she can move around but is monitored by the Cloud.

The hot commodity for this system is the fingerprint, which is the minimum you have to give. Then come the iris, the blood and the DNA. With such data, a second self can be created. A clone of oneself.

They come down from the clouds, buzz, stare into your living room and are ugly. They hang stupidly in the air and you want to shoot them down. Drones. Drones are used to threaten people, to keep them under surveillance. The guys who came up with this terror scare her. These cloned, wanking cryptocurrency robot friends. Olen Mucks, for example, is one of these maniacs. He calls himself Technoking. To her, they're just pigs, digital-fascist pigs.

The sight of the commanders of the robot fascist friends, these wrinkled eighty-year-old bloodsuckers in suits, makes your blood run cold. They look like vampires. These guys scare her almost as much as the drag queens who get into little kids' pants.

Underage boys in women's clothes are part of this system. Just like the greedy old men who rule with money and no heart and hate people. The more money they have, the poorer they are. Then the plague came upon all mankind. It suited the old men in suits just fine. Fear was spread and false information was spread. mations gained the upper hand.

Since then, people have become docile and obey all the orders of the cloud. They live isolated and lonely. They are slaves of the cloud.

Journalism is screwed. Today, data from statistics, quantum computers, recordings of all kinds of conversations, including private conversations, are siphoned off and thrown together, thrown into a pot and texted. The result of data journalism is a nasty soup of wild assumptions sold as facts. The most important thing is the pictures. People read only the headlines and look primarily at the pictures.

Like honeybees, drones buzz in the sky and collect data. Whether it's footage of birds flying over a volcano or traffic lights, everything is processed. The cloud is a blind, omnipresent eye. It collects and counts, and the result is the destruction of everything that could have been experienced.

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Diary entry on June 15 in the Digital fascism

Crazy women are worth protecting. Women like Hildegard von Bingen, who presumably escaped death by fire as a herb witch on a funeral pyre by entering a convent. Such a nutcase who suffered from spiritualistic inspirations now and then. Probably otherwise she would have been condemned for hysteria and sewn up. Such women need protection from persecution. Many monasteries have saved countless such women.

I also feel persecuted and possibly guilty in the eyes of the system. Why? Because I don't use the cloud. That makes me suspicious. The cloud, in this day and age, is a kind of freedom. Only I'm convinced of the opposite. Am I free to believe that or even to think that?

I have a recurring dream. Every time I just think about the dream, it inflicts a smash on me that I have to sew up afterwards. I panic because the dream is too real. Sometimes, when I'm drunk and think I'm safe, I tell it to my drinking buddies. As a warning, so to speak.

The dream is too long. The short version is that I am arrested together with many people. We are all quite normal. But the cops find a reason to arrest each one of us.

The reason for my arrest is that they find a coin in my pocket with the word "freedom" written on the back. I myself am surprised by this coin, which must have landed in my pants pocket quite by accident. Normally there is something else instead of "freedom". So this coin was minted incorrectly. The state makes and mints the coins. All roads belong to the queen, so to speak. So my liberty coin was quite out of line.

This eerie, deep-seated feeling of fear of being slandered and the shame of being labeled a criminal and arrested has been with me all my life.

We have already come very close to this nightmare. A terrorist named Bill Greedy is the head of a bioterrorist organization that first carried out a bioterrorist attack in the winter of year X, planned down to the last possible detail. The name of the group is say Y. To me they are called "The Dead Wankers Club." They worship the biggest dead fuckers in the world and they celebrate black masses.

These men are allowed to hunt humans, and they are admired for it. Their target is the DNA of all living beings, which they want to replace with artificial intelligence. DNA, those pretty structures with the many colorful steps that merge into one another. Watson and Crick. All bull- shit. In reality, it is God who moves us.

Another scientist has found that cells can function without DNA. It

are the proteins and, above all, the feelings and information transmitted to the cells that sustain life.

This Bill Greedy has taken over the whole planet. The greedy men's club has infected the world with materialism and misanthropy, which is killing people like flies, whether it's hospital viruses or cancer. From a hospital you are either discharged dead or made sick, that's why I call it a sick house instead of a hospital. This club also regulates sex. You can only fuck with a fuck certificate.

You can hardly find the truth in the newspaper. Truth is only in the present. In the empathy that brings you really close to the matter.

I want to fuck myself away from this dreariness. Well, I keep my eyes open, but I'm scared and it pisses me off to even think about sex with a man. With me the oven is off for the time being.

Today a man took off his shirt and showed me his scars. He had been in the war, he said. In Sudan. Nine shots in the stomach. Hello, and a graze on his neck. I was shocked. He apologized, because he had scared me a bit. But he was suffering. And it just has to come out sometimes. It was too much for me. Do I have to see his scars? That's crossing the line. Why had he shaved his chest hair, I asked myself in passing. Finally heal your wounds and start fucking.

The other day I wrote down the names of my fuck partners and provided each of them with a short comment. Some names I have already forgotten. One was very good. Very sensitive. I would have liked to fuck him more often. He was from ex-Yugoslavia. I think from Albania. He looked very

good looking. Had a very pretty face with a beautiful smile. Zero danger. Outstandingly polite, nice and honest. He was really damn good looking, and he had manners!

Fuck, he was good. A gentleman fuck god. He was better than the Viking, but much too young for me. I kept my hands off him. Otherwise I would have spoiled him.

When Bill Greedy's virus kept the whole world on edge and locked indoors, people had plenty of time to themselves. Many died. They died of panic, they were afraid to go to the sick house, or they just died of hunger because they lost their jobs, or of loneliness. Children killed themselves. Adults, too.

The suicide rate of the children had doubled. And while all this was happening, I listened to meditation music in the evenings and prayed to stay grounded. I used the time to think about what I wanted.

I want to fuck. That's once number one. I may be too old for sex. But I want to. My breasts are okay and kind of have a cute maturity to them. Everything gets flabbier and starts to sag. Wrinkles are making their presence felt. The flesh is getting weak. My body is rather boyish. But my face is so androgynously funny, I look like a pancake clown. Made for laughing, a person said to me today. I hate people. I avoid them.

I am in the monastery. My job is my monastery, my refuge, my *raison d'être*. I am worth protecting. It is the work in the publishing house. I belong there so much that I love the pain that the work sometimes gives me. All this will come to an end one day

change one day. I will do sports. And sooner or later I will escape to organic farming and work with the earth. My body has too much strength, so it hurts all day long.

The Dead Wankers Club had put us in jail so that we would stop talking to each other. We were isolated like saplings in a plant concentration camp (neologism: nursery), transplanted into individual pots where they would grow on their own while the wankers jerked them off. Their jizz was our sun and also our rain. Artificial wank intelligence.

The singularization made sick, an early death was certain. Was really only a dead person a good person, as the motto of the club says? Or one that could be sold on? Who decided about it and why? Who had the time to think about it?

The sleazy jour- nalists from the "Ministry of Truth" had the most time. The demen- tors. They were the guardians of the narrative. They de- mented the truth. The journalists stretched the time, made a long line out of it, and drew it into their long noses.

At that time, when my boss called and said that we should work in the office again, I panicked. After six months of isolation, just the idea of contact with people made me panic.

On my way to work, I passed looted or closed stores. Then I got on the train and hid my mouth and nose behind a mask to grow lung fungus.

During a break, my sister called me and said that they had now forbidden to withdraw money from the bank. "Now you see who steals money! The banks themselves: The banker is the bank robber, get it through your head!", I yelled into the cell phone.

The disaster takes its course. I panic even more and call my bank. The banker calms me down on the phone and dements out of the lie. I wish the demensor another nice weekend, which I then correct. It's only Wednesday. Obviously, my nerves are shot. He must have thought I was crazy.

After thinking for a long time about a practical covering for my face in public transport, I had come to the conclusion that Islam offered the solution. It invented the best headgear of all, namely the nikab. Unfortunately, the Chinese company from which I had ordered the monstrosity had canceled my purchase because the Nikabs had a production defect.

On the first train ride at the beginning of the epidemic, I wore a mouth guard. And on the second trip, I didn't. More and more often I met people who did without the muzzle.

I once had a conversation with such "resisters" who showed their faces and resisted the "mask duty". They thought Bill Greedy's video was a lie or a distraction from something much worse, namely the establishment of a digital dictatorship. One man, who matched my prey pattern, said that a light temple massage was helpful against anxiety. I thought to myself, "Fucking too, you idiot."

The plague changed people. Many needed sex. My gynecologist was completely out-

hungry, just like me. There had been a sizzling between us. During the ultrasound, he kept getting lost and gazed spellbound at my tattoos. I would have liked to take him very much. In the evening I did it in my mind with him on the couch. Another time I sucked his cock. A very natural impulse that must be acted out somehow. My French scribbler was of the opinion that women need sex, also for health reasons. He is right.

My dermatologist is a man who also fits my booty pattern. He is French and wears a Panama hat outside the practice. He has style and intelligence. When he talks, I want to suck him off or sigh deeply and then kiss him.

My flirting skills are practically zero. That's because I went to a Catholic girls' school. I found out at some point that suppressing my horniness has done me a lifelong damage. Nevertheless, I am fine with having this crack. I am so grateful to the school that I was allowed to enjoy lessons without boys. Especially in science subjects, gender-separated classes have enormous advantages for girls. Boys function differently and they also learn differently, especially when it comes to science.

My performance in science was relatively good. I became aware of the advantages and disadvantages of coeducational teaching when I attended a mixed school for a year. I found the young people disruptive in my learning. Especially in science classes. However, I enjoyed sitting next to a boy and feeling how sharp he was and how much he had to control himself. Maybe I had just imagined it, and I had been looking down on the poor guy.

projected. For me, boys have always been another world. Sitting next to one feels good. It's a pleasant fraternization.

Dates, deeds and stories

She meditates to make everything equal. It stops evaluating. The similarity of Buddhism to the system is frightening. Because the system also wants to make everything equal. It has copied this technique from man. But its intention is to create slick citizens. Create. That sounds almost divine. On these floors, some have lost their grip and think they are gods.

Everything is the same. For three years she was unemployed. That, too, was an occupation. Everything is hard work if you want to keep your mind.

Her motive for making all her deeds the same is different, namely, she wants to eliminate the pain that she believes arises when she reviews stories and relates them to her present pain. Her pain is real. She uses the deeds of the past to give the pain a face.

Acts rain down and water the ground. They seep away as soon as they reach the earth. Stories are the flowers that sprout from the earth. One uglier than the other. At least in digital form. Everything man-made is ugly. Every thing is only a tool to survive, to make fire, to eviscerate, to grow vegetables.

cut. Even art is a tool to understand something, to search or to find.

Animals are different. They eat, they shit somewhere. A nest is built, and when it has done its job and the young have fledged, it decays by itself. It is organic and environmentally friendly. Unlike man, who has spread and manifested himself everywhere with his garbage, which remains lying around for decades, and with his many "ego satellites" - from the private jet, his own space shuttle, to the car, to his own child, which is more a project than an expression of love.

The rain falls, it is early summer. Dates, deeds and stories go down and get lost. What really counts is love and champagne. Of course, it also works without champagne. Champagne also goes without love. There was more champagne in her life than love.

The cloud is a poor copy of the truth. People keep poking their heads into it, sniffing around in it like old socks or underpants. In the fog of the cloud, there is no perspective. People set fixed points and construct a story out of them.

Basically, everyone is stuck in the fog of the cloud. Only data, deeds and glances are found in it, split into zeros and ones, into water droplets of the same size. The single drop is crystal clear. But a fog of water drops fogs you and makes you blind.

All people belong to be protected. That's why some people get together at one or another demonstration where it's about the protection of people or animals or plants.

A demonstration is neither for nor against something, but a demonstration, a theatrical performance with demons. She is a demon demonstration. When she goes to a demonstration, she is a spirit of the demon. A clone of herself, a stand-in for the people who stay away from demonstrations for honorable reasons, because they have to cook at home or be somewhere else. At a demonstration she is the copy of the manifestation of the total insanity of human beings and does her duty. Just like the policemen represent their "side" or their "company" and, if they are convinced cops, maybe even themselves. There are some convictions at work that fight each other.

She is just a woman and keeps her mouth shut. She has been chaste for two years. Every time she started doing something really good for herself, she met a guy and left the good thing she started. This time it will be different, she tells herself.

Sometimes she has to think of "the Viking", this blond muscleman she was once with. He has a hot ass, a fat cock and great thighs. And his chop face is actually something you'd rather see from behind while fucking. The thought of him distracts her and gives her a short relief. He stops her disgust at her own sweat.

Sometimes she wants to smoke a joint. She does everything to survive. To feel light again like a child. Loud music and alcohol.

Drugs help you to survive. You log off briefly and go somewhere else, take a walk, so to speak, and wake up in another place. Under drugs, one stands briefly on a

Mountain and looks down on the valley of the pig-people, screams - and descends again, to let the shit go on and to learn to love them, the people, which often succeeds temporarily.

There was a glut of crappy drug literature in the seventies, probably born out of a collective sense of suffering, that spilled down and poured out on paper in distorted channels while testing substances on soldiers in the Vietnam War. Everyone who wrote about drugs had Tourette's in their fingers, and believed they had superpowers.

She has been painting since last winter. Sometimes her hands hurt when she presses her anger onto the paper with all her might. It feels good, and something comes out of it. If it has a structure, it's good. Patterns and structures are a reflection of life.

She is determined to go on living. During the epidemic, she had thought about how and whether she wanted to continue living. She had also thought about death. She looked at him, death, and asked him if he was taking the epidemic seriously. He said no. So she lived on, from day to day, growing older and soon needing reading glasses. The days of sexiness are out of fashion, reading glasses are okay. And now champagne comes into play.

One of her champagne clouds was ebender, from whom she received an email. He is French and writes books. A few days ago, she was struck by lightning and wrote to him: "Everything is a story. And it's a story that is there to make coal out of it." He had given her an intensive writing course many years ago. And

now she had asked him if she could make or lose money from her idea.

By the way, his champagne-colored sperm was in a condom at the time.

Sex in the Times of . . .

For more than a year, people have been dying daily from the lethal injection developed by Bill Greedy to combat the epidemic that is gripping the planet, or from the consequences of the protective measures that are ruining their health. Or from losing their livelihoods, their jobs. They starve, suffer, are totally isolated, and some kill themselves because of it.

It seems that those who have money enjoy better protection. If they do it right, many even manage to make additional money from the epidemic.

Meanwhile, the middle class has completely collapsed because of the loss of value of money and the loss of value of labor. The economy collapses when the middle class collapses. The number one economic factor, people, are dragged into the abyss with them, which until then was an imaginary abyss because it existed only on paper or in the cloud.

The economy always thought of itself as an entity with a life of its own until the cloudburst of the cloud and the pandemic. Every labor force is a prostitute that offers its labor for sale, a business that sells something. Man, the seller and selling himself, is the economy itself.

He buys and is bought. He is a serf of the state. Every year, in gratitude for being kept in a labor cage, he pays the state a kind of labor placement fee in the form of payroll tax. The man, the prostitute, still gives his share to his pimp on the hand. This is slavery.

The billions of dollars in losses caused by the plague and consequences of the cloud supercomputers' calculations, statistics, and predictions led to prescribing how people should live.

Money was a problem that dissolved when the cloud was broken up. The good thing about the Cloud was that it was a pure fantasy. Without it, however, life became very boring for die-hard cloud junkies. Sooner or later, they had to replace the cloud mindfuck with something real.

The strongest thing that is real - besides absolute modesty and a peaceful moment of eternity away from any self-deception of this dimension of being human - is sex. And it is as hard and real as a phallus in highest excitement. There was a lot of free fucking to ease the withdrawal symptoms, to come back to life. One fucked oneself back. Of course there were other things. Better even than fucking. There was praying, working and laughing too. But the hardcore junkies had to fuck to get back to zero.

She wants to set her anger to zero. But shouting is forbidden. So she breathes in and out deeply and discovers the real thing.

They met on the Internet many years ago - and they very quickly found their way to bed. She picked him up at the airport. It was Christmas

night. The Christ Child had come. He smoked a lot and still does, of course. They kissed and took the train to her place. His camouflage green suitcase stupidly had four wheels and rolled along with every curve during the train ride. He held the suitcase tightly when it began to roll. His skin shone like wax and had an unhealthy color.

She had arranged for expensive red wine because he is French, and they talked about his books. She got an intensive writing workshop. Along with that came sex, scandalous sex. The pretty thing about it is the freedom that comes with such an encounter. It was as if they were all alone in the world.

Both had a low self-esteem, simply for the reason that the self was strange to them. They fucked for the sake of fucking.

A clean thing that had surprised her and always surprises her when she thinks back on it. It was like washing hands or cooking. Belongs to it, is done. In the tail is a whole universe of silent sperm. Actually, men are the givers. They give sperm. They fall silent during sex. Quietly they penetrate. Quietly they pull their cock out again. They give the spark of life. The woman does the strenuous rest of delivering the fruit afterwards. The man is first in life. But the universe that is in his sperm is somewhat meager and somehow puny. The egg cell is much larger than the sperm. There is certainly a reason for this.

On the third day, the silent writer left. Before he got into the cab, she told him that I loved him. It was more like a whisper, but audible.

He got in and drove away. Feeling empty, she smoked a joint and began to completely rearrange her apartment instead of crying. She missed him like a child who had been taken from you. The next day, she sent him photos of her apartment. He liked the result. After a few e-mails, the contact had fallen asleep. He was married and in the middle of a divorce. The only thing he said about it was that the dog was a point of contention.

He had a dog then and probably has one now. Today came his response, which brought to life one of her dying parts. That morning she had woken up with a feeling of sadness and anger.

Life had knocked on her door, which she had mistaken for a coffin lid. She opens the coffin lid, gets up and goes into the hallway where the refrigerator is. On it are two hot plates. It is three steps up to there. The hallway is also her kitchen. From there to the bathroom, it's another four steps. A zombie looks at her from the mirror. Her eyes are puffy and she is thinking about how to wake up. Waking up is something completely different than just getting out of bed.

After a short walk, she eats a mango for breakfast. Then she fasts until the evening. Intermittent fasting is what it's called. Her work requires only the use of the mind and is very well paid. Working hungry, she believes, increases concentration.

With mango fibers between her teeth, she reads his mail. He remembers her very well. In the meantime it has been fourteen years. He writes that he absolutely wants to fuck her again. She answers him, but avoids the subject of fucking as much as she can, and instead laments

about her bad French, which had led to a misunderstanding. She had thought that fuck and kiss were one and the same word in French. Baiser.

He thinks that fucking also helps against depressions. And that she could help him because he has recently been afraid of death.

In the bathroom, she brushes her forty-seven-year-old teeth with Dr Hauschka toothpaste. Two of her teeth are dead. So she can understand the fear of death very well. At her last visit to the dentist, she had smelled death, it had crept up her nose quite regularly. While drilling her molar, this penetrating, highly embarrassing smell suddenly rose up, and she felt ashamed in front of the doctor, whose fine fingers in latex gloves were fumbling around in her mouth. It was the smell of her body, which had been decomposed by greedy bacteria.

She began to understand why some liked to have their teeth done in Thailand. Because of the fine hands of the Thais. Despite latex and delicate fingers, this treatment unfortunately lacked any trace of eroticism.

She has been brushing her teeth very carefully and lovingly ever since and is hoping for a miracle. If what's left of her real teeth holds out until the end, she can consider herself lucky.

The pain she really feels has little to do with her teeth. Everything is broken away from her, and she loses everything that has to do with the past. Every morning she wakes up with a full box of chocolates, which she has to eat until they make her sick. The next morning, miraculously, it's full again. Full of shit. The past is like a new tire tread that you have to drive off with loud squealing tires.

An obsessive-compulsive disorder. Like nail-biting, smoking, or shamanic snuff that glues your nostrils shut, and she keeps whistling herself full of the stuff because existence is at times unbearable.

The Viking must be here. The Viking fucks only those from whom you should keep your hands off. He fucks everything that comes under his dick. The intern, the saleswoman, the customer. The Viking shuts up all the women in the world who are below him in the hierarchy. He thinks he's the greatest, so all the women are under him. Except for his boss. He has too much respect for her. Of course, it is a problem for him that a woman is above him. The Viking has his own idea of manhood and heroism. He is blond. Inside and out.

When he shoves his cock into a mouth like a hotdog, he enjoys an eyeful that he actually cares little about. During the cock massage, his thoughts drift to the next casting for a B-grade movie with stripped-down former A-grade actors like Gary Oldman. He is an actor by profession.

In the movies he's in, he usually has very little to do. Sometimes he's just an extra or he plays a giant idiot who only has one or two sentences to say. He plays giant idiot because he's a giant - almost six feet tall - and an idiot. Even in real life, he doesn't speak much or gives you a nasty stare. So he plays himself.

But getting such a role in the first place is the Viking's real achievement. The casting is the biggest thrill for him. Then he blossoms fully and babbles until he blushes. The next step, of course, is anal sex with the regis-

seur if you're lucky, and if you're unlucky with the cameraman.

He is always alone at home. He has telephone numbers he can call. One of them is her. Sex with the Viking. That's a good thing, because it stayed at the one night stand. On the phone they argue, they had sex only once. She hardly appreciates this happiness of being left like a piece of shit and is still waiting for a fuck. She is in love with him by the hour, the man for - lonely - hours.

Black Lives Matter

Every now and then she drives to the nearest big city and immerses herself in the anonymity of the streets. Today, a thunderstorm is brewing. People are pouring into the streets, and anger is being unleashed.

Only when she completely withdraws do things take shape on their own. A series of disappointments in the course of her life prevent her from feeling joy in life. She has come to terms with the role of observer.

The day is shapeless, everything is dull. It observes a protest against the fascist techno-digital dictatorship. The whole thing is a pathetic performance. A few figures stand around with banners with boring slogans on them and talk. Then, just before the sky releases lightning and rain, hundreds of people pour into the square. Before their eyes, two different demonstrations mix. One and the other.

Is something historic happening here right now? Everything that is happening in these days and weeks of house arrest and collapse is historic. She is completely sure of that.

The few white opponents of the dictatorship have been demonstrating for several weeks against the ban on leaving the house. House arrest is one of many measures against the epidemic.

Since the beginning of the protests, she has been driving to the city every Saturday to observe them. The first demos were colorful and cheerful. There were conspiracy theorists, Nazis, meditating hippies, stinkin' leftists, people who counted themselves as part of a well-known hacker network, the Julian-Assange-Befreiungsfront², opponents of the pharmaceutical industry, and a weird Basic Law Lobby that was clearly the least sympathetic grouping. There were too many men. And on their flyers they quoted right-wing, male politicians.

The Basic Law Nazis became more and more from week to week. As a bribe they bring beer and grilled sausage on this thunderstorm day, which is gratefully accepted by young and old. Today, at the fifth or sixth event, one can say that the Basic Law lobby has succeeded in usurping the leadership of the sheep. All participants have had a booklet sold to them, the so-called Basic Law, and they hold the thin-

² Julian Assange is a kind of "Count of Monte Cristo. The Australian journalist and ex-hacker helped bring to light war crimes committed by democratic countries. That's why he had to go into hiding in an embassy for many years. Then he was put into a high security prison in London. Literature in the appendix.

ne booklet now dutifully into the cameras of the television teams that are buzzing around everywhere.

Then, just before the thunderstorm, hundreds of blacks pour into the square like ants and flush the sausage fascists out of the square. They demonstrate against racism and police violence.

With a representative of the sausage lobby, a serious, young, rather staid man, she had a brief, embarrassing exchange of blows two weeks ago in which her most anti-male side had come out. She was embarrassed later, and had resolved to apologize to him, but changed her mind when she spotted him in the crowd two weeks later in a completely new outfit. Dressed as a hippie, with a headband, Hawaiian shirt and bare feet, he stood there turning dead animals in their guts, called barbecue sausages, on a grill. What a debauchery! A wolf in sheep's clothing. Surely the little sausage mercenary is well paid for taking over the protest movement, she thought. He probably even belongs to some party of the techno-fascist dictatorship.

The variety of topics that caressed the eye like a sea of blossoms in the first demonstrations against digital fascism was lost from week to week. What remained was the thin booklet of the Basic Law Bratwurst Lobby.

Unity is easiest to create with a law that supposedly applies to everyone, a law that lumps everyone together. Such lemmings can be governed well by lawless corporations with their extra sausages and loopholes. They let themselves be deprived of their voice and their freedom by going to the polls and losing their vote, they show solidarity with the law.

with the dictatorship and have chains put on them: Stockholm Syndro^m³.

Even in the richest country in the world, which for decades had outsourced all wars and kept them at bay with a shrewd capitalist and fascist-friendly banking policy, protests are put down with the same rubber bullets and tear gas as elsewhere.

She watches the whole thing from a safe distance and wears large sunglasses. Another bystander asks her what she thinks of the two demonstrations. She replies, "Fuck the police, that's what I think." The police escalate and fire tear gas and rubber shot into the crowd.

She hates policemen. She observes three of them on their way home, eagerly searching the floor for any evidence. A shop window had been broken. They collect their own rubber shot. Perhaps they had broken the window themselves.

While she watches the uniformed men, she spins herself a daydream. She shoves a fat, black rubber dildo up the ass of the cop searching the asphalt for evidence and films his face. When

³ From 2019 to 2025, a total of nearly three billion people died from Bill Greedy's anti-disease pills. Governments threatened them with starvation and labor camps if they resisted taking the pills. Most voluntarily participated in the Dead Wankers Club's human experiment. Solidarity with the perpetrator, Bill Greedy, exemplifies Stockholm Syndrome. Some survived the holdout camps. Few survived Bill Greedy's pills. The experiment ended only with the destruction of the Cloud.

Snuff film this is certainly worth quite a lot on the dark web. A bit of scandal in her head.

The thunderstorm is almost over. Now it is raining. The demo is over for her. Soon she will be home. Her last steps are getting heavier and heavier. She is tired. It is the exhaustion due to the isolation, one of the most unhealthy measures against the plague she suffers from. She gets everything mixed up, up and down are the same for her. She takes both seriously. "I am a disgrace for my age," she thinks, when suddenly she remembers an old woman who had carried five heavy bags across the stone square with patience and a kind face.

The epidemic has caused massive disruption and turmoil in society. Measures are increasingly being questioned. The cloud is starting to unravel. All the shit that goes wrong is remembered: racism, mass surveillance, poisoned food, air, pesticides that threw everything out of balance, and drugs that did more harm than good.

At home, she drinks a cup of coffee with chili and cardamom and looks out the window, lost in thought. Everything is green. A rosehip bush grows outside her window. Every morning it is the first thing she sees when she wakes up.

In front of her inner eye the images of the demonstrator and the policemen are shoving themselves. The cop collecting rubber shot was so intent on being professional and relaxed at the same time that she would have liked to fuck him. She would have distracted him from his "duty". Unloaded him, and who knows, maybe she would have cured him of his insane calling. Fuck the police.

The death of a relative wakes her from her delirium two days later. Her cousin is devastated. Her father was on his way to visit her by car and had bought presents for his grandson. He died in the restroom of a highway rest stop.

As quickly as it happened, he was buried. And he was buried the very next day, as is the custom among Muslims. The corpse is washed and wrapped in a cloth and given to the earth. Muslims are devoured by worms, fungi, bacteria and other critters after their demise.

Nowadays, it is a miracle that there are still graveyards. Soil, as before, is a gold mine. To build ugly blocks on it - the flowers of evil - they tear out trees as if they were rotten teeth, then they dig up the earth, seal it with concrete and put a square concrete block on top. A hollow crown of concrete teeth that people think they can live in forever. In a dead tooth.

The following day is a dull, rainy Sunday. Nevertheless, she is drawn outside. She opens the coffin lid, gets up, brushes her teeth, even the dead ones, and goes for a walk.

The body responds when morale drops and then decays very quickly. The flesh withers, cellulite, muscle atrophy and rotting smells are the consequences of poor "detention" conditions. That is why she moves her body, even if her inner pig barks like a penguin.

She locks her apartment door, takes the first steps. The Count of Monte Cristo, Julian Assange, is allowed to spend half an hour a day outside in prison and half an hour telephoning.

nate. He spends the rest of his day in his cell in London.

There is a respirator mask with animal droppings on it on the sidewalk. She takes a photo of it, which she uses as a profile picture for her monitoring device. Death can come so quickly. Breathing protection is a euphemism. Only the establishment is protected. Mouth guards make you sick. You get fungus in your lungs and a cough. Paranoia. And nanoparticles in homeopathic doses, until you buckle and do everything you're told.

Women in the 19th century - damned and sewn up or in a sanatorium

Women come up short in life because they have to learn early on to put up with everything. They have a fake movie going, they put up with everything that is done to them because they have been put in their place over and over again. It is a learned helplessness, simply a weakness that is stupid and anything but feminine.

If you look at European literature, you usually read about failed and sad existences, mostly women, sometimes men. About men who fell in love with married women and then dropped them as soon as the women were ready to leave their husbands and even their children to be with their lover. A duel also occurred in the story, of course. As a little teaser for the male reader.

Back then, when women wore corsets and were married, they had few options for escaping their marital duties. At best, women used the good old excuse: headaches. In the worst case, she had an abortion.

Many women fell victim to a disease called hysteria, which is also frequently encountered in the literature of the time as a ghost, a mysterious upset that drove husbands to despair. Hysteria manifested itself in crying fits and incomprehensible behavior. When a woman fell into hysteria, she was sent to a doctor. The doctor quickly understood what was going on. The woman just needed a good fuck with a man who understood her. In any case, he showed solidarity with the woman and prescribed a stay at a health resort - without the husband. This often worked wonders. The woman usually met someone in the Sana-torium and subsequently took a suspiciously long time with her recovery in the wonderful climatic spa. The love affairs that women had there were called spa shadows. Thomas Mann packed this into many sentences as long as a horse's ass and formed a huge mountain out of the mud pack. The "Magic Mountain.

In the worst case, if the hysterical woman was poor, she was locked up in a mental institution, where she was properly tortured with cold baths and shackles - and an operation in which the vagina was completely sewn up. In most cases, the clitoris was also removed. This was practiced in Europe until the early twentieth century.

Then, all of a sudden, it became modern in Europe. Democracy is fascism in a new dress, because it is still too young. It should have grown with the people. It should have come from within

must instead of out of the blue. When they say democracy and progress, they still mean the Middle Ages and slavery. Yesterday, the richest countries in the world had subjugated other countries and exploited them. Yesterday there was Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Franco, Mao, De Gaulle and Churchill.

The English owe the many eastern influences to the East India Company. England would have remained stuck in the Middle Ages without colonialism. And yet, in the early days of industrialization, the laws of the Middle Ages prevailed. As late as the beginning of the twentieth century, children were hung from the gallows if they were caught stealing a loaf of bread. Then came one war, then another war, and one forgot about this past, erased it. They forgot themselves and imagined that they had made a quantum leap.

Succumbing to the false belief that you are civilized because you have money is the essence of monetary fascism. Only the rich have money. And they buy themselves free. In reality, very few people are as rich as advertised. The British work hard and are poor. The media make the people believe the opposite and lobotomize their brains and pollute the hearts of the people so that they swallow every crap, every virus and every pill. In the attempt to achieve prosperity, many a person in Japan has worked himself to death or sold his precious soul for very little money, only to jump off the roof, who knows, because of a scandal, for example, as was the case one summer at France Télécom. So as soon as the numbers on the account are bad, you are very quickly ready to give up your life because you under-

and measured according to this paltry account balance.

Slavery still exists.

Cloud- Slaves

In digital fascism, hardly any books were printed or read. News was rehashed into triggers and garnished and served up with pictures and slogans. Slogans were meant as orders. The abolition of numbers was imminent. They were to be replaced with symbols. With colorful graphics and tables. Words are power. But they are also common property. Access to literature was made more difficult. What one was allowed to read, or what one could find, was kitsch.

The easiest way slavery worked was with two things. Two. Like yes or no. Red or green. War or peace. Two things were enough to fool people. Good and evil. Young and old. Fat and stupid. Christian and Muslim. In dualism, the masses remained stupid. Thinking was superfluous. One usually had to decide between two things in order to feel better afterwards. Later, the artificial stupidity of supercomputers in digital slavery took over thinking for them and took away every decision. They called it artificial intelligence.

Everything cost time, which only those in possession of money had. It has always been like that and it remained like that. Some also had the key to time. When did they get it? Sometime

a long time ago? The greatest time artists were journalists. They pretended to be busy, but always had time somehow. Somehow. Between hours they could sleep for hours or they found a wormhole or something, they stretched time. They switched between a couple of dimensions to save time.

In the same way, the journalist boys in greasy suits also prepared the daily events for the stupid common people. They made a lie out of the truth and a truth out of the lie. In their much free time, which they could create and bend to their will, they sometimes spoke backwards just for fun. And out of their mouth came shit. And out of their asshole came Words. They spoke and they shit backwards.

Accompanied by the appropriate beat lines 4 of the time artists, the plague fulfilled its function of filling wank brains with garbage, isolating people, and replacing education with a content-empty digitalized flood of images.

Malicious tongues claimed that the plague had been invented in one of the many Frankenstein bioweapons laboratories of the Dead Wankers Club in order to save money. Humans were too expensive for them.

"Only a dead person is a good person" is the slogan of the Dead Wankers Club.

While the people were starving and stupefied, the old wankers afforded themselves several trips to Mars. The people remained calm, because they had been immobilized by the time artists. The trips to Mars were described as "exploratory flights for the benefit of mankind", as a research trip.

⁴ You can read more about the press's pressure to tell the truth in the book "The Full Truth" by Terry Pratchett.

Opponents of the Cloud also remained quiet, hoping that the club would eventually relocate to Mars and stay there forever. Never-come-back-tours.

The an-strikes of the strike lines got a response from the hackers.

They tickled the cloud until it burst with laughter.

This was the first hack. And the most important one. But it continued. Satellites crashed, so did the drones. The shackles fell off, there was finally free fucking without the cloud's fuck suggestions. But it actually went on a bit more. The club was prepared for this blow.

On a walk, a bus drives toward her. She briefly thinks about whether it's a man or a woman behind the wheel. Of course, it will be a man. When the bus comes close enough, she recognizes a red tie. It is a man. She imagines him dangling from his tie.

She is one of the few who still reads and looks things up. She even reads the newspaper. And she works for one of the last book publishers left. Fortunately, publishing has flourished since the cloud was hacked. People have become greedy again, in a good way. They thirst for knowledge and sensuality.

When the epidemic broke out, she had just started working for the publishing house. They all had to work from home to avoid contagion.

Now the cloud is broken, and in a few weeks she will meet her colleagues in the office, meet them in the flesh. She dreads this human encounter and fears that she might lose control. That's how lonely she's been these past few months.

She wants to fuck someone to get into a deep relaxation before she goes to the office. Among people she feels like a rabbit in a lion cage. They want her meat.

Wormholes and how to kill vampires

On a day off from work, she once again went to the square where the demos had taken place. It was a sunny, hot day. She had a massage appointment. The square was on her way to the doctor's office. She was early and still had an hour. For a moment she felt free and let her body take over, and it just wanted to stop and root.

She followed the impulse and stopped, detached from thoughts or plans for the next steps, seconds, minutes.

So she stood there rooted to the spot, breathing deeply and looking straight ahead. She didn't care what was in front of her. She just stood and looked.

After a while, her thoughts came back and formed a cloud that told her she could kill the rest of the time until the massage at her regular cafe. Her body agreed, and started to move. She hit the

direction of the café. It was a wonderful moment.

Then her boss came to meet her, together with her dog. This country is small. And the publishing house where she works is very close to the square. They chatted only briefly. She was still in rehearsal and wanted to go on - just like the dog - to hide what a crazy person she is. The dog wanted to go on because the stone floor had heated up from the sun's rays. It was too hot for his paws. And she had on rather clunky black shoes that embarrassed her. The longer they talked, the hotter their feet got, too.

Then she was released, they said goodbye. She went on and sat down in her favorite café. That was it. She was bogged down there. It must have been a wormhole she blundered into. A dark thing. Any memory of that period of time in the café was erased. Possibly she had been drinking the usual Roiboos tea and writing diaries.

Then she made a short walk through the city - with her fat black shoes. During the walk, she hoped and prayed that her appearance with the shoes would disappear from her boss's memory as quickly as possible. She was embarrassed.

Briefly, but violently, she suffered from this embarrassment. It lasted about as long as a panic attack. And she remembered that she had depression, and had actually had it for a long time. Somehow she got an eighth sense for it, to perceive suffering. It's almost as bad as being constantly haunted by the color Keith Haring blue. Or by Keith Haring art. A kind of torture, then.

She had learned that suffering corresponds exactly to the time span from one high feeling of joy and enlightenment to the next. Sometimes there can be a lot of time between one high and another. This time she calls suffering. It can be very long and can be the predominant state of a human being. A human being that still has a lot to learn. It is suffered until the next high feeling or orgasm or the next moment coming from the heart like for example laughter, amazement, also distraction like work, sport or mass hypnosis can replace the suffering.

Everything together results in this line that you would like to have. The one that you think about in your head. But there is no trace of straightness. And if you stretch the whole thing, you only have a line in retrospect, if you talk yourself into it. Any attempt to decipher life is heresy. Especially in the West this is practiced. Writers are such heretics, gawking at ants with magnifying glasses and burning them in the process, instead of standing in front of a nuclear power plant or an animal factory to protest.

The reason for suffering is the absence of life. A mistake in thinking that is intentional. But which can be corrected.

She kept tromping along in her embarrassing shoes, still on her way to the massage, and passed a fountain that brought back crappy memories in her mind. Angry tou-rette seizure clouds rained in her birdbrain.

The Viking had lived in this area in the past. In her mind, she yelled at him. He still got off easy. Other men she had staked and decapitated in her mind, as one must do to a vampire. The best way to kill a pest

to get rid of, however, is the following: You place it in a light spot in your mind. Then you expose it so strongly that it dissolves into the brightest light and you can only make out its outline. Then you turn off the light switch. He is gone, sucked up by the darkness. He was never there. A fantasy that has been neutralized.

Finally she stood in front of the practice. To the left of the front door was a front of far too many bells. The name of the practice was only on the mailbox, a bell was missing. The door was locked.

She decided to just stop and see what would happen.

A woman came, opened the door and just walked in. How had she managed that? She had neither rung the bell nor used a key. So it had to be possible to open this door. She trusted in her ninja powers - and managed it. The door was open all the time. She just had to press harder.

There was a bench in the hallway. She sat down and waited, letting her eyes wander over the paper stuff that was supposed to sweeten the waiting time: Magazines, flyers, advertisements. That's when she saw a client come out of the treatment room. She was looking at the woman she knew from various weirdo meetings, so-called satsangs. A fat, blonde woman with glasses. A depressed, hopeless case. This woman has completely stopped, she thought, when she recognized her.

This moment, this encounter was the total defeat of one person or even both people, including the observer. This practice is the place where one can intellectually and spiritually reformulate one's failure side and put it away.

can be massaged. And for as long as it takes to just barely tolerate yourself again.

The massage was relaxing. She had delicate hands. Like the dentist who had drilled into her dead tooth the other day. Delicate hands. It did her good. Her body was as dead as the broken tooth then. Her need to talk and be touched was so great that she almost burst. She cried while talking before the treatment, told of happiness, of fear, of worry about her freedom, which was built on sand. Then hands. Tender hands.

On the way back, she struggled with tears. One massage is too little. But she wants to save her money to emigrate. She has a choice: Either she gets her back massaged for years to make it last here. That would mean she would stay here, in Europe, without being able to save. This depression society pissed her off. Or she had to get out of here. Away from the declining slave-trading continent of Europe. For her it was clear that she would leave the next massage and put the money aside for her escape from this country. That should be subsidized, you would have to get money when you disappear here.

"...it is the present that kills you, that comes back to gnaw at you, wear you down, and ultimately kill you," writes their Frenchman in his latest book.

She lies on her futon bed and reads his book. When she reads the sentence about the present, she pauses. She feels as if she is in a trance. Then she pulls herself back into reality, puts herself in the space she is in. Feels the pad and her body on it. That, she thinks

them, be the present. And that is really worth any escape. The room and the views, which she denies herself but would like to have, drive her out of herself. She escapes the negative depression. Is there such a thing as positive depression?

His book describes the thoughts of someone who is coping with the present. The Frenchman earns his living by looking depressively through the lens or the telescope. A wicked, occidental gaze that is. With that nasty ant's loupe.

That is all that literature is capable of today. This is due to humanity itself. It is at a high technical level that is difficult to maintain, and at the same time it is stuck in a bear trap, a pitfall. The witches who were burned are still dancing in this pit. It is very dark here.

—

Blind Writing

To write something without sense and reason, I think is very brave. I'm trying right now. I miss the story. The story should have been there long ago, but it flutters away from me while my bowels rumble. It was the third day at the office. I finally got to meet some of my colleagues. They are all nice. There was a funny encounter with a guy who once had to fire me at another job. He's a cute guy and I remember very well his nice ass stretching out towards me as he stood in front of me for the

Screen bent down. A very nice ass that you want to touch and see.

This hot guy had probably changed jobs in the meantime. I saw him in an office that I always pass on the way to my office cabin. Today I saw him for the second time, and this time we greeted each other and chatted. I was happy to see him. He had given me notice at the time. We hardly knew each other. It was a pleasant termination conversation.

Writing blindly makes me feel like a garbage bag emptying. I feel like I'm dumping shit on paper that someone might read one day. And what if I die tomorrow? Then that's what would be left of me. A pile of shit. Sometimes shit is all you get. Even if you had the most beautiful pen in the world in your hand and the coolest dermatologist with a Panama hat for a husband, only shit would come out when writing blind. A Greek tragedy in which he removes a wart from me with a sharp scalpel.

My thickest wart is men, these shitty creatures, who must be forgiven now at the latest. Otherwise the earth will stop spinning. Sata- nists will be flooded, they will get soaking wet from the rain from the cloud. All their offenses shall rain down on them. They shall begin to weep, their lambent flames shall go out. I am beginning to recognize the good men. Perhaps I recognize them better because I have forgiven myself?

There are good men and there are good stories. The most beautiful, but at the same time most tragic love story in an epidemic period otherwise paved only with sad news is that of the founder of the whistleblower platform WikiLeaks, Julian Assange, and his fiancée. What was her name?

She was his lawyer or something like that and often visited him in his prison in the Ecuadorian embassy in London. And there was a spark between the two of them. They fucked or- dinally in a broom closet where the only thing that wasn't there was a surveillance camera. That's how she got pregnant by him twice. Both were boys.

When I first heard about the story, I was so upset I forgot a pot of pop- corn on the stove, and the stuff burned. The stench of burnt popcorn is one of the worst smells in a kitchen for me.

In the meantime, Julian Assange has been released from his last "accommodation", a high-security prison in London Belmarsh. The pictures of him and his children went around the world. His wife stood beside him like a Lady Diana and beamed, while her two sweet boys bounced happily on their father.

Now I remember her name. Stella is her name.

The epidemic has been rearing its ugly head ever since its outbreak in year X. It has now been more than ten years. Interest in the causes and origins of the virus was great in the beginning. But digital fascism allowed all the information to seep away and flooded the media with a lot of news, especially false news, which had one goal: that you did what they asked you to do.

Everything is different now anyway, because it's all about survival. The plague has become a minor matter.

The collapse of the great Cloud has divided people into Cloudians of various new directions. Most of them form In-

sels with new clouds with fewer followers. The mini-clouds keep their heads above water with various gray-seeded strategies. They monitor each other and get points for it. Everything you need to live is made by robots. What one lacks is replaced with an artificial prosthesis. Noses grow in test tubes. If a real nose falls off, you can have a new one lasered onto it. Nose factories are most successful because most people are dissatisfied with their noses and have them operated on until they have a tiny little nose. Eventually, that nose falls off. The body rejects it completely because the scars heal with difficulty. Soon all this will be superfluous. Recently, it has become possible to determine what the offspring should look like. Perfect noses, perfect tails, a paradise on earth. The wank brain has conquered the brain and completely fills the head. Actually, it is a kind of tumor, which is empty and can be filled with everything, with which the Dead Wankers Club still feeds the media according to the old scheme.

Besides the Cloudians, there are many others who have formed various communities. Most of them live nomadically and move around because settling down is too dangerous. Those who want to settle down will be chased away sooner or later, because all the land belongs to the richest Cloudians of the Dead Wankers Club. The whole planet is "owned" by them, but the lands lie fallow. Majestic wild forests alternate with semi-desert and steppe.

The club members are quite a crafty bunch, who had also reckoned with the breach of the cloud. Although they have officially completely destroyed the analog structure, they are in possession of paper documents proving that everything land

belongs to them. Otherwise, they would have lost everything in the first hack of the cloud.

Cloudians live only in their cloud areas and very rarely leave them. Everything else is uninhabited. But as soon as the monitoring system registers that several people have gathered outside the cloud areas, they are attacked by robots.

Some communities have found a way to make themselves invisible to these weapons systems. But they keep their knowledge to themselves. It is very difficult to be accepted into such a group. You have to have complete integrity and reliability. Rumor has it that these communities are waging a war against the Cloudians and that several Cloud landlords have been tracked down and murdered. But this will always remain a rumor for those who are fobbed off with cloud news. Very few even know about it.

Besides the nomads, there are also the semi-nomads. They migrate from one cloud island to the next. They like the lifestyle of the cloud islands, but want to keep their human DNA. As soon as the cloud system orders something like a physical modification, they move on.

Both the nomads and the semi-nomads are what was called outlaws in the Middle Ages, which means that they are open to be shot. It is perfectly legitimate to shoot these people with robots.

I am reaching for the life that is left. Nature is going completely crazy because its DNA has been manipulated by man. Strange phenomena like rainbow-colored fish are appearing.

in the sky, plants and animals, start talking. Even Jesus once hung in the sky as a hologram.

One contact with a bumblebee is all that came around for me lately. I stroked it and watched it for a long time. If there was still the cloud, I could rummage around in it and look for sex.

Something has been destroyed for good and a void opens up that can be eye-opening. Everyone has a trauma. When a new one comes along, you end up with the old trauma and repair the places that hurt so that the new trauma passes you by instead of settling in.

I have had an abortion. I have drifted. I have drunk and stolen. I have hurt people. Being blinded and stuck in the fog of your own cloud is the worst thing there is. It is necessary to dispel the fog.

Since the downpour, I realize how much trauma there is, and I stuff food into myself. Good food. But the emptiness remains. The new tries to grow out of me, but gets stuck in the mud like a car tire.

I was one of the outlaws who had donated only a few drops of blood to the Cloud to buy my way out. It was a bad and a forced exchange. The trauma was covered up and almost forgotten. I became a kind of robot connected to the Cloud.

I was forced. For a minimum of freedom, I gave a minimum of data to the cloud. Over time, it almost felt sexy to be a member of the cloud, and I almost succumbed to the temptation to keep feeding the cloud with data.

Bill Greedy has been in prison for fifteen years. He is responsible for both the cloud and the plague. Of course, you can say he had seiners who helped him. But Bill Greedy's sick mind made the bubble of wanker club brains possible in the first place. The bubble turned everything upside down. Yes. People ate and shit backwards.

The last summer

The first epidemic summer was sobering and boring. She read the news daily, waiting for a miracle to happen. During this time, she remembered the play "Waiting for Godot" by Samuel Beckett. It fit perfectly with this meshuggenic mood.

Her only joy was a newspaper report about an Indian state that wanted to do away with pesticides. She picked up the report and, folding it up, wondered if she would ever need it for her ass. If so, that would be a defeat.

When a friend triggered her with the rumor that the state was about to cut off electricity and water, she bought a gas stove and two gas cartridges in a high panic. Each has five hours of power. That should last for an estimated ten hours, or a week or two. She bought large plastic containers with lids to fill with water in an emergency. And silver ion tablets to preserve it for six months. Dried fruit, cereal, tomato sugo.

She looked at her own burst cloud, her striving but failed life, that summer. She dissected everything neatly and pulverized it. Then she stood in the fog of powder smoke and only hoped and prayed.

She killed time with extensive shoplifting, which, together with the plague of fear, had infected her. She used to pay for her purchases. But with the plague, she stopped paying and only pocketed. When she met poor people, she gave them money. When she felt like drinking alcohol, she would steal a bottle of Châteauxneuf-du-Pape and drink it alone, vomit alone, and regret it alone.

She was often afraid of being caught creating her own world according to her ideas. There was her recurring dream of the fake coin with the word freedom on it, for which she was arrested. The dream of freedom.

The loneliness was hard to bear. Even on her imaginary peak, she was alone. Especially in the evening, a little sex or tenderness or just touch would have done her good. But the streets were empty. Only cats crossed her path again and again and came to her for petting. Their purring did her good.

The new camping stove was a revelation to her. She sat in front of the supermarket in the warm autumn sun of Halloween. She gleefully took the thing out of the box and patiently read the instructions, which were fortunately short and sweet. When she unwrapped it, she was amazed. Just one knob to turn. And a click and a turn to insert a new gas cartridge.

The simple life must be very beneficial. Obviously a good, practical man had written the instructions. She felt pleasure, which turned into desire to meet this man and fuck him.

Almost every night she dreamed of men fucking her, licking her pussy or just telling her chakras on the beach while she listened and took her cock in her mouth.

In the forest, she always found the peace she needed and took photos of teeny tiny mushrooms or cavities in the roots of huge trees.

Two days after Halloween, she took a particularly nice hike. She walked along a stream that led to a waterfall. At the first break in the hike, she read the newspaper and was pleased to see articles that showed reason.

One of the articles was about the provocations of a French satirical magazine against Islam. The author actually wanted to clarify the difference between terror and Islam. A positive approach. A good work on the corrupted. You can demonize any religion. But Christianity is responsible for the greatest genocides. Western arrogance, however, tends toward professional forgetfulness. Alzheimer's fits it well in that respect. The West.

In the last fascist plague summer people are hardly recognizable.

Most men go meshuga. They bash each other's heads in, play soccer, murder and rape.

Most women shave their heads. By shaving their heads bald, they beat two

fat flesh flies at one stroke. On the one hand, they remove their karma in order to be able to die purified, easily and quickly. They constantly think about death, because the time-artists of the media flood the brains with the message that life is only about death. In the past, women or men thought of "only the one thing." Fucking used to be it. Today it's death. We're out of champagne. The condoms are empty.

The second meat fly to be beaten with baldness is to avert a rape by looking totally ugly. But as the French writer had written so beautifully, what counts, with a woman, is only the pussy.

With some men it is exactly the other way around. They walk around in women's clothes, preferably wearing blond wigs and miniskirts, and let themselves be raped.

Few of them, real or would-be men, make a sincere effort to conquer a woman and protect her. It could be the last woman in their life. Life!

After two months of violence, it becomes too much for the people. It drives them out of themselves. Life drives them - against death.

The first to make their presence felt are the young people. They wear black clothes, gather in public places, provoke, play loud music and dance.

Get well soon!

The Frenchman goes for a walk. His dog is his best friend. He has saved his soul.

Literature

Samuel Beckett: Waiting for Godot.

Nikolai Gogol: Dead Souls.

Astrid Lindgren: Mankind has lost its mind.
Diaries 1939-1945.

Ulrike Meinhof: The dignity of the human being can
be touched.

Nils Melzer: The Julian Assange

Case. Terry Pratchett: The Full

Truth.

A big hack, the cloud bursts.

In the midst of a time of great turmoil,
a middle-aged woman seeks healthy
distance, support and security.