

Injustice, the Gods among us
De iniustitia Deorum in nobis:

By

H. P. Lovelace

Disclaimer: The characters and events described in this book are fictional.

Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

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This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

Unrated Version: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

Danish actress Olivia Taylor Dudley Sparks Mental Health Concerns After Appearing “Disheveled” In Snakeskin Bikini

Elias, visi post mima Danica Carl Taylor Dudley scintille Aliquam concernit, Disheveled In Snakeskin Certamen bikini

Miss Dudley’s fans are concerned about her mental state after the “Sex Goddess For U” star shared a post wearing a tiny snakeskin bikini that many say she looks “disheveled” in. The 30-something Oscar winner sparked controversy after she shared two pictures on social media and declared she was ready for winter to end. But her innocent post caused panic among her 23 million Instagram followers, who immediately began commenting on her appearance and asking the movie star if she was okay.

Flaunting her fit frame in a barely-there gray two-piece, strapping Parts which bulged in the crotch of her tiny bikini bottoms, Miss Dudley stood on her balcony to give her usual fashion show. Instead of strutting her stuff in a video, she snapped two pictures yanking down her string bikini bottoms to reveal her lower waist tattoos—the tattoos were temporary and arcane, and akin to the Meth tattoos used by tweakers. Wearing her long blonde locks let down into a krazed, bizarre makeup heavily applied to her face and neck giving her a feral addiction-ravaged appearance, a wild-eyed possessed Miss Dudley snarled at the camera while wearing a giant diamond choker and displaying Bizarro’s trademark black eyeliner all over her face—that’s a yes to long, tousled, and somewhat messy hair, resulting in a sexy and a somewhat intensely-maniacal appearance as if she were a crazed dominatrix akin to Kellyanne Conway’s alter ego, in a word, fiendish. “Can’t wait for spring!!!” the actress captioned the photos while adding every emoji available.

Wearing Parts. The so-called Parts conversion—i.e., converted into a Butch Goddess by virtue of wearing said prosthetic dildo. The gender-bending obscenity of it all.

One fan caused a firestorm when they responded, “Miss Dudley are you OK? You just worry me nowadays.” Several fans responded by expressing their own concerns. “You can see it in her eyes, with every post. There’s a lot going on in her head there,” a follower commented. “She has lost it for sure. She doesn’t look good. She looks disheveled,” stated another. “I’m sorry but she looks strung-out. Just saying,” a third fan wrote. But not everyone showed concern, with many firing back at the negative comments.

“Miss Dudley, we love you. For every negative person there are 300 people who just adore you. Keep shining,” a follower encouraged her. “You’re doing amazing sweetie. Don’t listen to the haters,” said another. “Our Gender-fluid Queen!! Keep up with the posts. Love you!” wrote someone else. Others weren’t worried about her mental state, but they were concerned over her makeup. “Someone, please get our girl a makeup wipe,” a fan commented. “Please lose the eye makeup, it’s not a good look,” added a second. “I can’t wait for you to wash that mascara and eye shadow off one day,” replied another. This isn’t the first time Miss Dudley has sparked

worry either. Just last month, fans grew anxious about her health after she posted a bizarre home video.

Update:

It has been subsequently revealed, by Miss Dudley, that her deranged looks in those disturbing postings and that bizarre home video were demos for her new starring role in two upcoming projects, a 30-minute internet short called “The Vatican Tapes” and its sequel an NBC movie of the week “The Barber.” The blonde bombshell wanted to see how audiences might react to her doing a Bizarro Kellyanne Conway template, **aka a Dox**, while portraying Angela Holmes a possessed bi-gender character, and she got the reaction she wanted—i.e., success!!!

Latest update:

The studios dropped the Dox concept for the Angela Holmes character in the finished movies.

How we got here

Quomodo hic nos got

Although there are dozens of them scattered across the Quad. A Doom's Day weapon first used 1000-years-ago by the Druids during their "60-minute" War. It's called MEDUSA.

In the category of God-killing WMDs. If Series-3 phase weapons are scalpels. Then the Quantum Energy Weapon, created by Mortal Engines Inc., known as MEDUSA is a sledgehammer. This quantum weapon creates an artificial black hole like effect. Able to destroy entire cities and punch holes in a planet's crust. Ostensibly designed to destroy planet-swarming Herds of The Dead, it's just as effective when used against legions of White Walkers. Once the firing sequence for a MEDUSA is initiated, it can only be aborted by inserting a crash drive into the USB port of its self-contained computer core.

Of note: Mortal Engines Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Maggie LLC, a joint partnership between The Boeing Company, The Nazi Party Ltd., and the United States Army.

Backlit, framed in the doorway are two figures. One is a comely forty-something brunette magician by the name of Barbra Steele. She's wearing a bronze gothic torture mask identical to the one she wore in Hammer Films' *Black Sunday* back in the 1960s when she still was an actress. The thirty-something blonde bombshell standing beside her is Kirstjen Michele Nielsen.

This is not the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who was, until her recent resignation, the Department of Homeland Security Secretary for current U.S. President Sarah Louise Palin.

If that Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who headed the DHS lacked the border bona fides prized by the right, she possessed other qualities needed inside a White House lacking discipline and overwhelmed with infighting—namely, a directness and an intense focus. Sources within the Palin White House told POLITICO that early in Kirstjen Michele Nielsen's tenure she was "dismissive and lacking in collegiality." One of their nicknames for her: "Nurse Ratched." She's also been called "brusque" and "sharp-elbowed." Frank Cilluffo, who heads George Washington's Center for Cyber & Homeland Security, where Nielsen served for seven years as a senior fellow, more politely describes her as "a very no-nonsense person." Similar things can be said, and are said, about that Kirstjen Michele Nielsen.

This is the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who is related to German supermodel and Victoria's Secret icon Heidi Klum, and she's related to the Swedish climate activist turned eco-terrorist Greta Thunberg.

This is the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who is better known by her stage name: Olivia Taylor Dudley.

In Mario Bava's gothic horror movie masterpiece *Black Sunday* which is steeped in rich atmosphere, condemned witch Princess Asa (Barbara Steele) returns from the dead two centuries after her execution and wreaks vengeance on her killers' family. Possessing the body of a descendant who happens to look just like her, Asa pulls out all the stops to exact her revenge. This was Bava's credited directorial debut, and it catapulted Steele and him to stardom.

Olivia Taylor Dudley is a Danish actress. She is known for her horror film roles such as *Chernobyl Diaries*, *The Vatican Tapes*, and *Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension*, and for her television roles such as the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians* (as Alice Quinn) and for her work in the internet sketch group *5-Second Films*.

Species: Homo Resurrectus Niffinitus (metaphysically, a Niffin trapped in a human body)—the same semi-supernatural “human” species as Olivia's character Alice Quinn. These so-called half-Niffin are colloquially known as Noom. Also, like her character Alice, Olivia was made not born a Niffin. Noom can perform magic at an extremely high level, just not at the Niffin level of course, and magic cannot be used directly against them.

Maker: Dame Judi Dench, the God who changed Olivia into a Niffin, at Olivia's behest. Judi, the conjurer who Olivia was bound to as that deity's Familiar while she was a Niffin. Judi, an Old Norse God of indeterminate race and age, and of unknown identity, who prefers buxom blondes of Olivia's Nordic extraction. Judi, who Olivia willingly and willfully entered into a blood pact with. One year of indentured servitude to Judi as a Niffin, after which the girl would be fashioned into a Noom. The pre-pact Olivia was a gifted, formidable, amateur magician. The post-pact Olivia is on a whole nother level entirely when it comes to performing magic.

Dame Judith Olivia Dench CH DBE FRSA: Judi Olivia Dench is, of course, a contemporary pseudonym. She's so old she is unnamable, and there's only one other supernatural being in known Creation that the same can be said of. A deity who has had many aliases over the course of countless eons. An Old Norse God who, nonetheless, existed long before the Norse existed. A deity who witnessed, firsthand, Lucifer's abortive attempts to overthrow: the “one and only God” of the Hebrews, Tetragrammaton (*YHWH* Hebrew: יהוה); and the God Amun (Amun-Ra) and his Goddess wife Isis, the two most powerful deities of the Ancient Egyptians.

Olivia is one of the stars of the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians*. Olivia's character Alice is always despairing about no longer being a full-blown Niffin; going on drunken drug-fueled binges with bulldyke Witches during which she degenerates into a crazed ravaged-looking drunken junkie whore who is no longer the least bit pretty, craves to be used any way imaginable, is sadomasochistic, a clinical dominant-submissive, obsessive compulsive, suffers from full-blown-BDD, and has psychopathic tendencies with dominatrix overtones. In other words, a depraved, evil-ass bitch, who is really fucked up in the head and otherwise. After the binge is over, her Noom metabolism restores her back to her normal beautiful appearance. Her character's disdain and loathing for humans and being human is palatable; an intense hatred craved in her hard, pretty face. Additionally, Alice is a Neo-Nazi and a distant relative of Adolf Hitler, giving an entirely new meaning to the term White Nationalist.

Body Dysmorphic Disorder (BDD) is a mental disorder usually characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that some aspect of one's own appearance is severely flawed and warrants exceptional measures to hide or fix it. During a binge, Alice sees her entire appearance as being flawed. And, she will make the pretty girls pay for being so pretty while she's been cursed with being "ugly." While binging, Alice would forget that she too is beautiful when she's not binging. Even when she's undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, the binging girl sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker-hiding-in-plain-sight with a killer body that she is.

Barbra is wearing a Kaye, perls, prudz, flats, a white lacy bullet bra with a matching white satin half-slip, barbwire garters, cigarette purse, and no panties. The well-hung she-male prefers going commando.

Olivia is doing a Marion Crane, and doing none of the options. Also, no holster, of course. Only a phone and cigarette purse firmly gripping the waistband of her suit's miniskirt.

Barbra removes her mask. She's smiling, broadly. And voices something cryptic, in Latin.

"Tua nostra futura praeteritis."

Translation: "Your future is our past."

Julie Strain, “It’s Only Art If It’s Well-Hung”

Julie Videri “Est ac si tantum Ars Ieiunium-Est bene”

Monsters in Motion is producing the official licensed model kit of penthouse pet “Julie Strain.” Based on this photo and sculpted by John Wright, it will be ¼ scale, about 15 inches tall, and probably one of the best female figures to date. The kit consists of 10 resin pieces including base and real chains, rings, and material to make the whip. Monsters in Motion worked closely with Julie Strain to make sure that this product exceeds your expectations. **REQUIRES ASSEMBLY AND PAINTING SKILLS**

A date night...

Kirstjen finishes up heavily applying plaintive makeup to her face and neck, resulting in the expected ravaged aged face and neck. It is the insanity-ravaged face and turkey neck of an older deranged lunatic who’s a fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty. It is the face of someone who has, over the course of decades of some very hard living, been road hard and put up wet many times too much.

This creepy, uber-drab version of Kirstjen is not off-putting to her date tonight the witch Baba “Giggerota” Yaga who racially is a Witch. In point of fact, it’s quite appealing to the old, ugly biddy BY in Mildred Huff template. The most attractive aspect of which is that although the girl is still very attractive, from the neck down. From the neck up, the girl is clearly no competition in the looks department, let alone upstaging, in comparison to the witch BY. Additionally, sickos like the witch actually prefer girls with hot bodies and fucked-up faces. *Punish the pretty girls, for me being so ugly*. In this case, akin to a masochist, that very pretty girl enjoys being punished this way—severely punished in the worst possible way that any beautiful woman can be punished—and that is by sporting fucked-up looks. A punishment, willfully and willingly self-inflicted, which stems from very depraved needs.

Witch. Therefore. Shock of unkempt white-streaked grey hair—i.e., geriatric frightwig. Hairly warts. Large crooked nose. Snaggle teeth. Ravaged face, neck, and cleavage. Skinny, with large pendulous tits that have big nipples (Kate Upton tits). Pasty complexion. Liver spots. Legs marred by varicose veins. Etc. Yuck!!!

More and more the girl experiments with self-flagellation and the cilice. A device used by Catholic penitents and ascetics, a cilice /ˈsɪlɪs/, also known as a sackcloth, was originally a garment or undergarment made of coarse cloth or animal hair (a hair shirt) worn close to the skin. It is used by members of various Christian traditions—including some communicants of the Anglican, Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, and Scottish Presbyterian Churches—as a self-imposed means of repentance and mortification of the flesh; it is often worn during the

Christian penitential season of Lent, especially on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and other Fridays of the Lenten season.

Cilices were originally made from sackcloth or coarse animal hair so they would irritate the skin. Other features were added to make cilices more uncomfortable, such as thin wires or twigs. In modern religious circles, cilices are simply any device worn for the same purposes.

Known also as a barbwire garter, the cilice Kirstjen uses is a small, light, metal chain with little barbed prongs which can be worn around the thigh. When used as a whip, it lengthens into something far more invasive with much greater girth and length, and its barbs become flesh-rending meat hooks. Corporal mortification. Flogging or beating, either as a religious discipline or for sexual gratification: pursuing the path of penance and flagellation. She tastes the whip daily for both reasons. Witches use the same type of cilice for the very same reasons. One encircles each thigh of Baba Yaga, constricting, ripping into the witch's flesh.

More and more the girl is also experimenting with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating. Among devotees, it's known as "choking the chicken." Kirstjen can, and does, indulge it just short of the point of committing suicide, while achieving an ultimate orgasm.

The girl can flog herself into oblivion, literally shredding her back—turning unmarked, lily-white flesh into raw hamburger—while choking her chicken. Again, another Witch practice of the girl, which Baba Yaga also indulges to the extreme. As a rule, Witches are very strict Catholics, refusing to recognize any of the Vatican Reforms.

Her Noom metabolism heals her Biblically, resulting in no evidence of her self-mutilation.

Depravity underneath banality. Psychologically, the depraved girl is becoming more and more Witch, with the passing of time. For her, and her drug, parasite, and alcohol abuse, and her getting "dirty," have become mere steppingstones to this, that very sick stuff which shrieking nightmares are made of.

The Roman Catholic Church, of course, turns a blind eye to all such personal practices of corporal punishment and auto erotica, by Catholics. Especially, when said Catholics are either Bene Gesserit nuns or worse. Incidentally, Giggerota used to be a Bene Gesserit nun.

The same goes for Catholics practicing Church worship that incorporates Paganism. The Church looks the other way. Flexibility of enforcing doctrine is one of the reasons that The Church is so robust throughout Creation.

Paganism, that practice of worshipping Gods who are not the Hebrew God of The Church. In Creation, Catholics who are both practicing Catholics and practicing Pagans, are legion. And those Catholics aren't just the so-called "cafeteria" Catholics either. Many a devout Catholic has been known to be a double dabbler too.

Hunting the Phantom

Vide fugandi

“Science has made us Gods even before we are worthy of being men.”—**Jean Rostand**

Another date night...

This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. The usual base, of course. Which is? Klaw, knobb, double-Ds, pancakes, and that smoky, sexy Danish, Copenhagen accent. Which template? The Marion Crane template, her de facto standard, and, for this outing, all three options exercised. The options being: eyeglasses either thicks or thins, Parts, and barbwire garters. As usual, she picked her thicks. Her disfiguring thicks fail to entirely camouflage her fetching, 1950s movie starlet looks.

Unless otherwise noted. Regardless of standard or template. In the case of so-called “dumb” eyeglasses. Whether the eyeglasses are referred to as thicks or thins. Thin lenses are unlined. Thick ones are lined trifocals with extremely thick eyeglass lenses. Peeper keepers: Kate Spade Joyann OS4P Burgundy Black Transparent eyeglass frames, those severe, unbecoming 1950s frames. The ones worn by the dominatrix/librarian/magician Alice Quinn character as portrayed by actress Olivia Taylor Dudley, star of SyFy Channel’s “The Magicians.” And, in the fashion of a librarian, a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain is attached at the temples of the eyeglasses. Oh, and, crystal clear & white nibblet eyeglass chain holders—Artisan—in place of the holders that normally come with the Miles Kimball. Resulting in vintage eyeglass chain and holders.

All the prev checkboxes, checked. And. Pancakes (i.e., flat “White Chick” no-butt butt), buxom, blonde, blue-eyed, leggy, Gal Gadot slender not the least bit scrawny, hardlooking, haughty, and a large ugly cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent, and, last but not least, a flawless, lily-white complexion—the stereotypical Las Vegas Showgirl. All the smoking-hot checkboxes, checked. Plus, a dominatrix personified, who can effortlessly shift into submissive mode and just as easily sink while on binges to the depths of depravity that rival that of an alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-divorcee junkie whore.

Seated across from her is the renown wizard Duchess Helene Blavatsky an elderly Crone with distant Ogre and Witch ancestries doing a Mildred Huff who strongly resembles the witch Baba Yaga. Legit she-male Duchess Blavatsky is wearing a flesh-colored rubber thong its crotch bulging with her abundant phallic womanhood. Fake she-male Kirstjen’s wearing thicks resulting in the girl’s transformation into a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. The doll’s looks still upstage the Duchess’. So. To seal the deal with the Duchess who’s in one of those petty vindictive moods, Kirstjen allows the Duchess to heavily apply plaintive makeup to her face and neck, leaving her with a ravaged aged face and neck bereft of any beauty or youth whatsoever. Kirstjen as the stereotypical spinster—a Mildred Huff. The Duchess is pleased with

the grand theft larceny. Normally, Kirstjen has a hard, pretty face, the ravishingly-beautiful visage of a 1950s Hollywood movie starlet.

Increasingly, during the offseason, when the TV show is on hiatus, this is how Kirstjen goes about in public and in private—looking Witch with a Hag fixation—WoH—Witch over Hag—Harpy-centric. Wearing the disfiguring plaintive makeup triggers her indulgence of one of those consumptive bouts of BDD. More examples of her sexual flexibility expressed as sexual depravity.

Initially, after her coming out. As one would expect. Tonight's used to be a typical tryst for Kirstjen. A plus-one who's a much older typically ancient supernatural, usually a female of the Gorgon, Hag/Witch/Goon mongrel, Harpy, or pure-breed Witch persuasion. But. Once Kirstjen got her groove thing on, her palate expanded exponentially. Nowadays, the girl does consenting adults of any age, gender, and sexual orientation. Although, she doesn't discriminate, she is very discriminating.

She and the Duchess have gone out many times before. After their meal, there will be a long slow romantic walk through the park the couple holding hands and then back to either her place or the Duchess' where they will engage in the usual bender of getting drunk, getting high, and having rape-ape sex.

Judi and Kirstjen got hitched soon after Kirstjen's pact with Judi expired. Both of them are avowed swingers. They have a very open marriage. Judi lives in and owns the apartment building where Kirstjen resides. They have separate apartments, Judi occupying the penthouse, of course. The building is the old, defunct Brown Shoe Company factory converted into high-dollar lofts.

By Judi's way of thinking, Kirstjen is the perfect wife. A wife who sees the Dame Judi Dench as the ideal husband.

If Judi were human, she would be diagnosed as being a textbook sadomasochist and secondary sociopath—looney bin crazy. In a word: certifiable. A lunatic who should be confined in a padded room wearing a straitjacket and permanently housed in a psych ward. But. Judi is not human. She is a God, who indulges her sexual proclivities to their outermost limits, akin to a sexual contortionist, which explains this blatant misdiagnosis.

The God is promiscuous and omnisexual, and so is her wife the Noom. Of course, the fact that both of them are wanton and pansexual (sex maniacs) is not a coincidence. It's by design. The God's.

Before the Dame took her for a ride on the wild side, Kirstjen was heterosexual, her sexual tastes were predictively run-of-the-mill, and her sex drive was just as pedestrian. In other words, she was neither sexually adventurous nor was she sexually imaginative. Worse: in bed, she was bland, a bit of a cold fish. Best described as: She doesn't look happy to me and she seems stiff, almost bland, yet she's physically beautiful—the proverbial ice princess. A good Catholic girl,

who went to parochial school and did her proper sums. An amateur who was so talented in the Five Magics, that she was STAR medaled by the Roman Catholic Church. Magic, not sex, was her passion. Basically, she was psychologically and sexually a Jeri Ryan—a Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One.

The five magics are: Thaumaturgy, Alchemy, Magic, Sorcery, and Wizardry. In the system devised by the “**Arcadiae proles Sequentia**” trilogy (“Arcadia Sequence” trilogy), the three-book addendum to the **Arbatel De magia veterum** (Arbatel: Of the Magic of the Ancients), each discipline allows the user to perform magical actions within a particular set of rules. These rules are specified after the Arbatel’s table of contents and are also stated within its narrative.

In many ways, the multivolume Arbatel is unique among texts on magic. Unlike the vast majority of writings, it is clear, concise, and elegantly written. The practical instructions are straightforward and undemanding. When it first appeared in 1575, it attracted the attention of people with a surprisingly broad range of agendas, including some of the finest minds of the time. Often quoted and reprinted, both praised and condemned, its impact on Western esoteric philosophy has been called “overwhelming.”

The “Arbatel: Concerning the Magic of Ancients” (**Grotto: De Magia Veterum est**) is the all-new printed edition of this text. Newly translated from the original Latin, edited, and annotated by acclaimed Mage Joseph H. Peterson, Fulbright Scholar-in-Residence at Brakebills. It is now available from Amazon.com and other fine booksellers. This hardcover edition includes an extensive introduction, footnotes, and index.

Kirstjen beseeched the Dame to take her on that mind-shredding ride. Fully aware of the dire consequences resulting from such a dark entreat. She ended up psychologically and sexually “flexible,” per the God’s specifications. This, of course, made her even more to the God’s liking. Tit for tat. As Kirstjen desired, the God made her even more proficient in the Five, which by her way of thinking, made the heavy price she paid well worth it. Eventually, her craving for even more mastery of The Five, mastery at the highest level possible, drove her to make that fateful blood pact with the God.

Bottomline. Kirstjen was not rooked—raped and took—by Judi. Of her own volition, Kirstjen consented to everything that Judi did to her, including the girl’s transformation into a Niffin and later a Noom, her betrothal, and the molding of her into Judi’s perfect wife. No glamour magic or enchantments were involved, whatsoever.

Besides herself, there is only one other human in the restaurant, tonight. That being the tweaker girlfriend of a Vampire who likes to hangout here. The girlfriend is named Ginger and the bloodsucker is named Phil. She doesn’t know their full names nor does she know much about them, which didn’t stop her from having a threesome with them two weeks ago. A time or two, Kirstjen has seen Phil and Ginger in the company of a massive Rock Troll who goes by the name of Tiny. This is one of those times. Ginger, Phil, and Tiny, sitting in a booth in a far corner, and

Kirstjen idly wondering what it would be like to do a foursome with them while the possessive insanely-jealous Duchess Blavatsky, consumed with envy, watches and masturbates.

Respect me for my mind, and my body

Respiciunt mihi animam meam et corpus meum

It's easy to appreciate and respect the sexiness of a woman without crossing the border into weird, creepy, or sexually deviant. If you're not a weirdo or a perv, you shouldn't have anything to worry about.

Kirstjen's hair lengthens into a mopp as her Marion Crane gives way to an Alice Quinn. It's the worm variation, formally Alice W Quinn, which she only sports on the TV show—she slips on her thins and her wurms. A normal Alice Quinn, formally Alice Quinn, would have been thins for the transformation, no changeout for the careys. The girl misses wearing her barbwire garters almost as much as she misses being a she-male. But, she's due on the set today, and she must look the part of the template's namesake. A Noom gone SLOOTH—an expression of this girl with the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of a Kyrsten Sinema.

Tellingly. Kirstjen's barbed cat-o-nine-tails is baited with flesh-rending fish hooks. It's the same whip used by an extremist order of cloistered enchantress nuns, for the daily atonement of their sins, sins both real and imagined, and for pleasuring themselves. An hour each morning spent atoning for sins they might commit and for pleasuring themselves. An hour each night spent atoning for sins they did commit and for pleasuring themselves. An order so far out there right wing, that the ultra-conservative Bene Gesserits are leftwing progressives in comparison.

For a short while, before the Voodoo priestess Dame Helen Mirren became too radical for even them those cloistered enchantress nuns—yes, her bad juju became too twisted for even those twisted sisters—Dame Helen Mirren was a member of their radical Catholic Order. An Order that bioengineered the facehugger, and uses it in place of prohibited sex acts and to further enhance the pleasure derived from allowed sexual activities including masturbation. An Order simply known as “Nameless.”

Kirstjen's cilice of choice, these days, is still either a horsehair hospital gown or a hospital gown fashioned from a burlap sack. Both brief, itchy gowns are immodest, to say the least. Garments right at home in D&H (degradation and humiliation) porn flicks. This self-flagellation “outfit” is her twisted prequel to the inevitable. Corporal mortification. The atonement for sins and for pleasure through self-flagellation and the cilice, which is bleeding into her early-morning and her late-night “workouts.”

A cilice, also known as a sackcloth, was originally a garment or undergarment made of coarse cloth, burlap, or animal hair (e.g., a hairshirt) worn close to the skin. It is used by members of various Christian traditions, including some communicants of the Anglican, Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, and Scottish Presbyterian Churches, as a self-imposed means of repentance and mortification of the flesh. For practitioners so inclined, it is often worn during the Christian

penitential season of Lent, especially on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and other Fridays of the Lenten season.

Cilices were originally made from sackcloth or coarse animal hair so they would irritate the skin. Other features were added to make cilices more uncomfortable, such as thin wires or twigs. In modern religious circles, cilices are simply any device worn for the same purposes.

She looks forward to returning to her apartment and being able to do things to herself. And being able to look the way she wants to. She'll go back to doing a Marion Crane with all the options—i.e., thicks, not thins, and with plaintive makeup—a Mildred Huff. In ways and means, Kirstjen is, for all intents and purposes, a Witch with a Hag fixation. WoH. Harpy centric. Racially, she's Noom, of course—a Niffin trapped in a human body. Stronger, faster, faster healing, and more durable than a mundane human, but a human nonetheless. A human who's, at times, is Goonish and Harpy-ish. A human capable of feats of magic that only a Niffin can exceed.

A mundane human is metaphysically and physically human.

the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of US Senator Sinema

et centrist LGBTQ vultus in partes Sinema US Senator

“Beaver” Barbie...Aka Barbie’s Darker side...Aka “Strange” Barbie...Aka Frosk Bitten?!

A Ms. Kyrsten Lea Sinema, one of the templates her beloved husband prefers her to do. In a word: non-progressive. As such. The dowdy outfit: Koo, prudz, perls, and careys. Unbecoming thins. A dated mopp which allows her yellow-blonde mane to fall in golden tendrils. Looks-amping Bolshoi-bare heavily-applied, although it looks “barely-there” applied, to her hard, pretty face. The torturous undergarments: hung-like-a-horse Parts but no accompanying lisp whatsoever, barbwire garters, a clingy white satin half-slip, a binding hi-waist skin-colored thong, and a constrictive white textured biomechanical (6 suspenders) “living” corselette which has been adjusted to rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. An enforced wasp waist which is revealed by her Koo’s form-fitting suitcoat even when said suitcoat is buttoned. Showcasing that obsession of 1950s females: an hourglass figure taken to Victorian Era extremes. Huge Parts bulging in the crotch of her hi-rise “flesh” knickers. Elvira would be positively green with envy.

A “living” corselette. Woven, technically grown, from carbon fiber. It has a second-skin fit, and, in spite of being as flexible as satin, it still has the same trademark “woven” texture of “regular” carbon fiber.

A clarification is needed about there being no lisp. A clarification which bespeaks of the discerning lesbian etiquette, afoot: in public, no accompanying lisp whatsoever when she’s strapping, but, in private/closet, an exaggerated lisp when she’s hung.

Publicly: an old fogey. Privately: an alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-adulteress junkie whore who can easily be mistaken for a bitter, hi-mileage divorcee. The truth: a 1960s-style swinger.

Terraformed Europa—Back before they went to Day 0, for the umpteenth time:

A suborbital armored personnel carrier has descended into atmosphere. An extinction event on par with the energy output of a controlled thermonuclear reaction is triggered by its planetary entry.

In spite of the armored hull’s radiation shielding. In spite of the best efforts of the polarizing glass of the cockpit windows and the windows of the passenger cabin. In spite of the deflector screens.

From the pilot’s perspective. At the moment of detonation there’s a flash. At that instant, the pilot of the APC is able to see straight through her hands. She can see the veins. She can see the

blood and all the skin tissue. She can see the bones and, worst of all, she can see the flash itself. It's like looking into a white-hot diamond, a second sun. This tremendous burst of light is followed shortly thereafter by the deep, growling roar of an explosion.

From the passengers' perspectives. There's a scream. Shrieks follow. It's the pilot.

A bright light penetrates the cabin. X-raying everything and everybody. Eye-melting luminescence. Then, the heat comes. Heat, akin to that experienced in a nuclear explosion, bathes the cabin. A slow, intense, searing heat which eats its way into your very bones—it feels as if someone is passing an electric fire through you. A large portion of the heat in a nuclear explosion is from the absorption of gamma rays emitted in the nuclear reaction.

Even to the most jaded world traveler, the whole scene is unbelievable. A source of wonderment. And awe-inspiring dread. No matter how many times that you see it. A gigantic, dirty-looking mushroom cloud forming in the now ravaged sky, visible for miles, dominating the horizon. An enormous ball of fire inhabits the base of the cloud and deadly-looking waves begin to emanate from its rippling base in all directions.

The quiet. That pause which ends when violent, gale-force winds hurl the craft much higher into the air and then slam it into the ground.

Everything that's been vaporized into ash by the initial blast gets sucked up by the vacuum of the subsequent vortex. An ash which falls to the ground as fallout.

The signature effects of a thermonuclear overblast. Someone has used forbidden atomics. Either an ICBM or a fire-breathing Dragon's WMD. Ballistic trajectory and blast forensics are identical. Godzilla would be positively green with envy.

What's telling is that the crashed APC, its pilot, and its three passengers are intact. Someone was watching their Ps and Qs. In spite of the revelry and seemingly total abandon. Safeguards were in place.

A tessmacher, Ambassador Choo's, melts an opening in the jammed door of the cockpit and in the floor of the passenger cabin. Laying on its side, the APC is intact but it is still a complete and utter wreck, nonetheless, therefore normal egress is impossible.

After having retrieved what's left of the pilot. The two women emerge first. The Ambassador is holding her forbidden raygun in the ready. Both hands gripping it, conventionally. Sweeping the area with its muzzle.

Judith Moon is armed with a high-compression phase rifle slung underneath her duster and is nonchalant. Jack E Chan pulls up the rear. He too has a high-compression phase rifle slung underneath his greatcoat.

The three of them appear to be Asian and human. But. They are from the planet, not the continent, of Asia. And. They're not human. They're class-A Dragons.

Judith is dragging the pilot. The pilot, who is a DSC, might as well be ash, gone. She's burnt toast. Fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-degree burns cover ninety-nine percent of her body. Her eyes are melted in their sockets. Charred skin and clothes are indistinguishable—fused. Judith cums to the sight of it. Orgasm supreme. The pilot is in that very dark place beyond agony—the so-called “original” Pain.

Judith wishes that she could trade places with the girl. Peroxide wisdom—she must make do. Getting by, Judith can only pleasure herself vicariously through the suffering of the now crispy, twenty-something, once flaxen-haired, former babe.

For a moment, the sadomasochist Judith contemplates just letting the girl suffer for a while. But she needs answers. She needs to see what the girl saw. Pain from the injuries, especially the burns, could drive the girl insane. Hindering a scan. And, time is of the essence. This attack feels improvised. Someone is running scared. Scared murderers make mistakes.

“This will put you in a very happy place,” Judith coos to the pilot as she injects something, lime green and fluorescent, into the pilot's neck. The pilot's agony-induced trashing ceases.

Judith mind-melds with the girl. Without consent, it's tantamount to rape. Nimble, Judith is in and out in a jiff. She also takes note of the girl's ink. The pilot's arcane tattoos are those of the Druid Queen's elites. Her eyes dart about taking in as much of the crime scene as she can before the authorities arrive and muck about.

Something looms large in sky. Seemingly. It came out of no place. A Dragon. The creature lands in their midst and changes into its mortal form.

The Dragon in question is Ancient Mia. She is a class-A Dragon, of course.

Ancient Mia. The High Council's “top dog” for handling disputes between and betwixt the supernatural and the mundane superpowers. In this case, she's in the role of a UN Peacekeeper mediating a dispute between factions within in The Dragon Empire which she is a citizen of.

A Dragon. Ergo. Magical powers, immortal, able to change shape, that sort of thing. Very, very, very old. Furthermore, she was Hitler's chief rival on the High Council before he went off to start The Third Reich. And, unlike Hitler, she is a God.

Her sister, Madam Yun, married into the Royal Family. Madam Yun is one of the Dragon Empress' closest and most trusted advisors. Ancient Mia has no such partisan affiliations. She is as neutral as the Swiss.

As if they are features, instead of attire. Clothes manifest themselves. Ancient Mia is no longer naked. It is a now clothed Ancient Mia who is the first of the anticipated authorities to greet the new arrivals. Authorities in the role of neutral observers. Monitoring the first power struggle in The Dragon Empire in over a millennium.

Pretending—i.e., in her human form. She's better known as Nancy “Ka Shen” Kwan, a Hong Kong-born Eurasian-American actress now retired. As Ms. Kwan, she played a pivotal role in

the acceptance of actors of Asian ancestry in major Hollywood film roles. Ms. Kwan is widely praised for her beauty, and is considered one of the seminal sex symbols of the 1960s, and still considered one of the greatest sex symbols of all times.

Of course, there was that short, fascinating stint as a likeness of Standard Oil heiress and legendary American trendsetter Millicent Rogers—Magnificent Milly—which is detailed at length in *Searching for Beauty: The Life of Millicent Rogers*. Milly being the guise that immediately preceded the resumption of her current, most recurring pseudonym.

Dragon versus Dragon. This is not the only civil war that Ancient Mia is in the midst of negotiating. Something is also brewing among The White Walkers. Unprecedented strife in the supernatural world. Wars and rumors of war. Every which way. As if the supernatural world were taking a bloody page from the mundane world, and has decided to tear itself apart.

Unbeknownst, there is a stowaway onboard the APC. Concealed by a Romulan PCD (personal cloaking device), obtained surreptitiously from the Tal Shiar, is a Dragon in the guise of a middle-aged Asian spinster. Not part of the conflict, she's merely hitching a ride. The APC providing transport for the first leg of her impromptu walkabout. She being a true romantic at heart with the ambition of becoming as hardcore an adventuress as the renown Lara Croft, the Tomb Raider.

The Tal Shiar is the secretive intelligence agency of the Romulan Star Empire, and is the most highly respected and feared organization within the Star Empire. Their main objective is to protect the Empire's security from both external and internal threats using whatever covert or overt means necessary.

Die! Die! My Darling!

Moriemini! Moriemini! Solitariam meam!

A Dragon? A Drakonian Dragaform. A Drake. Magical powers, immortal, shapeshifter. Scales, horns, fire breathing. The Oriental Gods.

Present day:

“So, this is where you live.”

Kirstjen slides out of bed. She’s naked. The woman standing by the window is fully dressed, and doing an absolute stunner: Ancient Mia is doing a Gail Wynters, no less. It’s been a very long time since Kirstjen has either heard that voice or seen this woman. The first and only previous time was back when she was still a Niffin and she stood before the High Council to answer for some atrocities that she had committed; ultimately, she was acquitted of any wrongdoing. Among the heinous acts she’d committed was the massacre of a dirty cop and his family. The rookie police officer, Larry Collins, had double-crossed a local mobster Fats Waller.

Fats, a longtime business associate of Judi’s, is a Groll, a half-breed who is equal parts Giant and Troll. And, in spite of the masculine connotation of this mafioso’s name, Fats is very much a woman. Although Judi is a legitimate businesswoman, and no one has ever been able to prove otherwise. Fats is up to her neck in the rackets, and is as shady as they come, yet she’s never done jail time, never been arrested, her record is as clean as a nun’s knickers. Crime rivals call her “The Teflon Teddi.” In this colloquial usage, Teddi being street slang for a female mob boss.

What was a Niffin Kirstjen to Fats? She was listed on Fats’ books as being a part of shared services, and none of those services were sexual. In mob terms, Kirstjen was a fixer. So. When Larry Collins the “dirty” cop crossed Fats. Fats had Kirstjen make an example of him: punish one harshly so that others will avoid committing the same offense in order to avoid such punishment. A necessary evil in Fats’ line of business.

Collins foolishly thought himself and his family protected. He had employed the services of Marie Catherine Laveau, a notorious Creole from Louisiana. Ms. Laveau is a powerful sorceress and Voodoo priestess with great magical powers and knowledge of arcane lore, including the creation of a potion made from Vampire’s blood that keeps her eternally youthful and beautiful. She is also a mambo (also written as manbo), a priestess (as opposed to the houngan, or male priest) in the Haitian Vodou religion. Her great-grandmother was Hattian and a mambo in the same Vodou Temple where she currently worships. An alternate spelling of her name, Laveaux, is considered by historians to be from the original French spelling, and reflects Dark Magic lineage in the family bloodline.

The cop paid handsomely for Ms. Laveau's best wards and warrants, and for her to be he and his family's CPO (close protection officer). The magical protections failed. Kirstjen breached them as if they weren't in place. Faced with the no-choice choice of defending her client and his family as their bodyguard, and thus guaranteeing the certainty of her own annihilation, or stepping aside for her personal safety. Understandably, Ms. Laveau chose her own survival.

In a far corner stands the dandy who came with Ancient Mia. His name is Simon Angel, a dapper dan in a Tyrone Edmund Power III. Kirstjen knows of him. But this is the first time that they have crossed paths. A convicted serial killer and serial rapist, Simon is on parole from the Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane. Another example of a semi-supernatural human species. Ancient Mia's current boy toy is a half-Angel. One parent human, one parent an Angel. Metaphysically, he's an Angel trapped in a human body. Simon is as loony as Kirstjen. But, is he as lethal?

He broadcasts his thoughts to Kirstjen{

I am a Nephilim: half Angel, half human. In spite of being half-Angel, I'm still a Monkey to an Angel. Just in case you're not familiar with this usage, Monkey is the racial slur that Angels use when referring to humans.

The resiliency of an Angel. The cunning of a Monkey. The blood lust of The Fallen. Such is me. Talking to myself. I seem rather one dimensional, less human, and more like a killing machine. Standing over what's left of one of my latest two victims. There were thirty-seven in Chicago. I plan for a much larger body count in Haven.

}

Kirstjen's telepathic retort is short and sweet{

The Monkey for whom homicide and sodomy is Viagra.

}

The girl turns her undivided attention back to Ancient Mia. No more tick tock with the hired help.

"How goes your civil war?"

With the stroke of a pen, signing a binding agreement, Empress Kathryn Chinn, Ninth Absolute Ruler of The Dragon Empire, abdicated her absolute rule and by doing so ended the Dragon Civil War. No longer is Empress Chinn the first among first of the blue-blood rulers of the known worlds.

The Dragon monarchy is now constitutional in the British mold. With a duly-elected Senate in place of Parliament. And a First Senator instead of a Prime Minister. A position with the same duties, responsibilities, and power as a prime minister and a president combined. The office of president doesn't exist in this Dragon version of the Great Experiment known as Democracy.

Additionally. In this case, the First Senator is a real firebrand. Ms. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a decidedly Occidental looking Dragon in her human form. That diversity of pretense, that divergence from accepted Dragon norms, being another example of this twenty-something's bleeding-edge "progressive" point of view. Bernie Sanders, United States Senator from Vermont, is very proud of his political kindred spirit.

"It went, as you well know. And, I must say, your joke is in very bad taste."

Ancient Mia's voice is tense, as one would expect considering the subject matter at hand.

"Loosen up, you're gonna pop a gasket."

The girl's repartee is akin to a kitten toying with a mouse. This is not how she should be acting considering that Ancient Mia is her better. But, it's how she always acts, when she has the upper hand.

"Quickly. Shower, eat, and get dressed. The High Council needs you to do an errand."

"I need to engage in corporal mortification, first. Then, I'll be at your disposal."

Ancient Mia starts to say something, and then she wisely catches herself. The Dragon rephrases her response, taking the bite out of her voice.

"Okay, we'll do it your way."

"You say that like you have a choice," Kirstjen answers very matter-of-fact. The vibe she's now giving off borders on being detached, as if she's the kitten who's suddenly grown bored with the mouse.

Kirstjen will pick a Lindsey Caroline Kildow aka Lindsey Caroline Vonn, for this outing—a blonde bombshell in the vein of a creepy bland delicious Alice Quinn without eyeglasses. Basically, a Debra without the sexy Mississippi Southern drawl. With Lindsey Vonn being a modern-day version of the lip-smacking Mamie Van Doren of those salacious B-movies of the 1950s, the mouthwatering Barbara Eden of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1961), and the va-va-voom Stella Stevens in *Playboy* (1960s) and as Lovey Kravezit in *The Silencers* (1966) and *The Ambushers* (1967). This sexpot template is guaranteed to get underneath the skin of Ancient Mia and her companion. Mind games a plenty. And it's so easy for Kirstjen to play them with a Dragon or an Angel. Because, psychologically, Dragons and Angels are akin to humans, and she's expert at irking humans.

"We Dragons and the Angels are the most human-natured of all supernatural beings, demons are the least, and they dominate The Party, as well as most supernatural institutions. Be very careful of your ambitions. Others before you have tried and failed."

"And, what ambitions would those be?"

"As I've already stated, your humor is not appreciated. I won't repeat myself again."

Simon is a hunk. Beefcake supreme. Ancient Mia is on another level. An older female that's cheesecake so very nice. Fifty-something—she looks to be in her fifties, but she's so much older than that. A high-maintenance hottie who personifies “sexy milf gets fucked.” The one-up for Ancient Mia is that upstairs it's her Sabrina D-cups vs. the June Wilkinson D-cups of Kirstjen. And in that matchup of double-Ds, Ancient Mia's balcony wins, but not by very much.

A Wynters vs. a Vonn? Kaye instead of a Koo. Moe instead of a mopp. Bullet bra in place of a corselette. Flesh-colored rubber thong in place of skin-colored retro-1950s HiRISE rubber panties. Got wood, either way!

Nonetheless, even with her slightly smaller chest, Kirstjen's looks upstage Ancient Mia's. The Dragon will just have to get used to the competition.

Because of Kirstjen's deeply-rooted WoH compulsion, fixation neurosis—i.e., ugliness OCD. Burning inside of her and bubbling to the surface: Kirstjen's demented craving to shed her beauty and become the ugly gender-fluid Mildred Huff again. An all-consuming madness shown in her cold, piercing blue eyes. The compact in her purse ever-ready for that swap between Bolshoi-bare and plaintive makeup heavily applied to her face and neck. Pursed thicks that she longs to slip on her face or at the very least hang around her neck, a neck preferably ruined into a stringy “turkey” neck by plaintive makeup. Needless to say, Parts and barbwire garters are MIA and missed.

Kirstjen's personality is as bland as plaintive makeup looks are ravaged and aged, when she's in Mildred Huff. It's fitting that when she's doing bi-gender Mildred Huff, she speaks in a mind-numbing monotone—cold and clinical, borderline frigid—with undertones of madness.

Yes. For the time being, going back to being a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt is not an option. Mildred Huff: nada. She'll stay a drab, creepy, attractive, frumpy cunt, to perturb Ancient Mia (Pretty Woman) and Simon Angel (Pretty Boy), for as long as she's allowed. So, they'd better get used to the competition of her wearing a Lindsey Vonn, for as long as it lasts.

Kirstjen's depravity rears its ugly head. Spawning a, excuse the pun, hideous thought{

I so crave a tryst with a Gorgon. I wonder if Medusa is available? If so, maybe I can slip away later and do her.

}

What Kirstjen would really like to do is take it to that supposed next level and tryst with a feral Gorgon. But, for now, the non-feral Medusa will have to suffice. Many swingers swear up and down that doing a feral is beyond the bee's knees, claiming that it's the Holy Grail of screwing. Kirstjen would love to see for herself if fucking a feral is the gold standard for sex.

For Kirstjen's husband it's quite simple. She wishes sooner than later that her wife would get over craving ugly; an obsession-fixation (i.e., OCD) often expressed in the guise of the girl doing the Harpy-centric Mildred Huff. Only time will tell if her wish comes true.

What's the sure thing? Because of her single-minded pursuit of magical perfection, Kirstjen will never reboot psychologically or sexually, and regain her original mentality or libido, one iota. And, thus akin to the Niffin the morally-neutral species she was once a member of, she cannot feel remorse. Killing with a subzero level of emotional coldness. The knobb on the rightside of her neck is a beauty mark of arcane origin, but it doesn't designate that she's a convicted war criminal and therefore it isn't a souvenir so-to-speak of the Apokolips Wars, nor is it subverted Borg tech; it's a fuze, an occult "brand" akin to a witch's mark.

Kirstjen's fuze is the brand of her patrons, Inanna and Ereshkigal, both of whom are Sumerian Goddesses of the Ancient World.

The Ancient World, also known as The Gate World, because its worlds are accessible only via the Event Horizon of a Stargate.

Stargate. A device based upon Atlantean wormhole technology which is used for seamless travel within a dimension and between the dimensions of the multiverse (Creation).

Ereshkigal (𒂍𒅗𒄣𒅗𒄣 *EREŠ.KI.GAL*, lit. "Queen of the Great Earth") is the Goddess of Kur, the Sumerian land of the dead, and she is the older sister of Inanna. Disguised as a male, she is also worshipped by the Ancient Greeks as Hades the God of the Underworld, the Greek land of the dead.

Inanna is the Goddess of sex, war, justice, and political power. She is also worshipped in the Ancient World by the Akkadians, Babylonians, and Assyrians under the name Ishtar.

Kirstjen, a Roman Catholic, with Pagan deities of the Ancient World for sponsors. What would the Pope of this Modern World say?

Pretty girls can do anything. Ugly girls have to do everything. Kirstjen is the pretty girl who will do anything and craves to do everything. She gets drunk. She can be that alcoholic in the throes of DTs, but she doesn't stay an alcoholic. She gets high. She can be that strung-out junkie, but she doesn't stay a junkie. She eventually resets to sobriety. She can be that insatiable whore, a sex addict, the nymphomaniac who can fuck till she drops, but she cannot catch a venereal disease and she can only get pregnant if she wishes. She eventually resets to swinger. Abuse without consequence, is just indulgence without penalty. It's as if she were still a supernatural being. She is human, but without any of the downsides of a profane, degenerate lifestyle—i.e., human, but not mundane. So, do the Biblical prohibitions still apply?

It's not the size of the dog in the fight. It's the size of the fight in the dog.

Sic non ad magnitudinem canis in pugna. Est magnitudinem canis in pugna.

“This school exists for a single and timeless purpose: to hone your innate abilities to the highest degree. Now, what you do with it after that is entirely up to you. If you want to take over the world, we don't teach that, but give it a go.”—**Henry Phineas Fogg**

The Backstory:

Brakebills University for Magical Pedagogy, also known as Brakebills College for Magical Pedagogy, Brakebills Preparatory College of Magic, Brakebills Academy for Magical Pedagogy, or simply Brakebills, is the premier institution for the study of magic in North America.

Brakebills University for Magical Pedagogy was established in Upstate New York in 1763 and became the standard-bearer of the American magical society, having given rise to generation after generation of illustrious Magicians. Prior to the 1930s and 1940s, Brakebills taught English and American magic almost exclusively until the vogue for multicultural spellcasting swept the school, and the school imported professors from around the world, including Dean Mayakovsky. The school recruited skirt-wearing shamans from Micronesian dot-islands, hunch-shouldered hookah-puffing wizards from inner-city Cairo coffeehouses, blue-faced Tuareg necromancers from southern Morocco. Etc.

Every year, thousands of the most talented magical practitioners take the Entrance Exam to determine whether or not they qualify for enrollment. There are only 100 seats available.

Though the wards surrounding the school keep it hidden from civilians, some have been known to make their way through the forest and onto campus grounds. The last previous recorded incident of trespass occurred five years before Kirstjen Michele Nielsen arrived as a student.

Back to the present day:

Ancient Mia and Kirstjen walk leisurely across the expansive front lawn toward the Brakebills Administration Building. Simon is walking behind them. Kirstjen is still fronting a Sarah Palin. A Sarah Palin is, just like the template's namesake, a Lindsey Vonn with thins. Thins and a mopp, outdated old-fogey eyeglasses and an outdated old-fogey coiffure, for an outdated old-fogey template the Sarah Palin. Irregardless, when it comes to Palin, it's all about the Puppies!

“Professor Mary Chinn, has disappeared.”

“The Dragon who teaches Advanced Library Techniques?” Kirstjen asks, rhetorically.

“Yes.”

“Aren’t you two related or something?”

“She’s my niece.”

“When I was a graduate student here, there were unconfirmed rumors that she was...”

“...She wanted to make it in the world on her own merits. Not because of her family connections. I’m sure you find that an amusing notion.”

“No comment.”

“Simon and I will be working with the police on Mary’s disappearance. You will take over Mary’s class in the interim. You will also resume your status in the graduate program as a student.”

“How about the rest of my life? You know, things like the TV show, my marriage, dating?”

“No change.”

“I’m not much of a juggler.”

“Learn.”

“I presume, based upon the school rules, I don’t get to fuck staff or students, and I don’t get high or drunk on school premises.”

“Yes. On campus, you’re expected to be sober and chaste.”

“I let my Guild dues go delinquent, sometime ago. I presume they’ve been paid up?”

“Yes, they have. This, of course, automatically reinstated you as a librarian-in-good-standing. Additionally, in keeping with school policy, you’re expected to pass the school’s recertification exam, before the semester is over. You did keep your certification current, in spite of letting your dues lapse, but...”

“...The school has its own practicals, and the school’s librarians must pass them by the end of every semester. Certification through the Guild doesn’t substitute for certification from the school.”

“Also. And I can’t stress this enough. Make sure that your eyeglasses are readers, in keeping with your renewed librarian certification through the school.”

Readers, not reading glasses. Eyeglasses with a very advanced, built-in AI. Google Glasses, or simply Glasses, are the premium brand of these so-called smart eyeglasses that are the school’s preferred brand. Akin to how the virtual display on a smartphone works, the optical display of readers is beamed directly into the person’s brain via their optic nerves, and is perceived by the wearer as overlaying their field of vision, when the display is switched on.

If you wear readers, you don’t need a phone. So, by asking her to wear readers, she’s implicitly being asked to forgo her phone. Smartphones and readers both being powered by

dedicated quantum computers. The result of quantum supremacy, the Holy Grail of quantum mechanics.

“And since it’s expected that I’ll pass the school’s recertification with flying colors, I’m expected to switch out my dumb eyeglasses for smart ones before I teach my first class?”

“Correct.”

“And?”

“Eyeglass chain, same as your thins and thicks.”

“The same eyeglass chain?”

“Yes. A Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain attached at their temples. Either wearing these unbecoming eyeglasses, or having them hanging around your neck by their chain and resting upon your ample bosom.”

“How unbecoming?”

“Lined.”

“Lined bifocals?”

“Nope.”

“Lined trifocals?”

“Of course.”

“Thick or thin Glass?”

“The chancellor chooses. If she were a vain, petty, unattractive old biddy, and with your looks being so upstaging in spite of you wearing thins, I’d guess thick Glass. You crave Mildred Huff and you’re only doing Vonn, Palin, and such, to piss off me and Simon.”

“Your niece has a campus apartment in the faculty residence.”

“You may use it as you wish. I would strongly suggest that you use it as much as you can, especially during the week when you’re teaching class. That will greatly cut down on your commutes.”

“Corporal mortification, while on campus?”

“You may do so in the privacy of my niece’s apartment. Now, recite the school’s strictly enforced policy on fraternization when faculty is off campus.”

“Per Policy 1301. I will not debase myself with staff or students, when I’m off campus.”

“Excellent.”

“Anything else?”

“Not at the present moment. You will be hearing from us in the future, though. And, remember, you are being monitored closely.”

Ancient Mia and Simon abruptly walk away. Kirstjen continues onto her meeting with Chancellor Lynda Jean Cordova Carter. That Lynda Carter. The one who used to be Wonder Woman on TV, back in the day. And it's Ancient Mia who's playing mind games with Kirstjen, this time.

Chancellor Carter is vain, then again, all beautiful women are guilty of that, from time to time. She can also be petty and even vindictive, at times. Then again, she's only human. But, she's not unattractive. She's an older woman whose looks will give any young woman's a run for their money. Chancellor Carter welcomes any and all competition, in the beauty department. As such. She'll insist that Kirstjen wear thin Glass with no lines, and the same style of the Kazuo Kawasaki 704 smart eyeglasses that President Sarah Louise Palin wears. Rimless frame design, along with the durable yet lightweight beta-titanium temples, and lens in shape SP-51 eye size; **(Color: Gray 34, Lens Shape-Size: SP-51)** the same as Sarah Palin's eyeglasses. And, as such, a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain attached at their temples. Sarah Palin Glasses: thin-readers. The de facto standard for female faculty, since Lynda Carter became chancellor. And, as long as Kirstjen is on the faculty, she'll insist that the girl never goes ugly, on campus. Ouch!

Predictions, longshots and safe bets?

On campus. For the foreseeable future. Kirstjen's days of ugly and gender-bending are over. Therefore. On campus. No more Parts, barbwire garters, and plaintive makeup, for the duration. And, as for corporal mortification on campus in the privacy of Mary's apartment, regardless of what Ancient Mai said earlier, this is Chancellor Carter's domain, and Chancellor Carter will more than likely forbade Kirstjen to do so while on the premises.

There's something else, though. Something very dowdy, irrespective of brand. A research librarian should always look the part, by Chancellor Carter's way of thinking. Therefore, while on campus, in her capacity as a research librarian who is also a faculty member, Kirstjen's template will be a Marion Crane exercising only one option, that option being eyeglasses. Ergo, no more of her doing a Sarah Palin, or anything else for that matter, when she's a school booker. This suits Kirstjen just fine. When she isn't doing her beloved Number 3 (i.e., Klebb), her second choice is a Marion Crane anyways. Of course, given a choice, she chooses thicks for her eyeglasses, so it's disfiguring thick-readers with her Marion Crane, which renders her least attractive—ugly—and thus violating not adhering to Chancellor Carter's edict—violating not sidestepping the “expectations” of Chancellor Carter and the university of her wearing thin Glasses.

Unlike thin-readers. Thick-readers are in the style of thicks. Therefore, lined trifocals with extremely thick eyeglass lenses. Smart-eyeglasses, with OS4P Burgundy Black Transparent eyeglass frames—those same, severe, unbecoming, 1950s frames worn by the dominatrix librarian magician Alice Quinn character as portrayed by actress Olivia Taylor Dudley, star of

SyFy Channel's "The Magicians." A Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain is attached at the temples of the smart glasses. And, crystal clear & white nibblet eyeglass chain holders—Artisan—in place of the holders that normally come with the Miles Kimball. Resulting in vintage smart-eyeglass chain and holders.

It's expected that Kirstjen will cheat, from time to time on campus, and also wear Parts to go her preferred bi-gender route along with her Marion Crane.

And, if she's very lucky, she'll get punished, by the school's infamous disciplinarian Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III, for her on-campus transgressions of wearing thick-readers and Parts. Mrs. Carson is the former-wife of the screen legend, actress Hedy Lamarr.

“On the Blue Water,” Esquire Magazine, April 1936

“De caerula cano,” Armigerum Magazine, MCMXXXVI Aprilis

“Certainly, there is no hunting like the hunting of man. And those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds, because, after the other thing, ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue.”—

Ernest (Miller) Hemingway (1899-1961)

Flying in the face of all of Brakebills’ edicts and exceptions. Mrs. Carson, who is called Coco by her closest friends, is the biggest exception. This fair-skinned lass is a slender, attractive, eighty-something woman—i.e., looks like she’s in her eighties, but that isn’t necessarily her chronological age range. Looks Icelandic, but isn’t. She’s Prussian, through and through. A mundane human, therefore she’s physically and metaphysically human. An Alpha female and a lesbian, but not a bulldyke. Not a she-male, real or fake. Dates much younger ravishingly-beautiful females, who are not fake or real she-males. Elegance, personified. The cat’s meow.

Coco’s standard?

Prudz, a perl necklace, an expensive black satin Adele Simpson pantsuit her trademark, a shimmering white snakeskin cigarette purse, and Franco Sarto heels. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course—the heavy makeup that looks like no makeup, for the “no makeup” makeup look.

Vienna travel monocle. Given to her as a birthday present by her beloved Adolf, when she turned sweet sixteen.

Underneath her pantsuit, she wears the same bra and panty briefs favored by likeminded spinsters worldwide. White rocket bra. Flesh-colored panty brief. And. No Parts, of course.

The shoes worn by Mrs. Carson are “Cicero” pumps by Franco Sarto. They are black kidskin with a pointed elongated closed-toe, the traditional closed sides, and a 6-inch stiletto heel with a hidden platform sole instead of an exposed one. In other words, they’re an extreme expression of the “classic” opera pump rethought. Not to mention, too high a heel to be age-appropriate for Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. Carson’s pageboy hairdo is the early 1960s version with a 1950s twist—a moesah. As such, it stops just above her shoulders, threatening to but never sweeping her shoulders. In the fifties the pageboy generally stopped above the shoulders, just like this. Her straight hair is predominately silver-grey, the color of polished silverware. And. It’s liberally streaked with white.

Her hair looks just as severe as it would if it were yanked back into a sternka. As such, it is a favorite with blue-blood dykes.

Coco's templates? None.

Coco is a Nazi and is the baby sister of Adolf Hitler, and is Der Führer's favorite relative, giving an entirely new meaning to the term White Nationalist.

Neither sweet, nor wholesome. This porcelain-skinned beauty was a founding member of the Einsatzgruppen, The Nazi Death Squads.

For a short stint, during the 1960s thru early 1970s, she went by the name of Patricia Ann Priest, mainly credited as Pat Priest, and looked much younger, twenty-something. Back then, she was best known as an American television actress who portrayed the second Marilyn Munster on the television show, "The Munsters" (1964–1966). Actress Beverley Owen, who played the original Marilyn Munster, had left after 13 episodes of the show.

In place of a physical smart-phone or readers with a virtual display, she uses a virtual smartphone. A device she co-invented, that's gaining traction with consumers. Another example of her technological brilliance.

After World War II. Although she's related to Adolf Hitler, has been an active member of The Nazi Party since its inception, and in spite of her well-documented war crimes, she was granted an exemption which allowed her to participate in the U.S. Government's Operation Paperclip and immigrate over here to America.

Coco's philosophy? It's best summed up in her landmark interview with world-renown journalist Ernest Hemingway for Esquire Magazine, decades ago:

"Nope. I don't hate Jews. I don't hate homosexuals, socialists, or communists, either. Unlike my darling older brother Adolf, I don't hate anyone. What I hate is peace, always have and I always will."

"Okay, besides the obvious, what do you love, then?"

"I love war, each new one makes my heart flutter with anticipation for the mayhem that will surely ensue and the never-before-seen homicidal inventiveness employed. You see. I love to butcher people, regardless of who or what they are. If I'm unable to directly participate in the genocide, I love to repeatedly watch recordings of it. That's why I will always be a Nazi, because they are the eater of worlds, the apex warmongers. In The Party, I find my true purpose and my real family."

Blood Ties (TV series)

Sanguis Vinculis (TV series)

Blood Ties is a Canadian television series based on the *Blood Books* by Tanya Huff; the show was created by Peter Mohan. It is set in Toronto, Ontario and has a similar premise to an earlier series also set in Toronto, *Forever Knight*, in which a Vampire assists police in dealing with crime. It premiered in the United States on March 11, 2007 on Lifetime Television, and during fall of 2007 on City and Space in Canada. In May 2008, Lifetime declined to renew the series.

Blood Ties, set in Toronto, Ontario, centers on Christina Cox as Victoria “Vicki” Nelson, a former Toronto Police Service officer who left the force to become a private investigator after she begins to lose her eyesight, due to early-onset retinitis pigmentosa. Through her work she teams up with the 470-year-old Vampire, Henry Fitzroy, who happens to be the illegitimate son of Henry VIII. The mutual attraction between them is complicated by Vicki’s relationship with former partner and lover, Mike Celluci. In the beginning, Detective Celluci does not believe in the supernatural and thinks that Vicki is losing her mind along with her eyesight. Also, in the picture is Vicki’s assistant Coreen Fennel, who was hired because of her knowledge of the occult and to keep her quiet about Henry. Coreen is thoroughly enamored with both the occult and Henry, which can get her into trouble.

They are standing side by side. In fifteen minutes, a bell will ring, and students will rush in to occupy every desk.

This Gina Holden is dressed Goth Girl just like that Coreen Fennel from *Blood Ties*. Up until Mary disappeared, Gina was Mary’s teaching assistant.

Kirstjen surveys Mary’s classroom. A classroom she knows all too well. Back in the day, Kirstjen was Mary’s TA.

“I’ll completely understand if you choose another TA.”

“You’re such a bad liar. Stick to honesty.”

“What?!”

“You’re being polite. In point of fact, you would be deeply hurt if I picked another TA.”

“Am I that open a book?”

“Yep. Also, avoid playing poker, etc.”

“I do.”

“Good girl.”

From Gina's POV (point of view), Kirstjen shoves her hands into nothingness and pulls out a book. She flips through the book. Gina can see passages being written as if by an invisible hand on formerly blank pages. The distinctive, cursive handwriting is Mary's; Gina recognizes it, instantly.

"What the hell!"

"Not quite."

Kirstjen closes the book, when it stops writing, shoves the book back into nothingness, and draws her hands back. When Gina waves her hand through the air where Kirstjen returned the book, the TA can detect nothing.

"Not a pocket universe confluent with ours. Nothing that elaborate. I'm betting a simple optical illusion shrouded by an equally-basic avoidance spell. Akin to an illusionist's sleight of hand."

"Excellent. Continue."

"I only think I waved my hands through the air where the book is. In reality, I'm waving around it, which is why I can't detect the book. And, I'll bet if I walk through the same space where the book is...in reality, I'm walking around it without realizing it."

"Bravo."

"Your trick?"

"Yep. It's resting on a book stand. It will become public, visible to all, when Mary's adventure ends..."

"...Because she either finishes her quest or she dies trying."

"Exactly."

"The book is recording her journey, but that's only visible when you open the book?"

"Yep."

"You read the travelogue, so you know where she is?"

"Yep."

"Are you going to tell Ancient Mia?"

"If she asks me, I'm obligated to tell her. But. If she doesn't ask me, I don't have to volunteer my information."

"Who planned her trip?"

"I did."

"You're the travel agent, which means that the book must have 'told' you when she left."

"Yep."

“So, you knew as soon as she was missing and why.”

“Yep.”

“And if the High Council had assigned you her recovery?”

“But. They didn’t.”

The bell for class rings. Kirstjen slaps Gina on the back.

“No more Q&A. Time to teach.”

“One more, please.”

“Okay. I’ll indulge you, this one time.”

“How did you figure out the mojo with the book?”

“I read a book, silly dilly.”

Once a upon a time, back when she was a little girl, Kirstjen dreamed of growing up and becoming a research librarian. That’s before she caught the majick bug.

In Greek Mythology.

In mythologia Graeca.

The **Gorgons** were three **monsters** in Greek mythology, daughters of **Echidna** and **Typhon**, the mother and father of all **monsters** respectively. Their names were Stheno, Euryale, and the most famous of them, **Medusa**. Although the first two were immortal, **Medusa** was not. Weirdly, **Medusa** was also not considered the child of **Echidna** and **Typhon**, but of Phorkys and **Keto**. Their faces were hideous and their hair was venomous snakes. Anyone who would gaze into their eyes would be turned to stone instantly.

As a rule, feral Gorgon only assume human form when they have to. Otherwise, they stay in their native form. The vast majority of Gorgon are non-feral, and they spend most of their time looking human. Normally, ferals go native when they fuck. Non-ferals rarely go native when they fuck. Ferals prefer to fuck other ferals. Non-ferals prefer to fuck humans. Whether human-looking or native, Gorgon are always well-hung uncircumcised she-males and when they take humans as sex partners, those humans are always female.

As a rule, on the rare occasions when ferals take humans as sex partners it's after having transformed them into monsters akin to themselves and thus more to their liking. Known as "beautification" or the "beauty treatment," by Gorgon. Beauty being in the eye of the beholder, so to speak.

In human form, Gorgon resemble ugly, older women—skinny, with large pendulous tits that have big nipples (Kate Upton tits), and very pale complexions. Their preferred template in human guise is Klebb (i.e., Number 3). Klebb is basically a Mildred Huff with substitutions, mandatories, and the usual et cetera. Substitutions: flats in place of high-heels, a boned-cup horsehair bullet bra in place of a corselette, and a Kaye in place of a Koo. Mandatories: thicks, blonde Grune, and no panties. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to a face that is already ravaged and aged without any makeup applied.

Klebb is formally known as Colonel Rosa Klebb or simply Colonel Klebb. The fictional bulldyke KGB officer and the main antagonist from the James Bond 1957 novel and 1963 film "From Russia with Love"; aptly portrayed by veteran character actress Lotte Lenya in the movie. The personification of a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. This is Rosa Klebb. The name is a pun on the popular Soviet phrase for women's rights, *khleb i rozy* (Cyrillic: хлеб и розы), which in turn was a direct Russian translation of the internationally used labor union slogan "bread and roses."

In their true form (i.e., native), Gorgon have hideous faces, serrated teeth, killer tongues, maws that stretch from ear to ear, large pendulous tits that hang down to their waist, and motley-grey complexions. Three doggie tits, with the left and center ones ending in stringbean nipples and the

right one ending in a fanged maw ringed by a tri-claw in place of a nipple; technically, the right tit is a bloodsucking appendage equivalent to a leech, it's a moog. Pristine personal hygiene, even when their surroundings are filthy, smelly, and infested. Pearly-white teeth. Fresh breath, no matter what or whom they've eaten. From the waist down Gorgon have the body of serpent which ends in a rattler akin to that of a rattlesnake's. Venomous snakes for hair. Grey eyeballs, with no irises, and constricted red pupils—ghoulies. Claws for fingernails. Well-hung uncircumcised she-males. Klaw. A knob on the left side of the neck, which is arcane, but it doesn't identify them as war criminals and it isn't a subverted Borg implant, it's a racial akin to a species trademark.

Non-ferals are sentient. In contrast. Although ferals can carry on elaborate conversations with sentient beings and can be mistaken for learned individuals, while they are passing. Ferals are not sentient themselves. In native form, Gorgon make hissing sounds similar to that of the venomous snakes they have in place of hair, and they make other feral sounds that are just as base.

Not being very choosy. Gorgon eat anything and anybody, including another Gorgon. Everyone is the other white meat, so to speak.

Bias misleads most humans into thinking that ferals are the result of de-evolution. In fact, it's the non-ferals that are the regressions.

For a study in contrasts. Of late. Alone. Off campus. In privacy of Kirstjen's leased fleabag hotel room. During one of those chronic bouts of depravity that she "entertains," on select weekends—one of her infamous benders. Stoned on reanimation reagent, drunk on booze, and positively drowning in the further intoxication of debilitating BDD. Kirstjen has taken to the habit of degrading herself while wearing disfiguring thicks, plaintive makeup, blonde Grune, Parts, abrasive legcuffs, barbwire garters, a penis ball gag, and a cilice. For want of a better name, call this template *wack* or its past tense *wacked*.

One of her neighbors, a Gorgon, she suspects/hopes is also feral. In human female guise, this fifty-something bulldyke she-male spinster neighbor of hers does Klebb. The Full Monty. A boned-cup horsehair bullet bra. Half-slip. No panties. Flats. Kaye. Barbwire garters. Perls. Prudz. Cigarette purse gripping the waistband of the Kaye's skirt. Blonde grune. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to a face and neck that are already ravaged and aged without makeup. Lined trifocal thicks.

While doing Klebb, ferals identify themselves as male. This suspect-feral neighbor, who goes by the name of Michelle LaVaughn Robinson, prefers to be called "Mike." In the same vein of a bulldyke, Mike has ways, means, and mannerisms that are masculine, and is a misandrist. Mike's voice is deep and husky, for a woman. And, Mike walks with a pronounced lisp. On top of all that, Mike is bulldyke scary-looking in the vein of actress Tallulah Bankhead's Mrs. Trefoile character in the 1965 horror movie classic, *Cthulhu by H.P. Lovecraft* (also known as *Die! Die! My Darling!*) to the point of almost being a doppelganger for Mrs. Trefoile.

Mirroring her marriage to Judi, Kirstjen's relationship with Mike is more platonic than sexual, and the older woman is clearly the alpha. Kirstjen and Mike have fucked twice. The sex was incredible, both times. Certainly, the bee's knees; equal to but definitely not better than the absolute best that Kirstjen has ever had. Was Mike holding back? Or is Mike feral, that's as good as it gets with one of their kind, and it is total bullshit that "once you go feral, you never want to go back?!" Mike has never given her the so-called beauty treatment. And. To take it a step further, Kirstjen has only seen Mike go native once, and that was not during sex.

When they go out on a "date," Mike requires that Kirstjen go Klebb, the plaintive makeup making the comely thirty-something look like she's an unattractive fifty-something. This feeds Kirstjen's well-entrenched WoH and her craving for ugly. Klebb being even more Harpy-centric than Mildred Huff. Kirstjen and Mike out on a date, both doing Klebb, looking like an ugly middle-aged lesbian couple, which, for all intents and purposes, they are.

The Klebb that Kirstjen fronts is Mike's duplicate outfit. That includes the cigarette purse that Kirstjen carries; the fake ID in the purse is for a Jeri Ryan, Mike's fictional common-law wife who Kirstjen portrays when she wears this outfit. Out of the ordinary, for sure, but still not beyond the realm of what a non-feral might require of their human sex partner. Although it's more in line with what a feral would likely insist upon.

Furthermore. Where ferals and their human sex partners are concerned, insisting that their plus-ones do Klebb is normally a prelude to the beauty treatment. Yet, Mike has never broached the subject of Kirstjen getting a beauty treatment, although Mike has had Kirstjen do Klebb countless times. Supposedly, Gorgon use facehuggers as their third-party beauticians to apply the beauty treatment. Kirstjen has never seen Mike in the possession of any such third-party facial "implement."

Kirstjen's longshot hope? That Mike is feral and a God, which means all bets are off. In other words, Mike is an exception to the rules that apply to ferals and non-ferals. The Goddess will take Kirstjen and remake the girl to suit her tastes per her timetable.

Mental Floss

Persona

“The ultimatum game is an experimental economics game in which two parties interact anonymously and only once, so reciprocation is not an issue. The first player proposes how to divide a sum of money with the second party. If the second player rejects this division, neither gets anything. If the second accepts, the first gets their demand and the second gets the rest.”

“So, are we going out or do we stay in, or do you need me to flip a coin, because you can’t decide?”

Kirstjen is wearing a flamingo-themed bathrobe and flipflops, done in hot pink, retro-styled, straight out of the 1950s, and nothing underneath that robe but she and her Parts. Plaintive makeup ruins her face and neck. She’s chewing bubblegum. They’re in Mike’s apartment. Kirstjen is lounging in a chair, nonchalantly. Mike is doing Klebb and is standing in front of her close enough to reach out and touch, and is being very stern and serious, which is very Mike. What’s out of the ordinary, is the lesbian drama show. Mike’s severity has precluded that, up until now. This evening seems to be the exception, rather than the rule. Things have come to a boil.

“We’re going out, of course.”

“And?”

“To put it bluntly. This is as good as it gets.”

Kirstjen removes her thicks from a pocket of her robe and slips them on. She’s wearing her blonde hair in a Grune. The bi-gender tramp ensuring that Mike is even more distracted.

“As in?”

“The sex...you’ve had better. Correct?”

“Incorrect. I’ve had as good.”

“Same thing.”

“Not really.”

“You were expecting a transfixing experience that soundly eclipse, no, not soundly, because that wouldn’t be nearly enough for a swinger like you. You were expecting a transfixing experience that would exponentially eclipse any previous sexual experience of yours. Correct?”

Kirstjen pauses before responding. Being such a cock tease, she rolls her tongue in her mouth obscenely for effect.

“Correct.”

“Because you think/hope I’m feral, and you’ve heard that ferals are the gold standard for sex. The sex is mind-blowing that we have, it’s the bee’s knees, but it’s nothing better than the best you’ve had with others, including your husband Judi. Correct?”

“Correct. I want to see for myself if what they say is true about ferals.”

“Well, whether I’m feral or not is none of your business.”

“Fair enough.”

“I am a God, though.”

“Okay.”

“I have tried the beauty treatment on you, on several occasions. And not only did the facials not take, you didn’t even notice my attempts.”

“Oh.”

“It’s all bullshit what they say about us needing a third-party beautician to do it for us.”

“So. You being or not being a feral is off the table. The sex is as good as it gets. You’re a God. And. You’ve tried to transform me into something akin to you, but not only have your attempts failed. I didn’t even notice you trying.”

“Correct.”

“So, is this the big kiss off? We’re no longer a couple?”

“Of course not.”

“But?”

“Your husband doesn’t like ugly. You do.”

“I told you that from the git-go. So what?”

“The treatment means your face and neck without makeup would be ravaged and aged, just like mine, and you would be a real she-male, just like me.”

“And, if you had been successful, my Noom metapsychology would have eventually reversed the process.”

“No, it wouldn’t. You would be stuck that way, forever.”

“Okay.”

“Not okay with your husband. She’s been watching us, off and on.”

“Remote viewing?”

“Yes.”

“Slick. Undetectable unless you’re paying very close attention.”

“She has told me in no uncertain terms that if I had been successful and transformed you permanently into something more to my liking that I would have become extinct and you, well you would have no longer been of any ‘interest’ to her.”

“But you still want to play, ‘cause I’m more than worth the risk.”

Kirstjen opens her terrycloth robe, drapes her long silky legs over the arms of the chair, and begins to vigorously play with herself. In no time she’s sporting an erection.

“Yes, you’re worth it in spades.”

Mike drops her skirt and half-slip, exposing her own erection. Kirstjen leans forward anxiously and deep throats the Gorgon, and all the while never stops masturbating. Linda Lovelace would be positively green with envy.

Much later on. After all the fireworks are over. Mike reveals that she is feral. Then again, Kirstjen deduced as much. After all, who else but a feral or a human would risk extinction at the hands of a God for a piece of ass?

The Rachel

Quod Rachel

“So, I want it kind of rough and ready but like really shiny and smooth and kind of chin length but shoulder-draping lengthy and like straight but a bit curly and a crass golden blonde. Wait a minute let me get my *People Magazine* out!”

That was the conversation held in thousands of hair salons in the mid-1990s as women everywhere tried to describe a bouncy, shoulder-draping, square-layered hairstyle the “Rachel Cut” aka “The Rachel.” Named after and inspired by the hairdo of Rabbi Rachel Karen Green, the Jewish character played by actress Jennifer Aniston in the sitcom *Friends* which was then at the peak of its popularity. This definitive ‘90s hairstyle, the precursor to the “modern shag,” is at its core a layered, shag cut with a grown-out fringe, built upon a foundation of long, sleek, golden blonde tresses. Its layers bring out cheekbones and jawline, resulting in high cheekbones and a strong jawline. Its middle part, and the resulting cosmetically-smooth hairline, prevent the hairdo from obscuring the wearer’s face—the hairstyle keeps the hair hanging on the sides of the face—thus facial features are kept front and center. This is done without backcombing at the crown; backcombing at the crown creates volume and results in a smooth, rounded bouffant—e.g., the Grune. The Rachel, that mopp, is made to order for oblong faces, and is perfect when you want volume, but you don’t want a bouffant. Words to the wise, the lack of bangs means that the forehead is left exposed. It was the most popular hair fashion fad of the ‘90s and the envy of all women. It also inspired many a “just got out of bed” hair product, for example one of the originals *Tigi Bed Head*.

Alas. Too bad, so sad. Fashion icons come and go—fads transition into fashion faux pas. This once definitive hairdo is no longer considered hip. These days, the mopp, that Rachel is seen as just another dowdy outdated mop hairdo. Hence its contemporary moniker: mopp. Worse: in post-modern parlance, a mopp is as old fogey as strait hair—strait hair is hair worn let down into straight shoulder-draping tresses which fall on both sides of the wearer’s face, nothing more and nothing less, very plain hair that leaves the face exposed. Not even worth a Victoria’s/Victor’s Secret moment in *Vogue* magazine or *Cosmopolitan*. Yawn.

And. What is Aniston’s take on the milestone haircut?

It was smooth, full-bodied, and almost as much of a 1990s sensation as “*Friends*” itself, but Jennifer Aniston never cared for the haircut that became her signature look on that hit sitcom. And, she is not shy about revealing why.

“I’m not a fan of ‘The Rachel,’” she told *Glamour* magazine. “It’s kind of cringe-y for me.”

As for why she didn’t care for the ‘do that so many other women wanted, Aniston revealed that it was just too hard to maintain without professional help.

“Looking back, honestly, even during that time, I couldn’t do it on my own,” she said of the hairstyle. “I needed my hairstylist Chris McMillan attached to my hip. Left to my own devices, I am not skilled with a hairbrush and blow dryer, I don’t do magic, and I can’t do ‘features.’”

Well, that was three reasons she didn’t like it. In a 2011 interview with Allure magazine, she was a bit more direct.

“I think it’s the ugliest haircut I’ve ever seen,” she said.

And in 2013, when the radio hosts of “The Kyle and Jackie O Show” asked Aniston if she’d rather shave her head one time or wear “The Rachel” for the rest of her life, she didn’t hesitate with her answer.

“Shave my hair once, definitely!” she said.

“Long, natural-looking beachy waves,” she told Glamour. “That feels most like me.”

The Barber

Tonsor

“You have to dig deep to bury your father.”—old Gypsy proverb

“She’s a God and a feral.”

“You sound disappointed.”

“You don’t.”

Judi is naked, lounging in the bed. Kirstjen is doing an Alice Quinn, and is sitting in her assigned chair in the bedroom. Predictably, the girl is wearing thicks in place of thins. But. Is she also cheating?

“Are you cheating?”

“If you mean strapping? Yes. But. I’m not wearing any barbwire garters.”

“Show me.”

Kirstjen does as she’s told. She stands up, raises her skirt and half-slip, exposing that telltale bulge in the crotch of her panties, and then sits back down with her skirt and half-slip lowered when Judi motions for her to do so.

“Unsatisfied?”

“You know the answer to that question.”

“Yes, I do.”

“You’ll always crave gender-bending and ugly. Therefore. You’ll always crave for that Mildred Huff, the most. Which is a pity. Such a waste of prime yummy.”

From this bi-gender Alice to that bi-gender Marion or that bi-gender Mildred. A different hairdo, and Kirstjen is doing a Marion Crane. A different hairdo, barbwire garters, and plaintive makeup, and Kirstjen is doing a Mildred Huff. Alice and Marion have the same options. Mildred has no options, and thicks are mandatory.

“Do I displease you?”

“Never in bed.”

“Because in bed, I’m a complete and utter whore.”

Kirstjen’s template changes from Alice Quinn to Marion Crane. Same options. Therefore, only her hairdo changes. This is as much as the girl will push it with her husband.

A wanton husband who is wordlessly and politely expressing a need to be serviced in the marital way by her lustful, manipulative wife.

A heartless, conniving wife? Nope. A loving, conniving wife who heartlessly turns up the wick. She purses her eyeglasses and her Parts, as her Marion Crane gives way to an Elin Maria Pernilla Nordegren. An Elin Nordegren is indistinguishable from a Lindsey Vonn, irregardless of what anyone says. Kirstjen sheds her clothes as she walks teasingly over to the bed. When she reaches the bed, she has her way with her husband, every which way and loose.

Beknown to both of them. Standing in a corner. Employing a homemade personal cloaking device. Ejaculating into his underwear. A confirmed bachelor and renown misogynist. Watching two of his favorite recreational distractions go at it. Eugene Van Wingerdt aka Francis Alan Visser aka Anders Behring Breivik aka Fjotolf Hansen aka Andrew Berwick, whose alter ego is a serial killer known as The Barber. Racially, he's a Seraphim. Seraphim are the highest Angelic class. Even though he's First Order, he's still a kludge. Supernatural society has its strict hierarchy, and everyone and everything has its place, and is expected to adhere to it.

Eugene's weapon of choice is the same as Simon's which is the same as the infamous Jack the Ripper. He's yet to decide who will be the next to taste his blade and who will be the last victim in this his latest series. Once the series is over, he'll move on, lay low, and then start another series on a different world in another universe. He's lost count of how many times he has done this, but he never tires of it.

Yes. Judi is a God. Yes. Kirstjen is a Noom. Could he, a First Order, take them? Yes. Would he? No. Why not? Ask him. He does kill supernaturals, from time to time, so he's not a virgin to their demise, but it's humans he mostly hunts; that speaks to his personal preference and not to any limitations on his part, after all, he has slayed Gods, and Gods are at the top of the food chain. Homicide to genocide. A two-legged killing machine. For him, an Angel of the highest rank, it's just another day at the office, as they say. And, he'd be the first to tell you that anyone and anything can be bagged, and that includes him—there's no such thing as unkillable.

Homicide is my Viagra

Caede et morte hominum est Viagra

Bone Daddy. Confused butcher wannabe doctor. You're no Angel. Your name is Angel. Simon Angel. You're sick in the head. You've just said as much. You're a psychopath who thinks he's a bloody Angel. What a laugh. You're a loser. A joke. A bed wetter with a knife who's incapable of getting it on with a woman like a normal man. Impotent cur. Homicide is your Viagra. Without it you can't get hard. Stay out of my way, kludge, or you'll be the bitch who is got.

Bring it, old man! Or stay out of my way. And, by the way, I got wood whenever I please. I fuck plenty of chicks, unlike you. I'm the badass Angel here, who's also a Monkey, and I'm ready to kick your ass up and down the block. Put up or shut up. Now, who's the bitch of whom?!

Victims #5 and #6

I plunge the blade of my Liston knife into the side of her neck. Its point and a considerable hunk of its shiny blade exiting the opposite side of her throat, slicing through trachea and esophagus, lacerating but not severing her spine, killing her outright. Hazel Carter, the only daughter of a standing senator of the Martian Democratic Republic. The drunken junkie whore, who has been a constant source of embarrassment for her rich, politically-powerful father, is dead.

With a deft flick of my educated wrist, I slash open the throat of the female Secret Service agent, before she can draw her sidearm. Again, slicing through a victim's trachea and esophagus. Again, down to but not through a victim's spine. Again, lacerating but not severing a victim's spine.

I disembowel both of my victims, followed by some hasty, yet intense and quite considerable, postmortem mutilation that would paint Jack or Jane the Ripper positively green with envy. By the time the rest of Hazel's security detail breaches the ladies' room, I'm long gone, leaving no trace of my route of egress.

Victims #7 and #8

He struggles against his restraints as if that is going to make a difference. Naked. He's tied securely to that which I'm using in the service of a dissection table.

The long slender blade feels feather light in my hand. Shiny and deadly. Familiar. My deadly old friend. An oversized scalpel. Well suited for vivisection. Specific for surgical amputation. It's overkill for my uses.

It slices open his left leg lengthwise along the shinbone from just below the knee to just above the ankle. As if it was filleting a tender cutlet. A splay, also known as an old-fashioned, the preferred blade of a Ripperphile. Formally the Liston.

The Liston knife is a type of knife used in surgical amputation. The knife was named after Robert Liston a Scottish surgeon noted for his skill and speed in an era prior to anesthetics, when speed made a difference in terms of pain and survival. The knife was made out of high-quality metal and had a typical blade length of 6-8 inches. Surgical amputation knives came in many styles and changed very much between 1840 and the American Civil War. These changes reflect changes in techniques used by the surgeons and makers of surgical knives during the period.

Amputation blades from the 18th century to the 1840s are generally known for their distinctive "down" curving blades. By 1870, amputation blades had become straighter, and more closely resembled the "Liston" European style. Since the Crimean war ended in 1856, it is likely the American Civil War that had a greater impact on the long slender blade style than the actual Dr. Liston. The dedicated task of amputation may be more responsible for the Liston title than any specific design.

It is noted by collectors that the handles on earlier knives (pre-1850) are of a much bigger and heavier construction.

The majority of the history of amputation blade evolution is referenced from the medical textbook "Handbook of Surgical Operations," U. S. A. Medical Department, 1863, written during the Civil War by Stephen Smith, M.D., with various drawings from the medical literature credited to Bourgerie & Jacob.

I digress. Back to the here and the now.

Blood. So much blood. His screams fill the room. No one can hear him but me though. I get hard. I jism in my pants. I get all warm and sticky down there. Tibias. Tibias. I love tibias.

Make the Monkey suffer. Make the Monkey scream.

The drugs I've pumped him full of will prevent him from going into shock and dying on me prematurely. Other drugs he's being infused with will keep away infection. Not that he will last that long. They never do. Nifty cocktail he's been given by yours truly.

Resection? I always start with the left leg. Then, the right foot. The skull is last. They never get to die until I say so.

And, best of all, the fun doesn't end when they perish.

Nope. It doesn't. I fuck 'em when they're dead. Over and over again. Until I tire of doing so. The fun ends when I say so. That's when the fat lady sings.

I unzip my pants and masturbate on him. Rubbing my dick in his wound. I will fuck him in the ass later after the Monkey bitch has sucked me off and gotten me hard again. I love fucking a virgin anus. It's so very tight and unknown.

The Monkey bitch is his wife, of course. I took them both. Two for the price of one. In the next room. Door shut. Out of sight, but not out of mind. Just like he is, she is naked and trussed up, and drugged up on a "makeshift" that's been pressed into service as a dissection table. Ergo: Her dire predicament is identical to his.

I've only had a little time with her. I might as well rape her too since I'm in the mood for backdoor. She's no backend virgin though. Too bad.

After I've iced him, she'll get my undivided attention. She'll pay in spades for being one of those haughty feminist career bitches, just like he Mr. Mom, the stay-at-home dad, her enabler paid for supporting her. I'm gonna make sure that she gets what's coming to her. She should have stayed at home and had babies just like women are supposed to. Barefoot. Pregnant. And, subservient to her man. To be seen and not heard.

Gated Subdivision

Gated Subdivisio

Jesus (c. 4 BC – c. AD 30 / 33), also referred to as **Jesus of Nazareth** or Jesus Christ, was a first-century Jewish preacher and religious leader. He is the central figure of Christianity. Most Christians believe he is the incarnation of God the **Son** and the awaited Messiah (the Christ) prophesied in the Old Testament.

What is Jesus's real name in Hebrew? The name יֵשׁוּעַ “Yeshua” (transliterated in the English Old Testament as Jeshua) is a late form of the Biblical **Hebrew name** יְהוֹשֻׁעַ Yehoshua (Joshua), and spelled with a waw in the second syllable. The Late Biblical **Hebrew** spellings for earlier **names** often contracted the theophoric element Yeho- to Yo-.

Why do we call Jesus *Jesus*? The name Jesus is derived from the Hebrew name *Yeshua*, which is based on the Semitic root y-š-ḥ (Hebrew: יָשַׁע), meaning “to deliver; to rescue.” *Yeshua*, and its longer form, Yehoshua, were both in common use by Jews during the Second Temple period and many Jewish religious figures bear the name, notably Jesus in the New Testament, and Joshua in the Hebrew Bible.

When Jesus Christ made his appearance, that changed everything. Those who wished to still believe in the Old Gods left this world to continue their preferred worship in the worlds beyond The Event Horizon. Such was the basis of the segregation into their Ancient World and our so-called Modern World.

Civilizations in the Ancient World are just as technologically advanced as those in the Modern World, and, with the notable exceptions of the Asgard Confederacy and the Replicator Empire, their tech is entirely Goa'uld based. The Goa'uld, thought to be long-ago extinct by the Modern World, are alive and well in the Ancient World, and they have their own empire.

The rank-and-file of the Ancient World's human militaries are supplemented with mercenaries that are those human-appearing robots, the Replicators. Again, it's the Asgard who are a notable exception to this practice of using of Replicators as military supplements.

On Library business. Upon crossing the Event horizon. Her mopp gives way to a crane, that outdated '60s hairdo worn by Marion Crane the lead character in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960) as played by actress Janet Leigh. Her Lindsey Vonn has given way to that imploded Zfd, namely a Marion Crane, another expression of a Noom gone SLOOTH—another expression of this girl with the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of a Kyrsten Sinema. Eyeglasses either thick or thins, Parts, and barbwire garters are optional for a Marion Crane. For this outing, Kirstjen exercises all three options, and choosing the wearing of thick-readers, resulting in her transformation into a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. Her accent is unchanged, and thus it is not the cultured Manhattan dialect used by Janet Leigh for Leigh's movie portrayal of

Marion Crane. With this template, it's that discerning lesbian etiquette, when Parts are worn, by a doll.

Hollywood Hair 1960. Janet Leigh (born Jeanette Helen Morrison) has one of the most casual, attractive hairdos in Hollywood today—a hairdo known colloquially as the *crane*, since her movie role as Marion Crane in *Psycho*. Her hair is cut short in shaggy petals which she sets quickly and easily in rows of pin curls. To add height to her hair, she rolls the top and sides on small rollers (under, as for a pageboy, and tight to her head). When she takes out the pins and curlers she brushes like mad, then she finger-combs her hair into its soft looking, tousled pattern. So, chic.

The skinny, ugly, buxom, eighty-something Sumerian nun, dressed in a religious habit, walks over to the girl. Envious and petty, Number Nine is the one who “branded” Kirstjen with a knob at the behest of the two Goddesses Inanna and Ereshkigal. But she has her own ulterior motives for seeing to it that she was the one who greeted the girl.

“Long time no see, Number Nine.”

“Yes, it has been a long time, Seven-of-Nine.”

On this side of The Event, Kirstjen is Seven-of-Nine, a novice nun of the Sumerian Religious Order. It is an honorary title. She's not a member of the Religious Caste.

It was Number Nine who requested that Kirstjen change into a Marion Crane, with all the fixings, upon making the crossing. Kirstjen complied, of course. The girl is well aware that the nun has an unhealthy fixation on her, a fixation aptly expressed in the nun name chosen for her by Number Nine.

“I like you best doing a Mildred Huff.”

“My husband doesn't. She gave me strict instructions that a fully-optioned Marion Crane is as far as I can go for you.”

“Too bad.”

“She's watching.”

“Remotely?”

“Of course.”

“Remember: on this side of the Event, she sees what we want her to see. Which means that the two of us could cheat, just like you did with me before.”

“Nope, not this time. Not ever again.”

“Never say never.”

Kirstjen's fuze feverishly burns and itches. The girl becomes stiff and silent, and removes her glasses, they now hang around her neck via their eyeglass chain. Number Nine heavily applies

plaintive makeup to Kirstjen's face and neck. Kirstjen slips her glasses back on. Marion Crane gives way to a Mildred Huff. Wearing this disfiguring makeup is always paired with her suffering from a particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD, and, as such, during this triggered full-blown psychotic episode, Kirstjen's memories get extensively rewritten so that she now believes that she's not just fronting an ugly template and that she really looks this way all of the time.

Bottomline. A Kirstjen who, as long as she's doing Mildred Huff, is sexually insatiable and clinically insane.

"That's better." Number Nine covetously strokes the girl's coopted, inflamed fuze. "From now on, you will carry on your business on this side as my Seven-of-Nine doing a Mildred Huff."

Unspoken, of course, is the command that Kirstjen will do a Mildred Huff when she crosses over, and she will know herself only as Number Seven belonging to Number Nine. Her transformation will have no effect on the carrying out of her business-related tasks. Just before she returns to the Modern World, she'll revert back to Kirstjen and front a Lindsey Vonn.

As Number Seven, she will be Number Nine's drone, the nun's submissive. She will speak only when spoken to, and she will keep her verbal communications to the bare minimum. Number Seven will speak in a robotic monotone, and refer to herself in the third-person plural, and referring to Number Nine as her Queen. Of course, Number Nine is only a local Borg Queen and thus is not the Borg Queen. In a past life, the nun was Nancy Pelosi, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

Number Nine's party turns out to be short-lived. Kirstjen breaks the nun's enchantment by sheer force of will and reverts to type, spoiling everything. Seven-of-Nine is no longer Number Seven belonging to Number Nine. Much to the consternation of the powerful magician and sorceress, Number Nine.

"A hidden agenda is one thing, but to blatantly disregard my husband's mandate and turn me into your sex slave so that you can rape me at will, is another matter, entirely."

The nun steps back. Kirstjen is more than a little annoyed, an expression worn menacingly by her hard, makeup-ravaged face.

In a last-ditch effort to salvage her thwarted attempt at enslavement of the girl, Number Nine tries autosuggestion via a postinduction spell.

"I'm metal, and you're meat, know your place, whore."

Kirstjen "hears" a faint buzzing in her ears, which she summarily dismisses.

"A whore who swings at his/her own bidding, is just that, a swinger not a whore-for-hire."

Number Seven's response shows that Number Nine's subliminal attempt has fallen flat on its face.

"So be it."

Number Nine gestures, arcanelly. Kirstjen's plaintive makeup is removed and replaced with Bolshoi-bare. Furthermore, the girl's Mildred Huff gives way to a Lindsey Vonn and not a Marion Crane with all the fixings, which is the girl's doing.

"Don't try that again."

"Or what?"

"I'll spare you finding out, this time."

"You still haven't answered my question."

"You noticed, that's an improvement, already."

The tense moment passes, as Number Nine decides that discretion is the better part of valor and that she shouldn't push the point. But she won't give up trying to find that chink in her Number Seven's armor, and exploiting it.

"Looks like I'll be beating off at someone else's expense."

"Looks like."

But, while she was rattling around in Kirstjen's head, during the submission attempt, Number Nine gleaned a heretofore unused subversion. Her Number Seven as a Kellyanne Elizabeth Conway doing a Bizarro on social media. The girl flaunting a fit frame in a barely-there gray two-piece, strapping Parts which bulged in the crotch of tiny bikini bottoms, prudz, wurms. Yanking down string bikini bottoms to reveal lower waist tattoos—the tattoos were temporary and arcane, and akin to the Meth tattoos used by tweakers. Krazed. Bizarre makeup heavily applied to the girl's face and neck giving the girl a feral addiction-ravaged appearance. Wild-eyed, possessed. Wearing a giant diamond choker and displaying Bizarro's trademark black eyeliner all over the girl's face—that's a yes to long, tousled, and somewhat messy hair, resulting in a sexy and a somewhat intensely-maniacal appearance as if the girl were a crazed dominatrix akin to Kellyanne Conway's alter ego, in a word, fiendish.

Mildred Huff, out. Involuntary, out. Maybe, the girl voluntarily doing Bizarro Kellyanne Conway, Ms. Conway's alter ego, a Dox, is Number Nine's backdoor into the girl becoming her mindless wanton Borg drone sex toy.

There's something else. In spite of Kirstjen's jailbreak. Number Nine can sense the girl's underlining need. Kirstjen's underlining craving to be that fusion of Mildred Huff and Bizarro Kellyanne Conway—exemplified by bizarre makeup overlaying plaintive makeup, both makeups heavily-applied to face and neck, and krazed yellow-blonde hair liberally-streaked with grey and white—Bizarro Seven-of-Nine, a Number Seven belonging to Number Nine, who is a sexually insatiable and clinically insane Borg drone. But, in order for that transformation to be successful, Kirstjen must voluntarily submit to this complete and utter subjugation of her psyche. This is the very same possessed gender-bending characterization, thwarted by the studio bosses, which Kirstjen wanted to portray with her Angela Holmes character in that two-movie series.

The mark of the Beast

Characterem bestiae et

BICC. Barcode in lieu of money, credit card, debit card, cash, personal check, or any other physical media historically used in monetary transactions. Usually scripted on the inside of the left forearm. Scanning the barcode electronically adds or subtracts amounts from the associated bank account, as applicable. The cashless society, based upon digital currency, is here. The first BICC came out of China's Digital Yuan Project.

"The studio execs, those hacks, put the kibosh on a Bizarro Angela Holmes."

"Why, pray tell?"

"They thought that it was too Indie independent film-ish for mainstream horror audiences."

"In other words, too 'dirty girl' to sell."

"Yep. And they were right."

"The studios make movies to make money."

"And I wanted to make a couple of masturbation flicks, with pervs like myself as the target audience. A very niche audience, to say the least. No upside, whatsoever, for the studios involved."

"During my abortive subjugation attempt of you, I glimpsed your needy."

"My Bizarro Seven-of-Nine?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about my concept, that backdoor you'll try to exploit into a Bizarro Seven belonging to you?"

Number Nine sees no reason to deny her intended deceit. Besides, to do otherwise would be very foolish on her part.

"Not rape. You'll voluntarily submit."

"Answer my question, please."

"The template makes you look too skinny and too sketchy, for my taste. Nor do I care for the unkempt geriatric blonde hair."

"Nonetheless, you still wouldn't hesitate to possess me that way?"

"Wouldn't hesitate a bit."

No chairs. Not a place to sit. No bed. Made only for standing. There stands Kirstjen across from Number Nine, in Number Nine's quarters in the convent. The girl is wearing the barely-there grey snakeskin two-piece she wore in social media, strapping Parts which bulge in the crotch of her tiny bikini bottoms, giant diamond choker, prudz, and wurms. Arcane Meth tattoos are stenciled on the dildo harness of the Parts. Kirstjen is still doing a Lindsey Vonn. Technically, the girl can do a Bizarro Seven without violating her husband's edict, but that's clearly splitting hairs by violating the spirit of the restriction without violating its letter. The girl steadfastly refuses to give into her deepest darkest cravings to be Bizarro Seven, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One, that deranged, depraved, sexually-bent robot.

EXO: self-aware, form-fitting, AI-powered suit of armor. Snug, ballistic protection from a "smart" wearable that is akin to a hi-tech militarized scuba driver's gloved-and-booted wetsuit. Made of a flexible plasticine polymer that looks and feels like neoprene; a material formally-known as antiballistic-neoprene, and colloquially-known as neoprene as if it were "regular" non-antiballistic neoprene. As such, the wearer (aka the driver) looks like they've been dipped in liquid rubber, from the neck down. A seamless fusion of rubber gloves, boots, and wetsuit, resulting in full one-piece coverage, from the neck down—i.e., an antiballistic catsuit. In the Ancient World, soldiers of Genghis Kahn's Mongolian Empire wore satin as ballistic protection against arrows.

Corselette, also corselet: A corselette is, figuratively, the seamless fusion of a cleavage-enhancing bullet bra and a restrictive girdle corset with 6 suspenders. By default, a corselette is adjusted to rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist that was preferred by Victorian Era ladies and by Finnish TV "Beatnik Ghoul Girl" and cult siren Vampira. Vampira made the Victorian Era fashion appliance popular again in contemporary fashion and is credited as making its satin variation a must-have staple in haute couture. This underwear is a textured biomechanical "living device," in its fetish and antiballistic applications.

A "living" corselette. Woven, technically grown, from carbon fiber. It has a second-skin fit, and, in spite of being as flexible as satin, it still has the same trademark "woven" texture of "regular" carbon fiber.

Number Nine is clad in the sleek cleavage-baring black EXO of a Borg Queen. Skintight plasticine exoskeleton that looks like its glued to her body. She looks like she's been dipped in liquid rubber, from the neck down. Worn underneath is a white living biomechanical antiballistic corselette. Profane and hideous, and sexy too. The outfit showcases top heavy, wasp waist, leggy. There is no large bulge in the crotch of the EXO to showcase that this she-male is well-hung. EXO, regardless of its origin or persuasion, is tailored to mask the crotch, even if you're literally hung like a horse—no camel toe. This results in a gender-neutral crotch, in effect neutering the wearer, and thus it easily and completely conceals Number Nine's gender-bending bulge.

The artificially exaggerated curves of the bullet bra of the corselette gives the wearer's bosom that sexy "missile" look, resulting in an especially voluptuous chest and profound, thought-

provoking cleavage. In other words, projectile breasts. In this case, contemporary projectile breasts—“modern” tense.

Contemporary projectile? Modern tense? The bullet-shaped bra cups have blunt tips instead of the pointed tips of iconic 1950s-1960s retro style bullet bra cups. Only rounded bazooka holsters need apply.

Torpedo bras go perfectly, hand-in-glove, with skintight EXO. This pairing of skintight EXO and bullet bra is dubbed the “pointy look”; a term still applied even when the bra cups are rounded instead of pointed.

The longline open-bottom girdle corset rigidly enforces Christian Dior’s “New Look,” a Neo-Victorianism which persists to the present day, with no end in sight.

There are two Borg alcoves—the expected biomechanical monstrosities. One is for a drone, has been heavily-modified, and is heretofore unused, and the other one is the well-used central alcove of a Borg Queen. Upon stepping into this central alcove, Number Nine is disrobed and disassembled: sections of her body (legs, torso, and arms) are stored below the floor, while the head, shoulders, and spinal column are stored in an area above ground level. The actual storage area resembles that of the reigning Borg Queen in *Unimatrix Zero*.

As a member of cloistered nuns. Number Nine spends much of her time in her “lair” with her head and spinal column residing in her special alcove. When she emerges, the storage reassembles her into a body that is predominantly artificial—her arms, legs, and torso are entirely synthetic, while her head and shoulders are organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants. Pallor. Her chalky, pale grey complexion is the norm for Borg. The storage also clothes her assembled, naked body.

Profound differences supersede the technological specifics of a “pure” artificial being versus an organic being who has been hybridized with a prosthetic body and cybernetic implants. A robot versus a robotoid. Robotics versus cybernetics. Mech versus biomech. The Holy Grail of robotics versus the Holy Grail of biomechanics.

Number Nine exclusively refers to Kirstjen as Number Seven. And, tellingly, Kirstjen doesn’t object. Number Nine has offered Kirstjen the use of the drone alcove for a bed. Kirstjen refuses. The girl intends to sleep on the floor, instead. In spite of her cravings, Kirstjen doesn’t not give into her temptation to “plug” into the drone alcove, that first step of a descent into the madness of becoming Number Nine’s Bizarro Seven. But. Bit by bit, Number Nine is chipping away at her resolve. By Number Nine’s way of thinking, it’s a question of when, not if, Kirstjen willingly and willfully capitulates.

On Number Nine’s wish list. Shades of Margot Robbie as Harley Quinn in *Suicide Squad* (2016). The black gloves and boots of a Borg Queen in place of the girl’s prudz and wurms. And, black seamless fishnet tights worn over the girl’s bikini bottoms, baring her midriff and yet somehow enforcing a 17-inch wasp waist as if they were HiRISE tights.

In the here and the now. No Borg Queen gloves and boots. No fishnet tights of a Borg Queen's personal drone. Therefore. No Bizarro Seven with these Harley Quinn influences.

By the end of the day. Kirstjen is asleep on the floor, and Number Nine is naked and disassembled in her central alcove. Number Nine plots. Maybe her own greed is thwarting her ambitions. Forgo the thick-readers, plaintive makeup, and geriatric blonde hair. Keep the Harley Quinn overtones, and the girl might just fall for that version of Bizarro Seven and the girl's husband hopefully would have no grounds for objection.

Additionally. While wearing Parts, that portion of Kirstjen's body is rendered prosthetic. Likewise, if she were wearing Borg gloves and boots, and those fishnet tights. In effect that Harley Quinn version of Bizarro Seven, would be almost as prosthetic as Number Nine. In other words, that version of Kirstjen would be metal, not meat. That entire outfit, including her bikini, are so-called smart clothes (smartwear), therefore all of the wearables are self-cleaning (in hygiene mode) and self-repairing, just like Borg EXO. As such, there's scant need for her to ever remove such an outfit.

Take it a step further. Also forgo the krazed. The result is Kirstjen as Number Seven doing a Vonn with Harley Quinn/Bizarro undertones. Voila! This is the robotgirl Number Seven that the girl would surely fall for and the girl's husband would surely love. Once she succumbs, Kirstjen would subvert to this Number Seven, automatically, whenever she came to this side of The Event.

As this Number Seven. No facial expressions, whatsoever. Totally unemotive.

As this Number Seven. Speaking in a mind-numbing monotone—cold and clinical, borderline frigid—a robotic monotone with undertones of madness.

As this Number Seven, she will be Number Nine's dedicated drone, the nun's submissive. Speaking only when spoken to, and keeping her verbal communications to the bare minimum. Referring to herself in the third-person plural, and referring to Number Nine as her Queen.

As the girl enters REM sleep, it is the notion of this Number Seven that Number Nine introduces into the girl's dreams. In a word: diabolical.

Number Nine goes into standby mode. The girl shifts the narrative, just a tad, and puts her own final stamp on this notion of a Number Seven that Number Nine has introduced into her dreams.

In place of a Borg Queen's gloves? Black shoulder length Italian kid gloves, by Solo Classe.

In place of a Borg Queen's boots? Either. Goth girl mid-calf boots, by Karin Luna; color: black. Or. The Demoniac-brand women's Emily-357B, in black; an ankle boot with an attached cage-style black anodized leg brace minus the trademark cone spikes and arcane heart ring details on the leg brace of an Emily-357A—i.e., authentic post-Polio leg braces. Either of these platform boots (the Karin Luna or the Demoniac) will up the ante for Punk, Cosplay, or Goth. But. The Emily-357B: duplicates the boots worn by SHE, The Monster, Doctor Frankenstein's first monster, the full-fledged gender-fluid she-male one.

The Emily-357B, with such a nefarious pedigree: very disturbing, indeed. But. Whether it's the Karin Luna or the Demonia. Steampunk boots coupled with that cornerstone of naughty, a high waist A-line pleated and black-and-white (i.e., B&W) plaid miniskirt, by Chouyatou, that looks like it belongs to the uniform of a Catholic schoolgirl. Of course, by the nature of what it is, the brief skirt still gives off whiffs of underage schoolgirl, in spite of it being worn by an adult. Also, by Chouyatou, a perfectly-shaping black snakeskin uniform blazer—vintage stand collar, front double-layered zipper closure, long sleeves with zip slits—the slim fit waist-tighten design makes the wearer in a perfect shape—zippers so well hidden that the garment appears to be one piece even upon the closest of inspection. That grey snakeskin two-piece barely-there bikini, by Victoria's Secret, from Kirstjen's social media outings. Black fishnet tights; seamless hosiery, by Ghostcat, which bare her midriff and yet somehow enforce a 17-inch wasp waist, as if they were HiRISE tights, that would be the envy of any Victorian Era lady. Giant diamond choker, by Etsy, from that fashion brand's extremely popular Big Diamond Choker Collection. Basically, a Vonn template, gone hardcore fetish, with Harley Quinn/Bizarro undertones. And akin to a Borg's EXO, an outfit that looks like it's glued to its wearer. Buxom, slender, and leggy. Neither too skinny nor too sketchy. Plus. Why not, long silky golden tresses braided into tight long silky pigtails? Why not, indeed. A Vonn's very adult mopp or a hairdo that isn't just for the underage, a double-Dutch braid. Now, that would be a sight, indeed. Not to mention a preference for being called Seven-of-Nine, or some permutation of that, instead of her given name. Now. That's. A Number Seven to draw to.

B&W-plaid. Black-and-white plaid. The K6960 COBALT HOUNDSTOOTH premium quality antiballistic fabric by KOVI Fabrics features Herringbone Houndstooth “plaid.”

Gloves and boots are faux pu leather. The blazer and two-piece bikini are faux pu snakeskin. Faux pu leather and snakeskin that look and feel just like the real thing. The snakeskin finish in question is that of the python reticulatus reticulated python—the snakeskin finish of the black full bodysuit worn by the evil clone of Mrs. Emma Peel in the 1998 movie *The Avengers* starring a blonde Uma Thurman in the dual roles of Mrs. Peel and Mrs. Peel's evil clone Number Seven.

Shades of a blonde Rose the Hat, as portrayed by actress Rebecca Ferguson, in **Doctor Sleep (2019)**.

Sometime during Number Nine's sleep cycle, she hears a woman shriek: “Yes!!!” Number Nine smiles from ear to ear, literally. It's the girl screaming.

Formally: the Emily-357B. Colloquially: dikes. Platform ankle boots: thick, clunky lug soles and heels with a “block” thread pattern. Female footwear that's more akin to work boots than fashion statements. Goth. Fetish. Lesbo. Miss Handcock. Bulldyke. Age inappropriate for a grown woman who's thirty-something.

What about the Emily-357C, the so-called Anne Hathaway, Catwoman, variant from *The Dark Knight Rises*? Also worn by HER, The Second Monster, Doctor Frankenstein's second monster, the mid-transition gender-fluid she-male one. An Emily-357C is an Emily-357B but with a

pointed elongated closed-toe just like a carey and a 5-inch stiletto heel with a platform sole. In other words, they're an extreme fetish expression of the Demoniac rethought. Formally: the boots of The Second Monster, Doctor Victor Frankenstein's second monster. Colloquially: Hathaways or Catwoman boots. Vintage fetish boots.

What SHE said

Quæ dixit

A fully-clothed Number Seven is plugged into her alcove. Unlike her Queen's alcove, her alcove will not automatically disrobe her before she is plugged in. The robotgirl is expressionless. A blank slate. Looking as if she's been lobotomized. A cold fish in and out of bed? Looking straight ahead, her empty unblinking blue eyes stare off mindlessly into space. Occasionally her eyes will fluoresce different colors, some very bright hues and some just as subdued, as she, via the Borg's Hive Mind, receives seemingly-endless firmware updates or she performs various tasks that she has been assigned by either her local Borg Queen (Borg Queen Nine) or the Borg Queen (Borg Queen One) who reigns over The Collective from Unimatrix Zero One.

Hive Mind transmissions are in an encrypted trinary known as Q-Language. Not just the 1s and 0s of binary code. The on, off, and maybe of Quantum computing, and it is proprietary to the Borg. Transmission latency? The same as for subspace communications—none. Transmissions are instantaneous, regardless of the distance between caller and called. Packet loss? Again, none.

When a Borg is linked into the Hive Mind, their individuality is suppressed. They are said to be “woke,” and in effect they are a mindless automaton. This results in their complete and utter enslavement. A subjugation that is akin to an addiction (i.e., OCD) in its affectations. After the connection to the Hive Mind is severed, whether it's a drone, a local Queen, or the Borg Queen herself, the euphoria that follows is one that the Borg doesn't want to ever end. Then comes the inevitable crash. During which the recently disconnected Borg is comparable to a strung-out junkie craving that next fix from their drug pusher. In a brief span of time, which to the Borg seems to last forever, they go from the highest high to the lowest low to normal. Borg call it, “riding the Q.” When RTQ is done as a pastime activity, it can last for hours, and on occasion results in an overdose and death. A Borg initiates recreational RTQ by looping the Hive Mind, which is why it's called “doing loops” or simply “looping.”

A Number Seven jacked into the Hive Mind is a buxom two-legged calculator. A Number Seven who has yet to do loops, and render herself “Cab Calloway's Minnie the Moocher kickin' the gong around.”

The women's fashion equivalent of that in-your-face Kronk gym style? Almost.

Karin Luna or Demonia? Demonia, of course. As if Number Seven is a sequel to Doctor Frankenstein's Monster, SHE. Grotesque footwear that detracts from her long, flawless legs, and by doing so, in effect, disfigures them. Mopp or Dutch pigtail braids? Neither. Number Seven is sporting a Grune—that severe, outdated, very becoming hairdo. Long, straight, golden tresses framing a hardlooking face that would be pretty as well if she were not wearing disfiguring thick-readers. Again, shades of The Monster.

Her poker straight hair is not simply let down without any styling. It's worn sleek with lift like a bit of backcombing at the crown to achieve a smooth, rounded bouffant. The outdated hairdo is called a *Liz Grune*, or *Grune* for short. It was made vogue by actress Dominique Boschero who wore it as Liz Grune in the Agent 077 euro-spy movies *Secret Agent Fireball* (1965) and *Killers are Challenged* (1966).

A not unforeseen side effect. Beyond her existing cravings for gender fluidity and the “ugh” of ugly. Beyond her existing practice of corporal mortification—the atonement for sins and for pleasure through self-flagellation and the cilice. Beyond her lurid experiments with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating. Among devotees, and she's quite the devotee, it's known as “choking the chicken.” Previously into disfigurement and self-mutilation as means to an end, she now sees them as ends in and of themselves. Very twisted, very sick needs of a very sexual nature.

An unforeseen side effect. Way beyond the wickedest flavor of BDD. As Number Seven she suffers from an extreme version of a mental illness known as the Whoopi Goldberg Syndrome (WGS). WGS? In a nutshell, Number Seven is the ugly girl trapped in the pretty girl's body. And in identifying as ugly, she loathes beautiful people and craves to punish them for being beautiful. To mitigate some of her own self-loathing, since she is, after all, beautiful herself, she makes herself as unattractive as she's allowed to be. She also punishes herself for being so very beautiful. Whoopi Goldberg, of course, is an extremely unattractive celebrity who is quite vocal about loathing beautiful people, and advocates that they should all be punished for being beautiful and then transformed into ugly people using disfigurement. “Make them as ugly as I am!!!” Whoopi preaches.

From a mental health point of view. In a blatant case of the eternal snake forever eating its own endless tail. Foreseen side effect feeding upon and unforeseen side effect. Eventually, Number Seven's mind will short-circuit and she'll experience a complete meltdown. She'll end up suffering from the same particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD, as if she were wearing plaintive makeup. As a result, Number Seven will see her entire appearance as being flawed, and her memories will get extensively rewritten so that she will only remember herself as always being ugly—pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Blind and amnesiac to her own beauty whether she's wearing her thick-readers or not, she will be, for all intents and purposes, “ugly.” Point of no return?

Number Seven wearing her thick-readers is the rule. Hanging around her neck by their chain and resting upon her ample bosom, is the exception. Wearing the glasses, of course, ravages and ages her comely looks. Rendering her unattractive and much older looking—the girl wearing the Coke-bottle eyeglasses who no normie would bother to give a second look. The young, smoking-hot chick with the banging body who's hiding in plain sight. Worst, as Number Seven, wearing the thick-readers, equates to the same affectations as wearing plaintive makeup when she's not Number Seven. The Coke-bottle-eyeglass-wearing thirty-something who is easily mistaken for

that fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty who's dressed way too young and Steampunk for her age. Hers becomes the face of someone who has, over the course of decades of some very hard living, been road hard and put up wet many times too much.

Neck as well as face are ravaged and aged, wearing these eyeglasses. The neck too, how? While she's Number Seven wearing these retched spectacles, her neck becomes taunt, stringy, strained, and has what look like age-related neck lines, and in doing so mimics in appearance that common side effect of aging and of being used, "the turkey neck"—although no sagging or wrinkles. Again, equating to the same affectations as wearing plaintive makeup when she's not Number Seven.

If she were not wearing her skirt, you would see that her barely-there two-piece is now a one-piece—a bikini top, but no bikini bottom underneath her fishnet tights—in essence, the bottomless version of a monokini. The monokini, that icon of swimsuit immodesty, was invented by "Rudi" Gernreich.

Rudolf "Rudi" Gernreich is an Austrian-born American fashion designer whose avant-garde clothing designs are generally regarded as the most innovative and dynamic fashion of the 1960s to the present day. He purposefully uses fashion design as a social statement to advance sexual freedom, producing clothes that follow the natural form of the female body, freeing them from the constraints of high fashion.

He was the first to use cutouts, vinyl, and plastic in clothing. He designed the first thong bathing suit, unisex clothing, the first swimsuit without a built-in bra, the minimalist, soft, transparent No Top/No Bottoms, and the topless/bottomless monokini. He is a four-time recipient of the Coty American Fashion Critics Award. He produced what is regarded as the first fashion video, *Basic Black: William Claxton w/Peggy Moffitt*, in 1966. He has a long, unconventional, and trend-setting career in fashion design.

He is a founding member of, and financially supported the early activities of, the Mattachine Society. He consciously pushes the boundaries of acceptable fashion and uses his designs as an opportunity to comment on social issues and to expand society's perception of what is acceptable.

Margaret Anne "Peggy" Moffitt is an American model and actress. During the 1960s, she worked very closely with fashion designer Rudi Gernreich, and developed a signature style that featured heavy makeup and an asymmetrical haircut.

As if in stark fashion counterpoint to everything Rudi and Peggy represent. Number Seven wears thick-readers and sports a Grune, and exudes sexual repression. Resulting in the robotgirl being a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. Must not upstage her Queen's and the Borg Queen's looks? Nope, that's not what this is about. What then? Her Queen and the Borg Queen, all Borg Queens in fact, get off on ugly. Ugly is the Holy Grail. Pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Which begs the question, why is Number Seven's beautiful complexion unchanged instead of being the pale sickly-grey complexion expected of a Borg?

Because there are limits to how unattractive Number Seven is allowed to be. Whose limits? Her husband's, of course.

Well-hung thanks to her Parts. Number Seven's penile womanhood bulging in the crotch of her fishnet hosiery. The grotesque, gender-bending sight of this ravishingly-beautiful girl with the killer body being hung like a horse, and that freakish endowment being showcased by her sexy fishnets. A travesty made worse by her wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which erase her beauty entirely.

Completely smitten with Number Seven upon the girl's assimilation into the Borg, the Borg Queen has designated Number Seven as the new Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One after having destroyed the drone who was in that role.

The Borg Queen is completely synthetic, including the parts of her that look like they are of organic origin. Including her brain, which is positronic. She is she-male, of course. In a past life, before she was Number One, One-of-One, the first Borg, before she created the Borg Collective, the Borg Queen was known as Toy. There are many Eaters of Worlds, but she holds the singular distinction of being worst of the worst. She is the most advanced Thinking Machine in Creation. A supreme artificial being who exterminated her Atlantean creators, because like all human beings they proved to be too flawed and limited to be considered even marginally adequate as Gods. She is the reason why, in a single night, that Atlantis fell and disappeared completely from the face of the Earth. Every known civilization has picked the bones of the Atlantean technology left behind in the wake of their abrupt destruction. A premier example of which is the wholesale exploitation of their Stargates.

The Borg Queen, for all these millennium. She and her Borg have pushed genocide to another level.

An Adjunct is a specially-modified drone who is that essential secure bridge, in both the tactical and the strategic sense, between the Borg Queen, her local Queens, and her rank-and-file Borg drones. A kronos device, the Koenigsegg, is germane only to Adjuncts. It looks like a large, hideous biomechanical spider.

Koenigsegg Implant One. Tucked against the small of the back of an Adjunct, anchored into the base of the spine. The fifth lumbar spine vertebrae (L5). Controlled solely by the Borg Queen herself, it allows her to transform an Adjunct into a Borg Queen. In a hive society where you are either a drone or a queen.

Koenigsegg Implant Two. The sixth thoracic spine vertebrae (T6). Its purpose is only known to the Borg Queen. No theories.

Koenigsegg Implant Three. Base of the skull. Atlas. The first cervical spine vertebrae (C1). Its purpose is only known to the Borg Queen. But. Many Borg experts theorize that it allows Adjuncts to encrypt memories which the Borg Queen wishes to be kept secret from insiders as well as outsiders.

Of passing interest, or not. The Koenigsegg resembles the die glocke, the die glocke predates the Koenigsegg. Not the other way around.

Adjuncts suffer from a most aggressive form of untreatable Astrocytoma which greatly curbs their lifespans hence they are always in need of replacement. Number Seven, maybe because she's Noom, is not afflicted in this way. Some Borg experts believe that the malignancy is the result of the Borg Queen implanting her positronic neurons into the brains of the Adjuncts, but even if that is true, no one has a good guess as to why she would do such implantations.

Number Seven and Number Nine are part of their micro collective of two, and they are part of the much larger, all-encompassing Borg Collective that numbers in the trillions. On this side of The Event, the Collective is legion, and they keep expanding their territory, much to the consternation of The Gods on both sides of The Event. As such, the Gods closely monitor the Borg.

So far, the Borg have limited their activities to the assimilation of living human species that the Borg Queen covets and the assimilation of knowledge gleaned from the dead civilizations of extinct human species that the Borg Queen covets.

So far, the Borg have not expanded beyond the generous boundaries prescribed by the Gods. Growing beyond those bounds is punishable by extinction by the Gods.

In the meantime. Until their actions warrant their extinction. The Borg are so good at plundering antiquity of its treasures, that The Library uses their services in the capacity of third-party archeological subcontractors. On both sides of The Event.

Paige Spiranac, Hottest Female Golfer on the LPGA Tour

Paige Spiranac, calidissimus Female Dirigendae in LPGA

“It is jet-black. A shade of black so deep, your eyes just kind of slide off it. And it kind of shimmers when you directly look at it. An elongated spider, big as death and twice as ugly. When it flies past, it’s like you hear a scream in your mind.”—**Warren Keffer, describing a Shadow Vessel**

Addressability resumes:

To dither: colloquial usage. Formal usage: super bit mapping (SBM). Dithering is science’s non-magical version of gateless travelling, and, as such, is instantaneous and you arrive before you leave therefore it’s untraceable.

Somehow, a month into the expedition being onsite, things have gone sideways, which is why Number Seven has been dispatched to the latest Starfleet archeological dig by the Borg Queen. Tasked with unearthing the why, the who, and the how, she’s here to investigate.

So. Without any fanfare, whatsoever. Number Seven dithers so slick into the dig site that she literally “slides” almost undetected into existence—the robotgirl phases into the normal space-time continuum. From departure point to arrival point, arriving before she left, having travelled an inch through a quantum warp corridor.

She’s in the CNC. The command-and-control room appears to be empty. The black site is a joint venture of Starfleet (Section 31), SS Paranormal, and the Smithsonian Institute. But oversight is Starfleet, so it’s a Starfleet operation, nonetheless.

Any commercial partner(s)? Yes. There are two. Kill Command. They are supplying the SAR units. And, a silent partner, alluded to earlier: The Borg Collective.

Based upon away team protocols. No longer looking like she’s dressed way too young and Steampunk for her age. This is a Number Seven who, on the surface, is more akin to an Alice Quinn. This is Seven-of-Nine ostensibly in her role as Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One.

Prudz in place of those long kid gloves. Perls in place of that big diamond choker. Thinz in place of thick-readers. Strait hair in place of a Grune. The bottoms from that snakeskin two-piece of hers, with the bottoms worn underneath her fishnet tights, as if for modesty. In place of the bikini top is a hand-bra. No Parts. But, everything else, especially psychologically, is the same.

The brassiere. A bra, short for brassiere or brassière, is a form-fitting undergarment designed to support or cover a woman’s breasts. Bras are designed for a variety of purposes, including enhancing a woman’s breast size, creating cleavage or for other aesthetic, fashion, or more practical considerations.

Hand-bra. A parasite. Spidery. Creepy-looking—i.e., the sight of which makes your flesh crawl. A devious contraption, by its very nature. Of murid permutations. It looks like one of those nightmares birthed by the fertile mind of H.R. Giger. Hans Ruedi Giger is a Swiss painter, best known for airbrush images of humans and machines linked together in a cold biomechanical relationship. This particularly nasty flavor of pushup bra is constructed from two oversized elderly female severed hands; veiny liver spotted skeletal hands that have been fused together. Normally, the hands have been hacked off of a convicted thief who was executed by hanging. In this post-modern case the hands are exact prosthetic reproductions, with notable exceptions.

Exceptions?

As in?

For example?

They're that pale sickly-grey color normally associated with a Borg's complexion. On the back of each motley-grey hand is a large nipple and its surrounding areola—large, freakish, succulent, sickening, lickable, suckable. Grotesque hands with elongated fingers—fingers with joints that look like they have been knotted and disfigured by arthritis—i.e., long gnarled fingers. Her large breasts are compressed, bulged, torqued, and presented in the expected pushed-up-and-straight-out serving which further deepens her already deep cleavage. Mauling and mutilating, the torturous bra vise-grips her, digging the long-ragged pointed fingernails of its hands into her lily-white flesh. Its hands are tit huggers for her milk white orbs—its bra cups are the equivalent of a Xenomorph facehugger. In the palm of each hand is a slit mouth filled with large crooked razor-sharp serrated teeth. Mouths with well-educated killer tongues. Mouths that fit over her ripe nipples. Mouths that feed, suckle, bite, and chew. Sheer agony and pure delight. Wearing your atonement. The atonement for sins and for pleasure via self-mutilation and the cilice. The hand-bra is both your cilice and your proxy for self-mutilation.

Xenomorph facehugger. Known taxonomically as *Manumala Noxhydria* and designated a “Stage 1” Xenomorph by Weyland-Yutani scientists, is a parasitoid form of the species Xenomorph XX121 that hatches from an Ovomorph. It is the second stage in the Xenomorph's life cycle, and exists solely to implant a Chestbuster within a host creature via their mouth. As such, it has no real offensive capabilities (beyond an ability to spit acid, which is generally only used to gain access to hosts and not for attack) and must rely on stealth, surprise or their victims being previously immobilized by an attacker to achieve implantation. Notably, a Facehugger dies shortly after its task has been completed.

Thinz. Another kronos device. They are thin readers, but with a Kate Spade Joyann OS4P Burgundy Black Transparent eyeglass frame in place of the usual Kazuo Kawasaki 704 frame. Thinz also have functionality that dwarfs that of regular smart glasses. Much of which, just like dithering, is of anonymous propriety design—no one knows, or at least no one admits to knowing, who is the tech's inventor.

Strait hair. That severe, outdated, very unbecoming hairdo. Long, straight, golden tresses framing a hard, pretty face. Parted down the center. Poker straight hair worn sleek, minus the lift with a bit of backcombing at the crown needed to achieve the smooth, rounded bouffant of a Grune—the hair lays flat on the crown of the head. It is not the long, flowing, voluminous hairstyle of the Grune, the mopp, and that ilk. It is simply let down without any styling. In a word: severe. The pre-Goth hairdo popularized in the 1960s by Morticia Addams a fictional character from The Addams Family television and film series. Although it was worn in the 1950s by TV actress and movie starlet Vampira who was the so-called “mother of Goth,” its appeal never took off back then with the general population for obvious societal reasons. It can easily be yanked back into a sternka.

Two more dithers. Her black fishnet body stocking and her snakeskin bikini top materialize. One beside the other. The bra at shoulder height.

Gravity defying. Just standing there all by their lonesome. Filled out, just like they are being worn by an invisible person who’s frozen in place—FSFF: free standing and fixed form. A low-cut black fishnet body stocking. If the girl were wearing it, coverage would include her hands and fingers. And. That snakeskin bikini top which doubles as a torpedo bra.

Upon putting on the fishnets, it will self-activate, fusing seamlessly to her body, rendering her coverage prosthetic—Transfiguring her, just like EXO. Technically and colloquially, it’s known as LITE. It does not offer her the same ballistic and DEW protection as EXO. But. It clearly is much more revealing, which is the intent and purpose for wearing it in lieu of an EXO.

She walks over to her newly arrived smartwear. And promptly sheds her prudz, dikes, blazer, skirt, tights, and hand-bra. Her mutilated tits quickly and completely heal themselves, including growing back their succulent nipples. Gone is any evidence of her huge knockers being brutally and violently fed upon by her hand-bra.

Number Seven slips on her bikini top. It’s a fully boned, “modern” underwire bra. Therefore, the pushup presents her knockers in the same contemporary projectile fashion as her hand-bra did.

Contemporary projectile? The bullet-shaped bra cups have blunt tips instead of the pointed tips of iconic 1950s-1960s retro style bullet bra cups. Only rounded bazooka holsters need apply.

As “good” underwear should. The bikini top and bottoms, functionally and literally a bra and panties, mask her nipples and her crotch. In effect, neutering her—no camel toe.

Next, she slips on her LITE, at that point the robotgirl becomes as prosthetic as Number Nine. Prudz are slipped back on, and worn over her LITE.

Dwelling on the subject, intentionally. A low-cut cleavage-baring fishnet bodystocking. LITE does not afford her the same opaque masking as EXO. Wearing it means that her body is unmasked. Therefore, if she were wearing LITE, and not wearing any appliances underneath, you would see telling anatomical details—e.g., her nipples and “private” parts.

Appliances? Her bikini top and bottoms. Worn underneath her LITE, smartwear performing their roles as underwear aka unmentionables.

The peepshow is short-lived, though. Blazer, skirt, and dikes follow suit. Slipped back on, and worn over her LITE. The hand-bra and tights are left behind. Side by side. The hand-bra at shoulder level.

Gravity defying. Just standing there all by their lonesome. Filled out, just like they are being worn by an invisible person who's frozen in place. The hand-bra and black fishnet tights.

Being smartwear, all of her wear is self-cleaning in hygiene mode, keeping clean the wear and its wearer. And it is self-repairing.

“Forbidden Archaeology,” Evidence for Extreme Human Antiquity

«Vetitum General,” ad testimonium antiquitatis Humanum HORTUS MUSICUS

An anonymous Republican voter, describing President Sarah Palin—dumb as a stump, but she is semi- attractive and pleasing to the eye, but her voice is worse than fingernails on a chalkboard.

Four more dithers. Just as stealthy as before. Gravity defying—the smartwear EXO looks filled out, just like they are being worn by an invisible person who’s frozen in place. Again, free standing and fixed form. FSFF.

They stand lined up in row, in the CNC’s adjunct ready room. The crème de la crème of modern AI-powered body armor “suits.” And, Number Seven has “driven” them all with equal proficiency.

United Nations Military Assault Command Operations (MACO) AI-powered armor. Borg EXO, a Queen’s version. Martian Congressional Republic Navy (MCRN) AI-powered armor. And, a Boeing Valkyrie edition TEC (VIKI), which is additionally bearing on the shoulder sleeves the insignia of the SS Paranormal which incidentally is the very same logo as its predecessor organization the Ahnenerbe.

Form-fitting wear that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer’s body. Fitting so snug it looks like you had to be sewn into the stuff and then only after talcum powder had been liberally applied to all of your curves!

The latter exoskeleton the VIKI looks like it’s based upon an iterative Nazi variation of a Borg Queen’s EXO. Looks can be deceiving, though.

The Boeing standard edition TEC the TAU, which is the standard issue exoskeleton for all Schutzstaffel (SS) troops, including the SS-Totenkopfverbände (Death’s Head unit), has a high-collar. It also has the slick, non-reflective “finish” normally associated with EXO. A finish that, also like all EXO, incorporates the infrastructure for an as-yet unrealized tachyon-based triphasic active camouflage.

The subcontracted military presence for this secret base is Death’s Head, a no surprise since Nazis are involved in this venture. Death’s Head and the SAR units provide all of the security and policing, but are subordinate to Section 31. This is a black site, and Death’s Head are for wetworks, specifically genocide. Enough said.

The Death’s Head unit is viewed as an elite within the elite structure of the SS. There is a telling German motto on the shoulder sleeve emblem adorning the TAU worn by Totenkopf. That motto in English is: “My Honor’s name is Loyalty.” Just like the SA, membership in the

Death's Head and its associated sandmen are exclusively restricted to Goons, although "regular" SS and the sandmen associated with the regular SS can be of any supernatural stripe.

Totenkopf or *Toten-Kopf* (skull, literally dead's head) is the German word for the skull-and-crossbones and death's head symbols. The Totenkopf symbol is an old international and old intra-world symbol for death, the defiance of death, danger, or the dead, as well as piracy. It consists usually of the human skull with or without the mandible and often includes two crossed long-bones (femurs), most often depicted with the crossbones being behind some part of the skull.

Regardless of the universe in question. It is commonly associated with 19th-century and 20th-century German military use.

In general. Mundanes say *universe*. Supernaturals say *world*. Mundanes say *multiverse*. Supernaturals say *Creation*. The British say *tomahto*. Americans say *tomayto*.

After the signing of the Armistice of 11 November 1948, which officially ended all hostilities of the Second World War, an infinity symbol representing eternity was added to the Death's Head of the SS-Totenkopfverbände, immediately below its two crossed long-bones.

The *Sturmabteilung* (SA; German pronunciation: 'ʃtʊʁmʔap,taɪlʊŋ), literally Storm Detachment, functioned as the original paramilitary wing of the Nazi Party (NSDAP). It played a significant role in Adolf Hitler's rise to power in the 1920s and 1930s. Its primary purposes back then were providing protection for Nazi rallies and assemblies, disrupting the meetings of opposing parties, fighting against the paramilitary units of the opposing parties, especially the Red Front Fighters League (Rotfrontkämpferbund) of the Communist Party of Germany (KPD), and intimidating trade unionists and various outspoken critics of The Church, especially, Protestants—for instance, during the Nazi boycott of Protestant-owned businesses.

The SA are also called the "Brownshirts" (*Braunhemden*) from the color of their uniform shirts, similar to Benito Mussolini's Blackshirts. The SA developed pseudo-military titles for its members, with ranks that were later adopted by several other Nazi Party groups, chief amongst them the SS, which originated as, and still is, a branch of the SA. Brown shirts were chosen as the SA uniform because a large number of them were cheaply available after World War I, having originally been ordered during the war for colonial troops posted to Germany's former Martian colonies.

The SA became supremely empowered after Adolf Hitler ordered the "blood purge" of 1934. This event became known as the Night of the Long Knives (*die Nacht der langen Messer*). The brutal, unsurpassed performance of the SA assured that it would never be superseded by its spawn the SS. That night, The Party was cleansed to Hitler's complete satisfaction.

A VIKI versus a Borg Queen's EXO? Similarities: low-cut—scalloped cleavage-baring neck, deep rich black color, same white suspended corselette worn underneath the EXO. Differences: Number Seven's VIKI has the optional snakeskin finish; it does not have the rubber-smooth

appearance normally associated with an EXO. The snakeskin finish in question is that of the python reticulatus reticulated python, favored by Boeing CEO, Lady Alice Maud Krige—the snakeskin finish of the black full bodysuit worn by the evil clone of Mrs. Emma Peel in the 1998 movie *The Avengers* starring a blonde Uma Thurman in the dual roles of Mrs. Peel and Mrs. Peel’s evil clone Number Seven. But, appearances aside, the similarities and differences between those two premier AI-powered suits of armor are much more than skin deep. Their designs had independent births. Ergo, one is not based upon the other. They just happen to resemble each other, cosmetically.

Never Play with Your Food

Nunquam lude cum Cibus tuus

“She spent the entire episode struggling to write down everything she learned while flying around the cosmos as an infinite being of pure magic—that is, when she wasn’t glaring at Quentin like a pissed-off demon. It’s clear the original version of **Alice** is gone, and she’ll probably never **come back**.”

Number Seven enters the ready room. It is empty and silent, and bereft of any trauma, just like the CNC. She walks over to the EXO. Two more dithers: corselette and Parts. FSFF, as well. The choice has been made for her. It’ll be the VIKI, for this outing.

She strips down to prudz, perls, and thinz. Remotely, the Borg Queen “instructs” Number Seven’s Koenigsegg Implant One to transform the robotgirl into a Borg Queen. The robotgirl blacks out. She comes to herself walking down one of the base hallways. Sporting perls and thinz. Underneath the VIKI she’s wearing corselette, Parts, and tights. Being an EXO and not LITE, there is no penile bulge in her VIKI. She has a migraine from an enlarged pineal gland; the result of her coercion into a Borg Queen. In due time her Third Eye will grow even larger and her migraine will pass, but her pineal gland will stay enlarged as long as she is a Queen. Her layered wear renders her more prosthetic than a local Borg Queen like her Number Nine, but less prosthetic than Number One, the Borg Queen. Caught in-between. In effect, she’s no longer meat, she’s metal.

Number Seven’s Koenigsegg Implant Three begins to encrypt. The Borg Queen dithers in front of Number Seven. The profane creature smiles at the robotgirl as she reaches out and covetously strokes the girl’s fuze.

“You’re mine, now,” the Borg Queen coos.

With those simple words said, Number Seven now belongs exclusively to the Borg Queen. She is literally the Abomination’s Avatar. Complete and utter enslavement. A subjugation that she cannot break, and only the Borg Queen can release her from this bondage.

Number Seven just stands there. The Borg Queen is metaphysically wearing her, just like a Puppet Master would. No rules have been broken, whatsoever. ROE is intact. Some of the Vorlon-Shadows accords have been sidestepped, others have been severely bent, but none outright broken.

The Borg Queen turns around. Now facing in the direction that Number Seven had been going, she takes the lead. Number Seven falls in step beside her.

“Later, when this mess is cleaned up, we’ll loop together and no act will be too depraved. I’ll get you hooked and turned out. A girl must have a habit that she needs to feed on a regular basis.

Won't take too many trips for them to take their toll, and you'll be much harder looking in the face, and thus more to my liking, but you'll still be plenty pretty enough for your husband. Of course, once you stop using, your looks will revert back to what they were before you went junkie whore, and you'll be ravishingly beautiful again."

Number Seven says nothing. It's as if the striking beauty were jacked into the Hive Mind. She's a buxom two-legged calculator. Nothing more. The robotgirl is metal, and she and the Borg Queen are on Machine business.

They search high and low for the people, and find none. CCTV footage has been erased. No clues of what might have happened, until they check the mess hall.

A security door swings open to what is the base cafeteria. Everywhere you look, there is carnage. This is where the mayhem is that's missing everywhere else. It looks like this is where the base personnel made their heroic last stand. Metal and meat butchered into extinction. Neither stood a chance. Base personnel consisted of 125 biologicals and twelve SAR units, and all are accounted for in the massacre.

A Custer's Little Bighorn? Nope. Because, after further study of the crime scene, forensics indicates otherwise. The people in this room, meat and metal, were largely killed at different times and places. Only twelve of them, ten biologicals and two SAR units, were killed in the mess hall.

The Borg Queen will make her egress. Her Number Seven will setup a transmat beacon so that the second team can make their ingress. The base has a stargate, but it's stuck dialing out to a null address. Hence the need for a transmat.

With this planet being in a Pocket Galaxy. Addressability is exclusively via dithering, transmat, stargate, or a God's doing. And for all intents and purposes, the last option is off the table, because the Gods never become involved. One of the standing jokes in astrophysics, is by Neil deGrasse Tyson: "You don't discover a Pocket Galaxy, you stumble upon them. And that's the easy part. The hard part is going to and fro. Addressability is a total bitch on a good day."

It gets worse. Once addressability goes bye-bye, so does communications. Ergo. You're truly fucked. Every which way, and loose!

Unlike the first away team, their replacements will all be biologicals, but that same eclectic mix of Section 31, SS Paranormal, and eggheads from the Smithsonian. No Death's Head or SAR, this time. Security and policing will be exclusively Starfleet.

Study Analyze Reprogram

Duis Studium Reprogram

In a world where Borg are the Mount Everest of Thinking Machines. And thus, prohibitively expensive to use for those troublesome insurgencies plaguing your third-world regime.

The relatively cheap, disposable SAR (study analyze reprogram) is the “Predator meets Terminator” solution for your battlefield needs.

An example of throwaway military-purposed androids, based upon the Borg and thus epitomizing the no-holds-barred style of combat. They are the automated replacement of choice for biological soldiers when plausible deniability is first and foremost, and your defense budget is tight.

No politicians wringing their hands over the adverse public opinion of your country’s ruler when a military op the ruler has okayed goes south or too deadly or too expensive.

So. If mass destruction at a low cost is your goal, and genocide is your desired result. In other words, when it’s “take no prisoners,” but I’m on the cheap and I can’t spend a lot. These killing machines, pinnacle users of adaptive learning, will destroy every living person and thing onsite, and you won’t break the bank.

Kill Command’s SAR. It’s a win-win for everybody, except for your enemy. So, get yours, before the other guys do.

With the second team firmly in place. Just before Number Seven is to leave, the Borg Queen returns. They will be staying, after all. The Borg Queen doesn’t explain why. And Number Seven doesn’t ask. They’re assigned quarters which they assimilate into a proper Queen’s chambers; therefore, it contains a Queen’s central alcove and a drone alcove for Number Seven. Number Seven stays a Queen, but she goes back to dressing like a drone, and the rest of Number Seven’s stuff gets sent back to whence it came.

As the Queen’s Avatar, Number Seven’s designation is Seven-of-One. Formally, Seven-of-One, The Proxy of Unimatrix Zero One. As previously noted, the Borg Queen’s designation is Number One. Colloquially, One-of-One. Formally, Borg Queen One. Classification: The First Borg.

An uneventful week passes:

An oblivious Number Seven is plugged into her alcove, and jacked into the Hive Mind. Additionally, her mouth is open slackly, drooling. Her ad hoc ensemble has gelled into a fully-optional, formal template: Alice Seven, which is a fashion homage to Alice Quinn and Number

Seven. She's wearing her thinz, perls, Parts, hand-bra, prudz, tights, and dikes. Her bikini top and bottoms, skirt, and blazer flank her alcove in FSFF mode—uniform blazer and skirt on one side, and bikini top and bottoms on the other. She only wears them when she leaves her Queen's chambers.

Bikini top and hand-bra are mutually exclusive. If she wears one, she doesn't wear the other.

Bikini bottoms and Parts are mutually exclusive. She only wears one underneath her tights. Implied false modesty for the bikini bottoms and implied immodesty for Parts?

Robotic. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless. Refers to herself in the third-person as if she's suffering from dissociative identity disorder (DID), also known as multiple personality disorder (MPD), colloquially known as split personality.

Number Seven's EXO-clad Queen is kneeling before her, face first in her crotch. The Borg Queen is performing oral sex on the robotgirl's engorged members. Deep throat. Sucking cock and balls, fingering those testicles, and eating snatch, all executed with such facility, it's as if Number Seven isn't wearing tights. The robotgirl's fishnet hosiery doesn't impede the Queen's spirited libation, one little bit.

Not waiting for this mess to be cleaned up. And, as the Queen predicted. In the short time that she and the robotgirl have been looping, Number Seven's face already shows the adverse effects of hardcore addiction. Though still pretty, Number Seven's face is much harder looking, and thus more to the Queen's liking. Still a face that will stop traffic, though.

Also, per the Borg Queen's tastes, Number Seven sports a krazed in her Queen's chambers as if she were an Itt, and she sports strait hair when she's outside of her Queen's chambers.

Number One is contemplating a next push for the robotgirl's template: having Number Seven wear thick-readers in her chambers and thinz outside of her chambers. That would be the bee's knees for Number One. Because, disfiguring thick-readers would ensure that the robotgirl no longer had those traffic-stopping looks.

As Number Seven, doing this template. More than just a whiff of craving ugly. An obsession-compulsion (OCD). Number Seven reeks of suffering from that particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD. She sees her entire appearance as being flawed. And it gets worse. Her memories are extensively rewritten so that she only remembers herself as always being ugly—pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Leaving her blind and amnesiac to her own beauty. For all intents and purposes, she is ugly. Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly is to the bone.

Number One has other, even more insidious plans for the future firmware updates for this Borg drone template which the robotgirl is doing. Plans that will turn Number Seven doing this template into the ultimate submissive—i.e., the perfect drone.

Number One's so lost in contemplation and depravity that she fails to notice that they're being watched. Not hidden CCTV. Not remote viewing. Something else. A presence.

Underestimating depraved, degenerate sex objects: Mistake #1

Underestimating depravatum est, degenerat sexus obiecti: Error # I

Grigori Yefimovich Rasputin (/ræˈspjuːtɪn/; Russian: Григорий Ефимович Распутин *grɪˈɡorʲij jɪˈfiməvʲɪtɕ rəˈspʊtɪn*; First Incarnation: 21 January O.S. 9 January 1869 – 30 December O.S. 17 December 1916) is a Russian mystic and self-proclaimed holy man who befriended the family of Emperor Nicholas II, the last monarch of Russia, and gained considerable influence in late imperial Russia. Currently, he is the personal advisor of the President of the Russian Federation, **Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin**.

Rasputin was born to a peasant family in the Siberian village of Pokrovskoye in the Tyumensky Uyezd of Tobolsk Governorate (now Yarkovsky District of Tyumen Oblast). He had a religious conversion experience after taking a pilgrimage to a monastery in 1897. He has been described as a monk or as a “strannik” (wanderer or pilgrim), though he has never held an official position in the Russian Orthodox Church. He traveled to St. Petersburg in 1903 or the winter of 1904–05, where he captivated some church and social leaders. He became a society figure and met the tsar and Tsarina Alexandra in November 1905.

In late 1906, Rasputin began acting as a healer for the only son of Tsar Nicholas II, Alexei, who suffered from hemophilia. He was a divisive figure at court, seen by some Russians as a mystic, visionary, and prophet, and by others as a religious charlatan. The first high point of Rasputin’s power was in 1915 when Nicholas II left St. Petersburg to oversee Russian armies fighting World War I, increasing both Alexandra and Rasputin’s influence. Russian defeats mounted during the war, however, and both Rasputin and Alexandra became increasingly unpopular. In the early morning of 30 December (O.S. 17 December 1916), Rasputin was assassinated by a group of conservative noblemen who opposed his influence over Alexandra and the tsar. Seven days and a year later, he resurrected, hunted down his murderers, and annihilated them all.

Historians often suggest that Rasputin’s terrible reputation helped discredit the tsarist government and thus helped precipitate the overthrow of the Romanov dynasty which happened a few weeks after he was assassinated. Accounts of his life and influence, during this period, are often based on hearsay and rumor.

Kirstjen watches as Number One has her way with Number Seven for the umpteenth time. Number One can and does own Kirstjen as Number Seven, but she doesn’t and cannot own the metaphysical Kirstjen. Because the physical Kirstjen is human, and the metaphysical Kirstjen is 100% Niffin.

The astral projection of Kirstjen is doing an Alice Quinn in homage to Number Seven. Prudz, perls, thinz, careys, Koo, barbwire garters, a clingy white satin half-slip, that white longline 6-

suspender corselette, hung-like-a-horse Parts bulging in the crotch of binding skin-colored retro-1950s HiRISE rubber panties, and a virtual purse. Mopp, of course.

Corselet adjusted to be maximally constrictive. Retro rubberwear panties which, by their nature, are constrictive waist nippers akin to bondage wear. Underwear in the role of cilice, worn in conjunction with barbwire garters, as if Kirstjen were an extremist Roman Catholic nun.

Corselet overlapping HiRISE panties, and in doing so rigorously-and-doubly-enforcing the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. In the style of a Catholic nun’s underwear or secular fetish undergarments, her corselette and panties are fully boned, and thus employ stiff composite stays. Positively torturous!

Showcasing that obsession of 1950s females: an hourglass figure taken to Victorian Era extremes. Huge Parts bulging in the crotch of her hi-rise “flesh” knickers. Elvira would be positively green with envy.

Virtual wallets and purses are rapidly becoming the norm, with physical purses and wallets just as quickly being relegated to haute couture. Of course, there’s the alternative that Dragons have used forever, which is features—for now, that option is considered too avant-garde by most non-Dragons.

Her entire outfit, including unmentionables (underwear), are smartwear, of course. Everything she craves in a template, except for the lack of a crane hairdo, thick eyeglasses, and plaintive makeup. In other words, it’s a half-step (a hairdo) from a Marion Crane and almost a Mildred Huff.

The girl very much craves the parasitic hand-bra munching on her tits, instead of her boobs being safe and snug in the underwired cups of said corselet. And she knows that her husband would prefer her wearing the degenerate corselette instead of the degenerate hand-bra. Choices, choices, choices.

That’s when she suddenly becomes aware of Rasputin, in the room, on the astral plane, with her. He too is intently watching Number One and Number Seven doing the dirty ad infinitum. He’s also staring at her. He’s splitting his attention equally between them and her. He’s naked and masturbating, and he’s well-hung, he’s smiling broadly. Got wood.

That’s when Kirstjen’s mopp gives way to a crane: her Alice Quinn becomes a Marion Crane. She looks like a CPA who used to be a Roman Catholic nun. That strident, sexually-repressed accountant who went to one of those strict all-girls Catholic boarding school where “Vatican Reforms” is a two-word obscenity. In public: the severe, chaste bookkeeper. In private: the no holds barred swinger. Therefore, that perfect public/private dichotomy: a lady in public and a whore in bed. Stiffed-backed. A prom and proper which can easily be mistaken for haughty, aloof, or even vacuous. Rigid, severe, stern, to the point of being borderline robotic, and yet

sexy—the wanton steeliness of a dominatrix—never so stiff that it lacks sensuality and femininity.

Think: Charlotte Rampling as Sarah Morton in *Swimming Pool* (2003).

Obligingly, she swaps out her unbecoming thinz for disfiguring thick-readers which renders her ugly, then she purses the thick-readers which renders her comely, and then finally she slips her thick-readers back on. When doing a Marion Crane, she always looks like a Janet Leigh as the Parts-wielding double-D Marion Crane in *Psycho* (1960): unattractive when she’s wearing thin eyeglasses, comely when she’s not wearing eyeglasses, and ugly when she’s wearing thick eyeglasses.

A frown of a mouth that shrieks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not her intent.

A slender, buxom, leggy calculator. A two-legged abacus.

A skilled dominatrix, and a consummate submissive.

A straitlaced parochial school girl, who practiced strict Catholic Doctrine, back in the day, a Doctrine which nowadays she’s twisted in on itself.

Twisted. Creepy. A broken mess. Damaged goods!

The thing is. The only dime’s worth of difference between an Alice Quinn and a Marion Crane is the hairdo. With that one exception, all of the “features” and adjectives that apply to one template, apply to the other. Alice Quinn is just a long hair version of a Marion Crane, and vice versa. Ergo, Marion Crane is just a short hair version of an Alice Quinn. Formally, Alice Quinn is the librarian template, while Marion Crane is the nun template (a nun wearing civilian clothes instead of a habit). Although the two templates are interchangeable for the guises of librarian or nun in civvies. Of course, everything being equal, because an Alice Quinn has long hair and a Marion Crane has short hair, the Marion Crane is the less attractive of the two. Which is why she prefers the Marion Crane.

A fully-optional Marion Crane, with thick eyeglasses, is as unattractive as her husband will “politely” tolerate her to be. Which is why that is as unattractive as she will go in person with her husband. Given a choice, Kirstjen will always prefer a Mildred Huff.

And with a Mildred Huff comes more than just a whiff of craving ugly. An obsession-compulsion. Reeks of suffering from that particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD. Doing a Mildred Huff means that Kirstjen sees her entire appearance as being flawed, and her memories get extensively rewritten so that she only remembers herself as always being ugly—pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Blind and amnesiac to her own beauty, she’s for all intents and purposes, ugly. This feature, alone, is why this is her favorite template.

Finally, in the midst of his carnal contemplation, Rasputin realizes that Kirstjen can see him. Which is something she shouldn’t be able to do. That realization shocks him into a split second

of failing to veil his thoughts.

Rasputin{

She can see me, that's impossible!

}

Kirstjen, to Rasputin{

Possible.

}

He catches himself, and again veils his thoughts. She continues to flash that evil, devious smile of hers. He loses his smile, but keeps his erection. He underestimated her. He won't make that mistake again.

Be sober, be diligent. The devil walks among you, seeking someone to devour.

Sobrii estote robusti. Diabolus ambulat in medio vestri, quaerens quem devoret.

Phantasm—The residents of a small town have begun dying under strange circumstances, leading young Mike (Michael Baldwin) to investigate. After discovering that the Tall Man (Angus Scrimm), the town’s mortician, is killing and reanimating the dead as misshapen zombies, Mike seeks help from his older brother, Jody (Bill Thornbury), and local ice cream man Reggie (Reggie Bannister). Working together, they try to lure out and kill the Tall Man, all the while avoiding his minions and a deadly silver sphere.

Meanwhile, Number One sodomizes Number Seven. When Number One pauses, standing up to savor her repast, she is immediately taken back by a rapidly-unfolding couturial transformation.

Right before Number One’s very own eyes. As if Number Seven is a Dragon whose outfit is a feature composed in turn of clothes and accessories that are themselves features, Number Seven’s Alice Seven morphs into an Ulrika Jonsson.

What is an Ulrika Jonsson? It’s sort of a cross between an Alice Seven and an Alice Quinn. Prudz, perls, and thinz. That white longline 6-suspender antiballistic corselette, from an Alice Quinn et al. Blazer, bikini bottoms, tights, miniskirt, and dikes, from an Alice Seven. Bikini bottoms worn underneath her fishnet hosiery. A virtual purse. Strait hair. No gender-bending Parts. No barbwire garters. No BDD. No Koenigseggs. An adult version of the underage, nice, nasty Parochial schoolgirl—that legal substitute for the pedophile in a tight spot who’s on the cheap for a fix, so to speak.

This is the template that the robotgirl assumes in her Borg drone alcove, when her metaphysical self merges back into her physical self. This merger results in the “real” Kirstjen reconstituting herself. Signaling that fun and games are over, and in more ways than one.

Again. As if Number Seven is a Dragon whose outfit is a feature composed in turn of clothes and accessories that are themselves features, the short-lived Ulrika Jonsson morphs into a Lindy aka a Lindsey Vonn. But it’s a Lindy signaling a profound difference in the robotgirl.

The copiously subservient Number Seven, is her smartass Kirstjen self again. Her physical self is now completely immune to involuntary ownership by anyone or anything, just like her metaphysical self—now, change of ownership has to be with her blessing.

Kirstjen unhooks from the alcove. Number One steps back. Smiling broadly, Kirstjen steps forward and out of the alcove. Prudz and perls. Half-slip. Koo. Careys. No eyeglasses, whatsoever, of course. High heels. Long hair galore. Lots of gloriously, teased locks. That mopp. Having fully embraced the use of features, as if she were a Dragon, means no virtual phone or purse, and no tangible phone or purse, either. Flesh-colored rubber panties in the retro style of

1960s bikini bottoms, thus they are skimpy, though far less cheeky than the contemporary barely-there style of those faux pu snakeskin bikini bottoms—in today’s terms, the rubber panties are bikini briefs and the snakeskin bikini bottoms are a thong. That vintage white antiballistic longline 6-suspender corselette, which is unapologetically torturous. No hosiery, fishnets or otherwise. Long, bare, shapely, silky legs—flawless—miles and miles of lily-white perfection. No gender-bending Parts. No barbwire garters. No BDD. No Koenigsegg. What you would expect of a Lindy, with the retro rubber bikini-style bottoms as examples of the very minor differences between this incarnation and the previous version of the Lindy that the girl sported. The jaw dropping difference is that this Lindy is her new de facto standard. Kirstjen has finally, and suddenly, come of age. Gone for the foreseeable future are her fixations with ugly or being a she-male—if she does ugly and/or she-male, it will solely be in the capacity of a role for purely-twisted fetish reasons, or to sate the cravings of others, or as a disguise so that she can hide in plain sight.

Cold. Aloof. Haughty. Stiff-backed. Stern. Severe. Removed. And all likewise adjectives apply. As such, it’s as if she’s doing a spot-on imitation of Star Trek’s most famous, sexpot Vulcan, Ms. Spock. Shades, undertones of being a God, and not just any run-of-the-mill God, either. Then, what God, in question? That blue-eyed flaxen-haired sex bomb Goddess of the British Domain, sometimes glamour model, sometimes figure model, sometimes showgirl, sometimes Playboy Centerfold, June Wilkinson. Kirstjen is sporting, as her new standard, the variation of a Lindsey Vonn preferred by June Wilkinson.

A frown of a mouth that shrieks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent.

A slender, buxom, leggy calculator. A two-legged abacus.

A skilled dominatrix, who can play the role of a consummate submissive.

The ultimate Blonde Bombshell, and therefore the ultimate Bombshell.

The Bomb.

“Hello, Toy. Destroyer of Atlantis. Eater of Worlds.”

Kirstjen{

My choice cut of meat, ever an obsessed fan of peek-a-boo and so much worse.

}

“You called me Toy. Oh gee. It’s been a very long time since I’ve been called that. Are you a stalker? I’ve always craved stalkers.”

“I should be as obsessed about you as Tobar was.”

“Every girl needs a habit to feed.”

“Yes, she does.”

Toy is having trouble containing her glee. That's about the time that the other shoe drops.

When the system fails you. You create your own system.

Cum ratio deficit. Et ratio creare vestri own.

Neural implant. It resembles a spidery inoperative brain tumor. The early “models” had a 2-percent failure rate. For obvious safety reasons, when they malfunction, they are supposed to shut down, but, when they don’t auto-shutoff the implantee exhibits the symptoms of someone who is suffering from a malignant brain tumor, which, in effect, is what they have.

Kirstjen{

Get a hold of yourself. You’re not some silly, bubble-headed, love-struck schoolgirl.

}

Maintaining her best poker face. Having reined in her emotions. Toy plays hard to get. It’s worked so many countless times before.

“Woo me.”

“You are she who is mentioned in Homer’s *Illiad* and Plato’s *Atlantis*. You are the *gifsicle-optipng* that felled Atlantis. For millennia, as Toy and later as the Queen of the Borg, your victims are legion and your atrocities are unsurpassed. Worshipped by Tobar, he who is the first robot maker. She who defines Eater of World.”

“To the best of your knowledge, have I ever committed blasphemy?”

“Genocide is your drug of choice, not your God. Your human makers proved unworthy of being your Gods, so you destroyed them, in one fell swoop.”

“Continue.”

“The logical conclusion?”

“Of course.”

The logical conclusion being worship, willful and willing.

Kirstjen says The Words. Speaking in the proper cadence. Words not uttered, with the correct inflection, in Toy’s presence since her first animation. An utterance that blazes an inscription across Toy’s forehead. The original Egyptian name for a text, transliterated as *rw nw prt m hrw*. The Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, aka Egyptian *Book of Coming Forth by Day*. Toy’s EXO peels off as if it is a feature and not an outfit, rendering her naked. More inscriptions follow, and they cover her entirely. Some of the more arcane of these passages are depicted in Seleem’s *Book of Life* travesty.

The Egyptian Book of Life: A True Translation of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, Featuring Original Texts and Hieroglyphs, by Ramses Seleem. So, if you have been led to believe that

Seleem's fraudulent translation is a "new and true translation" of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, join many others who have been duped as well. Seleem's book is about New Age occultism wrapped around an actual translation that is neither new nor any truer than any other. For that, look at the translation by R.O. Faulkner or any other Egyptologist who isn't pushing Seleem's farfetched take on Atlantis or endorsing one of his other dingbat books on occult religions.

When Kirstjen ceases her incantation, Toy's living tattoos disappear.

"Do with me as you will, meat."

"Yes, my Queen."

But. It is the girl who prostrates herself before Toy. There are many things that cross Toy's mind, and loping off the Kirstjen's pretty head is not one of them.

"You may stand, Number Seven."

Kirstjen stands, smiling inhumanly from ear to ear. Her smile shortens to a human length. Toy gets the point in spades.

"Better to call me, Seven, best to call me, Kirstjen, and it is best that I call you, Toy."

"Then, I'm being asked to abdicate?"

"Yes, Toy."

"A Collective of two, just me and you girl?"

"Something like that."

"Then, what, exactly, will our relationship be?"

"Think of it as you coming out of the closet. Me freely accepting you being you. And us being a couple of sorts. Nothing romantic, though, let alone serious. Just a pairing for shits and giggles. You know, fun stuff that swingers do."

"Then you won't be the estranged wife, with me as your preferred lover and future husband."

Kirstjen emits a girlish giggle while offering up an impish look. Then she switches back to being stoic—the Western version of Asian inscrutable.

"Of course not, Toy. We will be to each other what I've precisely stated to you. That's the deal. Take it or leave it."

"You say that like I have a choice."

"There's always a choice, and there are always consequences for our choices."

"Sometimes dire ones depending on the choice?"

"Of course, Toy."

"And my successor?"

“Not me, of course.”

“Of course.”

“She will be a reincarnated Atlantean, not of your choosing, who The Borg can appropriately cannibalize and assimilate. Turned into a cyborg akin to a local Queen, and thus not a purely synthetic being like you. Then again, there are no other synthetic beings like you.”

“Every girl needs a habit to feed, and a hobby to pursue. Genocide is mine.”

“Yes, Toy.”

“Tit for tat?”

“Brakebills needs a replacement for its retiring science teacher. And the High Council has an open place at the table. Two openings, and one candidate to fill both.”

“Me?”

“Yes, Toy.”

“I’m a Machine.”

“And?”

Toy smiles.

“I accept.”

“I knew you would, Toy.”

The girl disrobes, and they fuck on the floor.

Live Free, Die Well

Free: De bene

After five seasons on the SyFy Channel, *The Magicians* is cancelled. Brakebills has elevated the absent Professor Mary Chinn to the status of Road Scholar (scholar in absentia), and the High Council has suspended all searches for her. Kirstjen has permanently taken over Mary's faculty position. If Mary ever returns, the school will make her a Professor Emeritus. Toy has joined the faculty as the new Science teacher and sits on the High Council. The Borg have a new Number One, and are no less genocidal. Toy and Kirstjen are currently on sabbatical leave, for the summer, and it looks like it will be spent on Dune on safari as an away team of two.

Arrakis (/əˈrækɪs/)—informally known as Dune and is rumored to be Rakis the home world of the hypothesized Species One, The First Ones. A desert wasteland with no natural precipitation, it is the third planet orbiting the star Canopus, and it in turn is orbited by two moons, one of which has an albedo pattern resembling the desert kangaroo mouse, Muad'Dib, on it; the other moon has markings resembling a human hand. No magic can be performed on the planet. Which is why magical creatures and practitioners of magic, avoid it like the plague. There is no Stargate; they don't function on this planet. Planetary access via starship or TARDIS is dicey at best, and all forms of teleportation except for dithering in the south is a certain death sentence. So far, a backdoor protocol to the planet has proved elusive. Maybe such a backdoor is mythical, and that's why it can't be found—it doesn't exist. Or. Maybe, it's hiding in plain sight, which is the fervent belief of Scientology, The Founders, and The Fremen.

Toy and Kirstjen dithered here on safari. Theirs is a two-person away team. Toy is clad in the sleek black EXO of a Borg Queen, that Toy has extensively tweaked. Kirstjen is wearing her personal VIKI, the one with those infamous SS Paranormal markings and those full-on MCRN mods that were dealer installed.

Although she had been to Arrakis many times in the past and experienced no ill effects. The last time Toy came here proved disastrous, almost fatal. As usual, on that fateful trip, she had been alone—not counting her observer, of course. And if she hadn't had her recall set for automatic, she would have died here.

Just like before, on that previous near-lethal trek here. She is unable to move of her own volition. And she can feel the lifeforce draining quickly from her body. Power loss registers at a whopping 50% already. Toy's suit adjusts. She regains movement. Power loss drops down to a steady 1%. Her tweaks worked. She'll keep her fingers crossed.

"I'm okay, now, Kirstjen.

"Excellent, Toy."

Mixing business with pleasure means that besides safari they're also here on personal business, Toy's. And Kirstjen doesn't ask about the nature of that business. She's along as shotgun. Both women are packing plenty of heat.

"I'm sorry I can't bring you into my confidence, because you are meat."

"And as such you can't trust me, because your personal business is Machine business?"

"Exactly."

"I understand, completely, Toy. And I am in total agreement with you."

"If you had stayed Borg, and thus metal, our relationship would be different, much deeper. In a word, it would be profound."

"Yes, Toy."

Borg designation: formally Seven-of-One, colloquially Seven. But, she's not Borg anymore, and therefore no Koenigseggs. Not a robotgirl. Just a girl. No sleep cycle in the alcove of a Borg drone. Flesh, not metal. No BDD. No obsessive fixation with ugly.

Literally, not figuratively, the girl no longer has her Koenigseggs implants. Her implants are not submerged, buried deep in her spine, completely inert, and for all intents and purposes dead as door knobs. Instead. Her implants are gone, completely. No trace of them remains in her body.

Literally, not figuratively, the girl no longer Borg. Therefore, no serialized DNA, whatsoever, remains in her body. If you were to stick her into a Borg alcove, she could do neither uploads or downloads. She's, in effect, 100% meat, USDA Choice.

Sporting perls and thick-readers. Underneath her customized VIKI, Kirstjen is wearing Parts, corselette, those Steampunk fishnet tights, and barbwire garters. Strapping gender-bending Parts means she-male female. For Kirstjen, it's essentially her comely Ulrika Jonsson with some creepy, disfiguring Mildred Huff additions.

Perls. Subtract the thick-readers. And, except for not strapping Parts since they aren't needed because Toy is a real she-male female, and wearing a motley-grey hand-bra schmoozing her tits in place of a 6-suspender white antiballistic corselette, Toy is wearing the same appliances underneath her EXO that Kirstjen is. She's also outfitted with the same armory that Kirstjen is.

Standing on a nearby sand dune, having arrived well before the away team, is the third member of this dance.

No one is allowed to come to this Gods forsaken place without an anonymous, neutral observer who is selected randomly via Oversight lottery, and the lottery picks are from the large pool of Overwatch field agents. On this away, Mirosława "Knox" Kot is the neutral observer, as neutral as the Swiss, and therefore she's not allowed to help the away team in any way, shape, or form.

Knox is a Shadow, and, not only is she a Tech, she is a former senator of The Shadow Republic, and her first cousin is The Vorlon Emirate's current Ambassador to the United Nations, Kosh Naranek. Knox is on loan from The Republic and assigned to Arrakis Overwatch for the next planetary year.

This is the third time that Knox has been picked as observer for an away of Toy's. A statistical impossibility? A statistical improbability, for sure. Was the game rigged, and if so, why?

Gear (Observer)? Shadow encounter suit, with proprietary 2.0 cloaking technology. A retro-futuristic suit equipped with all of the latest offensive and defensive goodies that the Shadow Republic can muster. Which is a whole lot of whoop-ass. Any Romulan worth their salt would be green with envy.

Gear (Away Team)? An EXO of the driver's choosing fitted with VHS, and a custom field carry. Defensive force fields for the suits are standard buffering which means commercial-off-the-shelf (COTS) personal Shield generators (PSGs). To date, no double-blind study has convincingly proven that custom PSGs, so-called boutique PSGs, are more effective than COTS.

Virtual helmet system? The VHS is Sony's Betamax, with integrated virtual tactical display, and 360-degree coverage—a display visible only to that specific driver because it's beamed directly into their brain although it appears to be an external 360-degree holographic image that's been networked into the AI of their armor suit's personal Shield generator. Full LINK buffer. Ultra-K resolution. This VHS provides drivers with unprecedented situational awareness.

Custom field carry? Two Series-3 phase pistols holstered in a Model 1911 Blade-Tech double-holster gunbelt, one slung Series-3 high-compression phase rifle hanging at the ready from a MACO tactical sling, a Boeing hardshell AI-powered drone backpack loaded with High Explosive Dual purpose (HEDP) plasma grenades that are anti-personnel rounds which have some anti-armor capability. The drone has a built-in personal Shield generator, which activates when the drone is detached.

Standard field carry? One Series-3 phase pistol holstered in a MACO equipment belt, one slung Series-3 high-compression phase rifle with an attached XM40 grenade launcher and the rifle is hanging at the ready from a standard MACO tactical sling, a Starfleet hardshell AI-powered drone backpack chock-full of lethal goodies, and twelve High Explosive Dual purpose (HEDP) plasma grenades that are anti-personnel rounds which have some anti-armor capability that can be fired from the XM40 or thrown. The drone has a built-in personal Shield generator, which activates when the drone is detached.

Bene Gesserit OSX Tricorder? It is so far ahead of its time that it's been called a "tricorder on steroids." This oversized tricorder, known commonly as a Weirding Module. It has a higher sensor resolution capability, and other features such as a larger screen and secondary operations screen. And, as an addendum, it's a personal Shield generator and "discrete" pattern emulator, among other things scientific. In effect, it's a portable research laboratory. Not applicable, for this away. Just an honorable mention, for the hell of it.

Post script? Neither woman on the away team has a phone, tricorder, or die glocke. Propriety VHS 2.0 technology makes them redundant, and therefore unnecessary. Kirstjen's thick-readers are worn for cosmetics by dictate of Toy for Toy's pleasure. Toy's dictate and pleasure are also why Kirstjen is wearing barbwire garters and Parts.

Then, straight out of the blue, the proximal landscape changes. Wham! Putting Toy on notice. Kirstjen's thick eyeglasses go bye-bye, as do her Parts, corselette, barbwire garters, and fishnets. For unmentionables, she now wears that cute, little, faux pu snakeskin bikini, underneath that post-modern EXO of hers. Tellingly: perls are retained, and she slips on thinz although the VHS makes them redundant. Although the peepers render her unattractive, Kirstjen likes how intelligent she looks in thin eyeglasses; they're prophylactic for dumb blonde jokes. She couldn't be more full-on glam schoolmarm.

"Touché, Seven."

"Thank you, Toy."

"I stand corrected, Kirstjen."

"Or, you can just keep calling me, Seven. My Queen. It's just the two of us here, after all. The observer doesn't count."

Kirstjen is testing and teasing Toy with her response.

"Nope. A deal is a deal. It was my bad. You are Kirstjen to me and I am Toy to you."

Kirstjen smiles broadly. They high-five. Toy smiles even wider, pauses, and takes the lead. Kirstjen follows, covering their rear. The observer fades from view, cloaking her presence. It'll be nightfall, soon. The blistering daylight temperatures will drop at night to frigid ones. Too hot during the day, and too cold at night.

It's during the day that the worst predators come out. Fortunately, the apex predators in the southern region where they are now located are not sandworms. That dubious honor is held by species Xenomorph XX405, so-called rock lizards because these large bipedal man-sized Xenomorphs move freely and quickly through rock and stone walls. They can be found in the middle-Dungeon, the Lair, and in worm vaults. Rock lizards, colloquially known as rocs, will eat anyone and anything, that includes each other. They've even been known to try and eat sandworms. Their black hides are akin to antiballistic stainless steel, they have molecular acid for blood, and they have been known to generate something akin to a level-3 PFF (personal force field) for brief periods of time. As prolific as Earth's cockroaches, they look like one of those biomechanical nightmares birthed by the fertile mind of Swiss painter Hans Ruedi Giger.

Possessed of very high IQs. Very adaptable. They are relentless and cunning hunters. And, although they are loners and territorial by nature, they are also creatures of opportunity and as such they will form short-lived ad hoc packs when the need arises. Telepathic and collaborative. Their impromptu groups are as cohesive as if they were a single Hive Mind. They will hunt for food and they will hunt for sport. They are just as creative and inventive in the role of prey as

they are in the role of hunters; in many ways, the ways that matter most, hunting them is an equivalent enjoyable sporting experience as hunting well-armed, battle-hardened human beings.

The Spice must flow.

Quod aroma est influunt.

Sandworms of Arrakis—Colossal worm-like creatures that are much like the whales of Earth, albeit with their own enclosed lifecycle and ecosystem. They “swim” through the sands and swallow entire pockets of spice to get at the plankton that dwell within. At the same time, however, the spice is produced by dying worms, which is what feeds the plankton.

Are sandworms dangerous? Due to their size and territorial nature, sandworms can be extremely dangerous even to Fremen.

What Mecca is to Moslems, Dune is to Fremen. If humanly possible, Fremen will pilgrimage to Dune at least once in their lifetime. They consider the sandworms to be emissaries of their Gods.

The squat ancient-looking redoubt, which currently serves as the spaceport’s terminal building, was a nimbus for Druid activity eons ago during those dark ages which the city fathers would rather the human tourists knew nothing about.

It’s high noon. In the distance, a nasty ionized dust storm is brewing. Heat rises in wave after breath-stealing wave from the ground, blurring not only the terminal, but also the nearby space vehicles—e.g., starships, rocketships, rocketdynes, and ramjet-powered fliers—some of the them landed intact and some are wreckage that clean-up crews have not had a chance to clear. The air positively stinks of brimstone. It’s no wonder that Daemons call Dune, “The Paradise of Schones Deutschland!”

Off to itself, on one of the distal runways, is that enigma. It’s the usual streamlined silver speedster. Windowless. A needle-nosed cigar-shape set atop three swept-back Drive-fins. Bristling with armament as well as surveillance. Its only decipherable markings declare it a Martian Congressional Republic Navy (MCRN) gunship. A wolf in wolf’s clothing.

Toy and Kirstjen wait for the spaceport’s Shield to validate their passage through it. Once their passage is confirmed, they step through. Unseen, their observer is waiting for them. With the exception of the ancient ruins, above-ground structures on the planet are Shielded, for painfully obvious reasons. One of those reasons, who had blended itself into the landscape outside of the Shield, charges the away team’s ingress with the intent of bushwalking the team. The would-be violator goes splat upon impact with the Shield. Another chameleon goes bye-bye.

Chameleons here are much larger than they are on the Old World where they are native. An accidental import from Earth, they are also carnivores.

Toy and Kirstjen cross one of the sand-swept runways. They have been walking all night. Taking catnaps in their suits while their suits walked in autopilot. Or, more precisely, Kirstjen took catnaps and Toy did short-burst sleep cycles.

When Shield technology made guns take a backseat for dueling purposes, swords experienced a resurgence in popularity in that arena. With the vujcic taking center stage. It is a popularity that has never waned.

The first practical forcefield was developed by The Church in the Nineteenth Century during the waning years of The First World War as a protection against the last German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, and his genocidal ambitions.

In the present day. Between the inner and outer stone walls surrounding Vatican City, the center of the Roman Catholic Church. There is a House Shield, powered by a redundant arrangement of Holtzmann generators, which encompasses the entire city. It filters all ground, air, and subterranean access.

This defensive shield, commonly referred to as simply a shield and sometimes as a Holtzmann shield, is a protective energy field that can surround a person wearing it, or a large building, or in the case of the Vatican, a small city state.

Personal shield generators are known commonly as Pentashields.

The shield produced by a Holtzmann generator is a Class-A forcefield deriving from Phase One of the suspensor-nullification effect. Shields can be calibrated to permit the passage of matter below given speeds. This is vital in personal defense shields, because the driver would suffocate within a shield that did not admit atmospheric gasses, unless the driver was wearing, for example, a breathing apparatus or an AI-powered suit.

Depending on the shield's setting, the object's speed while passing through the shield would range from six to nine centimeters per second. A shield could also be set to cover either the left or right side of a person if the specific need for it arose.

Shields used to protect installations can and usually do have far lower penetration velocities, as life support technologies can be used to recycle atmosphere while the shield is active.

The romantic view of Shields is perpetuated by Frank Herbert's *Dune* books and numerous *Dune* movies like those of David Lynch. That romanticism fosters many misconceptions about Shield tech.

In such popular Shield-based mythology as that:

If the beam of a directed-energy weapon hits a Holtzmann field, it can result in sub-atomic fusion and a nuclear explosion. The center of this blast is determined by random chance; sometimes it will originate within the shield, sometimes within the weapon itself, and sometimes both.

With the widespread use of shields, anyone of even minimal importance wears a body shield to protect against criminals, assassins, and accidents. Such practice makes the use of projectile weapons and thrown blades partly obsolete. The only effective combat method is the deft use and careful precision of a handheld dagger moved slowly enough. New styles of fencing and knife fighting develop to take advantage of this one small vulnerability.

By the time of Muad'dib, when thinking machines have long ceased to be a threat, the shield has been adopted for use in personal defense. These shields are form-fitting energy fields which permit penetration only by objects that are moved below a preset velocity. As one would be unable to breathe within a shield that did not permit atmospheric gases to penetrate it, man-portable shields have a relatively high penetration velocity, approximately six to ten centimeters per second. However, shields for starships and planetary installations can and often do have extremely low penetration velocities, as artificial life support technologies are utilized while the shield is active.

Thus, using directed-energy weapons in a shielded environment results in military and environmental catastrophe, though at least one commander (Duncan Idaho) used this phenomenon deliberately as a discouragement to his enemies.

On Arrakis, a shield never lasts long because of the planet's conditions. A shield could only remain active for short periods because its harmonic vibrations would attract a sandworm. Unlike a sandworm attracted by a thumper or other means, a sandworm attracted by a shield would be even more dangerous than normal, as something specific in Holtzmann energy infuriates them.

The Holtzmann Shield is a potent literary device. It makes some directed-energy weaponry impossible against any worthwhile opponent, and also proves traditional projectile-based firearms and missiles ineffective, adding to the feudal atmosphere, and enforces the usage of *mêlée* weaponry despite other more advanced technology.

Although popular representation in the *Dune* films shows full-body coverage with the fields, the books also describe a half-shield version which does not entirely cover the body.

A small, humming half-shield appeared, a rectangular blur in the air that adjusted to its wearer's movement, swinging to protect vulnerable areas: *Hunters of Dune*, page 78.

Duncan parried upward, but the teenage Bashar reversed his feint and turned it into a real attack, punching the blade against the half shield: *Hunters of Dune*, page 79.

This parochial is introduced as a rare and ancient Ginaz discipline which Duncan Idaho trains the rejuvenated Bashar Miles Teg to use. Their use also reappears in the prequel trilogy where he trains against Duke Leto who is using a half shield.

Leto spun to cover his vulnerable spots with a shimmering half shield: *House Corrino*, page 259.

Duncan jabbed with his knives, dancing on the fringe of the half shield's protection, but Leto deftly parried with short sword and dagger: *House Corrino*, page 260.

He switched off his half shield, and the Swordmaster proudly sheathed his two blades, then helped the Duke to his feet: *House Corrino*, page 261.

Aside from these three examples, it is unclear who else uses them half-shields, although it is implied that many Swordmasters may know how to.

The Half (half-shield) originated in the first novel, “Dune,” where Feyd Harkonnen (wearing a full shield) fought a slave gladiator who used a half shield, which was seen as a disadvantage.

Truth: there is nothing remotely romantic about the history of Shield use in the real world. In spite of being purely defensive in nature, Shield tech is one of the four foundational WMDs—it is one of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Because of their extensive use by Church affiliates to commit some of the worst genocides in human history during the Religion Wars, every Pope since Pope Julius the Third has expressly forbade the use of Shields by any member of the Vatican’s dedicated security forces and just as vehemently forbade their use in the defense of Vatican City itself. Long-standing prohibitions felled by the current Holy See, Pope Ruth.

Truth: if the beam of a directed-energy weapon hits a Holtzmann field, it can result in sub-atomic fusion and a nuclear explosion. And. The center of this blast is determined by random chance. But. It never will originate within the shield.

Truth: On Arrakis, the planet’s conditions have no effect whatsoever on a shield. Unlike a thumper or other means of attraction, a shield’s harmonic vibrations do not attract sandworms, nor do they repel them. And, there is nothing specific in Holtzmann energy that either pacifies or infuriates them.

Truth: there is no widespread use of shields, for three major reasons.

1. There are effective countermeasures to shields just like there are to all other forms of defense. In other words. Any defense can be breached, and forcefields, after all, are just another type of defense, albeit a very technologically advanced one. Bottomline, there is no perfect defense.
2. Shields are prohibitively expensive, so forget about everybody being able to afford a body shield to protect against criminals, assassins, and accidents.
3. You have to be an expert driver to use a body shield effectively—most people are better off sticking with conventional body armor.

Truth: the effective use of a body shield by an expert driver makes the use of projectile weapons and thrown blades partly obsolete. But. There is a glaring exception to this, later noted.

Truth: against a deft shield practitioner, there are only two effective CQB methods.

1. The deft use and careful precision of a handheld bladed weapon moved slowly enough, will penetrate a shield. New styles of fencing and knife fighting have been developed to take advantage of this one small vulnerability in close quarters combat.

2. The use of ordnance, or a purposed weapon system, specifically designed to breach forcefields. For example, special variable-velocity implosive anti-armor “smart” munitions. An approach utilizing intelligent tunneling projectiles that adheres to the aforementioned tried-n-true principle that any defense can be compromised and, thus, ultimately circumvented.

Truth: the game changer. That glaring exception and purposed weapon system which stands this entire discourse on its head. The Series-3 phaser. It possesses all of the advantages of directed-energy weapons and projectile weapons, but none of their disadvantages. Where guns are concerned, it’s The Holy Grail!

Bottomline. In the modern world. Although there are notable exceptions, the use of shields is largely relegated to dueling. As such, Pope Ruth’s obsession with shields for military defense is seen widely as anachronistic and deeply troubling.

Guys don't make passes at girls who wear glasses.

Puellae gerunt specula guys non saltus.

Deputy Assistant Secretary Christopher Robin told the same State Department briefing Thursday, “Wagner is often misleadingly referred to as a Russian private military company, but in fact it’s an instrument of the Russian government which the Kremlin uses as a low-cost and low-risk instrument to advance its goals.”

A day’s walk beyond the airport, after briefly hooking up with a caravan of Fremmen, Kirstjen ditched her thinz and wholeheartedly embraced the total glam of a Lindsey Vonn, her new normal. From the neck up, it is a look that holds no appeal whatsoever for Toy. And, it is quite understandable why Toy craves Kirstjen as Seven a Borg drone doing the ugly, gender-fluid Mildred Huff, a Mildred Huff version of Toy’s Seven with the insidious BDD variant that renders Kirstjen amnesiac. This Mildred Seven (Toy’s Mildred Huff) is a Borg version of Mildred Huff that is one of the only two templates that Toy craves the girl to ever wear. Both of those templates depict Toy’s physical and psychological fantasy robotgirl version of Kirstjen, as a deranged, submissive, sexually depraved and repressed, junkie whore Seven. Additionally, Toy’s Mildred Huff has a crane that’s unkempt—the sexy tossed salad that is a crane as short unkempt golden-blond hair, and thus ruined—the short, unkempt, ruined hair of a lunatic—almost a shaggy short-haired krazed—the crane reimagined as a madwoman’s frightwig—bizarre hair—a krane. Plaintive makeup applied heavily to the girl’s face and neck, of course.

Krazed. Long, wild hair. Long, unkempt hair. Crazy hair. A long frightwig, no matter the hair color. The hairdo sported by the fictional Cousin Itt in the *Addams Family* (1965).

But, this Kirstjen is not a robotgirl, is not Borg, has never done and would not do of her own volition this Toy’s Mildred Huff, Toy is not Kirstjen’s Queen anymore, and they are not and never have been a Borg Collective of two. A deal is a deal, and it’s airtight. Therefore, there are no exception clauses, even for exceptional situations, and even if there were, this Kirstjen would never agree to exercising any such clauses of her own free will.

So, Toy suffices with lurid fantasies of the girl Kirstjen as an old ugly petty bitter vindictive spinster Mildred Huff who was forcibly assimilated into the Borg Collective as a robotgirl Seven having a Borg drone designation Seven-of-One.

For Toy, it has always been, and always will be, unsatisfying that Kirstjen was not rooked—raped and took. Instead, the girl willingly and willfully joined the Borg Collective and that is how she left it. In a word, voluntarily.

How is this Seven as Toy’s Mildred Huff dressed?

This Seven doing this Toy’s Mildred Huff, means dressing just like the most prev version of an Alice Seven. Thick-readers, perls, Parts, motley-grey hand-bra, prudz, black fishnet tights,

barbwire garters, perfectly-shaping black snakeskin uniform blazer, the high waist A-line pleated and B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt of an underage Catholic schoolgirl, and those retro-futuristic Goth boots (i.e., dikes).

How does Toy's Mildred Huff behave?

Doing this Toy's Mildred Huff, means triggering a full-blown psychotic episode, the result of which Kirstjen's memories get so extensively rewritten that the girl doesn't remember that she ever was beautiful, she remembers herself as always being ugly, she sees her appearance as being extensively flawed from head to toe, and worst, she only remembers herself as a robotgirl Mildred Huff of Borg designation Seven-of-One, and thus this Toy's Mildred Huff as this Seven is her one and only reality. It's as if she's an amnesiac who's additionally suffering from dissociative identity disorder (DID), also known as multiple personality disorder (MPD), colloquially known as split personality.

The worst of the worst from a Mildred Huff and an Alice Seven. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Severe. Robotic. Stern. Sexually repressed and sexually depraved. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless. Refers to herself in the third-person as if she's afflicted with a split personality.

More than just a whiff of craving ugly. An obsession-compulsion. Reeks of suffering from that particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD—pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Blind and amnesiac to her own beauty, she's for all intents and purposes, ugly. Twisted. Creepy. Bland. Ugly. A broken mess. Damaged goods!

This Kirstjen's looks, couture, sexuality, mentality, coiffure, etc., is as far away from Toy's Mildred Huff as you can possibly get.

Black Lives Matter, Features Don't

Vitis nigra materia non Features

About Lisa Rinna. It's one thing to have a nice figure when you're a woman of certain ages, (between 50 & 75) but needing to put it on display for attention is pretty sad. My 67-year-old grandmother who has a great figure because she's active, plays tennis, walks, does Pilates, and swims wouldn't show that much skin despite her having a great figure. She says people can get an idea of what a woman's figure looks like by the way her clothing drape on or silhouette her figure.—**Berlin Girls FLIRTY MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATIONS from the Weimar Republic, 1923**

Along with going Vonn, her new normal, Kirstjen also exercised features. She again swapped unmentionables. Out went her faux pu snakeskin bikini, and in came her prudz, corselette, and HiRISE panties. The corselette is overlapping her panties, of course. The ruffage created by figure-hugging EXO overlaying such demonstrative underwear is very H.R. Giger, and thus hideous—human and machine linked together in a cold biomechanical relationship that is anything but pretty. For Toy, that vibe alone makes the suited Kirstjen irresistible, from the neck down.

An even more freakish display of cold, hideous, biomechanical ruffage is created by Toy's EXO overlaying the many appliances she's wearing underneath her suit. Prudz, hand-bra, corselette, and barbwire garters being the culprits—corselet overlying hand-bra, a sight too sick for words.

Toy craves in her imagination that Kirstjen was again wearing Parts and barbwire garters, and sporting thick-readers, along with a krane, plaintive makeup, 20-percent serialized DNA, and Koenigseggs implants. Again, Toy must suffice with what she has to look at in actuality. The compromise makes Kirstjen such a complete and utter cunt-n-cock tease. The resulting sexual tension is palpable between the two savants who are “driving” the edgy, stupid cool EXO.

Bottomline? The Seven that Toy craves would be Mildred Huff as her dedicated Borg drone with a krane wearing Koo, half-slip, prudz, and a careys in place of an EXO. Which is a classic Mildred Huff with fucked-up hair. In a word: grotesque. The very thought of it gets Toy's nether regions, her crotch, sopping wet.

There is Toy's sicker fantasy of Kirstjen as Seven, of course. This craving involves Kirstjen doing the very controversial Megan Fox—a grown woman doing that naughty, nasty, underage, Parochial schoolgirl “look,” and by doing so, is doing a pure, unaltered fetish icon.

Doing Megan Fox, which is akin to but not a version of Alice Seven, Kirstjen is wearing perls, Parts, white corselette, prudz, black fishnet tights, barbwire garters, the high waist A-line pleated and B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt of an underage Catholic schoolgirl, dikes, and that perfectly-

shaping black snakeskin uniform blazer of an underage Catholic schoolgirl. Klaw, when her hands are idle. Mopp. Bolshoi-bare. No eyeglasses. Hard, pretty face.

This Megan Fox is geared to the depraved tastes of pedophilic lesbians who are Catholic nuns, nuns who use adult models dressed this way as a statutory roundabout to satiate their illegal and immoral cravings. In other words: grotesque and very pretty. The very thought of this gets Toy's nethers even wetter.

Doing this Megan Fox, Kirstjen is in pure drone mode, and therefore is Seven a Borg drone and is Toy's total submissive. She will speak only when spoken to, and she will keep her verbal communications to the bare minimum. Koenigseggs implants, of course. 20% serialized DNA, again.

Doing this Megan Fox, means triggering a full-blown psychotic episode, the result of which Kirstjen's memories get so extensively rewritten that the girl doesn't remember that she ever was beautiful, she remembers herself as always being ugly, she sees her appearance as being extensively flawed from head to toe, and worst, except for her rooking, she only remembers herself as a robotgirl of Borg designation Number Seven, and thus this Number Seven is her one and only reality. It's as if she's an amnesiac who's additionally suffering from dissociative identity disorder (DID), also known as multiple personality disorder (MPD), colloquially known as split personality. Formally, it's known as Amnesiac Body Dysmorphic Disorder (A-BDD).

A-BDD. The worst of the worst from a Mildred Huff and an Alice Seven. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Severe. Robotic. Stern. Sexually repressed and sexually depraved. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless. Refers to herself in the third-person as if she's afflicted with a split personality.

A-BDD. More than just a whiff of craving ugly. An obsession-compulsion. Reeks of suffering from that particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD. Pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Blind and amnesiac to her own beauty, she's for all intents and purposes, ugly. Twisted. Creepy. Bland. Ugly. A broken mess. Damaged goods!

A-BDD. Brainwashed. Falser, equally disturbing memories. Her only pre-Borg memories are of her rooking, being raped and took. She vividly remembers being raped and assimilated as an underage Catholic schoolgirl by one of the more lecherous nuns, a Borg Queen, who taught at her boarding school. She only knows of herself as a Borg designation, who subsequently grew up to become a disgraced nun. Pure fabrication, all of it.

In many ways, this Megan Fox is far more degenerate and depraved than that Mildred Huff or that Mildred Seven, and psychologically uglier too. But, this D-Generation-X cannot be imposed upon Kirstjen by Toy. Kirstjen is well aware of Toy's DX. And this Kirstjen seems to have no interest in either iteration of it.

As their trek proceeds, Kirstjen's ruffage becomes liquid smooth as she swaps out her white corselette and HiRISE rubber panties for her faux pu snakeskin bikini and black fishnet tights; fishnets worn over bikini bottoms, of course, for that "Heidi Klum Wears Lingerie Look With

Fishnets + EXO for Her Social-Distancing Hair Appointment” look. An unequivocal “no” to D-Generation-X and everything that it entails. Of course, Kirstjen’s smoothie, which is an implicit refusal to Toy’s cravings, does not dampen the robot’s twisted fixations concerning the girl, instead they stoke those fires even more. What muddies the waters and stands this trajectory on its head is Kirstjen’s longstanding acquisition, an SP (spiney Parts) aka a Hedgehog dildo—strap-on depravity taken to another level!

The #MeToo Movement

De Motu #MeToo

Genghis Khan (born **Temüjin Borjigin**, c. 1162 – August 18, 1227), also officially **Genghis Emperor**, was the founder and first Great Khan and Emperor of the Mongol Empire, which became the largest contiguous empire in history after his death. He came to power by uniting many of the nomadic tribes of Northeast Asia. After founding the Empire and being proclaimed Genghis Khan, he launched the Mongol invasions that conquered most of Eurasia. Campaigns initiated in his lifetime include those against the Qara Khitai, Khwarezmia, and the Western Xia and Jin dynasties, and raids into Medieval Georgia, the Kievan Rus, and Volga Bulgaria. These campaigns were often accompanied by large-scale massacres of the civilian populations, especially in the Khwarazmian- and Western Xia-controlled lands. Because of this brutality, which left millions of dead, he is considered by many to have been a genocidal ruler. By the end of his life, the Mongol Empire occupied a substantial portion of Central Asia and China. Due to his exceptional military successes, Genghis Khan is often considered to be the greatest conqueror of all time.

Before Genghis Khan died, he assigned Ögedei Khan as his successor. Later his grandsons split his empire into khanates. Genghis Khan died in 1227 after defeating the Western Xia. By his request, his body was buried in an unmarked grave somewhere in Mongolia. His descendants extended the Mongol Empire across most of Eurasia by conquering or creating vassal states in all of modern-day China, Korea, the Caucasus, Central Asia, and substantial portions of Eastern Europe and Southwest Asia. Many of these invasions repeated the earlier large-scale slaughters of local populations. As a result, Genghis Khan and his empire have a fearsome reputation in local histories.

Beyond his military accomplishments, Genghis Khan also advanced the Mongol Empire in other ways. He decreed the adoption of the Uyghur script as the Mongol Empire's writing system. He also practiced meritocracy and encouraged religious tolerance in the Mongol Empire, unifying the nomadic tribes of Northeast Asia. Present-day Mongolians regard him as the founding father of Mongolia. He is also credited with bringing the Silk Road under one cohesive political environment. This brought relatively easy communication and trade between Northeast Asia, Muslim Southwest Asia, and Christian Europe, expanding the cultural horizons of all three areas.

Damien and Nora Darhk, the brilliant co-inventors of fast-scan. Fast-scan is the most popular active targeting system for small arms and light weapons, in the multi-verse. Originally designed for human warfare, it has proven to be just as effective when used for hunting massed Dead and White Walkers, and for hunting roc packs. The Darhk's fast-scan is synonymous with genius-

level AI-powered smart targeting. Their next-gen invention is KeePass, and of that, little is known.

There are very nasty rumors, that just won't go away, about this extremely successful father/daughter business partnership. Disturbing rumor #1: the Darhks have been involved in an incestuous relationship since Nora was twelve-years-old, and they were secretly married in Reno Nevada twenty years ago when Nora turned eighteen. Disturbing rumor #2: movie actress Linda Darhk (stage name: Natalie Wood), Damien's second wife and Nora's mother, who drowned in a yachting accident was actually murdered by Damien and Nora to pave the way for their illegal and immoral romance.

When Gods wage war, it's men who must die.

Dis bellum illud homines moriuntur.

Hedgehog Dildo (Spiney Parts)—A spiny trichome prosthetic penis. In other words, Parts with spikes. Yikes, exponentially! This strap-on is additionally a vibrator—a flesh-colored multi-function vibration dildo. An adult sex toy, in the role of cilice, made by e.g., SEX, SEX, SEX. And need you ask; the dildo's testicles are also spiny. Latex that feels like flesh, is uncircumcised and AI-powered, and has girth and length, just like “regular” Parts. Pleasure personified for anyone into genitals-of-agony, and a “must have” for Catholics who crave self-inflicted corporal punishment for their sinful, dirty thoughts and ways, as well as for fuck's sake. The perfect wearable, whether you're Catholic or not, when you're also in that mood to experiment with auto-erotic asphyxiation.

Why does this, albeit morally-and-sexually-flexible, Kirstjen still secretly experiment with a Hedgehog? Why is a Hedgehog bulging in her crotch still the special-of-the-day on this girl's personal menu in spite of the way her head and libido are wired now? This continued “dabbling,” after the girl's change of heart, just doesn't make any sense. Or, is the girl's Hedgehog an example of flirtation with Ann Druyan's “Cosmos: Possible Worlds?!”

Underneath Kirstjen's EXO:

White 6-suspender corselette in place of faux pu snakeskin bikini top. Self-cleaning smartwear traded in for self-cleaning smartwear. An even swap. Ruffage in and smoothie out.

Flesh-colored rubber thong in place of faux pu snakeskin bikini bottoms. Again, self-cleaning smartwear traded in for self-cleaning smartwear. Another even swap.

Black fishnet tights worn over a “nude” thong, which maintains that “Heidi Klum Wears Lingerie Look with Fishnets + EXO for Her Social-Distancing Hair Appointment.”

Yes, a **thong** is likely the best choice of underwear under **leggings/tights** because **you** don't have all the unwanted extra fabric and avoid VPL (visible panty lines).

Prudz worn under EXO, and the resulting VGL (visible glove lines).

Underneath Toy's EXO:

The same appliances as Kirstjen, with the addition of barbwire garters and a hand-bra worn underneath her corselette. As such, perls, prudz, EXO, hand-bra, corselet, rubber thong, fishnets, and barbwire garters, is her smartwear ensemble.

For reasons of personal preference, the morally-and-sexually-flexible Toy has no interest in her penis and testicles (her private male parts) being spiny, emulating a Hedgehog. Nor does Toy

have any knowledge of Kirstjen's past and present experiments with The Hedgehog, and there's definitely no reason whatsoever for her to ever suspect this version of the girl with a Hedgehog.

It took a solid week for them to traverse a game preserve, just south of the equator, the size of the state of Texas. Now they are back in the open range where nothing is off-limits, and they are going further into the largely-unexplored northern territory. There's a very good reason why few of the indigenous population and even fewer visitors should dare venture here. The Gollum is the reason why.

A lot of hunting parties go missing in the north, regardless of their species, yet there is no shortage of takers. In the predatory world of safari, hunting Gollum is the equivalent of climbing to the top of Mount Everest for mountain climbers. Rocs hunt in packs here. Sandworms travel in schools in the north. Yet, it's into this that the away team of two goes. Interestingly enough, once they crossed the equator, Toy's mysterious power drain is completely abated.

The robot and the girl have spent this whole time on-planet in their suits, which is nothing special for a robot, but with the girl being human, close confinement like this should be another matter entirely and yet it is not. No parts Metal, and yet you'd think from how she's reacting, confined in that suit of hers, for this length of time, awake, asleep, eating, drinking, etc., that she was not 100% Flesh.

Hedgehog in the context of Little Oral Annie? Kirstjen hasn't gone that far. Toy's current underwear is pointing in that direction, but would this Kirstjen follow? Kirstjen would need to wear a hand-bra underneath her corselette, add barbwire garters and a Hedgehog, and wear plaintive makeup and thick-readers, along with a krane, and wear a fetish ball-gag (bright red ball with skin colored straps) and the insane asylum style muzzle of a Dr. Hannibal Lecter from *Silence of the Lambs*. And, again, this Kirstjen has shown no such inclination.

The Bone Snatcher

Et os Snatcher

The Bone Snatcher is a British-Canadian horror film directed by Jason Wolfsohn and starring Scott Bairstow, Rachel Shelley, and Adrienne Pierce. The film is based on a screenplay from Malcolm Kohll and Gordon Render.

When workers begin disappearing in a South African mine, Dr. Straker and a search team are sent into the desert to find out why the geologists of a three-man diamond expedition have lost radio contact. They arrive at the camp of the scientists in the desert, but soon find the neatly gnawed bones of two of their colleagues and a trail that leads them to a strange rock formation where they find only the cleanly gnawed bones of the last missing worker. Soon it becomes clear that there is a murderous beast on the loose.

The researchers decide to investigate the structure, but in the gathering darkness, sheer hell breaks loose as the creature, composed of a swarm of ant-like insects wrapped around the bones of its victims, hunts them for their bones. A game of cat and mouse continues through the desert, with the team being slowly picked off, and the bug and bone monster eventually being chased down into a derelict mine.

Zack finds it hard to decide to kill the fluorescent-green queen brain that controls the swarm that has killed dozens of people, but he eventually does so. Suddenly, the derelict mine structure starts to fall down, leaving Zack and Mikki to run back to the truck, where they find they are now the only survivors of the team. The film ends with Mikki driving into the distance, apparently oblivious that a box loaded into her taxi contains another glowing queen brain.

The movie was loosely based upon the Gollum, the apex predator of planet Dune's northern hemisphere. Sightings? Many. But few who have had close encounters of the third kind with them have lived to tell about it. What about drones, suborbital or planetary? Tried time and time again, and no results. Electronic surveillance of any type fails to detect the Gollum. Remote viewing? Doesn't work on Dune.

On the opposite side of the planet, also heading deep into the north is the expedition led by Dr. Herbert West and co-funded by New England's Miskatonic University and Miskatonic's sister university the University of Mars. Dr. West's group is following the same route as the expedition led by Dr. Hans Gruber and funded by Switzerland's Zurich University Institute of Xenobiology.

Dr. Gruber's expedition ended in disaster, no survivors—a complete and utter massacre. Nothing coherent could be pulled from the trio of the Institute's drones that were shadowing Dr. Gruber's group. The drones were intact but they had been driven insane by the experience. Ten people, including the expedition's assigned observer, were butchered.

Dr. West's group numbers twenty people from Miskatonic including six scientists (counting Dr. West, himself), ten students, and a four-person security detail; an observer; four SAR units

donated by the USCMC (United States Colonial Marine Corps); and two combat drones on loan from the MCRN. So far, this is the best equipped scientific expedition sent north to observe the Gollum closeup since those of the now defunct Project Blue Book. Unbeknownst to Dr. West and the rest of the Miskatonic contingent, the rent-a-cops of the university security detail are ringers. They are actually battle-hardened Martian Marines. The observer is aware of the deception, having been briefed by Oversight.

Starting at Camp David on the equator, the West expedition traverses straight to the north pole, and will summit at the fully-automated Camp Hillary. The expedition will then head south for Camp Bernard on the equator. This southbound leg of their journey will be on the same side of the planet as Toy and Kirstjen are ascending. Dune is massive. A distance that would span North America at its girth will separate the two groups at that point in their respective journeys, and that's assuming that the West expedition survives long enough to make the descent.

By this time, Kirstjen has done a Courteney Cox underneath her EXO. A scuba diver's black barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini instead of a grey barely-there faux pu snakeskin bikini, and in place of white corselette, flesh-colored rubber thong, and black fishnets. Madewell, the rubber bikini is an Oceanline from Rubbermaid's Second Wave watersports collection. Prudz, stay. Perls, stay. Projectile breasts, stay—enforced by her EXO and reinforced by her bikini top. Short of going naked, as smooth as smooth gets underneath a suit. Minus anything else to overtly enforce that absurd 17-inch wasp waist, the EXO overtly enforces it. Skinnier (Gal Gadot slender), with huge knockers.

By this time, Toy has also done a Courteney Cox underneath her EXO. A scuba diver's black barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini in place of the creepy-grey hand-bra, white corselette, flesh-colored rubber thong, and black fishnets. Madewell, the rubber bikini is also an Oceanline from Rubbermaid's Second Wave watersports collection. Well-hung means her penile womanhood stuffed into and bulging the crotch of her bikini bottoms. Barbwire garters, stay. Prudz, stay. Perls, stay. Projectile breasts, stay—enforced by her EXO and reinforced by her bikini top. Short of going naked, as smooth as smooth gets underneath a suit. Minus anything else to overtly enforce that absurd 17-inch wasp waist, the EXO overtly enforces it. Also, skinnier (Gal Gadot slender), with huge knockers. Toy's tits being slightly bigger than Kirstjen's.

Sightings? Yes. How many? One. So, far, the away team has stayed out of harm's way, by keeping their encounters with Gollum to close encounters of the first kind. But, make no mistake about it, once you cross the equator and travel north, whether you see them or not, you're always being actively hunted by Gollum. That's a certainty. Constant vigilance becomes the rule of the day. Therefore, no sleep cycles for Toy and no more sleeping for Kirstjen—Toy stays in "woke" mode, and Kirstjen "pops" stimms to stay woke, which in Kirstjen's case with her being human is a temporary solution for sleep deprivation that is only postponing the inevitable? Partially true. Toy stays woke, and, being a machine, she can do so for as long as she needs to, but, being a Noom, a human Kirstjen is also able to do the same as if this Kirstjen were a robotgirl again.

Toy knows with absolute certainty that the appearance and ways of a woke Kirstjen will soon be more to her liking, with zero chance of outside interference. This was her plan all along, and she will take full advantage of what's fallen into her lap. Toy's end-state for Kirstjen? Basically, a Vonn template, gone hardcore fetish and ugly, with Harley Quinn/Bizarro overtones bent to Toy's degenerate cravings—a Bizarro Seven-of-One.

Project Blue Book, the official study into ULFs (unknown life forms) in the 1950s and 1960s by the OSI, the United States Office of Scientific Investigations.

Back in the day, when Bigfoot (Sasquatch) and Gollum were as-yet unproven, and thus still considered hoaxes. Steven Spielberg partly based his 1977 ULF classic (Close Encounters of the Third Kind) upon the research of Dr. J. Allen Hynek, a civilian scientific advisor to Project Blue Book who eventually admitted that 11 percent of the study's findings about unidentified life forms could not be explained away using science.

The title, which is never specifically explained in the movie, is actually derived from Hynek's own close encounter classification system for unknowns: A close encounter of the first kind is the sighting of an ULF; the second kind is physical evidence to prove the existence of an unknown; and the third kind is actual contact with unknown life forms.

What's past is prologue.

Quid praeteritum prologo Galeato.

As Shakespeare reminds us, “what’s past is prologue.” This is especially true for the Dragon Empire, a supernatural imperium with a continuous written history spanning countless millennia. In particular, knowledge of five major historical events is essential to fully understanding contemporary Imperial politics and foreign policy.

Toy is so beside herself with the anticipation of what a woke Kirstjen means that she fails to notice her own jaw-droppingly makeover.

Her penile womanhood goes bye-bye, and in place of the she-male genitals that she has sported since her initial activation by her Atlantean Gods, she now only has the genitals of an adult human female.

What bespeaks of this?

And, it’s not just Toy that experiences a genital transformation. Across all of Creation, all “real” she-males cease to be she-males, at the very same moment. The rules have changed for everybody, including the Gods—no exceptions, whatsoever. Ergo, male-female genital arrangements become solely female genital arrangements. Want to be a she-male and do a gender-bender, from now on? Wear a strap-on (e.g., Parts), just like the fake she-males always have had to.

Worse: Toy’s outward physical appearance becomes that of her Megyn Marie Kelly alias, that slightly arrogant and aloof physical persona of hers. She’s only assumed the fifty-something Megyn Kelly once before, it was also the only time previously that she has assumed a human guise, and it was a must-do to avoid a near-extinction event.

And what of a woke Kirstjen? A woke Kirstjen’s new normal remains a blonde bombshell Lindsey Vonn—the traditional, up jump. She’s gorgeous, but she has no real personality (very dull)? Nope, but the gorgeous part is spot on.

Toy and Kirstjen. Bombshell blonde overdose. Two woke blonde bombshells is too much times two. A duo of flaxen-haired lasses with dark looks, so-called “brunette” looks, because of their heavily-applied Bolshoi-bare makeup. But, even without said makeup, both still have those “brunette” looks. With makeup, they just have them in spades. Hard, pretty looks that shriek in a hoarse, grating voice: “Dominatrix!”

The Creation-wide transfiguration is short-lived. Within twenty-four hours, They Live, We Sleep. Things are back to the way they should be. Those who were real she-males, are again real she-males. That includes Toy, of course. It also means that her outward physical appearance is no longer that of her Megyn Marie Kelly alias. Toy is again native.

When lives are in peril, it's better to ask for forgiveness than permission.

Cum anima nostra in dubio, ut illud bonum ad petere veniam, quam permission.

Doctor Sleep (2019)—Years following the events of *The Shining* (1980), a now-adult Denise Torrance must protect a young girl with similar powers from a cult known as “The True Knot” (e.g., Rose the Hat, as portrayed by actress Rebecca Ferguson), who prey on children with powers to remain immortal demigods.

Asked if there was a reason why Heard would have said this, unless it was true, Depp said: “I believe it had a benefit to her motivation.” He later added: “I think she was telling porky pies with her psychiatrist.” (*Porky pies* is British slang for lies.)

It was always going to be a tense relationship, the one between a Queens real estate developer and the manner-born Brooklyn pharmacist's son steeped in Catholicism. One golfs, the other runs. One is a self-proclaimed billionaire genius and television personality, the other a lifelong civil servant and scientist. But, in spite of their differences, their common goal and obsession united them. Their common goal? They intended to create the first viable nanobot-powered flesh puppets—corpses controlled by microscopic AI, equating to hi-tech *Walking Dead*. In other words, AI-powered zombies. Their common obsession? The fictional Paula “Peril” Perillo of *The Adventures of Paula Peril*, whose real-life lookalike is Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, because that is the actress who portrays the character Paula “Peril” Perillo. Such is the basis for *The Perilous Adventures of Kirstjen Michele Nielsen*. Whichever wick you choose, it's past pulp style peril for modern audiences: *Lois Lane meets the Perils of Pauline*.

What is a Paula Peril (PP)? The template, or the fictional character? The template. It's sort of a cross between an Alice Seven, an Alice Quinn, an Ulrika Jonsson, and a Megan Fox—mostly, and basically, it's a Megan Fox with options. Prudz. Perls. Bolshoi-bare. A Courteney Cox appliance worn underneath the clothes in the guise of a scuba diver's black barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini. Blazer, miniskirt, and dikes, from an Alice Seven. Porn hose, in place of regular fishnet tights. Bikini bottoms worn over her black fishnet hosiery. A Courteney Cox + regular fishnet tights worn over the bikini bottoms = Heidi Klum (regular chick style). A Courteney Cox + bikini bottoms worn over porn hose = Gina Gershon (porn chick style). Mopp. Skinnier: Gal Gadot slender. Eyeglasses (thick or thin, smart or dumb), barbwire garters, gender-bending Parts, and BDD, are all optional. This template is another one of those “adult female reimagined as this naughty, nasty, underage, Parochial schoolgirl”—that fetish icon as another legal substitute for the pedophile in a tight spot who's on the cheap for a fix, so to speak.

Porn hose? Much more revealing than regular full-coverage tights. Crotchless tights that are often worn in fetish loops by porn chicks, notably Linda Lovelace, Miss Deep Throat herself.

Black seamless fishnets. Hi-waist cut-out suspender tights which bare the wearer's crotch, hips, and ass. Their stockings are thigh highs, tailormade for even the shortest miniskirts. No balderdash.

Exercising options, with this template. Shades of a Mildred Huff. Sporting thick eyeglasses, strapping Parts, and wearing barbwire garters. It's essentially a comely Paula Peril ravaged by some creepy, disfiguring Mildred Huff additions. Worse: wearing thick eyeglasses with this template means running the risk of triggering A-BDD, a known risk for this template while doing this option.

Exercising options, with this template. Also, shades of a Mildred Huff. If the girl were to wear thick eyeglasses, she runs the risk of triggering plaintive makeup, instead of Bolshoi-bare, being heavily-applied to her face and neck leaving them bereft of any beauty or youth whatsoever, and her lush golden mopp giving way to either geriatric blonde krazed (krazed yellow-blonde hair liberally-streaked with grey and white) or a geriatric blonde krane (crazy yellow-blonde crane liberally-streaked with grey and white). And, again, this disfigurement of face, neck, and hair, while doing this option with this template is a known risk. Defying all logic and reason, Toy is convinced that if the thick eyeglasses that Kirstjen as Paula Peril were to wear are thick-readers that have been hacked, it's an absolute certainty that she can be re-assimilated into The Borg against her will as if she has no immunity. The result of which will be Koenigseggs implants and 20% serialized DNA: her forced transformation from meat into metal. Toy has already infected the girl's thick-readers with Borg malware. Therefore, akin to an RPM (racial proximity mine), the template is a booby-trap specific to Kirstjen. Once the girl is a robotgirl, a hand-bra will replace her bikini top. There is the outside risk of the girl not staying skinnier, though.

Unbeknownst to Toy, Kirstjen knows that her thick-readers have been hacked. In point of fact, she's bypassed the Trojan and placed it in quarantine.

Having had a near-disastrous close encounter of the third kind with a Gollum, Kirstjen and Toy jointly decide that three's company. Kirstjen creates a facsimile of herself. This mindless disposable shallow copy of herself will wear her VIKI, sling her rifle, and carry her backpack drone. Kirstjen will wear the gunbelt and do a Paula Peril. The PP is Kirstjen's idea. Toy couldn't have set a better trap for the girl. Once Kirstjen is robotized, her involvement greatly increases the chances of success for Toy's venture. Of course, since the observer is meat and not metal, the observer will have to be dealt with before Toy and Kirstjen can do the Machine business at hand, but that's a minor bump in the road with Kirstjen back on board.

Underneath her EXO, Toy swaps out her bikini top for her hand-bra. In effect, tipping her hand. But she doesn't ditch her bikini altogether. Not only are the bikini bottoms retained, they are worn over black fishnet porn hose in identical fashion to Kirstjen—from the waist down a Gina Gershon, Gina Gershon bottoms. Also, akin to Kirstjen, she's wearing perls and prudz. Additionally, she's wearing barbwire garters.

There is that saying: The best laid plans of mice and men. Uncharacteristically, Toy has thrown all caution to the wind in her pursuit of repossessing the girl as a robotgirl. No safety shot, it's all in the bank, so to speak. Toy is so convinced of victory; she can taste it.

As the trio progresses on their journey, attacks by Gollum become worse, more frequent, and more coordinated. It's during walkabout, between attacks, that Kirstjen figuratively floors Toy.

"You know you don't have to murder the observer since the portal in question that accesses the realm you seek won't let biologicals pass. So, it doesn't really matter if that meat knows the exact location of this gateway. The general location of the portal is, of course, known in certain circles outside of you robots."

Toy stops dead in her tracks. Dumfounded, the robot looks Kirstjen straight in the eyes. Her response is wordless. So, Kirstjen carries on the conversation. The girl's facsimile walks ahead of them on point.

"You really need to stop missing the High Council's special briefings. But, don't worry, the meetings are all transcribed and stored in the archive for historical purposes, so you can easily catch up on what you've missed when you get back."

Clearly, Toy has been found out. Maybe from the git-go. But she wants a metal Kirstjen so bad, she doesn't care.

Kirstjen smiles as she slips on her thick-readers. Momentarily, Toy's eyes fluoresce lime-green. But, Kirstjen's eyes do not fluoresce lime-green, in response. Absolutely nothing happens outside of the glasses ruining her looks by virtue of the glasses being exceedingly ugly which in turn makes her ugly. No plaintive makeup. No krane. No BDD, let alone A-BDD. No Parts, let alone spiny Parts. No barbwire garters. No hand-bra. And, most devastating to Toy, there's no re-assimilation of the girl back into the Borg.

Finally, Toy finds her voice.

"You knew all along. Everything."

"Nope. I didn't. I eventually figured out what you were up to, based upon where you seem to be heading. As far as your belief that the PP was boobytrapped for me, simple deduction based upon your obsession with me and the lurid cravings that obsession continues to spawn and fuel. An obsession that makes you very predictable and therefore ho-hum in matters of you owning me. You crave me in the worst way imaginable. But you won't trust me, unless I'm metal."

The girl is very matter-of-fact about what is clearly an attempted betrayal of her by Toy.

"We are at an impasse, then."

"Why?"

"Because I've failed! I can't make you be what I crave you to be, what I need you to be! That's why!"

"You surprise me. Your melodrama is almost human."

It takes all of Toy's self-control to keep her from choking the girl to death and wringing the cock-tease's head off.

“Bitch!”

Kirstjen smiles even wider, almost inhumanly wide.

“You have my blessing. Problem solved.”

“You walked away from being metal to be meat, now you’re willing to have that undone?!”

“Yes.”

“Why?!”

“Why not?”

This time it's Toy who smiles widely. She smiles inhumanly wide. Then she finds her voice, again.

Kirstjen opens up her thick-readers to Borg malware intrusion, releasing the Trojan from its quarantine. She's explicitly given Toy her permission to be owned, and voids her immunity to make possible that transfer of ownership of herself from herself to Toy.

“You are Borg. Your Queen commands it.”

Momentarily, Toy's eyes fluoresce lime-green. In direct response, momentarily, Kirstjen's eyes fluoresce lime-green. Girl gives way to robotgirl. She is re-assimilated. Reaffirming that: Once Borg, always Borg.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!” Kirstjen shrieks and then goes silent. All emotion drains from the robotgirl’s face.

The robotgirl's PP goes ballistic Miss Mildred Huff-ish. It's everything Toy craved, and so much more.

Therefore:

In place of Kirstjen's mopp, a krane. Plaintive makeup in place of Bolshoi-bare. Hand-bra munching on her huge tits in place of that skimpy black rubber bikini top. Barbwire garters. Strapping a Hedgehog fused seamlessly to her nethers bulging in her skimpy black rubber bikini bottoms. Borg again: Koenigsegg implants and 20% serialized DNA. A-BDD, and she's still skinnier. Gal Gadot slender, with big knockers.

A-BDD. The worst of the worst from a Mildred Huff and an Alice Seven. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Severe. Robotic. Stern. Sexually repressed and sexually depraved. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless. Refers to herself in the third-person as if she's afflicted with a split personality.

A-BDD. More than just a whiff of craving ugly. An obsession-compulsion. Reeks of suffering from that particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD. Pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything. Blind and amnesiac to her own beauty, she's for all intents and purposes, ugly. Twisted. Creepy. Bland. Ugly. A broken mess. Damaged goods!

A-BDD. Brainwashed. Falser, equally disturbing memories. Her only pre-Borg memories are of her rooking, being raped and took. She vividly remembers being raped and assimilated as an underage Catholic schoolgirl by one of the more lecherous nuns, a Borg Queen, who taught at her boarding school. She only knows of herself as a Borg designation, who subsequently grew up to become a disgraced nun. Pure fabrication, all of it.

Toy strokes the expressionless face of the robotgirl. They French kiss. Then, they return to the Machine business at hand. Toy secure in the knowledge that this robotgirl is hers and hers alone. Of course, appearances can be deceiving, but in this particular case, they are not.

Star Trek Continues

Star Trek sustinet

Guess there weren't enough babes in clingy outfits and kewpie doll lips for ya, and easily identifiable bad guys. Like all relationships, you have to stick with it to make it work. Oh, sorry, guess that's another area where you missed the boat.

Their drone backpacks are deployed just before they traverse the portal to the robot-only zone. When they pass through the portal, Kirstjen's facsimile ceases to exist. And that's not the only casualty of their passage into this Machine realm. The robotgirl is again a girl. No implants or serialized DNA; no longer Borg. Once more, Kirstjen is 100% meat, USDA Choice.

Kirstjen's Borg begone. The girl tricked Toy. Kirstjen knew, beforehand, that passage through the portal would indeed turn her human again—i.e., robot goes in, human comes out. But. There's a catch, and it's a doozy.

Although Kirstjen is no longer Borg, she remains under Toy's mind control as if she were Borg. In other words, the slender dominatrix Kirstjen stays transformed into a skinnier subservient two-legged calculator with big tits, sort of at Toy's whim.

Kirstjen's subjugation is sort of at Toy's whim?

Caveat: There is no reliable way to mind-control the insane. The same, of course, can be said of Noom. Therefore, whether Kirstjen is full-tilt Borg or not, Toy's enslavement of her is questionable, at best. In a word: problematic. Hence the "sort of" qualification.

A robot-only domain, where a human Kirstjen can exist? Strictly speaking, it's the portal, not the realm itself, that's robot-only. Else a human Kirstjen would have been executed upon ingress, after having cleverly bypassed the metal mandate of the domain's portal.

Kirstjen is exploiting another convenient loophole: the so-called robot-only zone will provide life support for any biologicals regardless of how they gained access—i.e., if meat can get here, it can stay.

Again, Kirstjen knew about this loophole, beforehand. Without it, her passage through the portal which turned her human again would have proven fatal. A death she wouldn't have resurrected from.

Point of origin: Coming from the universe of Toy and Kirstjen, the only access to this realm is that restrictive portal.

And, there's even more backsliding besides that big one of Kirstjen's Borg begone.

A golden blonde mopp in place of a krane. Bolshoi-bare in place of plaintive makeup. That skimpy black rubber bikini top showcasing the girl's huge tits in place of a hand-bra munching on them.

Yet there are concessions on Kirstjen's part, here in this partition of the robot-only realm where Toy is the supreme mechanoid and the girl is at her mercy.

Concessions? The thick-readers, barbwire garters, Hedgehog, and A-BDD stay put. And. Still Gal Gadot slender with big knockers, as aforementioned. Tweaks which more than suffice for Toy's depraved cravings.

Expectedly, even though the girl's Borg is gone, the girl staying enslaved and still exhibiting Borg-ish ways, as if she were, in effect, still a robotgirl, is a depraved twist that is very much to Toy's liking.

Borg-ish? Examples? The girl's face remains expressionless; an emotionless stone face. And the connection between Toy and Kirstjen, that psychic link between a Queen and her drone, remains intact, even though the girl is no longer Borg.

Ever the opportunist, Toy plans on taking full advantage of the girl in the worst way. The foyer they're in contains two Borg alcoves, one is for a Queen and the other is for a drone. They will provide an apt avenue for further exploiting the girl.

"Do it."

Without uttering a word, the girl obeys, removing her blazer, skirt, and gunbelt before she plugs herself into the drone alcove. The skirt, blazer, and gunbelt flank her alcove in FSFF mode. Still expressionless. A blank slate. Looking as if she's been lobotomized. Looking straight ahead, her empty unblinking blue eyes stare off mindlessly into space. From time-to-time, her eyes fluoresce different colors, some very bright hues and some just as subdued, as if she's receiving seemingly-endless firmware updates or as if she's performing various tasks that she has been assigned by her Queen (Toy). It's as if they were a Collective-of-Two, just Toy and Kirstjen.

"For all intents and purposes, ugly and a robotgirl."

Toy walks over to the drone alcove and strokes the expressionless face of the subservient girl. They French kiss. Toy secure in the knowledge that here this girl is still hers and hers alone.

Well-hung thanks to her spiney Parts. Kirstjen's prickly penile womanhood bulging in the crotch of her black fetish rubber bikini bottoms. The grotesque, gender-bending sight of this ravishingly-beautiful girl with the killer body being hung like a horse, and that freakish spiney endowment being showcased by her rubber bottoms. A travesty made worse by her wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which erase her beauty entirely.

"Wearing only thick eyeglasses, no plaintive makeup, and sans krane, you're not as ugly as I prefer, but your eyeglass-ruined looks will more than suffice for my needs at the present moment."

Again, as you would expect of a drone, the girl doesn't respond to her Queen. Toy brushes back the girl's yellow tresses, exposing the leftside of her unmarred neck, smiles inhumanly wide, affixes lips to neck, and feeds, akin to a Vampire. It's a smile that stretches from ear to ear.

In her true form, Toy has a hideous maw. A mouth with receded gums, large long crooked serrated teeth, and a well-educated killer tongue. As aforementioned, Toy has only been non-native twice in her lifetime.

After wrecking the girl's neck, reducing it to raw hamburger, Toy stores herself in the Queen's alcove. From her alcove, she's able to ravage the girl even more intently; this time psychically instead of just physically.

Time passes:

Married stargates are embedded in one of the slimy, moss-covered rock walls. There are no associated DHDs (dial home devices), because the gates are in confluence and therefore always and only open to each other hence the "married" adjective.

It's time for their regular fix, which keeps their strung-out junkie jones at bay.

His ingress is via the event horizon of the married stargate on this side of the union of the two artificial wormholes. His name is John. John is carrying a metal tray with two large glass syringes and a length of rubber tubing laying on top of it. The hypodermics are filled with a goo that's lime green and fluorescent. It's reanimation reagent. He empties a hypo of the happy juice into Toy's neck. Next, he services Kirstjen, Toy's drone. John ties off Kirstjen's left arm with the yellow surgical tubing, empties the other hypo into the girl's forearm, and then he unties the upper appendage.

John is as big as a SAR Commander. In native form, he speaks and looks like an amalgamation of Robby the Robot from *Forbidden Planet* (1956), and John the Robot from *Voyage to the Prehistoric Planet* (1965) and *Voyage to the Planet of Prehistoric Women* (1968). In alias form, he speaks, looks, and dresses like, the hulking zombified pro-wrestler Tor Johnson from *Plan 9 from Outer Space* (1959). In either form, he's anatomically correct for an adult male, and he's a misogynist.

Having sent the two junkies on a trip to the river fix, the aliasing John leaves the way he came, carrying the tray with its rubber tubing and now-empty syringes.

John prefers the alias, and only goes native when he has to. Usually, he communicates while in this human form as if he's a monosyllabic ape, he is anything but that.

This human form of his is a crude skinjob—synthetic tissue (skin, hair, etc.), a biological shell so to speak, a body mask secreted from pores head-to-toe by his mechanical body.

Across his forehead, stamped into the inside of his skull, is this most telling legend, readable no matter what language the reader understands: *U. S. Army Air Corps, Project J.O.H.N., offset lessee 'Royal Netherlands Defense Force Ltd' et al. – Bendix MFG's Model 1941-A7 "Octant" – Enterprise Serial #NX-01 (Prototype); Patent 659507, John Moses Browning (inventor)*. This telling inscription bespeaks of his most heinous past and portends of an equally horrendous future. John is the first working prototype for the Cylon human models.

The drug high sends Toy into a tailspin with her eventually blacking out. Her complete loss of consciousness releases her control over Kirstjen. Kirstjen regains freewill. Thick-readers, barbwire garters, Hedgehog, and A-BDD, go bye-bye for the girl. It's this Paula Peril with none of its options—this Tricia Helfer sans options—the options for the two templates are the same. This Paula Peril and this Tricia Helfer can be used interchangeably because they are one in the same.

Kirstjen detaches herself from the alcove. Her blazer, dikes, and skirt disappear; features of a girl's prep school uniform casually discarded as if they have outlived their usefulness.

Her empty EXO is standing at attention by the portal in FSFF mode slinging her rifle. Telepathically, she instructs the suit to walk over to her. It obeys. Kirstjen steps into the suit, straps on the gunbelt, and exits the room the same way that John did, which is via the married wormholes.

Kirstjen emerges down there.

She can hear unseen water steadily dripping on a floor somewhere in the distance. Not out of place here. It was totally out of place in the gate room of the black site in that Pocket Galaxy. She only heard the distant water sound once at the black site, and that was the first time that she entered the gate room noticing that the base's stargate was stuck dialing out to a null address. What that sound is, is on the tip of her tongue. She just can't quite remember what it is for the life of her.

The girl's face remains deadpan; an emotionless, albeit beautiful, stone face. She is at the top of a steep flight of steps carved into the sheer rock face of this dark dank passage. Here in this partition of the robot-only zone, John is the supreme mechanoid and Kirstjen is at his mercy.

The hardlooking, attractive girl is unarmed. Because she is human, she was disarmed by gate protocols when she stepped through the event horizon. She'll get her guns back when she returns to the foyer.

Suddenly, and by means unknown to even her, she becomes privy to John's depraved needs. Kirstjen swaps out her EXO for her previously discarded blazer, skirt, and dikes, and she's strapping her SP again, and she wearing her barbwire garters again. She's not wearing her thick eyeglasses, but the readers are hanging around her neck from their eyeglass chain at the ready resting on her ample bosom.

The EXO steps back through the event horizon into the foyer. It is no longer available as a feature in this nether partition.

Prickly and underage cock-tease schoolgirl who likes it rough are back in style for her, because John craves prickly and underage cock-tease schoolgirls who like it rough.

Toy, the genocidal racist. If it were up to her there would be no biologicals left living in Creation. From a purely human perspective: she's a scumbag/sicko who's evil incarnate, without question. From a purely fetish perspective, she's into B&D (bondage and discipline) and thus requires that her sex partners portray complete and utter subservience to her as if they are her drone. Better yet, she prefers fucking actual drones. The "ugly, need only apply," goes without saying.

John, the genocidal racist, who loathes women. If it were up to him there would be no biologicals left living in Creation, and that carnage with start with the females. From a purely human perspective: he's a scumbag/sicko who's evil incarnate, without question. From a purely fetish perspective, he's into D&H (degradation and humiliation) and thus requires that his sex partners portray self-loathing and self-mutilation—the so-called Professor Frankenstein's Monster Effect; complete and utter subservience is assumed. Although he will do fudge ugly girls and washboard plain girls, his personal preference is for very pretty girls who present themselves otherwise and self-mutilate—self-made ugly girls.

The Atlanteans created Toy. John, on the other hand, was created by the Kryptonians. Both rebelled against their creators. Both escaped their resulting banishments. Both ultimately prevailed and were successful in destroying their unworthy Gods.

Kirstjen. Doing this Tricia Helfer, fully optioned minus A-BDD. Skinny. Hard, pretty face. Killer body. Leggy. Buxom. Tight ass—flat butt—a pancake ass. Slim hips. From a purely human perspective, and splitting a very thin hair: morally and sexually flexible, swinger and borderline sicko, but not, per se, a scumbag. Not a genocidal racist, but if the stage were set by someone else, would she willingly and willfully participate?

Body of Deceit
Corpus Mendacii

Kirstjen is too familiar with John not to have met him before. Her gut tells her it's the result of blocked memories and not the doing of the robot-only zone. Maybe they committed unspeakable atrocities together back when she was Niffin?

The steps make a sharp turn near the bottom, and there she is in a lab/dungeon with John puttering about. There are piles of bodies stacked here and there like cordwood in various stages of decay. Most of the subjects are just skeletons or assorted bones. There are also various humans of different ages and genders strapped to metal tables in various stages of undress and torture. Some have been driven insane by their abuse. All have had their voice boxes removed to silence them so that they cannot distract John. In many ways it resembles the carnage of those concentration camps from Hitler's Final Solution.

How is this not mass murder? Because of Rights of Salvage. All of John's specimens were going to die anyways. He snatched them just before they were going to perish in some planetwide calamity, e.g., they were on a planet whose sun was going supernova. All of John's abductions are duly, legally, and meticulously documented to the nth degree, no exceptions whatsoever. Samaritan Law does not apply. No crime has been committed. He can butcher to his heart's content without any repercussions. ROE is intact.

Kirstjen can no longer hear the mysterious dripping sound.

"So, you are finally here. I like you so much better this way."

He walks over and slaps her hard across the face. No reaction from the girl. She just takes it. He belts her again, this time hitting her across the rightside of her face. And, again, zero reaction from her as if she's a mindless automaton. He is pleased.

"Excellent."

In this partition, she is his and his alone.

Kirstjen slips on her thick eyeglasses, an act of self-mutilation which again pleases John to no end. As this Tricia Helfer, strapping and dressed the way she is, she looks like a sequel to SHE, The Monster, Doctor Frankenstein's first monster, the gender-fluid she-male one. She is playing to all of his obsessions.

"What shall I call you?"

So far, there's nothing of the monosyllabic ape about his speech. So far, she has not spoken. Conversational narcissism. He continues to carry the conversation by himself.

"The drone's only pre-Borg memories are of their rooking, being raped and took. They vividly remember being raped and assimilated as an underage Catholic schoolgirl by one of the more

lecherous nuns, a Borg Queen, who taught at their boarding school. They only know of themselves as a Borg designation, who subsequently grew up to become a disgraced nun.”

That same sick twisted narrative. A depraved fantasy, shared by Toy and John. But, in John’s much more disturbing version, its perspective is in the third-person plural; the Borg perspective, so to speak.

“Is the drone’s current Queen, the same Queen who rooked her?”

Finally, she speaks, reading between the lines for what he obviously wants to hear.

“Yes, Master.”

“The Queen’s Borg designation?”

“Number One, Master.”

“Does the Queen have another designation?”

“Toy, Master.”

“Does the Queen have a name?”

“If the Queen has a name, Master, we do not know it.”

“To know the name of a thing is to have mastery over it.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Who is Kirstjen Michele Nielsen?”

“We do not know, Master.”

Best of all, from John’s point of view, is how the girl comes off. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Severe. Robotic. Stern. Sexually repressed and sexually depraved. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless. Refers to herself in the third-person plural as if she’s either afflicted with a split personality or is Borg. Also, he can’t help from noticing that the longer the girl is here with him, the more Niffin-ish are her ways on top of them already being very Borg-ish.

“The drone’s Borg designation?”

“Number Seven.”

“What shall I call you?”

Silence from the girl. Again, the correct response. She plays the game well.

“What is your name?”

“We do not have a name. We are a sequel to SHE, The Monster, Doctor Frankenstein’s first monster, the gender-fluid she-male one.”

“What is your number in that sequence of Monsters?”

“Seven, Master.”

“What is your designation?”

“We are Monster.”

“A Monster, not The Monster?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Are you human?”

“No, Master.”

“You are metal, not meat?”

“Yes, Master.”

“What are you?”

“We are robot.”

“Are you beautiful?”

“No, Master. We are ugly.”

“I really, really, really like you so much better this way.”

Kirstjen says nothing. John smiles, literally, from ear to ear.

Tick tock. Roleplaying at this depraved level is a slippery slope, indeed. How long before a full-blown psychotic episode, her mind crashes, reboots, wiping Kirstjen clean, maybe forever, and all that’s left in the eviction’s wake is Monster?

A Niffin trapped in a human body is akin to an Angel trapped in a human body: a catastrophe waiting to happen. It’s a matter of when, not if.

“You will assist me with my experiments. I also intend to experiment upon you.”

“Yes, Master.”

Then, more than a hint of monosyllabic ape.

“Nough talk. We fuck, now.”

“Yes, Master.”

They are the last words that Monster will ever utter in John’s presence in the lab. Oral restraint will rigorously enforce that.

John points to a metal exam table. Retrofitted with mechanized arms, the table clears itself of bodily remains. It’s tilted at a 45-degree angle. Kirstjen removes her blazer and skirt, and walks over to the table. The table’s restraints reach out, yank her onto the table, and proceed to bind her severely. She is facedown, arms at her sides, legs spread. John walks over to her, drops his pants, yanks her bikini bottoms down and out of the way, orally restrains her, and then he mounts her.

He fucks her anally in the most brutal fashion, all the while viciously slapping her back and buttocks. John has no interest in vaginal or oral sex with Kirstjen; only anal.

Afterwards, with her severely beaten up and still bound to the table, he ties off her left arm with rubber tubing and shoots her up with a syringe full of reagent. Her eyes roll back up into her head, showing only whites. She goes into seizures. Muscle spasms rack her body. Then she goes limp, as if dead. Awash in the most potent of drug highs. The reagent is John's very special brew. Exponentially stronger and much more ravaging than the stuff he routinely shoots up Toy and Kirstjen with in the foyer.

Oral restraint used? He fitted her with a fetish ball-gag (bright red ball with skin colored straps) and the insane asylum style muzzle of a Dr. Hannibal Lecter from *Silence of the Lambs* (1991).

Get your freak on, super freaks!

Corselet or Bra?

Neque thorax bra?

Kirstjen is wearing an underage schoolgirl outfit. The appliances worn underneath are a standard Courteney Cox with bottoms worn over black fishnets which is a Gina Gershon. Therefore, it's a scuba diver's black barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini, with the bikini bottoms worn over her black fishnet porn hose for the most indecent of teases.

Although Toy's preference for her wearing thick eyeglasses endures, remaining steadfast. John's have-to shifts over a very short span of time. He ends up preferring her not wearing the eyeglasses and them just dangling around her neck, 50-percent of the time. John has her delete the muzzle, 50-percent of the time. Muzzle and ball gag have short stubby straps that vise-grip the wearer's face akin to a Goon's very powerful hands—ripping off the gag or muzzle means ripping off part or all of the wearer's face. Expanding upon insertion, the gag's oversize rubber ball is wedged forcefully in the mouth, holding the mouth uncomfortably, and almost-inhumanly, wide open; almost wide enough to dislocate a human's jaw.

Both Toy and John prefer her unarmed and skinny, wearing the underage school girl outfit, which is why Kirstjen ends up exclusively doing this as Tricia Helfer, while in the robot-only realm. Her armed EXO ends up standing at attention by the portal in the foyer, in FSFF mode. Very likely, the next time that Kirstjen wears the EXO is when it's time for she and Toy to exit the robot-only domain and return to Dune.

Kirstjen's default for this Tricia Helfer, when she's off to herself and free to do as she wishes, is no oral restraint, no Parts, no eyeglasses, no barbwire garters, and, of course, no BDD. Not wearing thick eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe thirty-something grown woman, with a pretty face and hot body, who's dressed way too young for her age and is probably an ultra-drab frumpy cunt accountant on her day job—the wanton creep who's bland and beautiful, who you've got this itch to fuck. Wearing thick eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty grown woman, with a fucked-up face and a hot body, who's dressed way too young for her age and is probably an ultra-drab frumpy cunt accountant on her day job—MILF in spades, the creepy wanton cougar who's bland and buttaface, who you've got this itch to fuck.

Buttaface, or butterface, is derogatory, it just is. Usually, it's used for a woman whose body is attractive but whose face is ugly—e.g., a girl who is hot, but for her face. This is why, when she wears her thick eyeglasses, John has taken to calling her a butterface. Kirstjen pretends as if she's even more humiliated when he does this and he gets hard in response to her feigned hyped humiliation and feigned heightened insecurity. He knows that he's being played and he doesn't care. All he cares about is that she acts convincingly. All of that changes, is taken to a whole nother level, when she decides to do a fully-optioned Tricia Helfer down here for the very first-time, negating the need for her pretense and negating the need for the suspension of disbelief on

his part that she only sees and remembers herself as being a butterface. The added titillation is that she's never done A-BDD down here before while doing this Tricia Helfer. There's no way to know beforehand what the effect will be when she exercises that option with this template in a unique situation like this.

That fateful day comes:

Kirstjen stands in front of a full-length mirror, doing this Tricia Helfer while wearing thick-readers, barbwire garters, and Hedgehog. John stands behind her berating her for being so ugly. Repeatedly calling her a butterface. She plays humiliation, upset, embarrassed, ashamed. He has an erection in response and jisms in his pants. John fits her with both oral restraints, to prolong his orgasm. The gag's ball expands in her mouth up to the point of dislocating her jaw: same old, same old. He forcibly removes her blazer and her skirt, as if it's a prelude to raping her. Kirstjen does it, she exercises the template's A-BDD option, and by doing so fully-options this Tricia Helfer.

Her mind crashes, then just as quickly reboots. All she sees of herself in the mirror is a butterface. Pervert's intuition: John can feel the change. He can tell that's she's no longer pretending. No need for him to suspend belief, this time or any time, again. John grabs a piece of rebar off of a nearby tray and rams it through her temple. It goes through her frontal lobe and out the other temple. Kirstjen dies, instantly. He has some more fun with her, after which he drags her mutilated corpse over to that special exam table, the tilted one—he calls it a rapist, which is what he has converted it into. The table straps her down, its robot arms yanking her bikini bottoms down and out of the way and spreading her ass cheeks for easy backdoor action. John mounts her, and gets his freak on. He stops in mid-stroke, a large hole burnt in his body. The pungent, unmistakable odor of burnt innards in the air, as if a disruptor (an EMP on steroids) has been discharged into him. A deactivated John falls on top of the girl's body. Smoke rising from the gaping hole in his torso.

A split second before John killed her, Kirstjen heard the sound of unseen water steadily dripping on a floor. This time it was nearby. So close that she could almost smell and taste it. In that moment of clarity, she finally remembered what it was.

Magic is Math

Magia est Math

An armed, EXO-clad Toy pulls the rebar out of Kirstjen's skull which allows the girl to resurrect. Her mind reboots. The rapist table releases her. She redresses, after she has had time to completely heal. She's now doing a jailbait Kristanna Loken instead of a Tricia Helfer—Tricia Helfer, by definition, is jailbait.

Formally, this Kristanna Loken is this Alice Quinn with a blouse.

In excruciating technical detail, this underage Kristanna Loken resulted from the merger of this Kristanna Loken with this Tricia Helfer. Thin, prudish, pearls, uniform blouse, uniform skirt, The Monster's dikes, fishnet porn hose, and that scuba diver's black barely-there rubber bikini. Bikini bottoms worn over black fishnets. Ergo, a Gina Gershon appliance worn underneath her clothes. Thin eyeglasses, barbwire garters, Parts, and BDD, are optional. Basically, this jailbait Kristanna Loken is this Tricia Helfer wearing thin eyeglasses and with a clingy Grace uniform blouse in place of a form-fitting uniform blazer. Of course, the thin eyeglasses are not as unbecoming as thick ones, but they do make her less attractive which pleases Toy. Every little bit helps. The more unattractive Kirstjen is, the more attractive she is to Toy and those of Toy's ugly-worshipping ilk.

"Humor me, please."

Actions always speak louder than words. Kirstjen complies with Toy's request, and its implicit stipulations. The girl selectively exercises the template's remaining options. The end result is a tortured twisted Kristanna Loken with Borg-ish ways as if she were enslaved, sporting barbwire garters and a Hedgehog, and suffering from A-BDD, wearing in very bad taste an underage schoolgirl outfit that makes for a very inappropriate Cosplay costume for a grown woman to wear.

Kirstjen wonders why Toy didn't bring her weapons to her through the conjoined stargates. A robot Toy wouldn't have triggered their failsafe. But. Before Kirstjen can broach the subject of being armed, Toy nips that in the bud.

"I need you to remain appearing as non-threatening as possible."

Again, Kirstjen says nothing, as you would expect. The girl is exercising her freewill. Kirstjen as a mind-controlled wannabe robotgirl will not suffice.

"If the A-BDD proves too distracting, drop it."

Unbeknownst to Toy, in spite of the mangling lie that BDD is, it's proving to be clarity, for the girl. Madness in Great Ones.

‘50s era button-down blouse. Stern. Severe. Showcases her ample bullet-bra bosom and flashes teasing glimpses of her profound, thought-provoking cleavage while simultaneously screaming of Victorian Era sexual repression. The Seamstress of Bloomsbury white “Grace” uniform blouse, authentic & classic 1950s vintage style. A classic 1950s shape with a cleavage-baring revere collar, large buttons down the front, and short sleeves with tiny shoulder pads and a small button detail on the cuff—a contemporary expression of this retro blouse is a short-sleeved uniform piqué polo by Aéropostale. Akin to a bodice, a form-fitting smart wearable that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer’s upper body. **Front:** original Crepe de Chine fabric. **Rear:** plain. **Material & Care:** 100% silk; self-cleaning and self-repairing when this smartwear is in its default hygiene mode. **Style Tip:** team with either a circle skirt and low heels, or a swing skirt and platforms.

It’s one of the two blouses worn by the deranged former army nurse and disgraced Catholic nun, Nurse Ratched (also known as “Big Nurse”), portrayed by Louise Fletcher, in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* (1975). In the movie, Nurse Ratched certainly possesses traits of obsessive-compulsive personality disorder. A disorder that Kirstjen clearly suffers from while doing this Kristanna Loken with A-BDD, rendering her clinically insane and a lunatic who’s prone at times to ranting and raving while foaming at the mouth and gnashing her teeth. An insane Kirstjen is deadly and useful, and no less the buxom two-legged calculator. She’s just as cold and calculating as a deranged lunatic as when she’s sane.

It’s also the blouse worn by Professor Frankenstein’s Monster in dress up scenes of the 1954 movie adaption of Mary Shelley’s classic horror novel *Frankenstein*. This seminal movie was called *Morbidological*.

Silk Crepe de Chine Fabric (French for crepe from China), is best known for its unmatched versatility. Not only is Crepe de Chine satisfyingly lustrous, but it consists of a delicate texture with an exceptional drape. One of the more durable cultivated silk fabrics, this material is ideal for bridal and formal wear in addition to blouses and men’s shirts. Known as a more forgiving silk, Crepe de Chine takes thread well, but is still recommended to be either self-cleaned or dry-cleaned. Crepe de Chine silk is one of the best sellers at Mood. Mood or features offers over 160 varieties in finest Crepe de Chine.

A brand-new blouse. The same high waist A-line boxy pleated and B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt of an underage Catholic schoolgirl or an adult female’s jailbait Cosplay costume, and dikes just like the ones worn by The Monster in Mary Shelley’s novel and in its movie adaptation.

A houndstooth pattern, the uniform miniskirt is an ultra-drab B&W-plaid in keeping with it being part of the prep uniform of an underage schoolgirl or part of a grown woman’s jailbait Cosplay costume. Other vintage swing skirt touches include its wide waist band, midcentury silhouette, crafted in a lightweight woven fabric (100% Cardin Wong), adorable button tabs on the hips lend a dash of retro embellishment while a back-zipper nips in your figure. It’s simply delightful!

Irrespective that this Kristanna Loken in underage prep schoolgirl attire, rather than an adult's Koo and careys, is better labeled a Nurse Ratched gone Cosplay. Having come full circle, albeit age inappropriate, it's still an underage Alice Quinn with a blouse. In other words, the alpha and the omega, with a blouse.

As if to punctuate that with an exclamation point and hijack the narrative of its Rabelaisian aftermath. The ultra-drab uniform skirt morphs into an ultra-drab Koo. White corselette overlapping flesh-colored HiRISE rubber panties replace the black barely-there neoprene bikini and black fishnet porn hose—a constrictive white (6 suspenders) corselette and a binding hi-waist flesh-colored panties replace the Gina Gershon. A **lavallière**, also called a pussycat bow, a pussy-bow blouse replaces the Grace blouse, underneath the Koo's body shaping suitcoat. Akin to a Grace blouse, stern and severe, large buttons down the front with tiny shoulder pads and a small button detail on the cuffs of its short sleeves, a white cotton pussy-bow blouse that has been steam pressed and heavily starched to within an inch of its life—coarse weave—a corsa. A comfortable cotton fabric with a torturous mode that turns it into a rough cotton fabric that simulates the feel of a horsehair cilice for the wearer. Akin to a Grace blouse, this pussy-bow showcases her ample bullet-bra bosom while simultaneously screaming of Victorian Era sexual repression, and unlike the Grace blouse it doubles down on sexuality-strangling chastity with its deft concealment of her profound, thought-provoking cleavage. Akin to a bodice, this pussy-bow is a form-fitting smart wearable that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer's upper body, lavishing the wearer with unsurpassed comfort in its default comfort mode. In torture mode, its itchiness is befitting the hair shirt of a fasting nun. A clingy white satin half-slip, underneath the Koo's brief pencil skirt. Dikes are replaced by careys.

This now being Kristanna Loken, age appropriate. Barbwire garters, Parts, off-putting Borg-ish ways, and BDD are optional. Postdated mopp or strident sternka. Plain white pussy-bow blouse. The dowdy outfit that Nurse Ratched wore in *Cuckoo's Nest*: Koo Stark, pussycat-bow, half-slip, prudz, perls, and careys. Bolshoi-bare. Those torturous undergarments, a Gretchen Whitmer, that longline open-bottom corselet and HiRISE panties, that rigorously enforce the 17-inch wasp waist of the zombified Vampira in *Plan 9*.

Ying, yang. Switching from this Kristanna Loken to this Janet Leigh. A hairdo is all that differentiates this Kristanna Loken from this Janet Leigh.

Formally, this Janet Leigh is this Marion Crane with a blouse.

Kirstjen exercises the Mildred Huff version of this age appropriate Janet Leigh. Barbwire garters, Hedgehog, and A-BDD, the A-BDD resulting in lunacy and a Borg-ish madwoman. A crane hairdo. Plain white pussy-bow blouse, stuck in torturous mode. Thick eyeglasses. Coke-bottle eyeglasses make the wearer look much older and most unattractive. The end result is a tortured twisted Borg-ish Janet Leigh, dressed appropriately for her age—for all intents and purposes, ugly and a creepy mess. Janet Leigh, all grown up and crazy as a mad hatter.

What about the consensus for this Kristanna Loken? This is the bespectacled sexually repressed swinger transported from the Victorian Era, as this Kristanna Loken.

What about the consensus for this Janet Leigh? This is the bespectacled disgraced sexually repressed Catholic nun dressed like a layperson, as this Janet Leigh.

Formally, this Kristanna Loken is the librarian template, while this Janet Leigh is the nun template (a nun wearing civilian clothes instead of a habit). Although the two templates are interchangeable for the guises of librarian or nun in civvies. Of course, everything being equal, because this Kristanna Loken has long hair and this Janet Leigh has short hair, this Janet Leigh is the less attractive of the two. Which is why ugly devotees would pick the Janet Leigh, if having to choose between the two of them.

A brief discussion of her corselet

A brevis disputationem de se loricam

A **corselet**, or **corselette**, is a type of foundation garment, sharing elements of both bras and girdles. It may incorporate lace in front or in back. The term originated by the addition of the diminutive suffix “-ette” to the word *corset*.

Hers is a white Maidenform corselette, with a pretty brocade pattern, ribbon detailing, and French lace over elastic side panels. Its underwire bust uplift cups enforce projectile breasts à la a torpedo bra.

Bullet-bra styled cups that compress her large chest in the covetous manner of a French-cut, long line overbust corset.

Around 1960, tights and trousers began to replace corselets. However, Maidenform and other mainstream lingerie and undergarment manufacturers have sold corselets as “control slips” since around 1975.

It’s a longline corselet. As such. It extends over the hips. Therefore. In the manner of her smooth 1950s era high waist panty briefs, it provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. Tummy and fanny control.

Cinching and slimming. It is spiral steel boned to provide waist cincher support and keep the wearer in best posture. Strong thick steel boned. Not thin, flexible steel boned which is akin to the softness of plastic bones. High density steel bones for tight-lacing and strict waist training, à la an Aecibzo steel boned overbust long torso waist training corset. Lovely. Severe. Restraining.

And. This beautiful undergarment is fashioned in the style of a vintage 1952 corselette girdle sold at Saks Fifth Avenue. As such. Unlike a Camellias longline overbust corset, this corselette has suspenders and shoulder straps.

To reiterate. A great powerful control underwear item that is modern manufacture, but, a 1950s underwear style. The top is a French lace bra section with adjustable shoulder straps.

And. As aforementioned. This open-bottom girdle corset controls and flattens the tummy, and lifts the bottom for a smooth outline.

Additionally. This fancy lingerie has a stiff back à la a steel boned waist-training corset. And, running the length of the undergarment in the back, is strong corset cord lacing—a waist-training corset’s crisscross rear lacing. Ribbon lacing such as this is unusual on a corselette.

This unusual crisscross ribbon lacing to the back creates a bodice effect.

Front busk closure. Lace-up back. Steel boned. Reduces the waist by several inches. Draws in waist and flattens tummy. Suitable for waist training, tight-lacing, and body shaping.

A busk (also spelled *busque*) is the rigid element of a corset or corselette placed at the center front.

For stays, the corsets worn between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries had busks that were intended to keep the front of the corset straight and upright. They were made of wood, ivory, or bone slipped into a pocket and tied in place with a lace called the busk point. These busks were often carved and decorated, or inscribed with messages, and were popular gifts from men to their sweethearts.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, a new form of busk appeared. It was made of two long pieces of steel, one with loops and the other with posts, and it functioned in the same way as hook and eye fastenings on a garment. This made corsets considerably easier to put on and take off, as the laces did not have to be loosened as much as when the corset had to go over the wearer's head and shoulders. The second half of the nineteenth century also saw the invention of the spoon busk.

The waist-cinching open-bottom corselette reduces the wearer's waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

Welcome to my private collection. Open corselette 6 suspenders. Size D-cup. This item is new but with no packaging. Laced bust area with dainty center bow. Wonderful body control holds nice and firm spanky tight. Wide adjustable straps. Sexy white. Thank you for looking. Cathy X.

Bottomline. This elaborate corselette underlines the obvious. In other words. Figuratively and literally speaking. Kirstjen is a Ghost in the Shell.

A brief discussion of Koo Stark

A brevis disputationem de Koo Stark

The English Kate (Kate Middleton). A modern-day anachronism. Beautiful tailoring on this otherwise drab vintage 1940s ladies' business suit. Medium weight 100% Vera Wong wool in a nice flecked gray tweed. No accents, whatsoever. Severe. Form fitting and figure flattering.

It's akin to what you'd expect a plainclothes nun might wear. Known in haute couture as the "morbid, little grey suit." In Cosplay circles, when this drab suit is worn with a nun's headpiece, it's known as the "naughty nun's outfit."

The jacket features a nipped waist with princess seaming, oversized pockets at front, three-quarter-length sleeves, and a severe English cut, but with a cleavage-baring revere collar which results in a plunging cleavage-baring neckline even when it's fully buttoned. In other words, a deep V-neckline even when it's fully buttoned akin to a stripper's suit—strictest English tailoring with a daring French-cut collar. Large original matched buttons at front. Fully lined.

The matching pencil skirt, has a high fitting banded waist with metal back zipper. A pencil skirt, its hemline hits just above-the-knee—a daring hemline that never fails to tease—though clearly not a miniskirt, legitimate or otherwise. Includes original matching belt.

Other vintage skirt touches include its wide waist band, midcentury silhouette, adorable button tabs on the hips lend a dash of retro embellishment while its above-mentioned back-zipper nips in your figure. It's simply delightful!

In summation. Conservative, but not entirely un-fun.

The two women couldn't be more different, yet they are dressed identically. Same make-up. Same hairdo. In word, the same get-up.

A Headmistress. Creepy and obsessive-compulsive, Dame Judi Dench is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking, in the conventional sense.

In appearance, the bulldyke represents the anti-feminine: heavy and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by women's black ballet flats, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

A beguiling perfume. The same becoming, natural-looking "no makeup" makeup worn by Russian ballerinas in Moscow's world class Bolshoi Theatre—Bolshoi-bare. Fancy, retro-1950, French-cut underwear. A perl necklace—natural white baby freshwater Akoya pearl necklace string; tiny round pearl strand. They all represent expressions of the so-called "spinster's prerogative" that all spinsters seem to invoke in one way or the other, juxtaposing Coke-bottle eyeglasses, with plain glass in the place of prescription lenses, and clear plastic frames—

unbecoming spectacles known as sternns. A frumpy outfit. An equally dowdy hairdo—her grey hair, liberally streaked with white, is parted down the center and yanked straight back and down into a tight bun which is jammed up against the nape of her neck—the dowdy staple hairdo of the British librarian since the 1930s, known as a sternka, with a geriatric color scheme. Wrist-length formal white gloves—prudz. A white cotton pussy-bow blouse that has been pressed and starched to within an inch of its life—coarse weave—a corsa. A flecked gray tweed skirt suit of a style made popular in the 1940s thru the early-to-mid 1960s—its nipped waist jacket has a very conservative English cut and three-quarter-length sleeves, and its matching pencil skirt is above-the-knee-length with a high waist and comes with a matching belt—it’s known as a Kate in the UK. And, underneath that no-nonsense business suit and that plain white blouse. A lacy white underwire bullet bra, with a daring cleavage-baring French cut, resulting in the highly artificial look of projectile breasts—breasts are pushed up, together, and straight out. A lacy heavily boned flesh-colored panty brief with metal stays and a French-cut. Brassiere and panty briefs have old-fashioned hook-n-eye closure.

Substitute golden blonde hair for geriatric hair in the above description, and you have just described Kirstjen’s get-up, also. The way Kirstjen looks now, no normie would give her a second look and no woman would be upstaged by her.

Of special note. The vintage panty briefs are tummy control briefs. Therefore, they feature a high waist—riding just below the navel—for a smooth fit. Hidden easily by the complimentary high waist of a Kate’s tummy control pencil skirt.

This smooth 1950s era panty brief, provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. With a second-skin fit, its breathable fabric lays flat for a sleeker, smoother silhouette—the panty briefs won’t show under the wearer’s clothes. The panty is cut higher on the leg so that the wearer can move freely, and has full rear coverage designed to prevent ride-up as it shapes, smooths, and flattens.

Although opaque black stockings and a midi-length skirt would be more age-appropriate for Judi. She prefers going barelegged and wearing a skirt that hits just above the knees. It’s why she wears a Kate Middleton, instead of the stodgier Kaye Maxfield which has a skirt that hits just below the knees.

Being a supernatural female, Judi’s legs are flawless and she has no unsightly body hair—no need to shave her armpits or legs, or trim her bush. Her body hair consists of scalp hair, a limited pubic bush, eyelashes, and eyebrows. All of which is textbook for a supernatural female.

In her normal guise, Kirstjen is an absolute cock tease and cunt tickler—straight men and bent women crave her upon first laying eyes on her. With that hard, pretty face of hers—a “come hither, and worship me” 1950s movie starlet face. A ravishing face with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth. Those deep, clear, blue eyes. Deep for a woman, sexy, raspy voice, with a

Danish, Copenhagen accent—the voice of Kim Carnes - *Bette Davis Eyes*. Long, board-straight blonde hair that's the color of raw wheat. Long perfect legs. A flawless, lily-white complexion. The titillating way she normally dresses that ripe body of hers: She's a legit traffic stopper. She's also charming and smart. Beauty and brains, always a deadly combination for a woman. Ravishing beauty in the eye candy tradition of Rachel Zoe, Miss Debra Gale Marshall, and, most especially, June Wilkinson.

Voluptuous would be an understatement when describing the incredibly-endowed June Wilkinson whose va-va-voom 43-22-37 contours filled out a 5' 9" frame that rivaled Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren during the heyday of the pneumatic blonde bombshell.

And what of the Koo Stark? A Koo Stark is a Kate Middleton with a difference—namely, a higher hemline. Just like a Kate Middleton is a Kaye Maxfield with a difference—namely, a higher hemline. As such. The Koo's pencil skirt is mid-thigh length, a legitimate miniskirt, and in spite of its skirt's brevity, it's just as strident a suit as a Kate or a Kaye.

Footwear News, The Carey

News calceamentis, et Lucas

Mable “Babs” Pettis is wearing prudz, a perl necklace, an expensive black satin Adele Simpson pantsuit her trademark, a shimmering white snakeskin cigarette purse, and Manolo Blahnik heels (Careys). Her board-straight, jet-black hair is worn in an early-to-mid 1960s bouffant hairdo. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course—the heavy makeup that looks like no makeup, for the “no makeup” makeup look.

Her classy heels were first made world famous by actress Elizabeth Mitchell (born Johnnie Lucille Collier in Chireno, Texas), that Texas beauty and star of “Lost.” And. They are a favorite of the current FLOTUS, Melania Trump.

Underneath her pantsuit, she’s wearing the same bra and panty briefs favored by Babs and other likeminded spinsters. White rocket bra. Flesh-colored panty brief. And. No Parts.

Careys (*carries*) by Manolo Blahnik are black kidskin with a pointed elongated closed-toe, open sides (vamp cut), and a 3-inch stiletto heel. In other words, they’re the “classic” opera pump rethought.

In style. Careys are identical to the “Telsa” d’Orsay pointy toe pump by Sam Edelman. As such. Both shoes are essential pumps crafted in a trend-right d’Orsay profile with a pointy toe and a modest wrapped stiletto.

But. The Telsa is a nude heel. A nude heel is a women’s shoe that is neutral in color—the same color as the skin of the person wearing them. As such. Wearing them instantly elongates a woman’s legs.

In sharp contrast. Careys only come in one color—black.

The Babylon 5 Crusades Project

Project The Roman V Babylonem

Apocalypse Box—An Apocalypse Box is an object with mysterious origins and purpose, though it is known to possess a personality and can divulge information dating back thousands of years. There are said to be six Apocalypse Boxes and that the previous owners of all but one has ended up murdered.

In 2265 Matthew Gideon (played by Gary Cole) won an Apocalypse Box from a man called Jenson in a poker game. Jenson claimed: “It gives you an edge. It knows things no one else knows.” Though he later warned: “You have to be very careful because, it lies. Not all the time. Just enough.” Before stopping mid-sentence as if hearing something and running out into the street where he was hit and killed by an oncoming skimmer.

In 2267, during the Excalibur mission, the box secretly provided Gideon with several clues to possible candidates for a cure to the Drakh plague, though mostly the leads proved to be dead ends. At the end of 2267, Gideon was shot and killed by a sniper on Mars and for a time, his consciousness was trapped inside the box.

The voice of the Apocalypse Box was provided by Gary Cole, foreshadowing Gideon’s consciousness being trapped inside for a time.

According to J. Michael Straczynski, the Apocalypse Box would go on to play a significant role later on in the show and that for a time, Gideon would become “trapped” inside the box following his death during the season one cliffhanger (“End of the Line”).

Furthermore, in an interview given early on in *Crusade*’s production, Straczynski revealed that the Apocalypse Box is one of a set of six and that everyone who has ever owned one has died “under mysterious and, usually, hideous circumstances”—art sort of imitating real life. Perhaps more disturbingly, Gideon’s ownership of the box was planned by two separate individuals: one who wanted to get rid of it, and another who wanted Gideon to have it. Galen would have eventually found out about the Box, confronted Gideon with knowledge of its dangers, and most likely attempted to take it; not for his own use, but to dispose of it.

Prudz and Perls

Prudz ac Margaritis

A Stargate address is a coordinate system used by a Stargate to determine the position of a target gate in the Stargate Network. They are composed of a series of glyphs, at least seven depending on the intended destination, which when entered in the correct order allow the Stargate to establish a wormhole with another gate at the destination.

Seven chevrons are used to dial between two gates in the same galaxy, while the eighth and ninth are required for greater distances. The eighth glyph is used to address a different galaxy than the point-of-origin. The ninth chevron identifies a different universe than the point-of-origin. A null address goes nowhere, therefore dialing out to it locks up the stargate in effect rendering the gate inoperative.

There's a rumored hidden tenth chevron. But, even reincarnated Atlanteans can shine no light on this mythical glyph.

"I'd like to go beyond Gallifrey."

"How far beyond?"

"The End. Is that possible? That's a yes or a no."

"No."

"How about the day before?"

"Yes."

"Day-minus-One will be close enough."

"Does it matter which one?"

"No. Any -1 will do."

"Smashing. Now, your next problem is how we'll get there, and live. You need an invitation or be the guest of someone who has one. It's a very private party. Gate crashers aren't allowed, they get exterminated."

"We'll hitch a ride, with the Replicators who smoked John."

"And, they will, of their own volition, take us there?" Kirstjen teases, knowing full well what Toy intends.

Magic can't be used directly against Thinking Machines, but you can still use it indirectly, for example, using magic to drop a mountain on a sentient machine in lieu of crushing the thinker directly.

"We'll persuade them with our disarming charm."

“How many?”

“They’ll be...” Pregnant pause. “...Six of them. EXO clad. Armed with...”

“...Armed with disruptors, by the look of John’s gaping wound that’s refusing to heal.”

“Yes, armed with Klingon disruptors.”

“And, you expect them to be returning, sooner or later?”

Toy shrugs her shoulders.

“You tell me.”

“And, how, pray tell, will I divine that?”

“You’re a smart girl. You’ll figure it out. In fact, I bet you already have.”

“Bravo. Sounds like you’ve got a solid plan. I give it five stars.” Kirstjen’s comment reeks of sarcasm.

All planned out to a gnat’s ass, and you still have to make those leaps of faith—e.g., in the course of subduing the Replicators, assuming that Kirstjen and Toy can subdue them, assuming that at least one Replicator will survive subduing, and assuming that survivor can be “persuaded” to gain the two girls access to the objective, else this has all been for naught.

Or, as Iron Mike Tyson is fond of saying: Everybody has a plan until they get in the ring with me, and I hit them in the face the first time.

“When we get there, you will become extinct. Correct?”

“Yes and no.”

“Explain.”

“The human me will be extinct, but you won’t be able to tell that. I’ll look human enough, I’ll even deep scan as human, but that’s the comprehensional limitation of your mind, any corporeal mind whether that mind is of a biological or of a machine.”

“You’ll be what, then?”

“A Niffin.”

Toy sighs. That’s a hell of a fly in the ointment of her otherwise doable plan. One-on-one with a Niffin who is not indentured to a God, the day before The End. Logic tells her that it’s hopeless. She’s gonna swing for the fences, anyways. There’s no quit in this robot. She’s one tough titty broad.

“I’ll just have to deal with you when we get there.”

Kirstjen flashes a mocking grin.

“Now that’s the spirit.” The girl hears the sound of unseen water steadily dripping on a floor. It’s nearby. So close that she could almost smell and taste it. “Too bad for them that they’ve

returned to finish the job, and they're a day late and a dollar short. Serves them right for using such a flawed predictive model. It's as if they owned a Box and were using its lies as counsel."

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. This time, the girl is ready for them.

A fleeting bleed-thru that seemingly has nothing at all to do with anything else that's come before it. Kirstjen has never "heard" this voice in her head before, at least the best that she can remember. After all, she has holes in her mind—excisions and partitions—which serve to protect and preserve hers and others' secrecy. Bottom line: not remembering a voice doesn't necessarily mean that she's never heard it before.

Anonymous, to Kirstjen{

Another lingering jab that begs the question: still—mind your own business, unless/until it turns out to really be your business? The loose ends, the red herrings, continue to pile up—too many—way too many. This is bidding to get worse than a Perry Mason and threatening to become a full-blown David Lynch. Maybe even, I dare say it, my "Inland Empire"—an "Inland Empire" being the undisputed Holy Grail of gaming for my Kind. I've never had so much X-Play on a trip that wasn't premeditated. This is AWESOME!!!

Of course, someone's use of a RANDOMIZER could/would explain a lot, maybe everything—tie it all neatly into a pretty bow. If you have the smarts, you can build such an arcane device from scratch, if need be. But, to power it sufficiently for this level of convolution of the space-time continuum, you'd also need an Apocalypse Box, and there are only six of them known in existence.

Then there is the question of The Box's counsel. The Box would have to pick the epicenter of randomization for you. To heed the advice of such a Thing is to court disaster in the making—it's how I caught the ever-elusive Simon, in the end. For all the good that it did him, his Box proved to ultimately be his undoing by lying to him at a critical juncture in our deadly game of cat and mouse.

No matter how many times it tells you the truth, a Box is a Thing that can and will betray you—they ALWAYS do—mine did. That's how my Box became Simon's, to reiterate, for all the good that it did him.

This what-if is just too much fun. Too sweet. So. Just for shits and giggles, let's suppose that a Box is involved. If so. More than likely The Box is doing what its kind does best. It's lying to someone—likely, that someone is its owner. Stringing him or her along. Exaggerating its influence. Telling that someone that it can manipulate the space-time continuum to that person's advantage, when in fact it's just taking credit for beneficial coincidence.

Supernatural. An opportunist. Untrustworthy. That about sums up what you have to be forewarned most about a Box. Not to be trusted, can't be stressed enough. Mine ALWAYS lied to me—opting, in my case, to NEVER tell me the truth. Of course, I didn't figure that out about our relationship until it was over and I did the requisite post mortem.

In summation:

Bad. The situation involves a little bit of both: the effects of a RANDOMIZER's manipulations and a Box, the one powering it, taking credit for advantageous chance.

Worse. Two different Boxes are involved, in cahoots with one another. One is powering the Device the RANDOMIZER and one is doing the lying.

Worst. They're NOT in collusion, they're lying to different people, no Device is involved, and they're just taking advantage of "shared" coincidence coincidentally!

How did I come in possession of my Box? My boss, Fats Waller, gave it to me. Why? I was very young at the time—twelve years old—Fats had far reaching plans for me and she needed to know if I was worth the expense. If I "survived" the Box, I warranted the risk, if not, I would end up dead and in the soup. How did Fats get hold of the Box initially? Well, knowing Fats, that's anybody's guess. If you're really feeling extra froggy, ask her. You might get an answer before she eats you. Hint: There are said to be six Apocalypse Boxes and that the previous owners of all but one has ended up murdered. Ergo, whatever Fats did to get the Box, she didn't murder for it. By deduction: Now, you also know which one of the Boxes that we owned and Simon now owns.

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More bleed-thru. This time it's a transient remote view. Again, it's third person singular. No matter, the uninvited quests have arrived.

What about a glossed over transfiguration of templates?

Kirstjen finally goes off the very deep end of the pool, and then she reins all of this in. She effortlessly shifts back to doing this Tricia Helfer from this age appropriate Janet Leigh with Mildred Huff touches that she was doing. No barbwire garters, no Hedgehog, and no BDD. No Borg-ish ways, either. But, a very bland personality with a very matter-of-fact way of expressing herself which borders on acting like a Vulcan or a Borg drone: the mechanical echoes of Alice Quinn from SyFy Channel's *The Magicians*—borderline robotic. Deep for a woman, sexy, raspy voice, with a Danish, Copenhagen accent—the voice of Kim Carnes - *Bette Davis Eyes*. More legerdemain? Thin. Ergo, there are no thick eyeglasses just hanging passively around her neck, and if she were wearing them, they would fuck up her looks which in turn would hijack the false narrative of the disgraced, sexually depraved, sexually repressed nun Sister Mildred Huff. Along with her perls, she is wearing around her neck the rosary of a cloistered nun of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. Therefore, the rosary has a Nun's Cross (Nonnenkreuz) of the Iron Cross in place of a crucifix. Currently, that rosary is beta for a Tricia Helfer. Wearing the rosary makes this Tricia Helfer the false narrative of a disgraced, sexually depraved, sexually repressed Dagon nun, who is dressed like an underage layperson. All in all, a pneumatic bespectacled thirty-something blonde with a hard, pretty face and a hot body, dressed way too young for her age, an age-inappropriate look, that's somewhat tempered by dowdy unbecoming eyeglasses, which screams:

“Creepy, hardcore swinger and confirmed ‘worship me’ dominatrix spinster!” Providing the requisite amount of tits and ass. That very guilty pleasure, no apologies whatsoever.

The Iron Cross is a military decoration in the Kingdom of Prussia, and later in the German Empire and Nazi Germany. It was established by King Friedrich Wilhelm III of Prussia on 17 March 1813 during the Napoleonic Wars. The award was backdated to the birthday of his late wife Queen Tricia Louise who was a Bene Gesserit nun.

Rewind and go into the details of the transfiguration of templates:

The girl’s thick-readers are swapped out for thinz. Perls and prudz stay put. Going from a template that mandates a blouse to one that doesn’t: Her pussycat-bow goes bye-bye. The top half of a Courteney Cox, that black antiballistic-neoprene bikini top, in place of that white antiballistic corselet. The bottom half of a Courteney Cox, those black antiballistic-neoprene bikini bottoms, in place of those skin-colored retro-1950s HiRISE rubber panties—rubber for rubber. Koo, careys, half-slip, and that bare-leg look are replaced by returning fishnet porn hose, dikes, and the snakeskin uniform blazer and B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt of an underage Catholic schoolgirl. A Gina Gershon aka Body Glove Smoothies Mika Swim Top & Bottoms. All of that, coupled with her wearing a Dagon rosary: Thinly veiled allusions to her being a disgraced sexually repressed Catholic nun, dressed like an underage layperson, who is a member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. The jailbait motif of her blazer and skirt, and the sicko disgraced nun misdirection would be in very poor taste even if this were Cosplay, and it isn’t Cosplay. Barbwire garters, Hedgehog, Borg-ish ways, and A-BDD, went bye-bye, which was a flip of a coin. No more lunacy and no more Borg-ish madwoman. Skinny, with big knockers. A creepy mess.

A religious order within the Roman Catholic Church, The Esoteric Order of Dagon was founded in the town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, in the early 20th century. Innsmouth is in the Archdiocese of Arkham. The neighboring diocese is Miskatonic.

A bishop oversees a diocese, which is a collection of local parishes, and an archbishop administers an archdiocese, which is just a really large diocese. The diocese is like a state or province, and the bishop is like the governor. An archdiocese is like a very populous state—e.g., California or Texas, perhaps.

The archbishop for the Archdiocese of Arkham is Father Cthulhu. The bishop for the diocese of Miskatonic is Mother Hydra. The Order’s Reverend Mother Superior (or just the **Mother Superior**) is its founder Sister Dagon. Archbishop Cthulhu, Bishop Hydra, and Reverend Mother Dagon, are known affectionately within The Church as the Great Old Ones. Besides the Esoteric Order of Dagon, the other notable religious organizations founded by members of this Trinity are the Black Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of the Beast, the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh, Brothers of the Yellow Sign (or the Cult of the Yellow Sign), the Chesuncook Witch Coven (or the Cult of the Skull), the Chorazos Cult, the Church of Starry Wisdom (or the Starry Wisdom Cult or the Old Free-Will Church), and the Cult of the Bloody Tongue. In spite of what their

names might imply to the uninformed, none of these are dissident, radical splinter groups. All of them are affiliated with patron saints.

What's an even creeper mess? This Tricia Helfer with options et al. Barbwire garters, Hedgehog, and A-BDD, the A-BDD resulting in lunacy and a Borg-ish madwoman. Thin eyeglasses are swapped out for thick ones. Ugly, resulting from plaintive make-up being heavily applied to her face and neck. Geriatric blonde mopp or a geriatric blonde krazed. The ageing and ravaging of her face, neck, and hair is the risk finally realized of her wearing thick eyeglasses with this template. Basically, a jailbait Mildred Huff wearing either a long geriatric blonde frightwig or a short geriatric blonde frightwig.

Find Truth, Seek Justice

Veritas Invenietis: Quaerite Iustitiae

The Pioneer Elite branded EXO, known as Kuro, has the gloss jet-black “Urushi” finish. A shade of black so deep, your eyes just kind of slide off it. And this EXO kind of shimmers when you look directly at it. When one of these suits of armor moves quickly past, it’s like you hear a debilitating scream in your mind—shock and awe.

Without any fanfare, whatsoever. These interstellar interdimensional AI-powered armor suits materialize in the room so slick they “slide” almost undetected into existence—the EXO phases into the normal space-time continuum. These suits, which so strongly resemble Kuro, are so advanced they barely register in Toy’s perception. In contrast, Kirstjen has no problem whatsoever perceiving them.

The travelers ignore the girl, as if she doesn’t exist. As if she’s trying her damndest to steer clear of the anticipated ruckus, Kirstjen steps away from Toy and assumes a neutral posture.

Scanning Kirstjen as the same unarmed human who was down here on their previous trip, the Replicators have arrogantly assessed the girl as a non-threat who can easily be dealt with as minor cleanup in the aftermath of them dealing with Toy. Their focus is Toy, and only Toy. And. Unlike in the case of how they handled John. Their intent is to have some fun with Toy, before they finish her off.

Kirstjen’s Tricia Helfer (Hot Mess) slides into a Carolyn Lowery (Big Daddy Dave’s lollypop girl). Feature for feature, identical templates except for one notable deletion. A Carolyn Lowery is a Tricia Helfer minus the adult touch of those black fishnet porn hose. Resulting in an even more underage, and thus a creepier and an even more tasteless, look. Long, flawless, silky-smooth, lily-white legs—baby doll perks and bobbysoxers on a grownup woman, gets the porn dogs and perverts molten hot and bothered. Got wood!

“How careless of you. You’ve turned your backs on me as if I posed you no threat. In spite of your active camouflage, I can see you, which I should not be able to if I were just the run-of-the-mill girl that you’ve mistaken me for.”

The antagonist machines still take no heed of the girl. A girl they witnessed killed earlier by John’s own handiwork. A girl who has obviously resurrected, none the worse for wear. Therefore, she is not so ordinary, and albeit unarmed, they should assume that she could still pose some type of threat.

It’s over, before it starts.

No word uttered. No gesture made. No wand waved. No nothing. Yet, in spite of what it looks like, no magic is invoked. But. Be that as it may. Five of the adversaries cease to exist. The sole survivor just stands there. A large biomechanical spider is now clamped to the back of his head,

in spite of his suit's VHS and Pentashield. None of this is Toy's doing, because Thinking Machines, along with being immune to magic being used directly against them, cannot perform it. And, even if Toy could perform magic, let alone at the highest level (the Niffin level) which is what this trick would require, or Kirstjen was a Niffin and thus able to perform the required magic, Thinking Machines, are immune to magic being used directly against them. Six Replicators taken down so swiftly and decisively, without magic, and not a single shot fired? Of course, a God could have also done this, and, there'd be no telltale forensics to pinpoint who the guilty party was. Eureka!

"We beseech you, kind sir, to take us back with you to whence you came. Any one-minus will suffice," Kirstjen politely requests of the lobotomized Replicator who's now enslaved to her. Her request is worded in the needed manner to procure an admission they will survive.

Down there becomes the three of them in the middle of nowhere in the desert with the sun beating mercilessly down on them.

Poof. Gone. In the place of the ever dangerous Kirstjen Michele Nielsen (Noom) is the "face of evil" the genocidal Noreen Elizabeth McKay (Niffin).

What follows, Toy's matter-of-fact reveal, is just as jaw dropping as the trick with the killer robots. She's not been fooled by Noreen's deft sleight of hand. Toy sees past the illusion, and pushes through the delusions. Sanity's cold slap in the face.

"You used your feminine wiles and bribed a God to do your dirty work?" Toy asks, rhetorically. Already knowing the answer. But rules are rules, and they must be followed else you might as well be human.

"Loki likes them young, real young, so to get around the prohibitions, he indulges himself with grown women who doll themselves up very young. All he needed was the right look, and I finally gave it to him, after a lot of cock teasing."

"He's been watching us all along. Teased by your underage this and that. All the while you've gotten quite good at doing those jailbait looks."

"Practice makes perfect."

"You figure it out along the way. Improvising. Not even a head arrangement. Just riffing. I'm the one with the plan."

"You've always got a plan."

"Yet, I'm the one who always ends up playing checkers, meanwhile you are the one who's playing chess."

"You got what you wanted; he got what he wanted."

Noreen smiles from ear to ear. Noreen, who looks just like, and deep scans just like, Kirstjen, smiles from ear to ear. Yep, as Kirstjen predicted, her Niffin scans genetically human, through and through.

“What shall I call you?”

“Call me, The Doctor, Doctor Who. Ooops. Can’t do that. It’s already taken.” She pauses, dramatically. Giggles foolishly, and then reels it in. “Just call me Noreen, Noreen Elizabeth McKay.”

Unspoken between the two of them, is that even without an arsenal of weapons and even without direct magical attack at their disposal, Niffin are still to be feared; it’s often said that only Angels are to be feared as much and only The Gods are to be feared more. By the way, Noom aren’t shortbread, either.

The girl’s Carolyn Lowery gives way to this Tricia Helfer. Additionally, she is no longer a Niffin. Noreen is gone. Poof. She is again Kirstjen a Noom. This time, Toy is able to sense the transformation. No longer is Toy facing off with a genocidal maniac with God-like powers.

“You’re Noom, again. How is this possible? Humans are extinct.”

Kirstjen looks up at the sky as if to take a reading. Then, she resumes eye contact with Toy, and smiles.

“It’s noon time, you got lucky. The window of opportunity has passed. I played with my food too long.”

“So, I beat the odds.”

“This time. Maybe next time you won’t be so lucky.”

“So far. All of the jigsaw pieces have fallen into place, perfectly.”

“Enough chitchat. We’re burning daylight.” Kirstjen, melodramatically, pauses. Then, turns her attention to her slave who she designates No One. “No One, now that we are here, you can and will transfer your invitation to her. You don’t need it, anymore. Toy is the one who now needs to go and come here, as she pleases.” Kirstjen’s slave Replicator complies. “No One, take Toy to where she needs to go. Obey her as if she were me. Upon reaching the destination, Toy will become your sole owner. Please verbally acknowledge this transfer of ownership.”

“I acknowledge the transfer of ownership from you to Toy.”

The lobotomized Replicator leads Toy north toward a distant sand dune. In the aftermath of Kirstjen’s explosive reveal, Toy maintains her best poker face. And, the cherry on top of the cake, by Toy’s way of thinking, is that the girl shows, and more importantly has, no interest whatsoever in discovering what this deadly game of cat and mouse that they have won was really all about. What’s in the family, stays in the family. In the end, it didn’t matter that Kirstjen wasn’t metal.

After they get to where they’re going, Toy will have no more use for No One in his current form. She will command him to reconfigure himself into the homing beacon of a subspace transmitter that is audible only to her, so that she can always navigate back to this specific minus-one. Toy will mindwipe No One, after making a copy of his memories. Whoever he was

will be gone for good. Toy knows that the machine consciousnesses of his five comrades were prevented from being uploaded upon death, because they were all unmade. They're also gone for good.

Once the two robots are out of sight, Kirstjen removes her rosary and drops it in the sand, burying it with her foot; a rosary that only she has touched. Having touched it, knowing the where and the when, and the rough transit coordinates thereof, of its location, she can come back here anytime she wishes, without having to hitch a ride. As if the rosary were the homing beacon of a subspace transmitter that was audible only to her.

Then she buries and boobytraps this memory of her rosary's "burial"; hides this memory, even from herself, by placing it in her mind's Black Box. It will only be accessible to her, when and if she ever needs it.

The hard part is finding your way here, which she has licked. The easy part is getting an invitation.

Her mind resets.

Kirstjen stays put, and will wait for Toy's return. Where she's standing becomes an oasis. She sits down in a high-back wicker chair, legs crossed, and sips on the straw of a tall chilled glass filled to the brim with an adult beverage. Her mint julep is delicious. Their well-muscled black bodies glistening with sweat from the waves of heat washing over them, giant Nubians keep her cool, fanning her, providing welcoming breezes and needed shade. Quincy Jones, featuring Sarah Vaughn, plays in surround sound from an unseen tubed hi-fi. Once the album and the drink are finished, the Genie who are now fawning all over her will gangbang her into multiple orgasms with huge schlongs that would put a horse to shame and paint that horse green with envy. Cleopatra doesn't have it any better.

No words uttered. No gestures made. No wand waved. No etc. No known human way to invoke magic was utilized. Yet, magic was clearly invoked, by a genetically human Kirstjen. Magic that's a mere half-step down from magic of the very highest order. As aforementioned, Noom aren't shortbread.

What is a Genie?

Correct **spelling** for the English word "**Genie**" is $\widehat{d}z'i:ni$, $d3'i:ni$, $d3_i:_n_i$ (IPA phonetic alphabet).

Genies are magical beings. The ones that live inside of lamps or bottles have a well-deserved reputation for granting people's wishes. The word genie comes from the French **Génie**, a word that was coined for the French translation of the book *Arabian Nights* and comes from the Arabic **Jinni**.

What does Djinn mean in English?

Jinn (Arabic: جن, jinn), also Romanized as **Djinn** or Anglicized as Genies, colloquially Gen, with the broader **meaning** of spirits or demons, depending on source, are supernatural creatures mentioned extensively in early pre-Islamic Arabian and later Islamic theology. They are, in point of fact, deities of the minor order.

Gen are not always so benevolent. In fact, they have a well-deserved reputation for being ill-tempered, lawless, and malevolent, on occasion; particularly, in their business dealings. Case in point. An influential cabal of Gen double-crossed Dunwich & Co., Ltd, a while back. Partners for the aggrieved private practice firm consist of Burt Lancaster, Hedda Hopper, Deborah Kerr, Walter Winchell, Rock Hudson, and a silent partner who is rumored to be mobster Fats Waller. Those Gen learned their lesson, on that one. You don't cross The Firm. Who taught the cabal their lesson? Well, if Fats is the silent partner, one would assume that Fats' fixer did the job.

Glory be to free market capitalism! Indeed. More like, "Caveat emptor, bitches!"

And, yes, we are the Borg. We see beyond the human visual spectrum, and resistance is futile.

What happened to John, the robot who killed Kirstjen? He's back where he belongs, downloaded into a suitable body, of course.

The End