

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?

The Time Lords

Tempus est Domini,

The best laid plans of mice and men. Even Time Lords are fallible. Case in point, The Time War, formally The Last Great Time War. The conflict pitted the Time Lords of Gallifrey against the Daleks of Skaro, and nearly resulted in the mutual destruction of both races and their entire universe.

Who are these Time Lords, and what is their back story? Well that's a matter of "National Security" to all governments, "For Your Eyes Only," and the most classified. As such, only a select few in the multiverse can answer that question. Fewer still will answer that question.

There is one known file on them in existence. It is a physical paper file in a nondescript file folder. Nothing electronic. Access to it is at the highest levels only. The file and its folder have been "altered" in some way such that copies cannot be made. Much of it is written by someone who only refers to himself, and is only referred to, as either The Doctor or Doctor Who. And, it reads like this:

In their universe, up until The Last Great Time War, the Time Lords of Gallifrey pursued a policy of non-intervention but also protected the time vortex. Under that objective, they intervened in two previous "Time Wars": the first was a skirmish between the Halldons and the Eternals; the second was the slaughter of the Omnicraven Uprising. The Time Lords had also used their time travel to retroactively destroy the Charon race before it even existed.

Their need for order put them at odds with many warmongering races, e.g., the Sontarans. Most prominently, it put them at odds with the Daleks.

The Time Lords, having foreseen the possibility of the Daleks conquering the universe, sent one of their Time Agents—the Doctor, Doctor Who, a Time Lord himself, of course—into the past in an attempt to avert the Daleks' creation, or, failing that, at least affect their development to make them less aggressive.

The mission was a complete and utter failure. Worse yet, in retaliation to this ultimately unsuccessful mission, the Daleks attempted to infiltrate the High Council of the Time Lords with duplicates, followed by an open declaration of hostilities by the Dalek Empress. Thus, this mission, founded on the best intentions, provided the spark for the conflict The Last Great Time War.

Two specific events led up to the outbreak of the war: A peace treaty was attempted by President Romana under the "Act of Master Restitution" which led to the otherwise-unexplained trial of the Master a Time Lord on Skaro. This attempt was followed by the "Etra Prime Incident" involving The Apocalypse Element, which some say "began the escalation of events." Weapons used by the Time Lords included Bowships, Black Hole Carriers, and N-Forms, while

the Daleks wielded “the full might of the Deathsmiths of Goth” and launched a massive fleet into the vortex.

The duration of the war remains unclear, with figures ranging from at least several years to thirty thousand years, though such numbers are tentative, as time itself was bent and mutilated by the effects of the war. Several races with issues with the Time Lords, e.g., the Sontarans, wished to participate but were forbidden to do so by the Dalek Empress herself.

The Doctor, in his Eighth and Ninth incarnations, fought on the front lines and was present at the Fall of Arcadia.

Davros, the creator of the Daleks, also fought during the war after his creations, which had turned against him during “Genesis of the Daleks,” rehabilitated him to a leadership position. In the first year of the War, Davros’ command ship was apparently destroyed at the Gates of Elysium after flying into the jaws of the Nightmare Child. Unbeknownst to the Doctor, who had tried to save him, Davros was rescued by Dalek Caan, who had escaped the events as described in “Evolution of the Daleks” via an emergency temporal shift.

The war resulted in countless millions dying endless deaths, as time travel was used by both sides to reverse battles that caused massive fatalities on both sides.

These excesses of time warfare eventually led to the whole of the conflict becoming “time-locked,” so that no time traveler could go back into it. The Doctor described the final days of the war as “hell,” with “the Skaro Degradations, the Horde of Travesties, the Nightmare Child, the Could-Have-Been King with his army of Meanwhiles and Never-Weres” constituting particularly disturbing developments, all of which have not yet been specified further.

As the war progressed the Time Lords became increasingly aggressive and unscrupulous. At one point, they resurrected the Master, renegade Time Lord and nemesis to the Doctor, as they believed him to be the “perfect warrior for a time war.” In fact, it’s implied that they gave him a full new set of regenerations as was done to all Time Lords fighting in the war, and that the eye of harmony could be used as a means to gain more regenerations. However, after the Dalek Empress gained control of the Cruciform, the Master deserted his post, used the chameleon arch to disguise himself as a human, and escaped to a time period shortly before the end of the universe. Genetically a human, he escaped the near-destruction of all Time Lords as well as detection by the Doctor, who was unaware of his resurrection in the first place. The Master also remained ignorant of the latter phase and outcome of the war.

Leadership among the Time Lords remained vague during the earlier phase of the war. Especially the role of the Doctor’s former companion, Romana President of the Time Lords is avoided possibly censored? Ultimately, Rassilon himself, the founder of Time Lord Society and the inventor of its time travel technology, returned from the grave to re-assume leadership, possibly using the resurrection gauntlets where one fell through the rift out of the time lock. Refusing the possibility of his civilization being destroyed by the Daleks, Rassilon prepared a doomsday scenario, the so-called “Ultimate Sanction.”

This genocidal scheme included sacrificing all of time itself, thereby destroying the Daleks and all life in the universe. The Time Lords themselves would have transcended into a non-corporeal collective consciousness that would be the only sentient form of life in existence. The Time Lords, apparently hardened by the horrors of war, gave near-unanimous support for this plan.

The Time War concluded with the near-mutual destruction of both belligerents and their respective home world planets. The Dalek fleet, reportedly ten million ships, was destroyed by the Ninth Doctor. Gallifrey is first described as having “burned” like Earth of the far future, and is “rocks and dust” as a result of the war, but then the Doctor admits that Time Lords and Daleks both burned together and that he personally ended the war, in an act which caused the Time Lords, the Daleks, and Gallifrey to burn. The Doctor was, therefore, responsible for nearly destroying his home planet. He is called “the killer of his own kind” by the Beast of the Pit.

The specifics and what prompted the Doctor to such drastic measures were ultimately revealed in “The End of Time”: The Doctor had discovered a way to end the war, described as “the Moment,” when he became aware of Rassilon’s “Ultimate Sanction.” It remains unclear whether “the Moment” would always have resulted in the destruction of both antagonists together or whether the Doctor could have simply used it to destroy the Daleks and could choose to destroy the Time Lords as well to prevent Rassilon’s scheme. The Ninth Doctor apparently faced a similar situation in “The Parting of the Ways” when he creates a Delta Wave to destroy the Daleks. When the wave was charged, The Doctor realized that it would not distinguish between Human and Dalek. Firing the Delta Wave would have resulted in the mutual destruction of both the Daleks and Humans, similar to the situation he faced at “the Moment.”

By this point, the entire period of war had become “time locked,” so that no time traveler could enter or exit it. In knowledge of this and the threat posed by the Doctor’s possession of “the Moment,” Rassilon and his fellow councilors tried to escape the Lock by retroactively planting a four note drumbeat, the rhythm of a Time Lord’s heartbeats, into the Master’s brain, the sound of which eventually drove the Master insane, and use a Whitepoint Star, a diamond only found on Gallifrey, to create a link between the final hours of the Time War and present-day Earth of their universe. The Master could therefore bring Gallifrey and the Time Lords out of the Time Lock and into the present. The plan ultimately failed, as the Doctor destroyed the diamond link and the Master apparently sacrificed his life, sending the Time Lords back to their apparent doom.

Faced with the specter of the extinction of their respective races and the final realization by both sides of the “no win” situation that they were deadlocked into, the Time Lords and the Daleks brokered a kind of peace under the renewed leadership of President Romana.

While they rebuilt from the brink of extinction for their respective races, there was none of this Time Lords and their order versus the Daleks and their “scripted” disorder. Resulting in a power vacuum. Darkness and chaos reigned supreme. Anarchy ruled. More members of the lesser and greater races died during this period than during The War itself. Some of those races became extinct.

Following in the adventurous footsteps of “The Doctor,” Doctor Who, the Time Lords created The Foundation. An institution coincidentally dedicated to the same high moral ideals as the Order of the Bene Gesserits. But, The Foundation is the Bene Gesserits minus the corruption that is Section. It’s their attempt to redeem themselves for what they had done to their universe with The War. The Foundation’s moral compass is based on The Doctor’s. Lofty principles, indeed.

Reformed, reborn do-gooders. Once they had rehabilitated their universe, they sent off The Teams of their Foundation to help out other races in other universes. Employing a newly discovered tech, new to them, of course, well known by many in the multiverse: The Bridge-Gateway.

Resuming their policy of non-intervention but also protecting the time vortex and maintaining order, only this time at the Creation level. This is when they came into contact/conflict with the Vampires, the Federation, and other powerful “self-interests” most of whom are human. This is when they become a threat to the powers that be and thus the status quo of the multiverse. In other words, this is when they appeared on the radar of the MICC this most powerful group, which President Eisenhower called the Military-Industrial-Church-Complex. This is never a healthy thing to do. Just ask Jack Kennedy. Oh, that’s right, you can’t. He’s dead.

When a Team came into a universe where Temporal Laws were applicable, the Time Lords found that the timelines there were locked, immutable, and thus time travel was prohibited. Without the stealth that their invisibility devices provided them, because many supernatural beings could see them cloaked, they also found themselves hunted as game when/if their presence was discovered. Righting wrongs got a whole lot harder and a lot more dangerous. Teams had to resort to deception and misdirection. They had to go undercover. Even more than that. Something even more disturbing was afoot: objects of extinction.

In their universe of origin, supernaturals cannot partake preemptively, by edict of The Gods. Unable to preemptively extinct the human race in their own universe, they sate themselves, elsewhere. Unrestricted by the Laws of Gods in universes that are not their universe of origin, supernaturals are free to engage in genocide as sport. Total genocide. The Final Solution. Objects of extinction.

As such, there are universes where no life exists, because of the supernatural menace. Entire civilizations gone missing. Vanished into ruins. Sentient races made extinct, and not just human ones either. Nothing but traces. Echoes are all that remains. Worlds bleached. Completely dead. Absolutely sterile. Not even a single microbe.

Exterminate absolute, that which is not you. In that way, supernaturals are like Daleks, only many times worse and a whole lot deadlier. Behold me I am Death, Destroyer of worlds.

The skin of others

Et aliorum cutis

Carolyn Lowery, who was Andrea (Andie) Hunt in *Vicious Circles* (1997), Dr. Lisa Finch in *Octopus* (2000), and Elaine Carol-Todd in *Her Older Female Interests* (2005).

At the time of death, the machine consciousness of a Thinking Machine is uploaded to the Resurrection Facility where it's stored in an available Closest Continuer until it can be downloaded into a suitable artificial body, either the original body repaired or an OEM replacement body. Making such machines essentially immortal, as long as the facility remains operational.

The resurrection facility is human-controlled as a safeguard in case of the much feared, potential robotic insurrection against all biologicals. The facility is in a secure, top secret Cloud location, the whereabouts of which are known only to a select few individuals. If need be, that facility can be destroyed via a self-destruct.

Robotic resurrection technology came out of a joint effort from Project Cylon and the Altered Carbon Initiative, and is used in conjunction with Class One and Class Two robotic species including the Cylons and the Replicators.

Cyborgs, being part biological being and part robotic being, and not having a machine consciousness. Have no access to that particular resurrection option.

One of the Holy Grails of modern robotics has been the anatomy of resurrection for cybernetic organisms who have a human origin. A resurrection mechanism that, theoretically, is on par with that of thinking machines who can resurrect via upload to the Resurrection Facility—e.g., Resurrectus Ex Machina like the Cylons and the Replicators. That, of course, includes the Cylon human models who, unlike the Cylon Centurions, look just like humans. They too can resurrect via upload to the Resurrection Facility, because in spite of their human appearance, they are still metal of non-human origin and therefore have a machine consciousness.

Humanoid Cylons are the quintessential Cylon form. These Cylons are not merely robots with a human appearance, they possess actual flesh and blood, and are indistinguishable from human beings biologically except for the fact that their DNA is 100% serialized DNA.

In some quarters, “cybernetic life-form node,” “Cylon,” has become a broad term used to describe pretty much any autonomous synthetic life-form that could be networked with a computer, be it robotic or biological.

Humanoid Cylons were responsible for masterminding the complete destruction of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol in parallel Universe-3 through their use of sabotage and infiltration.

They were nearly undetectable to Colonial technologies; visually indistinguishable from humans, down to the cellular level, but not completely at a molecular level.

Along with the capacity to emulate many human physical acts, including sex, Humanoid Cylons possess human personality traits—e.g., affection, jealousy, sadness, anger, sense of humor, religious faith, etc. They can be programmed to believe that they are true natural humans without the knowledge that they are Cylons. These are known as “sleeper agents.” Sleeper agents have a low-level Cylon personality that can conduct operations while placing the human sleeper personality “on-hold.” All Humanoid Cylons imitate human behavior, but most are fully aware of their true nature and behave more or less like a human “spy.”

The majority of the Cylons follow a monotheistic religion, the remainder are atheists.

The multitude of Humanoid Cylon model copy bodies are bio-engineered and matured in tanks filled with synthetic amniotic fluid.

Back to the subject of sentient machine resurrection?

In parallel Universe-8472. Doctor Victor Frankenstein, who in many ways was the “modern Prometheus.” And his wife Professor Mary Shelley. Two prominent nineteenth century roboticists who wrote a thesis, aptly titled *A Study of the Anatomy of Resurrection for Homo Sapient Resurrectus Ex Machina*. Their document was so far ahead of its time that, to this day, their pioneering research constitutes the cannon of sentient machine resurrection. In essence, a “How To” book. But their writing took it a step further, and, based upon deduction and extrapolation, postulated controls and limits for immortal sentient machines. Their theory in a nutshell? Classified. And. There is no redacted version or cliff notes available to unauthorized individuals. Its companion piece, *Stedman’s Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, the Holy Grail of biomolecular mechanics, is available for public consumption.

There is a conspiracy theory, QAnon, which states that The Machines already have a secret Resurrection Center of their own. And that when their consciousness is uploaded at death the upload is split somehow into a digital copy which goes to the Resurrection Facility and the original which goes to the Resurrection Center. And although it looks like the subsequent download into a replacement body is from the Resurrection Facility, it’s really from the Resurrection Center. The swap being undetectable. If true, this could mean an extinction event for biologicals.

Octopus

Sepia

The **politics of Angels** is not unlike the politics of Men. It used to be about Saints and Sinners. Now it's about endless shades of gray.

Good Angel? Bad Angel? Fallen Angel? So, which one are you?

It doesn't matter. All Angels are terrifying.

Things move in the shadows, just beyond the reach of the light. Then, just like that, they are gone.

Oh my God. What were those things?!

Echoes. Echoes of the past. You call them ghosts.

And then there's the question of my entitlement. It's a bittersweet one. For half-breeds such as me, it is the politics of Heaven and Hell. Good/Bad Angels in Heaven. Fallen Angels in Hell. So, it boils down to the politics of Angels, once more.

Alice Quinn, Miss Hancock, Jayne Heitmeyer, Kim Dawson irregardless, or Cynthia Rothrock. It's a Bop. Crazy-toned abs. Big titties. Legendary curves. Slender. Chiseled legs-for-days. And, baby got back. No matter how you slice it, that's premium whitebread.

For grownups. A Gretchen Whitmer, those torturous undergarments, a longline open-bottom corselet and HiRISE panties.

For adults only. An underwired torpedo bra, paired with skimpy rubber panties.

Formally, a Miss Hancock is an Alice Quinn with a Hilary Duff as the appliance worn underneath the Koo, replacing a Gretchen Whitmer.

Formally, a Jayne Heitmeyer is an Alice Quinn with a Christi Marks as the appliance worn underneath the Koo, replacing a Gretchen Whitmer.

Formally, a Noreen Elizabeth McKay, this haughty "peroxide goddess," is an Alice Quinn with a Christi Marks as the appliance worn underneath the Koo replacing a Gretchen Whitmer, no half-slip, and wurms or dikes in place of careys—except being sans half-slip and its Christi Marks substitution, it's an Alice W Quinn. Bespeaks of, "you're not good enough for me!!!" in an aloof snarl that reeks of loathing and disdain. The retro bookworm's nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix, just like an Alice W Quinn. Figuratively speaking, the cold heartless bookish blonde bombshell screaming "Get on your knees and worship me!!!" Tailormade for a Niffin or a headmistress. Her favorite template when she was a Niffin and a headmistress.

Formally, a Kim Dawson is an Alice Quinn with a Katherine Hessel as the appliance worn underneath the Koo, replacing a Gretchen Whitmer.

Formally, a Cynthia Rothrock is an Alice Quinn with a Heidi Klum as the appliance worn underneath the Koo, replacing a Gretchen Whitmer.

Courteney Cox vs. Hilary Duff vs. Katherine Hessel? Instead of the skimpy rubber bikini's top and bottoms being black vis-a-vis a Courteney Cox, the Hilary Duff's bikini top and bottoms are white, and the Katherine Hessel's bikini top and bottoms are flesh-colored.

A Christi Marks? The top-half is a white French lace push-up bra by Be Wicked Inc., paired with the skimpy skin-colored bikini bottoms from a Katherine Hessel.

Wurms? Formally Telsa. Wurms are the nude heel version of careys. A nude heel is a women's shoe that is neutral in color—closely matching the skin color of the person wearing them. As such. Wearing them instantly elongates a woman's legs. Breathtaking on a woman who is already long-legged.

Courteney Cox, Hilary Duff, Christi Marks, Katherine Hessel, Heidi Klum, or HiRISE rubber panties, it's fetish galore regardless of the Rubbermaid appliance worn by the girlie you upskirt.

Eyeglasses, barbwire garters, Parts, off-putting Borg-ish ways, and BDD are optional. Kirstjen is wearing thinz. No other options are being exercised. Postdated mopp or strident sternka? Her hair goes from a mopp to a sternka as soon as she steps onto campus, so that she can assume the expected academic guise of being bookish and worrisome. That dowdy ensemble: Koo Stark, half-slip, prudz, perls, and careys. Bolshoi-bare.

Deep for a woman, sexy, raspy voice, with a Danish, Copenhagen accent—the voice of Kim Carnes - *Bette Davis Eyes*.

For an Alice Quinn, torturous undergarments rigorously enforce the 17-inch wasp waist of the zombified Vampira in *Plan 9*. Somehow, that same ridiculous 17-inch wasp waist is enforced by a Courteney Cox, a Hilary Duff, a Christi Marks, a Katherine Hessel, and a Heidi Klum. Proving, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they are as much legit shapewear as a Gretchen Whitmer.

So. What is she wearing underneath her Koo? Well it's Monday. Therefore, she's wearing a Gretchen Whitmer. Monday, she comes full circle and does Alice Quinn. In other words, the alpha and the omega. Tuesday thru Wednesday, she's Miss Hancock, Jayne Heitmeyer, Kim Dawson, or Cynthia Rothrock. Like clockwork.

Maybe, because of her recent adventures, she lapses the rest of the workweek and does either the age-inappropriate Tricia Helfer or Carolyn Lowery, usually with thick-readers, Hedgehog, and barbwire garters. In a word, by Brakebills standards: unhinged. By Jack Kerouac standards: Beatnik. By contemporary standards: Goth.

This workplace flipflop of Kirstjen's between templates is reminiscent of actress Elizabeth Montgomery's portrayal of Samantha Stephens on the hit TV series *Bewitched*.

Kirstjen scopes out the new head of Brakebills' security Ms. Candice Olofson, who is walking across one of the campus greens after exiting the admin building. The lithe comely sixty-something is doing a Morticia Addams via features.

A Morticia Addams? Thinz. Bolshoi-bare. Moe. Prudz, perls, Kaye Maxfield, black flats, white half-slip, barbwire garters. A Gretchen Whitmer, those torturous undergarments, a longline open-bottom corselet and HiRISE panties, enforcing that ridiculous 17-inch wasp waist. Opaque black stockings held up by the suspenders of her corselet. The barbwire garters are optional.

A retired nun, the spinster's short straight butch hairdo is grey streaked with white. Feminine ways and means. Straitlaced. Severe. No nonsense. A killjoy. A party pooper. A sour-faced Audrey Hepburn look-a-like. In other words, one of those prim and proper Church ladies. Deep for a woman, grating, raspy voice, with a Prussian accent—that's akin to fingernails scratching a chalkboard, when she's riled. There's nothing bulldyke about her, except for that masculine hairstyle and that mangled voice of hers.

Although Ms. Olofson and her ilk are no longer Kirstjen's preferred sexual cup of tea, they will do in a pinch.

The girl has heard that Ms. Olofson is a hell of a chess player, and it's the old biddy's gaming expertise that's piquing Kirstjen's interest.

Previously, Ms. Olofson was one of The Pope's Elites, a member of the vaulted Vatican Secret Service. As such, a professional reputation for honesty that is beyond reproach. A confirmed bachelorette, little is known of her personal life. But the rumors are rampant.

It's rumored that she's a lesbian, but that's a common misconception about nuns. Other rumors? H-cup. She-male. Well-hung. Promiscuous. Hates men. Has no use for pretty girls. Doesn't date married women. Likes to go on skidrow binges as a baglady, in her off hours, assuming the life of an alcoholic junkie whore. A card-carrying Neo-Nazi who lives in one of those all-white towns in a Jim Crow sundown county in the exurbs. An Elder Thing posing as a gender-fluid hermaphrodite human female. Etc. None of it confirmed, just gossip, most of it malicious.

Ten minutes later, in Kirstjen's Advanced Library Techniques class. Debating with a smartass first year student named Marty Best, his first day in her class.

"Rise of the Machines: AI algorithm beats magician, in dogfight simulation. Is this surprising, assuming that magic is math?"

"It was a simulation. Thinking machines can't perform magic, because magic isn't math, in the real world."

"But if thinkers could perform magic, because magic were math?"

"Then, yes, metal could beat meat at magic in the real world."

"Give me your best swag. How many times out of ten, for example?"

“It would depend on the relative skill levels of the magical contestants involved. Same as it would be for any magician vs. magician.”

“You’re a Noom. Therefore, metaphysically, you’re Niffin. Physically, you’re human.”

“Correct.”

“Magic is metaphysical.”

“Correct.”

“Then, why can’t you perform magic at the same level as a Niffin? Is it because of LOC (laws of Creation), or ROE (rules of engagement), or what?”

“Noom can’t.”

“Because the Gods have decreed it?”

“Because Noom can’t. It’s just as simple as that.”

Kirstjen expects Marty to continue down this path, but he doesn’t. Instead, he retreats into silence with a big shit-eating grin on his face. Which means that their conversation wasn’t for knowledge gathering so much as it was about confirming what he already knew to be true. In other words, their exchange was rhetorical. Then why have it at all? Because maybe some other people in the class needed convincing? If so, that bodes ill for Marty and his coconspirators.

After the class is over, and it’s just Kirstjen and Gina Holden, her TA, in the classroom. Gina poses the obvious to Kirstjen.

“What was that all about, with Marty?”

“Nothing good, I suspect.”

Five hours later, in subbasement four of the school library, the mutilated bodies of Marty and four other first year students from Kirstjen’s class are discovered during closing rounds for that sublevel. CSI determines that the victims were killed elsewhere and posed like creepy life-sized figurines where they were found.

Artifacts on this level are deemed Most Dangerous, therefore they can’t be checked out of the library and they must be studied down there. None of the artifacts are missing or out of place. No alarms were set off. A day later, forensics are still inconclusive as to where the students were butchered. Marty was the beloved, only son of a U.S. Senator. Needless to say, the case gets top priority with the campus police, the local police, and the FBI.

Then, out of the blue, on Friday of that week, Kirstjen gets a polite invitation to be questioned in Ms. Olofson’s office. Gina ends up teaching Kirstjen class, since no suitable substitute could be found on such short notice.

Pandora Charms

Pandora Deliciae

Ms. Olofson almost feels sorry for the creepy young woman sitting across from her. Not that you can tell, readily or otherwise, that the girl is young and is very pretty. The girl is obviously disturbed and needs to be committed, in Ms. Olofson's judgement. She's also convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this lunatic committed the murders. Problem is, she can't prove it.

Kirstjen is doing Carolyn Lowery with thick-readers, barbwire garters, a Hedgehog, and full-blown A-BDD. The A-BDD renders her Borg-ish and for all intents and purposes insane. A geriatric-blonde mopp in place of the usual yellow-blonde one. Aged and ravaged face and neck thanks to the plaintive makeup heavily applied to them. Her husband Judi was none too happy to see her looking and acting out this way, this morning, when she left for work.

It was obvious to Kirstjen from the git-go why she was asked to come here. By her way of thinking, Ms. Olofson must be under the delusion that they're on Raymond Burr's *Perry Mason*, where the guilty always breakdown on the stand and confess.

Select pictures of the crime scene are spread across the desk of Ms. Olofson. Kirstjen is completely disinterested in the subject at hand, and makes no bones about showing it.

“Would you like to revisit the holograph of the crime scene, again?”

Kirstjen vulgarly licks her thin lips with her long, wicked tongue. In response, Ms. Olofson maintains a poker face. Inwardly the former nun isn't startled by the girl's lewd action. Kirstjen is a known swinger, and her reputation precedes her.

A pretty girl can do anything. An ugly girl has to do everything. And, right now, looking the way she does and acting out the way she is, Kirstjen is clearly that ugly girl.

“Nope, once was enough. In fact, it was too much the first time. I'm bored.”

The girl leans back and yawns, pronating her tits—exaggerating her cleavage by thrusting her boobs out on the inhale.

Looking like an age-ravaged fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty, who is dressed way too young for her apparent old age, and acting out like a wanton twenty-something sex kitten. Kirstjen comes off as a pathetic cougar on the prowl, hungry to rob the cradle for a horny twenty-something who she must pay handsomely for services rendered. The stalkerish divorcee—needy, clingy, edgy. Rode hard and put up wet many times too much. Whiffs of being a junkie and an alcoholic? Whiffs that turn into reeks, once she gets hold of you?

“Why this sick guise, when ugly is not supposed to be your thing, anymore?”

Kirstjen just shrugs her shoulders, as if to say: In point of fact, I don't know why, nor do I care. Then, rhetorically...

“Why not?” An awkward pause. “I don’t know why. Nor do I care.”

Ms. Olofson has done her homework on Kirstjen, since the murders. Spending long hours of preparation for ensnaring Kirstjen who she is convinced is the guilty party. The girl’s flippant, vague answer doesn’t surprise her one little bit. The way that the experienced detective sees it, the girl reads like an open book, and this is an open and shut case. She’s picked the avenue she can best exploit to coerce a confession out of this sick, twisted girl. Slam dunk. Case closed.

“I’m no shrink, but I bet a month’s wages that, as you are right now, you’re certifiable. Maybe you were crazy like this when you took out those students on a murderous lark, this week?”

“This...My kind of crazy doesn’t automatically translate into being a homicidal manic who killed five students on a spree this week.”

“On average, we get five student deaths a year at the school, usually first year students. But five at once, and one of the victims was very high profile.”

“In my unprofessional opinion. Either a God or an Angel was involved. If the fore, you won’t be able to prosecute, because that would fall outside of human jurisdiction; The Gods will take care of the matter if They deem that any of Their laws have been broken. If the latter, good luck with that one, because a rogue Angel is a pure muther fucker to apprehend. Then again, you already know all of this.”

“Or...A madwoman with access and skills did this. Which is why I’m betting on you for this one.”

“Translation: you got a hunch. But your women’s intuition is wrong, this time.” Another pause. The girl smiles, wickedly, and as wide as humanly possible. “Besides, you have no proof that it was me, else instead of this virtual beatdown, you’d charge me. And, the evidence you’ve shown me so far is too wet noodle to even consider getting an indictment against me.”

As if on cue, a school matron, Rosa Klebb steps into the room carrying a straitjacket and oral restraints. The boney sour-faced old biddy, with large pendulous tits, looks like a Gorgon in human form. A she-male, she’s human, with some distant Harpy ancestry. She’s doing a Klebb—i.e., Rosa Klebb, the person, doing Rosa Klebb, the template. Very masculine ways and means. She fits the bulldyke stereotype to a tee. Matron Klebb is in-between girlfriends.

“As a second job, Ms. Klebb is a matron at Lovecraft Country, an automated mental institution, working the midnight shift. Little more than a warehouse for lunatics. There are only a handful of biologicals as staff onsite.”

In point of fact, Matron Klebb is the only biological staff left onsite at the looney bin. Over the course of the last six months, company bean counters, penny wise and pound foolish, always on the lookout for ways to cut corners and save money, have systematically laid off the entire psychiatric staff, including doctors, nurses, orderlies et al. Replacing them with robots that are human lookalikes. These androids are Matron Klebb’s coworkers.

Besides the recent change in staffing demographics. Also unbeknownst to Ms. Olofson is that Ms. Klebb is a decommissioned local Borg Queen. She was Number Nine, before the Number Nine that Kirstjen served. She has had her covetous designs on Kirstjen for some time. Which is why she readily agreed to Ms. Olofson's plan. She has her own nefarious plans for the former Borg drone. Ms. Klebb craves her very own Seven-of-Nine. Ms. Klebb experiments on a number of the patients at the asylum where she works, and Kirstjen will fit in with that regimen quite nicely.

In a past life, before she was assimilated into the Borg, Ms. Klebb was the infamous Nazi butcher, Dr. Lisa Finch. Dr. Finch was a participant in Operation Paperclip and a primary contributor to Adolf Hitler's Project 12, and as such is considered "protected."

Operation Paperclip was a secret program of the Joint Intelligence Objectives Agency (JIOA) carried out largely by special agents of Counterintelligence Corps (Army CIC), in which more than 1,600 German scientists, engineers, and technicians, such as Wernher von Braun and his V-2 rocket team, emigrated from Germany to the United States, for U.S. government employment, primarily between 1945 and 1959. Many were members, and some were leaders, of the Nazi Party.

Unbeknownst to anyone else, Matron Klebb performs these unauthorized experiments of hers on those asylum patients? There are some higher-ups in the company security for Lovecraft Country that have their suspicions, but no solid proof of wrongdoing, and they need that proof before they dare take action against someone like Matron Klebb who is a protectee of the U.S. Government. What about the safeguards and failsafes, those myriad of automated processes and procedures in place to prevent such an occurrence from ever happening in the first place? Circumvented.

Matron Klebb has no use for young, pretty girls. So, if you start off that way, her handiwork ensures that you don't end up that way. The result is always a used-up hag.

This is the moment of truth. Ms. Olofson rolls the dice. Just how sick and twisted is this train wreck of a girl, really? She places a piece of paper on her desk. It's a self-committal form for Lovecraft Country. In bold black letters on the form is a liability waiver, protecting Lovecraft Country LLC and Brakebills et al. from any and all future litigation.

Lovecraft Country LLC is a wholly owned subsidiary of Quantum 1 which is a shell company for Khronikle Inc. whose parent company is C & Earth. The CEO of C & Earth sits on the board of regents for all formal educational institutions of magic; of which Brakebills is one such institution. Coincidence or does the plot thicken?

"I assume you want me to sign this?"

"Legally, if you agree of your own free will, I can have you committed for up to 72 hours for psychiatric observation and evaluation, without prior concurrence from the school's shrink."

Inexplicably, without uttering another word, Kirstjen stands up and sheds her jacket. Ms. Klebb walks over to Kirstjen and violently rips off the girl's skirt. In a shameless public display of Ms. Klebb's obsession with her, Ms. Klebb is visibly trembling with excitement. The matron's unnatural cravings for the girl are painfully obvious.

Ms. Olofson ignores the numerous ethical issues in play here, of which handing Kirstjen over into the custody of someone who so openly craves the girl in the worst way, is by far not even the biggest of those issues.

So far, no laws have been broken, though. Although, quite a few have been bent to the point of being mangled, but nothing a slick defense attorney couldn't gloss over with ease in court versus any district attorney's objections—assuming that Kirstjen doesn't sign the form, and this case ever gets to court, that is.

Ms. Olofson hands the girl a ballpoint pen. Willingly and willfully, Kirstjen signs the form, committing herself to Lovecraft Country, in spite of noticing beforehand in the fine print that Ms. Olofson lied about the committal duration. It's an open-ended committal, with a 72-hour contingency to satisfy the letter of the law. Kirstjen can legally be kept in Lovecraft Country, forever, if she's determined to be insane and culpable for the crime in question within the first 72 hours of her incarceration. And, still, no laws are broken, since she's agreeing to this with her signature. Caveat emptor.

Kirstjen slips on the thick-readers that are hanging around her neck. With shaking hands, Matron Klebb fits her with the ball gag and muzzle. The oral restraints tenaciously grip the girl's face; even more disfigurement ensues, as a result.

"A little needle stick. The first of many, my dearest," Matron Klebb whispers covetously into Kirstjen's ear as she buries the needle of a large glass syringe into the leftside of girl's neck. Injecting a huge dose of werks into Kirstjen's jugular vein. The girl's eyes fluorosis blue, momentarily. Kirstjen blasts off into a drug-fueled orbit of never-never land.

The girl's geriatric-blonde mopp gives away to a geriatric-blonde krazed. Resulting in a more feral addiction-ravaged appearance and wild-eyed possessed look. More effects of the madness drug.

Werks, otherwise known as the madness drug or Nazi woke. A fluorescent blue narcotic that pulsates when it's in its liquid form. Although its original use as a chemical lobotomy drug is outlawed. It can still legally be used by asylums to "control" their more difficult mental patients. Kirstjen has no immunity for this type of chemical enslavement.

Nazi woke is highly addictive and potentially lethal, and it can cause extensive brain damage. Being a Noom, Kirstjen can beat physical addiction. Psychological addiction is another matter, of course. But what if you keep her on a steady diet of the madness drug, which is what Matron Klebb is planning to do? Will that keep the girl hooked? In theory, a theory Matron Klebb plans to test, it should work.

Matron Klebb produces a creepy-looking spidery auto-doser from one of her pockets. The large biomechanical spider attaches itself to the leftside of the girl's neck where the matron manually dosed the girl.

Once the girl is hooked on using. A drug addict's sing-song ensues. Between the auto-doser's delivery of withdrawal-erasing fixes. The girl will eventually revert to being a strung-out junkie in need of a fix, and, eventually, left to her own devices, she will achieve sobriety. The auto-doser is programmed to dose her before she gets sober and kicks her habit.

Additionally, the auto-doser is a parasite. It feeds on the girl, and it has a ravenous appetite. Soon, very soon, she will look even more the part of a hardcore longtime junkie by going from skinny to boney, which will make her heavy-hanging tits look even bigger.

Matron Klebb's is addicted to the drug herself, and thus enslaved by it. Obsessive compulsive. A complete nutjob. She is sexually depraved. An alcoholic junkie whore, of the worst stripe. Foaming at the mouth and gnashing of teeth, at the full moon. She doesn't have to sell herself on the street to help feed her all-consuming drug habit, because she steals all the werks she craves from the asylum's medical stores.

By Matron Klebb's twisted way of thinking, every girl, especially the pretty ones, need a habit to feed. A pretty girl with a habit is never pretty for very long, and always ends up ugly.

Straight, no chaser. As a follow up to werksing Kirstjen, Matron Klebb shoots her up with an equally large dose of a cocktail of Thorazine, Lithium, and Prozac. A mix of mind-numbing drugs which reduces a person to a catatonic. The girl collapses into Matron Klebb's waiting arms. Very strong for her size, almost Goon strong, the frail-looking Matron Klebb easily manhandles the limp girl into the straitjacket.

That deer caught in the headlights look. Eyes wide open. Staring blankly ahead. Kirstjen's mindless eyes are those of a zombie. It will take hours for the effects of this mind-numbing cocktail to wear off.

"She's all yours, now."

"Thank you, ever so much."

"You've guaranteed me that the shrinks there will find her incurably insane, and culpable for these murders. I need a signed notarized psychiatric assessment from the shrinks and a confession signed by her and duly witnessed, both of which will have to be able to stand up in a court of law and convince anyone including her husband and Senator Best. With no traceback to me."

"Plausible deniability. I've done this, before. Discretely disposing of the embarrassments of rich families. And, I've shown you ample proof of my capabilities, without, I might add, incriminating any of my clients in the process of supplying said proof to you."

“You’ve got 72 hours, after that I’ll need concurrence from the school’s shrink to continue her open-ended incarceration. We don’t want that shrink anywhere near this girl.”

“When do I get the rest of my money?”

“When you get me the goods on her, the case is closed, and I see there’s going to be no blowback on me.”

“Nice doing business with you.”

Ms. Olofson avoids shaking Matron Klebb’s offered hand. She won’t soil herself shaking the hand of a lowlife scumball. It’s beneath her.

Matron Klebb leaves. The trussed-up girl slung over her shoulder, carrying away the girl’s jacket and skirt as well. Ms. Olofson loathes doing business this way, but justice must be served. Sometimes, backdoors and shortcuts must be utilized, else the guilty would get off Scott-free.

Just Business

Negotia tantum

Mission impossible? Escape is always imminent; therefore, containment must be absolutely perfect, 100% of the time. Ever vigilant has to be your mantra. Drop your guard just once, and you risk losing your prize possession.

Lovecraft Country. Nine miles below the surface of the planet Mars. The underground complex has nine levels. Nine is of special significance in Martian number theory. It denotes Judgement Day.

This is the place that people get sent who need to be forgotten. Which explains its need for a built-in Neo Mind 2 network streaming module.

A week ago, Kirstjen became Matron Klebb's prize possession, and the asylum's newest patient. Within seventy-two hours of Kirstjen's committal, Matron Klebb delivered the goods on the girl to Ms. Olofson, and Kirstjen became a permanent resident of the facility.

The girl is in a padded cell, plugged into the alcove of a Borg drone. Scar tissue covers her forehead, from several crude brain surgeries which have cut up her brain, her frontal lobes are swisscheesed. Arcane symbols have been carved into her left cheek; the script is Martian. She is boney. Plaintive makeup. Thick-readers, prudz, perls, dikes, Hedgehog, and barbwire garters. Hands klaw, when idle. A-BDD, that Matron Klebb has further tweaked—call it R-BDD. Straitjacket. Hand-bra. Leg irons. Oral restraints. Ripped and torn porn hose: ratty suspender tights. An icepick lobotomy in addition to chemical lobotomies and the aforementioned prefrontal lobe surgical procedures. Daily shock therapy. An enlarged pineal gland, one of the nastier side effects of the lobotomy serum used on the girl. Pineal gland—**third eye**, also called the **mind's eye** or **inner eye**. Daily floggings, which have left her back and buttocks covered in whip marks.

Klaw, of course, is when the hands are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey. It's an eerie effect, indeed, with decidedly freakish overtones.

Matron Klebb is in the room with Kirstjen, a hand nervous with excitement wandering covetously over the girl's ripe body and mutilated face and neck. This is everything she's dreamed it would be and so much more. Sporting perls, prudz, flats, barbwire garters, and an erection, she is masturbating with her other hand.

When the girl isn't high on werks, she's strung-out, in-between fixes. Her eyeballs are grey, with no irises, and red constricted pupils—ghoulies.

She has receded gums with large crooked serrated teeth. Killer tongue. Three doggie tits, big pendulous knockers; the right one has 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.

The ghoulies, the serrated teeth, the killer tongue, the tri-tit set, the moog, are all the result of gene splicing. As an added insurance policy, Matron Klebb has spliced Gorgon DNA into the girl's human DNA. Kirstjen is now a quarter Gorgon; the ultimate goal is one-third.

Already, coming into play. The girl's body is showing a junkie's increasing tolerance for the drug they are addicted to—it takes ever-increasing doses to get and keep the girl high, and she's staying high for shorter and shorter durations. This is why Matron Klebb is going to use a mind snake on the girl, as a failsafe. The parasite, which is actually a worm in spite of its name, would be introduced through Kirstjen's left ear. The worm would traverse the ear canal, pass through the ear drum, and make its way to her brain's cerebral cortex. The worm can stimulate the pineal gland causing the gland's enlargement just like the lobotomizer does, it can shutdown/suppress the upper brain, and it can stimulate the lower brain the so-called lizard brain causing it to enlarge as well. The worm would be able to work in conjunction with the girl's implanted Gorgon DNA to further fuck up the girl's brain resulting in a person who is functionally a zombie. Think: *Vampira* in *Plan 9*, only this *Vampira* would be alive and not a reanimated corpse who is remote controlled by a space alien's raygun. The very notion of a remote-controlled zombified Kirstjen appeals greatly to Matron Klebb, in and of itself. As if in anticipation of this, Matron Klebb is already wearing a Timex remote control device on her wrist, tuned to the frequency of a mind snake she's culturing in the lab.

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. The white French lace push-up bra by Be Wicked Inc., from a Christi Marks. A white polyester nurse's uniform. The short-sleeved minidress zips up the front. And, a vintage Red Cross nurse's cap. The name stenciled in black letters on the uniform's left breast is A. RATCHED.

Down here, Kirstjen is a patient trustee. While on duty as a nurse assisting Matron Klebb, she wears the nurse's uniform and cap. Matron Klebb has transformed her into the Borg-ish Nurse Alice Ratched, and that is who Kirstjen knows herself as. Literally, Kirstjen does not exist. This is solely attributed to R-BDD, shorthand for Ratched's BDD.

Kirstjen's regimen of surgeries, gene therapy, and nurse training are in full swing. The girl wears her straitjacket, oral restraints, leg irons, and hand-bra, when she's off-duty.

Before the girl's mind snake is ready and in place, the failure of a 20-cent part in the auto-doser could prove to be Matron Klebb's undoing. But, so far, the matron has beat the odds. And, she intends to keep it that way. As such, she keeps a close check on the auto-doser's inducer, the 20-cent part in question. Twice, she's already had to replace it!

Cleaning Lady

Suspendisse Domine

Shelly Klebb is Rosa's twin sister. Only you can't tell they are twins. Shelly's face and neck look like they have been melted in a fire. Her disfigurement is self-inflicted, and done in a way that her scars cannot be erased. The burns look to be the result of her having suffered massive radiation damage.

She is wearing pearls, prudz, barbwire garters, flats, and a hospital gown fashioned crudely from a burlap sack. Plaintive makeup applied heavily to an already ruined face and neck. Thick-readers. A geriatric krazed—a krazed that's grey liberally streaked with white. Shelly is one of the most dangerous patients. Deep, grating voice, akin to fingernails scratching a chalk board. She's feral. As such, she is prone to ranting and raving, and violent outbursts. Eats her meat raw. Foaming at the mouth, when she becomes aggressive, as if she were a rabid dog. At other times, she acts the part of the lowly, facially-deformed maid.

Both twins: A female Jason or Freddy Krueger. Both twins: No attempt to mimic normal human interaction. Both twins: Telegraph "Hey, I'm a murderous freak!" from the get go, and there's no backstory to explain why they became a crazed lunatic. Both sisters are monsters, but Shelly wanted to look the part.

Of the twins, Shelly is clearly the more disturbed and the smarter of the two. Drugs, surgery, auto-doser, shock treatments, even a mind snake, have all failed to control her. So far, linking Shelly to the asylum's AI, a Kyron-5, via an implant in the cerebral cortex seems to be working. The implant allows Kyron-5 to keep her on a leash of sorts. Or is it the other way around?

She gets out of her padded cell an hour a day for exercise, sometimes longer if the Kyron-5 is using her for his avatar. Outside of her cell, she wears a straitjacket, oral restraints, and leg irons.

Her cerebral implant allows her to know a lot of what's going on around here even when she's locked up in her room. Via her implant, through CCTV cameras, she's watching her sister do the fudge-ugly old Nurse Ratched in the next room, while she's imagining that Ratched as a young and pretty girl.

Like her sister, Shelly is a werks user. Likewise, she's a crazed junkie whore. Hopelessly addicted to a drug that she gets as part of her medication.

Unlike, her sister, Shelly craves the pretty girls. Preferring the perfect Barbie dolls that Rosa shuns.

Rosa either disfigures the beauties or the beauties disfigure themselves, as a prerequisite to them being with her.

Shelly can pass for 100% human, until she opens her mouth or shows you her tits. A mouth with receded gums, large long crooked serrated teeth, and a well-educated killer tongue. Two

doggie tits, big pendulous knockers. The right tit is the giveaway; it's a moog. All of it is her own doing. Gene splicing has rendered her 60% human and 40% Gorgon. The results of experiments that she performed on herself and unwilling others, before her atrocities were discovered and she was committed down here.

Shelly had no interest whatsoever in her sister's toy, until she stumbled on the addendum to the girl's patient file. There were pictures in that folder of how the girl really looks; the girl minus those disfigurements. Now, she too is obsessed with the girl. Shades of Alexis Kendra in *Cleaning Lady* and Shelly's Barbie Dream House completed. Just like the Shelly in that torture porn horror movie, this Shelly also wants her Barbie Dream House completed.

Rosa's Nurse Ratched has become Shelly's Alexis Kendra. Obsessions at the opposites of the beauty spectrum. And, Shelly has a possible solution which would allow the twins to share the version of the girl that each craves while cementing their control of the girl. It involves extensive modifications to the mind snake that Rosa is thinking of using on the girl.

Shelly envisions the girl as her Barbie doll. Controlled by a mind snake. Yellow-blond mopp. Hard, pretty face. Bolshie-bare. Thick-readers hanging around the neck. Slender, not bony. Perls. Prudz. Hedgehog. Barbwire garters. Nurse Ratched's cap and uniform minidress, the minidress is unzipped halfway down the front. The white French lace push-up bra, from a Christi Marks. Ratty suspender tights. Those Emily-357B boots. Two tits, no moog. Human-looking teeth, gums, tongue, and eyes. Those beautiful blue eyes. R-BDD, of course. This is the Nurse Ratched that Shelly craves.

The mongoose and the snake.

Et mongoose atque anguis.

There is forbidden magic. There is super science. They are, for all intents and purposes, indistinguishable. The master practitioners of magic, forbidden or otherwise, are Niffin. Who are the likewise master practitioners of science that abomination attributed to humans which existed long before humans dabbled in such things?

Post mind snake implant:

A mongoose, flattened against the base of Kirstjen's skull, detaches itself. Maybe if Matron Klebb had used an MRI in her experiments, this deception might have been detected before the Trojan Horse self-activated.

This mongoose gizmo eats its way through Kirstjen's skull into her brain, consumes the mind snake dwelling there, and then it cannibalizes itself into oblivion—poof, gone.

The auto-doser falls off of the girl's neck, drops on the floor, curls up, and dies. Her eyes open. She's alone in the room. Off-duty, trussed up, and alcoved.

Borg assimilate: the sledgehammer. Noom have an adaptive metabolism: the scalpel. This Noom beats her addiction and heals: the bottomline. Ditching her enslavement: straitjacket, oral restraints, leg irons, and hand-bra go bye-bye as if she were Harry Houdini. Now free to come and go as she pleases, Kirstjen invokes features.

Kyron-5 aka HAL still sees a subjugated image of the girl, as if his CCTV is being looped. Likewise, he will not see her egress. As far as he's concerned, she's a ghost.

A sober Kirstjen steps out of the Borg alcove doing a Jayne Heitmeyer with no options exercised. Thick-readers hanging around her neck, long golden blonde tresses yanked back into a sternka, as if she were that bookish bombshell back on campus. Physically and psychologically, she's reset back to the way she was on the Wednesday before Matron Klebb took her. Which means all of Matron Klebb's tinkering, genetic and otherwise, has been expunged.

Metaphysically, she's Niffin. And this is Mars. Niffin are genocidal maniacs. The most powerful magical creatures in existence. The equals of any type of Angel, including the Seraphim. Niffin, by nature, defer to the Gods—unlike Angels and humans, they have no interest in being the equals of the Gods. Angels have challenged, overthrown, and even killed Gods. Niffin counterbalance Angels. Read between the lines to see what's there or to see what we want to see?

Ares is the God of war; whose throne is Mars. He's also an ally of the Angels, but only when it suits him. Normally, a God has to get his permission, first, before they can create a Niffin. Kirstjen's husband doesn't. Do the math or do the work?

So, Kirstjen should, and in fact does, feel the growing darkness beneath her stylish exterior. It's as if she were Sonya Walger as Kate/Linda in *The Good Sister: Her Evil Twin* or as Nurse Ratched in Netflix's *Ratched*. In keeping with that, she sheds the Jayne Heitmeyer and assumes Sonya Walger the template, not the actress. Still the bookish bombshell, only now she's dressed age inappropriate. The girl unzips her blazer. Shamelessly flaunting her wares.

A Sonya Walger is a Carolyn Lowery, with a Christi Marks in place of a Courteney Cox as the appliance worn underneath her clothes. An even naughtier underage look, and therefore even more tasteless. In your initial mania of upskirting her, you might mistake her nude thong's presentation for her going commando and shaved down there.

She doesn't have her guns because her features weren't armed, but she still has her magic. This makes perfect sense. Ares and her husband will come here in human form. The Gods are most vulnerable when they assume human form, but magic cannot be used directly against them. Ergo, her guns would be a viable threat to him. He will take no chances with her.

Now, on the other hand, if she were still Niffin instead of Noom, then no God would have any reason to be concerned about her being armed.

Gods in human form—physically human; metaphysically a God. A supernatural being wrapped in a human shell. Sounds familiar, and oh so clever, huh?

There's no BDD in play here. And, in spite of the girl no longer being into ugly. The sick twisted narrative associated with R-BDD does resonate with her.

And, there's still the matter of the sisters. She has to choose which one lives and which one dies. Each twin has their individual merits. Maybe flip a coin and let chance decide?

No guns, but she's got one of those prototype DAX from Dalco loaded into her features. Dalco, which just like C & Earth, is a member of that family of companies owned by Arkum Industries Ltd.

Sanskirt Industries Ltd., which is owned by the Tesla automotive group, has their version of the DAX.

Both Limiteds are part of what President Eisenhower called the Military-Industrial-Church-Complex (MICC).

Although the AI-powered DAX can easily be mistaken for a tricorder, and it can do everything a tricorder does, it's so much more than just a tricorder wannabe. A DAX's transit functionality as a universal gateway token puts the endgadget in synergy with the proposed public Transit Station system of Tesla Automotive. More coincidence or one coincidence too many and finally the plot thickens?

How universal a gateway token is it? A DAX can be used in place of the DHD (dial home device) of a stargate. Because it too is a darclight emitter.

By the way. The name of Kirstjen's DAX is Lucille. But the DAX prefers to be called Lucy and she has cloned herself an avatar that she calls Loose. If the DAX had a backdoor that she could exploit, she would turn Kirstjen into another avatar of hers that she would call Loose-2. This Kirstjen has no such backdoor, Borg or otherwise.

When all is said and done. Kirstjen will have created an advanced Zobel network construct which duplicates this DAX exactly. Her Lucille's machine consciousness will be transferred to her personal version of that construct and the DAX will be subsequently wiped clean of Lucille.

Lucy and her Loose are masked from HAL, who is therefore impotent to do anything about them.

Kirstjen's affinity for black fishnets reasserts itself. Her Sonya Walger gives way to a Lindsay Sullivan. A Lindsay Sullivan is a Tricia Helfer with a Lizz Sadler in place a Gina Gershon as the appliance worn underneath her blazer and skirt.

Fetching mopp or unbecoming sternka? And. What about those eyeglasses? The girl has again chosen a sternka for her 'do and thick-readers still hang around her neck, for this outing. That repeated theme of a bookish bombshell screaming "MILF!"

A Lizz Sadler? A Christi Marks + regular fishnet tights worn over the bikini bottoms = Lizz Sadler (regular chick style). Therefore, it's a scuba diver's plain flesh-colored barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini bottoms worn underneath her black fishnet tights for almost the most indecent of teases.

The Lizz Sadler insures that, even with the adult touch of black fishnets, a Lindsay Sullivan is almost as naughty and therefore almost as tasteless as any bare-legged underage template.

Going a step further. Take that very same Lindsay Sullivan, substitute a Christy Canyon for its Lizz Sadler, and you get a Taryn "Hot Mess" Terrell. Something just as naughty and therefore just as tasteless as any bare-legged underage template.

She takes it that step further. That Lindsay Sullivan of hers gives way to this Hot Mess of hers.

The retro bookworm's nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix. That repeated theme of a bookish bombshell screaming "Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!" Figuratively speaking, the Operational Camouflage Pattern of a sandman.

A Christy Canyon? A Christi Marks + porn hose worn over the bikini bottoms = Christy Canyon (a hybrid of regular chick style and porn chick style). Therefore, it's a scuba diver's plain flesh-colored barely-there antiballistic-neoprene bikini bottoms worn underneath her porn hose for the most indecent of teases. The black fishnet hi-waist crotchless suspender tights afford unfettered access to the wearer's private parts down there once the skimpy nude thong panties are yanked down; the wearer's ass is also bared by the naughty XXX hosiery.

In your initial mania of upskirting her, you might mistake her nude thong's presentation for her going commando and shaved down there. Therefore, the Christy Canyon insures that, even with the adult touch of porn hose, a Taryn Terrell is just as naughty and therefore just as tasteless as any bare-legged underage template.

Please note: in the case of this Hot Mess, the blazer normally **is NOT worn**.

She unzips her blazer: insane cleavage overload and crazy-toned abs. The girl's hosiery, whether bodystocking or regular tights or porn hose or porn tights or LITE, are exclusively seamless black fishnets of the finest weave and therefore of the very fine mesh persuasion and thus semi-opaque therefore passing for sheer hosiery except under close scrutiny, made by Tiffany & CO that fashion subsidiary of ZURN Global Inc. ZURN, a defense contractor and therefore part of MICC, is best known for its RFID chips.

Most often sported in traditional matte black. Fishnet is commonly worn on the legs and arms by practitioners of goth and punk fashion, but is also commonly worn by the mainstream as a fashion statement. Generally considered to be a sexy garment, it may serve as a component of sexual fetishism. Fishnets are used mostly as a type of undergarment, and in as much as it defines curves by applying a grid close to the body it generally accentuates the wearer's muscular definition.

The Werther effect

Quod effectus Werther

Mollie Jane? Not the porn star of the same name, whose deep throat rivals Linda Lovelace's. It is that dowdy prep school uniform, the snakeskin blazer and pleated miniskirt, of Kirstjen's underage templates little schoolgirl outfits.

Mollie "Doc" Holliday? Not the Old West gambler and gunslinger, of the same name, who was part of the legendary shootout at the O.K. Corral. It is a Sonya Walger with the clingy Grace uniform blouse from an age-inappropriate Kristanna Loken worn in place of the form-fitting uniform blazer of its Mollie Jane—a Doc Holliday is a Sonya Walger with a Grace blouse in place of its Mollie Jane's jacket.

What materializes standing upon the transporter pads are an identically-dressed Judi and Ares. Decked out from head to toe, in the all black of a Catholic priest (minus the priest collar), and matching fedoras and loafers, no socks. Judi is carrying a rugged-looking plastic case of the type you'd expect to hold the tools of a construction worker. The case is gravity-enhanced so that it is feather lite, almost carrying itself.

The blonde transporter operator Helper locks down the transporter controls and reenables the complex's damping field. The underground facility's wards and warrants are also no longer porous to access. Thus, doubly ensuring that there will be no more beam ins, unwanted or otherwise. All of what Helper does is erased from the logs, by Helper herself, at Lucy's behest. Lucy masks these comings and goings from HAL.

Helper looks like a skinny, narrow ass, hard-faced white chick with big tits in the vein a Gal Gadot or Kirstjen herself. Dressed in a flesh-colored itty-bitty thong bikini and pink flamingo flip-flops. Colloquially, Helper is a tangible holographic semi-autonomous being—a Hard-Light Projector Retainer, in formal terms. Technically, Helper is a robot.

Judi steps off her pad, and walks past Helper, setting the case down upon a table.

Kirstjen walks over to join her husband. The girl is brimming with anticipation.

"May I, my dearest husband?"

"Of course, you may, my darling."

Kirstjen opens the case. Inside are her guns. Looks like things have changed. In spite of his well-founded apprehensions, Ares has to have agreed to this.

And, speaking of the devil, himself. Ares steps off his pad and heads for the door to the transporter room. More than just his stance on Kirstjen packing heat has changed. As he walks

past the females, he voices his disapproval for Kirstjen's Lindsay Sullivan, preferring her bare-legged.

Ares being Ares, somethings will never change, though—i.e., his penchant for grown women dressing underage and acting out sexually twisted. As such. The girl's jacket gets loaded it back into her features, in effect it disappears. It goes poof. In its place is Kirstjen's Grace blouse. Her Lindsay Sullivan gives way to a Doc Holliday with options.

Thick-readers hanging around her neck, strapping a Hedgehog stuffed into her skimpy rubber panties, barbwire garters encircling her thighs, and R-BDD: all of it, Ares' doing. The robotic Nurse Alice Sonya Ratched has replaced the conniving Kirstjen Michele Nielsen: Ares' doing, too. But the girl is too strong-willed for that transformation to be anything but a momentary blur. The options go bye-bye, and Kirstjen Michele Nielsen replaces Nurse Alice Sonya Ratched, much to Ares' disappointment. Kirstjen is still doing Doc Holliday, though, but it's her choice, not his. It's also her choice, not his, when her Doc Holliday gives way to a jacketless Taryn Terrell.

Thick-readers hanging around her neck, strapping a Hedgehog stuffed into her skimpy rubber panties, barbwire garters encircling her thighs, but no R-BDD: all of it, Kirstjen's doing. She acts out just like the robotic Nurse Alice Sonya Ratched, while clearly remaining the conniving Kirstjen Michele Nielsen: Kirstjen's doing, also. The girl isn't suffering from R-BDD, or any form of BDD for that matter, but she's sure as shooting courting that "demented and deranged with a vengeance." Possibly that backdoor her Lucy has been craving for?

Then, the ritual follows. Kirstjen straps on her holster and slips on her rifle sling. Phase pistols are slipped lovingly into the tricked-out holsters of her double holster racegun rig. Phase rifle is clipped to its tactical three-point rifle sling.

Additionally, from the case, Judi hands Kirstjen a satchel containing two dozen implosive anti-armor hand grenades and a dozen flashbangs. The girl slips on the bag's shoulder strap.

Now that it is empty, the case disintegrates.

Unspoken of, there's two additional devices in the bag which are not hand grenades. They each are the size of a pack of cigarettes. One is a HAX, a hardware accelerator colloquially named Junior. The other one is a LAX, a lifeform accelerator colloquially named Princess. Counter to what their monikers indicate, Junior and Princess reverse engineer hardware and lifeforms, respectively, and are based upon a gross perversion of the Borg assimilation process. Both devices are on the Forbidden List, and therefore contraband. Then again, they are going to an off-limits super-Earth via an equally-illegal Dyson Sphere to presumably commit acts that violate one or many ROE prohibitions. All of which is okay because this involves the Gods' version of an online multiplayer video game, an RPG set in the real-world. All of the special exception permits have been applied for, issued, and are in force.

A Dyson Sphere looks like a featureless, gravity-defying, solid silver basketball. From the perspective of the neutral observer, as you walk toward the Sphere it appears that you are being stretched out like a rubber band as you are pulled into the Sphere which behaves as if it's liquid mercury. The reverse happens on the receiving end.

It's Kirstjen's DAX, Lucy, who manifested the Sphere in the hallway leading to the transporter room. It's Lucy who also masked the Sphere and its doings from HAL.

Be Afraid, Be Very Afraid

Timere: ut enim timore exterriti

The Wonderland Foyer. Its waving tile floor is the result of careful tile cutting, creating an illusion of forced perspective. For people in older apartment buildings, this could just look like a bad maintenance day.

The game begins:

Although the order of ingress is Ares, Judi, and Kirstjen, into the Dyson Sphere, with a three second interval between each traveler. Per the script, with no improvisation. It is Kirstjen who emerges first from the M-planet-hopping, interdimensional Sphere. The two Gods not readily following.

When they do eventually make their egress. First Ares, then Judi emerges from the Sphere. The Sphere promptly folds upon itself on the sending end after Judi exits it on the receiving end. Poof. On the destination end, the Sphere switches to send mode and is otherwise unchanged. Closing the game to additional players.

Three entered, three exited. Sand stretches for as far as the eye can see. It's high noon. Three suns relentlessly beating down.

Stargates are mainstream, shopworn travel technology. Complicated, two-way transit.

Dyson Spheres are bleeding edge. Simple, one-way transit.

Visible to the Gods. Masked from Kirstjen's perception. Catching a hitchhike when Kirstjen traversed the Sphere. Loose grips the girl's gunbelt. Ready to exploit that potential backdoor of hers for the coup de grace. The Gods aren't tech savvy enough to recognize the deception being perpetrated upon Kirstjen by the thinking machines.

Kirstjen is doing Alice Quinn (AOC variant) with options exercised. In a word: severe.

AOC variant?

Thick-readers hanging around her neck, strapping a Hedgehog stuffed into her skimpy rubber panties, and barbwire garters encircling her thighs. Sex & Pleasure, as Poison Elves are fond of saying. Pain is pleasure. Suffering is bliss.

Creepy and bland, hardlooking and pretty, too. Thick eyeglasses or thin ones? Wearing thinz would result in the girl's transformation into a drab, creepy, attractive, frumpy cunt. Conversely, wearing thick eyeglasses would result in her transformation into a drab, creepy, ugly, frumpy cunt. Strait hair (dead-straight hair, center-parted) yanked back into a sternka or worn let down, either way a severe old fogey hairdo that's not very flattering. Strait hair worn let down into

straight silky shoulder draping yellow blonde tresses. Age appropriate careys replaced by the women's ballet flats of an elderly plainclothes nun, and a Christi Marks replacing the Gretchen Whitmer underneath her business suit—a Jayne Heitmeyer with unbecoming spinster-plain flats in place of sexy high-heel careys. Those footwear and underwear substitutions are what makes this an AOC variant; everything else is a normal Alice Quinn.

Frumpy and FWB (friends with benefits), of course. Strident. Very Prussian. A Prussian stridency which can easily be mistaken for being studious.

An Alice Quinn, normal or variant. The retro bookworm's nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix. That repeated theme of a bookish bombshell screaming "Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!" Figuratively speaking, the Operational Camouflage Pattern of a sandman.

The spitting image of its namesake, the ultra-drab, radical socialist, strident feminist, stiff-backed dominatrix, and freshman US Senator Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, AOC. Underneath suffocating layers of blandness, Alice Quinn comes off as the stiff, arrogant, haughty, aloof, psychopathic, obsessive compulsive, sexually repressed, smoldering-hot, somewhat-BDD divorcee-stalker of blonde bombshell and socialite Hope Hicks.

Of course. In keeping with the Hope Hicks inference. Drooping mouth corners. That downturned frown of a mouth. A large ugly cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent—"I feel happy, but I look angry." Her mouth regardless of template or no template.

A well cultivated R-BDD that does not render her clinically insane—she's not batshit crazy, but her libido is just as twisted, nonetheless? Or. No BDD, whatsoever, in spite of what you might infer from the template's affectations?

Strait hair. 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. Strait hair 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.

Kirstjen takes it that one step beyond. Porn hose worn over flesh-colored thong, resulting in a Christy Canyon underneath her Koo. Her AOC gives way to a Sister Noreen Elizabeth Mooney. Curl MD options get exercised. The girl's strait hair shortens into a crane. She slips on her thick-readers. Good-looking goes bye-bye. Kirstjen doing Sister Mooney is rendered uglier as plaintive makeup heavily applies itself to her face and neck. Age-ravaged looks galore. SM-BDD, Sister Mooney BDD invokes itself. Sexual repression and angst by the bushels, befitting the Victorian Era or contemporary Catholics nuns who have gone off the deep end.

A very twisted Sister. Sister Noreen Elizabeth Mooney, radicalized cloistered Catholic nun of that ultra-extremist Order, the Obsidian Order of Reverend Mother Elizabeth Báthory Crabtree de Ecsed. In other words, a pretty sexy-built young woman who identifies herself as an elderly ugly Catholic nun who's a sadomasochistic misandrist, when she's in the throes of SM-BDD.

Loose, seizes the moment, exploiting that apparent backdoor of Kirstjen for the coup de grace. The twisted, sexually-repressed Sister Mooney recreation that Kirstjen has become swats Loose like an insignificant fly. Poof. Gone. Ouch!

Unbeknownst to Lucy, more than Loose has been dealt with. The countdown timer on Lucy's Zobel network construct has been started by the thinking machines' failed coup attempt.

An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.

Oculi facit ut universum terrarum orbem oculi caecorum.

Night Hunters—Vampires are nocturnal. They prefer to hunt at night because their eyes are sensitive to daylight. To kill them and have them not come back to life, you have to either break their neck severing their spinal cord or you have to behead them. Stake through the heart, holy water, garlic, crucifix, sunlight, casting no reflection in the mirror, et al., is *Bram Stoker's Count Dracula* bullshit.

A Vampire completely blood drains a human. The corpse is animated by a deaner, a bodiless demon, who takes up residence in the cadaver after a Vampyric B retrovirus from the Vampire's lethal bite has rewritten that person's DNA. A new Vampire is made. In modern parlance, that is postmodern bullshit. Leeches are Undead, not The Dead. Capish?

It's nighttime, on the edge of the badlands, where the desert transitions abruptly into a dense forest. A Vampire comes seemingly out of nowhere. She plays little attention to the Gods, fixating on the girl.

Kirstjen's Sister Mooney is the bribe for their guide, a loathsome creature of ill repute who is so crazy that you can almost hear the voices in her head. The bloodsucker's nest is an otherwise abandoned convent.

Wearing perls, flats, half-slip, and what's left of a filthy ragged Kaye Maxfield. She instructs them to address her as Reverend Mother. And she's dressed like an elderly plainclothes nun. Maybe she was, or still is, a nun?

Eighty something. Gaunt. Creepy looking. The hideous visage of a Nosferatu. Built akin to a Gorgon in human form—human guise is basically Klebb (Number 3). Acts out like a Hag, specifically a feral Harpy or a Furie—lunatic fringe. Strait, jet-black hair. Long dirty greasy hair that drapes her shoulders. A flawless white porcelain complexion that an albino would envy. The leech is so dirty that patches of her lily-white skin are black. Long fingers. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. Heavy, unbecoming, pancake makeup. Well-worn shoes, but no stockings, and no underwear for that matter. Cold, blue eyes.

Thin blood-red lips. Receded gums, long large crooked serrated teeth, and a killer tongue. A hideous mouth that stretches from ear to ear. A razorblade smile that makes your flesh crawl, goosebumps galore, unless you're a diehard pervert or have ice water for blood running through your veins.

She is filthy and smelly, and so are her ruined clothes. Reeks of urine, feces, cum, and jism as if her avocations and/or vocations, were a junkie, a whore, and a drunk. Zero personal hygiene. Teeth so filthy, they look rotten. Fetid breath. The remains of meals smeared down the front of clothes that are little more than rags.

Reverend Mother wears who and what she eats and drinks. As such. Blood paints her mouth, lips, and chin; some of it is fresh, and some of it is not. Blood paints a red boulevard down the front of clothes that are little more than rags; some of it is fresh, and some of it is not. Giblets, the ghoulish leavings of an unlife spent eating as well as drinking the living. Bits of flesh, muscle, bone, nerves, ligaments, fat, sinew. Various tissues. Tidbits of this and that are embedded in that red carpet of death and decay.

Reverend Mother's hands will klaw when idle, just like Kirstjen's hands do when idle. As such. Idle hands that are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey.

Reverend Mother has a knobb, just like Kirstjen has. As such. A small, black, star-shaped mole. A creepy black mole—creepy—makes your skin crawl—on the side of her neck. But. Kirstjen's knobb is on the rightside of the neck. Reverend Mother's knobb is on the leftside of the neck.

Reverend Mother has a killer tongue. As such. A long, forked, parasitic tongue. A tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ. A tongue which elongates according to its needs to feed. A lingual parasite that can elongate and snap back into her mouth when it has finished feeding. A tongue that is a long, retractile proboscis. A well-educated tongue that can become longer, even more facile, and more wickedly forked, as the need arises—a lingual with a mind of its own, seemingly.

Reverend Mother has fetid wormy breath.

Reverend Mother has a powerful overwhelming effluvium.

Kirstjen looks forward to being debased sexually and otherwise by this degenerate deranged leech.

Cannibal skins. The uncured crudely stitched together skins of human victims that are worn by the Goddess Kali's Belongings, are also a staple of Bohemians and Zuni Fetish Dolls alike.

Reverend Mother intends to fit Kirstjen with a straitjacket and breeches fashioned from cannibal skins. The girl will also be fitted with leg irons. And when the girl is not eating or drinking or orally pleasing Reverend Mother, she will be fitted with a ball gag and a muzzle.

Vampires are either born or made. A Vampire can turn a human into a Vampire, but only during a lunar eclipse. Born Vampires are considered to be pure breeds. Socially, there is no distinction made between made and born. And. A Vampire who was born human and then later turned into a Vampire is genetically indistinguishable from a pure breed. All of this is complete and utter bullshit.

Vampires are born, not made. So. Forget about that gift of immortality hogwash. A Vampire cannot turn a human into Nosferatu during a lunar eclipse or any other time for that matter.

Vampire wannabes run the gamut. From obsessed humans who Cosplay as Nosferatu, to those who end up feral as a result of their single-minded pursuit of what it means to be Nosferatu in its basest, original form.

Of course, being human and not Vampire, no matter how hard they try, ferals can never truly represent what it means to be Nosferatu in its basest, original form—that dubious honor is reserved for Nosferatu.

Ferals aka skimmers aka Skinwalkers, are formally known as Bohemians. Away from the mainstream. Off to themselves, in their native habitat, so to speak. They wear the uncured skins of their human victims—faces, torsos, hands, feet, etc., both as decorations and as articles of clothing. At times, they are lucid and sane, and are quite learned, in point of fact. At other times, they are completely and utterly insane. The kind of mind-shredding, foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving, shrieking at the full moon, straitjacket and shackles in the looney bin, despicable, deranged, filthy and infested, homicidal insanity.

Vampires are one of several parallel dominate supernatural species. Some supernaturalists humans who study supernatural beings would even go so far as to say that Vampires are the oldest, and therefore, the most powerful of those races of the Primordial Abyss, and thus preeminent amidst the Dark Children of the Gods. Chronology is power in the supernatural world, for races as well as individuals—Niffin and Angels are the most glaring exceptions to this rule of thumb.

Violence of Action

Actionis Violentiam

“Ruthlessness without anger. Controlled aggression without anger. Able to meet violence with greater violence. A mindset devoid of emotion, where perception, analysis, and response merge into one process. Perceptions and actions are not hindered by the potential of death. Be the loving parent, spouse, and friend as well as the ruthless killer. The very first essential for success is a perpetually constant and regular employment of violence.”—**Adolf Hitler**

“The world is a dangerous place, not because of those who do evil, but because of those who look on and do nothing.”—**Albert Einstein**

The bravest of the tomcat-sized rats scurry about, keeping to the shadows. A trio of Lost Ones, two of them (Queen Akasha and Acolyte Toby) are talking and the third one, Reverend Mother, is silent, abstaining from the conversation.

“How many?” Asks Queen Akasha, the queen of this Vampire covenant.

“Ten, initially. Many more, since then, Queen Akasha.”

“How many dead or dying, and don’t make me repeat myself, else I will be asking someone else, and you’ll be no more?!”

“Thirty-five, total.” He pauses, then states the obvious. “Most of our covenant, Queen Akasha.”

“Analysis?”

“Queen Akasha, the satchel was booby-trapped with a bioweapon specific for the Undead. Similar to, but much worse than, the RPM (racial proximity mines) that the humans use against us. Whatever it was, it spread rapidly, but it has contained itself and expired.”

Reverend Mother still says nothing. Showing only a poker face.

Reverend Mother{

Everything is going as promised. Soon, very soon, it will be “game over.”

}

“And, her phasers?”

“Locked...Married...to her, biometrically, Queen Akasha.”

Nearby, in a dark corner there are two rotting coffins setting atop wooden sawhorses in the convent’s basement. One is for Reverend Mother. The other one, reserved for whomever she is debasing, contains the body of a catatonic Kirstjen doing a sexy Jayne Heitmeyer, which means

none of the disfiguring options of that Alice Quinn variant are being exercised. The pretty young girl stares blankly at the first-floor joists, mouth open slackly drooling. Ragged puncture wounds in the leftside of the girl's neck are evidence of Reverend Mother's prodigious feeding. A leftside that looks like raw hamburger.

"Have you tried reverse engineering her guns?"

"Our most careful attempts still triggered them to fuse their inner workings. They are reduced to useless slabs which are also poisonous to us, Queen Akasha."

"And, what of the Gods she came with?"

"Gone, without a trace, Queen Akasha."

"They left at the crack of dawn," interjects Reverend Mother.

Queen Akasha and Acolyte Toby continue to ignore Reverend Mother, acting as if she hasn't spoken and isn't present.

Akasha overthrew Reverend Mother and became Queen Akasha ruler of what had been Reverend Mother's covenant. Reverend Mother has waited a longtime for this, her revenge.

The loud sounds of slaughter elsewhere in the convent. A second acolyte, Acolyte Aaron, hastily descends the staircase. He is Queen Akasha's second-in-command, which explains why Acolyte Toby suddenly falls silent.

"Vlad and his covenant have breached, my Queen, and we are engaging them in fierce combat!"

"How many?!"

"Thirteen, including their king. Their entire covenant, my Queen."

"Then, not counting the useless old bag, we are at equal strength."

Queen Akasha's "old bag" reference is her disparaging Reverend Mother. But she doesn't stop with that belittling remark. Hurling additional insults at her former ruler Reverend Mother, with the meanest of intentions. Valuable time wasted on being petty and vindictive. Showing no urgency to join in on the decisive battle being waged above their heads.

After Queen Akasha and her two acolytes have finished laughing in unison at the Reverend Mother's expense, they vacate the basement. Confident in their victory in spite of no longer enjoying a numerical advantage.

King Vlad and Queen Akasha will pair off, while their respective minions do battle. It will be a fight to the death. Winner takes all.

Even if the two warring covenants don't annihilate each other, Reverend Mother has an ace in the hole, and it doesn't involve the two Gods returning to tip the scales in her favor. She and the girl will finish off any survivors.

“They’re gone, finally.”

“So, I’ve noticed, Reverend Mother.”

“I liked you much better the other way.”

Kirstjen, who is now out of the coffin and is no longer catatonic, stands in front of a mirror. Reverend Mother walks up beside her.

“As you wish, Reverend Mother.”

The girl’s Jayne Heitmeyer goes from sexy to plain. Plain Jayne. All of the template’s malicious, disfiguring options and features are exercised. In effect, resulting in a bare-legged Sister Mooney wearing a Koo—looks Plain Jayne, acts out Sister Mooney. Wearing Hedgehog, barbwire garters, crane, and thick-readers, and afflicted with SM-BDD. Drab, frumpy, and robotic, and sees herself as being ugly. A pretty sexy-built young woman who identifies herself as an elderly ugly Catholic nun who’s a sadomasochistic misandrist.

The girl’s short golden locks exposing a mauled neck. Reverend Mother attaches her mouth to the girl’s wounded neck and feeds. The girl orgasms, swooning into Reverend Mother’s covetous clutches.

Kirstjen feeds even more into Reverend Mother’s demented cravings. She invokes features that are not part of the template. Things that are very Mildred Huff. Plaintive makeup heavily applies itself to her face and neck, age-ravaging her looks making her the epitome of the fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty bitter divorcee who has been road hard and put up wet many times too often. Lastly, Kirstjen downloads the Sister Mooney persona she’s crafted specifically for Reverend Mother’s pleasure. This proves to be Kirstjen’s undoing, but not in the way you might think.

The girl’s Jayne Heitmeyer overlaid with a generous heaping of Sister Noreen Elizabeth Mooney, gives way to Plain Jane, a plain Noreen Elizabeth McKay. Bolshoi-bare replaces plaintive makeup. Sister Mooney persona, gone. Hedgehog, barbwire garters, thick-readers, and BDD, all gone. Thinz slip on her face. Haughty and aloof. Her large ugly mouth bespeaks of loathing and disdain. A bespectacled sexy-built young woman, with a hard-pretty face, who identifies herself as that.

Noom or Niffin. Template or no template. Sexy or plain. When she’s not wearing eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe thirty-something, with a pretty face and a hot body, who’s an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job, which she in fact is—the wanton creep who’s bland and beautiful, who you’ve got this itch to fuck. When she’s wearing thin eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe thirty-something, with an unattractive face and a hot body, who’s an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job, which she in fact is—the wanton creep who’s bland and buttaface, who you’ve got this itch to fuck. When she’s wearing thick eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty, with a fucked-up face and a hot body, who’s an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job—MILF in spades, the creepy wanton cougar who’s bland and ugly, who you’ve got this itch to fuck.

Instinctively, Reverend Mother knows to release the girl from her grasp. The girl is awake, rebooted, and revitalized. Immune to Reverend Mother's influence. Reverend Mother wisely steps back. She hasn't lived this long without being able to read a shift in fortunes, in a timely manner. She's had her slip ups over the years, for example when Akasha blindsided her, but this is not one of those instances.

Reverend Mother senses the profound difference in the girl. In a word: genocidal. A word associated with another name that is not Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, and another being who is not Noom—i.e., Noreen Elizabeth McKay, Kirstjen's Niffin.

“I think I'll join the ruckus upstairs, now. And I do so without you. Your presence will not be needed, Reverend Mother. Capish?”

Although this is her party, Reverend Mother doesn't argue with the change in plans. She watches as the Niffin ascends the staircase into the mayhem above. Reverend Mother is sure, that when all is said and done, the last one standing will be the headmistress, Noreen Elizabeth McKay.

Game over.

Be careful what you wish for. Sometimes you get it.

Cave quid volunt. Interdum vos adepti eam.

Go is an abstract strategy board game for two players, in which the aim is to surround more territory than the opponent. The game was invented in China more than 2,500 years ago and is believed to be the oldest board game continuously played to the present day. A 2016 survey by the International Go Federation's 75 member nations found that there are over 46 million people worldwide who know how to play Go and over 20 million current players, the majority of whom live in East Asia.

The playing pieces are called *stones*. One player uses the white stones and the other, black. The players take turns placing the stones on the vacant intersections ("points") of a board. Once placed on the board, stones may not be moved, but stones are removed from the board if the stone (or group of stones) is surrounded by opposing stones on all orthogonally-adjacent points, in which case the stone is "captured." The game proceeds until neither player wishes to make another move. When a game concludes, the winner is determined by counting each player's surrounded territory along with captured stones and komi (points added to the score of the player with the white stones as compensation for playing second). Games may also be terminated by resignation.

The standard Go board has a 19×19 grid of lines, containing 361 points. Beginners often play on smaller 9×9 and 13×13 boards, and archaeological evidence shows that the game was played in earlier centuries on a board with a 17×17 grid. However, boards with a 19×19 grid had become standard by the time the game reached Korea in the 5th century CE and later Japan in the 7th century CE.

Go was considered one of the four essential arts of the cultured aristocratic Chinese scholars in antiquity. The earliest written reference to the game is generally recognized as the historical annal *Zuo Zhuan* (c. 4th century BC).

Despite its relatively simple rules, Go is very complex. Compared to chess, Go has both a larger board with more scope for play and longer games, and, on average, many more alternatives to consider per move. The number of legal board positions in Go has been calculated to be approximately 2×10^{170} , which is vastly greater than the number of atoms in the known, observable universe, estimated to be about 10^{80} .

Kirstjen sits across from Gina, at their favorite café table in front of the campus Starbucks. She is doing a Noreen Elizabeth McKay. In a word: severe.

Options exercised? No Parts, spiny or otherwise, in spite of the shrieking of her loins for the savage handiwork of that prickly cilice. No barbwire garters, in spite of the incessant craving of her thighs for the savage handiwork of that flesh-rending cilice. No BDD. No thick eyeglasses.

She's wearing thinz. Crane hairdo. Therefore, Plain Jane not sexy. Never sexy on the job, since her return from Mars.

On or off campus. A Noreen McKay, whether sexy or plain, is the only Alice Quinn that she does. Haughty and aloof. Her large ugly mouth bespeaks of loathing and disdain. A sexy-built young woman, with a hard-pretty face, who identifies herself as that.

Noom or Niffin. Template or no template. Sexy or plain. When she's not wearing eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe thirty-something, with a pretty face and a hot body, who's an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job, which she in fact is—the wanton creep who's bland and beautiful, who you've got this itch to fuck. When she's wearing thin eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe thirty-something, with an unattractive face and a hot body, who's an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job, which she in fact is—the wanton creep who's bland and buttaface, who you've got this itch to fuck. When she's wearing thick eyeglasses, she comes off as a creepy severe fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty, with a fucked-up face and a hot body, who's an ultra-drab frumpy cunt on her day job—MILF in spades, the creepy wanton cougar who's bland and ugly, who you've got this itch to fuck. That much has not changed since her Martian adventure.

Publicly or privately, a plain Noreen McKay is as ugly as she's done since her return from Mars, much to the pleasure of her husband. Nor does she do any of those underage templates on campus anymore, much to the approval of the more prudish elements of the school's alumni, faculty, and administration. Those same conservative school elements who wholeheartedly endorse the sexy nude high-heels that she wears with her Noreen McKay. The tongues of those prudes are still wagging about those horrid age-inappropriate dikes of hers from her underage templates.

In point of fact. After all of that experimentation, going hither and yon. Alice Quinn and Mildred Huff are the only two templates currently loaded into her features. And, for now, with ugly on the outs, Mildred Huff is on indefinite leave.

Ms. Olofson walks up to the table. She's carrying a portable chess game. These days, Kirstjen has begun to dabble with Chinese Go. The girl's Go mentor is a Dragon and retiree named Rosa Parks.

In this life, Ms. Parks, who used to be Brakebills' head librarian, lives on skidrow. As gentrification spreads across downtown, skidrow continues to shrink. The fleabag she calls home is the Jefferson Arms Hotel on Fifth Street. She lives there by choice. A slumlord, she owns the Jefferson Arms and most of Fifth Street. Ms. Parks lives a very frugal, severe life in spite of being a billionaire. The eccentricities of the supernatural. Of note: her manservant, Phil, is a Fallen (Fallen Angel, a Devil).

Per Ms. Parks' preference. Whenever Kirstjen goes to visit Ms. Parks, she goes as Plain Jane without any options and wearing thinz. Additional features? Crane hairdo, of course.

“Sorry I'm late. I had a last-minute meeting with the chancellor.”

Ms. Olofson sits down. There is no tension between Ms. Olofson and Kirstjen. What transpired between the two of them wasn't personal; it was just business. Kirstjen and Ms. Olofson have no malice whatsoever toward each other. Ms. Olofson was just doing her job, and, evidence not forthcoming, she still fervently believes that Kirstjen is guilty.

Gina wants to say a lot of things. She says none of them. Instead, Gina maintains a poker face and follows Kirstjen's lead in her interactions with Ms. Olofson. Inwardly, she's furious at the new security chief.

"Let's try something different."

Kirstjen places Lucy, who's now a Zobel network construct, upon the table.

"I don't play machines."

"You'll make an exception."

"Why?!"

"Because. I'm asking you to."

Their matches have always been competitive. Sometimes Kirstjen wins. Sometimes Ms. Olofson wins.

"Pretty please?"

"Pretty please."

Kirstjen leans back in her chair. The first match begins. It doesn't take long for Ms. Olofson to realize that Lucy is playing exactly the same way that Kirstjen always does. Lucy wins the first game. Ms. Olofson wins the second. Halfway through the third match, Ms. Olofson goes ballistic.

"You never played me. You were always cheating."

"Yep."

"You're too scared that, in playing the game in earnest, you might give too much insight into how you formulate stratagem."

Kirstjen smiles, widely. That mocking expression on her face.

"But. That just can't be. 'Cause we're all friends here. And, it's not like you're trying to pin a murder rap on me."

tongues are such wonderful things

lingua talis res mirabilis

Holly “The Doll” Holm the GOAT (greatest of all time) of women’s MMA vs. Claressa “T-Rex” Shields the GWOAT (greatest woman of all time) of pugilism. Initially, all I could think of when evaluating this matchup: Holm has a very finely sculpted rear end, and a jaw dropping set of 38 double-Ds.

Holm is 39, been inactive, and is a bantamweight. Shields has 15-25lbs on Holm, and Shields is in her prime. Doesn’t take a genius to figure out who would win. It would be a boring fight, but Shields’ work-rate and age would win it for her.

Only fight that matters for Shields is a fight with Savannah “The Beast” Marshal. That’s the fight that the fans want, not her dragging out some former boxer who hasn’t had a real boxing match in 7 years.

2407, by Uniform Advantage (UA), product details—The Grey’s Anatomy Signature 2407 warm-up scrub jacket features a rounded neck, seven large buttons down the front, small 4-button details on the sleeves, perfectly-shaping, and princess seams in the front. For storage, you will find two deep front pockets. In the back, there are fitted darts and half-band detail. For further embellishment, there is banded side detail, with logo embroidery on the left side and a logo tag on the right pocket. A one-inch hem completes this scrub jacket. Grey’s Anatomy © ABC Studios. All Rights Reserved. Grey’s Anatomy arcLux™ 4-way stretch fabric is 71/24/5 poly/rayon/spandex. The approximate length for size M is 28.5.” Solid colors, only; no plaids. The postmodern answer for a Catholic schoolgirl’s perfectly-shaping snakeskin uniform blazer. In the style of the tunic worn by female members of Starfleet while on Away missions during the era of Admiral Christine Pike. Endorsed by AOC. And, it’s concealed carry, shades of former President Sarah Palin. So, it gets a thumbs up from the Left-wingers and the Right-wingers.

‘50s era button-down scrub. Stern. Severe. Showcases her ample bullet-bra-holstered bosom and when the top four buttons are left undone it flashes teasing glimpses of her profound, thought-provoking cleavage while simultaneously screaming of Victorian Era sexual repression. The 2407 scrub jacket, authentic & classic 1950s vintage style. Akin to a bodice, a form-fitting smart wearable that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer’s upper body.

When buttoned, it rigorously-enforces the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. It has a straitjacket mode, as well.

Oreos, by Unique Vintage, Black & White Classic Lace Up Saddle Shoes—It’s simply textbook, darling! This charming pair of classic saddle shoes are crafted with man-made materials to effortlessly harness 1950s retro flair. These endearing black and white two-tone

shoes feature perforation details and a white lace-up vamp. Stark white laces complement the white panels on these two-color vintage shoes and stand out against the black lace-up area. Whether you pair them with retro bottoms or dresses, these black and white vintage saddle shoes are ready to add a little class to your outfits! Please note that all shoes have a 4-day handling time before they will ship from our warehouse and there is a 10% restocking fee if you choose to return them.

Pinks, by Unique Vintage, Pink & White Classic Lace Up Saddle Shoes—Simply textbook, darling! A playful pair of classic saddle shoes that effortlessly harness retro flair. Endearing light pink and white two-tone shoes with perforation detail and a white lace up vamp. Crafted in man-made materials and ready to add a little class! Amiable in sizes 6-11 while supplies last. Please note all shoes have a 4-day handling time before they will ship from our warehouse and there is a 15% restocking fee if you choose to return.

Charcoal grey is a versatile color that can be used for many purposes. It is usually described as a mix of **grey** with a trace of black or navy blue. It's a very popular color.

Vera Wang aka Yasmine Garbi—Is a Mollie Jane, with a substitution and a mandate. Substitution: a 2407 in place of its snakeskin blazer. Mandated color: an ultra-drab charcoal grey for its jacket and skirt. A solid color for the 2407, of course. The pleated and plaid miniskirt is otherwise unchanged. It is that dowdy postmodern prep school uniform of Kirstjen's underage templates little schoolgirl outfits.

Elizabeth Mitchell—Is a Sonya Walger with a Vera Wang in place of its Mollie Jane, and Oreos in place of its dikes. Plenty of the usual Mildred Huff inspired options. Such as?

Stieg Larsson's Lisbeth Salander—Is a Sonya Walger with a Vera Wang in place of its Mollie Jane, and Pinks in place of its dikes. Plenty of the usual Mildred Huff inspired options. Such as?

Tommi Gunn—Is a Lindsay Sullivan with a Vera Wang in place of its Mollie Jane. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, the horror hostess of **Coachella** at the Empire Polo Club. Plenty of the usual Mildred Huff inspired options. Such as?

Tomme Tønner—Is a Taryn Terrell with a Vera Wang in place of its Mollie Jane. Also known as Hot Mess. Plenty of the usual Mildred Huff inspired options. Such as?

Please note: in the case of Elizabeth Mitchell, Lisbeth Salander, Tommi Gunn, and Tomme Tønner, the blazer normally **is NOT worn**.

Sexy little chick + innocent school girl look + psycho tendencies + extra stalker-ish = 5-star ratings from the porn dogs.

What if addressability always meant accessibility?

Quod si semper fuit addressability accessibility?

HAARP—There are many ways to travel throughout the cosmos. But what if knowing the address of anywhere or anywhen in Creation, always meant accessibility? For example, you could time travel in a universe where Temporal Laws exist; you could access anywhere or anywhen on Dune and do it safely. The answer to, “What is Zoom?”

Stealthier than a Shadow Vessel, she materializes in the middle of desert nowhere on the super-Earth of Reverend Mother that she previously accessed via a Dyson Sphere.

Just as slickly, Reverend Mother materializes in front of her. The Vampire is umbrellaed by an oasis of shadow.

Kirstjen is doing **Tommi Gunn**, no options being exercised. The girl ditches the jacket, uploading it back into her features. Poof. Gone.

Minus their concealment by her scrub, it’s show-and-tell. She’s packing heat, a slung phase rifle and two holstered phase pistols. They’re not hers. None of the guns have been married to anyone, yet. Acting in the role of a courier, the girl is just carrying them. The weapons are for the convent’s use.

Tommi Gunn becomes Tomme Tønner. Tomme Tønner becomes Noreen Elizabeth McKay which also goes jacketless and dikes in place of wurms.

“Jacket, please. Giving me a tit show.”

Kirstjen complies. Her jacket returns, with the buttons undone.

“I have no use for pretty, except as a reason for punishment.” The Vampire pauses, flashing an evil grin, and then snarls. “Atone for being pretty. And I want a robotic Sister Mooney who stays presenting as an adult plainclothes nun, not an underage schoolgirl, and is Vorg. This I like so very much.”

Although it looks Borg. Vorg is robotics of a purely Vampiric origin.

In midcourse, Reverend Mother has changed her mind about the utility of pretty. Beauty will be the girl’s mortal sin that will have to be atoned for. And she’s dictating, beforehand, a Sister Mooney who is Vorg. In affectation, the Sister Mooney persona is already that of a robot, just not specifically Vorg.

In Vampire terms, Reverend Mother is demanding that Kirstjen coercion herself—voluntary Vorg assimilation. All of this is Kirstjen’s choice. None of it can be forced upon the girl.

Per Reverend Mother’s dictate. Thick-readers don’t slide onto Kirstjen’s face; they stay hanging around her neck at the ready alongside her thinz. Plaintive makeup does not paint her

face and neck; the Bolshoi-bare stays put. Her mopp does not shorten. Cilice mode for her jacket, bra, and skirt: they torture her smooth creamy-white skin as if they were made from the coarse itchy fabric of a burlap sack (sack cloth) or a hairshirt (animal hair). Cilice mode for her dikes: they spear her feet as they are now lined with nails, and their post-Polio braces vice-grip her legs as they are now bone crushers. Hedgehog and barbwire garters. Lastly, she downloads the robotic Sister Mooney persona. Doing this proves to be the girl's undoing. Only this time she doesn't go Niffin. She goes robot.

For all intents and purposes, Kirstjen is gone. Technically speaking, she's Vorg, a Vampiric robotgirl, specification drone, designation Sister Mooney, and she doesn't have a name.

The two of them disappear. Materializing in a foyer that's architected in a way which prevents a traveler from deducing teleportation coordinates. From there they make their way to Reverend Mother's basement abode—they step through a wall covered in peeling lead paint, end up in a garbage-strewn hallway, and descend a flight of rickety stairs—the whole place is in disrepair and looks like it's been uninhabited for decades.

Reverend Mother directs the robotgirl to place the weapons in a locker, which her drone does. Then, she fits her drone with oral restraints.

Oral restraint used? Those of a cloistered nun who's atoning. 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). Both of which are biomechanical.

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.

The only times the orals will be removed is when the robotgirl eats or drinks, or when she's orally pleasing the Reverend Mother or Mother Superior. And those are scheduled tasks.

Mother Superior is the convent's AI. She strongly resembles the new, mysterious, and all-around violent character by the name of Dasha, played by actress Harriet Walter, who was introduced at the start of the third season of *Killing Eve*.

There are two robotic alcoves. They are the expected biomechanical monstrosities. One alcove is for a drone, has been heavily-modified, and is heretofore unused, and the other alcove is the well-used central alcove of a robot queen. The alcoves look Borg, but are clearly not Borg.

Mother Superior spends a majority of her time housed in a central alcove which is located in the partially-flooded subbasement. She looks very much like a Borg Queen, but she's clearly not one. There are Vampiric influences to her design, just like there are to the alcove.

Bottomline. Although the convent's automation looks Borg, it isn't. It's Vorg.

The knob on the left side of the neck of Reverend Mother and on the left side of the neck of Mother Superior are Vorg. The robot girl's knob is not Vorg, but it has been coopted via assimilation.

The convent is fully automated, now. The robot Mother Superior. Reverend Mother's knob going Vorg. None of this Vorg was present when the Noom last visited. At that time, Reverend Mother's knob was not Vorg, it was a fuze, just like the Noom's.

In a dark, dank, wet corner assimilating slime-covered walls is a drone's alcove. Sister Mooney plugs herself into it. 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, receiving seemingly-endless firmware updates from Mother Superior or performing various tasks that she has been assigned by either Reverend Mother or Mother Superior. She, Mother Superior, and Reverend Mother are a convent of three. This feels like a dress rehearsal.

Of course, Reverend Mother and Mother Superior are well-aware that this subjugation will only last so long; maybe five days, seven days max. Then in the storied tradition of *The Sex Perils of Paulette*, the damsel in distress will no longer be that, and she'll expectedly free herself from this quagmire of degradation and humiliation. But, for the time being, they can use her to their dark hearts' fullest content.

Bottomline. Reverend Mother and Mother Superior know that they're being played and they don't care. All they care about is that, for now, the Noom is a robot girl who's Vorg, and she acts convincingly like a robot girl who's Vorg when she reverts back to being a girl again and is no longer Vorg.

Of course, the ultimate punishment for being pretty is self-mutilation, turning oneself into a butterface compounded by self-inflicted SM-BDD and voluntary Vorg assimilation. Except for going Vorg, the Noom has yet to do the rest of it. Doing all of it would sate the craving of Reverend Mother for the Noom as an ugly circus sex freak who has been rode hard and put up wet many times too much; one of those depraved circus freak show attractions of the libido who she worships compulsively above all other obsessions. Doing all of it, the dress rehearsal would be over, by Reverend Mother's way of thinking.

Oppositely, there's an aside. Mother Superior craves the Noom as a beautiful circus sex freak; one of those depraved circus freak show attractions of the libido who she worships compulsively above all other obsessions. The current, pretty she-male robotic Sister Mooney who is Vorg fulfills all of her desires to a tee. The dress rehearsal is already over, as far as Mother Superior is concerned.

The Klapp

Et Klapp

They are the precursor species for the Kum. Unlike their progeny the Kum, this giant slug wears its host body. The body must be that of a female's cadaver. Preferably, it's the corpse of a freshly-killed Crone.

They're the basis for the "imperfect" Vampires in "The Strain" book series co-authored by Guillermo del Toro and Chuck Hogan. Klapp are one of the seven Parasite propagator species born from the blood of the Fallen Angel Ozryel.

Known as the Archangel of Death, Ozryel became consumed by bloodlust after being sent to destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah for their wickedness. He was punished by having his body severed into seven pieces. Ozryel's head is from which the Klapp are said to have spawned.

Once situated, Klapp resemble a long, retractile proboscis beneath the host's tongue that reaches up to six feet from the mouth. When it deploys itself as a "stinger" for feeding by latching onto a prey's throat, forearm, or thigh, draining the victim's blood for sustenance, it is also infecting the victim with capillary worms. These worms secrete a venom which mimics the combined effects of a highly addictive narcotic akin to the designer street-drug known as "Red" and a hallucinogen as mind-shredding as LSD-4. The venom, in effect, chemically lobotomizes, rendering the dosed a mindless, wanton, and sexually insatiable filler. Literally, a fucking placeholder. Asylums, that use it illegally to sedate "troublesome" patients, euphemistically call it: "putting a patient to sleep" or even more cryptically "doing the 12-monkeys with a patient."

After the extensive transformation of the host body to make it suitable for the Klapp's residence, the host's jaw is set at a much lower hinge. While the host's mouth is gaping like a snake's when the stinger is deployed, the host is incapable of physical speech.

Not people. Not sentient. Parasites. Ancient Ones. Hideous monstrosities who begot all blood-sucking parasite creatures of their supernatural ilk. Carnal. Covetous. Being mindless and sexually insatiable, these wanton blood-sucking parasites are more akin to zombies than "traditional" Vampires. All they feel is hunger and lust.

Cheerleader Melissa: Female Terminator

Cheerleader Melissa: Female Termino

The Dead—A human corpse which is animated by a mind serpent that does their thinking for them when their puppet master doesn't. Kill the brain snake and its zombie host ceases to be.

In a dark, dank, wet corner assimilating slime-covered walls is the robot drone's alcove. It has been moved to the subbasement. Three days have elapsed since Kirstjen arrived on the planet.

The girl steps out of the drone alcove.

A moment ago, while she was still plugged into the drone alcove. 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 a robotgirl receiving seemingly-endless firmware updates from Mother Superior or as if she's a robotgirl performing various tasks that she has been assigned by either Reverend Mother or Mother Superior.

Now, that the girl is out of her alcove.

Cilice mode for her jacket, bra, skirt, and dikes, gone. Hedgehog and barbwire garters, gone. Robotic Sister Mooney persona, gone, and with its bye-bye no more Vorg. She's herself, again. Her oral restraints have been uploaded into her features, becoming new additions. Thin and thick-readers still dangling around her neck. Her jacket is buttoned. Still a thought-provoking cleavage show, but not a gratuitous one like it is when she's jacketless. Stern, severe, rigorous, are appropriate adjectives. Her head clears. She's none the worse for wear. Kirstjen acts out, presenting herself as the robotic Sister Mooney who's a Vorg drone.

Appearances aside. She doesn't crave cilice, BDD, oral restraints, she-male, short hairdo, disfiguring make-up, et al. And. When it seems like she does. That's just playacting. In other words, doing what's expected of her.

The central alcove assembles Mother Superior and dresses her in the old-fashioned black-and-white habit of a cloister nun from the 1950s right down to the burlap undergarments; cilice-only mode for her penguin outfit and her chaste underwear. The knob boots of a nun circa 1950. Perls. Prudz and barbwire garters.

When she is on an away. Underneath Mother Superior's habit, between her unbecoming black-and-whites and her torturous unmentionables, Mother Superior wears a VIKI with the optional snakeskin finish and extensive Vorg tweaks; this upgraded VIKI is called a VORN. Perls. Prudz and barbwire garters underneath VORN. Cilice-only mode for VORN. VORN has a straitjacket mode, as well.

The snakeskin finish of Mother Superior's VORN acknowledges the demonic nature of Vampires. Vampires were the first of the demon races resulting from Lucifer fucking Lilith. The original "badgirl" hooked up with the Prince of Darkness, after she was kicked out of Eden by the Hebrew God. Lilith, of course, was Adam's first wife, Eve's predecessor. Lilith's sins: she raped and sodomized Adam; she propositioned the Hebrew God.

Mother Superior steps out of her alcove. Raw sewage covers a third of the floor, rendering the space into a grotto of sorts. Huge sewer rats scurry about in the shadows. Standing against one wall is a rapist table. In a nearby corner is a large pile of human and Vampire remains in various stages of decomposition, some of which are skeletons—boneyard customizing base resin kit.

Mother Superior gestures for Kirstjen to come over. The girl complies, genuflecting before her robot queen.

"To know the name of a thing is to have mastery over it."

"Yes, Mother Superior."

"Who is Kirstjen Michele Nielsen?"

"I do not know, Mother Superior."

Best of all, from Mother Superior's point of view, is how the girl comes off. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Severe. Robotic. Stern. Sexually repressed and sexually deprived. Monotone in manner and speech. Borderline sexless.

"Your designation, in the convent?"

"Sister Noreen Elizabeth Mooney."

"What shall I call you?"

Silence from the girl. Again, the correct response. She plays the game well.

"What is your name?"

"I do not have a name."

"Your gender identity?"

"The same gender-fluid she-male one as Reverend Mother and Mother Superior."

"Are you human?"

"No, Mother Superior."

"You are metal, not meat?"

"Yes, Mother Superior."

"What are you?"

"I am a robot."

“Specification?”

“Drone.”

“Are you beautiful?”

“No, Mother Superior. I am ugly.”

“Liar!!!”

Mother Superior slaps Kirstjen hard across the face. First smacking the left cheek, then the right, Kirstjen’s head snapping right and then left, respectively.

Kirstjen doesn’t react.

“I really, really, really like our Sister Mooney so much better this way.”

Kirstjen says nothing. Mother Superior 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 Sister Mooney?

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 use you as a guinea pig.”

“Yes, Mother Superior.”

Mother Superior yanks up the girl’s skirt.

“Tisk. Tisk. Where’s the bulge of your man parts in your rubber panties and the bite of your wire into your creamy-white thighs?”

Hedgehog and barbwire garters return, with a vengeance. The girl is no longer cheating. Now, satisfied, Mother Superior releases the girl’s skirt.

“I saw no skin irritation. Are you failing to punish yourself with cilice? Beauty must be punished.”

Cilice mode for Kirstjen’s jacket, bra, skirt, and dikes, returns. Mother Superior squeezes Kirstjen’s tits. Jacket and bra between her hands and the girl’s tits.

“Remove the jacket.”

The girl complies.

“Seeing you both ways, I’ve decided that I prefer you with it on. Our Sister Mooney should always wear a jacket, and it should be fully buttoned. Doing away with any flip-flop of your suitcoat.”

Again, the girl complies, without a word exchanged or a facial expression displayed.

Mother Superior squeezes her tits, again. This time more vigorously and violently as if she were kneading bread dough with her gloved hands. Kirstjen has an erection and ejaculates. Mother Superior notices the tent pole poking the girl's brief restrictive skirt and deduces the sin.

"I will punish you later with the whip for your wanton carnality. One hundred lashes should be sufficient."

Again, the girl says nothing and remains expressionless.

"I married the phasers to me, and proceeded to try them out on some of our competition. Upstairs in the basement are the corpses of Vampires I abducted from rival covenants. I used them as..."

"...Target practice?"

"Correct. You will bring them down here one at a time and place them on the rapist for autopsy."

"Yes, Mother Superior."

"Through Prehensile Eyes with a shorten hairdo, a compromise which will please Reverend Mother and is not too off-putting to me. Our Sister Mooney should always wear eyeglasses and a shorten hairdo. Doing away with any flip-flop of your spectacles and hairdos."

The girl complies. The long golden-blond tresses of her mopp shortens into a crane. She slips on her thinz, leaving the thick-readers hanging around her neck. Then she ascends the rotting steps. Through Prehensile Eyes—wearing one set of eyeglasses while the other set dangles around her neck at the ready. She also reapplies her oral restraints, knowing to do so without having to be told to do so. Sister Mooney should be orally restrained, as a rule; allowed to speak only when it's absolutely necessary.

AIs are sentient, have emotions. They have unique personalities, too. They are people, in the fullest sense of the word. Therefore, Mother Superior is a "she," not an "it." And, she's she-male.

In spite of whatever elaborate, involved conversation that they may be able to carry on at length about with even the most learned of humans. Vampires are not sentient, but they do experience emotions. They are not people. Therefore, it is correct and proper to refer to one of their kind as "it." Although even the most learned humans, knowing full well what they are in the presence of, can from time to time slip up and misspeak, and refer to one of their ilk as "he" or "she" based upon the Vampire's gender identity. Reverend Mother is a "she," not an "it," based upon gender identity. And, is she-male, based upon genitalia. Partially, true.

Vampires are cruel, unyielding, and relentless. They are pitiless fiends. Hard. Loathsome. Merciless. Vile. Abominations. Corruption incarnate. There's nothing remotely romantic about them, in spite of the best efforts of Bram Stoker et al. and those insipid series of *Twilight* movies to persuade otherwise. All, true.

Vampires have no collective consciousness. They have no consciousness at all. They cannot think. Are not self-aware. Yet. They are not dumb beasts, who mindlessly butcher. They have something. Something analogous to, intelligence, for want of a better word. And, they have personalities, too. They have personalities unique to the individual, just like “real” people do. Again, partially true.

The straight skinny? Vampires are either “he” or “she,” never “it.” The females are she-males. Vampires are self-aware and therefore sentient. They are not dumb beasts, who mindlessly butcher. They experience emotions. They are people, in the fullest sense of the word. Unlike the Borg, Vampires don’t have a collective consciousness. But, for want of a better word, they do have an *empathic* connection with each other. They have personalities unique to the individual. Lastly, the average Vampire is smarter than most of the human beings who have ever been born, which should put any question of an IQ gap to rest.

Formally, Sister Mooney is a Zuni Fetish Doll. She’s the human collaborator of a Vampire, namely Reverend Mother, and the drone of the AI-powered robot who is the thinking machine incarnation of a Vampire, namely Mother Superior. Now, doesn’t that take the starch out of your knickers, so to speak?

Hellboy's real name is Anung un Rama

Hellboy est realis nomen Anung un urbe Rama

Planetary destination? 6977-P.

Universe designation? 6977-U.

Formally? Earth 6977.

Colloquially? Mortuus.

Which team? Grace Noone's.

What? A combined Dragon-Druid Expeditionary Force.

Where? Staging from a transit hub beneath the palace of the empress of The Dragon Empire. On the Dragon home planet, also known as Asia. Within the Forbidden City.

Vaccine protocol? Standard, series seven shots. Guaranteed immunity from the retro-D virus.

Cloaking protocol? Classified.

Advance Guard? Twenty BECs, used as shock troops.

Main Contingent? Nine Druids, six Unspeakables, ten Feng Shui, and two DSC units.

Rear Guard? Ten BECs.

A **Valhalla** is a conjuring circle which employs glyphs, runes, and angelic script for its DHD (dial home device). In this case it is being powered by the ARQ embedded in the floor of the room.

ARQ. Arcing recursive quine. Supplying near-limitless power, perpetually.

An **Expeditionary Force** is a generic name sometimes applied to a military force dispatched to fight in a foreign country. Notable early adaptations include World War I and World War II elements deployed in abundance to support global combat operations.

Bose-Einstein condensate (BEC) is a ghost-like creature composed of bosons or bosonic particles.

D.S.C. Disposable Synthetic for Combat. DSC look human enough, but they are stronger and much more durable than mundane humans. The shiny new penny in the art of war.

Her twin sister Grace having secured the chamber's access. The lead priestess, Nicole Noone (pronounced: *no one*), chalks a Valhalla on the floor around the main contingent of their expeditionary force.

The sisters are redheads and they're Danes. Then again, all Druids are redheaded, Danish folk.

From the Dragon Empire. There are also Unspeakables, drawn from the elite corps of guards of the Dragon Empress Wu Zetian. And, Feng Shui from the Royal Garrison, the so-called "purple garrison."

Half the size of the twelve-foot tall Unspeakables, Feng Shui hunt in packs and have a hive mentality. Their breed is the invention of that infamous Druid trio: Sir Adrian Paul, Baron Bokeem Woodrine, and Princess Bai Ling.

Unspeakables and Feng Shui are class-B and class-C fire-breathing Dragons, respectively. Therefore, they are magical creatures. And, also like all Dragons, they are shapeshifters, who look just like mundane human Asians, when they are pretending.

The DSC units are configured to look just like Druids. And. Their kit is the same—same clothes, equipment, and weapons.

Nicole gestures arcanelly. A transit gate manifests itself. Affording ingress to the alpha site, which has previously been cleared and secured by Druid-animated BECs assigned to the expeditionary force.

Per the plan. The Dragons will go through first, to establish air supremacy. Then, the Druids and DSC Druid facsimiles will follow.

The game plan is simple, straightforward, and to the point—shock & awe. Unfortunately, for this combined military force of Dragons and Druids, neither of their kind has waged full scale war with The Dead. And, worse, all of their previous skirmishes with The Dead have proved successful beyond all expectation, lulling them into a false sense of security.

Per remote viewing, what the BECs have done already and are doing, is very impressive to say the least. In effect, all the advantages of using tactical nukes without any of the obvious downsides.

What none of them in command realize is that after the BECs contact-kill a certain number of the Dead, the BECs will become unstable and dissipate into harmless vapor, and the Druid operators remote-controlling them will die.

Thirty BECs are assigned to this expeditionary force. One Druid operator per BEC. The Druids have a total of a 120 BECs in inventory and 60 Druid operators for their BECs. Do the math. One quarter of all the BECs and one half of all BEC operators are being used in support of this mission.

To the Dead, BECs appear to be mysterious, fast-moving, translucent, humanoid apparitions. Apparitions that will kill a Dead almost instantly upon contact. BECs aren't visible in the "ordinary" visual spectrum. Of course, for example, BEC are visible to anyone wearing Druid goggles.

These apparitions are made of Bose-Einstein condensate, which explains their ability to move through walls and unmake biologicals.

Druids are scanned on a molecular level, and using 3D printing they are replicated in condensate form. The Druid operators are subsequently hooked up to a central spectral machine which enables the operator to animate and remote-control their condensate copies (their “apparitions”).

Bad. What none of them in command realize is that. Their remote-viewing, and all of their other forms of communication and remoting with their forces in the air and on the ground, can be shut-off at any time, after the detected ingress of their forces.

Worse. What none of them in command realize is that. Mortuus, is the planet zero the origin planet of The Dead as well as the birthplace of far worse Dead Things.

Worst. What none of them in command realize is that. Their Apocalypse Box has lied to them about the successful outcome of their campaign.

As such. A world which is a planetwide necropolis. The Kingdom, of the White Walkers, is up north. The Territories, of The Dead, are down south.

The Dead which inhabit The Territories can be reinforced, as needed, by Dead from all of the Dead worlds in Creation via trans-warp conduits known colloquially as portals.

White Walkers also make use of the portals. And are the ones who pay the hefty site licensing fee to FMF Ltd. for the portals used on this planet by them and the Dead.

But Full Moon Features (FMF Ltd.) is just a middleman. So. Who do the portals actually belong to?

Full Moon Features is one of the many shell companies fronted by Saudi Prince Osama bin Laden for billionaire arms dealer Sun Tzu. The same Sun Tzu who wrote *The Art of War*, and who is the youngest brother of the Dragon Empress.

FMF’s accounts are substantial, to say the least, and they are ably managed by the Iron Bank. Formally known as The Swiss National Bank, the Iron Bank also represents the considerable financial interests of The Ladies’ Council of Saint Engelbert Parish.

So. Sun Tzu owns the portals. This leads to the next question. Who invented the portals?

Hughes Aircraft Company (HAC) invented this form of transit as subcontract work for Full Moon Features.

Rumor is: Howard Hughes Jr., the billionaire playboy owner of HAC, is in bed with Sun Tzu—Hughes is Tzu’s silent business partner. If true, that means that in the case of the portals, HAC subcontracted to do work paid in full by The Night Rulers.

Mention of The Night Riders naturally leads into a discourse about the frozen north. Up there is home to far worse things on this cursed planet than The Dead. Things native to this Dead World. For example, the White Walkers. Truly, this planet is a necromancer's delight, in spades.

The White Walkers are an ancient race of humanoid ice creatures, whose dominion is the Far North of Mortuus. It is called The Kingdom. Born on this Earth of powerful and untested magic, White Walkers were created to protect the Citizens of Atlantis from the First Ones of Troy. However, the White Walkers eventually broke free of their creators' control, made their Atlantean gods extinct, and made the Trojan rivals of their gods extinct as well.

While having an overall humanoid appearance, White Walkers differ greatly from humans. They are taller than humans and have long wispy white hair, and the males also commonly have a white beard. They have pale grey-white skin which is sinewy and stretched taut across their frames, giving them a somewhat gaunt, sinewy, and mummified appearance despite their overall bulky size. The females are well-endowed, their fleshy pendulous tits hang down almost to their narrow waists. The most notable trait of the White Walkers, however, is their glowing blue eyes.

As one would expect, because it is, after all, the natural order of things. Theirs is a closed caste-based society. Therefore, amidst the White Walkers there exists a ruling caste. Their number is unknown, and they are immediately distinguishable from their ruled "lessors" by the icy horns around their heads, resembling a crown of ice. All those seen so far, all wear black armor of unknown material. First among these ruling "betters" are The Night Rulers—the Night King and the Night Queen—the overall leaders who are lineal rulers and thus whomever they might be they are always direct descendants of the first of the White Walkers to be conjured into existence over eight thousand years ago.

White Walkers possess magical powers related to ice and cold. Their arrival is usually accompanied by blizzards and the dropping of temperatures. They can also freeze anything they touch. White Walkers also have superhuman strength. The White Walkers wield swords and spears made from unique ice crystals.

However, one of their most deadly abilities is to reanimate the dead as their servants, known as Wights. They are actually capable of reviving dead animals as Wights, as a few White Walkers have been seen riding undead horses. They cannot, however, revive a corpse into servitude if it has been burned in fire. Once the Wights have been risen to serve the White Walkers, their eyes turn an icy blue, similar to the White Walkers' own eyes. Wights serve the Walkers without question.

The Night King and the Night Queen, the leaders of the White Walkers, also possess the ability to change humans into White Walkers. It is unknown if the other members of the ruling caste or members of the ruled caste are capable of performing the same magic as their king and queen.

In other words. Whether or not this magical ability extends to only the Night King and the Night Queen, all of the White Walkers amongst their ruling caste, or all White Walkers in general, remains to be seen.

Walkers are shown to be resistant to fire due to the extreme cold they radiate, which snuffs out any flame they approach. This ability will be showcased when the Night Knight and the Night Queen wielding Death Totems fell Dragons of the Druid expeditionary force after having survived numerous blasts of dragon fire unscathed.

White Walkers speak a language known as “Skroth,” which sounds like the cracking of ice.

Why You Wouldn't Survive a L4D Zombie Apocalypse

Quare tibi non permaneret, a Zombie Apocalypsis L4D

“The problem with Heaven. Is that none of the really interesting people will be there!”—
Friedrich Nietzsche

Cold and heartless, arrogant and detached—robotic and Elven, respectfully. The entirety of the emotive prescribed for a Zuni Fetish Doll.

Kirstjen is above ground, amidst the convent's unkept overgrown grounds, intently studying a night sky. Three full moons shone above. The autopsies are finally done with. Mother Superior is on an away. Reverend Mother is off hunting.

Although she doesn't have to act out, since the others are absent. She is still presenting herself as Sister Mooney, collaborator, who's Vorg and a drone—the Zuni Fetish Doll of Reverend Mother and Mother Superior.

Cilice mode for her jacket, bra, skirt, and dikes: gone. Hedgehog and barbwire garters: gone. SM-BDD: gone. Oral restraints: gone. For this iteration of Through Prehensile Eyes: she is wearing disfiguring thick-readers, resulting in a buttaface; unbecoming thinz are dangling around her neck. Stern, severe, and rigorous. And. There's more.

Because of the thick eyeglasses worn, as well as the crane, a nun's hairdo. She's borderline for Miss/Sister Mildred Huff, Colonel Rosa Klebb, or Doctor Deborah “Debbie” Birx, whichever is worse.

Withholding punishment that you crave is the worst punishment. She again craves cilice, BDD, oral restraints, she-male, short hairdo, disfiguring make-up, et al. Therefore, withholding any of them from her is the worst form of punishment.

What are the parts of a nun's habit called? A nun's habit usually includes a headpiece that is made up of three parts: a coif, secured by a wimple, with a veil at the back. The tunic of the habit is long enough to reach the ground and has long sleeves.

Kirstjen is wearing a “one size fits all” Smiffys nun's kit. A nun's kit, black & white, which includes a headpiece and collar, is now part of her features. And. This is all Kirstjen's doing.

Sick. Disturbing. Unclean. Sex is violence. Pain is pleasure. Cilice for sins and for pleasure. She's that other fetish icon: the wanton phobic Catholic nun, who's dominatrix and submissive.

All we need to remember is what we learned in 1984. 1. Ignorance is strength. 2. War is Peace. 3. Freedom is Slavery.

Her jacket is buttoned, but there is no thought-provoking cleavage showcased, because of its concealment by her nun's collar.

There is no coercion involved. Mother Superior has yet to experiment on her. Nor is it playacting. Something has happened to her psyche. Maybe a Moebius event, instigated by a Xenomorph facehugger? In this case, yes. As such. The girl only remembers herself as Sister Noreen Mooney, Zuni Fetish Doll. Mother Superior and Reverend Mother will surely exploit this to their best interest when they realize what has fallen into their laps.

In spite of her intoxication and its attendant impairment of her senses. Kirstjen becomes aware of the interlopers, nonetheless. The three of them walk right past her, engrossed in a conversation she overhears as gibberish, acting as if she shouldn't be able to perceive their existence.

Mistaking her for a mundane human instead of a Noom, the intruders don't perceive her as a threat. They'll realize their fatal error, if they try to harvest her later.

Some kind of cult? The arcane markings on their wrappings are not known to the girl. They call themselves Cthulhu Carafe. Those markings are from the Apokolips Wars.

A carafe is a wine decanter, isn't it? And if Cthulhu is their God. Does this mean that they fancy themselves some kind of wine decanters for Cthulhu?

Except for the white hoodie and the aforementioned markings. They kit on their away just like other Druids that the girl has seen previously.

When they're on an away, the warrior-clerics of the Druid Confederacy, wear thick-lensed goggles, horned breather-mask, and head-to-toe Egyptian mummy-wrappings. The goggles are "all seeing"—hyperspectral imaging goggles. And, the thick white gauze wrappings will stop, pointblank, any grenade and NHC-DEW output, and most anti-armor projectile rounds.

NHC-DEW. Non high-compression directed energy weapon.

The Druid weapon of choice is, of course, the staff weapon. Atop this tall gilded staff is something that looks like an archaic 1930s microphone, but, this "microphone" is ornate and encrusted with precious jewels. And, few small arms weapons can equal the "big bore" devastation that a staff weapon's effector emissions can wrought.

As such. A death-ray. The emission of a staff weapon will kill an unprotected person instantly upon contact.

In point of fact, all modern close quarter weapons of the type are collapsible. For example, a vujcic. Like the vujcic, a staff weapon is an ancient weapon that's collapsible. It's also magical.

The staff weapon of each Druid is collapsed and holstered. Their holsters are Race Bannons. Holsters of equipment belts that are equivalent to MACO equipment belts.

It makes sense that the staff weapon is the favorite of Druids, because Druids are demigods. Neither mortal nor God, but, a little bit of both, they're the so-called "missing link" between mortals and Gods. Superhuman. Immortal. Cannibals—they eat human beings, but they don't eat metahumans or demigods like themselves.

The Doll House: Where Mad Girls Rule!!!

A Doll Domus ubi Gloria Puellae: dominare !!!

In **H.P. Lovecraft's** stories, the Necronomicon is described as an ancient text compiled by Abdul Alhazred (called the "Mad Arab") in the 8th century, containing magical spells and incantations for summoning monsters and archaic deities.

The intruders having been dealt with, passively: they were ignored. Sister Mooney feels that her initiative entitles her to a reward. So, she indulges her fancy. But, instead of plaintive makeup heavily applying itself to her face and neck. Worse: popsugar, aka wunder, heavily-applied to her beautiful face, resulting in the drug-ravaged "unhinged" looks of a junkie, that's nonetheless still attractive—a hophead facial. Although it looks like actual disfigurement resulting from a beautiful woman's prolonged unchecked addiction, the facial is make-up, nonetheless. Worst: Thanks to her extreme makeover, hers is now the blonde likeness of the ravishing aloof hard-faced zombie Vampira in *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Golden blonde crane gets worse and goes krane, but it never goes geriatric blonde, so it does not liberally streak with grey and white. Flats replace dikes. Cilice mode for her jacket, bra, and skirt. Hedgehog and barbwire garters. No panties: commando, with Parts. SM-BDD. Oral restraints. The evil twisted plainclothes nun, of H.P. Lovecraft's infamous short story of the same name.

Bereft of her Bolshoi beauty. Left with a face etched with loathing and disdain. Looking like a bitter thirty-something divorcee with a lot of milage on the odometer from a failed marriage. In other words, the haughty, hate-filled face of a dominatrix. As such. She crosses that line into the blighted misbegotten territory of Mildred Huff, Colonel Rosa Klebb, Doctor Deborah "Debbie" Bix, and, worst, a used-up strung-out unhinged dope fiend who's a nun.

Sister Mooney switches off hygiene mode for her features. Her attire will no longer self-clean or self-repair. She begins ripping and tearing at her outfit, rubbing dirt on herself and her clothes. Soon, she looks as unkempt as Reverend Mother. More undoing will be had by wallowing in the filth of the convent's basement; she will end up smelling as bad and be as infested as Reverend Mother. Acting feral, and yet still acting robotic as well, will come after that. Feral and robotic: also, how Vampira's zombie character acted in *Plan 9 from Outer Space*.

How long has been since she was filthy and feral like this, and this strung-out as well? Well, it's been a coon's age. This road travelled many times too many for a hardcore swinger such as she who is always on the lookout for new kicks. Which is why it can't hold sway over her for too long these days. When she finally sobers up as Kirstjen, she'll entertain a massive hangover, for sure.

We need gun control and the SBT (Swedish Bikini Team)

Nos postulo gun et imperium SBT (Swedish Certamen bikini Team)

Logan Paul's demise came from a lengthy vlog of his trip to Japan, where he visited the tourist-trap “suicide forest,” Aokigahara Forest, as known as the Sea of Trees. In the vlog, there is footage of a dead body hanging from a tree, and Paul is shown cracking jokes and acting completely insensitive. In a statement following EXTREME criticism, Paul apologized and said he was only trying to bring awareness to suicide and suicide prevention, but many found that hard to believe. YouTube temporarily suspended his ad revenue, one of the biggest sources of income for a YouTuber.

A week of abuse has elapsed at the hands of the returned Mother Superior and Reverend Mother:

It's morning. Kirstjen wakes up, as herself not as Sister Mooney, in the coffin next to Reverend Mother's. Hungover. Killer migraine from a pineal gland which is still enlarged, but it's rapid-shrinking backdown to normal size. Bloodshot eyes clearing. Hygiene mode for her features, and she's clean and pristine in a jiffy with none the worse for wear.

Cilice mode for her jacket, bra, and skirt: gone. Hedgehog and barbwire garters: gone. SM-BDD: gone. Oral restraints: gone. Hophead facial: gone. Bolshoi-bare, instead. Krane: gone. Mopp, instead; let down instead of yanked back into a sternka. Through Prehensile Eyes with a severe hairdo. She's wearing unbecoming thinz, resulting in harsh bespectacled face; disfiguring thick-readers are dangling around her neck—a hard-faced Debra - “Seductive Showgirl” - Queen Debra Puppies. Wurms, instead of flats, in replacement of her dikes. The nun's kit is uploaded into her features. No longer commando, with Parts: skimpy rubber panties and only the female parts she was born with, again. Stern, severe, rigorous, and wanting. A cross between *Psycho's* Marion Crane and Matt Helm's ubiquitous Stella Stevens.

Her jacket is buttoned; thought-provoking cleavage showcased, in the absence of her nun's collar.

When buttoned, it also rigorously-enforces the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampiria. It has a straitjacket mode, as well.

The degenerate swinger still craves cilice, BDD, buttaface, she-male, short severe hairdos, oral restraints, Moebius, flats, commando with Parts, hophead looks, nun alias, et al. Predictably, these obsessions will get shelved in due course when she tires of them again. Here today, gone tomorrow. But, for the time being, that day has yet to come again, and she's still very much into those passing fads.

Reverend Mother is “slumbering” in her coffin. Mouth open slackly drooling. Wide open eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

Mother Superior is downstairs dissembled in her central alcove, and so focused on the business at hand that it’s as if she’s been mesmerized.

So. For all intents and purposes, the girl is alone, left to her own devices. She has trained the facehugger to do her during such pauses. And, here she is paused, and none of them are using her. Does this mean that something is afoot? Is this the quiet before the storm? Maybe it’s time for her Chicago Overcoat?

Out of serous intent, jest, or mistake, a universe can only be created by a cabal of Gods. A cabal which has been incorporated in the Law Offices of the Mark Twain Hotel, on the corner of Pine and North 9th Streets, outside of the space-time continuum and thus no specific when or where. Within the context of a universe, all of its creators are supreme beings. Its rules are immutable. And. Only its creators can destroy it. When all of its creators die, it becomes fair game. In a word, it becomes: unincorporated. Colloquially known as a “Grimm Universe.” It only takes two Gods to certify a universe as being Grimm. That was the purpose of Judi’s and Ares’ visit here—investigate and then certify this universe, designation 6977-U, as being unincorporated if applicable. They confirmed that all of the Gods who created this universe have been dead for a very longtime, and thus certified 6977-U as being Grimm. In the aftermath of their determination, there’s been an influx of usurpers into this Gods’ forsaken ass-end of Creation, as well as a so-called Dead War waged in a neighboring solar system to this one involving an alliance of Druids and Dragons versus an axis powers of Dead Things which is proving disastrous for the allies.

With Druids, Vampires, the Dead, and a Noom, et al., present in this universe. What is the applicable ROE, of most interest, here?

The Druid away team which visited here was part of a much larger contingent of a radical fringe that occupies a cloaked artificial moon orbiting this Earth. Their rivals have taken over one of this planet’s natural moons. Since fighting to a draw, in their last battle, there’s been a stalemate between these two factions of squatters. But. That may change, soon. The progressives and their rivals are expecting reinforcements, and planning new offensives against each other. This bitter intra Druid warfare has nothing to do with the Dead War. It’s just their way, the Druid way of life—it’s their nature. As a rule of thumb, in one way or the other, somewhere in Creation, you’ll find some Druid faction(s) fighting some other Druid faction(s). As a rule of thumb, at best, peace between factions, so-called crews, is uneasy and short-lived. Druid society is an amalgamation of crews, many crews being small and ad-hoc. This fosters ever-shifting allegiances. Which, in turn, promotes always forming and reforming alliances. Only within the Confederacy is there any semblance of sustained order and stability, and Confederacy is no more than a huge monarchy-based crew itself.

Back when this universe was still incorporated. Vampire covenants didn't exist. Bloodsuckers were territorial. And, those territories never overlapped. Hence, one Vampire per territory. This convent has only one Vampire, Reverend Mother. This convent is the territory of this covenant. Therefore, strictly speaking, Reverend Mother is running her covenant as if it wasn't a covenant.

A deep-dive on the Dead has already been done, at length, in previous prose.

Magic is metaphysical. Noom are metaphysically Niffin. Then why can't Noom perform magic at the same level as Niffin? Because to do so would violate the bylaws that are part and parcel of incorporation. As a courtesy, in unincorporated universes, the same limitation is applied at a Noom's discretion.

From the blondes. Peroxide wisdom from the mouth of flaxen-haired babes. First Earth, circa Sept 13, 1999. Uncompromising ecological architecture.

Grope on a rope! Sample art by Steve O Reno from Sensual Distress

Palpabunt quasi in funem! Sample es Domine Steve Rheni a sensuali de angustia

In Alice's Wunderland:

"The King David Gambit?"

"It's named after the Bible's King David. He used it to get rid of the husband of Bathsheba a married woman that he desired. In a nutshell, you make sure that a person of their own free will places themselves in a nearly impossible situation which is ludicrously dangerous where they are almost certainly guaranteed to perish."

"And that's how we get rid of the girl?"

"That's how we get her to get rid of herself. With no one the wiser but us."

"What if the gambit fails?"

"We go to Plan B, of course."

"A backwater universe where magic cannot be performed and technology usage is constrained by the Prime Directive which means that only 'dated' tech works—nothing more advanced than what the locals use."

"Exactly."

"Cheers."

"She cannot be allowed to reboot the timeline thru discovery and the resulting mitigation."

"How about the husbands?"

"Ah, yes, the linchpins of their Circus. They'll be dealt with by the mole."

"Who would have think it, the Gods brought down by their own rules and one of their own kind."

"This time when we pierce the veil, we won't be beaten back."

"And those of them who survive the takeover will be but dogs groveling at our feet, settling for the crumbs off our table."

"A table that used to belong to them."

The two of them share a haughty laugh. These two Other Ones, behind The Veil, in Alice's Wunderland. The Broken. Plotting, patiently biding their time. While their coconspirator, on the other side of the mirror, puts their scheme into motion. Sedition. Insurrection. Coup d'état.

Why does God need a starship?

Cur starship opus Dei?

The “He” of whom Claire spoke was not Cthulhu an eldest God, nor was it the original Fallen Angel (Lucifer Himself). It was Apocalypse. The oldest and original superhuman, also known most notably as En Sabah Nur, Boko Haram, and Matthew Saad Muhammad. The latter being a transcription of a boxer (49-16-3, 35 KOs) of the same name. Apocalypse is a titular character in superhuman genealogy.

Morally speaking, as is typical of a God, He falls somewhere in that grey area between good and evil, never falling wholly into either category throughout His eons of existence. Note: a comparison, only; He is NOT a God.

A Wednesday Addams (suit), colloquially a Bae or a WASP, is a Koo Stark, but it’s black and its suitcoat has a white Peter Pan collar. As part-n-parcel of a template (e.g., the Wednesday Addams template), it’s worn with wurms or careys or those jailbait dikes, and it’s usually worn with porn hose when those dikes are worn. It’s akin to what you’d expect a plainclothes nun might wear. Known in haute couture as the “morbid, little black suit”—MLBS. In Cosplay circles, when this drab suit is worn with a nun’s headpiece, it’s known as the “naughty nun’s outfit.”

Why is it called a Peter Pan collar?

Peter Pan collars are **named** after the **collar** worn by Maude Adam’s in her classic 1905 performance as the lead role in J.M. Barrie’s novel. Shaped to fit the neckline, it is a flat **collar** that lies upon the torso with soft, curved corners.

During the second day of her pause on Earth 6977, she’s recalled by Control. Zoom. Kirstjen materializes in skidrow, back home on her default Earth. Two blocks from the Jefferson Arms Hotel on Fifth Street, in front of the Carson Nevada Hotel.

Skidrow is part of a red-light district or pleasure district, and therefore by definition within an area of the city zoned such that anything goes without any liability concerns, as if all within its boundaries had signed a waiver. In other words, it’s part of a Z. Gentrification is changing all of that freewheeling, pushing the Z into extinction.

Kirstjen suppresses her QAnon. In effect, she salutes Emily Post.

Not only does Kirstjen salute Emily Post, she goes Ms. Post one better. She downloads a Sister Goodie Goody persona. Her native personality is wiped clean. For all intents and purposes, Kirstjen Michele Nielson never existed. The girl only knows of herself as the disreputable Sister Goodie. This is the very definition of “deep cover.”

Who, specifically, is this person of ill repute that she's assumed the identity of? Employing an alias that matches her fake ID. She's undercover as the disgraced nun Sister Jane "Goodie" Goody, who's mentally unstable, an alcoholic, sex addict, and hardcore junkie who is the Zuni Fetish Doll of a fictitious Sister Karen Carver.

Sister Goodie is sporting a Noreen Elizabeth McKay. But, with a Wednesday Addams substituting for a Koo Stark and in this case with careys as the footwear thus she's sporting bare legs. She is wearing a nun's headpiece.

Guess the rest.

Cilice mode for her suit and bra? Yes. The usual lacy white push-up bra, resulting in deep cleavage and projectile breasts, instead of a breast-mutilating hand-bra? Yes. Barbwire garters? Yes. Hedgehog stuffed into, and bulging in the crotch of, the usual skimpy rubber bikini panties? Emphatic no, not a she-male; female genitalia, only. The usual skimpy rubber bikini panties? Yes. Her hair is worn short and severe in a crane or krane that's liberally-streaked with grey and white? No, her hair is worn long and let down into a mopp, and its tresses are yellow blonde thru and thru. Through Prehensile Eyes: wearing thick-readers and thinz hanging around her neck or vice versa? Yes, Through Prehensile Eyes, wearing thinz and thick-readers hanging around her neck. Hophead facial? Yes.

Looking at your tally, you didn't completely strikeout.

To reiterate. A Noreen Elizabeth McKay, sure enough. But. With overtones of a Marion Crane gone nun and more than a whiff of Miss Mildred Huff.

She's frisked and vetted lewdly at the front door by a Goon bulldyke doorman by the name of Bruce Wu, before she's allowed to enter. The rings on Bruce's fingers bespeak of defrocked priest of Cerberus. Bruce is not a she-male; female genitalia, only. Huh?!

From henceforth, any lapse in her cover could spell her certain extinction. Posing as a hardcore addict who's vain, there's ample reason to expect the affectations of her long years of addiction, to show up as a hard ravaged beautiful face, hence her hophead facial.

Sister Goodie Goody walks over to the front desk. The counter is being worked by another bulldyke; a Crone named Sammy Blow. Sammy's bracelets trumpet her being a Necromancer. She's also not a she-male; female genitalia, only. Huh?!

Two radicalized members of the Catholic clergy, whose ultra-extremist Orders often ally themselves in matters of the Church and outside business ventures.

There is a real Sister Goody. A drunk, sex addict, and junkie who turns tricks to pay for her drinking and her drug habit. The real Sister Goodie is a prostitute, therefore this Sister Goodie is also one.

The real Sister Goody is a mundane human, not a Noom. Hence the mundane aspects of the girl's disguise—e.g., self-suppression of her QAnon.

Both this Sister Goody and the real Sister Goody are drones. Same build, close in age, very strong resemblance, etc. With this girl's QAnon suppressed along with the few other tweaks applied, there are only minute differences between the two women. Makes the task of syncing the girl's fake ID with the kosher ID of the real Sister Goodie, relatively easy.

As aforementioned. Suffering from a mental illness that's as bad as the worst form of BDD. The real Sister Goodie loathes being a Bolshoi beauty, and uses her addictions and never-removed wonder to erase such beauty as that completely and utterly. She revels in her ravaged hard-faced looks resulting from her hophead facial, and imagines that she always looked like she was "rode hard and put up wet many times too many." Therefore, this "fake" Sister Goodie is likewise afflicted.

This Sister Goodie notices Otto Fredrick Hardwick, a Hulk who does freelance PI work for the gangster Fats Waller. Otto is nonchalantly lounging in the seedy lobby. They casually make eye contact. Since the real Sister Goodie is always in need of money for a fix, this Sister Goodie acts accordingly and sees him as a potential john that she can tap later. His body English tells you that she reminds him of someone he knows, a someone he craves to fuck. Otto is the house dick, the hotel detective, here.

"Twenty a night, pay in advance."

Sammy's eyes visually rape the nun.

"How about I pay in trade, the first night?"

Sister Goody wets her thin red lips with her well-educated tongue, lewdly.

"Do you like it rough?" Sammy asks, rhetorically. She'd noticed the nun eyeing the Goon in the lobby, so she already knows that the nun likes it rough and ready. Goons are hung like horses, and sex with them is indistinguishable from rape.

"Yep. I like it rough. And I prefer it well-hung. Although I will fuck anything for money even if they've got a nothing dick."

"I noticed your knobb. Do you need a room with a drone alcove?" Another rhetorical question from Sammy.

"Yes, please."

"Sign in, and then we'll retire to my office where you can pay up. I'll show you your room afterwards."

It's in the office, while transacting business on her knees with Sammy, this Sister Goody notices a locked Necronomicon resting on a book stand. This Sister Goody doesn't give the book a second notice. She's too busy eating Sammy's snatch—rinse and wash, the laundry cycle of rug licking.

The Necronomicon is hidden in plain sight in the guise of an innocuous tome. Just like Brakebills'. Disguising something profound and potentially dangerous as something that isn't. In

the case of this Sister Goody, this sleight of hand is moot, because this Sister Goody is metaphysically Niffin.

Later on, in the evening, having done Sammy and been shown her room, Sister Goody finds out which room Otto is staying in. She propositions him and he accepts. Fifty dollars changes hands; enough for a twenty-dollar hit (a \$20 drug fix) and tomorrow's rent, with ten to spare.

Species 456 – Hobgoblins and their close kin the Goblins aka Asia’s Delights
CDLVI species - hobgoblins et prope ad proximam sanguinis sui aka coboli in Asia
jucunda

“Suddenly, you light and as suddenly go dark, fellow firefly.”—**Chine Jo**

“Tell me about the prophecy.”

“Theirs or ours?”

Lady Glenda smiles. Hebert is being witty. Heads have rolled, literally, for much less. But, her closest and most trusted advisor is never witty without reason.

“Ours, of course.”

“As you wish, milady.”

He does so in the accepted (contemporary) vernacular. Third person passive. The way a common person would do it. With the exception that he bows deeply to Lady Glenda as he does so.

“**The Prophecy**, concerns the finding and protecting of an ancient manuscript, called the Lexicon, which basically writes itself as God the Hebrew God completes the Book of Revelations. What God writes, will determine the fate of Angels and Mankind, so ownership of the Lexicon will give an advantage to the holder. Angels and Demons vie to own the Lexicon, but it is up to a lone woman Allison, ably played by Kari Wuhrer, to protect it.

Specifically, the reason that the dark Angels are trying so hard to kill Allison and possess the book is that the Lexicon will eventually reveal the identity of the person who is to become the Antichrist. If the dark Angels discover the identity of the Antichrist and kill him, then they can conceivably prevent Armageddon from coming to pass.

The problem is this God has already planned for Armageddon according to the Bible. So, by killing the Antichrist, these dark Angels are turning their backs on God. One Angel in particular, named Stark, is leading the other dark Angels to find Allison. The problem is Angels can’t kill a mundane human being without God’s consent. So, to do their dirty work, they hire a hitman with the proviso that if he completes this mission, he will be spared an eternity in Hell.

With the pieces in place, and events set into motion by Satan, who doesn’t want the dark Angels to succeed because if they do the Antichrist will not come to power, Allison is in for the fight of her life as she struggles to follow God’s will. And, oddly enough, God’s will is in line with what Satan selfishly wants because according to the Book of Revelation the Antichrist must rise to power.

So, Allison is left with quite the dilemma as she realizes that to follow God means allowing Armageddon to come forth. But, by rebelling against God, she will, in theory, prevent the Apocalypse from coming to pass.

The motives of the Demons involved are not so forthright. Unlike the Angels, it's neither disloyalty to God nor is it the need to seek equality with God. The former and especially the latter are just not in their nature. In other words, they are in point of fact incapable of either one. So, their motives are clearly a mystery, a mystery that's never revealed."

"Thank you, Hebert, for refreshing my memory. I'd almost forgotten."

T.S., to Sheinwald{

She knows. Even if this is a fishing expedition, she must know something. How else would she know to ask?

}

Sheinwald, to T.S.{

Agreed.

}

"Always glad to be of service, milady."

"Oh, by the way. The gentleman's desecration can be vouched for, in that 'other' matter?"

"Yes, milady, so I've been told. And I assume plausible deniability and all that, is why even I don't know his 'true' identity."

Lady Glenda smiles, broadly. Then she tellingly responds.

"You can assume anything you wish about such things."

In her response, Hebert correctly reads between the lines. Lady Glenda is all but saying that even in this most secret and secure place in the palace, their meeting is most likely being observed by an uninvited party or parties unseen.

"Yes, milady. Always good to be in the mind's eye, so to speak."

T.S., to Sheinwald{

And, we've just been put on notice, that they know they are being watched remotely and proximally.

}

Sheinwald, to T.S.{

We knew that sooner or later our coverage would get outed.

}

T.S., to Sheinwald{

Later would have been better.

}

Sheinwald, to T.S.{

We'll just have to accelerate the timetable a teensy bit.

}

There is a third person in this meeting, one who remains silent. He is visible to both Lady Glenda and Hebert. So, he's not an eavesdropper of whom Lady Glenda is referring to.

The dapper gent is Chinese Vice President Xi Jinping aka Rumpelstiltskin, China's leader-in-waiting. A Communist. A direct descent of the founder of the Ming Dynasty, Zhu Yuanzhang 朱元璋 (reign motto Hongwu 洪武 "Inundating Martiality"). A distant relative of the deceased Chairman Mao Zedong. And, he is 456. He is also the fourth cousin, twice removed, of Ancient Mia, the Dragon.

456 seldom speak of Dragons; privately, let alone publicly. And the Chinese Government on the mainland steadfastly refuses to officially acknowledge their existence. This is done out of respect. The 456 feel that they are unworthy of such Godly kin. Godly kin who, unlike the 456, delight in passing for mundane.

And, to really muddy the waters. There is a bit of a paradox afoot here. To the proverbial outside observer, Xi (pronounced: *shee*) is standing in this chamber and at the same time he's standing in a Martian cave observing Eddie Hawk being ravaged by fiends and he is standing in a Hilton hotel suite on Haven watching Bone Daddy at work on an abducted marriage couple the violated husband and wife are being held in different rooms. The marrieds are prominent Hong Kong dissidents.

No smoke and mirrors. No cheap sleight of hand. No hi-tech holograms or intricate doubling. No reality remapping mixed with elaborate CGI techniques. One person in four different places at the same time. This is physically impossible.

Whatever mechanism(s), e.g., magic, technology, etc. you employ to manipulate Creation. You can bend and twist the Laws of Physics, but you can't violate them. Nothing known can do that. Yet, isn't that exactly what Xi is doing?

There is also something all too familiar about this. The cross-body organizer bag by Ellington. Same self-aware bag in those aforementioned three different places at the same time. Hidden in plain sight. That's how this sleight of hand is being pulled off. The bag is a surrogate with a sycophantic relationship. No Laws of Physics are broken, just sidestepped. This is magic at its absolute bleeding edge, as executed by a skilled practitioner who is also a master of countermagic.

Right now, in addition to where he's standing, Xi is standing in plain sight in place of that bag in all three of its locations. This is the path oft-attempted but seldom-travelled that ultimately leads to equality with the Gods!

Here, there be monsters.

Hic erit monsturum.

The next morning, Otto makes it his business to stop by the nun's room. But, before he can broach the subject, Sister Goodie beats him to it.

"I remind you of someone. Someone you know well. A someone who you covet. I can see it in your eyes."

"Yes."

"I can be anybody your heart desires. Next time I can pretend I'm her pretending to be me."

"Awesome!"

They kiss, he leaves. Her hair shortens into a crane then it degenerates into a krane. She slips on her thick-readers and lets her thinz hang around her neck. Careys are switched out for wurms which lengthens the look of her already long legs. Lastly, she removes her headpiece, uploading it back into her features. The changes are for her next client, not one of her regulars, a "special order," a baglady named Roy Jones Jr. who is she-male. They'll meet in the alley behind the hotel. Roy is a 456.

Five thousand years ago. After the Four Kingdoms War, fought between (mundane) Asians and the 456, which the humans lost. The human survivors indigenous to this Earth's Asian subcontinent abandoned their homelands and migrated to the stars forming the Konstrukt Confederation; leaving their beloved Asia to the "mud" people the 456. Better to thrive in self-imposed exile than to face certain extinction in their native countries on mother Earth at the hands of the 456. Goons are more ravenous than the 456, but the difference is splitting hairs.

Asians took with them their arts, science, culture, affectations, edifices, etc., etc., etc. Nothing human was left behind in Asia to be desecrated by the 456.

The 456 are Hobgoblins and their close kin the Goblins aka Asia's Delights. Collectively known as Ricers, they are so hideous by human standards that they're only "acceptable" to mixed company in pretense. As such, being who and what they are, as a rule they almost never bother to pass for human. There are notable exceptions, and those select individuals are just that – notable exceptions.

A thousand years ago. At the behest of the Dragon Empire. The League of Nations hammered out an Asian repopulation agreement which representatives of both aggrieved parties signed, and Asians were allowed to peacefully return to this Earth's Asia by the 456. Half of the expat Asians returned home. The other half remained in the Konstrukt Confederation.

Sister Goodie changes her mind, a lot. Krane lengthens and reverts to a mopp. Wurms are switched out for careys. Both sets of her eyeglasses are uploaded back into her features. Bolshoi-

bare replaces wonder. Ergo, she's no longer a buttaface. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Barbwire garters? No.

She's between and betwixt, what? A Barbara Eden in *Woman Hunter* or *I Dream of Jeannie*, the quintessential blonde bombshell of the 1960s. And. Its closet contemporary expressions, the hard-faced Jeri Ryan as that Seven-of-Nine in *Star Trek: Voyager* or the latter-day porn starlet Stephanie Clifford who is known professionally as Stormy Daniels. In other words, she doing "The Bosom," June Wilkinson, circa 1970s, straight-up and no chaser.

Then, Sister Goodie changes her mind further, somewhat. Thinz download onto her face. No thick-readers dangling around her neck, though. Thus, none of this "Through Prehensile Eyes" shtick. Wearing eyeglasses, even thin eyeglasses, renders her a buttaface, again. June Wilkinson with glasses.

Swap out those careys for wurms, again. Ditch those god-awful glasses. Change nothing else. And, you get Stefanie Powers as **close protection officer** (CPO) April Dancer in *The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* She considers this template, fleetingly, but never executes it.

Although it is a presentation (this June Wilkinson with glasses) that bespeaks of Kirstjen Michele Nielson. Don't be fooled for a New York minute. Her persona is still that of Sister Goodie Goody. And, her QAnon is still suppressed. In other words, Kirstjen Michele Nielson never existed.

Sister Goodie changes her mind back, except for a lone deviation. Her hair shortens back to a crane. Careys are swapped out for wurms. Through Prehensile Eyes: thick-readers worn on her face, and thinz hanging around her neck. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? Yes. Barbwire garters? Yes. But, wonder doesn't replace Bolshoi-bare. Although Bolshoi-bare remains, it alone cannot overcome her overall unattractiveness—sans hophead facial, she's almost as much a butterface thanks to her unbecoming hairdo and her Coke-bottle glasses.

Once more, it is a presentation that solely bespeaks of Sister Goodie Goody, and of a Catholic nun's extremist severity and deepest darkest sexual cravings—discipline is the foundation upon which we build the things we covet. Her persona is still that of Sister Goodie Goody. And, her QAnon is still suppressed. In other words, Kirstjen Michele Nielson never existed.

Playing faintly, in the background, as if coming from the large old-fashioned radio in the room, Peggy Lee sings a smokey sexy rendition of "Goody Goody." The radio is broken, and, even if it were working, it's not plugged in. A very powerful glamour is being weaved.

As if she's in a trance, which she is, Sister Goody's arms fall limply by her sides. Staring blankly ahead, she walks in a stiff robotic fashion toward a wall and steps through it as if it's not there. The girl emerges into the alley where she was to meet her customer. Roy's mangled body is lying beside the hotel's dumpster. The way the corpse has been posed; it resembles that of a ragdoll. The corpse's genitals have been mutilated with a surgical precision that would paint The Rippers, Jack and Jane, positively green with envy.

The music seemingly playing in the background stops. Sister Goody turns her head slowly as if attracted by some movement, a blur, something, that abruptly comes into focus.

Freelancing. An apex predator. For too long he has hunted the Elder Things, and, as such, is dismissive of anything less, lumping those “lessers” into the same bucket, so to speak—seeing them only as toys to be homicidally abused until fitting prey can be divined. This is one of those in-between times, when he must make do. Having arrived in this universe mere minutes ago, although long enough to dispatch Roy.

What Sister Goody sees is a being beyond human comprehension; such is his appearance in his native form. She, simultaneously, goes stark raving mad and dies on the spot. This, he expects. What happens next throws him on his keester, figuratively speaking, that is, since he literally has no butt.

Life returns to the girl’s dead eyes. She smiles, broadly. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Barbwire garters? No. Tellingly, wurms are swapped out for careys, her hairdo remains a crane, and Through Prehensile Eyes—thick-readers worn on her face, and thinz hanging around her neck.

Mr. Odd Thomas{

Impossible! Why is she not undone!

}

Her presentation, albeit strident, bespeaks of Kirstjen Michele Nielson, and, so does her persona. Her QAnon is no longer suppressed. In other words, her Sister Jane “Goodie” Goody never existed.

With things shot to shit. In an attempt to salvage what she can, Kirstjen improvises. A spur of the moment kind of thing, that she’s so good at.

Kirstjen extends her hand. A very private joke, in her usual very bad taste. He has no hands to shake. The girl then giggles at his expense.

“Mr. Odd Thomas, I presume.”

“She knows our pseudonym!”

“I also know your ‘real’ name.” She then pronounces said name, with the correct enunciation. This is something a human, mundane or otherwise, should not be able to do. “I’m Kirstjen, Kirstjen Michele Nielson, the wife of Dame Judi Dench, the God. A Mr. Even Smith is your peer, contemporary, however y’all aberrations, abominations, oddities, et al., put it.”

They do not break eye contact. He moves closer to her. Proximity has no effect, whatsoever.

Mr. Odd Thomas{

This is impossible!!!

}

A mortal who can gaze upon him without being undone, and she has personal knowledge of him. Knows things about him that precious few, if any, should know. In contrast, there's not even the slightest twinge of déjà vu on his part. He has NEVER met her before.

But. Water seeks its own level. Crème always rises to the top. Showing his true mettle, he gets a hold of himself, and calms his panic before it proves to be his undoing.

Mr. Odd Thomas{

Unless, she's a...

}

Still dismissive of her in spite of her feats of legerdemain and of what she might be, he clings to his third-person usage. Third-person singular for her and third-person plural for himself. But, finally listening to well-honed his instincts, those gut feelings of his that never fail him, he makes the statement which begs the question to be answered by her about her persuasion. In other words, he finally asks the burning question, without directly asking her, "what are you?!"

"We have neither peers nor contemporaries. We are not an aberration, an abomination, an oddity, et al. And..." He pauses, then asks without asking. "We know not what Kirstjen be."

"I beg to differ, but... You do have peers, contemporaries, and a mutual acquaintance of ours, a Mr. Even Smith, is one of them. You are an outlier, whether you're an aberration, an abomination, an oddity, or just beyond category. And. As to what I am, I'm nothing more than a Pit in a human shell. I was posing as someone else who is human and mundane, a carefully constructed cover that you have blown to smithereens."

Pits. Durable, tenacious, and unflinchingly loyal to the Gods. Like their canine namesake the Pitbull, they too have another moniker. They are formally known as Niffin.

Homo Resurrectus Niffinitus. Metaphysically, a Niffin trapped in a human body—a semi-supernatural "human" species. So-called half-Niffin. Colloquially known as Noom.

Mr. Odd Thomas{

So. My hunch was right. She's a Pit, in disguise. That explains a lot.

}

Aberration, abomination, oddity? Or just beyond category? There are many things that he could do next. His next words bespeak of his wisdom and caution.

"As Sister Goodie. She is, are. You are, bait of a trap, for, us, me?"

In midsentence, he's dropping the third-person, and finally giving Kirstjen her due.

"Nope."

"Who, then?"

“That’s need-to-know. And you don’t need to know.”

“Fair enough.”

“That’s very White of you.”

A leap of faith, for the outlier with the alias of Odd. He drops the third-person usage, entirely.

“Ms. Manners or Emily Post?”

“Ms. Manners.”

“A compliance, I’d wager.”

“Correct.”

“Whose, yours or mine?”

“Yours.”

“Then I choose to happily meet the wife of Dame Judi Dench, the God.”

“Excellent choice.” Then, again improvising, Kirstjen points at the corpse of the 456. “Assume her, if you please. Her soul has departed; therefore, she has no further use for the body.”

He voices an arcane. Roy’s corpse becomes whole and unmolested. Odd folds himself into his new pretense, putting a new spin on the phrase, “A man in a woman’s body.” Roy was a fresh and violent kill; therefore, her memories are still intact and crystal clear, readily accessible to the new owner/occupant.

A reanimated Roy stands up. “She” shakes Kirstjen’s hand, now that “she” has an appropriate body with which to do so—i.e., “she” now has a body with hands. There is new-found malevolence in the baglady’s eyes.

The way that Sister Goody was completely blown out of the water, there’s less than a fifty percent chance that the reimprint will take. Nonetheless, Roy notices a changed look in the girl’s eyes.

Sister Goodie? Yes, with no memory whatsoever of what transpired in the alley. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? Yes. Barbwire garters? Yes. Hophead facial? Yes. Along with the already present aspects of crane, careys, and Through Prehensile Eyes. And, her QAnon is suppressed. In other words, Kirstjen Michele Nielson never existed.

Additionally, the girl’s crane degenerates into a krane. A leftover from the previous iteration of Sister Goody who went stark raving mad as she expired? If so, the imprint has been dangerously compromised, unbeknownst to Kirstjen who reactivated it. If so, the girl will go roofoo during the carnal act with this Roy.

Roy extracts her pound of flesh, so to speak, and bitch-slaps Sister Goodie.

“You’re late, whore!”

The nun drops to her knees.

Roy raises her skirt. She's commando, well-hung, and has an erection. The nun deep throats Roy, licking her cock and balls, and swallowing her jism, and eats her pussy and anus.

Fellatio, cunnilingus, and anilingus. The nun descends into complete and utter madness, as her mind short-circuits. Resulting in a feral, sexually-insatiable whore—she goes roofy. The carnality is mind-blowing. It is the best sex, bar none, that the girl has ever had, as Sister Jane “Goodie” Goody or as Kirstjen Michele Nielson or as anyone else for that matter. Pure unadulterated sexual depravity.

You don't have to train today, the world needs mediocre people, too.

Et non sunt instituendi hodie, mediocribus hominibus opus populum, quoque.

The Great Old Ones, revisited. The oldest ones were. The oldest ones are. The oldest ones shall be. They will walk the Earth, all of the Earths of all of the universes, when the walls between universes weaken and the gates of Yog-Sothoth swing wide open. At twilight they walk, and in the mists of the morning before the accent of the sun. When the moon and sun cross paths on the Dragon's head and again upon the Dragon's tail, they walk all the worlds of Creation. The gods dare to follow that seldom-travelled path that leads to equality with the Gods. But even they are wary of Them, never breaking or bartering the truce, which is why we Food remain safe from the ravages of their kind.

The foreplay for the informally agreed upon sexplay, ensues. The purpose of which is to create a legally binding contract between Sister Goody and Otto.

“Kayfabe. Sister Jane ‘Goodie’ Goody posing as a fake Kirstjen Michele Nielson who is posing as a fake Sister Jane ‘Goodie’ Goody. Henceforth, it’s how they, one Sister Jane ‘Goodie’ Goody and one Otto Fredrick Hardwick, will interact sexually. Before and after said business transactions, they, one Sister Jane ‘Goodie’ Goody and one Otto Fredrick Hardwick, will interact normally, per accepted social protocols. Therefore, there are no implicit or explicit clauses of exclusivity to this licit fucking—this agreement does not make Otto the Sugar Daddy of Sister Goody. Agreed?”

Otto is not so randy to get into the nun's knickers again that he misses the harlot's rigidly formal third-person usage. A strict legalistic usage that's borderline psychotic for a layperson, but totally in line with an oral contract being crafted on the spot by a Catholic nun who's a sex worker, open-air and otherwise.

He also notices that the nun's hair is worn in a krane. More signs of a worsening mental state? The hairdo of someone who is stark raving mad? A lunatic inclined to foaming at the mouth, gnashing teeth, and wailing at the full moon? Going rooky? Or, is the nun's frightwig hairdo merely a sample of what she astutely senses that he wants from her when she's his fake Kirstjen doing a fake Sister Goody during their prescribed fornications?

“Agreed.”

“Kayfabe, it is.”

“Is our date still on, for later this evening?” Otta asks, somewhat sheepishly.

Then, explicably, the nun's usage shifts back into the appropriate first-person.

“Why, of course. You call me Kirstjen. I know to wear my headpiece. It'll be fun.”

Otta knows better than to look this gift horse in the mouth. And, buttaface or not—referring to the girl, of course. Getting to fuck a prostitute nun posing as a fake Kirstjen posing as a prostitute nun will be just as much a hoot for him as him straight-up fucking the real Kirstjen.

“Great.”

“Payment in cash in full, up front. No tab.”

“Of course.”

“As rough and ready, as the vilest rape.”

“Of course.”

“If you hold back, I’ll be very disappointed.”

“Understood.”

A week of days pass. Whenever Sister Goody services her regulars, even though those johns and janes are not the reanimated Ms. Roy Jones Jr., she degenerates into that mindless slut. As such, she becomes prime meat for two husbands, an Old married couple, who lives in the room across the hallway from hers. The elderly women are Crog; one is disavowed royalty named Countess Karen “Kare Bear” Digney and the other one is a defrocked nun named Mattie Eddington. During sexplay, they pretend to not being married, with Mattie posing as a convicted rapist who’s Countess Digney’s housekeeper. Enslaving and brutal, a Crog is half Crone and half Ogre—notoriously petty and envious, the females are she-males. Additionally, this devious married couple comes off as being mad as hatters even though they are as sane as bedrock. Why do they come off as so demented? Because they are depraved sour old maid bitches, and they are Elder Things. Increasingly, it is with this Karen and Matt that Sister Goody spends her waking hours redescending into the depths of madness.

Incidentally. How massive are these half-breeds? In their case, the duo’s Ogre half is Tunguska Ogre. A Tunguska Ogre is as big as, and are the physical equivalents of, Rock Trolls. And the couple’s big boned frames reflect that. Only Hulks and Juggernauts are “thicker.” As such, although they are half-breeds, the two women are almost as mountainous as Otto who is a pure-breed Hulk.

Per their dictate. Because they are obsessive-compulsive gerontophiles. When she services these half-breeds. Sister Goody’s krane is “bleached” geriatric blonde—it’s yellow blonde liberally-streaked with grey and white. And. Besides cooked hair. Plaintive make-up applied heavily to her face and neck, overlays her hophead facial resulting in the oxymoron of Fenty Beauty, Savage X Fenty to be precise, that wasteland of cosmetics and foundation makeup—wunder used as foundation makeup for plaintive makeup, also known as a medusa facial or a geriatric facial. She also straps a Hedgehog stuffed into her panties. Lastly, she doesn’t wear her headpiece, and Through Prehensile Eyes, wearing thick-readers with thinz hanging around her neck. Not strangely enough, when she’s presenting this way, like a well-used fifty-something-

pushing-a-very-hard-sixty demented Wednesday Addams, she's shunned like the plague by porn dog Otto and the hotel's Mr. Gibbins who is a registered sex offender.

All of which begs the question, "when is Odd, who is recently-arrived to this universe, going to take a whack at these two sick twisted Old women who are Elder Things?" Succinctly put, "sooner than later."

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

Julie Videri “Est Ars nisi tantum Ieiunium Est bene”

Per the [H.P. Lovecraft wiki](#). A short discussion of Gods, per the classification system created by H.P. Lovecraft. A system which doesn’t include Judi, Odd, Ares, the Hebrew God, or any other God of their ilk—the eldest Gods are completely omitted. Wow! But, what about Cthulhu, you ask? The Cthulhu of H.P. Lovecraft is not the same Cthulhu who is Judi’s contemporary; not a gross misrepresentation of the same God, but an entirely different God who just happens to have the same name. Double wow!

The Great Old Ones are to be distinguished from the more cosmically placed entities such as Azathoth, Nyarlathotep, and Yog-Sothoth, and from races such as the Chthonians, the Deep Ones, the Elder Things, and the Mi-go. Yet this distinction is unclear at times, in part because the terminology is not always consistent; for instance, Nyarlathotep, despite his marked interest in all Earths and their cultures, is generally considered to be one of the Outer Gods instead of a Great Old One. On the other hand, Hastur has several avatars and is generally based in outer space, but he is still considered a Great Old One. There are conflicting accounts on what the proper classification for Shub-Niggurath would be.

Very few people dispute that Azathoth and Yog-Sothoth are Outer Gods instead of Great Old Ones, although some accounts make them ancestors of a few Great Old Ones. This has led to the theory that “Great Old One” is the term for everything younger than Cthulhu and Tsaggothua, and “Other God” or “Outer God” to be everything older.

Looking unlike the fictitious April Dancer he’d expected, and doing a spot-on June Wilkinson. She’s not the scatterbrained female that he thought she’d be.

Where? A very white non-descript room, two chairs, and a table. Everything is very white and non-descript, and none of it is nascent. One of the many interrogation rooms in the building’s subbasement. An absence of doors and fictitious windows.

Who? Kirstjen sits in one chair. Across from her sits Agent Felix Dzerzhinsky. Felix is affectionately known as “Iron Felix” by his subordinates. He’s an SM (security manager), a senior SM by rank, and therefore a half-step below in the office hierarchy to Station Chief Gertrude “Gabby” Crump. Felix is a meta, a metahuman. His boss Gabby is a Vampire.

And then there is the matter of the one-way glass set into one of the room’s walls. On the other side of which is an observation room. There are two observers, and one security officer. Both of the observers are female Strange Ones: Carol Banks, the interim head of the Circus, and the other woman is Thelma Hopkins, Director of Internal Affairs for the Circus. Collectively, in the Circus, the two women are known as “Avengers Grimm.” The SO (security officer) is Hal

Jordan, a Juggernaut, and he stands at attention beside Ms. Hopkins as if he was one of those guards outside Buckingham Palace—craved in flesh-n-blood granite.

“Who did you receive your instructions from?”

“For the umpteenth time, I received them from you, in this very room.”

“Incorrect. I’ve never met you before and you’ve never been in this building. The official record corroborates that. Would you like me to show it to you again, for the umpteenth time?”

“It was you and the cloak-and-dagger handoff was done here.”

“You’re lying.”

“No, I’m not.” This time, there’s a difference. The tart drops an A-bomb. “I’m not lying and neither are you. We’re both telling the truth. Both official records will confirm our versions of the truth. So, go ahead and reach out to your counterparts on the other side. You know, the wonderful side. Wunder, as in Wunderland the place, not wunder the makeup.”

“Both? Wunderland? What the bloody hell are you talking about?”

That’s when the shit hits the proverbial fan. The girl stares at the one-way mirror and smiles, broadly and mockingly. She even blows them kisses.

This elicits a verbal exchange between the two VIPs in the observation room that is short, sweet, and to the point.

“She knows.”

“Shit!”

Both, Flex and Hal have an ultra-violet clearance, a security clearance well beyond top secret. But even with a UV, they don’t have the need-to-know to be privy to the existence of Looking Glass or what’s beyond it.

Carol Banks and Thelma Hopkins materialize in a white room with Kirstjen, but it’s a different one than the one that Felix and Kirstjen shared just a moment ago. The dynamic duo bombard her with questions, but their volley turns out to be short-lived.

“What did the other Felix tell you to do?”

“Use myself as bait at my zoomed destination. A cover would be provided.”

“Bait for whom?”

“That’s need-to-know, and you don’t need to know.”

The girl’s hair shortens to a crane, but it doesn’t get cooked, thus it stays yellow-blonde and doesn’t go krane. Her Bolshoi-bare is replaced by plaintive make-up applied heavily to her face and neck, overlaying a hophead facial—a geriatric facial. Through Prehensile Eyes, wearing thick-readers with thinz hanging around her neck. Hard-faced. Disfigurement complete. Totally bereft of her youthful beauty, she’s a complete and utter buttaface. Hedgehog. Barbwire garters.

Cilice mode for her suit and bra. No headpiece. Tired of June Wilkinson, Mildred Huff has seamlessly fused with Sister Goody, at her behest.

She highjacks the room's mirror using it as a surrogate but not as a sycophant, exploiting an obscure loophole in the building's countermagic protocols. Her magic is pure genius; cutting edge. Without any fanfare, she ceases to exist. Reappearing a block away from the Carson Nevada Hotel as Sister Goody with a splitting headache and no memory of where she has been for the past two hours. Just another one of her blackouts, by the junkie nun's way of thinking. Hair of the dog, getting high and drunk, will take care of her migraine.

Her escape is short-lived, though. The girl is yanked back into yet another white room, this one without a one-way glass for her to exploit. Kirstjen is again doing a June Wilkinson. Or, maybe she's doing its easily mistaken alias; if so, it's Debra, and it's all about "The Puppies."

On loan from the Chinese government, standing in a corner, is Rumpelstiltskin, smiling, broadly and mockingly. Along with Snow White (Carol Banks) and Sleeping Beauty (Thelma Hopkins). That makes three. Does this mean that Kirstjen is "Little" Red Riding Hood? If so, a crane and Through Prehensile Eyes, wearing thick-readers with thinz hanging around her neck, is just around the corner.

One thing's for sure, if this were the Sinister Squad, Kirstjen as Sister Goodie gone roofoo would be Carabosse aka The Cannibal Witch.

"Our counterparts on the other side of the mirror, in Wunderland don't know you from Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, and their official record confirms that."

"You lied to us!"

"Who sent you?!"

"Who are you bait for?!"

Avengers Grimm do all of the talking, taking turns verbally battering the girl. Rumpy, the inscrutable Oriental, says nothing. Kirstjen just smiles and says nothing. This goes on for the better part of the day, without letup. Then, out of the blue, things bust wide open. Kirstjen breaks her silence.

"Clearly, he's the who that's the perfect solution to the why that Kirstjen has been commanded here. She MUST solve the problem, it cannot be dealt with by her hands or be by her handiwork, either implicitly or explicitly, not even by Fate, only by pure happenstance. And, worst of all, this transaction is being audited both Internally and, more importantly, Externally."

Too late the three spies realize why Kirstjen is using the third-person and what she's talking about. The girl slumps in her chair, mouth open slackly drooling, eyes staring blankly ahead. Predictably, her looks worsen, again. Good-looking never lasts long for her.

The mindless girl's hair shortens to a crane, but it doesn't get cooked, thus it stays yellow-blonde and doesn't go krane. Bolshoi-bare. Through Prehensile Eyes, wearing thick-readers with

thinz hanging around her neck. Hard-faced. Almost entirely bereft of her youthful beauty, she's almost a complete and utter buttaface, because of her spinster hairdo and her Coke-bottle glasses. Hedgehog. Barbwire garters. Cilice mode for her suit and bra. No headpiece. Mildred Huff has seamlessly fused with Sister Goody, resulting in a Martha Jane West, which is just another Sister Goody variation.

Bolshoi-bare replaced by plaintive make-up applied heavily to her face and neck, overlaying a hophead facial, need not apply—in spite of her Bolshoi-bare, she's almost as much a butterface thanks to her unbecoming, less feminine hairdo and her horn-rimmed extra-thick glasses.

A geriatric facial, combined with her spinster hairdo and her Coke-bottle glasses, would totally bereft of her youthful beauty. Rendering her a complete and utter buttaface.

Finally, Rumpy breaks his silence.

“Let's lose her in Arkham. She'll be just another Jane Doe, there.”

“Better, yet. She'll be Norwegian-born American actress Marta Kristen.”

“Smashing.”

“The new neighbor, plaything, and sex toy of Mrs. Karla-Mae Andrews that Goblin namely Cannibal Karla and Ms. Annie Morganford that Hobgoblin namely Cannibal ‘Oral’ Annie. Our undercovers at the nuthouse.”

As a rule, akin to Goons, 456 exclusively eat and drink people. Hence the cannibal monikers given to these two patients by the nursing staff at Arkum.

The girl gets a geriatric facial and her hair cooks. Disfigurement that should make her a very tasty morsel indeed to the cannibals. Her further ruination is duly noted.

“I like that even better.”

“Excellent, it's decided.”

“Now, let's clean up the mess she's made of things.”

GUNHED (Gun Unit / Heavy Elimination Device)

GUNHED (Canones De unit / Insecta Fabrica gravis)

“Things end. That’s all. Everything ends. And. It’s always sad. But. Everything begins again, too. And, that’s always happy. Be happy. I’ll take care of everything else.”

Back, once more in a looney bin. Oral restraints, which are only removed for eating, drinking, and worshipping the moon. Leg irons. Straitjacket. Hygiene mode turned off for her restraints. Zero personal hygiene allowed. Filthy, smelly, fetid breath. Teeth so dirty they look rotten. Twenty hours of a twenty-four-hour day, confined in a padded cell without windows. When she’s not feeding or howling at a full moon that she cannot see or getting treatment or on supervised walk-about, she’s catatonic. Registered as fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty Marta Kristen, a former A-list actress who has had a nervous breakdown. Crude brain surgery, electric shock, and a cocktail of brain corroding drugs, is her proscribed treatment regime.

A thousand years of captivity, mental illness, physical and mental abuse, degradation, humiliation, bondage, discipline, depravity, et al., is time-compressed into her first five days at Arkham. Subjected to the staff’s vilest whims. At the end of which, she remains unbroken and resolute, and bored by what she considers the staff’s lack of imagination when it comes to her torments. In contrast, she finds her two cannibal neighbors, this Circus’ undercover agents, to be quite inventive. Nonetheless, the staff and the cannibal duo extract nothing meaningful from her—nothing that she doesn’t want them to know. In contrast, during her confinement, when she’s comatose, the girl passively facilitates the remote divining, by her Oversight coconspirators planted in Housekeeping, of everything that matters most about the inhouse and outsourced operations of both Circuses—compartmentalization need-to-know precludes her from knowing what she is facilitating for whom. Two more days elapse. By then, too late the Circuses realizes that it is they who have fallen into her trap, not she who has fallen into theirs.

Another white room with one mirror. This time, besides Kirstjen, both sets of the Avengers Grimm are present. It’s a trial of sorts. Where they’re the prosecution who get to tag team her. But, she’s the defendant, the judge, and the jury. Therefore, she can sustain or overrule objections, rule on lines of questioning, decide on the admissibility of evidence, render a verdict, et al. In other words, all the cards are stacked in her favor.

Kirstjen’s attire?

Bolshoi-bare in place of a geriatric facial. A Wednesday Addams with careys. Perls, prudz, bra, and panties. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Barbwire garters? No. Parts? No. An uncooked crane—yellow-blonde and well-coiffed. Thinz, no thick-readers dangling around her neck, thus, none of this “Through Prehensile Eyes” shtick. This is just another Marion Crane

variation—Janet Leigh in *Psycho* wearing thin-lensed horn-rimmed eyeglasses. Wearing eyeglasses, even thin eyeglasses, renders her a buttaface, again. This meltdown is something that her husband might be able to tolerate in very small doses. Her crane lengthens into a mopp. June Wilkinson with glasses, once more. Voila, an Alice Quinn variation, that should be perfectly acceptable to the girl’s husband.

“Did ‘Control’ send you?”

“Next question.”

“Coconspirators?”

“Yes.”

“How many?”

The girl switches from being a defendant to being her own defense lawyer. Then she switches from being her own defense attorney to being her own judge. All in one fell swoop.

“Objection. Leading question. Objection sustained. No leading questions as follow-up, please. You know better.”

“Planted where and by whom?”

She switches back to her default position, the defendant.

“It was passive, not active, facilitation. Therefore, I don’t know who my coconspirators were, how many of them there were, where they were planted, or what they audited. You can’t give up what you don’t know.”

“Would you tell us, if you did know?”

“No, I would not.”

“So, even if it were an active op, you would perjure yourself and give the same answer you just gave us?”

“Correct.”

“In other words.”

“You’d lie?”

“Correct. Just like you spies do.”

“When do we receive our scorecards?”

“Seven business days.”

With the trial over. The girl is unceremoniously dumped in the alley behind the Carson Nevada Hotel where Otto is waiting. She emerges from the portal as herself. Her Sister Goody cover, no longer needed, is gone for good. Housekeeping has been by and filled Otto in as much as he

needs to know. Up to date and in the loop, via the “back channels,” as they say in the spy business.

“I had no idea that you and Sister Goody were one in the same,” Otto stating the obvious while looking very anxious. It’s just as obvious what he wants.

“Would you like for me to drop by from time to time and let you do me while I pretend to be Sister Goody?” Kirstjen asks Otto, rhetorically.

“Yes, please.” Then, he adds for the sake of propriety and all: “That’s if your husband won’t mind.”

“She won’t.”

“Cheers.”

“Anything happen while I went missing?”

“The two husbands, the ones that were your customers, almost got whacked by a fella named Odd who’s wearing the body of a woman. He’s some kind of interdimensional serial killer who likes to do in Elder Things.”

“Is this Odd still around?”

“Nope. He left for parts unknown, after giving his statement to the police. You know the jazz in a place like this. All the cops wanted to do was fill out their report and head for the nearest donut shop before it closed.”

“Almost got whacked?”

“Yep.”

“Intervention of some sort prevent the coup de grace?”

“Hell, if I know.”

Otto winks at her, and tips his trademark fedora. At which point, she correctly reads between the lines.

“So. It’s ‘need-to-know,’ and I don’t need to know?”

“Exactly.”

“All’s well that ends well.”

The End