

The Last of Us

By

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

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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?

Lauren Bacall's inner sanctum for 53 years

Lauren Bacall purchased her apartment at the Dakota for less than \$50,000 in 1961, a few years after the death of her beloved husband and frequent film co-star Humphrey Bogart. She died at home last year, and now an auction of her personal items is revealing her private life and tastes for the first time. Click [here](#) to read more about it on Yahoo Homes.

Considered Manhattan's most exclusive building, the Dakota is a co-op built in 1884 on the corner of 72nd Street and Central Park West on the Upper West Side. John Lennon was murdered outside in 1980, and his widow, Yoko Ono, still lives in their apartment. The building was also the setting for Roman Polanski's classic 1968 creeper, "Rosemary's Baby."

Celebrity residence aside, the Dakota is special in so many ways. It was architected by a Witch, Penelope Miller no relation to the Dakota's tenant #3 Ann "Coco" Miller. Its builder was a Giant, Fran Huckson. Most of its artisans were Dwarves.

So it comes as no surprise that within its confines and for a two city block radius in all directions, which includes above and below it, nothing arcane abides nothing magical functions or can be performed. That applies to all forms of magic named and unnamed.

Then. Needless to say. The Dakota is the perfect setting for an old-fashioned, "dead body in a locked room" whodunit. But, is Mondo Kane the right Vampire to solve it? That is the question.

Wizard Wars—If you are familiar with magic, you know there is a code of honor among magicians. And Penn & Teller are highly respected. If this were not so, would the magicians trust their judgment? Why wouldn't the judges always award the win to the home team? In the shows I have watched, the judgments have been reasonable, their reasons for the decisions have made sense.

But the competition is only a format for the show. As entertainment, it is—excuse the pun—sheer magic. The illusions are topnotch. In one case, Penn & Teller and the entire audience looked amazed and not believing their eyes. Many of the acts rely heavily on humor (like P&T). These are very creative people at the top of their games. If you enjoy magic, you will probably like this show.

Update 9/24/14: The talent on the show has not flagged. Even when we occasionally see "flashes" (clues as to how an illusion works), it only serves to remind us how difficult it is to perform so well with so little practice. The high point of the Second Season, was the classic "dead body in a locked room" conundrum. The illusionists were so skilled that it was as if the oldest of unnamed magic had been pressed into service, yet nothing arcane did apply. It was a trick—the slickest—sleight of hand and misdirection, nothing more.

Her name was Bernadette "Bernie" Caulfield. Executive producer for *Game of Thrones*. In the wee hours of the morning, Ms. Caulfield's body was found lying across the threshold of the front entrance of an office building along Highway 70, on the back parking lot of the Walmart Supercenter on Saint Charles Rock Road in Bridgeton Missouri.

A sealed building—secured by old gods of means. Ergo, vacant and inactive. Its front doors, which had been locked, chained, padlocked, and welded shut, were flung wide open. No signs of forced entry by either “ordinary” means or arcane coercion.

The body was naked, but there were no signs of sexual assault and she had not been fed upon. Human. Sixty something—she looked like she was in her sixties—but was of indeterminate age. Lesbian openly. Wealthy. A very good boss, by all accounts. And an even nicer person, to boot.

“Did you notice this bit in the morning paper?” Coco asks, pointing at the article on the front page.

She and Mondo are having Sunday brunch on the patio of the Coffee Cartel. Outside accommodations here are Provincial white wrought iron furniture. No expense spared.

The Coffee Cartel is located at the corner of Maryland Plaza and Euclid Avenue in the historic Central West End. In this neighborhood, you will find tree lined streets, Victorian homes, alongside European style cafes, shops, and restaurants.

The coffee shop is open 24 hour per day, 7 days a week, and never closes. Open every holiday thanks to the dedicated work of its team members its staff.

Provides free wireless internet, free high-speed plugins. With 240 seats and a large patio, there’s most always a place to socialize and capture the atmosphere of the neighborhood and the people here.

The Cartel was founded in 1896 and is currently owned by decorated Civil War veteran Dennis Gorg who also owns an events management company, Integrated Marketing Solutions.

“I don’t read the newspaper. That’s what *Yahoo! News* is for.”

“Smartass.”

“Guilty as charged.”

“You didn’t look so smart, face down in your own vomit. Filthy. Infested. Ranting and raving. A complete lunatic. Foaming at the mouth. Gnashing your teeth—teeth so filthy they looked rotten. Depraved on Klapp. Flayed. Ravaged to within an inch of your life—literally, almost fucked to death. Having binged the entire week in the bowls of that sewer grotto beneath the decay of that concavity. Sickly thin. Things crawling on you. Things growing on you. Fluorescent blue eyes. Reduced to a ravaged likeness of one of those Vampires indigenous to Haven.”

Cleaned up. Sober. Pristine. Her “prim and proper” looks being deceiving, though: 48-hours after the fact, in the ways that really matter, Mondo is still as totally wasted now as she was in the nesting. She yawns. Entertaining thoughts of being used during her next binge when she goes back to Kunni and the new batch of Klapp that the robot has bred specially and specifically to violate her in that subbasement.

In short order, Kunni’s Blues have become her addiction of choice. To the exclusion of all others. This is not surprising, of course. Blues, after all, are the newest Holy Grail of addiction. In a word, they are insidious.

Unlike the previous “generic” Klapp who first fed upon Mondo in that nesting, these Klapp are blue in color. Blues, hence her fluorescent blue eyes, when she’s dosing.

The color of these Klapp. It's a nauseating, stomach-churning shade of deep, dark "royal" blue. Sickly. As sickly-looking as the robot who grew them.

The color of her eyes when dosing. It's a nauseating, stomach-churning shade of fluorescent blue. Sickly. As sickly-looking as the robot who grew the Blues.

Looking even more corrupted and corroded. This version of Kunni, the purely biomechanical one who is no longer Ann-Margret's alias nor can it be used as such anymore, is just what the doctor ordered. It is metal using flesh to the nth degree. A virtuoso in subjugation, degradation, and humiliation—Blues being its lurid, biometric instrument of choice. A machine who can improvise "debasement without peer or relent." The yin to the big girl's yang. Rape, violent—nonpareil.

"And if you hadn't come looking for me and found me, I would still be there getting used to my heart's content."

"By a fucking machine and a horde of mindless slugs!"

"Again. Guilty as charged."

Ever since Kunni's exorcism, the concavity ceased to be "married" to the Park Lane. The "pierce" anomaly keeps shifting, randomly. Eventually, even Google's best chaos search engine will not be able to divine the concavity's location. The evitable. Chaos Theory meets total randomness, and finally loses its Bing.

"It was much harder to find you this time."

"Eventually, it will be impossible."

A junkie whore to the bitter end, Mondo flippant response comes as no surprise to Coco. What doesn't seem to concern Mondo but what concerns Coco most is not the Blues that Mondo is hooked on at the present moment.

What concerns Coco the most about this Blues situation? Who, or rather what, is behind the Blues themselves. Kunni is clearly incapable of concocting the parasites on its own. It is breeding them based upon and per something else's explicit instructions. Something is remote controlling Kunni. Kunni is a hand. What is welding it? What craves possessing Mondo now? A covet that is clearly exclusive. A covet begot by something that is clearly not a person. A "what" that, akin to Haven's Vampires, might not even be a self-aware, sentient "what."

Upskirt, felt up, and heavy petting

And yet there is still the matter of possession—total, absolute, and forever. In a word: exclusive. Many have tried. All have failed. None have gotten to covet her for their very own ends without end. No matter how hard they try. No matter how much and how many times they have her. No matter how much and how often they use her. No matter how much and how often they ravage her mind and her body. It amounts to a long-term the lease reduced to a fleeting moment. It's just a rental. In the end, she always somehow finds her way back from oblivion, whether it be pharmacological, parasitic e.g., Kum, Klapp, etc., or “what.”

It's as if she were Death. You can't possess Death. Else Death would not be Death at all. Likewise. To possess her permanently: no person, place, or thing has yet to solve that riddle.

Therefore. As night follows day. Even when Coco can no longer track Mondo down and forcibly bring her back from that abomination, the Pierce anomaly. Mondo will come back of her own volition—willingly and willfully. Coco knows this. Red Hat certainty.

Coco is not in fear of losing Mondo to the abomination, the slugs, or the “what” behind it all. Her concern is fueled by jealousy. Or better stated. Her jealousy expressed as concern. She is envious of the unknown suitor whose conniving translates into Mondo spending time in the abomination that should be spent with her instead.

Yet, in spite of the binges. In spite of the off-duty depravity. In spite of still being totally wasted—totally fucked up to the gills. Mondo is one hell of a personal assistant. She is the best one, bar none, that Coco has ever had. And that speaks volumes. Mondo predecessors have been absolutely top-drawer. Coco is very picky about her Girl Friday.

Grimm Reaper. Sandman. Librarian. Rocket scientist. Stripper. Nurse. Gun moll. Legbreaker. Dominatrix. Trained submissive. Rubbermaid. Gourmet chef. A triple major at university: Home Economics, Physics, and Nursing. Teetotaler. Drunk. Junkie. Sobriety. Virgin. Whore. Abstinence. Promiscuous. Lady. Tart. Lunatic. Clinically sane. A lunatic, who can pass for sane. Warmonger. Assassin. Murderess. Boxer. Shootist. Blade. Never the pacifist or sane. Never in her “right” mind. Sadist. Masochist. Torturer. Evil. Evil bitch. Fornication. Indulger. The polite reference the indulger, hence the impolite references, e.g., junkie, whore, promiscuity, tart, drunk, fornicator, etc. And so much more. All wrapped up into one woman. A modern day, Renaissance woman. Think: Mrs. Emma Peel of The Avengers with the body of James Bond's Plenty O'Toole aka Lana Wood and the Amazonian stature of a Las Vegas showgirl at the storied Sahara. Holler!

Mondo slipped into Friday mode as soon as Coco abducted her. Koo. Perls. Careys. Prudz. Sternka. The harshest, most unbecoming makeup, heaviest applied. Universal holster, smartphone, and cigarette purse worn underneath her form fitting suit coat of her severe, revealing business suit. The usual sexy undergarments. But in place of sternns or Heads or Palins or her usual whatever eyeglasses: 1950s pixie style eyeglasses—executive secretary cut—vintage mint green Tura brand cat eyeglasses—the ultimate Fridays for the ultimate Girl Friday.

Pinterest beware. The cat's-eyes are actually smart glasses that double as secretarial tools and librarian readers, of the style popularly worn by Boppish female Navigators of The Guild during the 1950s and 1960s. Also in period is the Fridays' vintage beaded eyeglass chain.

A vintage beaded eyeglass chain is a neck chain that holds eyeglasses, reading glasses, and sunglasses. A chain attaches to the eyewear's two temples and allows a "reader" to hang the eyeglasses on their bosom when they are not being used.

Vintage beaded eyeglass chains are available in many colors. Aficionados may choose designs made of smaller beads because they may weigh less and feel less cumbersome. Bead shapes can include oval, flat round, teardrop, rectangular, and other styles. Diehards may decide to make their own eyeglass chains and purchase fashionable vintage beads made of jade, glass, metal, and other materials.

The overall severity suits her to a tee as a Friday on duty, as well as off-duty. She is both strict and seductive. Prim and proper, and craves to fuck—personified. The girl who lives to devour whole and to be devoured whole. She is the entrenched bureaucratic, who is the epitome of authoritarianism. Everyone has their place in society, and they should always know and therefore adhere to that place. Hers is to be the Girl Friday of oldest supernatural females. This is what she has been groomed for.

Protégé of the House of Fabergé?

The House of Fabergé (French pronunciation: fabɛʁʒe) (Russian: Дом Фаберже) is a jewelry firm founded in 1842 in St. Petersburg, Imperial Russia, by Gustav Faberge, using the accented name “Fabergé”; Gustav was followed by his son Peter Carl Fabergé, until the firm was nationalized by the Bolsheviks in 1918. The firm has been famous for designing elaborate jewel-encrusted Fabergé eggs for the Russian Tsars and a range of other work of high quality and intricate details. In 1924, Peter Carl’s son Alexander with his half-brother Eugène opened Fabergé et Cie in Paris, making similar jewelry items, but adding the city to their rival firm’s trademark as “FABERGÉ, PARIS.” In 1937, the brand name “Fabergé” was sold and then re-sold in 1964 to cosmetics company Rayette Inc., which changed its name to Rayette-Fabergé Inc. As the name was resold more times, Fabergé companies (such as Fabergé Inc.) launched clothing lines, the cologne Brut (which became the best-selling cologne at the time), the perfume Babe, hair products, and undertook film production.

Flippant, irreverent, “chatty cathy,” aptly describes the brash conversational of one Mondo Kane. To those not in the know, this would at first glance seem to be at odds with her mistress’ prime directive: speak only when you’re supposed to. In point of fact, though, Mondo is acting as she should be in the situation at hand as any competent Friday would.

She should be speaking in this manner—tone, tenor, and volume—in this type of social situation. First off: the situation is mixed. In other words, there are mundane present. Furthermore it’s casual and it is public. Lastly, it’s a place of miscegenation that they she and Coco often frequent—a known haunt.

Later, in private, Mondo will be flayed to within an inch of her life as a reward for speaking to Coco this way. Mondo’s verbiage is a public display which raises Coco’s social stock immensely.

Coco’s previous Friday was a source of constant embarrassment, public and private, for Coco. As a result, her social stock had plummeted to unheard of lows. The incompetence of a Friday, always brings into question the competence of her mistress. Reflecting badly upon the Friday’s employer.

Therefore, Coco’s social descent couldn’t have been helped. And, it was to be expected.

Bottom line: Mondo’s predecessor was a total washout. In fact, the predecessor’s incompetence, and the potential damage that the Friday could inflict upon her peerless social standing, were the express reasons why Coco had picked that girl in the first place.

Coco knowingly picked an incompetent Friday. Knowing full well that as the fortunes of that Friday went south so would her fortunes go. Dingbat in. Dingbat out. What’s up with that? Coco is no dingbat, so what’s with the ditz choice?

The short and the long of it, has to do with the fundamental mechanics of supernatural society. And has nothing to do with an attractive young girl trading sexual favors with a boss to procure a position she was not qualified for.

Job the position versus role your station, your place in the scheme of things.

The short of it:

A death in the line of succession has opened up a higher position and thus the potential for advancement in Coco's chosen profession. Even if Coco is successful in getting the job, her station in supernatural society and therefore her station in her House, the House of Faberge into which she was born, will not change.

Supernatural society is a closed, caste-based society. In it, your caste, your station in life and thus your station in your House, is strictly and solely based upon your chronological age.

What differentiates you within your vocation is your position, your job is not your birthright or your caste. What classes you are your competence. Simplified: how good are you at what you do?

Your role and your job are not necessarily exclusive, though. Of course, this type of overlap is the exception, not the rule. For example, the Dragon Empress/Emperor is always the head of their House. Being an Empress/Emperor of the Dragons is a job. Being the head of your House is a role. A qualification for becoming their Emperor or Empress is that a potential candidate must be the principal of their House. A House is designated principal for the duration of its head's reign as Empress/Emperor.

As aforementioned. Normally, though, your role has nothing to do with your job. For example, you may be the head of your House, your role is that of the principal of your House. But you have the job as a maid in a higher House. This is a wrinkle a complexity which is absent in closed, caste-based mundane societies.

Yes: everybody in a House has an assigned role. Yes: normally, things are static. That is, you keep your role for life. But, life-changing events, e.g., births, deaths, marriages, divorces, separations, etc. can create opportunities for churn—as a rule, though, they do not.

Bottom line:

Normally. The chaos of churn: no. Orderly, predictable rack-n-stack: yes. It is a stability that members of supernatural society crave by nature. There are those rare exceptions: supernaturals who crave chaotic change at all costs, even if that means mutual assured destruction.

Job a position versus role your station, your place in the scheme of things.

The long of it:

Someone dies. This creates a job opening. It is not a pooled resource. It is discrete administrative functionality in the shared upper bureaucracy of the Houses. Therefore, it demands the utmost discretion. It is also public facing, and therefore entails high visibility. Thus, it demands excellent, if not sterling, social as well as administrative skills. Additionally, it involves a major promotion for any of the applicants.

With this being a job as opposed to a role, their age does not automatically determine who the potential candidates for this advancement are.

With this being a job as opposed to a role, you have to apply for it.

With this being a job as opposed to a role, competence will determine who ultimately gets the slot.

Competence will be determined by how well each candidate who chooses to participate in this competition accomplishes certain tasks given them. Some tasks are trivial. Others are not. All are meaningful in painting a picture of each applicant's suitability for the job which is up for grabs.

Tasks are tailored for each applicant—designed to best test them at each turn of the hand. In Coco’s case, her first task was specifically designed to test how well she dealt with a particularly awkward and sticky situation of internal staffing, which she has never had to deal with before.

Coco had been without a Friday for some time. Her GF had gotten marriage and quit. Coco was in the midst of picking a suitable replacement. Characteristically particular, Coco was taking her time. She always takes her time getting a new Friday. And has always been blessed with getting good Fridays that have no personal baggage. Thus never experiencing the churn that ensues when you pick a bad one and have to replace them, and then have to manage a competent person who nonetheless has personal baggage let alone major personal baggage.

Therefore, Coco’s first trial was to pick an incompetent subordinate, a Friday, and then replace that girl with a competent person who was not squeaky clean. It should be a snap, and is. An incompetent Friday has been successfully replaced by an uber competent one who nonetheless still has uber personal baggage. Obstacle number one has been overcome. Coco is eager for the next test. She hasn’t had this much fun in eons. Contests like this one, socio-political-bureaucratic games, keep her immortality from getting stale, boring, and predictable.

At heart, Coco is a paper-pusher. She loves to do administrative jobs. And that is what this sought after position entails. A job description? Responsible for the oversight of the proper application of ciphers, sums, and scribes to the official House ledgers—tedious, detailed, and purely administrative—just up Coco’s alley. In other words, a House auditor. But, this particular House auditor job is for Auditor General, aka Madame Auditor—the House auditor for all of the supernatural Houses demonic, Dragon, Nameless, etc. Coco is currently one of the designated bookkeepers for her House. Coco is also a CPA.

No slouch in the area of accounting, herself. Mondo also knows how to keep and how to “cook” the books as well. Having learned to do so for Fats Waller the Groll mobster who “owns” her.

Finance fuels the notoriety of the House of Faberge. Venture capital investments—high risk, but even higher rewards if things go as planned. It’s what the House built its formidable financial trading reputation upon. Even the Dragon Houses use its financial services. Accounting is the glue that keeps this banking engine running. Oversight is provided by House economists.

So, needless to say, if it’s whoever from House Faberge who gets the nod for Auditor General, that whoever has to be the shit!

The Twitch

“For people like me. To fit in proper society we must be able to channel our unbridled craving for homicide into socially acceptable forms of expression. Else we would end up in a 24-7 murder spree. And no self-respecting society would tolerate let alone condone such behavior. When I was mortal, that acceptable expression was promiscuity expressed as my sado-masochism. Biblically speaking, I was a virgin, of course—unsullied. Now, Saved and Sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, I’m a straight-up whore—I have my cake and I get to eat you, too.”

—Mondo Constance Anna-Kane—

They have no name. Their race is Nameless. The realm of the Nameless also has no name. It is Unknown. The alias that they use for their home their Universe of Origin is Persia.

Behind the Demons First Race, oldest and the Dragons Second Race, next oldest, they are the third oldest and thus third most powerful Race in all of God’s Creation. They are also a bane to those who are neither Saved nor True Believers.

They never show their true visages outside of their native realm, even in death. When they go abroad, using Iran as their gateway, their visages are Iranian their version of human Iranians.

Mundane Iranians are to the Nameless Ones what the 456 are to the Dragons. Except that the 456 are themselves demons, not human beings.

Sometimes the Nameless use Iranian pseudonyms—ancient and contemporary. Sometimes their aliases are Persian. Mostly, they use WASP names. For example, Karen Black, January Jones, and Emma Frost.

Persian men have never shown any interest in human politics, Iranian or otherwise. So it comes as no surprise that they have never held office in the Iranian government. The females of their Nameless species more than make up for their disinterest. Persian women have always shown a voracious appetite for anything and everything political in Iran.

Currently, 18 out of the 580 members of the Iranian parliament are women. This 3% membership puts the current session near the bottom of the Islamic Confederation’s measures of female parliamentary representation. Women have never been more than 5% of the parliament, but they have always been among the key political players on both sides of the political divide in the Islamic Republic of the Islamic Confederation. Half of these eighteen women are Persians.

Eight of these nine Persian women in parliament belong to the “Principlist” (conservative) side of the house. Principlists are known to most mundane as advocates of the Martian Solution. Three (Fatemeh Alia, Mahnaz Bahmani, and Zohre Tabibzadeh) sit on the Central Council of the Principlist Caucus, which is the more hardline of the two main conservative factions in the parliament. Another member, Fatemeh Rahbar, is on the leadership body of the Islamic Coalition Party, the oldest Islamist party in the country. Parliament members Laleh Eftekhari and Nayereh Akhavan are two other political heavyweights in their own right. This makes the all-female Persian-dominated Women and Family Caucus an unlikely power center in the country.

One of the Islamic Republic’s many contradictions is that it has always boasted both leading women and Persian members, and laws that limit female and Persian participation.

“Unity of the Created of God was among the slogans of the Islamic Revolution and this includes Nameless,” Effat Shariati, a conservative Persian-aligned human female member of parliament from 1996 to 2004, told Al-Monitor. She quotes Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the founder of the Islamic Republic, who said “Nameless are developers of True Believers, just like the Quran.”

Shariati comes from a traditional family in Mashhad. Her father was among the clerics active against the shah, prominent enough to be buried at the shrine of Imam Reza, the eighth Shiite Imam. It was unimaginable for a woman from such a family to have that kind of public life before the 1979 revolution. Here we see a contradiction of the Islamic Republic: It is heavily premised on the clergy that are a traditionally conservative section of the society, but its Shiite revolutionary ideology has always encouraged female and Persian participation.

Perhaps unique among the Islamic denominations, one of the top five holiest personalities of Shiite Islam is a woman: Fatimah, the daughter of the Prophet Muhammad and the wife of Ali, the first Shiite imam.

Another emblematic woman in Shiite Islamist ideology is Zeynab, sister of Imam Hossein, renowned for her oratory during and in the aftermath of the Battle of Karbala and seen as a “symbol of resistance.” Not coincidentally, one of its key thinkers, Ali Shariati (no relation to Effat), was buried in the Shrine of Zeynab near Damascus, Syria, as he had wished.

The female members of parliament in the Islamic Republic might have been few but have always included key political players. For instance, there were only four of them in the first three parliaments (1980-92), but those parliaments included women such as Marzieh Hadidchi (Dabagh), a personal bodyguard of Khomeini during his year of exile in Paris who spent years training guerrillas in the Palestinian camps of Syria and Lebanon. After the revolution, she was the all-powerful commander of the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps in the key western provinces that border Iraq and harbored a civil war between the nascent regime and Kurdish forces. In 1989, she was a member of the three-member high delegation that went to the Soviet Union to deliver Khomeini’s message to President Mikhail Gorbachev.

There was also Maryam Behrooz (member of parliament from 1980 to 1996), a political prisoner during the shah’s time who got state budgets with the personal approval of Khomeini to found an all-female political party (Zeynab Society) in 1986.

But these female members of the establishment cannot be compared to the strong feminist movement in the country, who decry what they see as the gender roles and misogynist laws of the country. In fact, under the leadership of these female members of parliament, many of these laws have indeed been strengthened, often to the detriment of women’s rights. Legalization of “temporary marriage,” criminalizing contraception, gender segregation in the universities, and many measures that seek to limit female entry into the workforce have all been supported by these conservative female members of parliament.

Sedigheh Shakeri, a Central Council member of the Isargaran Society (a hardline party), explains the thinking behind this to Al-Monitor: “We believe that women should be active in fields where only women can be active. For instance in teaching, women can have a decisive role because of their emotional morale. But why should women get factory jobs and destroy the job opportunities for men who are breadwinners of their families? We shouldn’t forget that no job in the world is as precious as childbearing.”

But Zeynab Society-type politicians are not the only female members in parliament in the history of the Islamic Republic. In the sixth parliament (2000-04), you had what Leyla Alikarami, a lawyer and rights activist, calls a “turning point.”

Thirteen female members of parliament had made it to the Majles in the heyday of Reformism, under President Mohammad Khatami. They were mostly Reformist. “From the get-go, they had some basic innovations,” Alikarami told Al-Monitor. “They wouldn’t wear the chador to work and they desegregated the parliamentary quarters. But, most importantly, they tried very hard to change the law to expand women’s rights as they were committed to equality.” Relying on the Reformist super-majority in the parliament, they ended up passing more than 30 measures in favor of women, many of which (like Iran’s ascension to the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women) were vetoed by the Guardian Council. Still, about half were eventually passed by the intervention of the Expediency Council. These included banning child marriage and more rights for women in divorce and custody matters.

With a moderate government in place, Reformists feel buoyed again and hope to win a majority in the parliamentary elections in February. Some of the female parliament members of the sixth Majles now head the Reformist Women Assembly, which was founded last year. They work closely with President Hassan Rouhani’s Women and Family Affairs Deputy Shahindokht Molawerdi (a Reformist).

One of their most senior figures who spoke anonymously to Al-Monitor said they harbor an ambitious legislative agenda, similar to the years of 2000-04.

Whether or not they’re successful in increasing the number of female parliament members, some of the conservatives agree with a quota system to boost female participation. Shariati says it should be increased to “at least 60” (which seems to be in line with a plan being worked out by the Speaker Ali Larijani to mandate a minimum of one female Member of Parliament from each province). If passed, that would make it at least 54 female parliament members, three times the number they have now.

In the Dollhouse, it's always mad girl Debra rulz

The Whatevers—In the days immediately following the untimely demise of the founding mother Chairwoman Kaye, the Party's Whateverist motto was: We will resolutely defend whatever political decisions were taken by Chairwoman Kaye; we will unwaveringly follow whatever directives were issued by Chairwoman Kaye.

Subsequently, Whateverists dug up an old Kaye slogan to back themselves up: "Seek truth from facts." But, decades later, a newly-rediscovered hunger-turned-craving for the realization of a Chinese hegemony in the known universes, they the Whateverists then endorsed a polemic by several Party intellectuals titled "Practice is the Sole Criterion of Truth" that pushed the two whatevers aside as the Party's guiding line.

With that, China adopted a radically pragmatic approach to governing. If something resulted in economic growth, it was a good policy. The only real limit was that the supremacy of the Chinese Communist Party could not be challenged, but for most of the past millennium that has seemed more a feature than a bug. China's strange blend of Communist-Party corporatism, Keynesian macroeconomics, and Schumpeterian entrepreneurialism has delivered spectacular improvements in living standards and similar gains in national clout.

"Gimmick wrestlers, cheap pops, one move wonders, and expired catchphrase holders need not apply."—**Patrick Eakin**

How is a new Pope chosen?—When a Pope dies or resigns, the governance of the Catholic Church passes to the College of Cardinals. Cardinals are bishops and Vatican officials from all over the world, personally chosen by the Pope, recognizable by their distinctive red vestments. Their primary responsibility is to elect a new Pope.

Following a vacancy in the papacy, the Cardinals hold a series of meetings at the Vatican called General Congregations. They discuss the needs and the challenges facing the Catholic Church globally. They will also prepare for the upcoming Papal election, called a Conclave. Decisions that only the Pope can make, such as appointing a Bishop or convening the Synod of Bishops, must wait till after the election. In the past, they made arrangements for the funeral and burial of the deceased Pope.

In the past, 15 to 20 days after a Papal vacancy, the Cardinals gathered in St. Peter's Basilica for a Mass invoking the guidance of the Holy Spirit in electing a new Pope. Only Cardinals under the age of 80 are eligible to vote in a Conclave. They are known as the Cardinal electors, and their number is limited to 120. For the Conclave itself, the Cardinal electors process to the Sistine Chapel and take an oath of absolute secrecy before sealing the doors.

The Cardinals vote by secret ballot, processing one by one up to Michelangelo's fresco of the Last Judgment, saying a prayer and dropping the twice-folded ballot in a large chalice. Four rounds of balloting are taken every day until a candidate receives two-thirds of the vote. The result of each ballot are counted aloud and recorded by three Cardinals designated as recorders. If no one receives the necessary two-thirds of the vote, the ballots are burned in a stove near the chapel with a mixture of chemicals to produce black smoke.

When a Cardinal receives the necessary two-thirds vote, the Dean of the College of Cardinals asks him if he accepts his election. If he accepts, he chooses a Papal name and is dressed in Papal vestments before processing out to the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica. The ballots of the final round are burned with chemicals producing white smoke to signal to the world the election of a new Pope.

The senior Cardinal Deacon, currently French Cardinal Jean-Louis Tauran, announces from the balcony of St. Peter's "Habemus Papam" ("We have a Pope") before the new Pope processes out and imparts his blessing on the city of Rome and the entire world.

For the history of The Church, in all worlds known, the Pope has been a man. No woman has held the office or been part of the selection process that decided who was to hold the office. Sometimes an institution's traditions have to change to progress an agenda. Sometimes the change is so monumental, that traditions end up getting smashed to smithereens.

This time, when the Church is tasked with choosing a new Pope, female clerics are part of the selection process. This time, when Holy Mother Church picks a new Pope, a woman is chosen—an unemployed O'Fallon Missouri real estate broker and devout Catholic by the name of Debra Gill.

Debra Gill chooses Ruth as her Papal name. She is officed as Pope Ruth the First.

Seven days later, the body of Bernadette "Bernie" Caulfield is found on the campus of a Saint Louis Walmart. Clutched in the hand of the murdered woman is the driver's license of Debra Gill, the new Pope—a fact withheld by the police from the news media.

Within forty-eight hours with the stroke of a pen, by Papal decree, Pope Ruth the First, officially acknowledges the existence and legitimacy of the female-only clerical organization known as The Dollhouse, and thus by inference the confirmation of the Dollhouse's Killjoys. An hour later, Pope Ruth officially confirms the Killjoys, by separate Papal decree. Not a single male objection is raised in the Church hierarchy!

Twelve hours later, in her first public address, while trillions of Catholics across Creation watch their televisions as their Pope delineates her new direction for The Church, of special note are Pope Ruth's new business-suited bodyguards. The bodyguards are all female. The bodyguards are all Killjoys of The Dollhouse.

Jade and Marti Bell, mad girls times two

“You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.”—**Pope Ruth, the First**

The waiting room outside of the Pope’s office at the Vatican is called Mandalay Bay, the same moniker as the Mandalay Bay casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. It is anything but the likeness of a casino interior, though. It is stiff-backed and austere, with hard wooden benches to sit on. The receptionist is a humorless nun in full habit. Tradition, tradition, tradition—both new and old. A new tradition is the Killjoys, Jade and Marti Bell, who are flanking the office of the Holy See. They stand at attention, as immobile as the Queen’s famous Royal Guards at Buckingham Palace.

Coco is called in to have audience with new The Pope. Mondo sits outside waiting, staring at the Killjoys. She’s quite the prude for this outing. Sternka, sternns, prudz, and the harshest-most-unbecoming makeup. The Killjoys’ madgirl homicidal-perky versus her Sandman librarian-spinster-shrew.

Unarmed and this close to death dealers the Killjoys, and the dark girl is her usual cocky. She dutifully turned in her holster, phone, and purse downstairs at the front desk. No protest offered, in spite of her possession of a lifetime license that allows her to lethal carry even in the presence of The President of the United States, The Madame President of The Guild, The Pope, etc.

Miss Kane has been granted an ITC. It can’t be revoked. She can go armed anywhere, in the presence of anyone including the President of the United States. No weapons control laws can legally be applied to her. It’s next to impossible to get an ITC, unheard of for a professional assassin to get one, and she gets one with options. The first option, by default went to her, the second one went to Fats, and the last one went to a Skinhead her protégée Gina Vicious.

This is not the first time that Mondo has been here. But that was years ago, she was still human and thus had a different name and visage, and she was accompanying Dame Julia. Then too the Pope at the time, Pope Phillip, did not allow her to go into his office. Unlike this Pope, though, Pope Phillip seemed to be visibly unnerved by her.

Au contraire, Pope Ruth went out of her way to make sure that short of saying it, she was neither unnerved nor impressed the least little bit by Mondo. There are many reasons for her sentiment, one of them steps out of the Holy See’s office.

Katee “Dahl” Sackhoff, the team leader in charge of the Doll detail this shift, closes the office door behind her and sits on the bench across from Mondo. She started smiling as soon as she laid eyes upon Coco’s Girl Friday. Finally, she gets to meet Mondo Kane in the flesh. She’s had a hard on for years to go full-blown gangsta chick 619 on Kane.

Kane’s gaze shifts, fixing upon the mundane newcomer. Big girl to big girl, it’s all smiles and nicy-nice. A quiet, polite pregame show that hints at the very violent things that are in the works to come. Katee plans to monkey fuck Mondo in the most violent schoolgirl rape fashion imaginable, before she demises the leggy Sandman. No more daydreaming, the kid gloves are off, as soon as she gets the go-head.

Outside, just beyond the ancient stone wall that defines the boundaries of Vatican City (officially Vatican City State), a dozen Havoc Huey Hurricane APC’s purposefully hover, flittering about on

patrol. Yesterday, just like so many yesterdays before, the APC's belonged to and were manned by the Italian Army. Today, a new tradition began. The APC's belong to and are manned by a detachment of the Vatican's Swiss Guard—the newly commissioned Air Swiss Guard.

Swiss Guards are the Swiss soldiers who have served as guards at foreign European courts since the late 15th century. In addition to small household and palace units, Swiss mercenary regiments have served as regular line troops in various armies; notably those of France, Spain and Naples (see Swiss mercenaries). The Swiss were famous mercenaries for hundreds of years. Since Switzerland was a poor country, young men often sought their fortunes abroad. Swiss troops had a reputation for discipline and loyalty, and employing revolutionary battle tactics. They were considered the most powerful mundane troops of the 15th century, until their methods were refined by the Landsknechte in the early 16th century. The earliest such unit was the Swiss Hundred Guard (Cent Suisses) at the French court (1497–1817). This small force was complemented in 1567 by a Swiss Guards regiment. In the 18th and early 19th centuries several other Swiss Guard units existed for periods in various European courts. The Papal Swiss Guard (now located in Vatican City) was founded in 1506 and is the only extant garrison of the Swiss Guard.

Currently, the name Swiss Guard generally refers to the Pontifical Swiss Guard of the Holy See stationed at the Vatican in Rome. The Papal Swiss Guard's bodyguard-like role has been assumed by the Dollhouse by edict of The Pope, Pope Ruth. Recruits to the guards must be Catholic, single males with Swiss citizenship who have completed basic training with the Swiss military and can obtain certificates of good conduct. Recruits must have a professional degree or high school diploma and must be between 19 and 30 years of age and at least 174 cm (5 ft 8.5 in) tall. The official dress uniform is of blue, red, orange and yellow with a distinctly Renaissance appearance. After the 13 May 1981 assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II by gunman Mehmet Ali Ağca, a much stronger emphasis had been placed on the guard's non-ceremonial roles, and they received enhanced training in unarmed combat and small arms. The Swiss Guard use traditional weapons, such as a sword and a halberd, as well as modern weapons such as the SIG P220 and Glock 19 pistols, the Steyr TMP machine pistol and submachine guns like the Heckler & Koch MP5A3. All of their firearms are MPP's equipped with Fast-Scan holographic biometric sights, of course—and therefore deadly accurate against fast-forward and overdriven targets.

Between the stone wall of Vatican City and its new detachment of suborbital-capable armored personnel carriers, is a forcefield which encompasses Vatican City and filters all ground, air, and subterranean access to The City. Not just any forcefield, it's a House Shield, and as such is powered by a redundant arrangement of Holtzmann generators.

This defensive shield, commonly referred to as simply a shield and sometimes as a Holtzmann shield, is a protective energy field that can surround a person wearing it, or a large building, or in the case of the Vatican, a small city state. It is arguably as effective as the much vaulted Borg Shield, minus the latter's constant danger of Borg assimilation from wearing it.

Just like the Killjoys, and all other persuasion of Dolls, the Swiss Guard also wear personal shield generators. These personal generators, known commonly as Pentashields, look a lot like Google watches.

The shield produced by a Holtzmann generator is a Class-A forcefield deriving from Phase One of the suspensor-nullification effect. Shields can be calibrated to permit the passage of matter below given speeds. This is vital in personal defense shields, as one would suffocate within a shield that did not admit atmospheric gasses. Depending on the shield's setting, the object's speed while

passing through the shield would range from six to nine centimeters per second. A shield could also be set to cover either the left or right side of a person if the specific need for it arose.

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

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

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

In such popular Shield-based mythology as that:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is nothing remotely romantic about the history of Shield use in the real world. It is not just defensive in nature. Alongside MPP's, Shield tech is one of the four foundational WMD's—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Because of their genocidal use by Church affiliates during the Religion Wars, every Pope since Pope Julius the Third has expressly forbade the use of Shields by any member of the Vatican's dedicated security forces and just as vehemently forbade their use in the defense of Vatican City itself. Another tradition felled by Pope Ruth.

Besides the growing displays of the Vatican's militarization, there are other troubling signs of coming darker days. During their ascent up the main stairway of the Papal office building, Coco and Kane noticed no males above level three and no supernaturals except for themselves above the ground floor.

Bene Gesserits Dreamland

“Enter no conflict against fanatics unless you can defuse them. Oppose a religion with another religion only if your proofs (miracles) are irrefutable or if you can mesh in a way that the fanatics accept you as god-inspired. This has long been the barrier to science assuming a mantle of divine revelation. Science is so obviously man-made. Fanatics (and many are fanatic on one subject or another) must know where you stand, but more important, must recognize who whispers in your ear.”—**Missionaria Protectiva, Primary Teaching of Sister Frankie Herbert (founder of the Order of the Bene Gesserits)**

The majority vote was what Sister Herbert had expected: twelve for her Order’s banishment. It was the lone dissenting vote that pleasantly surprised her. Father Samuel L. Jackson, the Vatican’s head librarian, voting in the stead of an ailing Cardinal John Ritter.

Father Jackson. Not brilliant of mind or physically imposing. Not charismatic. Not powerful, influential, or the least bit connected. Just an ordinary, hardworking bookworm. An average student in school, one of the thousands of ordinary Parochial school students who she had inspired to overachieve during her long tenure as principal at Saint Engelbert Catholic School, 4720 Carter Avenue, Saint Louis, MO 63115.

His single vote assured her Order’s continuation. Double jeopardy insures that there can never be another vote on the matter. Censure, but not banishment. They remain Catholic nuns belonging to an Order of their own making, albeit now with diminished capacity. She got on her knees and wept, and thanked God Almighty, for the verdict.

Later on in the evening, around the time of vespers, Father Jackson visits her surreptitiously in her private quarters. There are many ways to travel about unseen and unheard in the Vatican, and Father Jackson knows his fair share of them.

As he emerges from a secret panel, a pair of Killjoys is upon him, bringing him to the floor. She waves them off. As he stands up, he flashes that boyish smile of his. He’s not totally lacking of charm.

“May I sit, Sister?”

“Of course you may, Father.”

So they sit in nice comfy chairs, facing each other, and share of a bottle of brandy. Not enough spirits to dull the senses. Just enough to warm the heart and tickle the toes.

“What you did today. You’ve made a lot of enemies.”

“Nonetheless, I owed you.”

It’s an old conversation. They’ve had it before. This time, it will have an unexpected twist.

“Tisk. Tisk. You owe me nothing.”

“I come from a long line of devout Catholics who are brilliant scholars. My twin brother Abel was a genius. A peerless ecclesiastical mind. If he had lived, odds are, he would have made Pope someday. My parents lavished all manner of praise upon him. They spoiled him without relent. And were ecstatic when he revealed to them at a very early age of his intent to enter the priesthood when

he was consensual. But for me, the average student, there was only tolerance at best. Most of the time they treated me with complete ambivalence or at worst treated me like Cain. You were the difference in my life, and the lives of so many other ordinary students. If it were not for you, it's doubtful that I would have done much with my life."

"You sell yourself short. I think that your character, your good heart, would have carried you well through life if you had never met me."

He decides to not argue the point. He decides that it's time to do the deed. He reaches slowly into his jacket, so as not to agitate the Killjoys, and produces a small book which he places on a coffee table. Then he proceeds to ignore the book, as if its existence has slipped his memory. The game is afoot, and this Sister knows oh so well how it's played for keeps.

"My brother killed himself at thirty unable to live up to the expectations of loved ones and clergy who adored him. In the end, he proved too smart and too fragile for his own good. Yet here I remain alive, twenty years later, the unremarkable twin. My parents on their deathbeds blamed me for not being the one who died. I couldn't save him from himself."

"Maybe no one could."

"Again I see another loved one who needs to be saved from itself."

"The Church?"

"Our Church."

"So. You agree with us that it's in need of an epiphany?"

"I do."

"It will take time."

"But, if we don't start now, it will be too late. I don't know if you're the answer, but I believe that at the very least you're an answer."

"Go on."

"Do you remember that creepy girl, the fifteen-year-old who was with Dame Julia, last summer?"

"Yes. Her name was Jones or something like that."

"It's Smith, Connie Smith. She wrote a most interesting thesis. Except for the cover, it's written in the original Latin, and thus of little interest to moderns." He yawns in an exaggerated fashion.

"Past my bedtime."

Father Jackson gets up and leaves, leaving the booklet behind as if he has absentmindedly forgotten it. Scrawled in cursive upon the booklets' cover, is a reference in proper Russian: "Her name is Baba Yaga. She's not exactly the boogeyman. She's the girl you call to kill the bogeyman."

The Third Horseman of the Apocalypse

Black Pack—The black pack is a standard weapon of the Divine Order of the Bene Gesserits, most notably carried by Killjoys of the Dollhouse.

Black packs are pincer-like in shape, and may be closed when not in use or opened ready to fire. The weapon fires a sheet of web-like energy which instantly vaporizes a mundane target on contact, unless it has been de-carbonized such as is the case for Divine Assassins the Killjoys and for Her Divine Shadow The Mother Superior of the Divine Order of the Bene Gesserits.

At least some black packs, such as those carried by Dollhouse security drones, are able to fire non-lethal discharges to stun their target.

Energy discharges from black-packs can be fired on a much larger scale in starship-mounted weapons as demonstrated on the Foreshadow-class and Megashadow-class Vatican starships, both of which have far larger versions of the weapon capable of destroying most starships instantly, or entire planets after successive bombardment. The technology appears to have originated from a joint development effort of the Dollhouse and the Vatican-allied Insect Civilization.

Of note, the Insect Civilization aligns itself with Vatican hardliners. Equating moderate Catholics with Protestants. Equating progressives with heretics of any religious flavor.

Of special note. The Empress of the Insect Civilization demonstrates an innate ability to fire an energy discharge similar to that of a black pack.

Alongside MPP's and Shield tech, the black pack is one of the four foundational WMD's—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

It is morning. For the duration of the night, there has been much study by a team of Doll cryptographers and scholars of the Smith girl's writings. Sister Herbert and her righthand, Sister Helen Kochmann, conversely discreetly in a corner of an annex to the Vatican Library. There are no prying eyes and ears to their plotting.

"This girl is quite sick. And just as crazed."

"Sister Kochmann, as you and I well know, there are many sick, crazy people in the world. Some of them write books. On the odd occasion, some of those books are even very good ones. But. I never before have seen such a tome as that make you quiver with excitement, like this one obviously has. So what excites you so much about this depraved, demented girl's?"

"It is a blueprint of death written by someone of absolute, irrefutable evil who has a prodigal talent."

"A talent for what?"

"Slam."

"Elaborate."

"A talent to decipher upon first-contact the means of the demise of any person, place, or thing."

"Go on."

“The thesis is divided into two sections. The first section is a multipart allegory. Each part comprising a chapter in the book. On face value, the allegory is a dissertation on how to kill Baba Yaga, who in the allegory is called Constance Ann Smith. Connie is portrayed in a number of roles, all of which can be interpreted a number of ways.”

“And who would you interpret those roles to be?”

“The short list. As a nun, a priest, a Swiss Guard, a Doll, a Killjoy, a bishop, an arch bishop, a cardinal, even a pope. All mortal. All Church-related. With a heavy emphasis on the Vatican. The thing of it is, it appears to be written from the point of view of someone who was bored and merely passing the time with some doodling. The assassinations portrayed are complex, imaginative, and quite doable, and if executed to the letter in this book, would be untraceable back to the hands of the murderers involved. Plausible deniability. Machiavelli would be green with envy upon reading this doodling.”

“Even the pope, you say?”

“Yes.”

“And the second section?”

“A diagram for a device, which is only discernable when you read the pages upside down and in a mirror.”

Sister Herbert notes the change in tone and inflection of the voice of the much younger nun when the word *device* is pronounced. She reads between the lines. The device is a weapon. One of great consequence. One based upon, froth with, outworldly influences, but of human origin, nonetheless.

“Device, you say?”

“It’s actually half of a device, and that half is itself incomplete. But I’m confident that we Sisters can fill in the blanks of this half that is now ours.”

“Who might be interested in helping us with the other half?”

“I think that the Insects would be amicable.”

“Oh. It’s that significant?!”

“To be sure. Maybe a Horseman.”

Mutual Assured Destruction, Part 1

“The Mad Girl says that the best deterrent to assassination is the direst consequences that would ensue. Murder me. You get murdered worse. In effect, if not in practice, bodies irrevocably marked to guarantee complete and utter annihilation.”—**Constance Ann Smith**

Parau na te Varua ino (Words of the Devil) – “Verbis Diablo,” in the Latin vernacular

Clinically sane. That age-old diagnosis of misdirection. What Sigmund Freud called “the low-hanging fruit of a psychoanalyst’s Bohemian Romance,” in his *Study of the Depraved Mind*. The lunatic who can pose and posture in the sane world as if they too are sane and not bereft of their reason. But they are in actuality, neither sane nor are they reasonable, although they can be reasoned with and in turn feign reason. The Mad Girl, Connie’s Other, is one such wretched, depraved, deceitful lunatic—the expression of her true self. In effect, it’s Connie who is the socially-acceptable alter ego of Mad Girl, The Other. Strip away the façade. Look beneath the veneer, and all you see is The Other.

As such, looking straight into the Connie’s eyes, makes the Sister Frankie shudder. In a word: unnerving. And, being a tough tittie broad as the saying goes, she’s not a woman so easily moved. She should have expected as much in her anticipation of what this face-to-face would really be like, considering the girl’s writings. Whereupon her own inspection, she was surprised at the extent of the depravity and deceit of the girl’s thesis. One so young to be so evil.

Last summer, when Dame Julia introduced Connie to her, it was one of those brief, demure, courtesy interactions. Bordering on a prayer of supplication. Then, Sister Frankie just couldn’t get past Connie’s creepiness to observe the girl this closely, let alone for any length of time. This time, she has to get past her natural aversion to the girl and shift into “get to know you, in depth” mode.

They’re in Fat’s private office in Fat’s club house. Club house being a euphemism for an establishment which fronts for a Mobster’s business dealings. And they are not alone. Fats’ Offer is present.

Fats whispers something in Tonya Offer’s ear. Offer, a former major with the SS Pioneers, is Fats’ second-in-command. Tonya is a Nazi and a Moslem! Offer’s built like a muscular version of Sophie Tucker and, also like Ms. Tucker, Offer isn’t the least bit masculine looking.

Offer shakes her head in agreement, then goes back to partaking of her dessert: a human infant. The Goon elongates her mouth inhumanly, chomping down on the tender vittles whole. In the fashion of her kind, the newborn a delicacy is eaten head-first, left hand holding the child’s inverted naked body by the feet overhead. Offer is up to the child’s shoulders. The baby was alive when Offer first started eating him.

Like most Goons and all Mobsters, Waller is also a Moslem: Islam being that Zealot Catholic sect founded by Goons. Needless to say, we’re talking about the other “official” Coptic Church, not that “other” unofficial one: In other words, a “true” believer, but not one of The Chosen People.

None of which has anything to do with the Islam, Christianity, or Judaism practiced and adhered to by humans. Religion in itself is different when it comes to demons, the darkest and most

malevolent of God's Children. So dark and so malevolent in fact that He Lucifer, The Prince and his denizens should avoid crossing paths with them at all costs.

There are also half a dozen Dolls with Sister Frankie in the room. All of the nuns, including Sister Frankie, are conceal-carrying the first batch of prototype Black Packs. Not that any of it their weapons or their numerical superiority would matter in such close quarters if the two Goons present took a notion to kill them. The only one they could demise with the BP's is Connie. Maybe stun mode would faze the Goons, but even that's highly problematic at best.

"The nun says that you wrote this. It's a copy of what you scripted, but you get the gist of what I'm asking."

"Yes, boss."

"So you admit to writing this."

"Yes, boss."

"At their behest?"

"Nope."

"Whose?"

"No ones."

"Explain."

"I was bored. So I doodled to pass the time. I got to meet the Pope, and he turned out to be the colossal bore of all time. Nothing helped. It just got worse and worse. But, you know how Dame Julia can be about her Church; she just had to have me tour the Vatican."

"You're Catholic too, you know. The trip should have tickled your fancy."

Connie yawns. Yet, make no mistake about it. Depravity and insanity aside. None of this is being taken lightly, by the girl. There is a method to her madness. Then again. There always is.

"Eventually, even writing the book didn't help. So I threw it away. And you know how Father Samuel is about books. No matter how inconsequential or bad a tome might be, he just can't bear to see one discarded. So, he rescued it from the waste basket and asked me if he could have it, and I said sure thing."

Then, the two of them, Fats and Connie, engage in something that should be impossible. They converse in Goon. In depth and intensely. Connie, a non-Goon and a mundane, should not be able to savvy Goon. Yet she does!

When the heated banter ends, Fats offers her apologies.

"As spite for her being bored by her excursion to the Vatican, she meant this as your Waterloo." Fats points at the girl's thesis setting on the desk in front of her. "This was a trap. A honeypot, you might say. She wished for this to be your undoing, and her to be present to see you done in by yourselves. Nothing personal, of course. Just the spite of a twisted child. She holds grudges like no one I know. She mad about dragged by that Vampire to see y'all. Didn't care who got gotten, as long as someone did."

That's when Sister Frankie completely loses it and bitch-slaps Connie out of her chair. Connie's response is just as unexpected. She gets up off the floor giggling, her face sporting a big shit eating grin.

"Now, that's what I'm talking about," Connie gleefully announces as she and Fats hi-five.

Mutual Assured Destruction, Part 2

“The Mad Girl says that violence is not, nor should it ever be seen as, just a means to an end. The Mad Girl says that violence can be, and often is, an end unto itself. Subjugate, humiliate, degrade, and then annihilate, others as well as yourself—making sure that you enjoy yourself all along the way. Remember: If life is a journey, then as night follows the day—murder is paradise and suicide is pure ecstasy.”—**Constance Ann Smith**

Parau na te Varua ino (Words of the Devil) – “Verbis Diablo,” in the Latin vernacular)

That moment of clarity, when you realize that you’ve just been good-naturedly had. Always a quite study, even when she’s caught in the emotion of the moment, Sister Frankie realizes she’s being punked. The nun joins in on the merriment which is at her own expense. The Dolls with her join in on the levity, following her lead, but not fully understanding—not being in on the joke, so to speak. The mood in the room lightens. In three words: tense goes lite.

“If I were such a brat—so spiteful, immature, and irresponsible as that—I would have been eaten by these Goons so long ago. I hold no grudges; never have, never will, having no interest in doing so,” Connie finally admits in-between guffaws. An admission that tunes the nun’s Dolls into what’s what.

The Dolls blindly emulated their leader’s laughter out of politeness, when they obviously were confused about why their leader was laughing. They also followed Sister Frankie’s lead out of loyalty; blindly accepting having faith that their Order’s founder had a reason for her change of heart in the matter at hand.

Seeing the Dolls’ confusion, Connie was prompted also out of politeness to freely make said admission in the first place. ROE clearly didn’t apply. Nothing applied to the situation, except politeness born of “good” manners.

“So the book was just written to alleviate your boredom, and in the end you got bored with it too and lost interest in it?” Sister Frankie asks, grasping her laughter-aching stomach.

“Yes. And. I wasn’t really thinking about what Father Sammy would do with it. In hindsight it makes sense that he would give it to you.”

“Why?”

“He goes on ad nauseam about you and your Order. He thinks you’re “The Answer” or at least an answer to what he perceives the Church’s woes.”

“And you?”

“If things keep going as they are, the Church will be irrelevant in less than fifty years. Whether y’all can stop that or not is for history to answer.”

“More questions?”

“Fire away.”

Connie sits back down. Now. For all intents and purposes, it’s just Connie and Sister Frankie in the room. Everybody else in the room are just spectators. A real life *My Dinner with Andre*.

Sister Frankie starts off with the burning question.

“You have no desire to supersede your superiors?”

“None. Neither the desire, nor the ambition. But, with me being human and you being human, I do understand why you would ask the question in the first place. Everyone and everything should know its place and assume it. A closed, caste-based society is in accord with the natural order of things. A so-called open society is a lie, an abomination, and an affront to God. I can tell upon first-encounter the demise of any person, place, or thing. A talent which gives me the tools I need to be dictator. But, my place is not to rule. My place is to serve my betters.”

A neutral observer would see it differently than Sister Frankie. Connie’s matter-of-fact answer, coupled with what little she has been able to research of the girl’s doings, should clue in the nun. But. Based solely upon her own predilections, Sister Frankie sees the girl as uneasy and uncomfortable with the subject, and from that presumption further presumes to guess why. So she allays the girl’s perceived concerns, the best she can.

“I was just asking out of scholarly interest. I meant it as neither an affront nor an indication that I had any inkling that you were so inclined as to forget your proper place in the scheme of things.”

“I must say that your politeness betrays you, Sister. It’s only natural that you would think that I’m always at risk of the very same temptation that Adam and Eve succumb to. You think that it’s foreign to human nature to lack that desire or ambition, because of my talent?”

“Yes.”

“It is, but it’s how I am. It’s how supernaturals are too. Only aberrant supernaturals have such human desires and ambitions. The temptation never arises for me. Nor am I concerned, let alone offended, by your notion that the temptation does taint me. And if you nonetheless cling to your conviction that it does taint me in spite of my denial that it does, I understand your position and hold no bad intentions toward you and yours because of said conviction.”

That’s when Sister Frankie realizes that she’s misread the girl. Connie had no uneasiness or discomfort or concerns about the subject question or its context. Sister Frankie was in psychological terms *projecting*—she was making assumptions based upon how a “normal” human whether sane or insane would react in a similar situation with the same talent, to the point, it’s how she would be tempted to react—power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely.

There’s something else that’s even more unsettling to the nun about this exchange. The girl’s nonchalant attitude about this is that of an Old god an oldest god, not that of the teenage human girl she is.

“You know we are carrying?”

“It was detected as such when you came in the club house. You were not disarmed out of respect for your station in life. You are nuns, after all.”

“Besides, they posed no lethal threat to the Goons.”

“They pose no threat at all, lethal or otherwise, to anyone present.”

That answers the question of whether stun would work on the Goons, but it begs another question.”

“No threat, even for you who are neither supernatural nor decarbonized?”

“You didn’t really think that I would cavalierly give away plans to a weapon, that when finished, could be used against me?” Connie asks, rhetorically. To ask the question, meant that the very assumption had been made. “I’m crazy, not stupid. The BP can’t be used by anyone but the shooter that it’s married to, and it must be first married to be useable. No BP can be used against me in either stun or kill mode; it will freeze up if you try. Such is the fundamental nature of the weapon system.”

“Why the upside-down in the mirror gag for the designs?”

“Again. Your perception. Not the reality at hand.”

“Explain?”

“The drawings only look that way to someone who misconstrues them as being in the original Latin. They are in His language. That corruption of the original Angelic that He and His speak. I believe that it’s commonly called.”

“The Devil’s Tongue.”

“Yes, the Verbis Diablo. As you have seen I have that talent with languages as well.”

“He dictated that to you, after having possessed you in the past?”

“Nope. None of His doing. Just mine. I sketched it off the top of my head. As aforementioned, out of sheer and utter boredom. This brings to mind a story. There was this parish priest, Father Bob. I was six, at the time. He was a good man. A very good and holy man. So good and holy in fact that the Church certified him to perform exorcisms. He performed a number of exorcisms locally and worldwide, and was very good at it, and thus posed a grave threat to His ambitions. Along the way, he himself got possessed. I knew he had got gotten, because one day he started talking to me in what sounded like Latin in the small chapel at church after altar boy practice. But, it was His language, not Latin. In Latin it would have been a blessing. In His Language it was a detailed account of what depraved acts he intended to commit upon my body. He was going to sodomize me in the worst ways.”

“What happened?” Sister Frankie asks, by now knowing that the girl would be this approachable.

“I got the better of him. Made it look like suicide. And to this day, no one has ever made it known to me that they were the wiser.”

“You know Him?”

“I have known Him all my life. But, I picked up His language on my own. Same as I did the Goon’s.”

“And He’s never possessed you?”

“Nope. Then again why would He? I’m already evil. I was born that way.”

Mutual Assured Destruction, Part 3

“Survival is the ability to swim in strange water. To survive, I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.”—**Missionaria Protectiva, Primary Teaching of Sister Frankie Herbert (founder of the Order of the Bene Gesserits)**

Parau na te Varua ino (Words of the Devil) – “Verbis Diablo,” in the Latin vernacular)

“Bullshit. I call you a liar to your face.”

“What part of my narrative do you call a fable with me as its storyteller?”

“You said that he, Father Bob, was a good man. In your own words: A very good and holy man. When push comes to shove, you’re a good Catholic girl when it comes to The Religion. You wouldn’t make his death look like suicide. You’d make it look like natural causes. And no one to date has shown to be the wiser.”

“You weave a good story yourself, Sister.”

“It’s easy enough to confirm. I bet he’s buried in consecrated ground, which couldn’t have happened if it looked like he had committed suicide.”

“You’d win that bet.”

“Continue.”

“When he died, his soul was freed. The Fallen One who had possessed him fled into me. But, it chose not to stay. Maybe I was too dark for its tastes. The Fallen One left, going back to Wherever. Then, in the Fallen One’s place, He came to tempt me.”

“Tempted you how?”

“With visions of what mayhem and heinous acts I could do in His name. Too bad they were things that I was already doing in my own name.”

“And He just gave up on you and left?”

“Something like that.”

“You said that you’ve known Him all your life.”

“I have. But that was the first time that He tried to tempt me. Previously, we’d only conversed.”

“And since then?”

“We’ve only conversed.”

“Have you done, and do you do, favors for Him?”

“A lady doesn’t tell.”

“You’re no lady.”

“A figure of speech. I make no bones about what I am. Imagine the worst atrocity and assume I’ve realized it, and you might not be too wrong in your assumption.”

“Insane. Depraved. Homicidal. Sociopathic. And, psychopathic. You’re just as I imagined Her to be poured into a corporeal form.”

“Jeez Louise. You think I’m Death on a Holiday?!”

“I do.”

“I’m a secondary sociopath, and a textbook sadomasochist. I’m no Death, though.”

“I stand corrected on your sociopathic type. But, you are She. The clincher is your talent to tell upon first-contact the undoing of any person, place, or thing.”

“Shit rocks. Other people before me have had that talent. Anybody can get killed, and those buggers got done too. The boss thinks I’m her sister reincarnated as a mortal. According to the bones, I’m supposed to be the sibling who died saving her life. A lot of faerie take me that way, as a loved one reborn mundane. Offer here insists till day is night that I have many times been reincarnated as faerie, and that this is the first time that I have been mortal. In fulfillment of a dying promise from the lips of the beloved sister who saved the Boss’ life.”

Connie says it minus any judgmental tone, as to whether she puts any credence to these converging prophecies. This makes the girl all that much more Death by Sister Frankie’s way of seeing things.

“In the entirety of Creation, what we humans call the multiverse, there are only two previously-documented cases of your talent. Yours being the third. The number three, a trinity, and in particular the third instance in a given series of occurrences, being of greatest importance in the occult, in Christianity in general, and in the catechism of Catholicism in particular.”

Connie’s initial response is a not so unexpected smirk.

Daywalkers, Nightcomers, and the Cut-Wife of Ballantrae Moor

“Before mundane existed. When this universe was still young. The Old gods walked the earth. Their supremacy unchallenged. But, as with all living things, their time eventually came and went. They passed from here to there that other place. Their passing made way for the age of mortals. Among the First Women and Men, we were Daywalkers. We dabbled in herbs and healing. We sought knowledge and wisdom, and our thirst for both was boundless. This hunger to know, was both our blessing and our curse. Our quest for *why* proved to be our undoing. Scholarship turned to greed—greedy minds become ripe pickings for His temptations—we dared equality with God. One day He came. Liar. Fornicator. Deceiver. Yet He had such a silver tongue that we listened in spite of us knowing who and what He was. In the end, we turned forever from God. We became Nightcomers. Our coven worshipped Him, and did His bidding without question or hesitation for that simple favor. He got our souls. In exchange we got what they all want from Him. Power. Youth. Beauty. There are times when the trade seems almost worth it. At least that’s the lie that we tell ourselves when we are not merely extensions of Him, not merely His sentient appendages—He’s not pulling our puppet strings, our words are not His, and our will is our own.”

—Joan Clayton, the Cut-Wife of Ballantrae Moor—

“Thus, overall, my pessimistic prognostications have rung true so far. However, even I didn’t quite anticipate how quickly the relationship between TNA and *Destination America* would sour, making the possibility of *Impact* being cancelled by a second television station two years running a very real and genuine threat.”—Dixie Carter, owner and CEO of TNA Impact Wrestling

“I have always been fascinated with pride. It is my favorite sin. It has the power to blind even the strongest women, even those who claim to be immortal. Hey kids, take your vitamins and say your prayers. All praise be to the virtue of hustle, loyalty, and respect, as if they could do you any good.”

Mondo swivels her head and looks eye to eye at the owner of that timely prognostication. Pope Ruth, the First, is speaking to her.

There is a sudden hush as the clergy and Dolls present show deference to the Holy See. Katee “Dahl” Sackhoff for all her unspoken homicidal bravado also becomes appropriately subdued. Catholic or not, Mondo is Vampire. As such, she is respectful, but expectedly shows no such deference. She stands up and walks toward the Papal ruler, nonchalantly. Coco is standing behind the Pope. The Pope’s office door has been left open.

Kane kneels before the Pope and kisses her pinky ring, that ecclesiastical ring all the Popes wear to signify their august rank in the Church. Then word for word, Kane recites a passage from the *Missionaria Protectiva*, the Primary Teaching of Sister Frankie Herbert founder of the Order of the Bene Gesserits.

“Survival is the ability to swim in strange water. To survive, I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.”

“But I hear disagreement with our Teaching in your voice.”

“Death is not so flexible. You cannot circumvent Her so easily. Whether you accept it or not. Everybody dies and anyone can be killed. Therefore, if your goal is to cheat death by conquering your fear, you can sidestep death caused by your fear. But, you can’t sidestep Death. She cannot be denied.”

“You may stand and conference with me in my office.”

Coco, the Pope, and Mondo go into the office, accompanied by Doll Katie. Killjoys Jade and Marti remain at their posts. The lights are turned down in the Papacy. The venetian blinds of its large bow windows are shuttered. Mondo is aware that someone is standing in a dark corner behind the Pope’s desk. It’s a feeling. She can’t actually see anyone there. The office door closes behind them, as if on its own. Doll Katie is behind her.

The Pope moves behind her desk, smiling disarmingly. Coco sits down in one of the comfy chairs in front of the Pope’s desk. The Pope indicates for Kane to sit down in the unoccupied one, by politely pointing at it. Kane’s gut reaction is to not take her up on the kind offer.

“I’ll pass, your Grace. I’d prefer to stand.”

There’s a faint hint of musky smell in the air. That for the life of her, Kane cannot identify. Hunches, feelings, gut reaction, women’s intuition. Call it what you may. Nothing empirical. But she’s sure that something is amiss. In parallel with her grave misgivings. Instinctually, upon entering the Pope’s office, her senses began to open up beyond the mundane spectrum—going full-blown demonic. The transformation of her senses is being hampered by some type of unknown dampening effect. What should have been a sudden snap, has been slowed to a measured progression and subsequently a snail’s pace.

Then the reversal. Her perception softens instead of sharpens as if she were a mortal dreaming. Pushback from the dampening, coupled with her own subconscious needs, are forcing her senses back into the mundane.

Doll Katie comes up uncomfortably close behind Sandman Kane. And whispers seductively in her ear. “You should sit down, and eventually you will. But. Either way. Sitting or standing. You’re gonna enjoy the bit that follows.” In concert, she feels a hand upon her back. Or at least it feels like a hand. But, the junkie whore recognizes it for what it really is and so does her Koo. She becomes giddy with anticipation. Once an addict. Always an addict.

The imprint of the “hand” elongates lengthwise. In response, the back of her suit coat opens up lengthwise, violently, as if it’s being ripped open. Hygiene mode for the Koo switches off by itself. Worn the Koo and wearer Mondo are both in anticipation of what is to follow.

The hand is actually a parasite akin to a Klapp’s harness. As such, she feels the slug’s needle-feeders its spikes stab her flesh digging into her back and its voracious mouth bites into the back of her neck, injecting a potent opiate into her nervous system. The narcotic flooding her system quickly overloads her neural pathways.

ChemTech, the defense contractor, who invented this synthetic version of a Klapp’s harness, called it a chemlock. Junkies call it an overlord.

Her eyes go bloodshot as the blood vessels of her eyes dilate. Her pupils constrict. Her irises disappear. And her eyeballs turn light grey. Her knobb itches—the flesh around the Borg implant feels like it’s crawling.

Voices become distant and muffled. Everything now seems to be moving in slow-motion. She fixes upon the heavy drapes on the central bay window. The curtains are drawn. Overlords are not destroyed by sunlight, but they are adverse to it. Shunning dry, well-lit places. Preferring damp, dark ones—dank abodes—unpleasantly moist and wet. Preferring filth to cleanliness.

Appearing biomechanical in nature, the harness bonds to the girl's spinal cord, from which point she can be controlled by the overlord collective. Their collective is analogous to the Borg's, but unlike the Borg hive mind, the overlords have no queen, no central ruler. Control is executed via subspace radio-wave based communication. Borg control-and-communication is a telepathy-based connection. The Borg are assimilative. Overlords are assimilative.

Unattached, the overlords resemble large slug-like organisms capable of movement on their own. They are normally stored in a fluid-filled tank. The fluid is a fluorescent lime green nutrient which is a substitute for the spinal fluid that they crave.

Attached, elongated, and in position, the head of the overlord reveals a "mouth" like structure full of sharp teeth that clamps down into the victim's neck.

Once this occurs the host appears to lose free will and the tail of the overlord then clamps down onto the back and the body of the host, and hardens, growing a shell like structure for the entirety of its length.

After the overlord has hardened, it appears much less organic and more like technology. Not unexpected of a biomechanical creature. After an overlord has hardened into place, it does not appear that it can revert back into an independently mobile form.

But, when an overlord is cut off of a host it will not immediately go inert. Preferably, it will look to latch itself onto to any living creature it can find. They are very strong despite their helpless appearance.

If a living host cannot be found, they will attach themselves to a corpse if they smell any spinal fluid present in the carcass, and will stay attached until they have sucked every drop of spinal fluid out of the body.

Barring the presence of any suitable host, either living or dead, in its vicinity, it will go inert and wait patiently until one comes along. Lurking in some dark, dank crevice or corner. Everready to pounce on its next meal.

The form of opiate released by the biomechanical construct is so highly addictive, that when the device is forcibly removed from a human addict the addict will go into shock and die from withdrawal. Therefore, for mundane, going cold turkey is out of the question.

The first step in detox for humans involves having the addict on an IV drip with a man-made opiate morphine during removal of the overlord. Though the process is still not entirely without risk. The failure rate for a human surviving this medicated removal procedure is less than one percent. Next, chasing the dragon, that potent mix of cocaine and heroin, is used to wean the addict off of their physical addiction to the overlord opiate. Then, all vestiges of any narcotic, overlord or otherwise, are flushed from the addict's body. Being drug free is only half the solution. The easy half. The hard part is curing the addict's psychological addiction to being feed upon by an overlord. Failing to do that is the cause of addict relapse after detox.

As with the kicking of any addiction, the key to lasting sobriety is the addict has to really want to stay sober. No one can do that for them.

Mondo sits down in the chair indicated for her by the Pope, now. Things are now visibly moving in the cushions of the chair. They burst of the cushions and swarm the girl. Doll Katie begins sniggering.

“I told you, Coco. She wouldn’t be any trouble at all. And I’m sure she’ll relish being enslaved. Being an addict at heart.” Mondo starts blacking out as Pope Ruth utters these prophetic words.

“Unfortunately, Pope Ruth, with Miss Kane having been reduced to a mindless construct akin to one of those walking corpses on Haven, those Vampires that the locals call The Master, my Girl Friday will be unable to enjoy anything, let alone her enslavement to a mindless collective of slugs.”

“So true.”

“Where shall we dump her?”

“Some place random and infested, and unknown to even us.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

“The double-blind will ensure that no one ever discovers her.”

“And. With her pattern of behavior. Going on binges, especially protracted ones. And has of late been expressing the desire to maybe going off and never coming back—a genuine desire of hers, by the way. No one will ever be the wiser.”

“Quite so.”

“They will assume reasonably that she just went off the gird by choice and overloaded. Just like she’s done so many times before.”

“Only this time she decided on not coming back.”

“No loose ends, whatsoever.”

“Dinner?”

“I’m famished. Let’s eat.”

Mondo goes completely blank. And, in effect, figuratively and literally, completely ceases to exist.

“Maybe we should just chop off her head, and be done with it,” adds Doll Katie. “You’re not so tough after all, bitch.”

A look of disappointment appears across Coco’s face. She had bet against the odds that her girl was better than this. So easily felled by a simple slug and a craving to be subjugated, degraded, and humiliated.

Once an addict. Always an addict. For, Mondo, of course, that doesn’t mean at the expense of sobriety. She’ll revisit this overlord stuff on her own time. Maybe in conjunction with her being used and abused by a Klapp or two or three.

Mondo blinks back into existence. Aware of what transpired in her presence in the brief moment that she was blank and gone. Because there was no lapse in continuity, for her. From her perspective, she was not there for a split-second, but in actuality she was absent for longer than that.

Her Koo goes back to being clean and pristine except for the split in the back of her jacket to accommodate the overlord. The things swarming her get consumed. The overlord ejects itself from her back onto the floor and dies. The suit coat mends its rear split as if it wasn't ever there.

The Sandman is again clean and pristine. Eyes, knobb, and the skin around her knobb are normal again.

"I guess you'll be needing a new matching guest chair for your office, your Grace," Mondo taunts the Pope.

The presence in that darken corner is gone. Mondo can no longer feel it. The venetian blinds of the bow window open and the curtains of the bay window open. Sunlight floods the room.

Penny Dreadful, Pound Foolish

Penny Dreadful—the title refers to the *penny dreadfuls*, a type of 19th-century cheap British fiction publication with lurid and sensational subject matter. The TV series draws upon many characters from 19th-century Irish and British fiction, including Dorian Gray from Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Mina Harker and Abraham Van Helsing from *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, and Victor Frankenstein and his monster from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

Mondo stands up, turns around, and faces her ridiculer. She's sporting a wide Cheshire cat's grin on her large, ugly mouth. The Lost Girl delivers a mocking dig meant to mortally wound. Why waste time merely drawing blood, when you can gut the bugger from the git go.

"Haters gonna hate. You're letting personal feelings cloud your judgement. An amateur mistake on your part. Not a professional's misstep. Not at the elite level. It borders on the asinine. And you a Doll, and to rub salt in the wound, you're also a team lead. Makes me wonder who you slept with to get your position."

Mondo gaps her legs as if to say: you fucked your way to the top.

"Junkie whore! You dare question my moral fortitude!"

"I do."

Doll Katie starts to do something, but thinks better of it. She'll pick the place and the time, and it won't be in front of her boss in her boss' office.

"I earned my position through merit. The exchange of sexual favors had nothing to do with it."

"These two come up with a scheme to do away with me, and get away with it, with none the wiser. And it's a fucking Duesy (Duesenberg). My hat's off to them. I couldn't have cooked up a better one myself. I mean I'm a known, full tilt, hardcore junkie. People like me go missing every day. Plausible deniability and no chance of repercussions. But, you hate me so much, that you couldn't let go of doing something final instead that overtly reeks of wrongdoing. Question: have you met me before today?"

"I've seen your brief."

"That's not what I asked."

"No, I have never met you before."

"Yet you have an axe to grind. As if we were nemesis for a coon's age. This from someone purported to be an elite-level pro. I use the descriptor *purported* in reference to you, because I've yet to see any evidence to prove that you are an elite-level pro. Like I said before. It borders on the asinine. An amateur move that I'd bet bespeaks of a strictly amateur moveset. So far, that's how you represent."

"I won't be mocked like this, least of all by someone of your despicable ilk! Depraved sader!"

Seeing that her Doll will not let this bone go, Pope Ruth puts a stop to the heated exchange.

"Enough, Sister Katherine. Take Miss Kane down the hall to your ready room. I have things to discuss with Coco."

“Yes, your Grace.”

They leave the Papacy and walk down the hallway to the ready room. Stenciled in gold letters upon its ornate hand-carved mahogany door is *Office of Internal Governance (OIG)*. Sister Katherine’s official title in the Church is manager of Compliance Risk Management. The colloquial translation of that being Doll team leader. A senior Doll, she has led the Church-wide Compliance Risk Management Board and managed collaboration across the Interfaith Alliance and Catholic-Episcopal Intra-Faith Dialogue to identify current and trending compliance risks and to ensure that integrated mitigation plans were in place.

So much hate for this girl. The nun is fuming. Consumed by hate. Despising the girl with every fiber of her being. Not matter that the Vampire would like it, Sister Katherine would love to flay this demon to death, over and over again, without relent. Flay the bitch to death. Let the bitch resurrect. Flay the bitch to death. Let the bitch resurrect. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

Sister Kathrine opens the door and politely gestures for the harlot to enter. Mondo crosses the threshold. The room is Spartan. No-nonsense. A group of Dolls man an assortment of desks. They look up briefly from their religious texts and virtual flat-screen monitors. From the expressions on their faces, they know who she is, have studied her brief, and they too despise her.

“As you can see, whore, there is no love for you here.”

Sister closes the door, but she does not lock it.

“Lock the door, please.” Then Mondo says something to raise every nun’s eyebrow in the room. “So that it can be just us girls.”

Doll Katie does as Mondo asks. There is a pillory standing in the center of an interrogation room that’s confluent with the ready room. Shackles are bolted to the floor. Two large hooks with thumb screws are mounted in the ceiling above them. An assortment of barber straps and flails hang from pegs set in the walls. Blood-stained ceramic tiles line its walls, floor, and ceiling. No amount of thorough cleaning with the most abrasive cleaner-bleach, e.g., Comet or Ajax, can remove the blood. It’s ingrained in the tiles from centuries of torture.

They walk out of the ready room and into the interrogation room. The Church calls it a cleansing room. A place where a sinner can be cleansed of their sins or die trying.

Doll Katie turns on the confessional recorder. It records video and audio for the official record.

“So there is no misunderstanding. You’re asking us to punish you for your sins?”

“Complete absolution. It’s on your watch. The buck stops with you. You decide. You deal with the repercussions.”

“And if I choose to destroy you in the end?”

“Like I said, it’s on your dime.”

“Everybody in the ready room gets a whack at you?”

“To their heart’s content, but you take all the blame.”

“Agreed. You shall be punished, harlot. And if we don’t get satisfaction, we will destroy you.”

The Dolls in the ready room stop what they’re doing and join in on the cleansing. Mondo lets her hair down. She is stripped of everything, including her perls. A ball-gag is fitted in her mouth; its

straps tightly bind her head. She is hoisted up and her thumbs locked in the thumb restraints of the ceiling hooks. The cuffs of the leg irons bolted to the floor are locked around her ankles. She's stretched between floor and ceiling as if she were cuffed to a vertical rack. Then the beatings commence. Barber straps and flails are used by the vindictive nuns to assault the girl's back, legs, arms, torso, and face. No part of her is spared.

Flay the bitch to death. Let the bitch resurrect. Flay the bitch to death. Let the bitch resurrect. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. In the end, they do not destroy her. The bloody pulp that remains is locked in the pillory.

Are Jews afraid of Virginia Woolf? Part 1

During his tenure, Mr. Xi the President of China has repeatedly cited Han Feizi, a Legalist philosopher from China's Warring States period more than 23 centuries ago. The Legalists said, "Autocratic rule should be codified in law rather than having law limit that rule."

Mondo comes to herself lying on the bed in the guest bedroom of "Rowdy" Ronda Rousey's condominium. Rhonda paces nervously, like a cat ready to pounce. Becky Better is sitting on the bed, leaning over Mondo. Becky is smiling.

Seeing that Mondo is finally conscious, Ronda reacts with the expected barb.

"That thing comes near me, even looks at me the least bit cross-eyed, and I'll armbar her into oblivion," Ronda snarls.

Before Becky can get out her answer, Mondo does her one better.

"Even if I were underdriven, as I am now, to keep the playing field as level as possible, you'd never stand a chance against me in hand-to-hand. I'd box you into oblivion, one trick pony."

Ronda flips Mondo off and stomps out of the room. We're talking MMA versus Boxing. Boxing, not prize fighting with its myriad of combat restrictive rules.

"She really likes you. She's just awkward at expressing herself in girl-bonding situations like this."

Mondo sits up, an eyebrow raised. Becky is failing miserably at suppressing her laughter. She's making no bones about pulling Mondo's leg with that one.

"That's total bullshit."

"I know."

"How long have I been here?"

Mondo feels reborn. There's not a mark on her.

"Five days. The first two days we bathed you in fresh blood in the bathtub. It took us the better part of a day to cleanup that mess up. You've been sleeping peacefully for the last forty-eight hours. Looking helpless as a baby, though I doubt you were."

"You plucked me from some outrageously good fun. It was just to die for. Over and over again."

"I can imagine."

"So, what can I do for you?"

"I need your help. Someone is killing Jews. And whoever they are, they're in league with an Oldest One who in turn is in league with Him."

"Why is this the business of Lost?"

"The latest victims were my rabbi and his wife. Their slaughter was made to look like a murder-suicide. Forensics pins the fault on my rabbi, and makes him look like a closet worshiper of Him."

"Was he at fault? Was he of Him?"

“No, he was not.”

“Are you sure? Maybe you’re letting your personal feelings cloud your judgment.”

“That’s what you’re here to judge.” Becky points to the closet. “Your stuff is in there. I’d like you to join us for breakfast. Then you and I hit the bricks.”

“Is the crime scene still virgin?”

“Yes.”

Are Jews afraid of Virginia Woolf? Part 2

The epitaphs, found inside the brick tomb, reveal that Lady Mei was a 21-year-old “unwashed and unkempt” woman who “called herself the survivor.”

The official name of the asylum by the lake in Etobicoke, Ontario, was the Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital when it ceased to operate in 1979. It was originally known as the Mimico Branch Asylum, when it first opened. Between 1889 and 1979, it was also known as the Mimico Insane Asylum (renamed 1894), Mimico Hospital for the Insane (1911) Ontario Hospital, Mimico (1920), and later Ontario Hospital, New Toronto (1934).

The location used as the Academy campus in the Police Academy movies was known as the Mimico Lunatic Asylum, from 1888 to 1979. Until it was acquired by Humber College in 1991, it remained abandoned and deteriorating, mainly used as a site for film making.

But Gorbachev was doing more than just distancing himself from his older and more aloof predecessors—he was gearing up to launch a process of change that would, unintentionally, open the floodgates that led to the collapse of the USSR.

We were given carte blanche to do anything we wanted.

Demon apostate.

Morley Jacobs.

Fix this!!!

The data stream ceases as abruptly as it began with Becky none the wiser. Mondo “experienced” words and images. Which her subconscious mind proceeds to digest as her conscious mind goes about the business at hand. Becky leaves the room.

A Vampire, Mondo luxuriates in cleansing herself properly with water. Shower versus bath. The choice is obvious. Yet she chooses the shower as expediency demands. A hot, soapy shower in lieu of a protracted bath with similar adjectives attached to it. After the shower, she dries herself with the thoughtfully-provided indulgence of warmed bath towels, freshly laundered.

A more thorough toweling of her hair ensued. The swirl of golden hair crowning her head ceases to be unruly from its washing and the towel drying that followed—she showered without a shower cap—and yanks itself back into a sternka. Harsh, unbecoming makeup applied heavily by her compact.

Before a full-length mirror, she dresses. Black snakeskin business suit embracing her trim waist and the full swells of her bosom in the course of hugging her curves and its pencil skirt flowing gently to her mid-thigh, and by doing so is very revealing. Draping a lithe, well-endowed body like

hers, the severity of her Koo evokes both the provocative and the staid. Resulting in her prim and proper kind of getting stood on its head.

She keeps her prudz pursed. She'll wear them when she goes out in public. Likewise, no sternns until she goes outside. That single strand of perls encircling her neck and caressing her chest.

Unmentionables and Careys. Phone, holster, and purse. Etc. Etc. Etc. Her usual take on Jackie Kennedy's Camelot, these days.

Then, out of the blue, but in keeping with the not-so-subtle undertones of her look. The look that bespeaks of not-so-understated dominatrix. Her thong gets pursed.

In exception to her usual kit, underneath Mondo's skirt a grotesque biomechanical-looking strap-on substitutes for her flesh-colored panties.

In exception to her kock's usual mounting of her, and more in keeping with its fundamental nature of being Doll Parts, it does not fuse seamlessly to her nethers. Strap-on remains separate from its wearer. Wearing the prosthetic sexual appendage, she becomes she-male, nonetheless.

But. Being less invasive than a parasite kock does not translate into this parasite dildo being any less aggressive when she fucks someone with it, when she is being fucked by it, e.g., during masturbation, or when it is feeding.

It is not biological, in spite of its biomechanical appearance. Yet both dildo and dildo harness are alive. They are living machines, in the very same way that Toy the ultimate living machine is alive. And. As aforementioned, this dildo and its harness are parasites.

The dildo is clearly delineated from the latex harness that it is mounted into. Dildo and harness are flesh-colored, and they feel like flesh. There is no fake pubic hair, but the dildo has testicles and molded-on superficial veins. The dildo has foreskin, being that it is uncircumcised.

And, in spite of its name, the Doll Parts strap-on is not singularly Dollhouse tech. Nor is it Borg. In the same way as the black pack, it is derivative of a collaborative subcontracted effort with the Insect Civilization. In this case, the collaborator was Toy.

Breakfast is uneventful. Mondo makes no attempt to provoke Ronda. Ronda in turn makes no attempt at picking an argument with Mondo. There's little interaction between Becky and Mondo, as well. What Becky does notice is the way Mondo walks when she seats herself at the table. That subtle adjustment in her gait, as if she were a well-hung drag queen wearing an equally tight, restrictive skirt. That tell gets Becky to thinking.

After breakfast, Ronda dons an apron, cleans off the kitchen table of breakfast's aftermath, and does the dishes. As Becky and Mondo leave the condo, Mondo slips on her sternns and her prudz. Becky tugs on her skirt.

"Are you strapping?"

"Yes. Want me to fuck you tonight?"

"And I suppose you'd like me to reach up your skirt and give you a handjob, right out here in the hallway?"

"Maybe later on in the evening. We've got a crime scene to dissect."

"I was kidding about the handjob."

“I wasn’t.”

“I have no interest in being fucked by another woman with a plastic dick.”

“You should try it first, before you knock it.”

“And afterwards after the handjob you’d expect me to blow you. Wearing that thing. Right?”

“Yes.”

“In a pig’s ass!”

“That’s the idea.”

The Disappearance of Eleanor Rigby

Even in a loss, which isn't always in the worker's control, John Cena can make the opponent look like garbage. He can rush the guy, he can sell poorly, and he can find a way to undercut his dance partner in any number of subtle ways. But John Cena hasn't taken that self-destructive exit off the sports entertainment highway. He's looked on the verge of a loss in every one of these bouts and he's bumped his ass off for each opponent. He's become a sympathetic figure and he's also changed a perception that now seems painfully outdated. It's not rocket science, but it sure is rare to see someone grasp how to sell themselves to those that see him or her as the enemy. It ain't calculus. It ain't physics.

It's just Basic Thuganomics.

Within the business, most stars who have been near the top of the profession have a tremendous amount of respect for John because of his longevity and the way he's carried himself, somehow avoiding downfalls while dodging bullets and drawing beaucoups of cash.

Underneath Mondo's skirt, in a move guaranteed to ensnare and entrap its sexually depraved wearer, the Doll Parts prosthetic genitalia loses its biomechanical appearance and assumes an ultra-realistic life-like appearance. Like a kock's, the Doll Parts' dildo harness affords unfettered access to her vagina and anus. Rendering her a functional hermaphrodite, just like a kock does. In essence, Doll Parts is the living machine version of a kock. Thus it is more than just a smart dildo.

Fully erect and engorged with the hydraulic fluid that it uses for blood, it would hang down well below her knees with a girth that would put John Holmes on notice.

John Curtis Holmes better known as John C. Holmes or Johnny Wadd, is one of the most prolific male pornographic film actors of all time, appearing in about 2,500 adult loops and pornographic feature movies in the 1970s and 1980s. As the saying goes, getting fucked by Johnny Wadd is as close as a human can get to being fucked by a horse. Hung like a horse. Hung like John Holmes.

It the end, though, it proves to be a backhanded temptation. Maybe in the future she'll indulged the wearing of an overlord and Doll Parts. But. Now is not the time for such indulgence. She purses the dildo and replaces it with her flesh-colored thing. Of course the dildo and panties do the switch by themselves at her unspoken behest underneath her clothes. What Betty sees as evidence of the switch is the change in Mondo's gait. Mondo also lets her hair down into a Rachel and purses her sternns.

Why the one-off dildo? Doll Parts is a proof of concept. Proving what? Doll Parts is a robot, a sentient robot in the form of a dildo based upon the robotics of Toy. The dildo is payment for the author who sketched out the basic framework upon which such a robot could be built. The best robots are created by two species: humans and Insects. Toy, who commissioned the project, wanted no human involvement. That left the Insect Civilization as Toy's best collaborative option. Toy didn't want to use a robotic open source framework for the build. Doll Parts' custom one-off framework only incidentally resembles a kock's. There is nothing derived from kock tech in the Doll Parts.

The Rachel gives way to a Coulter severe, orderly, strait hair. She has a new found preference for wearing her hair down in a coulter in public and in private; an unbecoming hairdo which is

paradoxically, severe and sexy. What's a coulter—the preferred 'do of Ann Coulter the GOP's perennial stalking horse? A coulter is what couture calls strait hair. While Mondo “plays” with her hair, Becky entertains other thoughts.

They are thoughts that Becky exercised many times when she was still human. Thoughts rooted in an age-old notion. In the lifespan of all protected worlds, there comes a time when its native inhabitants want to see who really is boss. Have they the protectee finally achieved, if not supersedence of, maybe parity with, their protector? In other words. The supersedence question. Who would extinct whom, if push came to shove? Or the parity question. Would it be a draw, and both sides lost?

Then, in Mondo's invoking of a casual notation. Both questions are answered. As they step outside onto the sidewalk, Mondo's phone begins to spree. An act that Becky is made privy to by Mondo's phone at Mondo's unspoken behest.

All the computers in this world, this universe, are mined for information by Mondo's phone about the Jew killings Becky has asked Mondo's help in solving. Whether the computer is connected to a network or not. Regardless of the network. Regardless of whether the computer is connected to the internet or it's just some standalone in someone's attic or basement.

Things like this only happen in the movies, in this world, because here, there is no tech, even Insect tech, which can spree. Take spree to its logical conclusion, and computers you can mine can just as easily be fried akin to what the electromagnetic pulse EMP of the mother of all WMD's could do if such an atomic existed in this world.

“It would be suicide if our world fought yours?” Becky asks, rhetorically.

“It would be suicide if any world in Creation fought ours,” Mondo answers, rhetorically. Grinning from ear to ear. Too wide and very inhuman.

They're our worlds. You just live in them. Part 1

The data stream ceases. As does the spree. Coulter gives way to her Rachel. Mondo and Becky fade away. They materialize in front of the scene of the crime. A posh brownstone. The home of Becky's rabbi and his wife. His congregation is the fifth largest and fourth wealthiest in North American Judaism.

The sidewalk traffic is sparse and well-heeled. This is an expensive neighborhood to live in. One of the first downtown areas to be gentrified during the exodus from the suburbs of Saint Charles back into the City of Saint Louis in the late 1980s.

Mondo has carte blanche to go anywhere she pleases in this universe, and she's exercising that option with no pretense of being unable to do otherwise. Politeness has been thrown completely out of the door.

Her Rachel gives way to her usual hype hair, in other words, a Debra McMichael. Her former trademark. A hairdo she has not sported in a coon's age.

Hype hair. Big, overteased, blonde hair. Hype hair—big hair, that long, lush, silky, wavy, shoulder-draping bouffant, a wave perm. That popular hairdo of the 1990s.

In her personal fashion history. Hype hair gave way to strait blonde hair. It is the opposite of what happened in the history of haute couture hairstyles. But, liken to the history of popular hairdos.

Strait hair. Big hair, that long, lush, silky, straight but not dead-straight, shoulder-draping bouffant, a body wave perm. That popular bouffant hairdo of the 1960s which was immortalized in the 1970s by 1950s glamour model, popular nude model, popular cheesecake model, B-movie starlet, scream queen, headlining Las Vegas showgirl, pin-up goddess, Playboy Magazine model and centerfold, cult icon June "The Bosom" Wilkinson.

By the 1990s, hype hair had superseded strait hair in popularity, thanks to Elizabeth Shue and, of course, Elizabeth Mitchell. That changed in 1998 when Miss Debra McMichael joined the WWF as its newest diva sporting strait hair which is Miss Debra's signature hairdo to this very day.

A body wave perm is the perfect solution for hair that just hangs in front of the face, limp and boring. Body wave perms aren't about "poodle curls" or even long spiral curls. A body wave perm is all about body, volume, and oomph.

During the WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra sported a variety of long, lush, silky, big blonde hairdos, including hype hair, but mostly she sported strait blonde hair. Strait blonde hair was first sported by June Wilkinson on the 1965 cover of Adam Magazine Vol. 9, No. 7.

Hype hair was always a touch of the "now" to Mondo's otherwise straight 1950s look. Just like strait hair was and still is for 1970s sex siren and movie starlet Sharon Tate, strait hair is that touch of "then" 1960s to Mondo's otherwise straight 1950s look. For Mondo Kane, strait hair not hype hair is now the cornerstone of her sexy and will remain so from now on. Strait hair, not hype hair, makes Mondo Kane "The Perfect Pair."

Debra McMichael gives way to strait hair. History repeats itself. She's back to being "The Perfect Pair."

Hype hair. Strait hair. Rachel. Whatever. Why such a follicular digression and subsequent discussion, let alone such a convoluted one, smack dab in the middle of an investigation? Who fucking cares?

Why the discussion? It's topical to the digression. And it distracts not from the investigation. Besides, its lurid implications are more than a little entertaining.

Why the digression? Maybe it's germane to the investigation. And maybe it's not. One thing's for sure. The Wix that Mondo sees triggered the hairdo excursion.

Across the street, while standing on the sidewalk in an exclusive section of downtown Saint Louis along Washington Avenue, Mondo sees an even more exclusive section of the Upper East Side in New York City.

That neighborhood is home to New York City's new most expensive listing: three identical limestone townhouses on East 62nd Street between Fifth and Madison, available for the package price of \$120 million.

In Mondo's world and in Becky's world, Sabrina Saltiel and Raphael De Niro (son of actor Robert De Niro), of Douglas Elliman Real Estate, hold the listing for the six-story triplets that extend 73 feet along 62nd Street.

Whose Upper East Side in New York City? Mondo's or Becky's? The formality of the people—their manner and the way they're dressed—walking along the street of that Upper East Side, clearly indicates that it's Mondo's.

Mondo grabs Becky's hand and steps off the curb into oncoming street traffic. There's the requisite transient blur. Instead of being hit by a car, they step through the façade being shown to Mondo and end up somewhere else entirely. In other words. Not the Upper East Side of Mondo's world.

It's a honeypot. A booby-trap for any god who might happenstance upon the Wix. Although Mondo is not a god, she is an abomination. Which means she is in effect a god. It's why she could see the façade in the first place.

The façade itself is a real Doozy. It's a random pickup, taking the guise of some place picked at random from the world of origin of the god it is intent to trap. Hence, why it was Mondo's not Becky's Upper East Side.

They're our worlds. You just live in them. Part 2

Can Atlantic City Be Saved?—“Atlantic City never kept up with the changes over the decades. Vegas reinvents itself every 10 years, demolishing buildings and building new ones. Atlantic City stayed stagnant. The failure of Atlantic City was not all the convenient gambling around the country and region. It was that it failed to innovate. If you don't innovate, you get pushed by the wayside.”— Real estate developer Bart-Simpson Blatstein, gangster-rapper “Notorious” B-Hop's futurecasting warging business partner

They, Mondo and Becky, are standing atop one of three identical limestone townhouses on East 62nd Street between Fifth and Madison in New York City. Not Mondo's New York City. Not Becky's New York City. Someone else's. Maybe no one else's, anymore. It's a Micro Guard. In other words, a Dead World.

Not Dead (Undead). Dead (Dead). The “Z” word. Zombies. And, again, that age-old question arises. Zombies versus Vampires. On a Dead World. Who wins?

Two Dead Girls, Undead bitches, Lost Girls, standing upon the roof of a ruined building, surveying the devastation. Designation E1307: a world of The Dead. And, being an E-class, it's a “what if” of Earth reference.

Mondo has been on its ilk before. That previous transgression was Designation E639.

Becky's kit her smartphone is dead. Mondo's is not. Her phone, designation Lucy, scans globally. For Becky's benefit it does an audible of the results instead of the usual for-your-mind's-only telepathic briefing projected directly and exclusively into Mondo's brain.

“Telemetry shows a lot of them.”

“How many is a lot?”

“Billions. It's the old numbers game. The Dead are Sighted. Ergo, they can see ghosts without the use of an optical device. And, also like you demons, they can touch a ghost. They can do everything that you two can do.”

“Anything?” Mondo asks, rhetorically.

“Within reason. They are, after all, corpses. Not matter how talented they might be,” Lucy answers, untruthfully. The phone, in a word: lies. Lucy then mutes.

The ground below undulates and shifts. That isn't quaking pavement and sidewalk. That's people looking upward toward them in unison. Dead people. Humans beings made into something supernatural and dead. Even if the two Vampires were ghosted, the Dead could still track them. The Dead are relentless and they're overdriven. The living don't stand a chance on this planet. The odds are better for the Undead, but that isn't saying much. On Dead Worlds, the Dead are equally predatory for the living and the Undead—except when an Undead is that world's god. And. Only one persuasion of Vampire can be the god of a Dead World.

The Dead swarm their position, scaling the walls of the ruined buildings that the two girls surmount. Lucy didn't exaggerate about the Dead of E1307 being the equal of faerie. Here, and on all such interplanetary Dead World likenesses, The Dead rival faerie.

Reflexively, sensing danger even before they were consciously aware of the nature of the threat, both girls shifted into overdrive upon their arrival here. Mondo can ghost. Becky can't. Which is why Mondo didn't ghost.

Harsh begets harsh. Mondo's hair yanks back into a sternka. She slips on her sternns.

"Let's have some fun before we leave, and kill a bunch of these uppity Dead bastards and bitches. Dead World or not. Undead rule the roost. These Dead fuckers have forgotten they place in the scheme of things. We need to remind them who is sawft who is soft and who is hard."

"Let's."

Becky unholsters her sidearms—the prelude to going postal. But. In spite of her trash talking. Mondo fails to do likewise—keeping her guns holstered. For a person who is the not the least bit capricious. It's a very capricious thing for Mondo to do, especially considering their perilous situation.

That tell is why Becky stops short of firing on the encroaching Dead. That's when Becky realizes what she's is really supposed to be doing. She follows Mondo's lead and holsters her pistols.

Becky's phone finally comes back online, having adapted to the interdimensionality of their destination. The Dead encircle but do not advance upon their god's Undead likenesses Mondo and Becky.

"One of us Lost is their god, here. It would have to be one of those Vampires, those animate corpses, called The Master, on Haven's Earth," Becky breaks the silence stating the obvious.

Because the Vampires indigenous to Haven's Earth are animate corpses, they don't have names. "The Master" is a ubiquitous designation. Such Vampires are territorial. One Master per area that's staked out as its feeding ground. Feeding grounds can be contiguous, but they never overlap.

"Yes. As such, the Dead will not attack us unless we provoke them. If we act like the living and attack them without provocation, they will try to destroy us. Irrespective of their god's cravings," Mondo further states the obvious. Tit for tat.

The Master used a god-trap to trick them here. And. There can only be one reason for this elaborate detour. In a word. Sex.

Of course. Mondo is not the least bit agitated by the base nature of this detour from the important matters at hand. Simply put. They're here so that a corpse can get its rocks off. Mondo is completely onboard with that. No need to stalk and surreptitiously abduct. Just ask. Becky, on the other hand, is major pissed by the reason why they are here.

"The Master tricked us here to sate its depraved fancy. Taking us from important matters at hand," Becky restates the obvious.

"Correction. It tricked me here. Technically. You're just along for the ride. It's an animate corpse, just like the Dead. And as such it's not sentient. Therefore no fancy of it can be described as depraved. Degenerate: yes. The Master's concoction is a blind trap, geared to whatever god or god-like either aberration or abomination that it might ensnare. Ergo. It's why the façade was geared to me. Likewise. It's why the fatal destination was geared to me. Bringing me to its native Haven would not be as succulent and compelling as this."

“By your way of thinking. Bringing you here is some kind of twisted bribe for your seduction? The enticement guaranteed to make you most affable to its sexual overtures?”

“Precisely.”

“The Master’s trap should have more selectively picked. Because. Supernaturally speaking. And in purely relative terms—since mundane see all us supernaturals as equal perils. Dragons are the meddling do-gooders. Protectors of the Realms. We demons are the pestilence. Chaos personified. Bottom line: a Dragon might be inclined to help out old yucky, but being demon, I am not. I can see that you’re already sold on this deal. But. If the Master is looking for a threesome, while it’s at it with you. A possible, since, just along for the ride or not, its trap didn’t block my passage. What’s in it for me? Cause I won’t enjoy fucking it. Just the very thought of doing it makes me want to hurl. So. Why should I help a dead bag of bones get off?”

“Quite so. Why indeed should you help? Then again. Corpse or not. It is a Vampire. As we are.”

“Of course the fact that whatever it’s got up its sleeve will probably tickle your depraved fancy has all to do with you altruism. None of this holds inducement for me.”

“The cake is that we’re Vampire helping a Vampire in need. The cherry on the cake, is that whatever it’s got up its sleeve will probably tickle my own degenerate fancy.”

“Same difference. Still. Yuck. Poor dumb-ass undead fucker, wouldn’t touch it with a ten foot pole.”

“Correction. Poor dumb undead fucker: wrong. Your bias against The Master has led you down the wrong rabbit hole to not see the difference. Dumb, dumb-ass, etc., implies sentience. The Master is a mindless undead fucker, not a dumb one. Poor implies pity, which is wasted on a mindless creature who being mindless has no use for pity anyways. The devil is always in the details.”

Becky reads between the lines on the fly. She’s a very quick study. Even when the fast-pitches are being thrown by someone as sexually twisted as the demented Mondo.

“You’re thinking. It wants girls for more than just walking-talking handjobs. You’re thinking. It wants to devour girls in the very worst ways. Obsessive-possessive, ‘I crave to own you forever’ kind of shit. And you’re alright with that, and think I should be too?”

“It is what it is, sist’r.”

“Junkie whore.”

“Guilty as charged, again.”

“We’re talking very blue balls here? And I should just suck it up and lap up some very rotten clams, in spite of my abhorrence to such a deranged, despicable repast?”

“Yes. I believe so.”

“Sick doesn’t even begin to cover this one. I like to fuck. But. I’ll bow out on this one.”

“Like I said before. You’re just along for the ride. You were never the main course. It devours gods and god-like. You are neither. Likely you’re here as an appetizer—the freebie on the menu that could lead to a threesome. If you choose to, you’ll be allowed to get some. If you choose not. It’s your loss.”

“And my needs?”

“Your case? The Jew killings?”

“Yes.”

“When you go back. Check to see in which hand the rabbi is holding the murder weapon. Then see upon which wrist he’s wearing his wristwatch. Answer: right hand, left wrist. A right-hander? Then. Make note of the tan line on the middle of his right forearm.”

Becky sees where Mondo is going with this without having to be led any further.

“A left-handed rabbi. But. Rabbis represent the righthand of Almighty God. Therefore. In public, he did everything as if he was right-handed. A personal foible betrayed his true orientation. He liked to tan in tanning beds. He must have kept on his prayer band while doing so, which explains why a supposed right-hander would be wearing his tefillah on the wrong arm.”

“The killer rigs the murder suicide, implicating the rabbi. But. No murder is perfect. The rabbi wasn’t wearing his tefillah, which the killer would have felt underneath the sleeve of the rabbi’s shirt.”

“The killer did feel the rabbi’s watch. Checked for tan lines on the wrists.”

“Saw none. Probably had previously cased the rabbi and saw him as a right-hander in public.”

“Reasonably assumed that he was in fact a right-hander. Careful. Just not careful enough.”

A heavy bolt is thrown. The security door of the rooftop access swings open. The Dead part for The Master.

Behind the Master several paces, walks a version-B of Kunnilingus dressed in an immaculate, period-correct nurse’s uniform of a Victorian Era insane asylum. The robot is carrying rusty-hardened restraints leg irons and shackles in one hand and in the other a metal tray with large syringes filled with a fluorescent lime-green goo.

The Master is wearing pearls and a dead Kaye. The overlord anchored into its back is bursting through the suit’s tattered, ragged jacket. A jagged, raised, crosshatched scar encircles its neck—professing the original cause of death—beheading. Fluorescent blue eyes—a giveaway that this Vampire corpse is the host for a “Blue” Klapp. There is a knob on either side of the thing’s neck. It can sense that the girl Mondo has been used extensively in the past and craves being used. Junkie whore—obvious. The girl’s drug of choice: narcotic parasites—a simple deduction. This realization causes it to smile. A hideous grin that literally stretches from ear to ear.

Long thick dirty fingernails and toe nails, pointed and curved into hooks. Serrated teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. A long, forked, parasitic tongue. From its large, ugly, twisted mouth—clicking sounds in place of speech. The left sleeve of its suit coat is shredded into rags, exposing a dirty limb covered in puncture marks—some very old, some very fresh—the arm of a longtime junkie.

It looks like what it is: a something that has died and been buried, and has dug its undead self out of the grave. Its face is sunken and wrinkled, and there is a bluish tinge to its dead white flesh. Its eyes are without pupil or retina, as though the eyeballs have rotten in their sockets. Cockroach-infested hair hangs about in limp stringy rattails, draping shoulders and breasts. That shock of filthy blonde rattails, which is liberally streaked with grey and white, erupts from the bony skull. A

scraggly muff, that's just as geriatric and just as infested as its mane, carpets its vile, reeking crotch. Its crotch has a strong, gamey odor. Its hands are horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws. Klaw. Floppy shriveled pendulous breasts with stringbean nipples and hideous stretch marks. A hermaphrodite. Hung like a horse. Labia, clitoris, uncircumcised penis, testicles, male/female genitalia that's equally unattractive, unless you're a nercophiliac, that is. Things grow on it. Things live on it. Things feed on it. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on its dead filth-ingrained skin. Patches of its skin are so dirty, they're ashy-black in color. Its chest doesn't move, because it no longer needs to breathe. Overall, it reeks of the foul stench—smelling like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long.

But the real horror lays in much more subtle things. The Vampire's long-dead Kaye is rotting, diseased, and falling apart.

To digress. Killer tongue. A tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ.

To digress. 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.

Tine and time again. This is what Mondo returns to when she craves to be used. Time and time again. She ends up looking just like her user. But. She always reverts to being the clean and pristine, immaculately-dressed Vampire, after having been extensively and horrendously used. Such is her nature.

It's as if Becky no longer exists for Mondo. Becky knows it's three's company. Lucy sends Becky back to her own world.

The Master walks up to the girl. Mondo's sternka gives way to a Rachel. Her sternns get pursed. More fetching. Less Stern. Not as harsh. A fitting image for The Master to soil.

The Master's tongue elongates. It undoes the buttons of Mondo's suit coat. Showing skin. Lots of skin. That very nice show-n-tell. Hygiene mode for Mondo's Koo switches off. Mondo herself just stands there. Arms hanging limply at her sides. Mouth open slackly, drooling. Staring unblinkingly ahead, as if she has the unseeing eyes of a corpse. A face drained of any expression. Blank. Mindless.

The Master's killer tongue flicks here and there on Mondo. Leaving dirty, sticky streaks behind. The tongue lashes her massive cleavage, right breast, left cheek, and midriff. Master's lingual parasite slides down between her midriff and the waistband of her skirt, into her panties, and into her crotch. It violates her anally and vaginally. When its tongue has finished feeding, it snaps back into Master's mouth.

They French kiss. During the oral copulation, the retractile proboscis of Master's Klapp spews out of its mouth into the girl's. Mondo's eyes go bloodshot as the Klapp feeds. Her Rachel gives way to a krazed that's geriatric—liberally streaked with grey and white. Strap on a prosthetic strap-on, e.g., Doll Parts, in place of her thong, and voila. You get her as a full-blown P2.

Mondo as P2. P2 is a patient designation, not a name. Mondo with the lunatic fringe look of that infamous female patient at the equally infamous Raze Insane Asylum of the Victorian Era.

And then. It just stops. Master pulls back, violently. Creating space between it and her. Kunni-2 abruptly stops its measured advance. Mondo's Koo switches back to hygiene mode. Once again, she's immaculately-dressed. The girl makes an arcane gesture with a gloved hand, and once more, she too is immaculate from head to toe. Her eyes are no longer bloodshot. Her hair reverts to a

shoulder-draping Rachel—a bright shock of silky, acid-dipped, bleach-blond tresses. Flaxen rivers draping shoulders and full breasts. She buttons up her jacket and smiles mischievously. There is a murderous twinkle in her eyes.

“It’s like CPS Officer Kiera Cameron, the Protector character that Rachel Emily Nichols plays in the TV series Continuum, is oft of saying.”

Master finishes Mondo’s sentence for her.

“Hard work beats talent, when talent doesn’t work hard.”

Mondo response to this is equally catty.

“Like minds think alike.”

“We await your return, then.”

“With baited breath, I’m sure.”

Mondo blows Master a kiss and fades away.

They're our worlds. You just live in them. Part 3

Continuum—Dystopian Vancouver, 2077. The government has collapsed. Law and order is stretched and strained. The middle class is no more. A Big Brother-esque surveillance network limits the freedom and opportunity of the citizenry. It's in this corporate-managed chaos that we meet highly trained Protector Kiera Cameron (Rachel Nichols, *G.I. Joe: Rise of Cobra*, *Conan the Barbarian*), a specialized, cybernetically enhanced Central Protection Service field agent (sporting a near-invulnerable biosuit, a cloaking device, and other fantastic future toys) working to thwart the plans of a dangerous band of rebels dubbed Liber8.

Becky materializes back in her world. Downloaded by Lucy. Mondo is waiting for her, tapping the pointed toe of her shoe on an unevenness of a crack in the sidewalk, arms crossed, and feigning impatience. Both Lost are underdriven.

“What took you so long?”

Becky left first. Got here after Mondo. Then again. It's Mondo's phone that downloaded her. She smiles and cracks wise. Tit for tat.

“Sorry about that. But traffic was a bitch.”

They share a laugh.

Koo or Kaye. Either way. Staid and purposed. Severe, form-fitting, and figure flattering if you have a banging body and Mondo clearly has a banging body. An action-figure ready supersuit and its endless exposition accelerators, ahem, gadgetry. Jackie Kennedy's fetching Camelot tailoring coupled with leftover 1950s chaste styling. The Holy Grail of business suits, for women on countless worlds across Creation.

Mondo's strait hair yanks back into a sternka—the Rachel having been put back in the closet. She slips on her sternns. Harsh. Haughty. A dominatrix spin on the classic spinsterish librarian look. Shrew. Realest girl in the room, as the saying goes. But. What she isn't is an antihero. She's not the Beast incarnate. She's not a full-fledged villain, either. She is evil incarnate. That's what she is.

As a Grimm Reaper or as a Mob enforcer, Mondo was a unique talent, and she was always booked like one by her employers. As such. Law enforcement, the Church, the Mob, et al., always valued the characteristics that made her such an impeccable, homicidal tool—a nearly unstoppable destroyer who has no remorse or regret for her malicious actions. For those who avail themselves of her services, she is a heinous character possessed of substance and edge, and thus imbued with a certain mystique.

To those who number themselves as her peeps, she is larger-than-life. Which means that such people her sycophants want to live through her as opposed to relating to her. In simpler, Mondo does not care who you are—so if she's tasked with doing you in, you're done if it's humanly or inhumanly possible.

Sternns get pursed. Her sternka lets down into a Lady Christina de Souza. Straight hair. A lush, silky, dead-straight, shoulder-draping bouffant with China-Doll bangs so her face is not obscured. Not a wave perm in sight. Paradoxically severe and sexy. Which is the paradox of straight hair, especially when it's blonde. China Doll Bangs: the bangs are cut straight across the forehead rather than as a swoop bang, translating this hairdo into an always trendy, ever-young, Lost pouf. It's the

traditional hairstyle of female Vampires. And the signature ‘do of Bettie Mae Page, the preeminent fetish pin-up of the 1950s. The pouf or pouffe also “toque” (literally a thick cushion) is a hairstyle and a hairstyling support. In this case, the ‘do is a figurative, not a literal, pouffe. An affect, not an effect. Implied, not explicit.

The world stutters, and abruptly all of the people disappear. It’s just Mondo and Becky, and most of the inanimate objects that were there just a moment ago. Becky’s phone goes offline, and then it goes completely dead again. Only this time, it’s not from Becky being uploaded to another universe.

Overdrive to mundane is undriven to supernaturals. They are aliases. Supernaturals underdrive to interact with mundanes. This is overdrive at its most arcane possessed of a virtuosity that Becky has never experienced, and Mondo has only experienced twice before. It’s selective to the point of being discreet. Which is why all of the undriven mundane people and certain aspects of the mundane world seem to have disappeared. This is how oldest prefer to surreptitiously move about in, and interact with, Creation. Discretion is paramount to oldest—hence the moniker of their preferred transit *discreet overdrive* and its alias *undriven with the utmost discretion*.

The girls notice movement. Maybe not everyone is gone. A baglady pushing a shopping cart of her worldly possessions emerges from an alley. She looks up and smiles at the Vampires, making eye contact.

Momentarily. As if on cue. Both Vampires get goosebumps. Figuratively speaking: Their hair stands on end—the hair on the back of their necks stand up—bristling as if called to attention. An instinctual reaction to what she the baglady is. She is an oldest.

Ergo. Irrespective of her lowly guise. Her station in life is anything but lowly. Instinctively, they know without having to be told, what the baglady is and that this effortless execution and deft employment of discreet overdrive, which is influencing their reality as well as hers, is her doing.

Briefly, she hikes up her dress, crudely exposing herself—a decidedly delicious, albeit crab-infested cooch. Her smile grows wider and as a result looks even more wicked. Baring teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. A too long tongue whips out and licks the cheeks of her dirty face. The insanity-ravaged face of an old biddy and lunatic. Of the two Vampires she’s visually assaulting. It’s painfully obvious who her gamey, parasite-infested, come hither is being directed at.

Clicking sounds stream from the oldest’s mouth in preset, irregular patterns. Bottom teeth clicking intermittently against top teeth. Morse code? Seemingly meaningless clicks which translate into words forming coherent sentences in Mondo’s mind.

For a few scant seconds, the big girl is mesmerized by the oldest’s telepathy. Overloaded, her brain locks up. So much pain. So much agony. So much pleasure. Delicious!

“Lust for later. If you wish it. Under the Tenth Street overpass. At the witching hour. I’ll be waiting. Hehehehehehehehehehe. Well done, you shall be, if you let me do you!!!”

“She’s one of them. An oldest.” An affirmation, not a question on Becky’s part.

“Yes she is. Better to not disturb her.” Mondo’s expected catty rhetorical, snapping out of her mesmer.

The oldest turns her attention back to what she was doing and proceeds to push her shopping cart west on Washington Avenue away from the two Vampires. No more clicking sounds. She’s talking

out loud to herself, as if she were a delusional homeless person suffering from unchecked mental illness. Which in point of fact, she is.

Deranged. Demented. Depraved. And, degenerate. Pure unaltered insanity. The result of too much power having been poured into a corporeal form. A cautionary that applies to supernaturals just as much as it does to mundanes.

And contrary to what the uninitiated might think. A tidy percent of bagladies, skidrow bums, tramps, hobos, circus geeks, homeless, etc., are oldest. As such, hiding in plain sight so to speak, they are largely ignored by mundane when they the oldest underdrive. An anonymity that virtually guarantees their self-imposed exclusion.

Again the world stutters. All of the undriven mundane people and all aspects of the mundane world reappear. Again. Both Lost are underdriven. Becky's phone is back online. The oldest is nowhere in sight. The oldest ducked into an alley and underdrove; the Vampires know better than to pursue her.

The proximity of the discreet oldest was not the culprit—nothing so implicit, haphazard, and ham-handed. It was not: she comes into range undriven, they're yanked into her discretion; she goes out of range, they're no longer discreet. Mondo's and Becky's momentary "desertion" was the result of the oldest's deliberate and explicit choosing—her intended influence. She wished to interact with them albeit fleeting; finessing reality and its perception to do so.

Oldest tend to avoid crowds and prefer their solitude. A large gathering for them, tends to be a half-dozen or so. When they do enter into relationships, their relationships tend to be monogamous and can be possessive to the point of being obsessive but never detrimental to the object of their affection—they're possessive about those who wish to be possessed and they're obsessive about those who wish to be obsessed about. Tit for tat.

As a rule, depending on the preference of the oldest, they have either little or no contact whatsoever with beings younger than them, whether the beings in question are supernatural or mundane.

Oldest are older than the very old gods. Older than the First Ones. Older than the Oldest gods. Older than the Outer gods. Older than the Old gods. Older than the Deep Ones. Older than the Old Things. Older than the Elder Things. Older than The Ancient Ones. Older than even The Ones. They are the oldest creations of God. They are simply referred to as *oldest*.

So old and thus so powerful, and yet they are collectively referred to in such an ordinary, nondescript manner.

In the mythology of H.P. Lovecraft. Their closest equivalent are The Great Old Ones.

The Great Old Ones are a group of unique, malignant beings of great power. They are physically present on Earth, and indeed once presided over the planet as gods and rulers. They are to be distinguished from the more cosmically placed entities such as Azathoth, Nyarlathotep, and Yog-Sothoth and to races such as the Cthonians, the Deep Ones, the Elder Things and the Mi-go.

Yet the distinction is unclear at best, in part because the terminology isn't always consistent; for instance, Nyarlathotep, despite his marked interest in Earth and its culture, is generally considered to be an Outer God instead of a Great Old One. On the other hand Hastur has a few 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.

Doctor Who 804 “Listen” – Quotable Quotes & Points to Ponder

What’s that in the mirror? In the corner of your eye? What’s that footstep following? But never passing by? Perhaps they’re all just waiting. Perhaps when we’re all dead. Out they’ll come a slithering. From underneath your bed.

Doctor: Question – Why do we talk out loud when we know we’re alone? Conjecture – Because we know we’re not.

Doctor: Evolution perfects survival skills. There are perfect hunters.

Doctor: There is perfect defense.

Doctor: Question – Why is there no such thing as perfect hiding? Answer – How would you know? Logically, if evolution were to perfect a creature whose primary skill were to hide from view, how could you know it existed? It could be with us every second and we would never know. How would you detect it? Even sense it? Except for those moments when for no clear reason you choose to speak aloud. What would such a creature want? What would it do? Well? What would you do?!

There is the rule for oldest. The baglady and her ilk. There is always the exception for oldest. The “original” Konichiwa Bitches—Dr. Helen McCrory and her twin sister Miss Evelyn Poole. Clean and pristine, immaculately-dressed, the very definition of what is prim and proper, they are the epitome of the Victorian lady.

Doctor McCrory has a Ph.D. in Necromancy. She’s teaches at Arkum University. Where she is a designated Professor in Residence. Her area of specialty is The Dead. She has authored several bestsellers on the Nethersphere and the Underverse.

The Nethersphere, also known as the Asylum, is an alternative reality housed within a matrix data slice—a Gallifreyan hard drive—used by The Doctor a Master who is the god of a Dead World to upload the minds of certain recently deceased humans, changing and rewriting them, removing their emotions before re-downloading them into their Cyber-converted prosthetically enhanced Dead bodies.

These lobotomized Cyber-converted Dead are never released from the Asylum. They become patients who undergo an endless regime of treatments, Cyber augmentations, and bionic experimentations.

Besides the Dead. A number of the Asylum’s patients are oldest. Some of them are permanent fixtures. Some are transients, who leave and eventually return, over and over again.

Over and above the Cyber lobotomy which all Dead are subjected to. Whether Dead or oldest or lesser non-oldest supernatural, all patients are subjected to a strict regime of chemical lobotomies.

A painstakingly reproduction of the Raze Insane Asylum of the Victorian Era, the Asylum is staffed by The Doctor, a robot called The Nurse, and patient trustee designate P2 who is always a lesser.

The Underverse is a constellation of dark, new stars. The Necromonger Empire consider it their promised land; that only the Lord Marshals of the Necromongers are known to have journeyed to.

The Necromongers are an interstellar nomadic religious extremist society centered around a death cult. They worship The Dead. Their social order is a militaristic theocratic imperialistic dictatorship, led by a supposedly divine military religious ruler known as the Lord Marshal. They are biologically human, but each member's ability to reproduce has been surgically removed. They expand their ranks solely by conversion.

Evelyn Poole, known professionally as "Madame Kali," is frequently the medium and spiritualist of choice at her socialite sister's Jet Set parties and séances. Magic critics and envious colleagues competing magicians of the illusionist persuasion describe her as a cheat, a charlatan, and a fraud—a practitioner of "real" magic who passes herself off as an illusionist which is why her tricks are unrivaled and her top ranking on all of the best lists goes unchallenged year after year. Fans see her as humble and self-effacing, charming and approachable—the greatest illusionist of her era, maybe of all time—TBE the best ever. Her competitors, detractors, and critics see her as haughty and aloof—a wicked, conniving practitioner of the occult, whose dark powers are great.

Being twins. And of like minds about so many things, including couture. What describes one woman, describes the other.

Forty something. Dishy. A walking pheromone. To look upon her, is to gaze upon something that you must possess; something that you must worship. A flawless, fair complexion. Smooth, velvet-soft skin. Generous breasts showcased in a severe elaborate boned corset underneath a proper Victorian ladies' business suit. The form-fitting black suit is a Vicky, of course. A large loathsome mouth custom made for the oral pervy and a hard pretty face. Shapely legs. Slim hips. A slender, mature (stacked) frame. Slim, stacked, and matronly (buxom). Keen features and thin lips. Dark brown eyes. Long, thick, straight brunette hair, yanked back into a sternka. And an ass so tight that you can pop coin off of it. All women should be such as her to gaze upon.

Gloved—black prudz—blaks pronounced: blacks. Harsh, heavily-applied makeup. Severe Catherine's—black Hi-Top lace-up leather shoes for ladies with canvas uppers and 2 ½" stacked leather heel and sole. Ladies' black petite Victorian top hats. Perls. Thick black stockings. Underneath the Vicky: lacy black corset and bloomers.

Becky and Mondo enter the brownstone walking past the twin oldests who are just suddenly there. Becky can't see them. Mondo pretends that she can't either. But she does. Her Lady Christina de Souza gives way to strait hair. Strait hair yanks back into a sternka. Strait hair yanked back into a sternka reverts to a Lady Christina de Souza yanked back into a sternka. She slips on her sternns. Harsh. Haughty. Again her twist on the dominatrix spinster librarian, only this time reinterpreted as post-modern Victorian thanks to her sternza Lady Christina de Souza yanked back into a sternka. Which is much better to the twin's liking.

This is a girl who they crave to possess so much they could be tempted to do anything to hijack. Instead they enter the brownstone following right in behind Mondo and Becky. A lady does not hijack. Emily Post would most wholeheartedly agree with that sentiment.

So. What's a self-respecting lady to do in this type of situation? What will be their intro with the girl? Fats owns Mondo; that is an exclusive arrangement. But. Mondo is Coco's Girl Friday, an arrangement that can be a time-share. That's the ticket. That's their in.

Because this time-share involves an indenturement of sorts. They will have to offer the girl a bribe. There's also S&P—standards and practices—to consider. In plain English: the girl's bouts of extended depravity are a definitely frowned upon by S&P.

Fortunately. Neither the bribe nor S&P is a sticking point.

They will choose to overlook Mondo's binges, those self-imposed plunges into limitless depravity. Yes, that will do nicely. It's the same type of arrangement that they have with their Victorian Era robot housekeeper, Ms. Kandie Carle, also known as The Nurse—a heavily-modified K-Model version-B originally designed as a psychiatric nurse for Victorian Era insane asylums who was on staff at the original Raze Insane Asylum. That takes care of S&P.

Now, for the bribe.

Mondo has already met Ms. Carle, and the sisters figure that not only will Mondo and The Nurse mesh nicely as their domestic staff. Likely, they surmise, that the robot and the girl will share equally-depraved off duty interests as well in the Asylum as The Nurse and P2.

Of course, that assumes a lot. Putting the cart in front of the horse, so to speak. Assuming that the girl can be bribed into being their Girl Friday by having The Doctor offer her the role of P2 in The Asylum. But. A very safe assumption indeed, considering the girl's proclivities.

Robyn - Konichiwa Bitches

Audrey Hepburn as a low-bred, disheveled Cockney flower seller named Eliza Doolittle in 1964 musical film, “My Fair Lady.” That’s how she looks, acts, and is attired when she “visits” The Asylum and voluntarily checks herself into the hospital for treatment. Likewise, a patient can discharge themselves from the hospital at any time.

Missy is period-correct in mannerisms, makeup, hairdo, etc. The fifty-something, improper, Victorian lass. Crude and unsophisticated, unlike her ladyship employers. Her thick Cockney accent by way of Scotland. But, when she’s front facing in the twin’s mansion, she shows a very different visage. Albeit with the same affectation of a thick Cockney accent by way of Scotland.

While Ms. Kandie Carle is their housekeeper. Missy is their cook. Passing for Scottish, this former actress, her stage name was Michelle Gomez. She is best known in Doctor Who for playing Missy, the first female incarnation of the Master in Series 8. She also voiced Jevvan in the Big Finish audio story Valhalla.

In the Doctor Who TV series.

The Master was referred to as a “jackanapes” and an “unimaginative plodder” by the Third Doctor (TV: Terror of the Autons), the “quintessence of evil” by the Fourth Doctor (TV: The Deadly Assassin), “one of the most evil and corrupt beings the Time Lord race had ever produced” and that his “crimes were without number and his villainy without end” by High Council President Borusa (TV: The Five Doctors), “pure evil” by the Eighth Doctor (TV: Doctor Who), “stone-cold brilliant” by the Tenth Doctor (TV: Last of the Time Lords / The End of Time), and “the Time Lords’ most infamous child” by Time Lord founder Rassilon. (TV: The End of Time)

The Master’s diabolical madness was at least partially the result of a genuine malady in the form of a never-ending drumming sound that had been retroactively implanted inside his head by the Time Lords on the last day of the Last Great Time War to further their own goals. (TV: The End of Time)

Just like the Missy in Doctor Who, Missy is short for the Mistress. Unlike the Missy in Doctor Who, this Missy is not a Time Lord. She is of indeterminate origin. Species unknown. The twins have never been about prying into her past. Choosing to leave well enough alone. Her origin story is left untold and unasked. She appears human, but is not human. Being evil, she is attracted to evil. Which is why she finds the girl Mondo so very intriguing.

Although she is not physically there, using remote viewing via her Windows Phone, she shadows the girl being shadowed by the twins. Missy is in the twin’s kitchen, dutifully fixing dinner. She is hoping that the girl will join them for evening meal. She is a very good cook. So good in fact that for a very long span of time, she cooked for The Great Intelligence. Then the twins hired her away, and the rest is culinary history.

Here, unlike when she’s a patient in the Asylum, Missy is clean and pristine, immaculately dressed. The epitome of civility. Her severe grey-n-white uniform—a grey dress with front fastening, worn with a white apron and lacy puffy cap. French unmentionables. Thick black stockings. And front-lacing spit-shined 9-inch Victorian dress boots. Stern unbecoming makeup—which is the norm for female members of the household—the principals and the hired help alike.

All are period-correct for the principal cook in the primary mansion of a monied upper-crust family in the Victorian Era.

Everything about the twin's mansion, including the stiff-as-a-board starched uniforms and spit-shined dress shoes of those domestics who staff it, is period-correct for the Victorian Era. But, this slavish recreation extends way beyond just the attire of the staff and the look of the mansion. It includes how people act and interact, their speech and their manner. It applies to the principals the twins as well as their hired help. Clean and pristine, immaculately dressed. Here, in this microcosm of Creation. Everybody knows their place and adheres rigidly to it, willfully and willingly. For their part, the twins rule with the expected iron fist in the mink glove.

Of special note is that this is the supernatural version of the Victorian Era. It is the rule without exception for the abodes and households of oldest who themselves are the exception. Hence the extensive use of dimensional engineering. The folding of one dimension effortlessly and seamlessly into another. Which is why the interior of the mansion, and its annexes like the green house, is much bigger than its exterior dimensions should allow.

The guest rooms are of particular note. They are reserved for very special guests and very close friends of the twins. No casual, random occupancies. Only guests who are near and dear to the twins. Guests include: Ann "Coco" Miller. Ancient Mia and Madame Yun. Freddie Krueger, Krueger's equally-dishy twin sister Li Xiaolin, and Krueger's quintessential fifty-something lady friend Ms. De'Ann "Tangerina" Power. U.S. Senator Jane "Lorca" Wright and the Senator's right-hand Alice Beatrice Krige. The durable and charming Congressman Pierce Brosnan Pierce Brosnan—Capital Hill's resident #1 lady-killer. Mondo's Fats Waller and Fats' Tonya Offer have also been known to do a lengthy stayover from time to time.

The guests are typically from worlds other than Becky's. The kept house and its manicured grounds coherently span three dimensions. Mondo's, Becky's, and The Moment in Time. Part of the expansive suburb of the latter. An exclusive Victorian Era suburb whose permanent residents are all oldest who represent that exception to the rule for oldest that the twins embody.

Again, Adolph Hitler's infamous catchphrase comes to mind: "Injustice, the gods among us."

The Painstaking Elocution of a Murderer, Part 1

Ultraviolet—In a new twist on an old theme, the coolly stylish British miniseries *Ultraviolet* brings vampires into the 21st century, though the word vampire is never uttered in this mix of *The X-Files* and somber British TV mysteries like *Touching Evil*. Jack Davenport is a police detective who stumbles into an elite government agency when his partner and best friend suddenly becomes a nocturnal thug and bites him on the neck.

Davenport reluctantly cuts off his old friends and lovers to join the team, which includes Idris Elba as a merciless ex-soldier and Susannah Harker as a medical researcher, and investigate a web of counterfeiting operations, banking scams, and experimental labs featuring human guinea pigs. “What they’re researching is pollution: contamination of their blood supply,” offers team leader and former priest Philip Quast, but the question remains: are they soulless monsters out to conquer mankind, or a persecuted minority who just want to live in peace with the humans?

Writer-director-creator Joe Ahearne brings all the traditional vampire tropes up to date; not only do they lack reflections in a mirror, but they don’t show up on video and their voices don’t carry over phone lines or record on audio tapes (“which makes surveillance a bitch”). Sunlight burns like an acid, and when they die they go up like a flare, leaving a pile of ash in their wake. Being immortal, they can reconstitute themselves from the ashes if the ashes are not disposed of properly. But it’s the sharp character writing, moral quandaries, and ingenious twists of this smart, stylish conspiracy thriller that make this series gripping down to the final episode.

In the real world, just like in the literary sense of *Ultraviolet*. Later on they adapted. For example. Being able to go out into the sunlight using a form of arcane known as *skin magic*. A spell inked tattooed into their skin across their back, which tricks their UV-perishable epidermis into reacting to the light of day as if it were the darkness of the night. This *forever night* adaptation had an unforeseen side effect. Their complete transparency to any form of electronic surveillance, visual or auditory, extends to anything they wear or carry.

Penny Dreadfuls. Half-Penny Dreadfuls. The Half Dead. The Halves. Almost there. Almost us. Half Saved. Belongings of Seth. Seth’s by any other name are still those Undead who are of The House of Seth. They start off human. Becoming Lost after having contracted a rare, incurable, and usually fatal blood disease caused by the Epson-Hemo virus—survival rate is less than 1%. Made, not born. In other words, they are “manufactured” demons.

Sterilized by their viral transfiguration. Seth’s cannot reproduce by any other means than by making others into their kind. In spite of being Vampiric and thus supernatural, they retain their human nature and the attendant shortcomings thereof.

Human nature encased in an inhuman, supernatural, immortal body. A guaranteed recipe for disaster. As is human nature. Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. This explains their alliance with Him Lucifer and His Fallen Angels.

Their lackeys? Inoue the Nomads are their preferred intermediaries with the supernatural world and their familiars of choice in the mundane world.

Previously, within a Dragon’s Tear, between that Dead World and Becky’s living one.

“She’s a professional. Saved. Sanctified. Filled with The Holy Ghost. Knows and abides by ROE to the letter. A good girl, unlike you who is such a bad girl.”

“But. Nonetheless. We need for you to make sure that she stays impartial, once she’s confronted with the non-supernatural identity of who is killing these mundane Jews of hers. You two are to intervene only if you have to.”

“In other words, irrespective of being aligned with the Seth’s, the Nazis killing these Jews must violate ROE to qualify as murder unlawful killing, and thus necessitate involvement by our supernatural kind.”

“Nazis killing Jews.”

“When this just involves humans killing humans. Whether serial or genocidal.”

“That’s none of our business.”

There’s the twins. The sisters are doing all the talking. And Mondo. And someone else who stays just beyond Mondo’s perception. Maybe that someone is Him. But. If even it is Him. And. In spite of previous guilt by association—they are not His allies. If He wishes to come around, they will not shoo Him away. But, they do not go out of their way to seek Him out. Whether insane or lucid, oldest are well known to be neutral in matters that involve Him. So, it comes as no surprise that the twins’ relationship with Him is no exception to this six degrees of separation.

Humans often mistake this self-imposed separation from the Fallen by oldest as resulting from some inherent nobility stemming from a sense of absolute morality. In truth, it is a logical and thus expected expression of the inherent aloof nature of oldest. And. For painfully obvious reasons. It goes without saying, that no oldest sees Him as their equal. No oldest, including the insane, no matter how demented and awash in senile dementia.

“To reiterate.”

“We are well aware of how this version of yourself in this world feels about these people.”

“But, irrespective of them being God’s Chosen People, here they these Jews are human. And therefore food. And there are rules about this sort of thing. Of course. In your world, Jews are supernatural. They are demons.”

“Here, Nazis are also human and they are Jews’ nemesis.”

“In your world, Nazi’s are demons and they are the closest allies of the Jews. They’re boon coons. Fuck with Jews The First Kingdom, and the Nazis and the Nazis’ Affiliates the Nation Of Hate The Skinheads become your worst enemies.”

“This is akin to what your Elves are to you Vampires in your world.”

“Then again, you’re Elf and Vampire. And, then there are those Goon tendencies of yours that are anything but latent. So you’re well versed in boon coon.”

That’s when Mondo fades from here Dragon’s Tear to there Becky’s living world.

The Painstaking Elocution of a Murderer, Part 2

They are not there. They are inoue—John McTiernan's 1986 release, "Nomads," may not be a perfect film but in a genre (horror) cursed all too often with cliché, derivative story lines, and stupidity in general, it is an imaginative, compelling, and suspenseful entry.

The film opens with emergency room doctor Eileen Flax (easy on the eyes Lesley-Anne Down) being attacked by a madman (Pierce Brosnan, suave even as he froths and foams) who has been hauled, raving in French, to the L.A. hospital where she has recently begun work after a divorce and subsequent move from Boston. Soon thereafter she begins to relive—through some kind of telepathic bond with the dead man (the nature of which is not explained)—the last few days of his life. We learn that the mad Frenchman was an anthropologist named Jean-Charles Pommier, only just settled in L.A. with his wife Niki (beautiful red-head Anna Maria Monticelli) after a decade or so spent tracking remote areas of the earth in the study of nomadic peoples. Unfortunately, the house they have moved into was the site of a recent murder and seems to be a magnet for a gang of wild and mysterious characters (Adam Ant, Mary Woronov, and others) who drive around in a black van. Pommier follows this group into the night and the mystery that brought him to the hospital in the opening moments of the film begins.

The Hidden Ones. Being immortal, they can reconstitute themselves from ashes if their ashes are not disposed of properly. They shun the daylight. Preferring to feed at night. Travelling in packs, unlike their likenesses The Master Vampires of Haven. Moving from city to city. Leaving a trail of stacked, exsanguinated corpses in their wake. Never staying long in one place so as to elude discovery. And if they have their sway unchecked. Nothing lives after their murderous trek has circumferenced a planet. Only death, and them the Undead, are all that remains. They are neither discreet nor are they sentient. Bestial, they feed, fuck, and sleep. Feeding and fucking at night. Sleeping during the day under bloody piles of their dead victims. Devoid of personal hygiene or any affectation of affluence, opulence, or wealth. Filthy and infested. They are the antithesis of mainstream Vampires in Creation.

Supernaturally speaking, they are more akin to Medusa the Gorgon and Draculina the half-sister to Dracula than they are to Lilith. They only know insanity, fucking, the insatiable Hunger, and the unquenchable Thirst. They cannot make. They can only infect and addict. Their Kiss promises only Consumption.

Emaciated, animated, ravenous corpses. Not she-males. Exclusively female. Physically, these Undead are akin to septuagenarian female versions of the Master Vampires as portrayed in Showtime's Penny Dreadful series. They possess entirely hairless bodies, blood-red eyes, mouths full of sharp fangs, clawed fingers, and an "exoskeleton" layer of skin, beneath which their dark flesh is tattooed with occult hieroglyphs. They are white people, not blacks. Ingrained filth, not complexion, is why their milk-white flesh appears dark. Sections of their body are so dirty, their look black. Having no use for clothing, they go naked. Any attempt to clothe them will incite them to bouts of extreme rage and violence. Additionally, unlike Showtime's Master Vampires and like Medusa the Gorgon, they have the face of a hideous human female with living venomous snakes in place of a head of hair.

Light grey eyeballs. Red, constricted pupils. And no irises. Gazing directly into their eyes won't turn onlookers to stone. But, for the susceptible, it's a gaze that is hypnotic and subordinating. For

the resistant, it's no less disturbing—even lucid oldest have been known to get thrown off their game by it.

Tattoos over tattoos. Fodder for a never-ending self-scripting obsessive-compulsive neurosis. They are carved, not inked into their Undead flesh. Scar tattoos. Long dirty fingernails and toenails which they use to tattoo themselves including their backs. Besides being the affectations of their lunatic cravings. Those arcane glyphs of theirs also enhance their addictive nature.

Scripts with many more uses besides the enhancement of their addictive potency. Some of their body prose affords them some measure of stealth. For now it allows them to be invisible to those they now stalk and to any remote viewing.

It's not just the twins that are following Mondo and Becky. Two of the Hidden, scouts from a nearby pack, are also stalking the two girls. A pack that is newly arrived in this universe. Stalking prey in the daytime is totally out of character for their kind. But this pack is inordinately corrupting even by the exceedingly-depraved standards of their demented kind, so nothing should be unexpected about their predatory behavior.

The Painstaking Elocution of a Murderer, Part 3

They are not there. They are inoue—Jean-Charles and Niki Pommier soon discover that things are no different in the urban sprawl of a major city than anywhere else in the world. The very first day in their new home they encounter a troublesome, unruly band of misfits driving around the neighborhood in a black van. Curious about their anti-social behavior Jean-Charles follows them about Westwood secretly taking notes and photos of their activities. His findings are unexpected and earthshattering. They are Nomads (hostile, wandering spirits), and his interest in them has now turned their attention in his direction. The hunter has become the hunted and poor Jean-Charles must attempt to flee from the Nomads before it's too late.

We serve them. At the expense of all others. At the expense of everything and everyone, including ourselves. Our unrelenting, unquestioning servitude. Our complete and utter obedience. Depraved, tormented souls. Infected and afflicted. We are addicted to them. We crave them.

I, Jonathan Harker, am one of those who serve them to the exclusion of all else. I am one of their travel agents—a euphemism for lackey. There is no sin that I would not commit in their service.

Not sentient. Animate corpses. Devoid of personal hygiene or any affectation of affluence, opulence, or wealth. Filthy and infested. They are the antithesis of mainstream Vampires in Creation. Yet, just like their pristine well-heeled mainstream counterparts, they possess immense wealth, and with it the great influence that it buys.

Using their almost limitless finances, we facilitate their passage from city to city, from planet to planet, from universe to universe. We help them devour entire human races. In reward to us, they feed upon us—we are their junkies and they are our narcotic. They are the locusts of the Vampires. They are the eaters of worlds.

As long as I get my regular fix, I can look normal enough to pass when the necessity arises, for example, when I'm required to carry on their business dealings unabated. Although, when I am passing, if you look deep enough into my eyes and pay the closest attention you will notice that certain neediness. The neediness of an addict. Always one fix away from oblivion.

When it's not needed for us to pass, we're allowed to wallow in the squalor and filth of their depravity and degradation. It's our well-deserved and much anticipated reward—anticipated with very bated breath. They feed upon us while we wallow. They allow us to feed alongside them upon humans as food. The pack is more than just the Vampire them. The pack is also human us—lackeys like myself—pathetic, addicted, wretches whose sanity and humanity has been ripped asunder by our Masters the Hidden Ones.

We live to serve. We serve to live.

Previously, somewhere between Mondo's world and Becky's, after her horrendous flaying in the OIG in the Vatican. Her consciousness is here, her broken dead soon to be resurrected for the umpteenth time body is somewhere else.

“The deal's still on the table. Will be for the rest of your immortal life.”

“No thanks. I prefer to keep my soul. Besides, you have nothing murderous to offer me in its stead that I can't already do without such a grievous forfeiture as that.”

The usual witty banter between Him His likeness and her avatar. You'd think that they were an old married couple. And in a sense, you would be right.

"But you know how much I like to barter. You can't expect me to ever give up on you."

"Cut to the chase. I have places to be. No doubt at the impatient behest of some old biddy or biddies."

"But you can't be sure."

"Of course I can. Who else would ply me with candy the lethal flaying and then yank me unceremoniously out of the here and now to send me somewhere else? None that I can think of, Luke."

She smiles impishly. She knows just how much He is annoyed when she calls Him so colloquially as that. His poker face conceals His annoyance completely, though.

Of all the things to call Him. All those delicious Biblical references available to choose from that He so enjoys. Including. Abaddon (destroying angel), as found in Revelation 9:11. Angel of the bottomless pit, in Revelation 9:11. Apollyon (destroyer), in Revelation 9:11. Accuser of our brethren (complainer against those who believe in God), Revelation 12:10. Adversary (opponent), 1st Peter 5:8. Angel of light (messenger of light), 2nd Corinthians 11:14. Antichrist (opponent of the Messiah), 1st John 4:3. Beelzebub (the dung god, ruler of the demons), Luke 11:15. Belial (worthlessness), 2nd Corinthians 6:15. Dragon, Great dragon, Serpent of old, Revelation 12:7 – 9. Enemy (the hateful, hostile one), Wicked One (evil one), Matthew 13:38 – 39. The god of this world (god of this age), 2nd Corinthians 4:3 – 4. Great fiery red dragon (serpent), Revelation 12:3. Lucifer (morning star), Isaiah 14:12. Man of sin (man of offence), son of perdition (son of destruction), 2Thessalonians 2:3 – 4. Murderer, Liar (a falsifier), Father of lies, John 8:44. Power of darkness (power of obscurity), Colossians 1:13. Prince of the power of the air (ruler who has authority over air), Ephesians 2:1 – 2. Rulers of the darkness of this world (world ruler of obscurity in this age), Ephesians 6:12. Ruler of this world (prince of this world), John 12:31. Serpent (snake), Genesis 3:1, 2Corinthians 11:3. Tempter (the tester, one who entices), Matthew 4:3. Thief (stealer), John 10:9 – 10.

And she, practicing a woman's prerogative, chooses to call Him, Luke.

"I need you to do a boon for me."

"Need or want?"

"Semantics."

"No it isn't. I wasn't born yesterday."

"I would like you to do a favor for me."

"Which is?"

"You're not going to ask me why I want you to do this favor for me?" He arches His right eyebrow as He asks the question. His usual tell in such matters when He's asking a rhetorical question.

"If I asked, you would lie to me."

Now it's His turn to break out His most wolfish grin. *I just must have this girl, she's the cat's pajamas*, He thinks to Himself.

“I want you to solve a murder, and not be cute about it.”

“Which one?”

“You’ll figure that out for yourself. I have faith in you.”

“And, if I fail to do so on all counts?”

“Then you’ll owe me one.”

She’s doesn’t even pause a wink to consider the grave consequences that will befall her if she accepts His all-or-nothing proposition and fails to deliver. Because, irregardless of the outcome, her soul will not be forfeit.

“Agreed.”

They shake hands on it. As binding an agreement as one of His usual contracts. The kind of contracts written and signed in blood—the blood of the signatory.

The Painstaking Elocution of a Murderer, Part 4

Conversations of interest. Snippets excerpted from Case File 1066-1408. DoD Project INOUE.

Niki: "Who ARE these people?"

Jean Charles Pommier: "They're not real. They can't do anything."

Bertril: "They brought you here, Pommier."

Jean Charles Pommier: "The old men on Atavak used to tell a tale of the dangers of travelling far, of hunting alone, on the ice. How one might no longer know what was, real. We are so very far from home you know. All of us. We have wandered so very far from home."

Niki: "Did my husband lose his sanity?"

Flax: "I think so. He's hallucinating. Was hallucinating."

Bertril: "There are places with pasts, Pommier. Places with secrets. Things collect. You just looked too closely. Most people are luckier: They never know that a certain percentage of what they see is, not there. But the problem now is not what you know, it's what they know. You. They know about you. Go away, Pommier. Leave your house and change your job. Go and hide yourself. You can still survive this. But you must not try to fight them. Listen to me. If you've never run from anything in your life, run from this. They're leading you into another world."

Jean Charles Pommier: "What kind of people?"

Keurig /'kjʊərɪg/ is an American manufacturer of coffee brewers for both home and commercial use. It is a part of Keurig Green Mountain, Inc., which is headquartered in Waterbury, VT. Its main product is the K-Cup, a single-serving coffee brewing system. Each K-Cup is a plastic container with a coffee filter inside. Ground coffee beans are packed in the K-Cup and sealed air-tight with a combination plastic and foil lid. When the K-Cup is placed in a Keurig brewer, the brewer punctures both the foil lid and the bottom of the K-Cup and forces hot water under pressure through the K-Cup and into a mug or cup. Initially used only for coffee, K-Cup varieties now include tea, hot chocolate, iced teas and coffee, as well as fruit drinks.

Keurig licenses its K-Cup technology to coffee roasters and tea makers such as Green Mountain Coffee Roasters, Diedrich/Gloria Jeans, Timothy's World Coffee, Van Houtte, Caribou Coffee, Celestial Seasonings, Bigelow Tea Company, Twinings, Tully's, Coffee People and Newman's Own.

Within a Dragon's Tear, between that Dead World and Becky's living one. From which Mondo has just left.

There's the twins. And. Madame Zajj, who stayed just beyond Mondo's perception during the parley, steps from the shadows into view. Elder Dragon. A member for the Royal Dragon Court. Senior political affairs advisor to the current Dragon Empress. In assumed human form, dressed in the elegance and finery of a wealthy Chinese lady circa the 1930s. In this situation, she represents the interests of The Fourth Reich's RSD.

In Mondo's universe:

The Fourth Reich is the post-Hitler Nazi Party. The Third Reich was the Hitler led Nazi Party. The Party was founded by the Vampire god Hitler over a thousand years ago. All Party members are demons.

The Reichssicherheitsdienst (RSD, lit. "Reich security service") is an SS security force of the Nazi Party. Originally, bodyguards for Adolf Hitler, its obligations subsequently expanded to include providing protection of other high-ranking leaders of the Nazi Party. The group, although similar in name, is completely separate from the Sicherheitsdienst (SD) which is the formal intelligence service for the SS and the Nazi Party itself.

Its role also includes personal security, investigation of assassination plots, and surveillance of locations before the arrival of Nazi dignitaries and vetting buildings as well as guests. The RSD has the power to request assistance from any other SS organizations and take command of all Ordnungspolizei (order police) in its role protecting the Nazi functionaries.

Since its founding as the Führerschuttkommando ("Führer protection command"; FSK), the RSD has been under the command of SS-Standartenführer Johann Rattenhuber. His deputy, Peter Högl, is the bother-in-law of Naomi Watts. Ms. Watts, who is the rector for the current President of the United States, is a close human acquaintance of Madame Zajj. How close an acquaintance? From time to time, Madame Zajj and Ms. Watts have been lovers. This happens to be one of those times.

"I need to meet this girl, privately." Madame Zajj delivers her overture with expected politeness. There's nothing inscrutable about her motives.

"You're aware of her wager with Him?"

"Intimately. I helped Him construct it."

"Then you know details we are not privy to. His stipulations can be quite tricky, shall we say. Entering in such an agreement as that."

"She did not compromise herself, in any way, shape, or form, by doing so."

"Good to know."

"And your permission?"

"You have it."

Atomic Blonde

Mamie Van Doren—“built like a platinum powerhouse” the publicity machine of 1950s Hollywood raved about. Second only to the number one celluloid goddess herself, Marilyn Monroe.

Rapper **Sean Price** died at the age of 43 on Saturday, Aug. 8. The Brooklyn native and prominent Jewish activist, was a member of the hip-hop groups Boot Camp Clik, Random Axe, and Heltah Skeltah.

“It is with beyond a heavy heart that Duck Down Music is sadly confirming that Sean Price passed away early this morning in his downtown Saint Louis apartment off Washington Avenue, Saturday, August 8th, 2015. The cause of death is currently unknown, but it was reported that he died in his sleep. He’s survived by his wife, and his three children,” a rep for Price said in a statement Saturday, via Rolling Stone.

The statement continued: “Sean’s family and friends are asking for time to grieve and process the news. Further details will be issued when more information is available.”

All this political intrigue. This maelstrom of supernatural politics swirling about her, and Mondo is about one thing: solving the murder case at hand. That’s the cake. The cherry on top of the cake is two-fold. She’s doing this sleuthing with the able assistance of the Jew, Becky Better, one of her besties and truest closest other selves. And. There’s a bet with Him on the line and her soul cannot be forfeit regardless of the outcome—the latter means that The Elders will stay out of her beeswax on this one.

Of course, Mondo can see the twins and Becky cannot. Although she cannot see the Hidden, she can sense their overpowering effluvia. Again, Becky cannot. Unspoken, Mondo discreetly lets Becky in on what’s up—that they’re being stalked.

Mondo points at the family photo on the coffee table. Depicted are the rabbi, his wife, and a large, stocky-built, not very feminine looking girl. The large girl looks to be some female athlete in a sport that demands its practitioners to be fit, strong, and very durable.

What ensues is Mondo again displaying her knack for knowing how to ask just the right questions. When she’s just blind grasping for straws.

“Who’s that with them?”

“Wesley Clements. Their daughter.”

“An alias for?”

“John Wesley Hardin.”

“Her married name? I’m noticing a wedding ring on her finger.”

“Yes.”

“Her given name?”

“Jayne.”

“And no one thought this significant?”

The Notorious Jewel De'Nyle and Shelly Martinez: Bondage Babes – Who's the Bitch Now?

Keurig—the seamless incorporation of Hidden feral, Borg ex machina, and Victorian severe qualities, characteristics, propensities, capabilities, and behavior into the subconscious and consciousness of a demonic abomination. The dementia and promiscuity that majority oldest exhibit juxtaposing the prudishness and the strict observations of conventionalities that minority oldest can also exhibit. In other words, the whorish insanity which is the rule for oldest versus the chaste lucidity which is the exception for oldest.

Although it's argued rather convincingly by a rabid camp of free-thinkers modernists and post-modernists that this whole Victorian "notion" of being excessively concerned with sexual propriety is in itself possessed of an undercurrent of insanity. It's the old "crazy as a horny mad hatter behind closed doors" argument. Ergo, if you are a Victorian, they argue, you are insane and inherently promiscuous no matter how staid, rational, and button-down you act in public, because to be excessively concerned with sexual propriety is in itself insane and therefore anyone who practices such a chastity concern is themselves insane.

"Stay the course. Deny everything. Admit nothing. Remember: even a fish can't get caught if it doesn't open its mouth."

"The police can't see you?"

There is a universal figure standing beside the seated Jayne. The generic figure is telepathic, not holographic, and only is apparent to Jayne.

"Nor can they hear our conversation."

"But her, the one standing in the corner? The police, I can understand you deceiving them, they are mundane like me, but she's one of you supernaturals. She's a Vampire."

"She's as blind and deaf to us as they are. Just sit there and smile. Crack wise if you wish. We've got your back."

"Who are you?"

"Allies. We are legion. But you only need know about me. Call me Ehren, Ehren Kruger. If push comes to shove, and you must give up our confidence, only give me up. Capish?"

"I understand."

"It shouldn't ever come to that though." Whispers, many voices, which Jayne cannot discern. Then the voices are gone. Ehren resumes. "The police have nothing. Only conjecture and circumstantial evidence at best. Of course, understandably, they've had you under suspicion since your parent's murder. But. You have been the careful one. We were wise to choose you indeed. Just sit tight and wait for your lawyer to show up with your release."

"The Nazi butchers. Originally there was two of them. Ethan and Carson. Carson ended up being the one to coach me. At first he was just like the other one—an arrogant prick. Defiant and unwilling. I had them tied to chairs, helpless, at my mercy. Too bad for them that I had no mercy. He. Carson. Spitting on me, cursing me, calling me a Jew bitch, and other foul names as I slowly and methodically butchered his friend in front of him. Then. I worked on him. I smashed his fingers,

one by one, with a hammer. Pruning shears. Vise grips. I tortured him, heinous. Until I had broken him. Castration using priers, proved to be the key to breaking him. He's my bitch, now."

"They, the two Nazis, killed the first four?"

"Yes. The rest have been my handiwork per his Carson's coerced instruction."

"Who's next?"

"Sean. Then Sarah. It's what they all deserve. None of them would lift a finger on behalf of my beloved and myself. Harriet and I had to marry outside Temple, by a Justice of the Peace. Secular. Nothing condoned by Judaism, for my kind. And only grudgingly recognized as matrimony in the legal sense, by my Faith. I'm as much a Jew as any of them. But, ultra-conservative or ultra-liberal, they all became in effect Hasidic when it came to a same sex marriage in their Synagogue. Gays are tolerated in Temple, but we have to stay in the closet, and God forbid we want to be married kosher."

The same question is asked again in a more probing fashion. Due diligence.

"This Carson and Ethan were not in cahoots with you for the first four murders?"

Jayne responds to the repetition in kind. A mic check, so to speak.

"Correct. They are Nazis and hate us Jews. It was sheer happenstance that they picked those four. The principals on my Synagogue's marriage review board. The main antagonists who shot down my marriage request. The four people that I wanted to kill the most but didn't have the skills to do so without being thwarted by the police. Harriet had asked me to plead our case to them. So I did. They would have no piece of it. It's against the Bible, they argued. And that was that."

A valid telepathic exchange—she's in parley. Or. It's a ruse—she's pretending. A nice charade, just in case. Laying the groundwork for a future insanity defense to be used by her lawyers at her trial if she's eventually caught by the police. Look. I'm innocent, I couldn't control myself, I was under the influence—I was insane at the time. This telepathic exchange could be presented at trial as proof of that insanity—I thought that I was in parley, but I really wasn't.

But. Why bother? Whether real or counterfeit. No one here and now is privy to their telepathic exchange. Why bother, indeed? Maybe, because this exchange isn't for the benefit of someone who is in the here and now? A rekall witness? If so, that would be a mortal Jayne playing the very long game of the supernaturals.

A nondescript interrogation room in the brand-new police headquarters, midtown Saint Louis. Besides Jayne, there's Detective Inspector Robbie Lewis—retired, bought in on a consultant basis for the case, Detective Inspector James Hathaway—case lead on this his first serial murder case, Hathaway's practical and easygoing new partner, Detective Sergeant Lizzie Maddox, police forensic pathologist Dr. Laura Hobson, and the Vampire Betty Better standing in a far corner.

In the room. Of Jayne's five antagonists. Hobson and Better are the only Jews. The rest are Gentiles. Better is the only supernatural.

And then there is the matter of the one-way glass. On the other side of that mirror is an adjourning observation room. There is one observer. Chief Superintendent Jean Innocent, the boss—a half step below the Chief of Police in the city's law enforcement pecking order.

Betty stands in the corner. The not so neutral, neutral observer. She's way too close to this to be objective, yet she must be in spite of her bias. As much as she loves her Jews, so far, the evidence only points to human involvement. If this turns out to be just humans killing humans, her feelings aside, she knows her role in this matter.

All of the victims belonged to the same Synagogue. Jayne's. But. How did this girl, with no criminal record and no known criminal associations, gain the expertise to murder several people in her Synagogue so proficiently, eluding detection? These are slick, sophisticated crimes. But. Jayne is a criminology major in college. And, there is also the internet as a potential source for illicit instruction in all sorts of nefarious deeds.

The crazed Gay out for revenge motive seems a bit cliché, at first glance. But. It would explain why these calculated murders are not devoid of emotion—they are rife with it. Revenge—even the most complicated homicides can be committed for the simplest, most base reasons.

The murders evidence someone who is strong and fit to have committed them. It could be a man or a woman. Jayne is a triathlete and competes in strongwoman contests.

There's evidence that the prep is skilled in overpowering and incapacitating their victims. Jayne completes in the local Cage Rage matches. Cage Rage is a regional MMA promotion headquartered in nearby Saint Charles County. Jayne is a skilled striker and often finishes off her opponents using submission moves—specifically, choke holds.

But, this is murder, serial murder no less. Human justice in this country demands guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. You only need one juror to question the guilt of the accused in a criminal trial. There's also the double jeopardy rule to consider in capital murder cases. So the DA's office and the police need to get it right the first time. There won't be a second chance. Public opinion and pressure from the Jewish community for swift closure to this case cannot be allowed to force law enforcement's hand into bringing the case too soon to trial.

So far. Despite the mounting body count. The police only have conjecture and circumstantial evidence.

Reasonable doubt.

The last iteration of murders, the double homicide, took the edge off of everything being too pat, too cut and dry. Up until then, too much added up. Then. Bang. It's as if the killer was throwing in a red herring just in case they got caught and they needed to blossom some reasonable doubt in a jury.

The murder of the rabbi and his wife were made to look like a murder-suicide. As if to discredit the rabbi, by implying that he had killed his wife and then himself, distancing their murders from the serial murder of Jews going on. But, with the rabbi being left-handed, the killer ended up rigging the murder incorrectly. As if the killer didn't know that the rabbi wasn't right-handed. His daughter would know not to make that mistake. Unless she wanted to throw suspicion off of herself. Which is reason enough for her to intentionally rig it incorrectly.

Then there's the other reason for reasonable doubt which just won't go away.

A detail withheld from the media. Known only to the killer and the police. There was this thing done to the fingernails of the first four victims that has not been repeated on any of the subsequent victims. The killer carefully pulled out, then reset the fingernails of the both thumbs and both ring fingers left and right ring fingers.

There's also the oddity. Significant or not.

The first four murders were exactly two weeks apart. No set interval has been associated with the other murders.

So. After carefully consideration. It was thought best that Mondo be brought in for that needed fresh set of eyes. Betty will let Mondo take the lead and come up with her own version of what's up, and then the two girls will compare notes. By then, knowing Mondo as Becky does, Mondo will have figured out that she's been jobbed. She's not the starter or the closer, let alone the back stop. She's here in the role as back catcher, only. Becky is the only pitcher in this game of cricket.

Lalo Schifrin Marquis de Sade—Import—Like New—CD

Album Notes—Full title: *The Dissection and Reconstruction of Music from the past as Performed by the Inmates of Lalo Schifrin's Demented Ensemble as a Tribute to the Memory of the Marquis De Sade* / 作为演出单位拉罗富林的痴呆症乐团的囚犯作为贡品萨德侯爵的记忆解剖和音乐的重建从过去. Personnel: Lalo Schifrin (piano); Jerome Richardson (alto flute); Clark Terry, Ernie Royal (trumpet); Kai Winding, J.J. Johnson (trombone); Richard Davis (bass); Grady Tate (drums). Recorded in April 1966. This is part of Verve's Elite Edition series. Come again? This crackpot title—probably the longest ever concocted for a jazz album—actually is a front for a not-so-dangerous, hard-swinging album in which Schifrin invents or borrows 18th-century classical themes and sets them into big band or small-combo contexts. Such is Schifrin's chameleonic mastery that his own inventions are a match for the themes of the period, and he is tasteful enough not to overload the window dressing and keep the rhythm section loosely swinging nearly all the time. Once, Lalo tries something wacky; on "Beneath a Weeping Window Shade," he has singer Rose Marie Jun intoning a madrigal-like Francis Hopkinson song against some avant-garde multiphonic flute from Jerome Richardson, ministrations from a string quintet, and Schifrin's own comments on harpsichord. There is also a stimulating pastiche "Aria" that sounds like Schifrin arguing with Heitor Villa-Lobos and Henry Purcell in 9/8 time. With the cream of New York's jazz session men of the '60s on board—including the inimitable Grady Tate on drums, Richardson on flute and tenor, Gene Bertoncini on guitar, and J.J. Johnson and Kai Winding on trombones—and Creed Taylor's production dictating the distinctive timbres, jazz buffs will have a fine time with this collision of the centuries, which leans heavily to the jazz side. The album was reissued on CD as part of Verve's limited Elite Editions series. ~ Richard S. Ginell

Mondo experiences Jayne's interrogation via Becky's recall. An abomination, Mondo is able to be privy to Jayne's telepathic exchange. Because recall is a synergy, Becky through Mondo is also now privy to Jayne's telepathic exchange.

The telepathic exchange. The seed of reasonable doubt vis-à-vis Jayne's guilt is planted in both of them. Also the suspicion that Jayne might be a mortal playing the long game, and therefore is guilty as hell. This is what puts Becky's panties into a bunch. Mondo, on the other hand, could care less.

So, she's just the back catcher on this one. Knowing this, with a flick of the switch so to speak, Mondo is bored and wants to go back from whence she came from. Or at the very least, if she's got to be stuck here for the duration, she'd like to get lost, strung out, and dirty, a depraved junkie harlot who's forcibly confined in a filthy hovel someplace getting her wretched brains fucked out by some bi-pedal or preferably multi-pedal humanoid leech.

Whether dressing staid spinster shrew or a little more mainstream severe, Mondo's sober modes fall into three categories. High school mean girl, crazy, or overly sexualized aliased as overly sexually repressed. Right now, she's in overly sexualized mode aliased as overly sexually repressed—with undertones of mean girl and crazy.

Passingly, the Hidden Ones make themselves perceptible to Mondo. It's a mouthwatering tease appealing to Mondo's degenerate tastes in sex. But. Been there, done that, been banged by that, a zillion times before. In other words. They're offering Mondo her usual intoxication.

This time. Mondo wants something baser, even sicker, and more depraved. Which speaks volumes, because Mondo's intoxicated mode is extremely base and decidedly feral—mindlessly bestial at its lowest ebb. She's become jaded again. And needs it raked down to an all new low. How the mighty craves to fall again.

In her mind she has an idea of what her newest debaser should look like. She'd like to be used by something like a Klapp only much worse. She'd like a she-male leech who's multi-pedal, still vaguely humanoid, and overtly Gorgon. She'd like to be used against her will with absolutely no control over the situation. An inmate confined in an otherwise abandoned Victorian insane asylum. She wants something no one has yet to offer her before let alone while she's been on this trek.

In short, the Hidden Ones are not the new low that she craves. Mondo waves them off. They fade from perception and leave. No longer is Mondo on their menu, but before they leave, they implant an impression in Mondo's mind—maybe there's something here in this world like what she seeks.

Something purely predatory, and exclusively solitary except for their only mate and maybe a lone robot lackey. Feeding and fucking at night. Sleeping during the day. Devoid of personal hygiene. Filthy and infested. Even baser than the Hidden Ones. Supernatural. Leeches, not people. Giant leeches in the guise of leech women. A feral Kum offshoot—as such a Kum variant. Mindless lunatics. Creatures of pure instinct. Parasitic enslavers. Repellant. Disgusting. A Dagon.

Physically, Dagon are akin to a multi-pedal version of The Hidden—octopus tentacles from the waist down. Tentacles that end in rattlers akin to a rattlesnake's.

Mentally. Not sentient. Being creatures of pure instinct. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of their hideous, inhumanly-wide mouths. But, they can simulate speech to be used as a lure for prey.

What looks like a biomechanical harness composed of multiple overlords is anchored into their spine. Nasty parasites feeding off of an even nastier, much larger parasite. But. These disgusting parasites are not overlords and are not synthetic. It's not a harness. It's an ugly parasitic skin outgrowth, a large hideous convoluted wart, on the back of these multi-pedal creatures. These viral lesions are called "Schlags," a byproduct of a Dagon's spine being overloaded, their venom is much more narcotically potent than that of either a Klapp's harness or an overlord.

Dagon only know rage, all-encompassing insanity, raped-ape fucking, the insatiable Hunger, and the unquenchable Thirst. They infect and addict. Their Kiss promises only Consumption.

From the waist up. Emaciated, ravenous, varicose-veined abominations. Septuagenarian she-male versions of the Master Vampires as portrayed in Showtime's Penny Dreadful series, minus the exoskeletons or the tattoos.

There is no need for arcane glyphs to enhance their addictive nature by increasing their venom's addictive potency.

Hairless bodies, bloodshot eyes, mouths full of sharp fangs, clawed fingers, and filth-engrained milk-white skin.

Teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. A long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp's, in place of a tongue. Fetid, wormy breath.

Patches of reptilian scales on their face, arms, and torso. Male and female humanoid genitalia—hung like a horse.

Three waist-length shriveled floppy pendulous breasts with hideous stretch marks and stringbean nipples. The right breast is actually a disgusting moog, as such it has a sucker in place of a nipple.

A vile, reeking crotch. Their crotch has a strong, gamey odor. Hands that are horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws.

Sections of their body are so dirty, they look black. Having no use for clothing, they go naked. Any attempt to clothe them will incite them to bouts of extreme rage and violence.

Dagon have a face that is a hideous parody of a human female's. With living venomous snakes in place of a head of hair. Snakes that erupt from a bony skull.

Light grey eyeballs. Red, constricted pupils. And no irises. When their eyes fluoresce, gazing directly into their glowing eyes can turn susceptible onlookers into stone. For the resistant, those not turned to stone, it's a fluorescent gaze that can be hypnotic and subjugating, mesmerizing and beguiling—or unsettling—or nauseating and stomach-churning—or vomit inducing—or just plain annoying. Just plain annoying, for those too jaded or otherwise not interested in their "charms." Hypnotic and subjugating, mesmerizing and beguiling, for addicts.

Long dirty fingernails.

In summation. Dagon. The vilest personification, so far, of her ongoing unremitting fixation with intoxication by a human-like blood sucker, a giant leech. A large, full-grown woman sized parasite. A hermaphrodite. Hung like a horse. Labia, clitoris, uncircumcised penis, testicles—male/female human genitalia that's equally unattractive, unless you're a nercophiliac, that is. A she-male, genitalia wise. Nonetheless, a Dagon is an "it," not a he or a she. Things grow on it. Things live on it. Things feed on it. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on their filth-ingrained skin. Overall, it reeks of a foul stench—smelling like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long.

But. Therein lies the problem. Even for such as this. Used by a Dagon. The bifurcation of a Dagon's insidious Schlag hooked into her spine. She knows that eventually, she would overcome this, and return to her severity of mainstream lifestyle. Addictions are just a momentary distraction. Depraved junkie whore would get put on the shelf again.

Although Mondo and Becky appear helpless, totally absorbed in reliving this moment in photogenic detail, they are no more helpless than when they are asleep. In other words, they aren't helpless at all.

They are completely aware of their physical surroundings in the here and now. And they are totally immersed in reliving this memory of the past.

There it is again. That faintest suggestion. But. It is there. A very low frequency hum. Known as **The Hum**. It is a phenomenon, or collection of phenomena, involving a persistent and invasive low-frequency humming, rumbling, or droning noise not audible to all Kum addicts. The Hum is sometimes prefixed with the name of the Kum variant which the problem has been particularly publicized: e.g., the "Bristol Hum" or the "Taos Hum."

Data from a Taos Hum study suggests that around two percent of the population of Kum addicts can detect the Taos Hum. For those who can hear the Hum it can be a very disturbing phenomenon. Among those who cannot hear the hum and some specialists, there has been skepticism about whether it exists; it is distinct from, and should not be confused with, the term sometimes used to describe the well-attested phenomenon of microseisms.

The essential element that defines the Hum is what is perceived as a persistent low-frequency sound, often described as being comparable to that of a distant diesel engine idling, or to some similar low-pitched sound for which obvious sources, e.g., household appliances, traffic noise, etc., have been ruled out. There are a number of audio reproductions of the Hum available on the web collectively, the various inter-world and intra-world internets, as well as at least one purported recording.

A study into the Taos Hum indicated that at least two percent could hear it; each hearer at a different frequency between 32 Hz and 80 Hz, modulated from 0.5 to 2 Hz. Similar results have been found in an earlier British study. It seems to be possible for hearers to move away from it, with one hearer of the Taos Hum reporting its range was 48 km. There are approximately equal percentages of male and female hearers. Age does appear to be a factor, with middle aged humans being more likely to hear it.

Mondo steps out of Becky's first-person perspective and steps into the role of objective third-person observer. Extrapolating her perspective as if she were present in the interrogation room separate from Becky when this past event happened. Becky is aware of Mondo as if she was there when this happened, but no one else seems to be aware of Mondo.

Mondo moves slowly toward Jayne, at a diagonal. The Hum grows louder the closer she moves toward Jayne. When she reaches the table at which Jayne sits, Jayne looks up and smiles. Her toothy grin stretching literally and therefore impossibly for a human that is from ear to ear.

"Maybe you should try us. You will not become bored with us using you like you think you would. For you, it will be as if you were tailor made for us, depraved junkie whore."

The words project into Mondo's mind—overpoweringly so. It is not telepathy, nor is it anything remotely like it. It is something primal. Predating telepathy. Base. Twisted. Deranged. Animalistic. Electroshock for the brain that serves as a form of direct communication and a lobotomy all wrapped up into one, neat package.

Jayne stands up. Again, no one else seems to notice except for Mondo and Becky. Jayne's clothes shred as she changes into something. She changes into an "it." She changes into a Dagon—a very old, and thus very powerful, Dagon. Its true form.

It points at Mondo.

"Ours!"

It begins to drool, profusely. Hungry for chattel which it craves to use. User—Dagon. Chattel which it craves to use—Mondo.

The hum reaches a mesmerizing crescendo. The Dagon's eyes fluoresce—fluorescent lime green. Mondo's eyes, nose, and mouth begin to bleed. Her eyes marble like the peepers of a dead fish.

Becky's now-altered recall toggles. Mondo and Becky are forcibly bounced back into the here and now, no longer recalling the past. Toggled and forcibly bounced by the ancient Dagon.

Mondo's eyes are no longer marbled. But. Her eyes, nose, and mouth are still bleeding!

The Protectors – Season One

The world is a messy place, full of devious minds and dastardly deeds. Which is exactly how THE PROTECTORS like it. Harry Rule (Robert Vaughn) is a London private eye with an affinity for high-profile clients. The Contessa di Contini owns an Italian detective agency specializing in fine art crimes. Paul Buchet is a suave young Frenchman who always seems to have the inside scoop. Working for any government, company, or individual that can afford their services, the trio jets across Europe, unraveling convoluted mysteries and thwarting international villains. Produced by Gerry Anderson (Thunderbirds, Space: 1999), THE PROTECTORS marked Vaughn's return to the small screen after the success of The Man From U.N.C.L.E. This DVD collection includes all 26 episodes from the first season, digitally re-mastered and presented in their original UK broadcast order.

Mondo's long educated tongue licks off the blood streaking her face. Her heart is thumping. The reasonable doubt that concerns her? Maybe she was wrong and the creature is right. Maybe she has finally found her "perfect" fit. In junkie hooker terms—her Der Meister—her Das Münster.

In contrast. Becky is in a funk. The reasonable doubt that concerns her? Her mind mired in doubt. She thought she had it all figured out beyond the reasonable doubt.

To reiterate. By her own way of thinking, Becky had explained away the previous potential sources of reasonable doubt.

How? A cross examination of those explanations of hers illuminates how.

The killing of her rabbi and his wife was a frame job with the rabbi played as a fall guy, and it was intentionally rigged incorrectly. Done to throw suspicion off of Jayne by Jayne.

Jane had no credible alibi for her whereabouts during the time of the killings of her parents, killings she would be the logical first suspect for—parents get murdered, the logical first suspect(s): their children; a husband or wife gets murdered, the logical first suspect(s): their spouse(s); etc.—proximity of a suspect's personal relationship to the victims.

A good defense attorney would have a field day with this one—"With all the meticulous planning the killer evidently did, if the killer were Jayne, wouldn't she have a credible alibi concocted for the two murders her parents' which she would be logical first suspect for?" An excellent reasonable doubt argument for a jury. Of course, that's why a killer, Jayne, would do it. Either, I'm the killer employing deception or else I'm an innocent patsy being framed for the killings by the real killer. Becky chooses the fore, not the latter.

Fingernails pulled-out/reset on the first four victims, but not the rest. Making it look like the first four were done by the real killer and the rest were done by a copycat. An inconsistency of no significance an accidental red herring or an intentional red herring being utilized by the killer to throw off confuse the police. Becky chooses the fore, not the latter.

The first four murders were exactly two weeks apart. No set interval has been associated with the other murders. An inconsistency of no significance an accidental red herring or an intentional red herring being utilized by the killer to throw off confuse the police. Becky chooses the fore, not the latter.

By her way of thinking, what Becky cannot explain away so easily is the revelation from the rekall. A Dagon using a guise of Jayne to commit the murders, and the real Jayne, the human original, maybe an innocent patsy framed for the killings? Or is this just another intentional red herring, in a long string of red herrings, being utilized by the killer to throw off confuse the police?

Mondo sees a different reveal. She also sees the change in the interval of the murders as key to the location of the Dagon's nesting, its hideout so to speak. In her mind the murder case unfolds before her. No longer a tangled knot. Women's intuition and junkie whore insight provide the know-how for the solution she gleans. Fortuitous indeed. Because she's needy. In need of a resolution to the case that satisfies all parties concerned. In need of a fix—her craving to debase herself—all red and dirty too.

Likely the police surreptitiously obtained a DNA sample from Jayne the Dagon when she, or rather it, was briefly interned at the police station. That will be Mondo's dongle. Her Rosetta Stone for divining the location of the creature. So. While her counterpart is following whatever leads, Mondo as back catcher will be free to follow her own notions. As it turns out, Becky decides to follow Mondo's.

The Bluetooth dongle, so to speak? Simple. When the creature is within range of the samples, the sample will appear to be from a human. When they are not, they will revert to their native form.

The Protectors – Season Two

When the law fails you, The Protectors won't. Unflappable American Harry Rule, beautiful Brit Contessa di Contini, and suave Frenchman Paul Buchet return for another action-packed season of hi-tech sleuthing, international espionage and juicy romance. Based in London, Rome, and Paris, these three super detectives operate a secret agency, jetting around the world hiring out their services to those in need. Employing a variety of specialized skills ranging from expertise in arts and antiques to Judo and Bond-like gadgetry, The Protectors pit their wits against evildoers everywhere. No job is too small or too large for these intrepid heroes—governments are saved, innocent prisoners are sprung, spies are apprehended and glittering, rare jewels are recovered. Starring Robert Vaughn (The Man from U.N.C.L.E.) and filmed on location in some of the most exciting cities around the world, The Protectors is yet another TV cult classic from A&E and the creators of The Secret Service, Thunderbirds, and Space: 1999. This 4-pack DVD SET features all 26 thrilling episodes from The Protectors popular second season.

They finish their joint inspection of the crime scene. Followed by a brief discussion that more closely resembles a parley. It's late in the evening.

"I'd rather follow your lead," Becky freely admits.

"Then, while you find the creature via that dongle, I've got an appointment to keep with an oldest under the Tenth Street overpass at the witching hour."

"The witching hour? That's tonight. It's late, but it's not that late. We still have plenty of time to spool."

"It's gonna take me some time to get ready for my date, so I reckon I need to leave now else I'll be late. By the way."

"Yes?"

"You told me that whoever the killer is, they're in league with an Oldest One who in turn is in league with Him."

"Yes, I did."

"The forensic evidence pointed to that?"

"Yes, it did."

"You didn't embellish, even a little bit?"

"No. I did not."

"Evidence, in and of itself, isn't proof of innocence or guilt, is it?"

"No, it is not."

"Y'all thought that the person culpable was Jayne?"

"Yes. Our prime suspect."

"Now, by your way of thinking, your recall with me has muddied the waters, so to speak?"

"Yes, it has," Becky affirms, after a very long pause.

“Oldest One, not Oldest Thing or Oldest Place?”

Becky looks puzzled. This triggers a eureka moment for Mondo as she recalls a detail from their shared recall of Jayne’s interrogation. The charm bracelet that Jayne was wearing—the one that Jayne kept fiddling with. It looked vaguely familiar. Now she remembers where she’d seen it before. It was at The Motel. It’s an Oldest Thing.

“Oldest Thing? Oldest Place? What are you referring to?” Becky finally questions.

Becky is a Jew, one of God’s Chosen People. Jews are The Chosen in every inhabited universe in Creation. They are also Mystical Points of Reference. They know stuff, mystical stuff. Knowing about the existence of Oldest Things and Places falls under the category of mystical knowledge. If Becky, a Jew isn’t familiar with the concepts of an Oldest Thing or Place, then no one in this world is. Which explains why the involvement of an Oldest Thing would have not been one of the police scenarios.

“Never mind, for now. I’ll explain later.”

“I’ll hold you to that.”

“When we reconvene, I’d like you to show me the forensics reports that lead to the suspicion that one of His acolytes was involved through an Oldest One as His intermediary.”

“Fair enough.”

Mondo leaves. Becky knows better than to follow. Once she’s outside, Mondo slips into an alley. Her strictest Victorian look: prime and proper, clean and pristine—völkisch. Her most nefarious vibe: sexually repressed/omnivorous fascist shrew expressed at its extreme vis-a-vis the “dressed” junkie whore wdr downing in the loathing and disdain severity personified, the delicious ouch of a bitter forty-something divorcee and worse a bitter fifty-something spinster librarian and worst a rode-hard-and put-up-wet-too-many-times-to-count psychopath prostitute—frauengefängnis (women’s prison). Barbed wire doll. Her schoolmarm special.

Sternns. Prudz. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup. Straight hair.

A lush, silky, dead-straight, shoulder-draping bouffant minus the China-Doll bangs of a Lady Christina de Souza. Parted down the center so her hard-looking face is not obscured.

Dead straight hair, parted straight down the middle—a greta also Greta also ilsa also Ilse—long, plain, shoulder-draping, unbecoming, severe.

Dead-strait. The severe, unbecoming hairdo sported by the stereotypical promiscuous lesbian wardens and matrons in those notoriously popular WIP women in prison/women in peril exploitation and Nazisploitation movies of the 1970s. Female wardens and their matron cohorts who were always expert practitioners of sadism upon their prison’s hapless female inmates. The preferred hairdo of defilers and Nazi shrews.

Mondo’s dead straight hair yanks back into a frumpy sternka. Her prim junkie hooker guise, her wdr, is complete. Underneath that façade is the always predatory, and thus supremely dangerous, Vampire abomination. Sternka—the other preferred hairdo of defilers and Nazi shrews.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

WDR—Freudian shorthand for woman dominant repressed. The strict Victorian woman of dubious moral virtue, who in a house of ill repute, specializes exclusively in the most extreme

sexual eccentricities. Professional fucker. Proficient in debasing, demeaning, and humiliating. An aficionado of the dysfunctional fuck junkie. Practitioner and recipient: Sadism and Masochism—S&M, Bondage and Discipline—B&D, Degradation and humiliation—D&H. Profane. Herself a dysfunctional fuck junkie. Strict, whorish disciplinarian. Severe harlot of pain, agony, and despair. Bondage fornicator for-hire. Velvet tipper. Her severe haute couture begs the question: Is she a dollymop or isn't she? In modern parlance, a dominatrix.

WDR. With the option of Doll Parts in place of thong panties underneath her skirt. For the severest expression of D-mop. Or Doll Parts worn with her latex panties, under not over—the way a she-male, a hermaphrodite, wears their junk shoved in their rubber thong. For the kinkiest expression of D-mop.

To the square—the uninitiated. The severe Girl Friday looks completely out of place in the filthy, sordid, degenerate world of the homeless that she descends into partaking. In this case, looks are deceiving.

To the hipster—those in the know. She's a paid (for hire) walking advertisement for brutalization, bondage, and debasement, that goes both ways—kidnap me for an hour for a mere twenty dollars and subject me to your deranged abuses, defile me you've paid for that right, otherwise I will defile you kidnapping and subjecting you to deranged abuses of my twisted invention for free!

A Vampire—all natural, not “enhanced”—she's had no plastic surgery (aka breast implants). Being Lost, and thus blessed with double-D's there's need for her to “go under the knife” and get those fetching boobies biggerized, except in the minds and opinions of the most breast-obsessed for whom there's no such thing as a pair being too big.

Walking over to her rendezvous? Why all this mucking about—walking when teleportation is a practical option?

Coming right on the heels of the public reveal of practical teleportation came the expected restrictions which staved off the economic and social disruption and eventual collapse that would have ensued unchecked teleportation usage. In essence, it's as if teleportation isn't an option, practical or otherwise. This is, after all, a protected world.

The Bunny Game

Banned in the UK and partially inspired by a real-life experience of star Rodleen Getsic, THE BUNNY GAME is an unflinching descent into torment and madness. Junkie hooker Sylvia Grey (Gestic in a brave, award-winning performance) turns the wrong trick in demented trucker JR (Jeff Renfro). After knocking her out cold and taking her to a desolate place where no one can hear her cries, JR subjects Sylvia to a series of increasingly twisted, sadistic “games.” But will she survive the ultimate test when she wakes up with her head sealed in a white leather bunny mask? Adam Rehmeier directs with a fearless eye, pushing the boundaries of on-screen mayhem to the extreme. Controversy has surrounded THE BUNNY GAME since it premiered to festival audiences around the world by delivering a terrifying experience that once seen is impossible to forget.

Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup. Foundation makeup For Ever—Ultra HD Foundation—Ultra HD liquid foundation. Aloof and unattainable, yet you feel compelled to try anyways, failure notwithstanding. Her strictest Victorian look. Her most nefarious vibe. Prude. WDR—spells dominatrix. Nonetheless, it’s also Prada, through and through, without question—*The Devil Wears Prada, and so do The Lost*. She knows Satan. And she’s Lost. Wears Prada. Haute couture goes Vampire.

Nothing stuck in her panties except for her crotch and its well-trimmed bush. No Doll Parts tonight for her amore.

Mondo approaches the overpass. She notices the oldest from this morning in the underpass below beaconing to her. The oldest has shucked clothes and is already naked, shamelessly offering a filthy infested body.

Mondo’s pace quickens, ready to throw caution to the wind. Then she suddenly does the most junkie-like thing she could do and stops dead in her tracks. She’d noticed that she could see the underneath of the overpass its underpass, but only the walls and floor, not the ceiling—an opaqueness her vision cannot pierce.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. No matter how well you react to surprises, it’s best to heed any warnings of an impending ambush and prepare yourself accordingly. Because the opposition maybe as good as, or maybe even better than you are.

“Come on in? What are you waiting for? The water is fine.”

This time. The big girl is not mesmerized by the oldest’s telepathy. Her brain does not lock up from being overloaded. So much pain. So much agony. So much pleasure. Delicious!

This time. She’s not distracted. Because she doesn’t allow herself to be distracted. No reaction from her knobb. Her idle hands no longer klaw. Junkie harlot has been put on the shelf. She’s can’t afford that degenerate façade, at this given moment in time. Her beloved Browning automatic pistols load into her waiting hands from her universal holster. Her tongue becomes killer. Her teeth serrate. Her large ugly mouth momentarily flashes an inhumanly-wide grin.

There’s movement behind her. She can hear rattling, like that of a rattle snake. Faint, but close nonetheless. The increase in volume for the rattling implies the increasing proximity of the source of the rattling.

“Maybe we should make it a threesome. Ménage à trois, n’est-ce pas, s’il vous plait?”

The Dagon. Again—its words projecting into Mondo’s mind—overpoweringly so. Again—it is not telepathy, nor is it anything remotely like it. Again—it is something primal. Again—predating telepathy. Again—base. Again—twisted. Again—deranged. Again—animalistic. Again—electroshock for the brain that serves as a form of direct communication and a lobotomy all wrapped up into one, neat package. Again—in response to temptation. Again—she does the most un-junkie-like thing she could do and completely ignores the seduction. Junkie harlot stays on the shelf.

Akin to a Type-40 TARDIS. An obelisk the size of a British police call box, person size, materializes in the underpass in place of the oldest. The hum associated with Dagon accompanies the appearance of the ceramic object. The defunct body of the oldest is laying in front of the obelisk. The oldest is a drained bag of flesh and bones—head yanked off—sprawled on the pavement like a broken ragdoll. It is not a fresh corpse.

The Dagon used the corpse to project the image of a living oldest to seduce the Vampire. Using the obelisk as a power source for this arcane trickery. The obelisk and its arcane usage is Dagon tech, just like the robots their kind employ as that “maybe lone robot lackey.”

The hum increases in frequency and intensity, but still no effect upon the Vampire. The rattling behind her increases in intensity, the pause between rattles steadily decreasing.

“Give into your insanity. It’s what you are. It’s what we are. You are one of us.”

Having vivisected the oldest’s Id, the Dagon uses what it gleaned to help it craft its appeal to the Vampire’s own Id. Words work where nothing else has.

Her killer tongue gives way to a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp’s. The Dagon has not touched her, let alone feed upon her. She craves this tongue much better than any previous incarnation. Her pistols holster themselves, reloading back into her universal. Her prudz and sternns purse themselves. The Vampire’s fingernails lengthen—hands become horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws.

Voices take up residence in her head. The Voices in her head are not of the Borg Collective. Primal and mindless they crowd out her consciousness, wiping her ego and super-ego. Her higher brain centers shutdown. The voices belong to The Nest—the collective consciousness of the Dagon. Mondo has ceased to exist and is now a leech in Vampire form, a Lost leech variant, known as The Strain.

In the case of The Master, The Strain is not a name, it is a designation.

The Dagon moves up behind The Strain. Its rattlers swarm the leech’s back as its proboscis fastens onto the back of the leech’s neck. The leech’s hair lets itself down, becoming totally geriatric—grey liberally streaked with white—a kind of platinum blonde normally associated with elderly mundane females or Crone females.

The Strain sheds her shoes, perls, holster, purse, phone, unmentionables bra and panties, and Koo. Her toenails lengthen. The Doll Parts vacates her purse and straps itself on.

The Strain is a very grey shade of how Maila Nurmi as Vampira appeared in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*.

The Dagon’s eyes glow. The Strain’s eye marble. The Dagon finishes its initial feeding. It will gorge itself latter on the leech. Its tongue retracts back into its mouth. The two leeches walk over to

the obelisk, stepping over the prone destroyed oldest, and step into the seamless black of the obelisk's ebony perfection.

Mondo's ego and super-ego kick start themselves once the two leeches are within the obelisk. Still looking like The Strain, the Vampireish leech is again a Vampire. Her giving into subjugation by the giant leech the Dagon is not the Trojan horse ruse that her quick recovery makes it appear to be. She was taken by the Dagon. Her enslavement is real.

Plugged into The Nest, she is free to root around as she wishes in the collective consciousness of the giant leeches. What she finds is nothing incriminating to anyone or anything, including the leeches. But that in itself is telling. Because what you don't find can be just as informative as what you do find.

Since she is here, and enslaved, she might as well, and does allow the Dagon to gorge itself upon her. When it finishes with her it leaves her alone and goes to sleep in its favorite dark dank corner of the decrepit necropolis in which they are situated.

Only one engorgement by the Dagon at her expense and already she's noticeably thinner than she was when she was first abducted. At this rate, she's be an emaciated husk by week's end.

She has been dressed by the Dagon in a dead, diseased Kaye. The suit coat is split in the back lengthwise with the Schlag anchored to her spine bursting through the split. The coat's left sleeve is shredded up to the shoulder—the arm is covered in puncture marks. The suit's skirt has a ragged hem. Split seams, for coat and skirt. Frayed cuffs on the coat's more-or-less intact right sleeve—her elbow pokes though the sleeve.

Evidence of her recently being fed upon by the Dagon, besides the aforementioned puncture marks covering her left arm? Larger puncture marks cover her right breast, a mauled tit whose nipple has been bitten off. Her forehead has been shredded. And there's a ragged necrotic hole in her left cheek.

She removes the Kaye.

Mondo morphs back to her normal "All Blonde Everything" pretense, dead-strait hair yanking itself back into a sternka. No longer thinner, she fills out to her normal slender voluptuous size. No evidence of her being fed upon by the Dagon. She shucks her Doll Parts.

There are pools of liquid filth—raw sewage feed by the sewer. The subterranean chamber is a grotto formed by the intersection of a number of sewer tunnels. There are large non Dagon blood-sucking leeches and ubiquitous flesh-eating slugs slithering about, none of them seem interested in the Vampire, and do their best to avoid her.

As if she's intrinsically clean and pristine. The filth and infestations that Mondo acquired from her prolonged contact with the Dagon peel off of her. The filth and infestations inherent to a place like this also do not find her to their liking. This includes the bottom of her bare feet which stay clean.

The Schlag anchored into her spine shucks itself off and dies. She eats the deceased wart and finds it quite tasty and tender vittles.

Mondo explores the Dagon's lair extensively and finds nothing incriminating. She does find something expected though. Broken glass ampules of a synthetic opiate known as acetyl fentanyl are strewn about everywhere. Dagon addicts use the anesthetic to increase the narcotic potency of

the venom that Dagon secrete while feeding—it gets the addict as close to the line death as they can possibly get.

The Vampire concludes that the Dagon brought her here to audition her as its long-term mate or at the very least a short-term one a one-night stand depending on how long Mondo lasted. Having no living mate at the moment it's ever on the prowl for a suitable replacement. Its psychic interjection into Becky's recall was subterfuge to lure her for an easy kidnap. The Dagon is not the murderer masquerading as Jayne, regardless of what transpired in the altered recall.

Ergo, that fabrication is not incriminating as it pertains to the Dagon nor should it be seen as a source of reasonable doubt as it concerns Jayne's possible guilt. In other words, the Dagon is not the murderer and Jayne remains a viable, if not the most viable, suspect for committing the murders.

What does the giant leech's garbage tell Mondo? Most of the Dagon's corpses are buried in a pile of rubble that's soaked in its urine and feces, and infested with maggots—an excellent way to ferment them the corpses as leftovers. There are a lot of corpses and they are in various stages of decay, completeness, and sexual abuse, abuse that's pre and post mortem which indicates that the Dagon has a voracious appetite for the culinary and the carnal—it's quite promiscuous. Most, but not all, of the bodies are mundane—street people of various stripe, e.g., pimps, prostitutes, junkies, the homeless, bagladies, tramps, skidrow bums, etc. All of the corpses had been feed upon until they were husks—drained bags of flesh and bones to be nibble upon later until there's nothing left. Additionally. The two that are Vampires have been beheaded—their heads pulled off. The one that is oldest—head yanked off—sprawled on the floor like a broken ragdoll. Heads popped to keep them dead.

It goes without saying that, the same emaciated, decapitated MO that applies to all of the Dagon's supernatural partakers was to be Mondo's fate, and the very idea of ending up like that gets Mondo wet between the legs.

The two Vampire corpses had also been converted to Strain upon their acquisition. This always happens to Lost when a Dagon takes them.

The label of “exclusively solitary except for their only mate and maybe a lone robot lackey” is deceptive. Because of the voraciousness of a Dagon's appetite and therefore the low rate of survival for their mates, their monogamous relationships and solitary lifestyle involves a whole lot of churn. There also the fickle factor—Dagon oftentimes change a mate on a whim—they see someone else they find more attractive than their current or they've just grown tired of their current. Bottom line: Turnover is a bitch.

Of special note. As is typical of a Dagon's mates. The overwhelming majority of this Dagon's mates, its taken, came here voluntarily. Junkies looking for that ultimate high, as evidenced by the broken ampules of fentanyl. Only one of its Vampire corpses was from an abduction, the other one was voluntary—a junkie in pursuit of that ultimate high. That junkie demographic applies to the oldest corpse here as well as the deceased oldest used as a lure for Mondo in the underpass.

The underpass oldest had been this Dagon's current. Until the Dagon saw Mondo through that oldest's eyes and decided to trade in that current for Mondo. The Dagon had insinuated itself into the vacuous mind of the mindless oldest to the extent that it used the oldest as a remote extension of itself. Remote control is a result of a Dagon's prolonged feeding upon a taken. Taken are always rendered mindless by being taken.

Dagon are assigned a number in The Nest. The Dagon that has taken Mondo is 619. Each numbered has a number assigned to its mate. Each mate of a given Dagon always gets the same assigned number. Seven is the number assigned to the current of 619. Seven is also Mondo's Borg designation Seven of Nine. Here, Mondo is the 7 of 619.

Defiled

When Cassidy's parents leave town, she seizes the opportunity to fulfill her darkest fantasy. From time to time, Cassidy who's otherwise heterosexual has a taste for kinky sex with strangers older lesbians she meets on the Internet. Never fully satisfied by these encounters, she decides to take things to the next level. Placing a post online, she receives a phone call from The Woman she thinks she's been looking for. Unfortunately, this one-night-stand lesbian stranger has no intention of leaving once the night is out. Graphic, brutal, and disturbing, *DEFILED* exposes the violent outcome of our darkest sexual fantasies in a tale "ripped-from-the-headlines."

Lack of clothes notwithstanding. A naked Vampire is no less deadly. To be disrobed is to not be disarmed, so to speak. Especially in reference to an abomination.

Mondo picks up the discarded Kaye and Doll Parts, walks over to a wooden door fashioned from roughhewn slats. Old musty wood that's solid in spite of its promise of rot. Its crude wooden door frame set snugly into the wall. Door and door frame: deceptively decrepit-looking and yet solid.

There's the opposing tug of resistance as she turns the door's pitted brass doorknob and yanks open the door. Rusty hinges that squeak loudly in protest as they yield to her desire of entrance to the closet.

Within, there are no surprises—no booby-traps. Just a closet, that reeks vilely of musty decay. The smell of a corpse that has not been properly mummified minus the reality of a corpse of course.

She steps in.

The closet is a very tight space, just big enough for her to stand. A rusty metal clothes hangar, hanging off of a pipe that's acting as a clothes rod. A railroad spike for a train rail buried in the wall to her right.

She hangs the Kaye on the hangar. She hangs the Doll Parts on the spike. She steps backward out of the closet, slams the door shut, and turns around. She is face to face with 619.

"You've changed. We like you better the other way."

The Dagon has stooped to speaking. Mondo replies in kind.

"I prefer me better this way," Mondo smiles as she delivers her wisecrack.

"Witty and insolent you are to us, when you're sober. A junkie shouldn't bite the hand that feeds upon her."

"Hold it against me, and punish me for it when I return."

"And what makes you think we'll ever let you leave here, Undead Thing? We have infernal plans for you."

"You will let me go. Because my knobb is gone and my hands no longer klaw when idle."

The giant leech moves back several paces. The creature is mindless, but it's not stupid nor is it vapid. It curtsies to the girl.

"Forgive our impertinence."

"Forgiven."

“Taken. May we kiss you?”

“Taker. You may.”

The Dagon walks right back up to the girl. They kiss—it’s the prolonged, vile smooch of an addict and her walking, talking, parasitic giant leech addiction.

She will only express the knobb and klaw when she is the 7 of 619, from now on? Or. Maybe they’ll never return having become a passing fad, at best? Only time will tell.

619 retracts its proboscis out of Mondo’s throat and steps back. Their profane kiss is broken. The giant leech crooks its head at an odd angle.

“The other you is coming.”

“She used your DNA taken at the police station, and by employing a reverse proxy, tracked you here.”

“Police station?”

“When you were interrogated in the guise of a girl named Jayne.”

“We don’t know of what you speak.”

Which means that you weren’t masquerading as Jayne in that room. That really was Jayne. For the DNA to work as a divining rod, that can only mean one thing.

Proficient liars when they are masquerading as something else—e.g., assuming a human guise. In its native form, which is its current posture, the creature is incapable of lying. But. Mondo can’t ask it about its guilt vis-à-vis the murders, because, situationally speaking, that would violate ROE. So, she asks the next best thing—a trail of leading questions intended to ferret out the identity of the guilty party.

“Do you know a girl named Jayne?”

“We know of many girls. Their names are always.”

“Seven. Their names are always Seven.”

“Correct.”

Mondo’s Id screams to stay here, forever. But, Mondo will have none of that. Business first. Pussy later. She has plenty of time to get strung out.

“My time here is done. Return me.”

“Of course, Seven.” The obelisk is just a portal. A way of getting here. “Please step toward.”

“One more question?”

“Yes?”

“Earlier in our conversation you made a reference to infernal plans.”

“Yes, we did.”

“Do you serve Him?”

“That was merely a figure of speech. Of course, we know of Him. Everybody does. But. We serve no one.” And then, out of the blue, 619 says something completely out of context and

implicitly clairvoyant, and somewhat rambling. A boon for a coon, so to speak. “There are Arabs in the Gulf States and Saudi Arabia who worship money not Allah. A bunch of monied hypocrites who worship Gucci, Valentino, Versace, and all the other gods of Mammon. Likewise. We have no compassion for mercantilist followers of Islam heading for Germany, etc. Make sure that you tell your other self we have said so.”

It’s obvious from the inflection of its voice, that it is not just referring to Arabs in the Gulf States in general and Saudi Arabia in particular on this world or any other world. It’s referring to Nameless, as well, who are of a mercantilist bent—exceptions to the pious norm for their kind.

“I will tell her.”

“Promise?”

“Yes.”

“Dragons and Nameless are a volatile mix, at best—Mammon are incendiary, for sure.”

Because of the mercantilist norm for Dragons, mainstream Dragons are always at odds with Mammon the minority of Nameless who are mercantilists. It is oftentimes a poisonous, and at times a lethal, competition.

Mondo takes one step forward and steps out of the obelisk. Her couture is right where she left it. The oldest’s corpse is still there also. The deceased disappears as does the obelisk. Mondo dresses and leaves. Becky arrives on the scene as Mondo emerges from the underpass.

“Thanks ever so much for the rescue, Miss Becky.”

“Oh, just stuff it.”

“I will, later on.”

They share a laugh. As it pertains to the straitlaced glamour model Mondo, Becky notices the lack of a knobb and klaw-when-idle hands. Absences that decrease the creepy scale quite a bit vis-à-vis Mondo, although the prude aspect of Mondo’s look is intact and that’s not to Becky’s liking either—Becky would prefer that Mondo were sans creepy and prude altogether. Of course Mondo notices Becky noticing the minuses, but they just don’t speak about it—leaving that subject out of their discussion.

“The thing’s DNA worked like a charm.”

“It’s Jayne’s DNA.”

“But, how?”

“The false positive is the result of a transfer. And if we’re lucky, the transfer was accidental. Because, if it was intentional—she’ll stay two steps ahead of us—and, we’re almost surely sunk.”

“This makes no sense.”

“It does if you know about Oldest Things and Oldest Places. It’s time for that talk I promised you.”

“I’m all ears.”

“Remember. You owe me a forensics reports.”

“And you’ll get it. Square dinkum.”

OOOOOOH BITCH YOU MAD

Maybe by *they* the source meant Eva Marie. Because we all know All Red Everything is actually the Borg.

“Knowing that Oldest Things and Oldest Places exist is arcane knowledge. Agreed?”

“Yes, of course.”

“But. You don’t know about them. And. You’re not familiar with the concepts.”

“We know that they exist. We know about them. We are familiar with the concepts. They are animate, not inanimate, objects. We understand the concept of an animate object that is Oldest, whether that animate object is a Thing or a Place. Artifacts have feelings. They have desires. They have personalities. They can be good in of themselves. Likewise, they can be evil. Etc. Etc. Etc.”

“Testify, sist’r. Talk to me like you’re here and I’m not. Leave me in your dust.”

“We use them. We even own them. We are less advanced than your world. But. We are not illiterate savages.”

“I disagree. You are illiterate savages. I give you a chance to redeem yourself, achieve true enlightenment, and you go up in flames. Neandertal.”

They are sitting on a park bench along a jogging path across from the Tenth Street overpass. A micro park. It’s one of those green oases that are so popular in urban areas of this United States, the United Sates of this world.

Becky makes a face, but, she tempers her reply.

“In what way are we illiterate savages?”

“You suspected flesh, an Oldest One, not an Oldest Thing or an Oldest Place. Therefore, y’all do not know about them nor do you understand them. You only know of them. And worse. You profoundly misunderstand them. As such, you are illiterate savages, in this matter as you are in so many other ways.”

“Arrogant, pompous ass.”

“Guilty as charged.”

“And without so much as a by-your-leave, you take it upon yourself to label us as troglodytes and judge us unworthy—you call us out as ignorant of Oldest Things and Oldest Places.”

“Boring. Boring. Boring. More chitchat, that doesn’t impress. Your pathetic attempt at appeasement is no more than a display of general knowledge that anyone can download from Wikipedia. And you top it off with moral indignation which proves to be an ill-fitting suit of clothes for you. I need oratorical pyrotechnics not mundane prattle and cheerleader fluff. Prove to me that you’re in-the-know. Dazzle me into recanting my judgement. Testify, sist’r.” A very nasty girl to the bone. Mondo turns the knife and digs. “Surely y’all can’t be so remiss in the arcane that you’re unable to accomplish this boon? Then again. Maybe you were damaged goods from the git-go, who is unable to explore in detail the considerable amount of intellectual gristle that I have tasked you with chewing?”

“ROOMs are part of The Motel. The ROOMs and the Motel are furnished with artifacts, things that are Oldest.”

“I ask for revelations, and she gives me more Wikipedia. Boring. Boring. Boring. I’ve seen more excitement at a Floyd Mayweather fight.”

“Snooty bitch.”

“Previously established. Now, go on with your feeble attempt at trying to impress me. And, remember. If I’m asking too much of you, the fault doesn’t lie with me. It lies with you.”

“The ROOMs and The Motel are themselves artifacts that are Oldest.”

“Were they made or were they created?”

“Created. God, created them.”

Mondo reaches over and pats Becky on the top of her head in the most patronizing, Dana Brooke fashion.

“Now that’s my girl. Graduated from illiterate savage right before my very eyes. Time for you to go forth and share your enlightenment with this Neanderthal world.”

“They have souls? They have souls.”

A profound realization that changes everything. Game-changing knowledge hidden in plain sight suddenly realized.

“You got it, red rider. Now, you know about them. Now, you’re familiar with their concepts.”

“The bracelet Jayne was fiddling with in the interrogation room, was an Oldest Thing, the Oldest Thing in league with her, an Oldest Thing who in turn is in league with Him?”

“There you go. Sherlock Holmes got nothing my bestie.”

What's NXT?!

The Mysterious Disappearing Act of Joanne Pesci—A group of mobsters crowd around Tammy DeVito as she tells a crude joke. They're sitting around a table at a dimly lit restaurant, a hot spot where Tammy has accumulated a \$7,000 tab. As she spits out line after line, her buddies laugh, together, on cue. They're being careful, of course. Tammy owns them.

Joanne Pesci's performance in *Goodfellas* offers one of the greatest depictions of psychopathy in film history. She's charming, a magnetic presence, but a real monster. Her one-liners sting, her actions (the bottle-over-the-head, for example) have become inimitable staples of cinema, and she's a figure who could take possession of your mother at the dinner table: "What do you mean I'm funny?"

In his review of the classic Scorsese film, *Entertainment Weekly's* Owen Gleiberman says of Pesci, "She gives a masterful performance as a crudely fearless, paranoid, statuesque dame who's constantly in need of demonstrating her own power." His is a sentiment echoed by many critics and fans of the film, whose praises have collectively immortalized the character of Tammy DeVito. But what about Joanne Pesci who, 25 years after *Goodfellas* release, has disappeared from the public eye?

She's still referenced, of course, beloved by many, including Julie Delpy, who spoke of her love in a *New York Times* feature back in 2013. "I love psychotic people. I've always dreamed of being Joanne Pesci in *Goodfellas*."—**By Eric Eidelstein**

"Call me Joe Pesci. I'm a crudely fearless, paranoid runt, who's deeply in love with his unrelated cinematic namesake. Of course, in a case of life imitating art, I loathe that namesake's fraternal twin."

"You're just playing with me, aren't you?"

Mondo smiles. Flashing a toothy, too-wide grin. Again Mondo fails to goad Becky.

"I'm teaching you."

"Same difference."

"That's what elders do, with the young."

"You're not an elder. You're young. Made, not born."

"Just like you."

"I'm not an abomination. You are."

"Touché."

All the while they chitchat on the bench, Lucy, Mondo's phone, parses real-time through the geophytes of data being harvested, analyzed, and stored by this world's ECHELON System and its extension/subset/addition known as PRISM. In all human worlds, an ECHELON System and its PRISM appendage, or something analogous to them, exist. They are always collectively referred to as The Guardian.

The Guardian constitutes the most invasive, all-encompassing Black Program of some far-reaching ultra-top secret intelligence-gathering organization analogous to, and often named, the NSA. In Mondo's world there is an NSA, but it is an annex of The Directorate. These days, The Directorate is an institution that is rapidly becoming synonymous with The End Times.

What does Mondo glean? So far. Nothing even remotely related to the murders under investigation.

Becky's notices Mondo lock onto something behind her. She turns around to take a look. The jogger that holds Mondo fascination is Sarah Hucks the widow of the recently-deceased Sean Price. Mondo shuts off Lucy's feed from The Guardian.

"That's."

"I know who that is."

"Her husband died of natural causes."

"Oh. Did he. I'd love to talk to the ME and see that coroner's report."

"A Sean and a Sarah where mentioned in the telepathy during our shared recall of Jayne's interrogation, but."

Pieces fall into place for Mondo, finally. Pieces to the real puzzle.

"Not intentional, just luck, and hers has just run out. Sean was murdered and she did it. The other Jews were just a smokescreen intended to distract us from the killer's true target."

"What?"

"Even in the case of a fictional account, like all stories, some of it is always rooted in the truth. That's what."

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad

This is not a terrible movie, but if it's one of Ray Harryhausen's best, I'd hate to see his others—Ray Harryhausen's movies, though his Claymation art was pretty advanced in the sixties with "Jason and the Argonauts," it doesn't ever seem to improve so it started to look pretty outdated even in the mid-seventies. If it wasn't for the interesting story that "Clash of The Titans" was in 1981, I would have laughed hysterically at the lame Claymation effects of that film.

But, what compelled me to watch this film of "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad" was that it starred the buxom beauty Caroline Munro. That was fabulous casting and with her awesome costume for the film, I had to watch this film twice. With her exciting low cut cleavage exposing the shiny sweat running down the valley of her curvaceous gland canyons would make any post-pubescent teen hungry for more.

Yes, there is so much outdated special effects here, but you have to watch this movie for the sake of following a story. Caroline Munro helped it maintain my interest.—*By Rykre, Amazon.com*

"I'm being had. You're pulling my leg, aren't you?"

"Why. Of course." Mondo resumes Lucy's subscription to The Guardian's data feed. "Jayne is very likely your villain. And, if that proves to be true, and ROE is not in violation."

"Then I must remove myself from the murder investigation."

"Correct. Then again, maybe Sarah's the one who has been hobnobbing comfy coeds who are attending a cloistered boarding school largely reserved for children with parents in the upper ranks of the most senior Houses. If true, that would involve supernaturals in clear violation of ROE."

"What?"

"Exactly. Gibberish. Words strung together of no real meaning. Pure speculation without a reasonable outcome. Or?"

"You have a theory?"

"Someone who fell so far before beginning her trek to power, from a family in the House elite to an unmoored life as a teenage political pariah."

"Whose Houses?"

"Dragon."

"Now you're going to spin a tale about Dragons?"

"Why not? One tale is as good as another. This one is about someone who unlike some youths from elite backgrounds who lived through the purges, she did not turn against the Houses or the empress, but learned to revere strict order and abhor challenges to hierarchy as is the norm for supernatural kind."

"I have zero interest in their politics."

"You should."

"Why?"

“Because, before all is said and done, in the course of this Jew killing mess getting sorted out, I’ll wager that we’ll be knee deep in their politics and its oftentimes inscrutable convolutions.”

“What am I missing?”

“Ours is a closed caste-based society, where caste is dictated by strict adherence to chronology. Those older than you will always rule you.”

“Which is as it should be.”

“What if you were of a more human nature, and therefore inclined to differ with that status quo?”

“Depending upon my exact disposition, I might find that situation of strict rule by elders intolerable.”

“You might encourage and recruit other likeminded young ones. Misguided. Rebelliousness. Spreading the cancer of discontent with the rule of the rightful, your elders. You might even entertain and incite the profanity of.”

“Sedition.”

“It figures that Dragon young would start such muck. Especially the spoiled, disillusioned beatniks of their senior Houses.”

“Open, liberal democratic societies are a mortal perversion. An offense against the natural order of things.”

“Your philosophical and moral chastity is being tested. Since I possess neither, never have and never will, obviously it’s my skill craft that’s being tested.”

“A problem of the young is to be solved by the young.”

“Per ROE.”

“And providence is being employed to pick out which young will be those problem solvers.”

“Indeed. Or.”

“Maybe it’s the flip of a coin and pure chance.”

“Just as likely.”

Jayne jogs up to Sarah who is now stationary and stretching. They begin chatting. By all appearances, they are meeting by chance. Two Jews who belong to the same Synagogue. Not known to be friends, close or otherwise. They travel in different social circles. Jayne is the jock. Sarah is the socialite. Outwardly, their shared religion and temple are their only common denominators.

Mondo sees this as a public meeting of two coconspirators. Played off to a tee. Nothing incriminating, whatsoever—in what the two are saying or doing. Bravo. Shades of Alfred Hitchcock’s *Strangers on a Train*. They’re home, scot-free.

Then, out of the blue, Sarah commits the most unpardonable sin of the murderer: an expression of unbridled arrogance. She acknowledges Mondo’s existence by making eye contact and cracks wise with a mocking smile. As if to say: “Catch me if you can. And you won’t.”

Strangers on a Train

Telecine (/ˈteləsini/ or /ˌteləˈsini:/) is the process of transferring motion picture film into video and is performed in a color suite. The term is also used to refer to the equipment used in the post-production process. Telecine enables a motion picture, captured originally on film stock, to be viewed with standard video equipment, such as television sets, video cassette recorders (VCR), DVD, Blu-ray Disc, or computers. This allows film producers, television producers, and film distributors working in the film industry to release their products on video and allows producers to use video production equipment to complete their filmmaking projects. Within the film industry, it is also referred to as a TK, because TC is already used to designate timecode.

Rude. Suddenly looking at a person other than the one you're talking to. A lapse in etiquette, mired in rudeness, which Jayne fails to acknowledge as occurring. She simply pretends that she still has Sarah's full attention.

Sarah breaks eye contact with Mondo. She stops her stretching, breaks off her conversation with Jayne, and bids Jayne a polite goodbye. Jayne and Sarah go their separate ways.

Yes, Mondo has her theory. A theory that has changed during the course of her stay here in this world. Some of it is based upon observation. For example, the TK she noticed shortly after she arrived told her of the Dragon involvement. Of course that's something which Becky is unable to perceive—only an elder or at the very least an aberration can. Some of it is based upon hunches, hunches born out of how she would have done the murders. Some of it is based upon chicanery—e.g., the Guardian feed coerced by Lucy informed her of the beatnik flavor of that aforementioned Dragon involvement.

Mondo will compare the official police reports of the serial murders and Sean's death with the information about them gleaned from Guardian. Any omissions or inconsistencies might prove insightful and then again it might not.

Sean died in his bedroom while asleep. The door to his bedroom was locked from the inside and bolted. Summoned by his wife's 911 call, EMT's had to kick in the door to gain access. Even if you assume the lock could have been picked, the bolt was composite so a magnet could not have been used to manipulate it through the door. Post script: the lock showed no signs of being picked.

His wife's reason for calling 911? He failed to come down for breakfast, and he never missed breakfast nor was he ever late for it either.

Although they were estranged, the couple still lived together and maintained their professional relationship. Sean's wife was his business manager and his talent agent. They both had large life insurance policies taken out on them naming each other as beneficiaries—nothing unusual considering their professional relationship.

Why the bolted, locked bedroom door? Sean was known to be paranoid. Had suffered from it since he was a child. He even had hidden cameras installed to record any intrusions into his bedroom. None of the cameras had been tampered with. None of the cameras showed anyone in that bedroom, entering or leaving it, other than Sean. ADT alarm security confirmed that none of the cameras was missing.

There was no evidence of teleportation, either. Negative forensics for arcane or technological intrusion.

Seth's would be invisible to electronic surveillance, but they still would have to gain entry to the secured room somehow. So, even in the case of one of them that "somehow" remains the huge, unanswerable question.

The cause of his death has yet to be determined. But. There are no signs of foul play whatsoever. For reason or reasons unknown, it looks like he just croaked.

If this is a classic murder in a locked room scenario, as Mondo believes it is, then it's a Doozy.

There's always invasive, telepathic interrogation to forcibly gouge out the truth. Infallible elsewhere in Creation, even in the case of sociopaths. And all indications are, if Jayne and Sarah are guilty, they are clearly sociopaths. But, this is a protected world. As such, investigative hands are severely tied as to what does and does not violate ROE—invasive telepathic interrogation of an indigenous person of a protected world by an outsider constitutes psychic rape and is therefore prohibited. Plus, just like in the case of a lie detector, the information derived from such an intrusion would be inadmissible in a court of law here anyways. Worse, said intrusion could be ruled by the courts here as tainting the entire chain of evidence, possibly resulting in any criminal case being thrown out that was being built by the DA's Office and the police against Jayne and Sarah.

Then there is the much pricklier issue. Being a protected world, the supernatural rules—the arcane laws of physics—are different here. This is God's way of enforcing compliance, just in case someone or something decides to cut corners anyway and sidestep ROE. Therefore, invasive telepathic interrogation of the indigenous isn't infallible here—it's merely highly reliable, and problematic at best in the case of sociopaths.

"Let's go by the coroner's office. Talk to her, see her official report of Sean's death. Look at the official reports about all the associated serial murders and put our heads together."

Mondo notices the Dagon's obelisk appear and disappear as different runners jog past the underpass. The obelisk is masked from ordinary, human sight by some deft use of stealth tech. The uncloaking/cloaking is only triggered by some runners, not all.

"Change of plans. I need to talk to the Dagon again. I'll get back with you later. Don't bother to come looking for me, you won't be able to find me this time. "

Mondo doesn't wait for Becky's reply. She gets off the bench, walks into the underpass, and disappears into the Dagon's obelisk the next time it decloaks.

There is The Hum. And it is deafening. Mondo's eyes, nose, ears, and mouth begin to bleed. The place's foul stench, its pungent stomach-churning effluvia assaults her nostrils. Much worse than before.

She materializes atop of a steep flight of creaky wooden stairs. They are rough-hewed and rotten. Behind her is a rusty metal door. It's faded lead paint peeling off—paint so old that its original color is unfathomable. There's a loud clunk as its bolt is thrown on the other side. It opens on its squeaky hinges. Mondo turns around to face the new player in the game. Framed in the doorway is a Series Zero an NOX prototype version of Kunnilingus.

The automaton looks like an extremely decrepit version of The Maschinenmensch (German for “machine-human”)—even more decrepit looking than Kunni. You can clearly see corrosion leaking from its skull seals, worse than Kunni. What’s left of its original finish is dull and lifeless. There are patches of rust, also. A finish more corroded than Kunni’s.

Scanning the robot as part of, for example, an police investigative procedure would prove fruitless. As such, interrogating this robot to glean evidence of culpability in all of this would be an exercise in futility.

The Maschinenmensch (German for “machine-human”) is a fictional character in Fritz Lang’s film *Metropolis*, played by German actress Brigitte Helm in both its robot form and human incarnation. She is a gynoid (female robot or android) created by the scientist Rotwang. Named Maria in the film, and “Futura” in Harbou’s novel, she was the first robot ever depicted in cinema.

The Zero robot opens the shielded safety deposit box that it’s holding. Mondo’s idle hands klaw. Her knobb remanifests itself on the rightside of her neck. All thought of why she came here is wiped from her mind. In point of fact, her entire mind is wiped.

Mondo strips off everything and places her couture into the deposit box. Her movements are stiff and robotic as if she were also a robot, which in effect she is now. Robot Zero closes the box and steps backward into the absolute black of the nothingness behind it.

The stairs, the door, the abyss behind Zero, and the robot Zero itself were not here before. The abyss is The Abyss and it encapsulates the entirety of the Dagon’s habitat. Figuratively and literally. This is a private, unlisted universe onto itself—a PUV.

Mondo, who is now Robot Seven, remains motionless and quiet, arms held stiffly at her sides.

Zero returns empty-handed. It points down the stairs into the dark bowels of the Dagon’s lair. Seven turns around and very slowly descends the stairs, each step creaking profoundly. Her Id savoring every moment of her noisy ingress, craving being used by the Dagon in a symphony of subjugation, degradation, and addiction preferably without possible end.

Voices take up residence in her head. The Voices in her head are not of the Borg Collective. Primal and mindless they crowd out her consciousness, this time erasing her ego, super-ego, and her Id. Her entire mind is deleted, and not just the ego and super-ego wiped. Instinctually an enslaver on par with any Hag, the Dagon won’t repeat the mistake it made last time, which explains the total removal of the girl’s mind and why the girl’s Id is done away with too. The girl robot’s higher brain centers shutdown. It will be quite some time, if ever, that the girl’s mind and brain are able to reboot fully and Mondo Kane exists again.

The voices in Seven’s lower brain belong to The Nest—the collective consciousness of the Dagon. Mentally, Seven is again a giant leech in Vampire form, a Lost leech variant, known as The Strain. In the case of The Master, The Strain is not a name, it is a designation.

Zero descends the stairs behind, and right on the heels of, Seven. The metal door slams shut and bolts itself. The robots go over to the closet. Zero smears filth all over the girl’s body, teeth, tongue, and mouth until she is no longer clean and pristine. Seven dresses herself in the smelly dead infested Kaye and the gamey Doll Parts. Head lice, fleas, ticks, and crabs infest the girl robot from the contaminated couture.

Seven's hair lets itself down, becoming totally geriatric—grey liberally streaked with white—a kind of platinum blonde normally associated with elderly mundane females or Crone females. The leech girl's geriatric hair further degenerates into a krazed.

Now that the girl is somewhat presentable. There is the loud sound of rattling. The Dagon makes its appearance. It slithers over to its possessions, its used, and begins feeding on the girl robot Seven, attaching a Schlag to the girl's spine.

The Dagon's eyes glow. The Strain's eye marble. Her tongue becomes killer. Her teeth serrate. Her killer tongue gives way to a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp's. The Vampire's fingernails lengthen—hands become horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws. Long thick dirty fingernails and toe nails, pointed and curved into hooks. Serrated teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. Her transformation into a Strain is complete.

The Dagon ceases its engorgement at Seven's expense and detaches itself. The girl is noticeably thinner than she was when she was first abducted. At this rate, she's be an emaciated husk, and thus most to the Dagon's liking in double-quick time.

After some crude brain surgery on the girl during which some brain slugs will be implanted for better complete remote control of its newest drone acquisition and to properly reprogram its newest drone acquisition.

They walk over to a chamber in the grotto which was not here on Mondo's previous visit. In the slim covered room, whose floor is flooded by raw sewage, what looks like banks of archaic Borg alcoves are fused into the walls. The insidious slime-covered alcoves—which look more organic than mechanical—are not Borg and in fact use tech that predates The Borg, it even predates Toy.

Zero steps into the chamber and plugs itself into one of the alcove. The Dagon bites into the back of Seven's skull, eating a large chunk of the girl's skull, exposing the girl's brain. Seven steps forward into the chamber. A patch of the brain slugs covering the chamber's ceiling drop down onto the girl's exposed brain and immediately begin eating into the girl's brain. Seven's head—brain coverings, skull, and scalp—close shut. Her krazed hair grows back to length into the hairless patch resulting from her surgery hiding her wanton violation.

Seven plugs herself into an unoccupied alcove. Once she is plugged in her mouth opens slackly and she begins drooling mindlessly. The effects of a biological being connected to a socket an alcove is literally a socket that was not intended for cyborg use.

The alcoves were designed for metal, not flesh, and Seven is flesh. The organic look of the alcoves is deceiving. That's from the slime that covers everything in the chamber and has nothing to do with either the nature of the alcoves or the alcoves themselves.

Besides Zero and Seven, five of the other alcoves are occupied with the Dagon's used. Of those five, all are humans in various stages of emaciation and degradation, and two of them are almost completely spent and near death.

Mondo's Id was the root of the undoing of the girl's subjugation by the Dagon. Mondo's Id was also that subjugation's greatest ally. With no an ego, super-ego, or Id, Mondo is a Vampire of pure instinct akin to The Master.

Demons by nature are predatory genocidal racists, and among demons, Vampires are the most predatory of those genocidal racists. Mondo by nature is evil, and as such profoundly flawed.

All of the Dagon's used are flawed. It's how it acquires and keeps them till they're all used up. Usually the flaw is weakness—e.g., junkies craving that next fix and that better high which brings them ever closer to “the line.” But, Mondo's fundamental flaw—her evilness—is not a weakness—it, coupled with her insatiable cravings to use and be used, makes her too dangerous for captivity. The fact that she is such a good quality interpositive (sadist) and an equally good quality internegative masochist, tempts you into enslaving her to be extensively abused you abusing her and she abusing you.

Psychosexual babble aside.

More than a bad habit. More than a degenerate lifestyle. Hers is a depraved way of life. She's what Victorians, erstwhile swingers, devotees of debauchery, and Jack Kerouac's beatniks call a “lush monger”—an unredeemable sadomasochistic junkie whore. Homicidal narcotic-fueled depravity is her drug of choice. Killing is her preferred way to get high and achieve orgasm. Killing is what she craves the most. Pain is pleasure. Homicide is ecstasy. Sex and violence are indivisible.

Her current enslavement, which suits her to a tee, allows her to indulge to its utmost that inner homicidal maniac who is always her who is her Id. No impediment of that sane lie, the civilized façade which is imposed upon her by her elders, her obligations, her responsibilities, herself, and the other whatnot of the real world outside of this lush monger's paradise.

The girl being a lush monger means that the Dagon and Zero are in effect akin to whoremongers, lechers—those who habitually consort with whores. Mondo is herself a whoremonger, a lecher who habitually consorts with and pays for the services of whores—paid whores, aka prostitutes.

The Dagon slithers into the alcove chamber and feeds upon the two humans who are nearly expired. Seven detaches herself from her alcove, walks over to one of the other used, and feeds upon them.

Her movements are no longer stiff and robotic. But. She is still the mindless carnivore. She is still a human-sized leech in Vampire form. She is still akin to The Master. She is still Seven.

As the girl feeds, she ceases to be thinner and fills out to her normal self—tall, slender, leggy, buxom, beautifully-shaped—a Las Vegas showgirl. Her eyes no longer marble and return to her normal-looking blue eyes. But. She is still the mindless carnivore. She is still a human-sized leech in Vampire form. She is still akin to The Master. She is still Seven. But. Not for long.

Pop!

Her brain reboots. Including her higher brain centers. The mind slugs are consumed by her brain, utterly and completely. Her mind reboots—first the Id, then the ego and super-ego. Sentient, again. The Mondo Kane personality fully restored. Seven becomes Mondo, again. Klaw and knobb remain. Krazed, as geriatric platinum blonde hair, remains. Serrated teeth and long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp's remain. She still acts like a mindless carnivore. She still acts like a human-sized leech in Vampire form. She still acts like an Undead thing akin to The Master.

Bottomline. Outwardly, she still looks very much like a Strain. Behaviorally, she still acts just like a Strain. Metaphysically, she's still a Strain.

Mondo finishes consuming the used she's eating and starts on another. Ravenous. Deranged. Completely and utterly insane. Seething with the loathing and disdain that ravages her hard pretty face and twists her large ugly largemouth-bass-eating-bait mouth. Foaming at the mouth like a rabid dog.

The Vampire's fingernails stay lengthened—grasping hands horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws. Long thick dirty fingernails and toe nails, pointed and curved into hooks.

There is the smell of burning flesh as, in violation of its own fundamental nature of being Doll Parts, her now kooky Doll Parts fuse seamlessly to her nethers. No longer merely a strap-on sexual appendage, the prosthetic sexual device renders her a consummate she-male akin to what wearing a kock does to her. In effect, her nethers are now prosthetic. And she's as kookie as her kooky parts.

The brain slugs reconstitute themselves in her brain. Swiss-cheesing her cerebral cortex, they lobotomize her again. Mondo's eyes become the crazed eyes of a blue-eyed madwoman.

The Hum changes frequencies, amplitudes, and wavelengths. Stimulating her pineal gland to enlarge, as if The Hum is originating from a Pretorius Resonator. Her ever-growing pineal extends along the optic tract expanding into what remains of her brain's ravaged frontal lobes, displacing and in turn largely replacing them. Becoming, in the occult sense, The Third Eye. Shades of Stuart Gordon's B-movie adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's *From Beyond* featuring Barbara Crampton.

The third eye (also known as the inner eye) is a mystical and esoteric concept referring to a speculative invisible eye which provides perception beyond ordinary sight. In certain dharmic spiritual traditions such as Hinduism, the third eye refers to the ajna, or brow, chakra. In Theosophy it is related to the pineal gland. The third eye refers to the gate that leads to inner realms and spaces of higher consciousness. In New Age spirituality, the third eye often symbolizes a state of enlightenment or the evocation of mental images having deeply personal spiritual or psychological significance. The third eye is often associated with religious visions, clairvoyance, the ability to observe chakras and auras, precognition, and out-of-body experiences. People who are claimed to have the capacity to utilize their third eyes are sometimes known as seers.

In some traditions such as Hinduism, the third eye is said to be located around the middle of the forehead, slightly above the junction of the eyebrows. In other traditions, e.g., Theosophy, it is believed to be connected with the pineal gland. According to this theory, humans had in far ancient times an actual third eye in the back of the head with a physical and spiritual function. Over time, as humans evolved, this eye atrophied and sunk into what today is known as the pineal gland. Dr. Rick Strassman has hypothesized that the pineal gland, which maintains light sensitivity, is responsible for the production and release of DMT (dimethyltryptamine), an entheogen which he believes possibly could be excreted in large quantities at the moments of birth and death.

The brain slugs reconstituting themselves is her Id's doing. Demons are assimilative and, for all intents and purposes, immutable. Therefore, recurrences are always at the behest of a demon's Id. Other examples of personal recurrence for her are her knobb, her klaw, and her addictive behavior.

When she finishes consuming her second used, she walks stiffly and robotically over to an unoccupied alcove, arms held at her sides, and plugs herself in. Mouth open slackly. Drooling mindlessly. Staring off blankly into space. Hard, insanity-ravaged face. It is the face of the long-term inmate in a lunatic asylum; the one you keep under lock and key in a padded cell wearing a muzzle and a straitjacket.

Having reverted to robot girl Seven. No longer sentient. No longer Mondo Kane. Mindless, again. She is completely and utterly insane. Figuratively speaking: a ranting and raving lunatic. Lobotomized. Fit only to be institutionalized. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds coming out of that mouth of hers. This is much better than any fan of hers could have ever hoped for.

By definition, a dominatrix craves to use and abuse. At her core, instinctually—stripped of her ego, super-ego, and Id—Mondo/Seven is a dominatrix a user/abuser who also craves to be used and abused. The personification of evil. A lunatic whore. The Dagon has peeled away all the civilized layers of this and that until this person, the true Mondo Kane is revealed. Seven is the real Mondo Kane—a mindless killing machine.

Seven rips herself from the alcove. Unable to contain the carnage swelling up within her. She must have more. Foaming at the mouth. She shoves the Dagon aside and finishes off the last remaining used for herself. Instinctually, the Dagon knows better than to contest the girl's claim on the spoils least it might find itself on the menu for the Vampire's fine dining.

Preoccupied with her food, Seven the totally feral, true Mondo doesn't notice the Zero robot unplug itself and walk over behind her. It waits until she is finishing up with her meal before it places a hand on her shoulder and delivers several thousand volts into Seven's body. The ankle-deep sewage in which they are standing greatly intensifies the electricity's effect. Zero is well-insulated and the Dagon is immune to the charge. Seven is knocked out cold.

Zero drags Seven's limp body out of the alcove room. She will be strapped to a metal table in the wellness room where she will be repeatedly subjected to a brutal regimen of electro-shock therapy and be reduced to a ultra-violent mental vegetable. Stalling the inevitable: the deranged, demented, homicidal blonde freeing herself from captivity and returning to the real world as the unsane Mondo Kane.

Junkie, Confessions of an Unredeemable Drug Addict

Junkie: Confessions of an Unredeemed Drug Addict (originally titled *Junk*, later released as *Junky*) is a novel by American beat generation writer William S. Burroughs, published initially under the pseudonym William Lee in 1953. His first published work, it is semi-autobiographical and focuses on Burroughs' life as a drug user and dealer. It has come to be considered a seminal text on the lifestyle of heroin addicts in the early 1950s.

The novel was considered unpublishable more than it was controversial. Burroughs began it largely at the request and insistence of Allen Ginsberg, who was impressed by Burroughs's letter-writing skill. Burroughs took up the task with little enthusiasm. However, partly because he saw that becoming a publishable writer was possible (his friend Jack Kerouac had published his first novel *The Town and the City* in 1950), he began to compile his experiences as an addict, "lush roller," and small-time Greenwich Village heroin pusher.

Although long considered Burroughs' first novel, he had in fact several years earlier completed a manuscript called *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks* with Kerouac, but this work would remain unpublished in its entirety until 2008.

Lush roller—A pickpocket who targets drunks who are passed out on a park bench, subway, bus, or any other public area.

See William S. Burroughs' first novel entitled "Junkie" written under the nom-de-plume "James Lee." The main protagonist was an avid "Lush Roller."

Time dilation. From the perspective of the real world, Mondo has been gone an hour. In perceived obelisk time, the equivalent of a millennium has elapsed. Why the significant differential in time perception? Or, to put it even less colloquially. Why did time parse out so differently and so much slower in a Dagon's PUV?

Maybe. To prolong the ordeal and intensify the agony of its captives. Maybe. To prolong and intensify the enjoyment of its captors. In Mondo's case, without question, whether she was mindless or not, she enjoyed ever prolonged moment of her captivity.

Clean and pristine. Unredeemable. No Doll Parts. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup befitting her harsh, haughty looks and hard, pretty face. Cold and aloof—seemingly unattainable—yet, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your soul. Prudz. The severest, most unbecoming sternka—a Greta yanked back into a sternka. Her strictest, "come hither and worship me, now" Victorian look. Her most wanton vibe. A vulgar mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain. Severe. Sexpot. VDR: WDR minus sternns—prude delete. A Victorian dominatrix. Sporting severe, haute couture from head to toe, again. Nothing spells Victorian dominatrix like severe, haute couture.

Mondo has returned from her lush monger holiday and, as expected, she doesn't look the least bit spent. In point of fact, she looks refreshed.

Again. She's clinically sane—a lunatic, who's unsane, posing as a sane person. Again. She's a bleach-blonde version of the "real" cheerleader, that buxom brunette bruiser, female pro-

wrestling's archetypical big girl, Cheerleader Melissa. Again. A flaxen-haired version of Lucy Lawless' Zena. Again. She's. Shades of WWE's Summer Rae—aka the “real” Mondo Kane.

At no time did Becky ever doubt for a moment that Mondo would return. Nor would anyone else who knows her.

“Now. We go by the coroner's office. Talk to her, see her official report of Sean's death. Look at the official reports about all the associated serial murders and put our heads together. Capish?”

“Sounds like a plan to me.”

“But first. I have a couple of questions.”

“Yes?”

“I noticed that Jayne was wearing the charm bracelet. And. Just being nosy. I'd like to know your reaction to it staying on her wrist in spite of being in your physical proximity.”

“Gosh. Go girl. Now you do have your head wrapped around an Oldest Thing, and all the implications, thereof.”

“Your reaction, please.”

“I got positively wet.”

“Thought so.”

“Second question.”

“Except for Him. How often do you get the chance to be in the presence of someone who is more evil than yourself?”

“Except for Him. Before now. Never. This is my first.”

Your *reality* offends me

Fullmetal Alchemist—there are two Fullmetal Alchemist shows (FMA 2003 and FMA Brotherhood). The difference? When FMA 2003 was being created, it caught up to the manga. Instead of waiting for the manga to finish, the writers diverged from the manga's plot and wrote its own ending. FMA Brotherhood stays true to the manga. Do not let the divergence from the manga sway you, this is truly an amazing anime that is worth your time.

The shows follow the Elric sisters on their journey to find the Philosophers stone, a stone that can perform transmutations (converting one object into something else) with no equivalent exchange. It is a fantastic story with a wonderful mix of light-hearted comedy, but also plenty of heart-wrenching moments and intense ultraviolence bordering on sadism.

Around the first 20 episodes of FMA follow along similarly to FMA B, but there are subtle important differences. The original FMA spends more time building up Ellen and Allie's personality and gives you more insight to the characters and their relationships. But. After these initial episodes, the plots are completely different. Also, there is a follow-up movie for FMA called Conqueror of Shamballa which completely wraps up the FMA story.

I would whole-heartedly recommend this anime, whether you've never watched an anime or if you're an avid viewer. After finishing FMA, be sure to watch Conqueror of Shamballa, and then FMA Brotherhood!—**a review by [Taylor](#), taken from amazon.com, with the expected revision in the gender of the characters**

Severe. Haughty. Staid. Prim and proper business attire. Distracting haute couture. A severely-tailored business suit—revealing and body hugging. High heels that command attention. The formality of gloved hands. Gorgeous and seductive. The hard, pretty face of a 1950s Hollywood movie starlet. A peroxide blonde obsession. Provocatively dressed. Knobb—the creepy mole that can make your flesh crawl if you stare at it intently enough. And. Klaw—the even creepier way that her idle hands repose. No sternns. Prude delete. Wanton and strict. Condescending. Loath and disdain. Sex goddess. Paradox upon paradox, ad infinitum. Quid pro quo for dominatrices.

They step away from the park bench and begin to walk slowly to the coroner's office. It's a long way on foot and their pace is leisurely.

“Are you using us as bait?”

“Why, of course.”

“Just asking.”

“If the fish don't bite, you'll have to sort this mess by yourself. I've got to getting back to my world and I'm frightfully overdue.”

“Yea, right.”

“Leeches are just blood sucking slugs. A Dagon is a giant leech. Therefore. It's also, a giant slug, by definition.”

“Huh?! Did I miss something? Or is continuity a major weak spot in your conversational skills?”

“The transfer was intentional. She will stay two steps ahead of us and the law.”

“The perfect crime? There’s no such thing.”

“It is when no crime can be proved to have been committed by the accused. Other than conspiracy, and even that is a maybe. The best I can discern, Jayne posed the first murder as a hypothetical. Sarah Hucks followed suit in the sanguine conversation. Seemingly, the other murders were discussed in the same manner. Nothing incriminating. Strictly buttercup, no green tea whatsoever.”

“You learned all that while being used by that slug and getting your rocks off to boot.”

“Precisely. And. To reiterate. The transfer was intentional. Of course, chicanery such as that always works two ways. Unfortunately, the slug is a creature of pure instinct. So what I could glean from its mental impressions were sketchy at best and totally inadmissible in court. Jayne would know that, of course.”

“She let that thing use her to taint her, screwing the pooch royally in the process?”

“Yes. Muddies the waters, so to speak. Clear as the mud that begets reasonable doubt in the minds of a trial jury, if it were to go to trial that is, and it won’t. She’s smart, crafty, and has at her disposal a charm bracelet that’s the equal of any probability engine that has been, can be, or ever will be constructed. A brilliant criminal mind, really. Easily on par with the notorious and malevolent renegade Time Lord Morbius or the criminal genius Professor Moriarty. Both of whom I know personally.”

“Irrespective of her staying two steps ahead of us by your way of thinking. Assuming for the moment that she and Sarah are co-conspirators, per this newest iteration of your ever evolving theory, a theory which to date has proven to be little more than an elaborate swag. Their apprehension and subsequent punishment are not my only concerns, of course. How do we stop them and prevent anymore murders?”

“Oh. There won’t be any more murders. Your precious mundane Jews are safe. Although Sarah clearly has a flair and a taste for the homicide craft it’s much too risky to continue. It’s essential to the continued success of their murderous venture and the securing of its legacy thereof that all the suspicion stays on Jayne. Sarah can do nothing to jeopardize that.”

“What about the murders that they are already party to?”

“You’ll just have to live with the fact that they’ll get away with them. That is. At least in this life.”

“The bracelet allows her to anticipate what’s going happen and then she plans according?”

“Of course not. It just makes her very, very, very lucky. She gets really cool hunches, her female intuition is heightened, etc. But only as it applies to the murders committed.”

“Who did she get the bracelet from?”

“I imagine she got it from Him. Likely tricked Him out of it. Must have been a real shocker for Him finding out that way He wasn’t the evilest person in Creation. It’s fickle, of course. Needless to say. It gravitates to the most evil person in its physical or metaphysical proximity.”

“Metaphysical?”

“Yes. Not just physical proximity. Now, you know even more about Oldest Things. Rekall is a metaphysical experience—an out of body, graphic remembrance—invasive inverse remote

viewing. She's more evil than me, which is why it didn't come to me during our recall of her interrogation."

That's when it strikes Becky right between the eyes. She gets that look on her face, grabs hold of Mondo's arm, and puts a halt to their gait.

"You transposed Sarah and Jayne in mid conversation. Referring to them interchangeably as the killer."

"Good catch."

"Huh?"

"A Freudian slip, nothing more."

"Don't you mean another twist you've pulled out of your ass?"

"Yes," Mondo smiles as she replies to her other self.

"When you implicated Sarah as Jayne's conspirator, I just naturally assumed that you meant Sarah somehow aided and abetted Jayne. I didn't understand you as meaning that Sarah was also doing the actual killing as her part in this pact."

"That was obviously a bad assumption on your part."

"So, clue me in least I make another bad assumption."

Becky sounds a bit catty and riled. Being such a total bitch, Mondo smiles even wider at her other's apparent, somewhat agitation.

"Sarah did all the killing, except for one. Jayne only killed Sean."

"Yep. Sounds like another twist you pulled out of your ass."

"What we do know for sure is that there's still no proof this is anything other than just humans killing humans. His alleged involvement—an involvement if true that's peripheral, at best—is of no consequence. Ergo. So far, none of this murderous affair has proven to be any business of ours. Nor does it look like it ever will prove likely to be." Mondo winks smartly at Becky. "Therefore. It isn't reasonable for us to continue with the official investigation. I'm sure the higher powers would be in complete agreement with that assessment of mine."

"So, officially, you're leaning 'strongly' toward ruling it a 'no contest' and once you've officially ruled it as such we're off the case per ROE?"

"Yes. But. Out of pure curiosity, I want to see if I'm right this time about whodunit and how."

"So. Unofficially. We're still on the case a bit longer to indulge your curiosity?"

"Off the record. Go girl. Now you're talking."

There is no incriminating attack on them. They make it to the coroner's office unmolested. Talk to the ME who actually did Sean's autopsy and see her official report of Sean's death. Look at the official reports about all the associated serial murders and put their heads together. Nothing.

They go next door to police headquarters where they compare the official police reports of the serial murders and Sean's death with the information about them gleaned from Guardian by Lucy. No omissions or inconsistencies prove insightful. Again. Nothing. Nada. The big goose egg.

They remain dogged. Returning to the coroner's office. Where they re-inspect the bodies. The bodies of the serial murder victims are dead by violent, brutal means. In contrast to those grizzly means of demise, Sean's body shows no signs of foul play, whatsoever.

They re-interview exhaustively the coroners who actually did the workups and the autopsies of all of the serial murder victims and of Sean. They even talk to the head ME for the benefit of a removed point of view, using the head as a sounding board.

For a third and what will likely prove a last time they interview the coroner who did the workup and the autopsy on Sean.

"In spite of his obvious corpulence, Sean was otherwise quite fastidious. Manicure. Pedicure. Neatly-trimmed beard. Dyed hair. Exfoliated skin. Tweezed eyebrows. Regular Brazilian wax jobs. Etc. In keeping with that. A diabetic, he injected his insulin in inconspicuous places to hide any needle marks. No plastic surgery. And. No evidence of regenerative procedures, whatsoever. Kept himself 'all natural,' as they say these days."

As she did during their previous visit. The coroner, Angela Bassoon, has the recorder on. Becky stands back and observes as Mondo again puts the ME through her paces.

"What's this?" Mondo asks, pointing to a recent needle mark in the stiff's left arm. Same question as before.

"From an inoculation. They were doing flu shots after temple."

"Who gave it?"

"One of the regular nurses."

"No sign of an air embolism causing death?"

"None, whatsoever."

Same answers as before.

"Death by unknown cause or causes?"

"That's the standing ruling."

A new line of questioning arises.

"Who else works the nursing station at temple?"

"They have helpers."

"Is the daughter of the slain rabbi, one of them?"

"Yes, Jayne is one of them."

"Was she on duty when Sean got his shot?"

Angela shrugs her shoulders.

"Don't know."

Hibernian Owl

PUNDIT: noun—a person who makes comments or judgments, especially in an authoritative manner; critic or commentator.

Ann Coulter Booed, Makes 9/11 Quip at L.A.’s Politicon—Ann Coulter makes her money and stays as a celebrity by being as rude and caustic as possible. If she simply provided clear-minded, rational conservative commentary, she wouldn’t make the big bucks. The more she can stir things up, the more money she makes; it’s her shtick (routine) and it works for her.

Since money is her *raison d’être* (reason for being), she really has no grounds for preferring wisdom over dubious “wit.” For that reason, I rarely pay attention to her boorishness. This article pulled me in because people booed her.

“We’ll check on that later.”

“Okay.” The blasé in Angela’s voice grows ever thicker. She’s obviously not impressed with Mondo. As such. Mocking overtones have crept into her voice and mannerisms. As if to say, “Boss Lady is a dud and I’m tired of her silly interruptions. Talk to the hand.”

“You mentioned that he was an ‘all natural.’”

“Yes.”

“Was he also a vegan?”

“Yes. A real stickler about eating organic food.”

“Stomach contents?”

“The expected.”

“Let’s see ‘em. If you please.”

“Of course.”

Angela retrieves the evidence container. She increments the needle on the mocking meter a tad: Her movements become somewhat stiff and robotic, as if she had transformed into a mindless automaton by her obedience to Mondo’s requests.

“Please empty out into a sterile forensics tray for exam.”

“Okay.”

From earlier dining. Curried wild rice, lentil, and orzo salad with caramelized onions and toasted almonds. Bean Salad with roasted potatoes, asparagus, and pesto.

Plus, late night munches. A partially-digested assortment of chickpeas (garbanzo beans), black beans, kidney beans, pinto beans, ubiquitous soy beans, and white beans.

“Now, please segregate the contents.”

“Okay.”

Angela segregates the contents.

“Nothing.”

“What did you expect?”

“Now, segregate each meal subcomponent into a separate glass vial.”

Again. Angela does as she is told. Dutifully, segregating each meal subcomponent into a separate glass vial. Some of the now isolated subcomponents begin to change. Morphing into something that looks like lentils, then into something amorphous and alive.

“Holy shit!” Angela exclaims. Becky draws near to see for herself.

“That’s what I was hoping for. Now we know how Sean was murdered. If you don’t care when a person dies, you have a great luxury as a murderer. You can be patient and simply wait. His dying in a locked room was just cherry on the cake.”

That’s when Angel starts to laugh at the expense of Mondo. Her previous expression of surprise was just a ruse. She sheds her robot schtick and rests her gloved hands upon her aproned hips.

“And you’re supposed to be some kind of crackerjack with murders where you come from. Bullshit.”

“Explain yourself.”

“If those things were deadly, I’d be on the slab next to Sean along with a lot of other people. The transmorphs are harmless dietary filler and a very nice digestion scrubber. You can buy bottles of the stuff in health stores like GNC. I’d already run a segregation test and it came up negative.”

“An omission in your report.”

“Not specifically stated. So what. What’s in the report is stomach contents tested and nothing nefarious found. Look, missy. I’m good at what I do.”

“No offense meant. Just grasping from straws.”

“Grasp somewhere else. You’ve worn out your welcome with your repeated visits and insipid questioning. All very pointless and tiresome. I’m quite busy and have real work to do.”

“Point taken.”

Mondo and Becky check back at police headquarters with the detectives handling the serial murder case. Confirming that Jayne was not on duty at the nurse’s station when Sean was getting his flu shot.

Once again. A potential breakthrough in the case proves to be another disappointing dead-end. Yet, Mondo remains steadfast and undeterred. Angela’s crackerjack wisecrack didn’t get under Mondo’s skin the least little bit. In point of fact, she just took it in stride. Like water rolling off a duck’s back. In point of fact. The more failure she reaps from trying to solve this case, the more riveting the case becomes to her. A junkie’s zeal turned outward and constructive is a powerful force to be reckoned with. And being an immortal, Mondo literally has forever to solve this conundrum. Previously, during the course of investigations, solutions have just come to her. She could punt. This time: no. And, that’s what excites her so. Gets her nethers sopping wet. Time to reboot her theory and start off fresh.

Maybe the TK of the Dragons, involves something else entirely and yet still involves the Dragons and their privileged, rebellious young? Irrespective, my female intuition tells me that where art thou the Dragons and their TK go it will be Becky's concern not mine.

Again. That contrast in perspectives. For Becky, it's personal. For Mondo, it's strictly business. This is a puzzle to be solved. Nothing more. Mondo could care less about the grave loss of human life or bringing the guilty to justice.

Mondo's callous disregard for human life is a no brainer. And. It's not just because she's an abomination and thus possessed of the tendency of elder supernatural beings to see mundanes as nothing more than food to be slaughtered and consumed. A secondary sociopath. And. A textbook sadomasochist. She has a callous disregard for any life, mundane or supernatural. And has been genocidal since birth.

"My guts are tied up in knots. You could care less about the people these two are getting away with killing."

"Your point being?"

"If I decided to just whack those two bitches, Jayne and you'd destroy me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. I'm wack—that bitch be crazy—and I crave to whack. This here crazy doesn't need an excuse. I would really enjoying doing you just because you're me in another world."

"You're worse than they are."

"Jayne's charm doesn't agree with you."

"Maybe that's because that bracelet doesn't know you well enough."

"Now, that's a thought. Something worth trying. It's not like we have anything to lose."

Dead Frequency

Night radio host Samantha is in love with Emily. Afraid of showing her feelings, Sam rejects Emily's advances - to a point. Plagued by alcohol addiction and depression, she also has a less worldly problem: She (and the others) are vampires who are keen to hide this from the new station manager. All is explained in this black comedy.—**an editorial review taken from amazon.com, with the expected revision in the gender of the characters**

Having made short work of the Dagon, the ancient, transcendent, First Moment ethereal becomes corporeal and assumes human form. Looking like Florence Marly did when she played the beautifully seductive space alien in 1965's low budget sci-fi cult classic *Queen of Blood*—a Vampire creature who needed human blood for nourishment. Ms. Marly, a Czech-born French film actress, was pushing fifty when she portrayed the creepy space Vampire.

The original Ms. Marly is human. The stealer of her likeness is not. The thief is a Dorm. Not a gender bending hermaphrodite. Not a "she-male." A "she," unlike a Dagon who is a ubiquitous "it." In their native form, the lecherous, exclusively female gender specific Dorm are almost indistinguishable from Dagon. Not an offshoot of the Dagon. Nor are Dorm per se a parallel species of giant leech. As such a vampire creature who, unlike Dagon, are also Vampire. These giant leeches are predatory toward Dagon. And, being Vampire, are more predatory than the Dagon. Their venom is also more potent and addictive than the Dagon's. A venom so potent in fact that its prolonged use liquefies the synaptic pathways in a user's brain, resulting in a mind robbing chemical lobotomy—literally, a brain meltdown. Reducing its hardcore junkies into blanks. A state which is irreversible for mortals.

Sentient, unlike the Dagon who are mindless. Although, when they are aroused to orgasm, the mentality of Dorm is driven to become that of a mindless slug. That is, Dorm can be as raw and instinctual as The Master are. Yet, they are sentient capable, which The Master are not. Depraved. Deranged. Homicidal. Genocidal. Wanton. Fornicatress. Whoremonger. Blood drinker. Enslaver. Obsessive. Compulsive. Pornographer. Cannibal. Walking, slithering holocaust. Narcotic addiction personified. Junkie whore.

Possession being nine-tenths of the law. This Dorm, whose Horde designation is Dorm-Slog, now owns this PUV and all of its contents, including the Zero robot. But, her Seven, Seven robot, is missing. An omission that she intends to rectify. When she consumed the Dagon, she acquired all of the Dagon's knowledge. From that purloined she learned of the missing Borg drone Seven.

Instinctually, Dorm-Slog must have all that belongs to her, including transients used like the one called Jayne. Jayne's evil made that mundane a particular sweetness. A sweetness that she must rend asunder, just like she painstakingly rended the Dagon. The Dagon died a slow, agonizing death.

There is also the "voices" of The Horde. The Horde is a metaphysical construct which represents the shared lasciviousness of the Dorm. The sexual manifestation of which is their sadomasochism. In other words, an expression of their bent sexuality.

The voices of The Horde are much louder than those of The Nest. When Seven conjoins with The Horde. Its voices will crowd the mind of Seven into the abyss of limitless carnality and the all-consuming "we" that is The Horde. Thus. Its voices will rob her of her mind, if the venom of the

Dorm has not done so already. Leaving her a mindless husk to be used and abused as Dorm-Slog, her estranged spouse Dorm-SOG, and her kind see fit. Currently, their “on again/off again” relationship is “on.” Soon, Dorm-SOG will be here to share in the plunder. Together they will abduct and ravage Seven. They will not be denied.

Analogous to The Nest of the Dagon. The Horde of The Dorm also represents their collective consciousness. Thus. While the conjoined Dorm-Slog ate the Dagon, The Horde was able to eavesdrop The Nest.

Like The Nest. There are no individuals in The Horde. There are only units. There is no “me.” There is only “we.” So. Not surprisingly. And also like the Dagon, a conjoined Dorm refers to herself that way as “we”.

Ergo. If a conjoined Dorm craves something, it becomes an obsession for The Horde for all of them, which is why they are often colloquially referred to as Alfred Hitchcock and their female obsessions referred to as Tippi Hedren.

They crave Seven robot. They obsess about Seven robot even more than The Nest does. Simply put: Seven is “the girl.”

Unlike Dagon who are always conjoined with The Nest. Dorm can choose when they are in The Horde and when they are not. When they are Ronin, as Dorm-Slog is now. She is an individual person who refers to herself in the first-person singular. A unit apart from her kind.

When this Dorm walks amidst Creation in the guise of Food, her pseudonym is Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Florence “Janet” Jackson—Flo Jo to her close acquaintances and contemporaries, and to her significant other. Truly, in all things that matter, she’s an Original Archetype—a deathless predecessor to The Motel.

“I’m not a club killer the boxing equivalent is a club fighter. I’m inspired when it comes to murder. Although I’m a punter when it comes to solving them, I’m still no slouch in that arena either. Morally, I’m quite despicable. I am evil, to put it bluntly.”

“Yet these two bitches are getting your goat. Like no one else previously has.”

“Exactly.”

“A couple of talented amateurs beating you from pillar to post. You a seasoned veteran of the homicide game and a very experienced professional killer at that.”

“Yes.”

“They’re so good they’re making it look easy. Which is inspiring people, even mundanes, to ridicule you to your face. Belittling your considerable talents.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

“Because this is a protected world, you’re restricted in what you can do and in contrast their hands are not tied?”

“Nope. No excuses. My performance is meant to be off-kilter. They’re beating me because in this heads-up because they’re better than I am. Additionally. I’ve now come to believe that even without the edge that the charm bracelet affords them, they would still be beating me soundly from pillar to post.”

“So, off the record, you’ve decided to throw in the towel and capitulate?”

“Why, of course not. What makes you think such a thing?”

“You just said that they’re better than you and would be besting you even without the assistance of that charm.”

“That’s a theory which I must test to appease my own curiosity.”

“And, you’re going to test it how?”

“I’m going to cheat, of course.”

“And if you get caught, which you will since this is a protected world, you’ll be destroyed and there will be one less you in Creation.”

“Not the way I’m going to cheat.”

“Huh?”

“Don’t worry your pretty head about it. But first let’s see if we can convince that bracelet that I’m actually more evil than Jayne.”

“Let’s.”

Anita Cannibal

Violation by MILF—the further perverted cinematic exploits of MILF dominatrix Baroness Anita von Cannibal that harsh, busty, sixty-something with geriatric blonde hair crosses the line when it comes to a rape scenario. Only the most sexually depraved would enjoy this title. At one point there is a huge dildo brought out to be used on the twenty-something Cheyenne and you notice that her protest is real and it's removed from the set immediately. If you don't normally like girl/girl porn because it's too gentle then this might be right up your alley. These "mature" ladies aren't playing nice. If you like that look of fear in a young woman's eyes and girl gang bangs where the bangers are quasi-nursing home geriatrics pushing sixty-something, then this fits just fine into that general mold. As for me. Sorry, this isn't what this woman wants to see in porn.

Ms. Chang materializes in their midst. Stopping Mondo and Becky in their tracks. Mondo knows of her but has never met her in the flesh. Becky is very familiar with the storied diplomat, and knows her quite well—professionally and personally.

Ms. P.F. Chang. To say that she is exotic, sophisticated, and very Chinese—the epitome of urbane—goes without saying. She is, after all, a Dragon in human form. Dressed in a Kaye, she doesn't look the least bit dowdy. Perls, mules, prudz, and a slim cigarette purse clipped inconspicuously to the stiff waistband of her form-fitting skirt. Her unmentionables are a lacy, French-cut torpedo bra and matching thong panties—pristine white and starched within an inch of their lingerie lives. Clothes that are alive and keep her clean and fresh unlike their inanimate counterparts. She is the under-ambassador to this world, and is a member of the Principal House of the Dragons. It is the Principal House because it is the House that the Dragons' Empress belongs to. Ms. Chang, of course, is not armed.

Protected world and teleportation edicts aside. She's a diplomat with diplomatic immunity. On top of that. Dragons often do as Dragons wish to do. Including. Skirting the rules without explicitly breaking them, when it serves their purpose.

"Sorry, but I must interrupt. Etiquette demands that I bend the rules as far as my mode of entrance is concerned and the eavesdropping which precipitated that entrance. But. You, Ms. Kane, I mean Miss Kane, are not more evil than Jayne in spite of what revelations that you might make to the bracelet. We also cannot allow you to cheat, even if it involve some slick usage which spares you from destruction."

"I could always argue your points of order."

"But. You won't, Miss Kane. You'll concede the point of being more evil than Jayne. And you will not cheat in any way, shape, or form. You're also going to persuade someone to leave Jayne and Sarah alone, someone who intends to abduct them for ill-gotten gain. You will do this by convincing the person in question that your evil will suffix in lieu of Jayne's."

"And why would I entertain such folly?"

"Because we're asking you to. Pretty please and sugar on top."

"Oh really."

"In human form, this person of interest goes by the moniker of Florence 'Janet' Jackson. Flo Jo."

“Never heard of her.”

“Her spouse, who is also coming into this, is a former porn star turned lawyer. Her human alias is Anita Cannibal. In the dominatrix community she’s known as.”

“The personification of depravity. MILF dominatrix Baroness Anita von Cannibal.”

“I’m told she looks a lot like a Crone does, when she’s in her human form. Both Mrs. Jackson and Ms. Cannibal are Vampires. Dorm to be precise. Ms. Cannibal being the less reasonable and the more degenerate of the pair.”

Mondo’s eyes marble. She’s taken on a remote viewing. The girl is back in the Dagon’s lair. At the behest of a Dørn. Seeing and feeling things from the strictured perspective of The Stamm of The Kollektive. The Kollektive in question is the Hive Mind of the Dørn. Dørn are an apex predator among species of giant leeches.

The Kollektive’s voices crowd the girl’s lower brain. Voices that are louder and more covetous than those of The Horde. The girl’s higher brain centers shutdown. Mondo gives way to Seven, the Seven of this Nine. Nine is the designation of this Dørn who has abducted her metaphysically and hijacked her mind. When the girl’s mind and brain fully reboot, Mondo Kane will exist again. But. As if in collusion with the Dørn, the girl robot’s Id prevents her mind and brain from rebooting.

As aforementioned, being Vampires, Dorm are more predatory than Dagon. And. As previously noted. Dorm are predatory toward Dagon. Of course. The relationship is not reciprocal. Dagon do not hunt Dorm. The same cannot be said of Dørn, though.

Dørn are predatory toward Dorm and Dagon. And. Dørn are just as homicidal and genocidal as Dorm. Dørn are not Vampires. They are vampire creatures—giant leeches who have many of the abilities and propensities of Vampires, but are not Vampires per se themselves.

Dørn are non-individualistic creatures of pure instincts just like the Dagon. Conjoined to their Kollektive, they are ruled synergistically. And thus, unlike the Borg, have no need or use for a queen.

As aforementioned, a Dorm’s venom is more potent and addictive than the Dagon’s. A venom so potent in fact that its prolonged use liquefies the synaptic pathways in a user’s brain, resulting in a mind robbing chemical lobotomy—literally, a brain meltdown. Reducing its hardcore junkies into blanks. A state which is irreversible for mortals. In the species of giant leeches, there is an exception to this narcotic supremacy. The venom of Dørn is as potent and addictive as Dorm. And, it’s much more caustic.

As aforementioned, The Horde is more obsessive about Seven robot. But. The Kollektive is much more possessive about the Borg Vampire automaton.

A fully transformed Nine, Nine in its native form, is rending the bodies of Dorm-Slog and Dorm-SOG. Two very old, very powerful Vampires overwhelmed by a mindless leech.

The two Dorm, paralyzed by the Dørn’s caustic venom spat in their faces, are still very much alive. Their screams of agony, as they are literally being eaten alive, fill the grotto.

To reiterate. Possession being nine-tenths of the law. Nine now owns this PUV and all of its contents. Including the Zero robot. Including its Seven, Seven robot. Including the two Dorm it is rending and consuming.

Seven's mind and brain fully reboot. Her remote viewing terminates. Mondo's eyes no longer marble. Mind and body rejoin. She's back.

"I don't think you have to worry about that certain party and her significant other mucking up anything."

"What?"

Their well-deserved reputation from inscrutability, aside. Mondo can tell that Ms. Chang is bluffing.

You know very well what I'm talking about.

Besides her mental rebuff, Mondo expresses the same in her eyes. Making no bones about it. Then, she drops the hammer, verbally.

"And as for your offer of 'no contest,' I decline."

Becky breathes a sigh of relief at Mondo's pronouncement. Her other self still has skin in the game. Which means Becky can still have skin in the game.

"Most unwise of you, Miss Kane."

"We'll see."

"We could always dissuade you."

"You'll fail."

Again, Mondo's eyes begin to marble. But. This time she foregoes temptation. Her eyes clear up, posthaste. This effortless display of restraint gives Ms. Chang pause.

Ms. Chang quickly regains her composure and smiles politely.

"I will not underestimate you again."

"Truce. Let's put our cards on the table."

"No need. We're not a war. And. I can read your hand."

"Thank you. It's always so much easier to deal with people who possess good manners."

"You have an interest in this pair for ulterior motives. Which would explain the TK."

"She's much too young to have noticed, unless she's at the very least an aberration."

"Yes. And. The nature of our interest is our business."

"That goes without saying."

"Maybe we could trade?"

"As in?"

"We give up the murderous pair in exchange for us getting to borrow the services of your Becky Better to help up clean up a mess that threatens to ensnare all of The Middle Kingdom."

"I don't own her."

"But. You are her other self."

Becky knows better than to jump in and upset the apple cart. She wisely allows the barter to continue.

“Will her Jews be safe?”

“You’re indulging her. Asking for a hedge for the Food she coddles. Wow, you do love to spoil your others.”

“About that guarantee?”

“In life, nothing is guaranteed.”

Mondo shrugs her shoulders.

“Then, we will continue our investigation. And when we finish, you can borrow the services of Miss Better, no strings attached.”

“Excellent. Then you have our word that we will no longer interfere.”

“Obscuring, were you?”

Ms. Chang admits as much by simply disappearing.

Flesh is the Law

I'm on the dark side sinnin' and grinnin' then you let me in
Fill you up with passion and rage
I stroke you slow, deep and under
Try to make you wonder just why you feel so violently strange?

And don't you feel like a god when you come and savor my skin?
And don't you feel like a whore, let the pussy worship begin

Cuz they say I'm in the wrong but I'm feeling so right
Awaken for your savior she's coming tonight
I change my sex and slowly shape my member right
Join the pussy worship tonight

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Flesh Is The Law
I'll be your goddess and you'll sing my praises
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Flesh Is The Law
I sleep with the god damned and you get the graces

Come on and stick your finger into me
Just as far as you can see
Blind you when you look in my eyes
No, now every woman that you see is hidden deep inside of me
Makes you feel so violently strange
Now don't you feel like a god when you come and savor my skin?
Now and don't you feel like a whore, Let the pussy worship begin

Cuz they say I'm in the wrong but I'm feeling so right
Awaken for your savior she's coming tonight
I change my sex and slowly shape my member right
Join the pussy worship tonight

Call you on your broken souls
Bring me all your broken dreams
You always stop to wonder, but you never know
How to change my sex and slowly shape my member right
Join the pussy worship tonight

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Flesh Is The Law
I'll be your goddess and you'll sing my praises
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Flesh Is The Law
I sleep with the god damned and you get the graces
Flesh Is The Law

This song is performed by [Genitorturers](#) and appears on the EP [Flesh Is The Law \(2001\)](#).

Desmond aka “Donald” KirkPatrick aka “Paul” Desmond aka Paul Emil Breitenfeld: highly customized Texas Ranger Duty version of the KirkPatrick LLC custom Deputy Marshall (model: 1945C) double-holster gun belt. Front slide holsters. Leftside, leftside fore of the strong side for left-handers, slide for smartphone. And, rightside slide, rightside fore of the strong side for right-handers, for cigarette purse (for the ladies) or wallet (for the gentlemen). The belt comes equipped with a solid brass nickel-plated buckle. The rig’s gun holsters have a medium-high ride with a slight FBI cant, which helps in providing a smooth draw. The durable belt is constructed of 9 oz. saddle leather and double ply suede diamond with decorative western style which makes this black all-leather rig extremely comfortable even during extended use. Hand molded, open top style gun holsters and accessory slide holsters are fully lined holster and made of 8 oz. leather, and are also hand tooled with a custom Old West style pattern. Such a “mundane” description for such an arcane gun belt. The holsters are homunculi, as is the rig’s belt of a sort the rig’s belt is sort of a homunculus too. The “old fashioned” Desmond predates the cutting-edge Wahl-30.

As such, the Wahl-30 is The Black gun belt. It’s all Fastex closures, Nylon webbing, and twin plasticine clamshells which have been extensively swisscheesed. It more resembles an orthopedic device than it does a street-ready carry. And, as such, it violates every carry reg in the IDPA rule book. In fact, it’s more radical that the game rigs used in IPSC unlimited events!

When she’s strapping her Wahl. Nestled in its body-hugging race holsters are her twin matched and fully-balanced Browning A10MPs, infamous Warthogs; although it’s a modern square-cut automatic and not a revolver, a Hog is nevertheless the “inspiration” for the blaster used by Rick Dickard, the replicant-hunter in the Blade Runner movie.

But. She’s not wearing her universal holster or her Wahl. She’s strapping her recently-acquired Desmond. Clipped to the belt in the back, nestled against the small of her back, is a strapless Kendo holstering her Sashka.

A Sashka is the brand of choice for a vujcic, the traditional inhuman sword. Folded, it’s an instrument of blunt trauma, akin to brass knuckles. Unfolded, looking like a hideous version of a katana, it’s a suitable instrument for torture, maiming, and, of course, death.

In strict accordance with demonic shoot-fighting tradition, Kane is supposed to wear her vujcic in a holster strapped to the outside of her left thigh. She has added that most modern of touches to this most tradition-bound and sacred of Infernal weaponry. The vujcic’s sword belt is a Kendo, the Wahl of sword belts. Like her beloved Wahl, Kane’s equally-loved Kendo is all Nylon webbing, Fastex fasteners, and a well-ventilated plasticine holster. And, also like her Wahl, her Kendo is done up in most sinister black.

Needless to say, the holster that tradition dictates to use is a Kuhn made from vampiir (vampire python-anaconda). Vampiir, as bps: black, reticulated snakeskin!

The gleaming multi-segmented Strange-steel blade of Kane’s Sashka can spew forth from the “business” end of its long slender hilt, extend to its full four-foot length, and lock into place, all in less than the blink of an inhuman eye. Listen carefully, and you’ll hear the hypnotic that’s graphically depicted in the lurid engraving of its mirror finish and the lewd detailing of its ornate hilt.

When a Desmond is worn with a Koo or a Kaye, the suitcoat automatically lengthens to conceal its symbiont the loaded gun belt and most especially the rig’s deadly charges. How? What about the telltale bulges from the rig’s lethal and non-lethal residents?

Koo or Kaye, their coat and skirt are by default concealed carry. Ergo, you can see a Koo or Kaye girl's "sweater bumps," but you can't see her weapon or purse bulges. Pat a girl down who's Kooing (wearing a Koo) or Kaying (wearing a Kaye), and you still won't be able to tell if she's packing a weapon or strapping a cigarette purse on the thigh!

It's easy to see why, all the bulldyke stockbrokers on Wall Street, wear either a Koo Stark or a Kaye. Business attire favored by Borg Queens since the reign of One the first Borg Queen female assimilation of Species 001. Business attire worn while in pretense by Borg Queens since Borg Queen 001. Borg skins—snakeskin Borg exoskeletons.

Post script. When the Koo's or Kaye's coat lengthens to conceal said Desmond it becomes in effect the likeness of a Star Fleet female airman's away team jacket as worn in the era of Captain Christopher Pike of the USS Enterprise (NCC-1701). Very dowdy, indeed.

Why the change from a bleeding-edge universal and eschewing a cutting-edge Wahl for her shooting irons? Additionally, why the piss and vinegar? In other words, why the resumption of her unwavering dedication to the terminally dull, dowdy, and spinster—repressed—for her look? Shades of that matrimonial agency secretary in Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy*. In Freudian shorthand, WDR—a dominant woman who's repressed.

Reinterrogation at the police station of Jayne and Sarah proved fruitless. Mondo failed to prove to the bracelet that she was more evil than Jayne. And. No manner or amount of police trickery tripped up either Jayne or Sarah. The murderous pair is so good at chicanery that the presence of their lawyer is superfluous—there was no chance that either girl would crack and incriminate themselves or their partner in crime. They prove to be the perfect pair, even without the obscuring aid of the Dragons.

Usually with a pair such as them, a pair of aggressive sexual psychopaths, one is dominant and the other is submissive recessive—the subordinate one being the so called weak link in the chain. But. In their case, both girls have dominant personalities. Yet they don't bunt heads. Instead, they complement each other, perfectly—there's that word again, perfect. Talented amateurs milking all the restrictions imposed on supernatural crime detection that this protected world affords them.

But all during these face-to-faces, Mondo detects an undercurrent, an evil vibe, from the two girls, and it's directed at Mondo exclusively. They have murdered violently and serially, and not gotten caught. In the case of Sean, they have murdered without it being detectable as murder.

So. Flying in the face of tactical and strategic best practices, not to mention common sense. It seems that they have decided to throw all caution to the wind. They've set their sights on a new victim, another scalp to add to their macabre collection, so to speak. The ultimate prey, by their way of thinking.

They've decided to murder Mondo Kane!

And in response to this anticipated threat. Hence, Mondo's shrew incarnation. The adaption of a "real" gun belt like a Desmond. The latest versions of universal holsters aren't supposed to be blockable—blocked from teleporting loading weapon(s) into the shooter's hand(s).

But what if somehow a universal could be blocked by someone employing a reverse proxy which approximates how Seth are invisible to electronic surveillance, in this world?

Mondo decides to play it safe. At least now she won't be so easily disarmed.

WDR makes her much more focused. And thus not so easily distracted. She can ill afford distraction in this deadly game of Games and Theories that she's about to entertain.

What Mondo will not do is cracked under the pressure of knowing that she's been targeted for demise by this, so far, unflappable pair. Because. She too is an aggressive sexual psychopath. She too is an expert in murder. She too is one sick, evil, twisted, homicidal bitch.

It's a Mixed-Bag - Cool Aspects and Disappointing Misses

“Fear isn’t so difficult to understand. After all, weren’t we all frightened as children? Nothing has changed since Little Red Riding Hood faced the big bad wolf. What frightens us today is exactly the same sort of thing that frightened us yesterday. It’s just a different wolf. This fright complex is rooted in every individual.”—**Alfred Hitchcock**

But. In the week that follows them throwing down the gauntlet. Neither Jayne nor Sarah has made a move against Mondo. An unrequited challenge? If so, why? Not even unsolicited vitriol. It’s as if the murderous duo is being coached, and their latest coach notes are emphatically: “Hands off!” as it pertains to Mondo Kane.

Dr. Helen McCrory and her twin sister Miss Evelyn Poole. Mondo Kane and—Mondo’s other—Becky Better. Madame Zaij, in assumed human form, an Elder Dragon, a member for the Royal Dragon Court, senior political affairs advisor to the current Dragon Empress. Seated at the large, proper dinner table. Enjoying a multi-course repast. Strict Victorian rules in force for dining, of course.

These days, Mondo predominately slides between wdr and vdr. For this august occasion, she is vdr, because the twins consider wdr to be too much tease without enough sizzle, which it is, by a Victorian’s way of thinking. But. This time it’s vdr with a twist, at Missy’s behest. More precisely, it’s vdr-2, the strictest librarian variation, for that extra-vinegary uber spinster touch.

VDR is Victorian dominatrix, of course. A look which screams: “I’m sexually repressed, and I want to hurt you!!!” which is the tease with sufficient sizzle, of course.

What’s the dash-two part? Her stilted walk. And. Her sternns are hanging around her neck from an antique eyeglass chain given to her by the twins’ Missy. The eyeglass chain is vintage, Victorian era, librarian’s eyeglass chain—a DLC (a so-called, dirty librarian chain). And. It’s not a painstaking reproduction. It’s authentic.

Formally, it’s known as a Dewey—Dewey decimal system Librarian Chain. Colloquially, as aforementioned, it’s known as a DLC (Dirty Librarian Chain).

The Dewey Decimal Classification (DDC), or Dewey Decimal System, is a proprietary library classification system first published in the United States by Melvil Dewey a female librarian in 1876.

It features an asymmetrical spacing of vintage lightweight chains. Black enamel chain is paired with white vintage enamel. The gold and silver versions have mixed chain types in the signature DLC style. Each version can also be worn as a necklace with the glasses loops hooked together. They are 26 inches long. Hers is an original black-n-white enamel version.

Reproduction chains are vintage and were rescued from a closed US jewelry factory. Chains may vary slightly ensuring you will have a truly one-of-a-kind piece!

All vintage components, for these reproductions, are carefully hand selected and cleaned before they are transformed into Dirty Librarian Chains.

Reproduction eyeglass chains are packaged in a special DLC jewelry box and are secured onto a printed book card. Sheets of vintage dictionary pages protect the jewelry during transit. An

authenticity card is also included. All jewelry is made by hand in our Brooklyn studio and usually ships within 2-3 business days.

Tellingly. Missy was sporting a Cheshire cat grin when she gave the DLC to Mondo. And. The DLC was packaged in a special DLC jewelry box as if it were a pricey reproduction instead of what it proved to be under the closest inspection which is a priceless original.

Her curiosity piqued by the tells, Mondo looked and she found what she was looking for. She found the #2 and the #7 alternately engraved on the chain links. Engravings visible only to the closest inspection by someone who knows where to look typically—that someone is counted among the most knowledgeable, most senior librarians of The Guild with the highest security access clearance.

It is the seventh chain of seven chains. One given to each of the female librarians chosen by The Librarian to be her personal assistant. In other words, the OA (Office Administer) of The Librarian (the first librarian in Creation) of The Library (the first library in Creation)—the second edifice created by God.

Ms. Kandie Carle, the twins' housekeeper is seated at the small table in the servants' annex to the kitchen, eating her dinner.

Missy, the twins' cook, is the server for the large dinner table. All during the meal, as Missy services the table, Missy and Mondo exchange knowing looks and glances. Implicit in the looks exchanged is that Mondo has a choice in the matter.

Yes. Theoretically, she has the right of refusal, but she would never exercise it. And it's not because of the depraved cravings of her Id. Cravings which she has shown that she's able to turn off and on at will, when the need arises to do so.

Simply put. She wants to be had by Missy.

It is another obligation, which she willingly and willfully accepts. The rebuffable overtures of another older woman who will get a piece of her, sexually and otherwise, instead of being refused.

From the reveal of the dlc, Mondo now knows who and what Missy really is. The other Medusa. The other Gorgon. The other goddess Kali. The other Eater of worlds. Missy is One, The Librarian, the first librarian in Creation.

In The Library, the precious books it houses constitute a hive mind, The Hive Mind, the first collective intelligence formed in Creation. If The Library's OA wishes it, she can transcend being more than just the Librarian's assistant. She can willfully and willingly become an extension of, and in effect voluntarily enslaved by, The Books of The Library. Borg drones are best at such a complete personality emersion. As such, four of the last six Library OA's have been Borg drones. And, Mondo, Seven robot, makes that five.

In her preferred non-humanoid visage, One looks like and is the most potent, most addictive, most hideous version of a Dørn. But. She is not a Dørn. Nor is her native visage anything sexually liken to a Dørn. Therefore, she is a she, regardless—she is not a she-male it, irrespective of which form she takes—she is not a hermaphrodite in her preferred humanoid form, in her preferred non-humanoid form, and in her native form. She is not a singular creature of pure instinct akin to The Master. She is sentient, learned, possessed of a surpassing genius. In her preferred non-humanoid form she has a mane of long, shoulder-draping poisonous snakes erupting from her scalp, a scalp covered in scar tissue. Eyes that glow fluorescently and can transfix. And. In her library, The

Library, The Hive Mind of that library is the first Kollektive, the original, ultimate enslaver of sentient minds.

Only two beings the Nodes and the Data Ghost don't count have seen One in her native form: God and Six. Six was the sixth OA of One until Six turned renegade and went off the reservation. Unbeknownst to One, Six had been a member of the Earth Federation's Psi Corps before being assimilated by the Borg. If One had known that, she never would have exposed herself to Six.

Bells, Books, and Candles

“I’ve never been very keen on women who hang their sex round their neck like baubles. I think it should be discovered. It’s more interesting to discover the sex in a woman than it is to have it thrown at you, like a Marilyn Monroe or those types. To me they are rather vulgar and obvious.”—**Alfred Hitchcock**

Hard, pretty face. Ravishing beauty. Beauty that ravishes, literally and figuratively. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you’re into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, “Worship Me, Now!!!” flavor, that is. A Greta, dead-strait hair, yanked back into a sternka. Long, flaxen hair—bleached to within an inch of its life, board straight, and parted down the center. Lush, silky tresses bleached a bright, fake-looking, yellow-blonde color, the color of raw wheat. Yellow locks draping shoulders and breasts, when they are let down. A huge rack kept at attention by a substantial, yet revealing, brassiere. Thin lips. Sharp features. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup befitting her harsh, haughty looks and hard, pretty face. Cold and aloof—seemingly unattainable—yet, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your soul. Cold, blue eyes. Aryan ice princess. A large, ugly, vulgar mouth that espouses loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s explicit intent. A mouth that would put a Largemouth Bass’ or Julia Roberts’ to shame. A “Bass eating bait” mouth which always personifies the oral perversion. VDR (1/2) or WDR, notwithstanding. The Blonde—der Blonde, in German. But. Where or where is her Pyewacket?

After dinner, the twins and Becky retire to the smoking room to engage in spirited libation “hard” liquor of each lady’s choice and strong tobacco preferably Cuban cigars. What proper Victorian home would there be without a smoking room?

Missy and Mondo retreat to the cellar, and from there via dumbwaiter to the sub-basement, and from there via dumbwaiter to the sub-basement of the sub-basement. This is Missy’s private place, her personal space, her “man cave,” her den, for want of another adjective. Members of the household only intrude when it’s absolutely necessary.

It’s identical to the Dagon’s lair. Including the rickety wooden stairs going up to a battered metal door. Including the closet in which hangs a dead Kaye and in which, these days, usually—but not always—hangs Mondo’s Doll Parts.

“I need to show you something, Miss Kane.”

“Which is?”

“My true self. Only two other beings have seen me that way. One of them went mad, afterwards.”

“No worries on that front. I’m already crazy. I was born that way. Lifetime lunatic fringe alumni.”

Robot Zero materializes out of thin air. Missy removes her uniform and hands the items to the Zero robot for safekeeping. Then she transforms into her native form. Something with a face so hideous, that for a split second, Mondo in effect turns to stone—figuratively, not literally.

As aforementioned. One’s preferred non-humanoid visage is the most potent, most addictive, most hideous version of a Dørn.

Her true form is a living, self-aware female computer which is functionally analogous to a Borg Queen and, except for three variances in appearance, looks exactly like a Borg Queen from the waist up.

The three variances? Her hideous transfixing face, her fluorescent mesmerizing eyes, and the swarming mane of waist-length cybernetic Asps sprouting from her scalp. Poisonous, spitting Asps.

From the waist down, she is multi-pedal—biomechanical tentacles that terminate in rattlers akin to a rattlesnake's. Rattles that are universal "plugs" which can morph to interface with the input sockets of any biomechanical device, including a Borg alcove's.

For that split second of petrification, Mondo also becomes a living, breathing, walking, talking, two-legged calculator. The Borg drone's mind, goes completely blank, wiped clean, synched with One's, Computer One's, One computer's.

During the synching, One "evolves" into a 2.0 version. This 2.0 version gives way to a 3.0 version. She remains female in her preferred humanoid form. But. She becomes a hermaphrodite "female" in her preferred non-humanoid form and in her true form.

Specifically. More gender bending. This new and improved One is a pansexual "transgender bender" who is functionally a hermaphrodite—technically, a "female" she-male it—in her two non-human forms. Now she (One 3.0) is sexually akin a Dørn, in her two non-human forms. Scrambled eggs with cheese. The effect of getting the "rub" from a sick, twisted, evil bitch like Mondo and to be as captivating as possible to Mondo—maximizing the girl's enslavement as Seven to One.

The computer's preferred non-humanoid form remains that of an uber Dørn, with glowing mesmerizing eyes amped up to the nth-degree. Fluorescent, transfixing eyes which she retains in her native form.

"Miss Kane, are you familiar with a book written by Dr. Ben Carson, called 'How to Commit the Perfect Murder?'"

"Yes, I am."

"Have you read it? And. I don't mean just the cliffs notes?"

"Yes."

"Your opinion."

"Flawed."

"In what ways or way."

"Six months after his acquittal for the first-degree murder of his ex-wife, a neurosurgeon writes a fictionalized how-to book on murder, the murder of his ex-wife to be precise. Based upon what's in the book, he's obviously never committed one—a murder, that is. You fill in the blanks."

"He murdered his ex-wife, didn't he?"

"Nope."

"A lot of people would disagree with you."

"A jury of his peers said differently. He was acquitted of first-degree murder charges. Insufficient evidence."

“So, he was innocent, in your opinion?”

“He, a human, was found ‘not guilty’ of murdering his ex by twelve other humans in a human court of law. In such a venue and situation as that. Being acquitted of committing a crime with a ‘not guilty’ verdict is not the same thing as being innocent of the crime you were accused of committing.”

“In your professional opinion, based upon the evidence presented during his trial, putting yourself in Dr. Carson’s shoes, how would you have murdered, I mean killed, his ex?”

WDR-2. Mondo slips on her disfiguring sternns, DLC still attached. Underneath her skirt, her clean and pristine Doll Parts swap places with her clean and pristine thong—the thong gets pursed and her most elaborate dildo gets strapped on. Tease with sufficient sizzle. Gender bending analogous to One’s.

“Afterwards, in your native form, your new native form to be precise, you will interface with me looking like this.”

“Agreed, Miss Kane. I will feed upon you. Correction. I will ravage you into mental and physical oblivion. You will be blank and synched, and spent. Whored out to the max, and then some. I will rape your body and your mind, violently as if I were a Goon in living computer form.”

“Mistress. Please, call me, Seven.”

“Agreed, and you will call me, One.”

“May I presume that this acceptance of yours means I’m your new Number Two, the seventh iteration of OA’s for you?”

“You may. Although in truth. I implicitly asked you during dinner and you had already implicitly accepted my offer by following me down here.”

“Yes, One.”

“Seven. It’s my understanding that Dr. Benson utilized a ghost writer for his book—a professional killer who insured that Dr. Benson wrote it in such a way that the good doctor would not incriminate himself.”

“I’ve heard the very same thing, One.”

One resumes human form as Missy and she puts her uniform back on.

Mondo’s Doll Parts swap places with her clean and pristine thong, again. Her elaborate dildo gets pursed again and she’s again wearing her thong. Her sternns slip off her face and now hang around her neck via her DLC. WDR-2 gives way to VDR-2.

Step by step, in painstaking detail, Mondo maps out how she, as Doctor Benson, would have killed the ex-Mrs. Benson based upon the evidence presented during his murder trial. Afterwards. Tit for tat, Missy fucks Mondo into physical and mental oblivion.

It’s during this narrative, the narrative portion of their tryst, that the genesis of an idea comes to pass in Mondo’s mind. She thinks about the murders that she and Becky have been tasked with investigating. Suppose that the Nazis killed the first four. Suppose that Jayne killed Sean, but that’s unprovable. That still leaves eight murders. Suppose the murder pact is a rather simple one. Jayne kills Sean and Sarah gets the insurance money. Sarah kills the eight and Jayne gets revenge by

proxy via Sarah. Concentrate on just one murder—the one that can be pinned easiest on Jayne and/or Sarah.

Don't owe IK Enemkpali money

“Suspense is like a woman. The more left to the imagination, the more the excitement. The conventional big-bosomed blonde is not mysterious. And what could be more obvious than the old black velvet and pearls type? The perfect ‘woman of mystery’ is one who is blonde, subtle, and Nordic. Although I do not profess to be an authority on women, I fear that the perfect title for a movie, like the perfect woman is difficult to find.”—**Alfred Hitchcock**

And while Missy indulges herself with Mondo who is still lost in murderous contemplation, Missy's lair remakes itself into the reading room of a Victorian library. Or more precisely, the trysting pair are temporally shifted from Missy's lair to the reading room of a Victorian library.

In the process of transferring from one space to another, their harsh bulldyke feral fucking on the floor of Missy's lair—their naked bodies smeared by the muck and the mire—becomes tender romantic lesbian lovemaking upon a perfumed Persian rug decorating the polished hardwood floor of the proper Victorian reading room of a proper Victorian library branch.

Positions? The always popular. Sixty-Nine and Seventy-Seven. The lovers' intertwined naked bodies are scrubbed clean and pristine, showing no evidence of their previous filthy surroundings or their previous violent depravity.

The girls' clothes neatly drape nearby butler stands. Missy's attire drapes a Proman Excalibur Wardrobe Charging Valet. Mondo's attire drapes a Powell Marquis Cherry Women's Valet.

This thick vanilla slice of something yummy, taken straight out of a Harlequin romance novel, is Missy's inner most sanctum. Zero robot is here. It too is clean and pristine, absent any visible signs of corrosion or corruption. It looks brand-new—it looks fresh off the assembly line.

New Flesh pours onto new looking old Metal. It becomes the likeness of a “she.” Zero is cast in the guise of Savelina Fanene, a beautiful American professional wrestler and plus-size model of Samoan/German ancestry who is currently signed to WWE, where she competes under the ring name Nia Jax in their developmental territory, NXT.

It too evolves into a 2.0 version followed by its ultimate expression as a 3.0 version. In turn. A black PVC catsuit and matching black leather high laced-up riding boots pour onto this new Flesh. Of contemporary manufacture, the catsuit and boots are Victorian style and period correct. To be precise, a Mrs. Emma Peel Avengers Forever catsuit and a pair of ZiGi Girl Piarry thigh high lace up over the knee boots. Finally, a vessel worthy of the ultimate automaton, Zero becomes the Avatar of Toy.

Inquiring, haute couture minds would like to know. Is Nia's Mrs. Peel a rubber catsuit or a skintight jumpsuit of shiny latex?

The Book of Fashion says that:

A catsuit is a one-piece form-fitting garment that covers the torso, legs, and arms. They are usually made from stretchable material, such as Lycra, chiffon, spandex (after 1959), latex, or velour, but may use less elastic materials, such as leather or PVC. Catsuits frequently close using a zipper at the front or back, or are pulled on over the neck opening.

Catsuits are most commonly worn by women, but are also worn by men. A catsuit is regarded as outerwear, but not normally street wear.

Since the BOF also describes a skintight jumpsuit identically, the question remains essentially unanswered, in Nia's case.

Zero robot, in its human Nia form, is not the only fashion rescue in proximity. In a far corner a lowly checkers set is elevated to a highbrow chess set—a game is in session between apparently phantom players.

Tender, sweet, gentle, kind, romantic lovemaking gives way to passionate lovemaking. Bodies heave with passion; glisten from wanton perspiration sweating profusely. Mondo is no longer lost in murderous contemplation. She's into doing Missy as much as Missy is into doing her. Mondo shows her "points": in the fashion of what she is, which is a Vampire, her teeth become serrated and her eyeteeth extend themselves into blood-draining/flesh-rending fangs a Werewolf would envy. Her well-educated tongue becomes longer, even more facile, and wickedly forked—a lingual with a mind of its own, seemingly. She lovingly drinks Missy as if Missy were prized, pampered Food.

Mondo prefers her sex violent, villainous, and depraved, indistinguishable from the most abhorrent rape. Missy prefers the opposite. But. Both women are extremely flexible when it comes to pleasing a lover. So. They started off Mondo's way. They end up Missy's way.

In deference to Missy. More time will be spent doing it Missy's way.

There's Something Wrong with Aunt Diane

A nightmare scenario for anti-terrorist agencies—Simultaneous attacks on multiple targets by gunmen and suicide bombers working in unison. Determined attackers who are prepared to die, who have studied their target, and who have a solid operational background, they can do a lot of damage. Their victims become cannon fodder and those defenders who attempt to thwart their assault are reduced to ne'er-do-wells.

In theory, a library should be unattractive to assailants for a number of obvious reasons. Chief among them is that attacking a library means butting heads with the all-powerful Guild.

There's another maxim even closer to home. You can't hype people into being great. Because. Eventually. Their skills have to pay the bills of fandom's anointing them The Best Ever.

Then, there's the tease. Loaded back into her universal holster are her Brownings and her Sashka. Kendo pursed. Universal holster, cigarette purse, and smartphone are again "clipped" to the stiff waistband of her fitted skirt—as if by Velcro, only there's no Velcro adhering them. Becky is wearing her Desmond, on what constitutes a long-term lease. No longer playing it safe, she's playing the odds instead. But will Jayne and Sarah take the bait in spite of what they've obviously been advised? So, far, the nefarious duo have not.

The Tenth Street overpass. The micro park. The witching hour. Mondo and Becky are standing by the park bench. Jayne and Sarah emerge from the underpass. Still the perfect pair even without the obscuring aid of the Dragons, the two mortals walk over to the two Lost.

It's been a fortnight since Mondo and The Librarian first made love on the floor of the reading room of that library annex. They've fucked ferociously many times since then, but only made tender love that one time. Oftentimes when they have fucked—fucking indistinguishable from the most abhorrent rape—it has been as a threesome with a Golum.

The Librarian's preferred non-humanoid form mimics that of a Golum in exacting detail. Not vice versa.

An "it," not a "she." A Golum—that newest depravity in Mondo's unlife which The Librarian has introduced the Lost junkie whore to—is liken to in looks, ability, nature, and propensity to the most potent, most addictive, most hideous version of a Dørn. An uber Dørn, with glowing mesmerizing petrifying eyes amped up to the nth-degree. Fluorescent, transfixing eyes that figuratively turn their hosts their prey into stone. Yet, Golum are not Dørn.

Golum are mindless creatures of pure instinct—non-individualistic creatures of pure instincts just like the Dørn and the Dagon. But. They have no collective intelligence, no Hive Mind, no Kollektive. They are just human-sized, blood-draining, flesh-rending slugs in the guise of giant leeches. They cannot assume human guise. As such. They are the Gollum of the leech world.

Mindless, instinctual, divorced of a collective intelligence, unable to assume human form. Attributes that endear them most to the junkie whore. Nothing remotely premeditated about them. Insanely addictive literally, potentially-lethal fuck machines—a lethal overdose if you let them use you up and most hosts eventually do. Users are reduced to a ranting and raving lunatic, frothing at the mouth, maybe even lessened to a corpse from their unchecked use. What hardcore junkie could resist?

“Fancy meeting you two here. We seem to keep bumping into each other,” Jayne taunts as Sarah smirks. “Maybe, it’s coincidental, this time. Maybe, the junkie whore is out on the make in need of a fix.”

Becky is calm. Mondo is noncommittal. This time, though, Becky lets Mondo do all the talking. Preciously, Becky has been the mouthpiece at these impromptu meetings.

In another place. That other place. Dørn are extinct. Where they once thrived. What befell Dagon and Dorm before them, they too have succumb. Eat, get eaten. Eventually, another better parasite cometh. No robot Zero anymore. Only these new conquerors. Only the Golum and their prey, the hosts they feed upon, consume, and use up.

“What pusher would you suggest?”

“Something depraved and to your liking. I have heard that the underpass sometimes harbors a veritable pharmacopeia at the rainbow’s end.”

“I too have heard that it is sometimes home to a doorway though which many junkies go but few come back.”

“I’ve heard they never come back from that all-consuming appetite. Maybe you’ll be the first to buck the trend.”

“Maybe.” Then, out of the blue, Mondo recites an abbreviated passage from an improvised requiem. To the uninitiated, it sounds nonsensical and completely out of context. “Last week British firm Burberry posted worse than expected results, blaming poor sales in the country. Remy Cointreau disclosed that sales declined by 9%, after taking a hit in China. Diageo, which makes Smirnoff and Johnnie Walker, took a £264 million (\$411.5 million) sales hit in China, blaming the crackdown for a collapse in its version of Chinese white spirit baijiu. Earlier this year Prada blamed the crackdown for its first fall in profits in four years, which dropped by a whopping 28%. Luxury group LVMH, which owns Hennessy cognac, revealed a fall in spirit sales in the first quarter because of China. The luxury car market has taken a hit. And exports of Swiss watches to China have also collapsed.”

A mere week ago, its utterance and the reveal it might trigger would have totally violated the rules of investigative etiquette and gotten Mondo vaporized on the spot by the powers that be. Now, it’s considered a delicate balancing act straddling the razor thin distinction between what is considered in good or bad taste.

Becky grasps the significance of her other self’s act and sighs. A look of admiration momentarily crosses her face. Of course, what has just happened doesn’t register with either Jayne or Sarah.

For a moment, imperceptible to Jayne or Sarah, there was a third person standing beside them. An unidentified female form uttering a short phrase softly almost in sing-song: “*Fava beans in a light kidney sauce, tangy with a pungent bouquet. A culinary angelica.*”

Broad bean. *Vicia faba*, also known as the broad bean, fava bean, faba bean, field bean, bell bean, or tic bean, is a species of flowering plant in the pea and bean family Fabaceae. Its synthetic variant is a favorite of poisoners in many feudal societies and is almost untraceable.

Sean was poisoned and the coroner, Angela Bassoon, was their accomplice.

Infini

Cannon fodder is an informal, derogatory term for combatants who are regarded or treated as expendable in the face of enemy fire. The term is generally used in situations where combatants are forced to deliberately fight against hopeless odds (with the foreknowledge that they will suffer extremely high casualties) in an effort to achieve a strategic goal; an example is the trench warfare of World War I. The term may also be used (somewhat pejoratively) to differentiate infantry from other forces (such as artillery, air force or the navy), or to distinguish expendable low-grade or inexperienced combatants from supposedly more valuable veterans.

The term derives from fodder, as food for livestock. Soldiers are the metaphorical food for enemy cannon fire.

Becky steps back at a diagonal to Mondo. Mondo unbuttons her jacket and opens it wide baring her bra-plumped tits, fit sculptured midriff, and the wares clipped to the waistband of her short tight pencil skirt. Her universal holster and smartphone, side by side, grip the waistband in the front on the leftside, the librarian side. Her cigarette purse grips the waistband in the front on the rightside, the Orthodox side.

She makes a point of emptying the universal onto the park bench; the two Brownings and the vujcic dwarf the holster.

Like her purse, the interior of the holster is many times bigger than its compact exterior would indicate possible. The hardshell vujcic purse has flap closure. Being a universal, the holster is a sealed, black plasticine clunk, a weapons generator that will only unload into the operator's hands what's been loaded into it.

Therefore, technically, a universal holster isn't a holster at all, it's a weapons generator. But, as aforementioned, it can only generate weapons that have been loaded into it. It looks like a larger version of a cigarette purse except for the fact that it's plasticine instead of hardshell vampiir, and there's no flap closure or any closure for that matter; it's a "sealed" unit. It can easily be mistaken for a tricorder or the transmitter of a wireless microphone; take your pick. It utilizes brand-specific _____ technology for its dimensional compression. So, there's no telltale when a weapon goes from holster to hand and vice versa. And, the transfer cannot be blocked by a jammer run-of-the-mill or otherwise—although on a protected world, things might get dicey, but there's no solid evidence to support that caution.

She's rubbing it in their faces, but neither Jayne nor Sarah takes the bait. Mondo gets the vibe from them that even if Becky wasn't there to contend with, they still wouldn't take the bait.

"Try harder. We're not going to fall for that one."

"There's no such thing as a perfect murder. Which means you had inside help. Two Jews killing Jews with the able, eager assistance of a third. Angela Bassoon, aka Angela Levy, who so hated being Jewish that she would aid and abet you two. Legally changed her name. Denounced her birthright and her Faith, and assumed a new Gentile identity fifteen years ago. Covered her tracks well. But, no matter how hard or how well you try, you always leave footprints. All an investigator needs is a keen eye for detail and dogged perseverance to uncover them."

“No dice. Even a fish can’t get caught if it doesn’t open its mouth. Then again, we have nothing to confess. And you have nothing solid, no solid evidence whatsoever, which incriminates either of us. We know this because we’re innocent. As for this Angela person, never heard of her.”

“Your schoolyard bully tactics don’t scare us and you won’t intimidate us into a confession of crimes that we didn’t commit,” Sarah interjects. She’s still smirking.

The girls have a solid game plan. No matter what’s said to them, they’ll admit nothing. Play the goody two shoes angle to the hilt, with just the right dash of Scarlett Johansson’s portrayal of Jewish serial killer Judith Meyer in *Black Widow*. Ergo. Never waiver in your claim of innocence or your implied smugness as an unconvictable murderer.

Based upon the contentiousness of their previous interaction at the morgue. It’s Mondo’s expectation that when she confronts Angela about Angela’s duplicity in this sordid affair, Angela will also have a solid and unequivocal stance of innocence as well as that same implied smugness as an unconvictable murderer.

“You’re not so special after all. For their own reasons, pursuit to some hidden agenda of theirs, the Dragons obscured things. Lifting the veil didn’t reveal anything of significance, though. Then again, they weren’t in cahoots with you. So, I wasn’t expecting any revelations when they withdrew their misdirection vis-a-vie solving the case at hand.” Mondo snaps her fingers and makes an arcane gesture with her other hand. Her weapons load themselves back into her holster; being in range of the universal, they can do this. Mondo closes her jacket and buttons it up. “It’s been a pleasure, ladies.” Mondo then raises her voice, and smiles inhumanly wide. “You are no longer persons of interest.”

Simultaneously. A hole appears in the forehead of Jayne and Sarah. The ragged exit wounds for the bullets are much larger than the neat entrance wounds—the back of their heads are literally gone. Their bodies crumple to the ground.

It’s a precision hit. No telltale muzzle flash or crackle of gunfire. No signs of the snipers. No loose ends have been left to chance.

“If they had committed the prefect crime, wantonly murdering without leaving a trace back to them. That’s a talented pair a lot of people, even governments, would love to have the use of their services.”

“But. They turned out to be just good at murdering. Nothing extra-special, though. Creation is filled with people, places, and things that are good at murder.”

“Quite so.”

“I guess someone thought it better that they did not live to kill anymore Jews. Just humans killing humans. None of our business, of course.”

“Just local mortal business.”

“Exactly.”

“Time to visit the third one?”

“Indubitably.”

Life and Death on Trap Street

The Flesh Eaters—I think my favorite character was of Laura Winters, played by Rita Morley. I couldn't decide if I liked her character better drunk or sober. Drunk, she was pretty funny, while sober, she was kinda smarmy, condescending, and just a lot of fun to watch.

“That’s preposterous! You know what this is really about?!”

“What?”

“You’re still pissed about me showing you up and making fun of your fumble with the cause of Sean’s death. Worse. I did it in front of your other self.”

“You’ve got the wrong girl. I don’t do things like that.”

“But others would see it that way, I’d wager.”

Becky, Mondo, Angela, and Stacy. They’re in the office of Dr. Stacy Keibler, Chief Medical Examiner for the City of Saint Louis.

“You changed your name, dumped your birthright and your Faith.”

“Nothing illegal about that.”

“Are you ashamed about being Jewish or do you just hate Jews so much that you don’t even want to be one?”

“I wished for another life than the one I was born into.”

“You went to a lot of trouble to hide your old life.”

“I wanted a fresh start, that’s all. Nothing nefarious. Can you prove otherwise? Any evidence of me committing hate crimes against Jews?”

“In a modern, computerized world, computers can be hacked. So, for the secrets you want kept safe and sound, and away from prying eyes—the ones you never want to see the light of day. You keep them as physical documents in manila file folders, marked Top Secret, Classified, For Your Eyes Only, etc. Your boss got to see one such file, today. A file detailing the nefarious activities of Jayne, Sarah, and you Ms. Bassoon. Or should I say Levy?”

As if on cue. A pair of police officers step into the office. The jig is up. But. As Mondo expected, Angela maintains her innocence, with that implied smugness as an unconvictable murderer.

“If such a file exists, it’s some elaborate fabrication. Has to be. I’m innocent. Furthermore, the government could never reveal it in open court. As you’ve stated, secrets that can never see the light of day.”

“No one who has any jurisdiction in this world is accusing you of any wrongdoing, Ms. Bassoon. Miss Kane has her unsubstantiated theories and, as you say, an obvious axe to grind. The officers are here to emphasize that as a member of my staff you have the full support of this department. No one is going to railroad you,” Stacy interjects. “Please accept the apology of this office and my personal apology for the slander that Miss Kane has perpetuated upon you. I had no idea that she was going to pull such an outlandish stunt. Of course, she’s lying about me seeing some ‘secret’

file detailing your involvement in a murder conspiracy. The officers will now escort Miss Better and Miss Kane out of the building.”

Mondo falls silent and smiles inhumanly wide. This is not the play that Bassoon was expecting. Nor is it the one that she would ever wish for. As Mondo stands up to leave, the big girl blows her a kiss and waves goodbye. Becky just grins, like a Cheshire cat. The two Lost Girls are escorted out of the office. It’s just human killing humans. Local mortal business. None of their business, whatsoever. But. What’s the straight skinny—off the record—reading between the lines, so to speak, of that implicit exchange of very knowing winks among Mondo, Becky, and Stacy?

It might happen tomorrow, or the next day, next week, next year, or ten years from now. It all depends on whim and the gods of plausible deniability. But, for sure, Angela Bassoon aka Angelica Levy will have a fatal “accident.” And for however long her life lasts, Angela will be under the closest scrutiny. She’ll never be party to the killing of anyone else, let alone Chosen.

Understood, or at least it should have been. Unwritten. And being Jews they Jayne, Sarah, and Angela should have known better. You don’t fuck with God’s Chosen even when you are Chosen yourself and all the Chosen in question including yourself are mundane. The Saved the demons will always find a way, exploit the tiniest loophole in ROE if they must, to make things right in these types of situations no matter their personal feelings. Irregardless of whether that Chosen is Arab, Jew, etc.

Then there’s that extra-special addendum in Mondo’s case. The preeminence of the wishes of the husband especially the first husband in supernatural society, irrespective of whether those wishes are implicit or explicit, even when you’re no longer married to them. In other words—the expectation is—you’re always “the wife,” obedient to your husband, even eons after the divorce.

Mondo’s first ex-husband is a Jew. If Mondo had not found a way to make this right, that ex would have never let her live it down, literally—there’d be Hell to pay, forever!

So, all things considered, it’s been a win-win for Mondo. She fulfills her ex-husband’s unspoken wishes. And. She got to have a lot of fun in the process. ☺

Skinwalkers

Skinwalker—A non-human being who assumes a human visage by wearing a skin suit made from a human being. The act of doing this, and the arcane associated with it, is known as flesh-casting. Unable to assume human form, Golum employ flesh-casting to move about humans incognito.

Mondo is returned to her world. But. She's not returned to the Vatican. She's in her world, in her Saint Louis, in front of the mouth of the Tenth Street overpass. Her back is to the underpass. She's facing the nearby park bench. A harsh-looking fifty-something shrew, dressed in the hospital whites of psychiatric nurse, circa mid-1970s, is sitting on the bench feeding the squirrels acorns from a brown paper bag. Her nametag says: Head Nurse Gertrude Ratched, Storybrooke Mental Hospital. She's wearing a white torpedo bra underneath her uniform, but no panties—white support stockings and Catholic nun's white clunky nurse's shoes.

The disdainful woman, with the face of a shrew, looks up and smiles broadly at Mondo. In stark contrast to her pristine appearance, the nurse's teeth are so filthy, they look rotten. A large, ugly downturned mouth, a frown of a mouth that reeks of loathing and disdain. The bass eating bait mouth of a dominatrix. A smile that devours as it beacons. Eyes that hunger sex games and promise untold carnal delights, and can fixate if you stare too long into her all-consuming gaze.

Besides the total lack of dental hygiene. Also out of character for a nurse, especially a psychiatric nurse, are her fingernails. The fingernails of the woman are long and painted a glossy "wet look" candy-apple red.

It's noon. Likely the woman is out on her lunchbreak. This lookalike for the dictatorial Nurse Ratched, as portrayed by Louise Fletcher, in "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest."

In the 1975 film. Nurse Ratched (also known as "Big Nurse") is a fictional character and the main antagonist of Ken Kesey's 1962 novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, as well as the 1975 film. A cold, heartless tyrant, Nurse Ratched has become the stereotype of the nurse as a battleaxe. She has also become a popular metaphor for the corrupting influence of power and authority in bureaucracies such as the mental institution in which the novel is set.

Louise Fletcher won the Academy Award for Best Actress for her portrayal of Nurse Ratched in the film. The hairstyle for Nurse Ratched was created by Carrie White. Louise Fletcher has said that the hairstyle was "a symbol that life had stopped for her (Ratched) a long time ago." Nurse Ratched was named the fifth-greatest villain in film history (and second-greatest villainess, behind only the Wicked Witch of the West) by the American Film Institute in their series 100 Years. 100 Heroes & Villains.

The role was turned down by Anne Bancroft, Angela Lansbury, Geraldine Page, and Ellen Burstyn before Fletcher received it. Fletcher had only acted once in the 13 years before appearing in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. She was thought of for the role after Shelley Duvall was suggested for an alternative role and Milos Forman saw Fletcher appear with her in Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us*.

Fictional character history?

Nurse Ratched is the head administrative nurse at the Salem, Oregon, State Hospital, a mental institution where she exercises near-absolute power over the patients' access to medications, privileges, and basic necessities such as food and toiletries. She capriciously revokes these privileges whenever a patient displeases her. Her superiors turn blind eyes because she maintains order, keeping the patients from acting out, either through antipsychotic and anticonvulsant drugs or her own brand of psychotherapy, which consists mostly of humiliating patients into doing her bidding.

The story's main protagonist, Mandy McMurphy, is portrayed by 1975 Playboy Playmate Jill De Vries in her first film role.

When Mandy McMurphy arrives at the hospital, she flouts Ratched's rules with impunity, and inspires other patients to follow. Ratched's attempts to cow Mandy into submission—at first with threats and mild punishments, then with shock therapy—are unsuccessful, serving only to fuel Mandy's defiance.

Eventually McMurphy sneaks her prostitute girlfriend Amy Fischer into the asylum, and encourages Fischer to relieve fellow patient Billy Bibbitt of his virginity.

When Ratched discovers what has happened, she threatens to tell Billy's mother about the transgression. Frightened, Billy commits suicide. Enraged, McMurphy attacks Ratched and chokes Ratched nearly to death.

In retribution, Ratched has McMurphy lobotomized. Chief Bromden, another patient and the narrator of the novel, later smothers McMurphy as a mercy killing. With McMurphy gone, Ratched's order is restored, but her power is gone; the patients no longer fear her, and her loud, authoritative voice is reduced to a thin whisper due to her confrontation with McMurphy.

As if mesmerized, Mondo walks over to the prudish nurse and sits down next to her on the park bench. That's when Mondo realizes that the "she" is really an "it" in drag—a gender-bending Skinwalker masquerading as a spinsterish human female. But. The revelation is too late. Mondo has been caught in its web.

All thoughts of resuming pursuit of the business at hand are cast completely from the junkie whore's mind. Mondo's stern VDR-2 gives way to disfiguring WDR-2. This is much more to the creature's liking. The prude tosses the bag of nuts and begins moving its hands over the girl's face, extensively tweaking her makeup while doing a surface scan of the girl's mind.

The girl's makeup becomes hasher and even more disfiguring, ravaging the girl's hard comely looks even further until they are soured liken to its own—the face of a shrew. Its parasitic, uber-dominatrix makeup has become a permanent fixture of Mondo's WDR and VDR.

They French kiss. The creature has a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp's, in place of a tongue. Fetid, wormy breath. The creature's eyes fluoresce while they kiss, giving away its true nature.

"Time for us to go back to The Hospital, Patient Seven. We must not be late for your afternoon treatments."

"Yes, Nurse Ratched," Mondo responds flatly—in the robot monotone of a Borg drone in the Collective. There's a vague, empty look to her eyes.

“Good girl. Excellent. Remember. As a patient trustee, you’re held to a much higher standard than the other inmates. Being allowed to go outside the hospital from time to time is a privilege that can always be revoked.”

“Yes, Nurse Ratched.”

They stand up. The creature slaps Mondo hard across the face, left cheek then right cheek.

“Never ever wander away from me again when we’re outside!”

Mondo says nothing. Her mind is beginning to go blank. The creature moves toward the underpass. Mondo follows, walking stiffly and robotically. When they enter the underpass, there is an obelisk which akin to a trap street is masked from ordinary sight. They step through the obelisk. Mondo blacks out.

Abducted. Imprisonment in an insane asylum that was built during the Victorian era. Cowed by a predatory Skinwalker. Enslavement. This is her reward from the powers that be for a job well done solving the Chosen problem, that serial murder problem, her other self was having.

Mondo comes to herself in a Borg alcove. Facing her is the creature. In this place of dominant, overpowering, unsurpassed filth, its nursing uniform remains immaculate. Its teeth are still filthy. Additionally, here in The Hospital: its breath has been amplified to be gut-wrenchingly foul and its neutral lack of body order in the outside world has been replaced with a stomach-churning effluvia.

Kunni comes down the stairs and walks over to them carrying a metal tray with thirteen large filled glass syringes laying on it.

This place, this PUV, this private universe, The Hospital, is an expanded, aggressive merger of Kunni’s domain and the former Dagon grotto lair. The extra-dimensional result is the sack room of a Victorian mental hospital down here and the Victorian mental hospital building upstairs.

The sack room of a nut house is the subterranean ward where the oldest and most disturbed patients are warehoused. Every asylum has one, although none publicly admits it.

“Informally. You may call me, Gertrude. Privately, Gerdy. Formally, I’m Nurse Ratched.”

Mondo starts to say something and it bitch-slaps her silencing the Vampire.

“Insane, junkie whore. Depraved and deranged, I might add. In here, you are Patient Seven. You speak only when you are supposed to. Otherwise you keep your mouth shut and do as you are told. That is, when you are sane enough to follow orders.” It pauses to covetously stroke the girl’s face. “In here. Most of the time you will be free of the burdens of sanity that you must carry outside. You will be your true self, a ranting and raving lunatic, frothing at the mouth. This is your home now, forever. From now on, when you go outside, those will be just field trips, no matter how long they may last. You’ll always return here for your much-anticipated ass-whoopings. Endlessly being used. An unending regimen of heinous treatment modalities that would make the staff of a Victorian nut house swoon with envy.”

Mondo feels herself slipping. Her face contorts as insanity bursts forth unchecked from her Id and consumes her conscious mind, an insanity which ravages her face far worse than her makeup, rendering her no longer the least bit wholesome-looking though no less compelling. Anguish—her pineal gland expands and displaces her frontal lobes. Mondo gives way to Patient Seven. Her mane and muff become go geriatric—grey and white liberally streaking her shoulder-draping tresses and neatly-trimmed bush—then they become unkempt—krazed hair and a feral bush.

Frothing at the mouth, ranting and raving incoherently, she thrashes about in the charging alcove—the Borg device restrains her in place.

While Kunni holds Patient Seven's head still, Nurse Ratched buries one-by-one the needle of each syringe in Patient Seven's neck and empties their contents, a fluorescent lime-green fluid, into the girl. Within seconds of the last needle being removed, Patient Seven's body goes limp from the caustic chemical lobotomy.

The alcove releases her. Patient Seven's limp body slumps to the floor. Patient Seven is stripped of Mondo's attire. Kunni secures them in a patient's battered rusting locker, that has the number 7 stenciled on its door.

Per Nurse Ratched's barked direction, Kunni drags her on her back by her hair across the grotto's floor into the treatment room. She is strapped to a metal exam table—arms at her side, legs spread widely. This is where all of The Hospital's patients receive their most invasive curative treatments.

From her violent, intimate contact with the floor, besides the filth that now smears her backside, she has become infested with head lice, fleas, crabs, etc.—sewer moss begins to cover the inside of her now dirty, once clean creamy-white, thighs. A Schlag that had attached itself to the floor and gone dormant waiting for a suitable host to come by, readily attached itself to the girl's spine during the drag. The girl's fingernails and toenails are now long and dirty. Kunni dutifully smears her front with filth scooped up off of the floor—leeches and slugs are strategically applied to her formerly lily-white flesh. Kunni flosses Seven's oral cavity teeth, mouth, and tongue with filth from Nurse Ratched's.

The table is tilted at a forty-five degree angle. Electrodes are applied to various parts of her girl's body. First a session of electroshock followed by a surgical lobotomy and beatings—in between the shock therapy and the icepick lobotomy, a batch of Kunni's Blues will be applied and used to violate her.

The beatings will consist of being whipped while she's hanging from the ceiling by her thumbs. Her front and her back will be extensively and intensely lashed. Kunni will apply the whip per Nurse Ratched's terse, screamed direction.

After undergoing her treatment, Kunni will dress her appropriately—dead diseased Kaye, bullet bra, and Doll Parts—shades of Vampira in Plan Nine from Outer Space. She'll be locked in irons—rusty hardened manacles and leg-irons. All of the patients wear rusty, hardened shackles—that “curative” staple of Victorian mental institutions. Then, Kunni will restrain her in her alcove.

Every other day. On odd numbered weeks. When she's not confined in the alcove or undergoing treatment or doing her rounds as patent trustee, Patient Seven will be freed from the sack room and allowed to wander about The Hospital, wallowing in its squalor and decay to her heart's content. Using and being used by the patients upstairs in general population.

Every other day. On even numbered weeks. When she's not confined in the alcove or undergoing treatment or doing her rounds as patent trustee, Patient Seven will be allowed to wander about the sack room, wallowing in its squalor and decay to her heart's content. Using and being used by the patients down here.

While making her rounds as patent trustee, she will be muzzled.

The other patients in the sack room are never allowed to leave this dark, dank subterranean ward, where half of the floor is raw sewage. The filthy wretches scurried into the shadows and hide, when

Nurse Ratched descended the stairs—they always do. When Nurse Ratched and Kunni leave, they will have their way with the girl, just like they have their way with each other. Doing her when she's conscious/awake and doing her when she's unconscious/asleep, just like they do each other. Fucking, killing, eating, or sleeping is their cycle of life in here.

Before I Go To Sleep.

She will sleep during the day and be active at night. Here, in The Hospital, an arbitrary twenty-four hour cycle defines night and day—twelve hours of day alternates with twelve hours of night. Each day—more frequently than that, if needed—her susceptible mind susceptible because of the cravings of her Id will be reset and wiped clean by The Hospital. Thus, she will never get a chance to get bored with The Hospital and choose to discharge herself from The Hospital of her own volition. And. Likewise. This curative will prevent her from assimilating The Hospital. She is an inmate, here. Not a guest who can leave on a whim.

When her services are needed outside. Her mind will not be blanked out and her pineal gland will be shrunk back to its normal size by The Hospital. And. She'll be furloughed from The Hospital.

Before her involuntary admission to The Hospital, she was this insane truth wrapped up inside of a lucid lie—she was this crazy girl with a lucid guise, who went on depraved binges from time to time. That is how she will be on furlough. With the exception that her binging will be stays at The Hospital.

In here, there is just this crazy junkie whore, Patient Seven something akin to The Master, who from time to time reverts to Mondo Kane, and sometimes this Mondo Kane is allowed to leave for a time, but she always must and does return, and sometimes this Mondo Kane just stays here in The Hospital and doesn't leave.

Go up the stairs and through the door, and you emerge onto the main floor of The Hospital. The door to the sack room is by the nurses' station, and when it's not affording ingress or egress it's kept bolted shut and padlocked. When they are not making their rounds, Kunni and Nurse Ratched man the nurses' station. They are the only ones who have access to the key for the sack room's door. They are the only ones who have access to the keys for The Hospital, period—doors, windows, shackles, device restraints, patient lockers, etc.

The Hospital is old and decaying, and filthy. Peeling lead paint. Rats, their feces and urine. Patient secretions and bodily fluids. Etc.

Patients wander about freely—only a few of the patients are kept restrained 24-7 to marinate in their own filth and excrement. All of the patients are filthy and infested. All of the patients are in various stage of undress; quite a few of them are naked. Most of the patients are geriatrics, a sizeable minority are human. In general, the human patients have a very short life expectancy because they are often used as sustenance by the non-human patients.

Eerie quiet juxtaposes with the lunatic screams, the deranged ranting and raving of the inmates housed here. Here. Unrelenting torment and debauchery. Here. The Voices in her head, always crowding her mind, choking her thoughts, suffocating her ego and super-ego. Here. Albeit forced interment. For Patient Seven, this incarceration is heaven on earth.

Rubber Tyrants

Rubber Tyrants, Volume Five—an original anthology culled from various magazines, publishers, and decades; optimized for eBook viewing.

The current, derived offering was suggested by a customer and mostly shows models in rubber, which includes vinyl, urethane, patent, leatherette, shiny leather, pleather, and other synthetic shiny materials. The shiny stuff appears in the form of corsets, bodices, capes, boots, stockings, garter belts, collars, dresses, skirts, tight-fitting pants, panties, tunics, bullet bras, and lots of tight gloves.

There are many pictures of women bullying other women, but also abusing them sexually, demanding lip service on their rubber attire, footwear, and flesh. Many hold whips. In a few sequences women dominate men.

RPG pictorials show dominant beauties in shiny fetish garb, wielding assorted whips and punishment devices. Two sets show two women in shiny stuff while they punish a male.

Many dominatrix picture exposés of loathsome, disdainful loveliness. All but one model is enhanced by flesh-colored, latex accessories—usually Doll Parts.

In every photo, at least one of the female models wears something of rubber or something that shines. It might be gloves, a corset, or boots. Many knee-high and thigh-boots throughout.

For some photos, an enlargement of action, legs, boots, high heels, corsets, or other tasty details is shown next to the complete picture of the model(s) on the page itself or on the following page. Photographs have been adjusted and cropped; most specks have been re-touched. Many photos are in color. All captions and titles have been excised; all page layouts have been disassembled.

If you enjoy using your computer to look at pictures of sexy models in rubber, forcing their will on helpless women and men, *Rubber Tyrants Five* will fill your screen with imagery that realizes your fantasies. 350+ eBook pages.

Oh joy. Oh bliss. Finally. Beyond the lunatic fringe. Alexa Bliss. Ad infinitum!!!

She is an abomination. Therefore, in order for her to be adequately subjugated, all-encompassing containment is required. This complete enslavement in turn requires a perfect prison—a PUV of first tier exclusivity rivaling Palm Beach or Palm Springs. Any compromise, no matter how slight, of this PUV renders it effectively null and void. That's also its built-in failsafe—the insurance that when Patient Seven, for her own protection, needs to be an uncompromised Mondo Kane, she can be.

Elaborate, please?

Instead of being brought here or being a returning inmate. Somehow you find this place and get in, uninvited and unwanted. Your intentions are less than honorable—e.g., your objective would appear to be the girl's permanent demise. Your unauthorized access will compromise The Hospital. As a direct result of this compromise, Patient Seven will be able to assimilate The Hospital. She will revert back to being an uncompromised “version” of Mondo Kane—the so-called vanilla version of Mondo Kane. She will free herself from any immobilizing restraint she's being subjected to at that time of the break-in. And. She will deal with you the intruders into her Garden of Eden.

The intrusion comes one week to the day of the girl's captivity. The unauthorized ingress compromises The Hospital. She's asleep, but, awake or asleep, being demon she's instinctually always trying to assimilate The Hospital—even though her Id craves this captivity, the nature of her species is to try to assimilate any captivity, even captivity aided and abetted by their Id. In other words, the needs of the subconscious at odds with the needs of the subconscious.

The compromise allows the continuous assimilation attempts of her subconscious to gain purchase. Finally, she is able to assimilate The Hospital. She awakens.

The compromised Hospital is no longer able to prevent its assimilation by her. No more uber-aggressive, repeated resets and wipes to keep her mind blanked out into automaton oblivion. No more Voices in her head crowding her mind, choking her thoughts, and suffocating her ego and super-ego. Her pineal gland shrinks back to normal size. Patent Seven reverts back to being a complete Mondo Kane. The Borg alcove releases her, upon her unspoken command. Noticeably thinner than when she was initially abducted, she breaks her hands and feet, and extricates herself from her shackles—the shackles do not constrict themselves to prevent this as they would normally do when a patient attempts extrication in this fashion.

Things grow on her. Things live on her. Things feed on her. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. A Schlag anchored into her spine bursting through the back of her suitcoat. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on her once lily-white, now filth-ingrained flesh. Patches of her skin are so dirty, they're ashy-black and shiny-black in color. She reeks of foul stench—smelling like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long.

She makes no attempt to clean herself up. As such, she blends in with the other patients—especially the ones kept down here. As such, she still looks like Patient Seven. There is a tweak, though, coming posthaste—a “make myself parasite free” one, and for good reason.

She can't retrieve her gear from her locker. Only Nurse Ratched and Kunni have the keys for the lockers. And. They are nowhere in sight. Likely, they have already been neutralized or worse they have been turned and become collaborators. Therefore, she will need every advantage she can get. She needs to be at full strength and completely undistracted her undivided attention, free of parasitic pleasure givers, since she won't have use of her guns. So. She harvests her body for sustenance, consuming the slugs, leeches, Blues, and other parasites that are using her for their sustenance and giving her such distracting pleasure by feasting upon her. Lastly, she reaches back, rips off her Schlag—oh what delicious pain that brings—and eats it.

What implements does she employ to harvest her sushi?

She uses her long, facile, well-educated tongue. She uses her hands and her feet—displaying a double-jointed flexibility that would paint a world class contortionist or an ace porn starlet green with envy. And. You'd swear that she had the prehensile feet of an ape.

Her buffet fills her out to her normal size. Loathsome, disdainful loveliness. Uber dominatrix. Ultra-shrew. Still. Deliciously, filthy and infested. Albeit a hard, pretty face no longer ravaged by insanity. Still. Harsh unbecoming makeup. And, when sporting stern VDR and most especially when sporting disfiguring WDR—beguiling and spinsterish—beguiling, if your taste in women is bent, that is.

She can hear the padlock to the door being unlocked. The heavy bolt is thrown. The door swings open. She scurries into the shadows like the other wretches. Nurse Ratched followed by Kunni descend the stairs. Six power suit encased figures are behind them, spaced properly to minimize the

effectiveness of an ambush attempt. The exoskeletonized intruders are heavily armed. Neither the weapons nor the suits look familiar.

Furthermore. She'd bet that none of the intruders is carrying any identification, none of their gear is traceable, and that all of them are gangers—doppelgangers—disposable untraceable clones grown in vats from homogenized, pasteurized gene stock.

She bets her continued existence on the intruders being gangers and that this is a snatch-n-grab not a seek-n-destroy. One-on-one, gangers aren't the best "solutions" versus someone like Mondo who's an elite level operator and supernatural. But. In a many-to-one situation, they're more than up to the task and they're untraceable which is their main selling point for manned covert ops that demand plausible deniability taken to the nth degree.

Seeing what she's facing. She's between a rock and a hard place. Mentally, she tosses out the hit-n-run guerrilla tactics option she'd been entertaining and switches to plan-B. The direct approach. She's got nothing to lose but her life.

Minimizing the effectiveness of an ambush attempt isn't the same as eliminating it. She waits until Nurse Ratched and Kunni reach the grotto floor before she springs her ambush. During the commotion, someone at the top of stairs by the door, who had been held back in reserve, tosses a grenade down into the ensuing melee. Kaboom—Game Over!!!

Coercion or Desertion

“I think she likes you.”

“God, I hope not.”

“I don’t know, kid. Sometimes the best women are the ones who terrify you.”

A resurrected Mondo stands spreadeagle on her tippy-toes in the center of a padded cell in The Hospital. Muzzled—her Hospital muzzle—therefore, she can speak, but not bite. Naked. Wearing a pair of spreader bars—an arm-spreader and a leg-spreader. Being spreaders, there is a cuff is welded to each end of the bars. Being Hospital issue, the spreader bar and their cuffs are rusty, hardened iron.

Although the cuffs welded to each end of a spreader can be attached to a patient’s wrists, knees, or ankles, in this case the cuffs of one bar are fastened around Mondo’s wrists and the cuffs of the other bar are fastened around her ankles.

When applied to the wrists—when used as an arm-spreader—the bar keeps the arms spread away from the body, providing an unimpeded access to the patient’s torso.

When applied to the ankles—when used as a leg-spreader—the bar immobilizes the patient by preventing all but the most awkward walking, and keeping the legs spread to allow unimpeded access to the patient’s groin and trunk. If bars are applied between the knees and between the ankles, the patient may be forced to bend their knees, making walking even harder.

The spreader may be attached solely to the patient, or it may be attached to a piece of furniture, the floor, or ceiling to be used as a device for suspension bondage.

A pair of spreaders may hold the patient in a spreadeagle position. And, as aforementioned, in this case are doing just that.

The arm-spreader is padlocked to rusty, hardened chains bolted to the ceiling. Therefore, the two spreaders are being used in concert as a device for suspension bondage. Additionally, the leg-spreader is padlocked to rusty, hardened chains bolted to the floor.

Progressive tension is being applied to the spreaders by those incrementally contracting chains which padlocked to them and that are in turn bolted to the ceiling and floor respectively. In other words, she’s being stretched between the ceiling and floor as if she were strapped onto a torture rack.

At regular intervals, ice-cold pressured water spews forth from jets in the walls, slams into her, drenching her, nearly drowning her. A Victorian mental hospital curative akin to contemporary waterboarding, only much worse.

As a result of her aqua-treatments, Mondo has been scrubbed clean and pristine. Strait hair in place of krazed. Geriatric hair, gone. Yellow blonde tresses and a neatly-cropped blonde muff.

There is a scanner clamped onto the back of her head. That belongs to the intruders. The scanner is sealed, no identifying markings on it.

The door opens, behind her. Two people enter and walk around into view. A man and a woman. Not gangers. Both are authentic—“real” human beings. A supernatural can tell.

Their true faces and voices are being disguised by some unknown device. Mondo can tell their faces and voices are lies. But, she can't tell what the device is that's generating their aliases.

The woman is obviously in charge. They are both dressed in black paramilitary fatigues and matching combat boots.

They face her and talk about her as if she isn't standing there right in front of them.

"Torture has the expected effect. Initially, she really got off on it. Now, she's bored. Gets jaded real quickly, just like we were briefed."

"So, she'll fail to be entertained for the rest of the scan. At least the scan is quite painful, that should bring her some measure of pleasure as compensation for the boredom she must endure until the scanner is finished doing its job."

"Please confirm, we continue the subject's torture? In spite of the possible risks to her. Knowing that the torture is no longer serving a useful purpose."

"Yes, continue the subject's torture. I take full responsibility."

He said "we." And. Although, their aliases mask the tone and tenor of their voices. He's deferring to her. Ergo, inferring implication by context, this guy and his crew are subcontracting for her. I imagine she's just the middleman. She's probably doesn't know what the scanner is digging for and doesn't even know who hired her.

For the first time, they acknowledge her existence. But. It's in an off-handed fashion.

"She's analyzing us."

"She's a pro, elite level. I would expect no less of her. You shouldn't."

The jury is still out on you. But. Your flunky is second tier, at best.

"The sack room was a dead-end, only one way in or out, which was the door. The grotto's pool of raw sewage was stagnant, fed by nothing but the urine and feces of the inmates housed down there, affording no exit."

"Grenade wrecked everything. Killed all of the inmates."

"Those inmates who could resurrect, have done so. Those who couldn't have been eaten by the resurrected."

"And. The wrecked stuff has repaired itself. Complete reset. Like nothing ever happened."

No reveals here. They are telling her stuff she either already knows or could easily deduce. So, what's the real purpose of this debrief? The conversation is designed to elicit certain subconscious responses from the girl, helping the scanner better data mine her mind while leaving behind no telltale forensics. Leaving behind a zero footprint is as important as finding what it's looking for.

"Are the Skinwalker and the robot still cooperating?"

"So far, so good."

"Makes you wonder, though. How do you coerce a creature of pure instinct and a robot with a completely corrupted brain?"

The female intruder smiles as she utters this. Mondo believes the facial expression to be genuine. If the girl is correct. That's more confirmation the aliases they're using must be very basic devices.

Maybe you're a talented amateur, boss lady. Maybe I was wrong about you being the middle man. Maybe you are the man.

Another man comes into the room. He walks briskly over to the lead subcontractor and whispers something in his ear.

“It seems, Miss Kane, that with you being insane, your subconscious is not responding in a way that’s at all easy for our scanner to normalize. No matter, we’ll get there in the end. Then we can leave and you can go back to your life of degradation and squalor, being endlessly debased to your heart’s content.”

“Geez, come to think of it, while I’m here. I’m gonna apply the lash to your back and buttocks, that way you pay back some of the debt owed,” remarks the female lead.

So, this is personal for her, after all. That remark wasn't for the benefit of the scanner. That was for her own self-satisfaction. Letting me know that we have somehow crossed paths before and somehow I've wronged her. Beating me herself instead of having Nurse Ratched do it. More self-satisfaction taken to an unprofessional degree. Not a pro at all. Talented amateur, it is.

Got Wood?!

“UFC is doing pro-wrestling better than pro-wrestling is doing pro-wrestling.”—**Stone Cold Steve Austin**

“The Rock says this, if the Rock hits you he’ll kill you. If he misses, the wind behind the punch will give you pneumonia and you’ll die anyway, so the choice is yours, jabroni.”

In the world of predators. Patience is a virtue. All things come to those who wait. They know she’s studying them, they know how deadly she is, yet they dally with her anyways. The female lead wastes time lashing her. The male subcontractor lead wastes time watching her being disciplined, hankering for a chance to fuck her; his pecker is game and hard in his pants. Mondo is neither bored nor distracted, she’s just biding her time until the right opportunity avails itself.

Opportunity walks into the room as if through an invisible door. Yet no one seems to notice but Mondo. She looks just like Nurse Ratched, right down to the off-putting Carrie White hairdo, the disfiguring makeup, and the long fingernails painted a glossy “wet look” candy-apple red. But. She isn’t Nurse Ratched. Nor is she a Skinwalker. As she walks over to stand beside the male lead, her attire progressively changes. By the time she’s standing before Mondo, and stands beside the leering male lead, she’s completely redressed—but, same hairdo, same makeup, and same long painted fingernails.

Kaye. Perls. Black fishnet tights. Doll Parts crammed in said tights. Prudz. A flesh-colored bullet bra. Cigarette purse, by Gucci, clipped to the boned waistband of her hobble skirt. Stiff backed. Aloof. Haughty. Staid, yet a Boppish spinster. Worship me, now! A battleaxe, for sure. A diehard, definitive swinger. Wife swapper extraordinaire. Nercophiliac. Dominatrix personified. Defiler. Enslaver. Sadist. Pusher. Indiscriminate junkie whore—her narcotic of choice is Golum, but, she will get high on anything—she can also be discriminating, chaste, and sober at her own choosing. Lunatic. Fanatic—religious and political. Two-legged cannibal holocaust. Fornicatrix. A prophet with a god wannabe complex, without question.

Her footwear sums it all up nicely. She’s wearing clunky heel platform ankle boots. By YesStyle. Available only in black. These faux leather ankle boots feature a decorative lace-up front and a half platform sole balanced by a chunky heel. A back zip closure makes them easy to wear while the silver-tone grommets add a sleek vibe. Translation: I am a very old thing, who thinks very young; I’m hip.

Her two-tone, black-n-white tortoise cat-eye sunglasses. Not obscenely-expensive, “modern” reproductions by Stella McCartney purchased at Saks. Authentic 1950s Cruella de Vil 101 Dalmatian style spectacles. They are in fact the very same ones worn by Glenn Close when portraying Cruella in the Disney movie based upon the Dodie Smith novel of the same name. As such, they are literally priceless.

She smiles. A Julia Robert’s smile. Her large teeth are spotless. Her dental hygiene is flawless. Fresh breath. That scent of lilac about her. She is clean and pristine. Immaculate. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

She puts a finger up to her large, cruel mouth and purses her thin lips.

“Please. Don’t do anything to give my presence away. Or I will be very cross with you, later. Capish?”

Mondo’s eyes say that she understands. They also say that she would very much like the mystery woman to be very cross with her afterwards anyways.

“Well. If you insist. I will punish you later. Now, onto business. My name is Aleister Crowley. In the physical world in which I reside, I’m known as an English occultist, ceremonial magician, poet, painter, novelist, mountaineer, adventurer, big game hunter, and astronaut. My spouse is Rose Edith Kelly, who in her own right is a noted author and illusionist. She’s also a Time Lord. Neither my wife nor I have ever had the pleasure of your company or your employ, nor have we been formally introduced. Today, that grave omission, changes. By the way, Coco speaks very highly of you. And she’s nearly-impossible to impress.”

There is no indication whatsoever from either the female or the male lead that they can hear Ms. Aleister Crowley speaking.

There is also the other thing about all of this, besides the obvious. Namely. The overlap between Aleister and Mondo. Stiff backed. Aloof. Haughty. Worship me, now! Nercophiliac. Dominatrix personified. Defiler. Enslaver. Sadist. Pusher. Indiscriminate junkie whore, who can also be discriminating, chaste, and sober at her own choosing. Two-legged cannibal holocaust.

Mondo, of course, is a masochist as well. Something that has never been Aleister’s cup of tea, although her wife Rose has dabbled in it from time to time but only with husband Crowley.

The Crowleys, husband Crowley and wife Kelly-Crowley, have a long and storied past together, and a rather sordid one at that too.

In 1904, in their chosen world of residence, Rose Edith Kelly-Crowley aided Aleister Crowley in the Cairo Working that led to the reception of *The Book of the Law*, upon which Crowley based much of her philosophy and religion, *Thelema*.

Liber AL vel Legis (Latin pronunciation: 'li:ber 'æl wɛl 'le:ðʒis) is the central sacred text of Thelema, written down from dictation mostly by Aleister Crowley, although Rose Edith Kelly-Crowley is also known to have written two phrases into the manuscript of the Book after its dictation. Crowley claimed it was dictated to her by a discarnate entity named Aiwass or Aiwaz. However, the three chapters are largely written in the first person by the Thelemic deities Nuit, Hadit, and Ra-Hoor-Khuit respectively, rather than by Aiwass/Aiwaz.

Through the reception of the Book, Crowley proclaimed the arrival of a new stage in the spiritual evolution of supernaturals, to be known as the “Æon of Horus.” The primary precept of this new eon is the charge to “Do what thou wilt.”

The book contains three chapters, each of which was alleged to be written down in one hour, beginning at noon, on 8 April, 9 April, and 10 April in Cairo, Egypt, in the year 1904. Crowley says that the author was an entity named Aiwass, whom she later referred to as her personal Holy Guardian Angel (analogous to but not identical with “Higher Self”). Biographer Lawrence Sutin quotes private diaries that fit this story, and writes that “if ever Crowley uttered the truth of her relation to the Book,” her public account accurately describes what she remembered on this point.

Crowley herself wrote “Certain very serious questions have arisen with regard to the method by which this Book was obtained. I do not refer to those doubts—real or pretended—which hostility

engenders, for all such are dispelled by study of the text; no forger could have prepared so complex a set of numerical and literal puzzles.”

The book is often referred to simply as Liber AL, Liber Legis, or just AL, though technically the latter two refer only to the manuscript.

As aforementioned. Thelema (/θəˈli:mə/) is a religion based upon a philosophical law of the same name. It has been subsequently adopted as a central tenet by some religious organizations, most especially fringe radical Catholic ones. The law of Thelema is “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the law, love under will.” The law of Thelema was developed in the early 1900s by Aleister Crowley, then the most celebrated English writer and ceremonial magician of the Victorian era. She believes herself to be the prophet of a new age, the Æon of Horus, based upon a spiritual experience that she and her wife, Rose Edith, had in Egypt in 1904. By her account, a possibly non-corporeal or “praeterhuman” being that called itself Aiwass contacted her and dictated a text known as The Book of the Law or Liber AL vel Legis, which outlined the principles of Thelema. An adherent of Thelema is a Thelemite.

The Thelemic pantheon includes a number of deities, primarily a trio adapted from ancient Egyptian religion, who are the three speakers of The Book of the Law: Nuit, Hadit, and Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Crowley described these deities as a “literary convenience.” The religion is founded upon the idea that the 20th century marked the beginning of the Aeon of Horus, in which a new ethical code would be followed; “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.” This statement indicates that adherents, who are known as Thelemites, should seek out and follow their own true path in life, known as their True Will rather than their egotistic desires. The philosophy also emphasizes the ritual practice of Magick.

The word thelema is the English transliteration of the Koine Greek noun θέλημα (pronounced thélima) “will,” from the verb θέλω “to will, wish, purpose.” As Crowley developed the religion, she wrote widely on the topic, producing what are collectively termed the Holy Books of Thelema. She also included ideas from occultism, Yoga, and both Eastern and Western mysticism, especially the Qabalah.

The mind is willing but the Body is not

Well, what about the sight of Fury, the newly crowned champion, standing in the ring, exultant? First he apologized, sort of, to his opponent. “You’re a great champion, Wlad, and thanks very much for having me,” he said. “It was all fun and games, and in the build-up I just wanted to be confident, young, and brash.” Klitschko smiled faintly. Fury thanked God and then, with Klitschko still there, looking—appropriately enough—rather awkward, he turned to his wife, Paris Fury, who was resplendent in a Moschino dollar-sign jacket and beginning to weep. “I could lay awake, just to see you breathing,” he howled. “Watch you smile while you are sleeping, while you’re far away and dreaming.” He was, quite naturally, singing “I Don’t Want to Miss a Thing,” the Aerosmith ballad from the 1998 movie “Armageddon.” The end had come, after all. Fury didn’t sound good, but to anyone who missed the wildness and weirdness that once characterized heavyweight boxing he sounded better than good.

Aleister Crowley. Doll Parts are no longer crammed in her tights; they’re pursed. She also purses her shades. Then, the carnage begins. There’s a shudder. Dimensionalities merge and sync. Aleister Crowley can be perceived by and meaningfully interact with the mundane world. She steps round to face him, slicing open his throat with her fingernails, in one fluid motion. Aleister dispatches him so quickly, he never even gets the chance to utter a single scream. Killed outright. He’s dead standing. Tick tock. An unfinished homicidal masterpiece. One that she deems to finish with a gelding.

Aleister is not so haughty and aloof, not so above it all, that she thinks her hands are too good to do the dirty work that needs to get done. Her unoccupied hand moves down and forward. Aleister’s nails slice through the male lead’s pants, underwear, and flesh. She violently removes his genitals. Leaving behind a gaping bloody hole where his manhood used to be.

The female lead is so preoccupied with flogging Mondo that she doesn’t notice what has just transpired. From the perspective of the fictitious neutral observer, in the blink of an eye, Aleister goes from slaughtering the male lead to hurling the female lead across the room into a padded wall to back again facing Mondo.

What remains of the male lead, his mutilated corpse, drops to the padded floor. Aleister swallows the man’s sex parts whole while making arcane gestures with her other hand. Mondo falls face-first onto the padded floor, freed from her captivity.

“I guess this means you won’t be punishing me later,” Mondo quips as she pulls herself off of the floor.

Aleister licks her lips clean and smiles. Then she responds.

“I’m a married woman. Punishing you would amount to fornication.”

Patient locker #7 materializes in the padded cell by the prone body of the unconscious female lead. The woman was knocked out cold upon her impact with the wall. The locker unlocks itself.

Mondo knows what’s expected of her without having to be asked. She retrieves her gear from the locker and dresses. Mondo does VDR, the original not the dash-2 variant. She hands the scanner over to Aleister. Then, she lets her hair down—sternka gives way to long straight casual hair, hair with just the barest hint of a body wave to keep it from being dead-straight and thus boring—her

VDR gives way to a Coulter, an Ann Coulter. In other words, a twenty-something D-cup likeness of the Conservative pundit, the GOP's perennial stalking horse, the right-wing hate-monger Ann Coulter.

"The intruders. Got the location. Got access. So well briefed, they knew the lay of the land like the back of their hand, from what I could deduce. Coopted Nurse Ratched and Kunni, with relative ease far as I could ascertain. And the scanner they were provided with was capable, albeit with some difficulty, of data mining the unencrypted portions of the encrypted mind of a lunatic. Although the analytics generated by said scan will be shallow at best, considering what is left unencrypted in my mind."

"Coco said you were such a smart girl."

"There were much cheaper ways to rescue me from my predicament."

"But none more enjoyable for me. You see, I'm 'hands on,' as they say. It's my understanding that you only work for bosses who are that way."

"You've heard correctly."

"Excellent. We shall get on famously, then. Of course, it goes without saying, that your employment to me as my Girl Friday will never supersede your likewise position with Coco and I'll never interfere with your other, numerous obligations, of course. As far as your situation—a Goon Mob Boss owning a Vampire. Fats' ownership of you will never be questioned, let alone challenged."

Mondo's response is to not question Aleister's claim on her. She merely accepts this newest obligation to a much older supernatural being as a matter of course. Which gladdens Aleister's heart. The girl's reaction reaffirms Aleister's belief in the rightness and implicit superiority of their closed, caste-based way of life.

This girl knows her place, too bad some of our young people are not like minded, Aleister thinks to herself.

"From the speed of your corrective response. From your level of control, which is total, to your ability to correct things in such a convincing, comprehensive, all-encompassing manner. Marm, are you are The Hospital's administrator?"

"Yes, I am."

"And from the extent and ease of The Hospital's penetration, supernaturals in the upper echelons, aided and abetted these humans in their cracking of this enigma, marm."

"Yes. And. With your help, us *girls* shall endeavor to ascertain the identity of these deviants and cull them from the herd so to speak."

From the tone and tenor of Aleister's voice as well as the way that Aleister emphasizes the word *girls*, Mondo deduces that the "girls" in question refers to a large number of well-placed and very powerful MFAF's (mature female authority figures) who belong to the highest echelon of supernatural society. In other words, members of the Ladies' Council of Saint Engelbert Church, one of the cornerstones of supernatural society; an ultra-exclusive "girls' club" that was founded by God—the very old biddies with the very serious power who rule from behind the scenes, the ones with the iron fist in the mink glove.

Saint Engelbert is the patron saint of all women. The august church that bears Her name is Catholic. Stiff-backed, stogy, Conservative, austere are the type of words that aptly describe the church's parishioners to a tee. Members of the Ladies' Council epitomizes that.

As such, Mondo doesn't have to ask. Her relationship with Aleister will be platonic and professional. And. This meeting is no chance encounter. Unbeknownst to her, she has been groomed for this ascension into the nosebleed seats of supernatural society.

The parish is a throwback to the Church before the three Vatican Reforms, and remains so via an exemption granted by the first pope—Pope Peter himself. Being Papal, the exemption cannot be revoked, even by succeeding popes. Because to revoke such an exemption would be to imply that the original exemption was granted in error.

The Church holds that Peter and the subsequent popes were and are infallible when addressing issues "ex cathedra," from their position and authority as pope. It teaches that this infallibility gives the pope the ability to guide the church without error. The Church claims that it can trace an unbroken line of popes back to St. Peter, citing this as evidence that it is the true church, since, according to their interpretation of Matthew 16:18, Christ built His church upon Peter.

Doctor Who: The Husbands of River Song

Of course. With Aleister being the oldest and most powerful being that Mondo has ever been obligated to, as well as being a senior member and past president of the Ladies' Council, she is well within her rights to claim exclusive use of the girl and Mondo would have to comply. But. Aleister has wisely decided not to exercise this option of exclusivity.

Nope, Aleister will not indenture the girl. Her intent is that the girl will serve her willingly and willfully. And, she will look the other way when the girl goes on those expected binges. Just like Aleister's wife and the other Ladies on The Council look the other way when Aleister goes on hers. The caveat, of course, being: as long as these personal eccentricities never interfere with professional performance, they will be ignored—Aleister will ignore Mondo's, and, Aleister's wife and *the girls* will ignore hers.

Much has transpired in the last twenty-four hours. The Hospital has been retaken. Nurse Ratched and Kunni are back in the fold, so to speak. And. The intruders have been neutralized. The lucky ones died. The survivors are being "questioned" by Mondo with oversight provided by Aleister.

Now it's Karen Digney's turn to be held in the spreadeagle position. Restrained by those pair of spreaders used as a device for suspension bondage. Karen is muzzled and naked. Soaking wet. Her back, buttocks, and legs are tender to the touch from being flogged in-between rounds by Nurse Ratched who is assisting Mondo with the "technical interviews"—"technical interview" is a popular euphemism in the intelligence community for torture.

Mondo studies the gleaming new instruments that Aleister has added to her tray. The shiny metal tray sets atop a small white wheeled cart. Some of the additions are old favorites she has used throughout the years. Others she has previously only seen pictures of in magazines, her covetously wishing that they were hers. In the latter case, her wishes have finally come true. She'll get to use the so-called dream team stuff

Karen is the female lead. Her name was "extracted" from one of Karen's cohorts, a person who is no longer alive. Repeatedly, Mondo has butchered Karen to the brink of death and then using a handheld regenerator brought her back for another round of being craved up like a Christmas turkey. The regenerator has been altered to intensify the pain of the regeneration process.

The usual chit chat ensues in-between rounds, while, as aforementioned, Nurse Ratched administers a barber's razor strap to Karen's back, buttocks, and legs.

"Marm. Nurse Ratched looks just like you do in human form because it's wearing a skin suit made from your twin while she was in human form. A twin who proved unworthy which is why you destroyed her."

"Correct on both counts. I commend you."

Mondo notices no tells from Karen in response to Aleister's callous comment about sorricide. A very talented amateur indeed.

"Thank you. Marm."

Mondo grabs one of the new gee whiz instruments off her tray, one of those dream team ones, and she begins carving up Karen's face.

Because Mondo is a creature of habit when it comes to proscribed torture. This technical interview follows a repeated, discernable pattern.

“Question.”

“Yes, marm?”

“In your professional opinion. Will she break or will she die first?”

“She won’t break, marm.”

In the case of humans. Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Such is not the case for supernaturals in general and demons in particular. Authoritarian human governments hold onto power tenaciously, coveting it at all costs. Supernatural ones, do not. There are younger ones who wish to overthrow their elders and seize power, resenting the fact that those who rule them will always rule them, and by doing so feeling and acting as if their nature is human. The response of the supernatural powers—that be is not suppression nor, by the way, is it acceptance or tolerance either.

By the elders’ way of thinking. If the opposition overthrows them, it’s God’s will, a God who has decided that the natural order of things needs to change radically and as night follows the day the status quo needs to be stood on its head. In other words, a successful coup d’état would be proof that the opposition party is their betters. But. Until that day comes, they rule just like they have always ruled—intolerantly and by the strictest of measure. It is how most supernaturals prefer to be ruled. This severest type of rule best fits the nature of the overwhelming majority of supernaturals. The opposition party is, and always has been, a niche movement at best in the supernatural world, but it has a lot of traction amidst humans of the left-wing bend in general and the radicalized Liberal Democratic bend in particular.

Simply put. In human terms. The mainstream of supernatural society is Conservative, would like nothing better than to never see things change, clings tenaciously to their closed caste-based normality, and see the opposition party as a lunatic fringe which is anathema to the best interests of the right-wing majority.

“Do you think that these humans are wittingly or unwittingly being used as pawns of the opposition party?”

It goes without saying, that the overwhelming majority of supernaturals are very happy and completely satisfied with the authoritarian status quo. In a word: content.

Mondo shrugs her shoulders before responding. At no time does she pause in her torture of the human female.

“I don’t know, marm. Maybe it’s just personal against me. That seems to be the case where this Karen girl is concerned.”

“So she’s working for the man and she is the man?”

“Yes, marm. I’ve come to the conclusion that she’s a little bit of both. Someone paid her to do this job. She assembled a crew. But. It’s also personal for her.”

As if on cue, Kunni walks into the room carrying a metal folding chair. It walks over to Aleister, opens the chair, sets it down on the floor, and then leaves. Aleister unbuttons her jacket. She yanks off her skirt, lays it on the floor beside the chair, and pulls down her tights. Aleister is again hung

like a horse strapping her Doll Parts and soon sports an erection. She removes her jacket and lays it on top of her skirt, neatly.

Then the fun really begins. One hand brutally squeezes the cups of her bra with a ferocity that threatens to turn her huge tits into marmalade. The other hand feverously masturbates her cunt and her prosthetic cock.

Without skipping a beat. Mondo's looks go dyke again—spinster, bulldyke, shrew—a real kunt without end. Ann Coulter gives way to WDR-2. This disfiguring transformation is much to the kunt Aleister's liking and in turn spurs on her own orgasm.

Aleister is not the only one copping a nut or a feel in the room. Mondo also does herself. She also does Karen, brutally raping the human in the most degrading manner possible. All the while, no stutter is allowed to diminish her capacity for torturing the human.

Girls will be girls, even when they play with their boys. In other words, chicks with dicks, who are still very much chicks. Both woman will eventually transition back into a decidedly non she-male pose, once things crest past hard and heavy. Netting them their proverbial second wind. Both woman will eventually purse their Doll Parts. Additionally, Mondo will eventually drop her WDR and swing back to her Ann Coulter.

SyFy's *The Magicians*: creating a coherent language for gestural magic

Based upon Lev Grossman's best-selling books, *The Magicians* stars Jason Ralph (A Most Violent Year, Aquarius) as Quentin Coldwater, a brilliant grad student who enrolls in Brakebills College for Magical Pedagogy, a secret upstate New York university specializing in magic. He and his 20-something friends soon discover that the magical fantasy world they read about as children is all too real—and poses grave danger to humanity. Stella Maeve (Chicago P.D.), Olivia Taylor Dudley (Vatican Tapes, Paranormal Activity 5), Hale Appleman (Teeth), Arjun Gupta (Nurse Jackie), and Summer Bushell (Towelhead, Lucky 7) also star in this one-hour drama.

iZombie—Liv Moore (Rose McIver) breaks up with Major Lilywhite (Robert Buckley) because, as she rationally, heartbreakingly, predictably explains: “We both know, deep down, that this can't work. Being an Undead thing has changed me. You love the woman I was before. You tolerate the woman I am now. The truth is, we belong with our own kind.”

Extreme gender bender (EGB)—a woman who utilizes harsh makeup, an unbecoming hairdo, and severe attire, and augmented with Borg-inclined male prosthetic genitalia, to achieve a she-male pose. A popular role-playing niche in the D&H (Degradation and Humiliation) subculture favored by Cosplay-inclined humans; a miniscule number of prominent older supernatural females along with their Girl Fridays also dabble in EGB.

A replay of before. The Tenth Street overpass. The micro park. Her world. Mondo steps out of the obelisk into the underpass. The obelisk fades from view. It's gone. She's sporting WDR-2—her most EGB look. The Doll Parts she's strapping underneath her skirt isn't the only Borg-inclined thing about her. Knobb and klaw, of course. A killer body that would put Star Trek's fictional Seven-of-Nine to shame, but lookswise it's downhill for the rest of her, unless you're a hardcore bulldyke or a straight guy who's abusively inclined or are very into EGB.

She, Nurse Ratched, Kunni, and Aleister brutally raped all of the Hospital's human intruders to death. Karen's demise was the worst—the most depraved, the most demeaning, and the most degrading. To her credit, Karen never broke.

Mondo steps out of the mouth of the overpass. Still she's sporting that wrd-2. No sign that she'll revert to that fetching Ann Coulter look of hers. Then, out of nowhere the bump happens as she emerges out of the micro park onto the metropolis proper into the midst of the hustle and bustle of the noon rush of lunch seeking office workers.

Sternns get pursed. Sternka lets down into long straight casual hair, hair with just the barest hint of a body wave to keep it from being dead-straight and thus boring—her sternka gives way to an Ann Coulter—the preferred 'do of right-wing hate-monger Ann Coulter.

Her compact removes her harsh, heavily-applied, unbecoming makeup—so unbecoming that it insanity-ravages her looks. Her compact heavily-applies caustic liquid parasitic makeup which elevates the flawless, ravishing beauty of her hard, pretty face to that of a 1950s movie starlet. The artificial Hollywood-imposed dominatrix-inspired beauty standard of the 1950s. Celluloid cosmetic beauty which have never waned in popularity in this world.

Bottom line. The harshest, most unbecoming makeup imaginable—Foundation makeup For Ever—Ultra HD Foundation—Ultra HD liquid foundation—is removed and so goes its ravages. The beauty-amplifying makeup—the harshest and most becoming makeup imaginable—*Ultra Beauty* from the Elizabeth Arden Collection—liquid foundation created by haute couture’s resident auteur of cosmetics—is heaviest applied. Whether Foundation For Ever (Ultra HD), Ultra Beauty (Elizabeth Arden), Bare (Revlon), Nearly Naked (Christian Dior), etc., the heavily-applied, parasitic liquid makeup she uses never looks “cake face,” it looks “bare, nearly naked”—depending upon the desired effect, the makeup used either ravages or intensifies her natural beauty. Being toxic parasitic versions of the name-brand cover-ups, they’re always caustic, and thus harsh and harmful to her skin, toxic effects which she craves—the caustic makeup is literally facial torture and thus sheer agony to wear, which, of course, is a masochist’s fantasy.

Underneath her short, restrictive, snakeskin, pencil skirt, her flesh-colored Doll Parts swaps places with her flesh-colored rubber thong. Rubbermaid dildo gets pursed. Skimpy Rubbermaid panties are now strapping her crotch. Clean, fresh, hygienic unmentionables—the living latex wear keeps itself and her nethers clean and pristine unless its hygiene mode is switched off—a description which applies to her string bikini bottom as well as her prosthetic male parts. In effect, when worn, her Doll Parts aren’t just a functional strap-on which renders her a she-male, they are also panties and thus unmentionables—underwear for the “chicks who want dicks” crowd. Oppositionally, her almost-not-there thong in effect renders her a slick chick who’s neuter—a chick with no “naughty bits,” either male or female, to speak of; for the ultimate other in EGB. Depending upon your sexual orientation, it’s a tossup which malicious rubberwear is more disturbing/disorienting or sexier or both: her Doll Parts or her thong.

As aforementioned, her Doll Parts is a one-off, proof of concept—the very first Doll Parts, a prototype, designation NX-01. As aforementioned, other people have Doll Parts—e.g., Aleister. But. Aleister’s is a vanilla production version. Hers (Mondo’s) has an insidious functionality which distinguishes it from the vanilla production versions possessed by the vast majority of wearers—customized production versions can have this functionality added to them, upon request. It is a singular functionality which manifests itself only during ejaculation—exploiting her inner Borg by doing so—expressing the unfettered hybridized aspirations of the Insect Civilization and Toy.

A hint of what that extra feature triggered by jism-spewing orgasm might be? It’s the narcotic of choice for a junkie whore who’s into limitless agony—agony taken beyond the brink of extinction. It’s the bane of an over-sexed dominatrix who’s a sadist but not a masochist as well. A torment supreme that no masochist can resist and, just maybe, one that no masochist can survive either if partaken once too often. But, at best, a temporary fix for a masochist’s all-consuming unnamable need to be hurt. A Geritol for that craving for suffering which demands to be fed and is never satisfied. *I will hurt you badly and you will like it a lot*—Pain & Pleasure indivisible. Or, simpler, more colloquial, and to the point: *It literally feels like a blow torch is being applied to my crotch; searing pain which quickly spreads to every nerve ending of my body.*

Still, harshlooking. Still that large, ugly mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent. Still a bass-eating-bait mouth that looks tailor-made for the oral perversion. Still the personification of a woman who is aloof, haughty, and seemingly unattainable. Still severe and stiff-backed. Still, “Kneel down, and, Worship me, now!!!” Still, knobb. Still, klaw when idle. A possessing beauty that you must be used by, possessed by, and that you in turn must possess. A mesmerizing beauty that you crave yourself to death coveting. Blonde hair and blue

eyes. A natural blonde who's a bleach blonde. Sharp features. Thin lips. Those "come hither" looks.

In other words, flaxen beauty circa 1950s. Unsurpassed and very Nordic. All blonde everything. And. A woman to be feared.

In other words, Mondo again reverts back to being a twenty-something D-cup likeness of the Conservative pundit and dominatrix emeritus Ann Coulter. Ann Allison Juliet Coulter, who, according to *The New Yorker* for the seventh straight year, is the "Inside the Beltway" girl with the most political "it" factor on the planet. The look Mondo is now sporting is colloquially known as Allison Juliet, or simply AJ. In a world where "pretty as Lena Horn" is the norm for women, her AJ turns the heads of even the most jaded passersby.

According to cinema's resident master of suspense, Alfred Hitchcock: "Suspense is like a woman. The more left to the imagination, the more the excitement. The conventional big-bosomed blonde is not mysterious. And what could be more obvious than the old black velvet and pearls type? The perfect 'woman of mystery' is one who is blonde, subtle, and Nordic. Although I do not profess to be an authority on women, I fear that the perfect title for a movie, like the perfect woman is difficult to find."

Of course, Mondo appearance defies that Hitchcockian adage. There is nothing subtle or particularly obvious about this conventional, big-bosomed, Nordic blonde. Yet. She is the perfect "woman of mystery." What you see is far less than what you get.

Someone rounds a corner who catches Mondo's eye amidst all the hustle and bustle of the lunch crowd. And. That someone seems to be walking right toward her. The object of Mondo's attention, an attention which is clearly an obsession, is Contessa Leonarda di Cianciulli.

Recently released from a maximum security prison on Mars, Contessa di Cianciulli is an infamous Italian serial killer. Better known as the "Soap-Maker of Correggio" (Italian: *la Saponificatrice di Correggio*). Contessa di Cianciulli murdered three women in Correggio between 1939 and 1940, and turned their bodies into soap and teacakes.

Contessa di Cianciulli is human. But. The old battleaxe is a so-called *long-lived*. She doesn't age. Is fast healing—resulting in little or no scar tissue. She's also far stronger, more resilient, and a lot tougher than any normal human female should be. She's a known practitioner of magic, as well as being an adept illusionist. Somehow *wink-wink*, she's found a way to cheat Father Time.

With one very minor variation. Contessa di Cianciulli is dressed just like Aleister:

Kaye. Perls. Black fishnet tights. Prudz. A flesh-colored bullet bra. The fashion variation: a generic cigarette purse, in place of Aleister's Gucci, clipped to the boned waistband of her hobble skirt. Her footwear: black, clunky heel platform ankle boots by YesStyle. Also. The same heavy, unbecoming disfiguring makeup as Aleister's. Her hairdo is the same as hair style as Aleister's—the off-putting Carrie White hairdo. Her couture, coiffure, and cosmetics imply an affiliation with the Ladies' Council or at the very least Aleister. If so, it's not a commonly known affiliation.

As one should expect. Aleister is typical of Ladies' Council members. The vast majority of LC members, and all of its senior members, sport that same couture, coiffure, and cosmetics.

Contessa di Cianciulli walks up to Mondo and extends her gloved hand.

"My name is Leonarda di Contini, Contessa di Contini."

“Please to meet you, Contessa Leonarda di Contini.”

They shake hands. Mondo’s heart threatens to beat its way out of her chest. They exchange a knowing wink. A very quick study, Mondo knew to respond with the contessa’s alias when thrown it and to act like this is their first time introductions with no foreknowledge of the contessa.

Mondo had never met Contessa di Cianciulli in the flesh before, but Mondo knows of the contessa and her homicidal exploits.

If you don’t know Mondo very well. On the surface. Because of her psycho-sexual orientation. It might be surprising to you that this is their first face-to-face meeting. And. Mondo was never one of Contessa di Cianciulli’s pen pals while the contessa was in prison. Yes, Contessa di Cianciulli is one of her homicidal idols; one of her top five, in fact. Yes, she has idolized the contessa since childhood. But, Mondo being Mondo, she wants her first face-to-face with one of her idols to be something special—not common-ass idol worship.

“I’m in need of a Girl Friday, on a part-time basis. I’ve been told that you might be able to help me with that deficiency.”

“I will do my best.”

Contessa di Cianciulli smiles broadly.

“I have a downtown condo, nearby. Let’s retreat to it and discuss the terms of your employment with me.”

“Let’s.”

It should come as no surprise that the staid woman who is the object of Mondo’s infatuation has a sordid past and the circumstances surrounding the three deaths that she was convicted of causing are chilling.

Contessa di Cianciulli, who Mondo is gushing about, was born in Montella. While still a young girl, Leonarda attempted suicide twice. In 1917 she married a handsome young registry office clerk, Count Raffaele Pansardi di Cianciulli—even though the ne’er-do-well count was a blue-blood, his family was penniless, which is why he needed to work for a living. Her parents didn’t approve of the marriage, as they had planned to marry her to another man, a much older gentleman who had money and land but no title. In her autobiography *The Devil’s Mistress*, Contessa di Cianciulli claimed that on this occasion her mother cursed them. The couple moved to the count’s town, Lauria, in 1921 where the contessa was sentenced for fraud and imprisoned in 1927; once released the couple moved to Lacedonia. Their home was destroyed by an earthquake in 1930, and they moved once more, this time to Correggio, where Leonarda opened a small shop and became very popular as a nice, gentle woman, a doting mother, and a nice neighbor.

Contessa di Cianciulli had seventeen pregnancies during her marriage, but lost three of the children to miscarriage; ten more died in their youth. Consequently, she was heavily protective of the four surviving children. Her fears were fueled by a warning she had received some time earlier from a fortune teller, who said that she would marry and have children, but that all of the children would die. Reportedly, Contessa di Cianciulli also visited another Romani who practiced palm reading, and who told her, “In your right hand I see prison, in your left a criminal asylum.” Then, as now, the Contessa di Cianciulli is an extremely superstitious woman, thus she took these warnings very much to heart.

In 1939, Contessa di Cianciulli heard that her eldest son, Giuseppe, was to join the Italian army in preparation for World War II. Giuseppe was her favorite child, and she was determined to protect him at all costs. She came to the conclusion that his safety required human sacrifices to Lucifer and a blood-oath of unending servitude to Him. She found her victims in three middle-aged women, all neighbors. Sources record that Contessa di Cianciulli was something of a fortune teller herself, and that these women all visited her for help.

The first of Contessa di Cianciulli's victims, Faustina Setti, was a lifelong spinster who had come to her for help in finding a husband. Contessa di Cianciulli told her of a suitable partner in Pola, but asked Setti to tell no one of the news. She also persuaded Setti to write letters and postcards to relatives and friends; these, to be mailed when Setti reached Pola, were merely to tell them that everything was fine.

On the day of her departure, Setti came to visit Contessa di Cianciulli one last time. Contessa di Cianciulli offered her a glass of drugged wine, then killed her with an axe, and dragged the body into a closet. There the contessa cut it into nine parts, gathering the blood into a basin.

In Contessa di Cianciulli's memoir (titled: *An Embittered Soul's Confessions*), the contessa describes what happened next in her official statement to Italian authorities with Interpol present:

"I threw the pieces into a pot, added seven kilos of caustic soda, which I had bought to make soap, and stirred the whole mixture until the pieces dissolved in a thick, dark mush that I poured into several buckets and emptied in a nearby septic tank. As for the blood in the basin, I waited until it had coagulated, dried it in the oven, ground it, and mixed it with flour, sugar, chocolate, milk, and eggs, as well as a bit of margarine, kneading all the ingredients together. I made lots of crunchy tea cakes and served them to the ladies who came to visit, though Giuseppe and I also ate them."

Some sources also record that Contessa di Cianciulli apparently received Setti's life savings, 30,000 lire, as payment for her services.

Francesca Soavi was the second victim; Contessa di Cianciulli claimed to have found her a job at a school for girls in Piacenza. Like Setti, Soavi was persuaded to write postcards to be sent to friends, this time from Correggio, detailing her plans. Also like Setti, Soavi came to visit with Contessa di Cianciulli before her departure; she, too, was given drugged wine and then killed with an axe. The murder occurred on September 5, 1940. Soavi's body was given the same treatment as Setti's, and Contessa di Cianciulli is said to have obtained 3,000 lire from her second victim.

Contessa di Cianciulli's final victim was Virginia Cacioppo, a former soprano said to have sung at La Scala. For her, Contessa di Cianciulli claimed to have found work as the secretary for a mysterious impresario in Florence. As with the other two women, she was instructed not to tell a single person where she was going. Virginia agreed and, on September 30, 1940, came for a last visit to Contessa di Cianciulli. The pattern to the murder was exactly the same as the first two.

According to Contessa di Cianciulli's statement to the police, again uncoerced:

"She ended up in the pot, like the other two, her flesh was fat and white, when it had melted I added a bottle of cologne, and after a long time on the boil I was able to make some most acceptable creamy soap. I gave bars to neighbours and acquaintances. The cakes, too, were better: that woman was really sweet."

From Cacioppo, Contessa di Cianciulli reportedly received 50,000 lire and assorted jewels.

Cacioppo's sister-in-law grew suspicious at her sudden disappearance, and had last seen her entering Contessa di Cianciulli's house. She reported her fears to the superintendent of police in Reggio Emilia, who opened an investigation and soon arrested Contessa di Cianciulli. Contessa di Cianciulli immediately confessed to the murders, providing detailed accounts of what she had done.

Contessa di Cianciulli was tried for murder in Reggio Emilia in 1946. She remained unrepentant, going so far as to correct the official account while on the stand:

In the last week of her trial at Reggio Emilia, Contessa di Cianciulli, in the self-appointed role of Poetess Leonarda, gripped the witness-stand rail with oddly delicate hands and calmly set the prosecutor right on certain details. Her deep-set dark eyes gleamed with a wild inner pride as she concluded:

"I gave the copper ladle, which I used to skim the fat off the kettles, to my country, which was so badly in need of metal during the last days of the war."

Contessa di Cianciulli was found guilty of her crimes. She was sentenced to three consecutive life sentences, with no chance for parole. Three years of her incarceration were spent in the women's criminal asylum in Pozzuoli on Earth and the remainder of her incarceration was spent in a women's Supermax prison on Mars.

Contessa di Cianciulli died of cerebral apoplexy during her confinement in Pozzuoli on October 15, 1970. Three days later she resurrected—vigorous, disease-free, and fifty-something. A knobb inexplicably on the leftside of her neck. Also a pentagram inexplicably craved deep into the palm of each hand—forming a scarification when healed that was hard, raised, and angry-red. Hands which from henceforth would klaw when idle.

To digress. Knobb. That creepy black mole—creepy, makes your skin crawl. A small, black, star-shaped "mole." The mole is Borg.

That type of mole on that location of the body is a Borg queen's affectation—rightside, drone; leftside, queen. Without Contessa di Cianciulli being Borg, let alone without her being one of their queens.

That type of scarification is well known in the realm of the occult as lipstick. Lipstik is goddess Kali's lurid trademark script. His symbol. Her script. Contessa di Cianciulli is in His service. The contessa doesn't worship Her.

Pentagram. Knobb. Lipstik. Three marks of great evil on the body of a woman who resurrected in three days.

A number of artifacts from the case, including the pot in which the victims were boiled, are on display at the Criminological Museum in Rome.

A darkly comic play *Contessa di Cianciulli, Love, and Magic in Mama's Kitchen*, was first produced by Lina Wertmuller at the Spoleto Festival in 1979. The play began a run on Broadway in 1983.

In spite of Contessa di Cianciulli's admission of guilt, overwhelming evidence to support that guilt, and Contessa di Cianciulli remaining steadfast that all of her statements to the police were freely given, none of them coerced. For entirety of her incarceration. On purely humanitarian grounds. Unsolicited, on her behalf, left-wing do-gooders tried to no avail to secure a pardon for her and thus gain for her an early release. They were able to get the contessa transferred to Pozzuoli

for treatment of what they saw as a mental illness afflicting her, but that proved to be a temporary stay. Their intentions were good, albeit naïve—they just couldn't accept the fact that Contessa di Cianiulli was evil, and that's why she murdered those three women, cannibalized them, and was so cavalier about the whole matter.

Rogue's Gallery

This is a Detective story starring Roger Smith. Roger Smith was one of the stars of “77 Sunset Strip” a popular 1960s TV series. John Rogue (Roger Smith) is in the private detective business, or as he calls it, “confidential human relations.” Rogue is rather down on his luck, so when a psychiatrist (Dennis Morgan) calls with a case, Rogue jumps on it. He’s hired to keep track of a rich, beautiful, and allegedly suicidal woman named Valerie York (Greta Baldwin). What seems like a simple assignment soon gets complicated, when his sleuthing attracts the attention of some violent thug types, and leads him to a strange, exclusive club for people w/ suicidal tendencies. Rogue discovers that something sinister is going on. Something that has to do w/ a pair of murders that were shown at the beginning of the movie. ROGUE’S GALLERY (1968) is a decent update of the old, hard-boiled detective films of the 40s, right down to the voice-over narration. It features mystery, thrills, and a host of familiar co-stars, including Farley Granger, Jackie Coogan, Brian Donlevy, Richard Arlen, Johnie Ray, and Edgar Bergen! Quite an enjoyable yarn.

Mondo surveys the contessa’s luxurious condo. It has a breathtaking view of the arch. She also notices an open door to the master bedroom. From her vantage point, she glimpses a junkie kit is setup on the top of the dresser. She fixates. Contessa di Cianciulli notices the object of the girl’s gaze.

The contessa grabs the girl’s hand and leads her into the bedroom. She sits the girl down on the bed.

“Please remove your coat, Miss Kane.”

Mondo complies. Contessa di Cianciulli garbs the girl’s jacket and tosses it on the floor. Lying beside the kit is a clear plastic bag. Inside of the bag is a bar of a fluorescent lime-green gel—the bar is the diameter of a quarter. It’s reanimation reagent in solid form. Junkies will cut off a section of the bar they call it a “stick”, heat it up till it liquefies in a large spoon, and inject it into a vein. In place of matches, Contessa di Cianciulli prefers to use a portable Bunsen burner for the heat source. There are two lengths of rubber tubing for tying off a limb. The contessa prefers to shoot up her left arm.

Contessa di Cianciulli removes her own jacket. Tossing it on top of Mondo’s. The contessa walks over to a closet and opens it. Inside is an old woman, dead. Tongue sticking out. Anguish paints her convulsed face. Vomit paints her mouth and cleavage. She’s been hung with a ladies’ necktie, her own. While still alive, she must have looked quite aristocratic, even at her advanced age. When she was young, she must have been quite beautiful. Mondo orgasms at the horrid sight of this lynching.

“I present you my predecessor, the late Contessa Leonarda di Contini. This used to be her condo. This used to be her life. No children. No siblings. An orphan—no relatives, close or otherwise. Husband deceased. An avowed spinster, since her beloved husband the count’s demise. Obscenely rich. She’d become a recluse, in her later years. Anyone who knew her well personally or remotely cared about her is long dead. She was one of my most ardent pen pals while I was in prison. I took her up on her offer to come by and visit once I got out of the slammer. She was one of those do-gooders who was going to reform me and save my soul. From her letters to me I learned all I needed to know about her. She was a perfect candidate for replacement. And. The cherry on the cake. She was always going to this or that rejuvenation spa, in search of the fountain of youth. As

far as the outside mortal world is concerned, looks to me like she finally found it. Now. It's your turn. Fill in the blanks. Show off to me how smart you really are. You're free to use deduction, common sense reasoning, simple observation, etc., to spin your yarn."

"Your names are close enough for you to not have to worry about slipping up forgetting hers as your alias. You fake being her back from a spa treatment that finally worked, which explains the difference in age and appearance. Although, comparing your faces and factoring in age adjustment, you do have the same, basic bone structure. A no surprise since you're both 100% Italian. You change all of her identification to yours that differs appreciably. The rest you just wing, so as to not raise any suspicions. With her having been very rich and very eccentric, no one will be the wiser to the switch. Because, as you aforementioned, anyone who would be the wiser is already dead."

Mondo notices that needy look in the contessa's eyes. The older woman is in need of a fix. Very soon, she'll need it quite badly and go rapidly from agitated to be quite feral indeed. By the contessa's way of thinking, every woman should have a great need an addiction in her life. This is hers.

"We'll dispose of the body by eating it, just like all my other human sacrifices to Him. But. First. We shoot up. It's time for my fix. A habit I acquired while incarcerated."

The contessa ties off her left arm, removes the rod from the bag, cuts off a stick, heats it up in the spoon, fills a glass hypodermic syringe with the now liquid concoction, and shoots it into a vein. She ties off Mondo's left arm with the spare rubber tubing, heats up another stick, and shoot up the girl.

Mondo removes her Doll Parts from her purse and lays it on the bed beside her. Then she removes her skirt and panties. Tossing them on the floor. She straps on her Doll Parts and begins to masturbate hand-jobs her penis, fingers her testicles, and finger fucks her vagina and anus. The juice (liquefied reagent) kicks in as she ejaculates. Juice, dildo, makeup toxins, all working in concert. Mondo goes into orbit—a masochist's junkie nirvana—total, absolute, mind-numbing pain and the resulting abyss-like oblivion of being completely awash in the anguish of The First Pain.

While Mondo is stretched out on the bed, high as a kite, fucking herself into oblivion. The contessa removes her own skirt, tosses it on top of the heap of discards on the floor. From her purse she removes her own customized Doll Parts and straps it on. High as a kite, junkie whore contessa joins the high as a kite, junkie whore Vampire on the bed. They fuck each other every which way and loose to boot—as nasty as it gets: in the pussy, up the ass, in the mouth, all positions, cunnilingus, fellatio, anilingus, sodomy, bondage, humiliation, degradation, discipline, you name it as well as there's not a name for it yet, etc. Unlike Aleister, the contessa is a sadomasochist just like Mondo, so there is so much more that the two girls can share than Aleister and Mondo ever could.

Sexykiller

Sexykiller (2008) At an exclusive university campus dead bodies begin to appear all over the place. The police haven't a clue to who is responsible for this large-scale butchery. Nobody suspects young, innocent looking Barbara, whose sole obsession seems to be keeping up with the latest fashion. Behind this trivial facade, however, is a deadly and ruthless serial killer. She is the perfect cross between Paris Hilton and Hannibal Lecter, the personality of a cannibalistic psychopath with a wardrobe to die for, because it always ends up soaked in the blood of her victims.

"My only regret is that I'll never get to fuck her. Although I have my doubts that she would have been a better lay than you."

Mondo is sitting on the bed, nonchalantly. The girl is cleaned up and dressed, and so is the contessa. The contessa is fiddling at the dresser with her back to the Vampire. She's pretending to breakdown her kit, and doing it badly—she's got Contessa di Cianciulli's memories on tap for what to do without the benefit of having Contessa di Cianciulli's muscle memory for a smooth execution of said task. She's pretending to not being stunned by Mondo's out-of-the-blue reveal, but body English says she's failing, miserably. But. Do or die, she keeps trying. Because. She's got heart.

"What gave me away?"

The contessa turns around, visibly tense. It's obvious that her audience has figured out that they've been had by her and is therefore in the know now about the con afoot being perpetrated by this so-called junkie spinster. Yet, the contessa clings to this charade of being the hopelessly addicted Contessa di Cianciulli. Maybe, she'll drop it altogether if she's explicitly called out.

That look in her eyes. The look of a junkie in anticipation of her next fix. That addiction round robin: either you need a fix or you just shot up and now there's that anticipation of your next high, either way, a junkie's eyes always tell the tale.

"Nothing. Absolutely, nothing."

In a bid to buy herself some time, the contessa decides to go for broke. She lays her cards on the table. Either the Lost girl takes the bait and parleys further, or the contessa gets eaten alive by the Lost one. Time is on the contessa's side. The longer they talk, the better it is for the contessa.

"Liar," the contessa playfully disagrees. There's nothing at all confrontational about the tone of her voice or the tenor of her utterance.

There's a pregnant pause.

"Okay. I confess. You got me." Mondo smiles, disarmingly. "You shouldn't have laid down with me so soon after you had swapped bodies with her."

"Nor should I have let you feed on me, for the same reason. I'd wager."

"Yep. The proximity of the time of transfer. I could still taste the switch. You also need to get better at bivouac. Your shooter should be in the dresser drawer, lick-a-dee-split, a fond memory until the next time you fix. It needs to be second nature, something you can do blindfolded, without having to think about what you're doing"

“What about the eyes, did I get them right?”

“Not completely. You’ve got the ‘I need a fix’ look down pat. Perfect. But. You need to work on your ‘just got my fix, soon I’ll be carving for the next one’ look. It seems a little too forced and there’s a little too much delay on affecting it. Nothing major, though. Plus. A few other minor things. Nothing that can’t be fixed with practice.”

The contessa walks over to the Vampire. Bends down. They French kiss. The contessa is a very good kisser. And, the girl is no slouch, either.

“She was my boon to Him. She dies, burns in Hell forever, and I get to take her place here in the world a better servant to Him in due course.”

“Sounds like a fair trade to me.” The contessa sits on the bed beside the girl. More elaborate kissing followed by heavy petting. “After all, she was going to replace you, you just beat her to the punch. Self-defense. Not cold-blooded murder.”

“Exactly.”

The old triple cross: Contessa di Contini pretending to be Contessa di Cianciulli pretending to be her. It’s brilliant. Contessa di Cianciulli came here intent to replace the Contessa di Contini. Contessa di Contini turned the tables on her, though. It’s the Contessa di Contini who’s replaced Contessa di Cianciulli. And, with the girl’s coach notes it will be, completely and utterly, undetectable by ordinary means.

“Of course you could always poison me, just like you did her. Curare, maybe? Something that would paralyze, but not kill outright. Something that doesn’t leave a trace, unless you know what to look for, and then you have to look extra carefully.”

“Hypothetically speaking?”

“Why, of course.”

“Alive, paralyzed, and helpless to prevent what you know is coming.”

“A most ignominious end, indeed.”

“I set her up. Wrote her letters tailor made to bait a hook she just could not resist. The hunter became the hunted.”

Suddenly, Mondo goes wide-eyed—that deer caught in the headlights look. The contessa visibly relaxes.

Finally, she succumbs, now I’m in control of the situation, the contessa thinks to herself,

Mondo’s body suddenly goes limp. Her mouth gaps open slackly and she begins drooling profusely. Her tongue lolls out of her mouth. The girl’s eyes roll back into her head as she falls backward onto the bed like a sack of potatoes. A brief spasm rakes her body, torquing the girl. Arms flailing. Legs kicking. She ends up sprawled, looking just like a ragdoll.

The Contessa di Contini’s mouth, lips, and tongue were coated with the very same poison that she used on Contessa di Cianciulli. A poison whose effects the Contessa di Contini is immune to through a deft use of cultured adaptation practiced over time.

Cultured adaptation, practiced over time? Take doses of a poison over a very long period of time, starting off with a minuscule amount. Increase the doses gradually. Eventually, either you'll develop a tolerance to the poison or you'll die horribly from the deadly toxin.

"As you have so obviously and correctly guessed, I'm a body jumper. This isn't the first time that I've jumped bodies, and it won't be that last, if I have anything to say about it. It's too bad I can only jump into a human body, because yours is one I most covet. You're a fantasy realized in the flesh. What a waste your destruction will be."

The contessa undresses the girl. Strips Mondo down till the girl is only wearing perls. Then she strips down likewise. Additionally, she straps on her Doll Parts. She traces her bare hands over Mondo's naked body covetously. Upon finishing said circumference she licks her fingertips.

"I prefer blue-bloods. Wearing them feels the very best, in my most humble opinion. Over the course of my unnaturally extended lifespan, I have trafficked many bodies, both male and female. Mind you. I like having a cock and balls, a lot. But. Don't get me wrong. First and foremost. I love being a woman, the very best. I've used, been used by, and worn, many dildos throughout the eons. Wearing Doll Parts, while I'm inhabiting a woman's body, is the closest I've ever felt to being a woman with a man's naughty bits—the best of both worlds, an uber she-male, the very best of what it is to being male for me while still being nothing less than the very best woman I can be."

The contessa spreads the girl's flawless lily-white legs with every intention of mounting her like a prized stallion, who's out to stud, would fuck a prized mare. Her prosthetic penis is sporting a massive erection. First, up the ass. Then, the pussy will get rammed. Lastly, her equestrian-sized hunk of manhood will get shoved into the girl's mouth and down the girl's throat. Somewhere in that abusive progression, she'll sit on the girl's face. All done in the most demeaning and degrading fashion.

Like her cohort Aleister Crowley, the over-sexed dominatrix Contessa di Contini is a sadist, but not a masochist. Therefore, she would never willingly assume or enjoy the role of a submissive.

As aforementioned, the over-sexed dominatrix Mondo being a sadomasochist, she can equally enjoy the role of dominant or submissive. Deriving equal pleasure from both degrading someone else and being degraded by someone else.

"An extra-judiciary killing is the killing of a person by governmental authorities without the sanction of any judicial proceeding or legal process. Extrajudicial punishments are mostly seen by humanity to be unethical, since they bypass the due process of the legal jurisdiction in which they occur. Extrajudicial killings often target leading political, trade union, dissident, religious, and social figures, and may be carried out by the state government or other state authorities like the armed forces or police. Would you not agree, contessa?"

Contessa is stopped in mid-down stroke. Mondo, or more accurately, an astral projection of Mondo is standing beside the bed. The projection is naked, except for perls, sternns, and Doll Parts, and it's wearing its hair in a most unbecoming sternka—heavily applied, harshest, most disfiguring makeup. The contessa turns her head to address the projection.

"Yes, I would agree, Miss Kane."

"Would you prefer that I was strapping my Doll Parts?"

"Yes. I would prefer that you always wore it while you're on duty in my service as my Friday."

“And heavily-applied, the harshest, most disfiguring makeup too?”

“Correct.”

“Sternns and sternka?”

“Correct.”

“If clothed, a WDR-2, then?”

“Correct.”

“Only speaking when I have to?”

“Correct.”

“I am always to be your total submissive, while on duty in service to you as your Girl Friday?”

“Correct.”

“Kaye or Koo version of WDR-2?”

“Koo, always.”

“Henceforth, I shoot you up, then I fix myself?”

“Correct.”

“My left arm looking like a pin cushion if I or you were the pull up my sleeve?”

“Correct.”

“Always, sober, while in the public eye?”

“Correct.”

“High as a kit in private, as much as etiquette allows and as much as we can get away with otherwise?”

“Correct.”

“While on duty in service as your Friday, sex between us will frequent, be done only in private, and will always be non-consensual via a date rape drug?”

“Correct. I prefer that I force myself upon you, without your prior consent or foreknowledge. Both of us intoxicated. Two drunk dykes fucking.”

“My strap-on and eyeglasses are in my purse.”

“I imagine your purse is booby-trapped also.”

“It is. But. You, contessa, are no booby. Although you do have them, boobies, that is.”

The girl’s doppelganger chuckles and disappears. Mondo is still sprawled on the bed, paralyzed, and completely helpless. The contessa removes the girl’s compact, Doll Parts, and sternns from the girl’s purse. More gestural magic from the contessa, this time causing Mondo’s hair to yank itself back into a sternka. Mondo’s compact heavily applies the harshest, most disfiguring makeup to her face, and then it purses itself. The contessa slips the girl’s sternns back on her face.

“I really carve you this way. We’re such the most bulldyke couple, with me looking like this all the time and you looking this way when you’re doing your WDR-2.”

The contessa ejaculates all over the girl's face. Literally. Paints the girl's face with jism. Then she goes back to what she about to do before she was so rudely interrupted. She dry bones the girl in the ass—no lubricant employed, whatsoever—chillingly reminiscent of the brutal rape scene from the *Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*. She can hear delicate anal tissue tear and shred as Mondo takes it involuntarily up the ass.

After anal avenue, she sits on the girl's face, shoves her sack in the girl's slack drooling mouth, and proceeds to bump and grind her crotch in the girl's face. After dismounting, she bitch slaps the girl repeatedly. Abuse, degradation, humiliation, a pattern repeated ad nauseam. With Mondo always on the receiving end.

Little Oral Annie

Eunice Dowd, the world-renowned artistic director for the world class Bolshoi Theatre. The forty-something Ms. Dowd, an American-born dancer of Russian descent, is also more infamously known as Little Oral Annie, former porn starlet. Other aliases she used through her time of porn stardom included dropping the “little” from her name to become just Oral Annie, Annie Owens, or Andrea Owens. She assumed the latter pseudonym when she starred in the XXX-rated feature film *Bolshoi Babylon*. The movie’s title became an unforeseen portent of how her life was to later turn decades after her adult film career was over.

As an adult film star, Ms. Dowd was well known not only for her amazing skills during oral sex, but also for her busty chest. It was at the end of the 1970s that she began to come to the attention of directors and she was scouted as the “new” Linda Lovelace, mainly due to her reputation for deepthroating (the act of putting the entire erect penis into the mouth while performing oral sex). Much like her contemporary, Seka, she appeared in many of the Swedish Erotica series of films “partnering” with other major adult performers who like Ms. Dowd herself were iconic at that time in the industry. Along with the mainstream pornography she is most known for, Ms. Dowd also appeared in a number of fetish films which included bondage (both dominant and submissive) and BDSM (punishment, including spanking).

The last adult film released that featured Ms. Dowd was *Screen Test 98* although this was re-used footage from her earlier performances. Her last industry performance was in *Nasty Nights* (released in 1989). Soon after which she returned to her native Russia, and resumed pursuing her first love, which was classical dance. Ultimately becoming the principal ballerina for the Bolshoi, until she retired from performing publicly on the stage to assume the position of artistic director. Ms. Dowd has been dancing since she was four-years-old.

Just as illustrious as her film career is the amount of adult magazines that Little Oral Annie has appeared in throughout her career, these appearances range from mid-1979 all the way to 1998 and include some of the biggest publications in the business. Notable appearances include those in *Score*, *Jiggs*, *High Society*, and *Cheri*. Many of these often focused on her renowned skills at fellatio and deepthroating, while others also featured her breasts. In total her magazine appearances add up to over 30, most of which being in *Cheri*, this is in comparison to her video appearances numbering just over 65.

Although it would be expected (due to her hardcore film career) that most of her magazine appearances would contain intercourse, this is in fact untrue. Many of the covers that she obtained focused solely on her and often contained articles and interviews with her that talked about her more hardcore exploits. Many magazines used her big breasts as a selling point while talking about deepthroating and hardcore sex in the article accompanying the photoshoot in order to keep niche fans happy. A number of the magazines that she modelled for covers with experienced a huge surge in sales when her issue went on sale, this may well have contributed to the large number of appearances she made for many of the same companies.

Due to her reputation for deepthroating, it was once rumored that before shoots Ms. Dowd would use almost a full tub of the lubricant Vaseline to prepare her mouth and throat for the performance. She has never commented on whether this is true or false.

Her most famous performances on video are listed by fans as her debut in the 1980 release, *Sex Boat*. After this she delighted audiences with high energy performances in films such as: *Little Oral Annie Takes Manhattan* and *Hard to Swallow* (which also featured the well-known male porn star Tom Byron).

Just like the contessa, she is also a long-lived. In her case, she always looks like she's in her early forties, regardless of her chronological age. Currently, Ms. Dowd is married to Sergei Yurevitch Filin who at the ripe old age of forty-nine is still one of the Bolshoi's principal male dancers and he just stepped down as its first soloist lead male dancer a year ago.

Ripe old age of forty-nine? Forty-nine is very old for a human dancer, without enhanced longevity. Especially when you're talking about being a classically-trained dancer, and a male dancer at that, let alone a ballet master, with the best ballet company in all of Creation.

As is the case with non-long-lived sportsmen, the curse of non-long-lived mundane dancers is their limited shelf life—12 good years if they are lucky. What do such dancers do when their careers on stage are beginning to wind down or end abruptly? If they are very lucky and very talented, they get to teach.

The force of nature known for his extravagance on and off stage, world-renowned Nikolai Tsiskaridze at age 39 has taken on the role of “pedagogue”—ballet master and tutor, leading the *corps de ballet* through the endless rehearsals and classes they must endure to maintain their poise and perfection of execution. Tsiskaridze is much loved in the studio, and nurtures a fiercely loyal coterie of admirers and acolytes, among them the revered and gifted Pavel Dmitrichenko and Pavel's extraordinarily-talented 17-year-old prodigy girlfriend, Angelina Vorontsova.

Hyperbole aside. The Bolshoi is truly in a Golden Age. It's experiencing a second renaissance. Anastasia Mesko, first soloist lead female dancer. Maria Alexandrova, one of the principal female dancers. Maria Allash, also a principal female dancer—performing, flawlessly, after a comeback from a full rupture of her Achilles tendon. Pavel Dmitrichenko, first soloist lead male dancer. Putin's designated general director, Vladimir Urin. Vladimir Putin and his Minister of Culture appointed the demanding Vladimir Urin, a veteran of Moscow's Stanislavsky Theatre, where he had worked with the perfectionist Ms. Dowd previously—and very easily.

Ms. Dowd is working late in her office at the Bolshoi. She spends more time at the theatre than she does in the outside world. The world of ballet is a world dedicated to the pursuit of absolute, physical perfection—beautiful looks and execution of dance, above all things, at any cost. It's a world that's conservative by nature—stern and severe in its posture.

Her makeup reflects the key elements of the ballet dancer. Heavily-applied. Stern. Severe. Harsh. Stilted. Yet. Most becoming. Beauty amplifying. Flawless. Flawless beauty—absolute beauty and its unrelenting pursuit and personification.

The brand of cosmetics that she wears is one that all the female dancers who are principals and soloists at the Bolshoi wear. It's a makeup line specific for female ballet dancers, but anyone can buy it. Originally designed in-house for the Bolshoi's immensely-talented first soloist Anastasia Mesko, the Bolshoi's Prima Ballerina. Its designers were retired Bolshoi Prima Ballerina Maya Mikhaylovna Plisetskaya and London Ballet Prima Ballerina in residence Margaret “Peggy” Hookham aka Margot Fonteyn. Although not part of the Bolshoi, Ms. Fonteyn input was on a consultant basis.

The most important ballerina in a company is known as the Prima Ballerina. And then there's the very special few who gain the ultimate title – that of a Prima Ballerina Assoluta. That means that a dancer is among the very best ballerinas to ever have struck an arabesque. Only 11 people have ever been given that title. Ms. Plisetskaya is number 9 on that very exclusive list. And Ms. Fonteyn is number 1.

Ms. Fonteyn, the English ballerina who changed her name for a more romantic-sounding one and in doing so won the admiration of the whole ballet world—Margaret “Peggy” Hookham became Margot Fonteyn. Has never left dancing; dancing with the same company her whole career and hitting ever-higher peaks. Even when many thought Ms. Fonteyn was due to retire, at 42, she surprised everyone by forming a new partnership with then 24-year-old Russian defector Rudolf Nureyev, and together they danced on until she was 60. They may have been the greatest partners the ballet world will ever see, and Margot Fonteyn the greatest Prima Ballerina Assoluta the world has ever seen.

“I need to speak with you.”

Ms. Dowd looks up from her papers, startled by the disembodied female voice. There's no one else in the office, but her.

“I'm sorry to be so obtuse, but, voices are problematic to trace, remote images are not.”

Therefore. Still, no matching body for the voice that's directing Ms. Dowd's attention. But, she recognizes the voice. It belongs to a member of the Bolshoi's board of trustees and one of the Bolshoi's most generous patrons, Ms. Ann “Coco” Miller.

“What can I do for you, Ms. Miller?”

“I need for you to get in touch with some friends of mine. Will you be so kind as to do this favor for me?”

“Why, of course.”

“Sorry about the inconvenience.”

“Think nothing of it.”

“I will give you their names, locations, and what you are to say to them. You must relay my discourse only to them word-for-word.”

“I understand, completely.”

“You must drop everything. And do this for me, without delay.”

“You have my undivided attention.”

“Excellent. Put nothing in writing. Discuss this meeting with no one.”

“Understood.”

“Now, we begin.”

The Wives of River Song – Part 1

Alexandra Elizabeth “Alex” Kingston, is a forty-something English actress of Russian descent, best known for her portrayal of River Song in the BBC science fiction series Doctor Who. Ms. Kingston guest-starred in the fourth series of the long-running science fiction television program Doctor Who in the two-part story “Silence in the Library”/“Forest of the Dead” as River Song. She reprised the role in several episodes of the series. Kingston says she thought her role was simply a one-off, but was delighted that she would be a returning character as she has now appeared in fifteen episodes and counting. Ms. Kingston returned as the character in the recent Christmas special, “The Husbands of River Song.” It was her first appearance alongside Peter Capaldi’s Twelfth Doctor, who took over the role three years ago.

Over the course of her long and illustrious career, The Great One has repeatedly demonstrated how nasty, mean, and inconsiderate of her opponent’s health she is. Even more chilling are her proclivities for bondage (both dominant and submissive) and BDSM (punishment, including spanking). The depths of degradation she will sink to as a submissive are mirrored by the levels of depravity she will plumb as a dominant.

Confirmation: In the words of Colonel Hans Landa, *that’s a bingo!*

A police report included handwritten notes from the interrogation of a Shenzhen businesswoman who claimed she’d slept with Yongxin and had been threatened by his disciples; one of them “told me he’d let me have a comfortable death,” she told the police. A social media user, posting under the same woman’s name, uploaded a photo of dirty underwear supposedly worn during a sexual encounter with Yongxin and claimed to have saved a condom used by the abbot. Letters bearing the official stamps of former Shaolin abbots said that Yongxin had been expelled from the temple—twice. The documents’ authenticity wasn’t confirmed, but those inclined to believe the charges saw in Yongxin a classic portrait: the outwardly pious religious leader exposed as a hypocrite, abusing his authority to commit sins of the flesh and the purse.

Superman vs. Krusher: The Canadian, Adonis Stevenson vs. The Russian, Sergey Kovalev would be great for boxing and give us a fully unified champion, which has not been seen in recent memory. It’s safe to assume the fight will take place in Canada and one can only hope it does sooner rather than later. Their styles are different, their technique and skillsets along with their monstrous power guarantees us fans fireworks. The politics of Boxing leaves doubt, but I say let’s push this fight to become a reality and witness a battle of the Titans! Superman vs. Krusher might be one for the ages if it doesn’t end early.

Boxing under the Queensberry rules has existed for over a century. Officially, as far as The Church is concerned, ROE has existed since the beginning of the Human Race and per God’s decree it exists to benefit the Human Race by containing “S.O.G.” Understandably, secular Humanist doctrine and creed differ with The Church’s unwavering position on ROE.

Officially, as far as secular extremists within the Humanist Movement are concerned. ROE predates the Human Race and it only incidentally benefits the Human Race. It is first, last, and only about etiquette between The Races, Beings, and Things of God's Creation, whether they be supernatural or mundane.

Unofficially, these two divergent mainstream philosophies are more in line with the much darker way that The Opposition Party views ROE. ROE exists for one reason and one reason only. It exists per God's decree to contain the Necessary Evil of God, an Evil inherent in all aspects of God's Creations.

Irrespective of all that prattle, ROE is ROE.

Into this esoteric discourse about ROE steps Professor River Song. Dark sunglasses, black beatnik attire, trench coat, shoulder-length curly hair, flesh-colored retro-style 1950s flip-flops, a little too much makeup. She looks like what she is, a monied tenured college professor. More to the point, an insular product of Ivy League academia.

Professor Song walks up to the front desk of the Mansion House and demands the attention of a desk clerk. When she doesn't get it—they're all busy and she refuses to wait. She creates such a commotion that in short order she gets the attention of the manager Hugo Love. Her antics should warrant her getting the attention of security, if not the police. But, Professor Song is somewhat of a local celebrity. So she gets a pass, instead. Hence, she gets to bend Hugo's ear, so to speak.

"I need to speak to Mondo Kane. She's upstairs visiting Contessa di Contini."

"Is the contessa expecting you?"

"How the hell should I know?!"

"I can't just let you up without her permission and she left a message with the desk to not be disturbed. My hands are tied."

"So much for manners and doing it the nice way." Professor Song pulls back the left sleeve of her overcoat exposing what looks like a very large wrist watch. In place of a watch face, there is a LCD display and a row of large multi-colored buttons. It's a 1970s-style wrist teleporter. "Fortunately, for me, my hands are not tied."

Seeing the device, Hugo smiles.

"That will not work inside the hotel."

"Poppycock."

Professor Song punches in the teleportation coordinates and hits the "submit" button, smiling like a mildly-annoyed Cheshire cat. Much to Hugo's amazement she disappears. She materializes outside the door to the contessa's condominium.

True Religion is a Society of God

T. R. S. O. G.—"True Religion is a Society of God. Exclusively human. Excluding the supernatural. Excluding Death, Herself. But. Most of all. Excluding The Being God. An organization created by and for those who are unequal. Where everyone knows their place and revels in their caste. Ours is the 'true church,' the only Church. A Church that is God, and therefore its followers have no need for The Being."

An excerpt from the inaugural speech of Pope Rose Marie Stephenson, sixth-appointed leader of The Eastern Orthodox Church, officially the Orthodox Catholic Church, also referred to as the Orthodox Church, Eastern Orthodoxy, Orthodoxy, The Second Church, and The Second. The Second is the second largest church in Creation, with an estimated 225–300 trillion adherents.

The Wives of River Song – Part 2

Fifty-Fifty: Too Young to be Middle Aged, The only way to approach middle age is with humor. Fifty-Fifty charts a year in the life of one woman's struggle with day to day routine. A relatively smooth existence alongside her pompous, overbearing husband Harvey and perfect only son Jason soon degenerates into a year of mayhem when she reconnects with her first love. The smooth talking Charlton Heston has taken over as Pudsley's new premier dentist and his snake like charms haven't lost any of the pull which they once held over her twenty years previously. Sally's increasingly bizarre behavior as a bored middle aged housewife is in stark contrast to the actions of the same young woman falling in love twenty five years earlier. Past and present diary entries paint a portrait of a woman torn between a carefree past and the humdrum present. Fifty-Fifty provides a hilarious account of one woman's attempt to deal with life at this most crucial milestone. Every day presents a new challenge and the reader wonders just where the year will end as the slippery python, Mr. Heston, starts to tighten his grip. The recorded annals of Sally's life incorporate boring routine in Pudsley, the iconic sleepy middle class English market town, a long remembered miscarriage in Brighton, family holidays in Italy and a trip to Uganda for her new multi-millionaire boss. Fifty-Fifty provides plenty of laughs but also a very astute insight into what awaits us all as we approach our very own midlife crises.

About the Author, Diana Wilkinson gained a degree in Geography from Durham University in the late seventies but went on to build up a successful tennis coaching business in North London for many years. A former Irish International player, Diana's main passion has been in the sport of tennis. It is only in recent years that she has taken up writing with a passion to match her love of tennis.

"This book is great! It is hilarious!" **Lisa Pinter**,

"Just finished and hope there is a sequel! A very clever plot line. It could be any of us that are 'too young to be middle aged.' I loved it and didn't want it to end." **Janet Keech**,

"I did enjoy my train journey to Leeds! I loved the short headings and comparisons to life in the eighties. What happens next??" **Jan Hopperton**,

"This made me laugh out loud!" **Sue Williams**,

"Superb. I really loved this book. Even though I've had a few glasses of wine I know when something is good." **Sadie Kent**.

And there she stands for all of her bravado. Trapped in a moment in time. Immobile, yet aware. Helpless to do anything about her predicament. Professor Song stands outside the front door to the contessa's condominium. Detained by one of the hotel's secondary protocols. If you were to somehow do what you should not be able to do and transport yourself here unapproved, then this is one of the protocols that's supposed to stop you dead in your tracks from proceeding further.

The door opens. It's Mondo. Not bespectacled and gravely spoken. Not filthy, infested, and totally stoned out of her gourd, either. Hot, stern, severe, and tart—100% Stratusfaction Guaranteed! She's clean and pristine, and sober, sporting an ACM—an Ann Coulter modified. The fetching Ann Coulter look. Therefore. With the becoming Ann Coulter hairdo. But, the harsh, heavily-applied, most-becoming makeup is Bolshoi, the same as Ms. Dowd's, the same as

Professor Song's. No Borg, whatsoever—e.g., no klaw and no knobb. No junkie whore, whatsoever—sober or otherwise. A two-legged flaxen-haired fantasy in her absolute physical prime. Physical perfection. Flawless uncompromising Nordic beauty, circa Hollywood of the 1950s. Carnage knows no gender. She's as deadly as she's covetous to behold. Thus. In this guise, the beautiful blue-eyed blonde is a dispassionate killer—the flipside of being a Sandman.

Mondo makes an arcane gesture with her hand which allows Professor Song to sync up with the here and now. Mondo steps aside and Professor Song enters. Before Mondo closes the front door, she pokes her head out and casually glances up and down the hallway, as if out of habit with no serious intent. But. Her recce is anything but casual. It's born of purposed second nature, not mindless habit.

Suddenly. She had had an ill feeling when she ushered Professor Song into the suite. She felt like something was wrong without knowing exactly what was wrong. Her gut instincts told her to take a peek-a-boo and look both ways, so she looked; her vision switching briefly from mundane to the demonic knowing that her women's intuition about such things had never proved to be baseless in the past. Her instincts were right on the money. She saw nothing untoward, but something was definitely amiss.

Down the hallway in both directions, soldiers in stealth power armor make their way toward the contessa's suite. They are heavily armed—viral-based electrochemical plasma rifles. Saying nothing, they communicate via hand gestures. No sound from their movements betray their advancement. They have mean intentions. Carnage is their malicious intent. They never get the chance to execute them. A Being intervenes.

Carnage knows no gender – Part 1

Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour, also known as Madame de Pompadour (29 December 1721 – 15 April 1764), was a member of the French court and was the official chief mistress of Louis XV from 1745 to her death. She took charge of the king's schedule and was a valued aide and advisor, despite her frail health and many political enemies. She secured titles of nobility for herself and her relatives, and built a network of clients and supporters. She was particularly careful not to alienate the Queen, Marie Leszczyńska. She was a major patron of architecture and decorative arts such as porcelain. She was a patron of the philosophes of the Enlightenment, including Voltaire. Hostile critics at the time generally tarred her as a malevolent political influence, but historians are more favorable, emphasizing her successes as a patron of the arts and a champion of French pride.

A mile beneath the Pentagon. An eighteenth-century French fireplace materializes in place of the main view screen at the front of the mission control room of the expeditionary force. Through the mirrored wall, into which the fireplace is set, steps Madame de Pompadour. She's wearing a jester's mask and the eighteenth century clothing of a French noblewoman of the court of Versailles. She giggles playfully and removes the mask. Her mood turns deadly serious. To everyone in the room she appears to be a humanoid female. To most of the people in the room, she's in the exact guise of actress Sophia Myles see the Doctor Who episode "The Girl in the Fireplace". A minority of the people see her as either a different ethnicity than the actress' or of indeterminate ethnicity—either way, looking like Ms. Myles.

"There are Rules. Rules are Rules. Not to be taken lightly. Not to be broken without the gravest consequences. Everyone and everything in Creation has a place. You are ignoring yours."

The woman pauses. She has the undivided attention of everyone in the room—from general to private. They had been very careful. They thought their forces had not left any trail that might have led back to their universe, whether or not the presence of their forces had been detected. They obviously were wrong.

"Our prime directive prevents us from standing idly by while you destroy yourself in this fashion. If they, the demons, discover that you have invaded their prime world, the universe of their origin, they will find you out and destroy all life in your universe. You're not protected, but, you're not fair game either. You're a tweener. As such, We must intervene on your behalf by beseeching you to not stay the course."

Another pause. Still no interruptions. Remotely, via CCTV, the President, the Joint Chiefs, The British Prime Minister, several senior White House staff members, and the most senior British Parliamentary aids, watch the mission control proceedings from a secure bunker five miles beneath Virginia.

"But. Human nature being what it is. Words are not enough to deter you. And. Our hands are tied to do anything too invasive. So. A demonstration is in order. That We can do. The rest is in your hands. Choose wisely from what you shall see. I will relocate the point of the spear to your Tac House Spartan in the UK. Your extraterrestrial task force being a joint operation with your British allies that trained at that Tac house. A Tac house, We might add, which is the newest addition to

the ever increasing number of Airsoft sites in the UK; run by passionate professional Airsofters for Airsofters.”

A disembodied male voice, with a proper British accent, speaks briefly: “Here at the Tac house we aim to provide the ultimate Airsoft experience for both new to the sport and experienced players. Our staff have over 50 years of experience in law enforcement and military combat, which we draw upon to create adrenaline fueled objective based scenarios. The only airsoft site which encourages team play with fast re-gens objective based games which require team work and skill to achieve. The venue provides traditional skirmish and Military simulation gaming but also will provide specialist training days for single players or already formed teams to build and hone their CQB skills.”

“We will relocate the female Vampire to the Tac house also. Besides the numbers game where your forces outnumber her. Your forces will have the additional advantage since they trained for their off-world mission at the Tac house and thus know it very well. The Vampire will not know it at all, therefore she will have to learn the lay of the land so to speak as she goes. As an additional handicap, I will pair the Vampire with the human female Professor Song from the contessa’s condo. You will be able to hear and watch everything through the main viewer. We will not allow you to interfere. And we will do our best to prevent either the Vampire or Professor Song from escaping captivity. It will be your forces against the Vampire and her companion to the death. There will be no rules. Anything goes. And. Remember: Carnage knows no gender.”

Madame de Pompadour and the mirrored fireplace disappear. In their place is the main viewer again.

In closing. Her disembodied voice says: “Additionally, I will be your Advocate in this matter, pleading your case on your behalf with Us. Hence the advantages and handicaps I have allocated for your benefit from Us.”

Halfway across the globe. Mondo and Professor Song materialize in the hedge maze of Tac House Spartan. Mondo looks up to an unfamiliar night sky. Lucy, the Vampire’s sentient phone, cannot get a fix on where they are. Lucy doesn’t have to tell Mondo that she and Professor Song are captive.

Professor Song decides to break the ice by asking the obvious.

“Where are we?”

A rhetorical question deserves a rhetorical answer.

“Where someone wants us to be. Now, back to old business. Then we’ll sort out this new business. What was it that you needed to tell me?”

“You’re assuming I came to speak to you rather than the contessa. That’s a bit cheeky of you to presume.”

“I’m waiting.”

“The queen has taken the bishop. Checkmate in two.”

“And here we are stuck in one of their messes, unable to extricate the bishop.”

“They?”

Again, Professor Song asks the self-evident. Although mundane, she's very astute about the supernatural. And, as such, she can put two and two together as well as Mondo can about whose supernatural goings are afoot. Savvy enough about the "who," but not the "what." She'll need Mondo to reveal the latter. And Professor Song has this very bad feeling that the reveal will be a gruesome one indeed.

"Higher Beings. Our supernatural version of your neutral Swiss. Only, they're not so neutral when it comes to their pet causes. Always meddling on behalf of ambitious tweeners."

"So. I'm guessing from that remark. Unknown tweener zip code."

"That would be my guess."

"Vicinity? Locale?"

"From the looks of it. We've been took to the hedge of a Tac house in the UK. Probably being remote viewed."

"To what end?"

"I'm sure we'll find out soon enough."

"You can do better than that."

Bluntly. Mondo shares her suspicions with Professor Song. If the girl is right, Professor Song's worst fears will be realized.

"See what I mean."

"To the death. No rules. And I'm your handicap."

"That's my professional opinion." Then, Mondo adds sarcastically: "Cheer up. Even an expert's educated guess can be wrong from time to time."

In film noir, she Mondo would be cast as the tall sinister statuesque blonde—the femme fatale—the villain—the evil-ass murderous bitch. This is the seductive woman that Professor Song is betting her wellbeing on. Because. She has no choice in the matter.

Mondo briefly turns her head at an odd angle, as if she's straining to listen to some nearby captured whispers—captured on the slight breeze that blows gently through the hedges. The clam before the storm?

The girl's hard face hardens even more as it reverts to the guise of the sober junkie whore's. Borg also returns with a vengeance—knobb and klaw when idle. Her hair yanks back up into a sternka, that most unbecoming hairdo. Not surprisingly, her makeup does not remain Bolshoi; it's replaced by makeup of the harshest, most parasitic persuasion. Her disfiguring sternns now hang around her neck via her DLC. ACM gives way to VDR-2.

Mondo looks Professor Song dead in the eyes. Ice cold gaze. Face expressionless. The combination of which chills Professor Song to the bone. It's begun. She doesn't have to be asked by the girl to move closer. Her women's intuition compels her to do so.

"Better?" Professor Song asks rhetorically.

"Better," Mondo answers rhetorically.

The two women are now almost close enough to kiss. All either one of them has to do is just lean forward a little bit.

There's a bright light, intense heat, and the hedge around them incinerates. It happens simultaneously, not serially. Borg shields envelope them during their bath in the plasma inferno. The Vampire's Borg shields. Mondo looks about, but she still can't see them, their attackers.

Instinctually, the girl knows that the threat is mundane. Cognitively, the girl knows the threat is not overdriven. Because. If it had been, as a natural defense mechanism, her body instinctually would have stopped being underdriven. That is. Overdriven for mundane equates to undriven for supernaturals. The Borg shields were a reflex action—miscellaneous, so to speak.

A Vampire, and thus by definition an apex predator, Mondo doesn't necessarily need to see her prey to kill it. And. Make no mistake about it. Even though the humans are the attackers, they are clearly her prey nonetheless.

Mondo's pistols load into her hands. She sprays the circumference with ordinance. After she stops firing and holsters her pistols, they discover two bodies nearby wearing rended power suits. The attackers had been in a standard pie-slice ambush pattern. With their armor rendered inoperable, the suited soldiers were rendered visible with the loss of their suits' stealth mode. One of the soldiers is dead—he was killed outright. The other one is still alive, but he's in a very bad way.

“Too bad I don't have the time to watch you die. It would have been so much fun,” Mondo laments to the dying soldier. “The saving grace is that I get to do you. Summary execution. You're not worth the price of wasting anymore bullets.”

VDR-2: stern, loathsome, and disdainful, superseded only by WDR-2 on the shrew scale. In other words, WDR-2 is the quintessential Ellen DeGeneres and VDR-2 is a very close second. Shrew edging out harpy. Needless to say, shrew either first or second place gets her wet. Now, onto something that gets her nethers a whole lot wetter.

The Lost girl removes what's left of his compromised helmet, steps on the man's head, and crushes his skull. Shades of the Indian Wars on her Earth. Not surprisingly, the girl orgasms while killing the man thusly.

“I hope at least one of them is a pretty, young girl—flawless and breathtakingly beautiful would be just the best, cherry on the cake, so to speak. I'd be envious of her prettiness and her unspoiled looks, and I'd disfigure her so she wouldn't be pretty and unspoiled anymore. No more covetous suitors for her. By default, they all have to come to me and pretend that I was the prettiest girl to behold onsite. I like to break the pretty ones.”

Mondo's lunatic diatribe gives Professor Song more than a little pause. She's glad to be older looking and much less attractive than the girl. The girl is speaking and acting as if she's a bitter old spinster who's been addled by her all-consuming hatred for, and envy of, beautiful, young women. A psychiatrist or psychologist would diagnose the girl as having an extreme form of body morphism colloquially known as “Harpy,” a psychiatric condition in which a beautiful, young woman is obsessed with the notion that she's an old, unattractive crone and attires herself in the spinsterish fashion of an old maid/biddy.

The girl's professed loathing for rival hotties makes no sense to Professor Song. The girl is not some old bag, unable to attract suitors. On the contrary. In spite of the girl's current guise which is

harpy and thus shrew at its second most loathsome and disdainful. Underneath it all, it's still very obvious to even the less discerning that the girl is young looking and breathtakingly beautiful, with a ripe body to covet at all costs.

Her guise's final transformation. The dispassionate killer has given way to the deranged, demented, degenerate killer—the darkest side of the moon called Sandman. The girl's rant is evidence of that.

Carnage knows no gender – Part 2

“WE’RE bad guys, that’s what we do,” justifies Margot Robbie’s pouting supervillianess character Harley Quinn at the end of the new Suicide Squad trailer, while alternately flashing her attention-getting rack and her pert derrière in a form-fitting business suit.

Much the same can be said of Mondo in vdr-2. A supervillianess with an attention-getting rack and pert derrière wrapped in a form-fitting business suit. Known to strike a pose while pouting with the intent to distract, attract, and ultimately to seduce. She’s not Wonder Woman. No goodness of heart. Just a total bitch, who is pure evil. An Amazon in stature. A ravenous Vampire in kind. The girl you definitely don’t take home to meet your parents, if you’re mundane.

“Word association?” Mondo asks, seemingly out of the blue.

“Okay.”

Mondo starts. Putting the ball in play, bluntly.

“You would be proud of me. I haven’t stabbed a bitch, today. Not even a single One.”

Here, the capitalization of “one,” is an obvious reference to a Higher Being who is female. This is Mondo’s not so cryptic way of saying that she’s knows that the gender of the person who brought her here is female and that person’s name is One.

“You can’t kill an idea. But. You can have so much fun trying.”

“I think you have the wrong number. Try again.”

“I’ve found out your problem.”

“Have you? Do tell.”

“You gameplay to the level of your opposition, just like Apocalypse used to do when he was posing as The Madame Holyfield. If your opposition brings it on hot and heavy, you answer in kind. But. If they take their foot off the gas, so do you. This gives your opponents and their fans a false sense of hope. Because. As soon as they turn it up, so do you. Tit for tat.”

“Don’t forget about my attention-getting rack and her pert derrière in a form-fitting business suit.”

“I haven’t.”

“Questions?”

“Something has changed?” Mondo can tell that Professor Song is about to ask the questions that would give away too much too soon. So. The main viewer back at mission control goes blank. Lucy’s doing at Mondo’s telepathic behest. “You can leave at any time, can’t you? And. Take me with you at will? All you needed to know was where you had been taken, and your Lucy has finally ciphered that.”

“Yes.” Mondo adds after a pause: “They’re Higher Beings. Not Highest. Therefore. Not highest advancement. Not us. Not God.”

“The ‘us’ you’re referring to are the darkest children of God like yourself?”

“Yes.”

“They’re not watching, now. Are they? They being the Higher Beings and ‘they’ being the indigenous humans as well.”

“Bull’s-eye.”

Mondo’s look becomes AVM. AVM is ACM as a VDR-2 variant. As such. Bolshoi makeup. But. Sternka. Sternns about her neck hanging from her DLC. Borg-esque creepiness, knobb and klaw when idle. Sober, junkie whore. In other words, the GOP’s perennial stalking horse and hate-monger meets the 1950s “Plan Nine from Outer Space” Vampira, with a liberal dose of wanton librarian thrown in for good measure. The deranged, demented, degenerate killer—the darkest side of the moon called Sandman—is gone. Nor is she back to being the cool, calculating, dispassionate killer, either. She’s clearly something in-between and not so cut-n-dry to define. The indeterminate killer.

The Vampire slips on her sternns and casually surveys her surroundings. She purses her lips, which can be interpreted in one of two ways. One is to pucker to kiss, but is more tensed—more angry or annoyed looking. The other is to thin your lips almost in a formidable line to show your displeasure. But. Neither would be the correct in this situation. This being the exception.

She purses her sternns and lets down her hair into an Ann Coulter. No other changes to her current guise. This is her new ACM. Her vision shifts to the demonic. Armed figures approach from all directions. But. Her vision, in the demonic, has not fully assimilated their stealth. Therefore she sees them as successive slightly out of focused “photos” as if viewed though a camera’s deliberate shutter effect.

The main viewer back at mission control goes live again. Lucy’s doing at Mondo’s telepathic behest. The Higher Beings can now also see what’s going on again.

Besides the aforementioned stealth, the soldiers are also employing the same type of defensive shield commonly referred to on Mondo’s world as simply a shield and sometimes as a Holtzmann shield.

This protective energy field is arguably as effective as the much vaulted Borg Shield, minus the latter’s constant danger of Borg assimilation from wearing it. It looks like Mondo is about to have a confrontation which will put that parity to the ultimate field test.

A Holtzmann shield can surround a person wearing it, or a large building, or even a small city. Each of the advancing soldiers has a personal shield generator, known commonly as a Pentashield, built into their power suit. The shield generators they are using are employing rotating frequencies and masked signatures. A very advanced usage of such tech, indeed. Easily on par with any flavor of force field usage in Mondo’s universe.

The opposition stops advancing. Their rifles kept pointed at Mondo and Professor Song. They are not as close as the first two soldiers were when taken down after having sprung their abortive ambush. Assumption: if they come any closer, Mondo’s shield usage will cancel out theirs—it would be as if they weren’t shielded. None of which makes any sense, because they’re clearly using Holtzmann shields. And. Borg shields can’t simply cancel out Holtzmann shields, no matter the usage.

Carnage knows no gender – Part 3

The Town'n Country grocery in Oriental, North Carolina, a local fixture for 44 years, closed its doors in October after a Wal-Mart store opened for business. Now, three months later—and less than two years after Wal-Mart arrived—the retail giant is pulling up stakes, leaving the community with no grocery store and no pharmacy.

Though mom-and-pop stores have steadily disappeared across the American landscape over the past three decades as the mega chain methodically expanded, there was at least always a Wal-Mart left behind to replace them. Now the Wal-Marts are disappearing, too.

“I was devastated when I found out. We had a pharmacy and a perfectly satisfactory grocery store. Maybe Wal-Mart sold apples for a nickel less,” said Barb Venturi, mayor pro tem for Oriental township, with a population of about 600. “If you take into account what no longer having a grocery store does to property values here, it is a significant impact for us.”

Oriental is hardly alone. Wal-Mart Stores Inc. said on Jan. 15 it would be closing all 102 of its smaller Express stores, many in isolated towns, to focus on its supercenters and mid-sized Neighborhood Markets. The move, which will begin by the end of the month, was a relatively quick about-face. As recently as two years ago, Wal-Mart was touting the solid performance of its smaller stores and announced plans to open an additional 90.

Force fields are armor nonetheless. And. Her ballistics are anti-armor rounds, both bullets and grenades. A Holtzmann shield is a force bubble, analogous to a semi-permeable membrane—it's adaptive. Borg shields are overlapping force plates, in constant motion—assimilative like all Borg tech. Either way, a shielded combatant is, in effect, a tank.

I'm gaming them. And they're taking advantage of their predicament by using me for weapons testing. Gauging the capabilities of their homegrown weapons systems against a very formidable foe. This is chess, not checkers.

Mondo thinks to herself. A notion based on nothing concrete. Just a hunch. The proof turns out to be telepathic, but no less tangible.

“That's my girl. I knew you'd figure it out sooner than later. The other girls bet against me. That'll teach them.”

The “voice” in her head belongs to Coco, and a faint presence that's not Coco's.

This is a task?

“Which is why We allowed Them to snatch you. It's a very Machiavellian, when you get down to it. Plans within plans within plans. Ad infinitum. Just another day in the life of a Girl Friday. Has Professor Song had a chance to tell you about my predicament?”

Yes. The Pope is holding you against your will, and I'm to extricate you.

“At all costs. So. Finish playing with your toys, I need your presence back home posthaste.”

She'll know I'm coming?

“Why, of course. She's been listening in no doubt.”

The voice is gone. And with it, the presence in her head has also taken flight. No longer distracted, she notices that one of the soldiers is shouldering what looks suspiciously like a cross between a PDK and a bazooka. Modern anti-tank missiles such as AGM-114R, Spike, Javelin, and TOW provide U.S. armed forces with the capability to stop a heavily armored tank in its tracks. Army-technology.com lists some of the best modern anti-tank missiles currently available, based on precision strike capability and deplorability.

The soldier who's aiming the shoulder-fire missile wasn't there before the telepathic interlude which captivated her attention exclusively. This foe is clearly visible, employing no stealth whatsoever.

Too bad. So. Sad. This would have been fun.

Mondo gestures with both hands. Very old, very intricate, very arcane gestures. Very old magic. Professor Song is teleported back to the contessa's condo. Mondo smiles broadly. An unhealthy, toothy grin. She's hungry and they, the soldiers, are food. ACM gives way to AVM. She slips on her sternns. She can feel herself get moist between the legs. The very thought of the genocide she's about to commit is what's getting her so wet.

More gestures. Time stands still for everything and everyone on the grounds of Tac House Spartan, with one notable exception.

Now it's Lucy's turn to do its bit. In the course of finding the way home, it discovered the portal that One and her kind constructed to get about in this world. The same portal was used by those same Higher Beings to snatch Mondo and Professor Song here.

The Vampire steps through the main viewer into mission control. Something small, malicious, and alive jumps out of her coat pocket and leaps back through the viewer. It is a sentient machine with a singular, destructive purpose.

Exploiting the portal. One, posing as Madame de Pompadour, and looking like Sophia Myles, materializes in Mondo's way.

"You can't do this."

"You wanted to teach them a lesson. I'm teaching them one they won't soon forget. They are welcome as tourists. Everybody is. But. Make no mistake about it. They aren't advanced enough to even remotely entertain the notion of being our invaders. Too audacious."

"They chanced on an interdimensional porosity and made the colossal mistake of letting their reach exceed their grasp."

Mondo snaps her fingers. In the viewer there's a very bright light, the product of a nuclear explosion. Tac House Spartan, along with the nearby Village of Tully, ceases to exist. As such, that portion of England, albeit nothing sizeable, becomes inhabitable for humans for at least a thousand years. As if waiting in the shadows to pounce on this windfall. Something sinister and unworldly, takes up residence to fill that radioactive void, almost immediately.

"We are eaters of worlds. Behold an insignificant example of our handiwork. You have been warned. Choose more carefully, next time, who you decide to bully."

Done in an offhanded fashion, to be sure. But. This is the only time, during her conversation with One, that Mondo acknowledges the existence of the humans in the room. Although her remark is

directed at the mundane, her gaze never leaves One. Again that toothy grin of hers. A smile meant to be menacing.

One steps back. She starts to make some gestures with her hands, but thinks better of it. And stops in mid invocation.

“Shall I take us back home, mistress?”

Please do, Lucy.

No more arcane hand gestures from Mondo. Again exploiting the Highers’ portal. What happens next is more of Lucy’s doing. The Vampires fades from view. Materializing back in the contessa’s condo.

Carnage knows no gender – Part 4, Golem

Her name is Golem. She had another name, once. But. That was a very long time ago. Back when she was “ordinary.” Back when she had a normal life. A happy life as a good wife with a beloved husband and children; a family who loved her so very much. Suburbia. The proverbial white picket fence. The whole “live happily ever after,” jaunty brio shebang.

The antithesis of brimming with jaunty brio. The bald Golem is wearing a filthy, parasite-infested, diseased, and dead Kaye that reeks of spoiled meat. The suit coat’s left sleeve is shredded almost up to the shoulder. Underneath the deceased business suit, she’s wearing a hand-bra and Doll Parts. No part of Golem’s skin is clean. Patches of her skin are so dirty, so ingrained with filth, that they are shiny black in color. Things have attached themselves to her skin. Things are growing on her skin. Clamped onto the back of her head is what looks like a large star fish. That is her Precious.

A lot of Golem’s hand-bra, greasy chest, and cleavage are advertised by a tattered suit coat that has a plunging neckline when buttoned.

The hand-bra is made from the mismatched severed hands of two plus-sized models who were once coveted by the brassiere’s original owner, the infamous transgender spree killer Caitlyn Jenner. They’re the ultimate in cannibal pasties: that step beyond the gut-wrenching insanity that is The Ghosts of Mars.

The bra’s left pasty came from Nia Jaxx. The other one came from Christen Clarke. Both models were repulsed by Caitlyn and her unsolicited romantic advances. Caitlyn’s response to their rejections was a slow, agonizing death and the premortem amputation of a hand.

The cannibal brassiere milks Golem’s sagging pendulous tits, squeezing them as if they were the swollen milk-laden udders of a dairy cow. Rotting, severed hands which have been disfigured to have long dirty ragged fingernails, hairy warts, and moles. Fingernails that match her own long ragged toenails.

Although the Doll Parts are not fused to her filthy parasite-infested body. By wearing the device, in effect that part of the geriatric’s body is prosthetic just like her boney hands which are gloved with prudz.

Along the length of her spine, what looks like a biomechanical contraption is anchored into her spine, bursting through the back of her tattered suit coat. It’s not a biomechanical device. It’s a Schlag.

All of it. The gamey Doll Parts, threadbare prudz, decrepit Kaye, cadaverous hand-bra, and parasitic Schlag are what Mondo wears while intoxicated on one of her narcotic binges. They’re Mondo’s junkie harlot getup. And. Somehow. Golem has gotten hold of them. And this is not the first time that she has done so.

Unbeknownst to Mondo, when she’s not around, Golem has been “borrowing” her stuff.

It happens every day. You’re a young, single White female. A real, honesty-to-goodness hottie. You leave a party, late at night, more than a little tipsy. In point of fact, you’re three sheets to the wind—you’re drunk. A misstep or two or three or four or five or six or seven. Who’s counting,

anyways? Plus. A few more wrong turns. You stagger into an alley, dropping the half-empty champagne bottle from which you are taking very unladylike swigs. You come upon a sight in that alley so horrific that it almost shocks you sober.

There's an open manhole. Its heavy metal lid pushed aside on the cobblestones of the alley. The ravaged carcass of a young, once-beautiful, white girl, Cindy Crawford. Ms. Crawford has been missing for two weeks. Grasping the wrists, Gollem drags the supermodel's corpse out of the manhole. She is disposing of her latest used, and is now in need of a replacement. Whether male or female, ordinary humans never last long.

Gollem looks up and makes eye contact with NFL cheerleader Alexa Bliss. Hers are the bloodshot eyes of a feral animal. A wild, mindless beast. Her eyes begin to glow. A mesmerizing lime-green fluorescence which paralyzes Alexa.

The twenty-something flaxen-haired beauty cannot move. She can't scream for help. Instinctively she knows that something very bad is about to happen to her. And. There's nothing she can do about it.

Gollem snarls. She makes loud clicking sounds. Her teeth are so filthy, they look rotten. Gums receded, baring more teeth, making them look even longer and more menacing. Teeth sharpened to points. A long tongue that's been split halfway down the middle so that it's now forked. The mortal version of a razorblade smile. Her long, facile tongue is so filthy it's black. It's as if she's had a stroke and because of the resulting facial paralysis her tongue had hung out of her mouth so long that it had dried out and turned black.

One word describes Gollem. Yuck!

But. It's a "yuck" that perverts of Mondo's ilk covet most dearly.

Очень красивый парик – Very Nice Wig

Gollem revisited—as evidenced by her “extra” appendages, somewhere along the way, she assimilated a Dagon. Physically, Dagon are akin to a multi-pedal version of The Hidden—octopus tentacles from the waist down. Tentacles, covered in suckers, which end in rattlers akin to a rattlesnake’s. Eight such tentacles wrap her midriff when not in use. Four sprout from the leftside of her torso and four sprout from the rightside of her torso.

Sentient. Not a creature of pure instinct. Deranged. Demented. Completely insane. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of her mouth. Normally, she uses speech as a lure for prey. During a full moon, she will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

No personal hygiene whatsoever. All that matters to her is getting that next fix and procuring that next used in worship of her Precious.

An incurable unrepentant drug addict, with an insatiable “need” that’s temporarily quenched by the liquid damnation which comes out of a needle. Addiction is a way of life, for her; a life-destroying obsession that started off innocently enough as a recreational pastime she indulged from time to time.

Skinny. But not skinny to the point of looking emaciated. Not a walking bag of loose wrinkled skin and bones. Ravenous. Varicose-veined legs. Age wise: looks to be a septuagenarian.

Her tongue will morph into a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp’s, when it the tongue needs to feed. Fetid, wormy breath.

Floppy pendulous breasts with hideous stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Tits that will hang down to her waist when they’re not clutched and held up by her hand-bra.

A vile, reeking crotch. Her nether regions—crotch and Doll Parts—have a strong, gamey odor and sour degusting taste.

Hands that are horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws—clawed hands. Her long, dirty, ragged fingernails stick thorough the fingertips of her prudz.

Bereft of all vestige of mainstream physical attractiveness. Disfigured by insanity, her face is a hideous parody of what it looked like when she was an ordinary human female. Back then, before she became Gollem, she had been a very successful and very attractive Sears Roebuck catalogue model; staying in modeling on a semiretired basis after she got married.

Mondo bids the contessa and Professor Song adieu as she exits the contessa’s condo. The hallway is empty, except for a maid making morning rounds.

No sternka. Sternns, those disfiguring coke bottle eyeglasses, hang around her neck from her DLC. Bolshoi makeup. But, her current guise is not quite ACM.

She’s sporting a full bang wave, a ruskie, in place of an Ann Coulter—not a curly perm, a body wave perm with full bangs, follicular sauerkraut with just the barest hint of the deranged and demented. As such, China Doll bangs, a full uneven cut somewhat thatched, and long shoulder-draping tresses with just the barest hint of a wave. Think: Stevie Nicks in her absolute physical prime as the lead singer with Fleetwood Mac.

This guise is Bolshoi, the same one that's been popular with a certain segment of Russian women for decades. It was Stalin's favorite look for a woman. All of his wives and mistresses sported it—he was married seven times and had thirteen mistresses during the course of his lifetime.

The rest of her getup is her usual. Perls. Prudz. Black push-up conical bra, Koo, flesh-colored thong, and Careys. Phone, purse, and universal clipped to the waistband of her skirt underneath her jacket. Koo Stark, that form-fitting business suit; mid-thigh length pencil skirt, a miniskirt, and its suit coat has a plunging neckline when buttoned—derogatorily known as a female stripper's business suit.

Severe and stiff-backed. Stern. Strident. Aloof, haughty, and seemingly unattainable—"Kneel down, and. Worship me, now!!!" An uber dominatrix, with an insatiable "need" that's temporarily quenched by the liquid damnation which comes out of a needle. Time and time again, she proven that she's a selectable drug addict. Therefore, she's able to turn her addictive behavior on and off as need be. Addiction is a hobby, for her; not a self-destructive obsession.

Borg-esque creepiness, knobb and klaw when idle. Sober, junkie whore. In other words, the GOP's perennial stalking horse and hate-monger meets the 1950s "Plan Nine from Outer Space" Vampira, with a liberal dose of wanton librarian thrown in for good measure.

The deranged, demented, degenerate killer—the darkest side of the moon called Sandman—is still gone. Nor is she back to being the cool, calculating, dispassionate killer, either. She's clearly something in-between, but, this time, it's cut-n-dry to define. She's the murderous niche bureaucrat. An ace-ducey private secretary and first-class personal assistant, who can be called upon to assume the role Sandman or assassin in a pinch. In other words, in modern parlance, an elite's Girl Friday with a Russian-Borg twist, whether the Girl's employer, the lady of means in question, is supernatural or mundane.

She walks by a wall mirror and is stopped dead in her tracks by her reflection. Mondo studies herself and changes her mind about the ruskie. The Russian-Borg twist becomes just a Borg twist as her hair goes from a full body wave with bangs a ruskie to straight hair no bangs an Ann Coulter, and then yanks itself back up into a sternka. She slips on her sternns: AVM gives way to AWM the WDR-02 variant of ACM.

Unbecoming hairdo. Disfiguring thick-lensed glasses. And, she's still making wood for the girl watchers with that frumpy look of hers. So, for added effect, she goes to her goto. Her Tuppence, so to speak—Prudence "Tuppence" Beresford, Agatha Christie's most famous fictional detective. Mondo's sternka lets down into an Ann Coulter; she removes her sternns and purses them.

Still. Her guise is not quite ACM. Because, with this latest iteration of The Look: knobb, klaw when idle, sober junkie whore. Tuppence is whimsy, couture, and escapism juxtaposing depravity, dark half-robot Borg, and a bohemian edginess just below the surface. Mondo admires herself in the mirror and smiles. She thinks: *So, for now, Tuppence it is.*

"Time to kick ass and chew bubblegum. Ooops. I'm all out of bubblegum."

In a Machiavellian world of political intrigue, the honesty and directness of this homicidal Girl Friday is a breath of fresh air; beguiling yet scary at times. As beguiling of her current look. As scary as the dark Borg-esque of said look.

A long time ago, this callus insensitive girl was a legbreaker for local mobster Fats Waller. She was in the hurt business, and she was just a teenage mortal back then. As of late, as Coco's Girl

Friday, she's been in the secretarial business. For the time being, she's also back to doing what she does best. Cool, clinical, and vicious, murderous by trade, with a blank check from the powers-that-be to do whatever she deems necessary.

"Maybe it's time for us again, mistress," her readers telepathically whisper to her.

The readers she normally keeps pursed, these days. It's been a coon's age since she wore them.

The rimless reading eyeglasses have wire frames that hook behind the ears. Fashionable ultra-thin polycarbonate lenses. These schoolmarmish readers Kazuo Kawasaki 704 eyeglasses, to be precise are authentic 1950s era spectacles, the style favored by Sarah Palin, and they're legit librarian eyewear to boot.

Unlike factory palins, these rimless reading eyeglasses are hand built, based upon Kum instead of Borg technology; as such the lenses only do clear no opaque or provocative rose tint. Too bad, because rose colored glasses with her blue eyes is such a yummy combination.

Like her sternns, her palins are spinster spectacles which are paradoxically flattering and unflattering: They say, "Sexually repressed, stay back" and "Come hither, fast!" Some call them "old maids." Most others, including librarians, simply call them readers.

She uses sternns and palins, in that order of preference, strictly for disfigurement. Of course, when she's bereft of their disfigurement, she craves their disfigurement. Hence the constant, unending flip flop between wearing eyeglasses and not wearing eyeglasses.

In other words. Whether her hair is up or down. Whenever she's not sporting sternns or readers. She as a frumpy, loathsome, fascist prude with glasses, is always just around the corner.

Robotic: regardless of "the look," there is always something vaguely robotic about her walk, speech, and mannerisms that easily pass for dominatrix and it can just as easily be taken for Borg. Very subtle, but it is there. In mainstream parlance it's called: being very proper. In a word: stiff-backed.

Regardless of the cultural context. Stiff-backed for a woman whether she is beautiful or ugly, attractive or unattractive always translates as the aforementioned haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable. In a word: severe.

Severity as it applies to a woman whether she is beautiful or ugly, attractive or unattractive further translates as strident. Strident, nevertheless, sexy, and a compulsion a feeling of "I **MUST** have her!". Think: the fictional Borg drone Seven-of-Nine from Star Trek Voyager, who the Borg Queen coveted so much to the point of lesbian obsession.

Last, but not least, she slips on her hand-built palins. As usual, the addition of eyeglasses bestows a look that is both a turn on and a turn off. And. Just like that. Tuppence has given way to SCP. Her version of The Sarah Palin.

Spinster hot and spinster nuts. Double shrew. Still. A walking orgasm, nonetheless. She's easily recognizable as a librarian of Borg derivation.

For Mondo, the palins represent something else. That something else is change. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

And yet. She purses the palins and lets her hair down, without a second thought. SCP gives way to SAP. SAP is the proper couture nomenclature for her Tuppence. Just like SCP is the proper

couture nomenclature for her Sarah Palin. There are other colloquial names for SCP and SAP, but these are their proper ones.

Sporting SAP, she most definitely is a walking orgasm.

Bitch Goddesses Exotique and Kane Fetter—Part 1

Murder at The Dakota—the perfect setting for an old-fashioned, arcane, “dead body in a locked room” whodunit.

Where? In the hallway on the floor of the contessa’s condo that Mondo has just exited. Who else? He’s standing patiently by the elevator at the end of the hallway.

The last time she saw Heinz Schumann, he was dressed in the uniform of a Senior Sergeant with the SS and he was employed as the butler of Baroness von Carmen. Then, as now, he’s a Daemon who’s pretending. As such, he resembles Ted Cassidy, the actor who portrayed Lurch the colossal butler of Gomez and Morticia Addams in the Addams Family television show.

Today, he’s not so provocatively dressed. Attired smartly in the next level of men’s couture. All seven-foot-plus of him. Schumann is wearing Brooks Brothers, from head to toe. In muted earth tones, except for his shirt and the bold splash that is his silk necktie.

Tweed three-piece suit. White cotton Oxford shirt that’s been starched to within an inch of its life; long-sleeve, of course. Wing-tip shoes, with the thick rubber soles and heels that police detectives favor. Wool shocks. Tidy whities—white cotton underwear: t-shirt and jockey shorts. Being expensive modern “functional” attire of this world, everything fits him perfectly, is sentient, and is self-cleaning thanks to a hygiene mode.

Schumann clicks his heels together and extends his hand. Mondo shakes it. The exchange of that “Heil Hitler!” salute of the Fourth Reich is implied.

The Fourth Reich is the post-Hitler Nazi Party. The Third Reich was the Hitler led Nazi Party. The Party was founded by the god Hitler over a thousand years ago.

“And how is fraulein doing today?”

He has a thick German accent, which he proudly cultivates.

“Fine.”

“Baroness von Carmen sends her regards.”

“That’s very White of her.”

“How else could a good Nazi be?”

“No other way imaginable.”

When she came around the bend sporting SCP—hair yanked back up into a sternka, the further disfigurement of her palins—and first laid eyes on him, she intuitively knew what was bothering him about her appearance. It’s an annoyance that he was making no secret about. His body language figuratively screamed it out. She acquiesced to his unspoken demands, posthaste. He is, after all, her elder. Hence her short-lived SCP.

Her Gestapo-esque SAP warms the cockles of his heart. Schumann gets hard, threatens a full-blown erection, but somehow he restrains himself from such an inappropriate display in public. His jockey shorts cleans itself and him of his seeping jism. Needless to say, he’s hung, and would be the envy of any horse.

He's so distracted by her that, completely out of context, he brings up his obsession with her in the middle of the conversation.

"Much better. So, much better. Now, you look like how a proper German girl should look. This reminds me of my fantasies of you as an interrogator with the Gestapo. Your dead-straight hair let down, not wearing glasses. Blonde, blue-eyed. My Borg ice princess. In my fantasies, you also wear those long Borg gloves, not the prudz you now wear."

Herr Schumann's not so subtle reference to her pursed Borg skinz is not lost on the girl. He's shifted into righteous pervy mode.

"Shall we go, Herr Schumann?"

"Yes. We go."

Just like Mondo is a fixer—a Grimm Reaper for the SLMPD (Saint Louis Metropolitan Police Department) and the Church. Schumann has a similar adjunct connection with federal law enforcement. He is a Traveler for the Department of Homeland Security and works closely with Homeland's FPS (Federal Protective Service).

A Traveler can go anywhere in Creation. Nothing short of the strongest wards and warrants, created by the oldest and most powerful supernatural beings or the greatest magicians, can prevent a Traveler from traveling to a destination. What Travelers do is not teleportation, per se. It's not folding space, either. It is an arcane without a name, which allows Daemon and only Daemon can perform this arcane to go instantaneously from place to place. Implicit in the travel is that a Traveler can remote view where they intend on going to before they go there—a sneak peek. But, unlike other forms of remote viewing, where if you have powerful enough magic at your disposal you can trick the viewer into seeing one thing while something else quite different awaits to greet confront them upon their arrival at the remotely viewed destination. Their form of remote viewing cannot be tricked so easily by the arcane. If they can go to a place, they can see the absolute unfiltered non-magical truth of that place. Making the masking of traps using magic impossible. But, "ordinary" means of deception can be employed and effective traps can be set. You just have to be crafty about it.

Needless to say. In the United States, the constitutionality of the use of Travelers by the federal government is currently being challenged in the Supreme Court. The case was brought to the highest court's attention by the ACLU. In theory and in practice, Travelers are the ultimate embodiment of invasion of privacy.

Before they leave, Mondo placates Herr Schumann's glove fetish. An unintended side effect is that her conciliation prize stokes the fires of his perversion to a fever pitch.

SAP mandates gloves. The choice of gloves is the wearer's. She trades in her prudz for cuffed black latex opera gloves, her foreskinz. Her prudz get pursed. Her skinz slither out of her purse and glove her. From fingertips to armpits. A second skin fit. Extending themselves underneath the sleeves of her coat. The gloves encase her upper limbs, in effect, rendering them prosthetic. These days she seldom wears these Borg abominations. This switch pleases him so much that it finally sends him over the edge, which is apparent by the bulge in his pants which he quickly suppresses.

Her foreskinz look different. They're more elaborate than you'd expect of gloves of the Borg persuasion. More runes, profane ones; profane runes have overwritten some of the original Borg runes. They're creepy looking. Hideous. Disfigurement. They're obscene!

Pitch black and covered in Borg runes. Form fitting. Assimilative. Cast with fingernails and varicose veins. They look like creepy, shoulder-high, black rubber opera gloves. They look like ornate, creepy skinz; ornamented and creepied-out by the Borg Queen herself. They are, in fact, skinz.

Gloves that feel like flesh. Gloves with that second skin fit. Gloves that are, in fact, rubber. Living rubber gloves that look like rubber and feel like flesh: Borg body armor. Borg technology!

These skintight gloves are obscene; even the sleaziest pornographer would feel dirty while gazing upon them, let alone touching them. They're the ultimate masturbator, bar none.

Longitudinal and latitudinal suture "scars" are molded into each glove. The scars would look right at home on Dr. Frankenstein's Monster. Shades of lipstick, that jagged scarification that is goddess Kali's trademark script.

These raised, crosshatched scars give the illusion that the gloves have been pieced together just like The Monster. Shades of the crudely stitched together cannibal skins that are worn by Kali's Belongings. The gloves are in fact one piece!

But. With all this exacting detail. There's glaring omission, too. No Singha's Talons. No razor claws, whatsoever. A pair of razor claws is not retracted into each glove.

He pushes the down button. The doors to the elevator slide open. They step in. The doors close. When the doors open they step onto the lobby floor of the Carson Office Building in New York City.

The elevator they entered was at the Mansion House in Saint Louis. The elevator they exited is one of the four of the building's lobby elevators. A seamless transition.

They are exactly two city blocks from the Dakota. This is the closest that the Traveler can get to the murder scene.

As aforementioned, within the Dakota's confines and for a two city block radius in all directions, which includes above and below it, nothing arcane abides functions or can be performed. That applies to all forms of magic named and unnamed.

Reading Marx backwards

To get rich is glorious—when Deng Xiaoping, China’s “paramount leader” opened the economy to the world in the late 1970s he could not have imagined it was to create a Chinese class of one percenters. Opening up China was meant to counterbalance Russia and Japan, to give China a chance to have a voice on the world stage. The nation was just recovering from the political and economic quagmire of the Cultural Revolution. Now, these one percenters control over sixty percent of Chinese assets. They buy Bordeaux Chateaus, Hermes handbags, and Impressionist paintings. In the process, they’ve created instability. An attempt to redress this is motivating the anti-corruption campaign of Xi. However, it is more like a power realignment, Al Capone style, than real political reform. Even the disappearances are 1920s Chicago in nature.

Among bustle of others, who steps through the revolving door is a twenty-something female Travelled. Her name is Fredda, Fredda Laine. The bald buxom lass is dressed the same as Herr Schumann. Gender bending, to say the least.

Fredda has a tight, haughty walk. And, crisp, concise movements. Without saying a word, she is severe and off-putting. Typical of a female of her race and station in life.

Frau Laine walks straight over to her fellow Traveler, Herr Schumann, and Mondo. She is attached to the New York Police Department and has been assigned as their liaison. Fredda clicks her heels together and flashes her badge.

Herr Schumann acknowledges her show of credentials by flashing his own in response. She extends her hand for a handshake. Again, the implied exchange of that “Heil Hitler!” salute. A snug look on her face.

He bows slightly, smiling warmly, and shakes her hand firmly. The displaying of badges was a mere formality. They’ve worked together before.

“Live free or die, Frau Laine.”

“So I’ve heard, Herr Schumann.”

“This is Miss Kane.”

Fredda and Mondo exchange a firm handshake. When their eyes meet, Fredda licks her lips with anticipation. Her covetous intent is obvious.

“Shall we go, Herr Schumann?”

“Yes, we shall, Frau Laine.”

Mondo falls right in step behind the two Travelers. Halfway across the lobby, without any forewarning whatsoever, they simply disappear.

Twelve hours earlier, in the tweener world, which Mondo and Professor Song were previously abducted to.

The general shifts in his chair as he speaks bluntly to the commander-in-chief of this version of the United States of America.

“Mr. President, this is not just a capital world, this is The Capital World. Once we cross this line, there’s no turning back.”

“I’m well aware of the dire consequences, if we fail. I’m also well aware of the rich rewards, if we succeed.”

“Likely, by now, the Higher Beings have figured out they’ve been duped.”

“No matter. Our ally on The Council has already checkmated them. There was only one cadre that knew of our existence.”

“She’s sure?”

“Yes.”

“I hope for our sake she’s right.”

“Plans are in motion. It’s time for us to do our part and make our prescribed move. One and her kind have been neutralized. Their demise cannot in any way be traced back to us or our ally.”

“I’ll give the orders to have a team sent in to snatch the Travelers, Mr. President.”

“We only need to sample them. Dispose of all three, the two Travelers and the Vampire. And make sure they bring me the Vampire’s head. I want to mount that bitch’s head on my mantle.”

Mondo and the Travelers materialize in a pitch black room that the vision of the three supernaturals cannot assimilate. Modern armor-piercing ballistics strike down Mondo and her two seven-foot companions. Game over?!

Starbucks' upscale cafes

Starbucks Reserve—Starbucks has opened an upscale cafe in New York City where a tall 12-ounce serving of plain black coffee costs \$4. That's the smallest size Starbucks offers, and it costs twice as much as a 12-ounce serving of the chains' signature Pike Place roast.

The cafe is called Starbucks Reserve, and it's one of about 500 similar stores that the company plans to open globally over the next several years. The cafe is named after Starbucks' new premium coffee line, also called Reserve. When asked why the coffee is so expensive, Starbucks spokeswoman Haley Drage said:

"Reserve coffees are exclusive, micro-lot varietals that are available for a limited time and in some cases, only once. As a result, we approach pricing these rare coffees as we would anything else based on a long-term, product-by-product and market-by-market basis."

The Reserve cafe, which is located in the Chelsea neighborhood of Manhattan, features artwork for purchase on the walls and fancy slow-drip, pour-over, and siphon contraptions, as well as other coffee accessories.

Starbucks "This is not your regular Starbucks," one customer wrote on Yelp. "This is Starbucks on crack."

The cafe uses Starbucks' pricey Clover brewing system which lets baristas "craft a single cup of perfectly brewed coffee with exquisite balance, depth of flavor, and aroma," according to the company. It also offers some food options for breakfast and lunch.

According to a company description of the store:

"When customers enter from the street, they immediately step down into a welcoming space anchored by a vintage rug and furniture sourced from local secondhand furniture shops. A custom three-dimensional abstract map of New York City is etched into panels in front of coffee bar, and a textured ceiling feature made of cardboard completes the space. Menus are hand-lettered pieces of paper clipped to backer boards."

The opening of Reserve-only cafes follows Starbucks' 2014 launch of its first Starbucks Reserve Roastery and Tasting Room, a giant 15,000-square-foot facility in Seattle that has been called the "theatre of coffee."

The Reserve blends are made in the Seattle roastery, which also serves as a store where customers can buy and taste different coffees.

Starbucks Multiple news outlets have reported that Starbucks is planning to open a second roastery in New York City that would be about 25,000 square feet and multiple stories.

Starbucks claims the reports are based on rumor.

"Assertions that we are bringing a Roastery to New York are rumors and speculation," Drage told Business Insider.

They're not using stealth, per se. Strictly speaking, they're employing masking. The problem with masking is when you have to interact with anything or anyone in the "material" world, your camouflaged presence and location can be inferred.

Per their mission dictates. The primary focus of the off-worlders is sampling the two Travelers. Mondo is of secondary importance. Like all good soldiers they follow their orders to the letter without question. That proves to be their undoing. The Travelers were swisscheesed—killed outright. On the other hand, riddled by a hail of bullets, a shredded Mondo was mortally wounded in the ambush, and she plays possum—pretending to be dead—reacting with deception out of pure instinct. Too late they realize their error. As they manhandle the bodies of the Travelled, Mondo is able to infer their presence and location. She guns down the lot of them. A four-man squad—three men and a woman.

An expiring Mondo shoots up the place so bad in the course of butchering the attackers that she renders inoperable the place they've been taken to. They've been taken to a BOX. Shutdown by the damage she inflicts upon it, the BOX disassembles. A dead Mondo and the two resurrecting Travelers end up materializing in the ladies' room of the Starbucks Reserve in the Chelsea neighborhood of Manhattan.

Now that they are once again in the "real" world, Lucy is able to enact the appropriate safe house protocols. And spirit the three to someplace presumably safe. It's not a Council safe house. This one belongs to The Mob.

Mondo regains consciousness in the guest bedroom of a row house on the Lower East Side of New York. She feels as if she's coming down off of a narcotics high. But. The girl is not yet sober, not even remotely sober. In point of fact, she's barely lucid—on the cusp of the rush, but still jacked up, still very much in the throes of that junkie's dream-like state. Assimilation makes it much worse, because, subconsciously, a junkie assimilates to intensify and prolong the high, not dispel it.

The Lower East Side, sometimes abbreviated as LES, is a neighborhood in the southeastern part of the New York City borough of Manhattan, roughly located between the Bowery, the East River, Canal Street, and Houston Street. Traditionally an immigrant, working-class neighborhood, it began rapid gentrification in the mid-2000s, prompting The National Trust for Historic Preservation to place the neighborhood on their list of America's Most Endangered Places.

Fredda is sitting on the other twin bed. She's just staring at Mondo. Except for perls, prudz, and a strap-on, the Traveler is naked. And the Travelled is very much wanting. Frau Laine's dildo is Doll Parts, but it's been extensively modified into something freakish and horrid—e.g., the penis is covered in spikes and barbs. Perls, prudz, and strap-on have their hygiene modes turned off.

Mondo is wearing perls, gloves, thong, and bra, all with their hygiene modes turned off. The foreskinz on her left arm is pulled down to expose her bicep. A length of rubber tubing is tied around her left bicep. And there are fresh needle marks in the bared flesh of her left arm.

Herr Schumann is nowhere in sight. Mondo can tell that someone has been having their way with her. And her obvious guess is it isn't Herr Schumann. There are fresh bruises on her legs and torso. Her vagina, mouth, and anus feel sore and raw.

"Good. You're finally awake. It should be more fun this time around."

Fredda's admission confirms Mondo's well-founded suspicion. The Vampire doesn't sit up. She just lies there and spreads her legs. Keeping her arms rigidly at her side. Playing the role of the "traditional" submissive.

Although Fredda looks like she's in her twenties, it's obvious that she much older. Very ancient, in fact. Her body English makes no bones about it. Likewise, her attitudes about shamelessly using the young during consensual acts of sex also betray her very advanced chronological age. A very old thing using a very young thing.

“Borg drone. Junkie whore. I tell you when to spread your legs.”

Fredda stands up, leans over the girl, and slaps her repeatedly across the face.

“It will be some time before Herr Schumann returns. In his absence, we have lots more fun together.”

Fredda has a thick German accent. Stiff and halting. A voice that now reeks of loathing and disdain. A tone that reflects the bottomless pit that is her sexual depravity. A depravity that matches Mondo's own.

On the dresser is a junkie's kit. Burner, spoon, six sticks, and two syringes filled with a fluorescent lime-green liquid that matches the color of the half-dozen gel sticks. On the nightstand between the two beds are seven more syringes. Three are nearly empty of reagent. The rest are full.

Fredda is Gestapo. For her and people like her, lovemaking is Goon-esque—it's so rough, so violent, so invasive, that it's indistinguishable from the vilest form of rape.

Frau Laine rears her fist back and swings forward, punching Mondo as hard as she can in the crotch. She does this repeatedly. Swinging for the fences, so to speak, she loads up every punch.

Mondo, a sadomasochist, experiences pleasure from the severe low blows. She pretends otherwise to please Fredda. She pretends to be frightened too, also with the intent of pleasing Fredda, and it does succeed in pleasing Frau Laine.

When Fredda gets bored with working over the girl's nethers, and encouraged by the girl's “damsel in distress” guise, Fredda moves onto abusing the Mondo's midriff. Fredda punches Mondo in the stomach several times before shooting her up with more junk—the contents of the three nearly empty syringes and the four remaining full ones get dumped into the veins the girl's left arm.

Frau Laine waits for the dope to kick in and take full effect. Fredda doesn't have to wait long. Lick a dee split, Mondo is as high as a kite. Her mouth is open slackly, drooling. The Traveler pushes Mondo's legs together and pulls her panties down just enough to expose her crotch and bare her ass.

“I know what we're missing. Ligatures, of course.”

Mondo blacks out. Fades in and out of consciousness. When she regains some stability to her senses, restraints permitting, she surveys the room as best she can. Fredda is at the dresser cooking up some more junk. Mondo is gagged. Her feet and hands are bound; hands tied behind her back. Her anus feels worse than raw, it feels shredded. Evidence that she's been fucked in the ass with Fredda's malicious Doll Parts.

The gag is a pair of soiled cotton panties; gamey unmentionables appropriated from a baglady. Biting into her flesh, the ligatures are hemp rope that has been pissed on and smeared with feces. Still wearing perls, bra, and thong, all with their hygiene modes turned off. Mondo is the classic D&H, degradation and humiliation, model of the complete submissive. The depraved lunatic

homicidal junkie whore is in nirvana. She is still aptly posing as if she's scared, eyes filled with faked fear.

There are obvious discrepancies in her predicament. For example. Rope that can be readily cut with elongated finger nails and toe nails, instead of using plastic ties for ligatures. Plastic ties, a handcuff staple of modern law enforcement. Fabric panties that can be easily bitten through with serrated teeth, instead of an asylum muzzle. Hands tied behind her back and thus concealed, as opposed to being tied spreadeagle to the bed with her bound wrists and ankles left exposed.

Bottom line. Mondo is conscious and high; no difficulty in freeing herself when she wants to. Herr Schumann nowhere in sight. Fredda preoccupied with subjugating Mondo, but not so keenly observant of the captive Mondo to the point of being effectively suppressing. Mondo intoxicated and restrained but not incapacitated.

This reeks of bait and switch: the *Perils of Pauline*, the classic Bondage and Discipline role-playing game. A game of subjugation and domination, nothing more. A game with safety words, gestures, and phrases. A game, not a real kidnap—oh, the violence is real enough, but only because Fredda and Mondo crave it this rough and ready. If someone were to compromise the safe house, thinking that this would be the opportune moment to attack—good luck with that.

The three are idled—biding their time. Waiting for the right time to make their move or waiting for someone to make a move on them, whichever comes first.

When a dumpster diving baglady was accosted for the panties which now provide Mondo with a gag; that acquisition was a lure for any opposition who might be watching. No one took the bait. No one attacked Fredda when she took the panties off the Crone baglady in the alley behind the safe house. Herr Schumann was held in reserve to spring the trap.

As for that baglady. The junkie Crone is being held captive in the basement for Mondo's amusement. To be partaken after Fredda has had her fun with Mondo or Mondo has grown bored with being subjugated by Fredda or the timer on the game clock buzzes, whichever comes first.

Travelled are by definition, entry experts. Their kind would be hard pressed to get any further than the building's foyer. The vestibule is a funnel for extraordinary entrance. Ordinary means are the best way to enter the abode. When Lucy brought them here, it was to the encrypted entrance hallway. Likewise, there is a rear foyer, also encrypted.

Facehugger Fondue

Facehugger—the final adult stage in the life cycle of a Xenomorph. Its bony finger-like legs allow it to crawl rapidly and its long tail can launch it in great distances. These particular appendages give the Xeno an appearance somewhat comparable to Chelicerata arthropods such as arachnids and horseshoe crabs. They have no discernable eyes.

The facehugger is an oral-fixated parasitoid. As such, it will enslave its host's mouth by gripping its long, bony finger-like legs around the victim's head and wrapping its tail around the host's neck. Tightening its tail, the host will be choked, experience auto-erotic asphyxiation, and be rendered unconscious. At this point, the facehugger will insert a tube-like proboscis into the mouth and down the throat of the host, supplying the host with oxygen and a powerful narcotic while feeding off of the host the whole time.

Once it is thusly situated. Attempts to remove facehuggers generally prove fatal—the parasite will squeeze the host's neck with its tail, while the facehugger's highly acidic blood deters cutting it off. Not only this, but its grip is so firm, peeling it off would result in tearing off the host's face. It is possible to remove a facehugger if it is grabbed before it can make contact with the subject's face, although it takes considerable strength to pull it away. The facehugger's outer epidermis is solidified and hardened by a chitinous layer of silicon.

In terms of potency and addictiveness, comparing reagent versus the narcotic injected into the host's blood system by the Xeno, is equivalent to comparing moonshine and everclear.

In other words, we're splitting hairs. How? Yes, if we benchmark both narcotics, reagent is far more potent and addictive than Xeno. But. Xeno narcotic is such a total monster narcotic in its own right, that in the practical sense their effects are indistinguishable.

In other words. Depending upon your tolerance, reagent will get you high quick and it will knock you out if you're given large enough doses in series, and the high is all-consuming. Likewise. Regardless of your tolerance, Xeno will get you high quick, knock you out cold, and keep you out if you're given large enough doses in series, and the high is all-consuming. In spite of what's depicted in movies, you have to have rock bottom tolerance for reagent or Xeno or any Xeno-esque narcotic for it to knock you out in two shots or less.

Both narcotics are a fluorescent lime-green fluid, in their active state. Xeno is naturally occurring. Reagent is its artificial man-made equivalent. Thus Xeno and reagent have the same pharmacological relationship to each other that opium and heroin have. And, just like heroin was originally developed as a cure for opium addiction, and proved to be much more addictive. Originally, reagent was developed as cure for Xeno addiction. It failed and instead proved to be a far more self-destructive fix for Xeno addicts—the first in a long line of alternative self-destructive fixes that were intended as cures. This is why Xeno addicts are appropriately called *fondue*.

The details you can see and the ones you can't, because of Penny's current state of bondage and captivity, use and abuse in the basement of the Mob safe house.

Penny's hands and feet are bound with plastic ties; in this case, plasticine, plastic steel. This on the surface would appear to be unnecessary. She sits on the floor in a corner. The facehugger that's

usually wrapped around her midriff underneath her clothes is hugging her face. Except for the gentle rise and fall of the Crone's chest, you could easily mistake her for dead.

No personal hygiene, whatsoever. She's infested and filthy. Scum covered teeth. Foul, fetid, alcohol-laden breath. Long, unkempt hair—gray liberally streaked with white, yet it's still silky and not hopelessly ruined. Dirty finger and toe nails. Perls. A filthy Kaye, that's seen better days—ripped seams, a tattered skirt with a ragged hem, and a well-worn coat with frayed cuffs. Skinny, not boney, let alone a bag of bones. Reeks of cum, jism, urine, and feces. Hygiene mode shut off for perls, Kaye, and purse.

For Penny, this is heaven. Like all junkies, her drug habit is everything to her. Before she dropped out, tuned out, and turned on, she was a member of the Council. Penny used to be the Council's president. In point of fact, Penny is one of The Council's founding members and she was the Council's first president. How the mighty have fallen. Or have they?

Why the question about the validity of her downward spiral and inevitable crash? Little things that add up to big things—maybe. For example. The tits of the eighty-something are large, perky, and nubile “floatation devices” instead of big sagging waist-length floppies. A slender figure, slender and stacked—consistent with Crone kind—not boney, let alone a bag of skin and bones not an emaciated husk which would be consistent with prolonged addiction like you'd expect. A voluptuous figure that epitomizes the absurd and wonderful sex symbols of the 1950s—the same can be said of Mondo or any woman for that matter who is considered a mainstream sexpot in this universe. Her finger and toe nails are dirty, but they're not long and ragged; instead they are short and trimmed as if they're manicured and pedicured regularly. A hardlooking face with a large ugly mouth, but still comely if you like that German flavor of twat waffle and strudel—not the ravaged looks you'd expect from a way of life of addiction and its attendant depravity for time immemorial. No pus running from open sores. Head lice, fleas, and crabs, but nothing growing on her filth-ingrained skin lily-white skin which is so dirty that patches of it are black. A filthy compromised degenerate Kaye, but not a dead diseased one. A cigarette purse clipped to the waistband of her skirt—not clean and pristine, it's caked with filth, but fully-functional nonetheless.

Addict or not. Penny is very old and thus very powerful, which might be enough to explain away the inconsistencies, those nagging discrepancies, of her “less wasted than it otta be” appearance.

Perky breasts on an eighty-something?! Remember. Penny is immortal. Mind you, her kind do age, they just don't age like finite mortals do. Supernatural beings are unchanging, except in the positive. They only feign the “negatives” of old age, that's when/if they choose to. Thus, from a typical mortal's point of view, growing old for her kind is one big sham. As the years pass for them, their potency, prowess, and the realization of their true potential always grows mentally, physically, and sexually. It's just the opposite of what happens to even the most robust, baby-faced, and long-lived of mortals. Mortals, like all living beings except for supernaturals, are captive to the negative progression that Nature dictates. Growing old for mortals is always synonymous with decay, a decay which culminates with the usual death bed scene: a wan complexion and painfully drawn features. Even when mortals try and cheat, for example, by using half-n-half, they're only postponing the inevitable. The bodies of mortals always betray them in the end. The bodies of supernaturals never do.

In her addict life she's simply known as Penny. But. In that past life before her fall, she had a nickname that said it all. She was known as Sabrina, Creation's original Ms. 42½DD. Crone beauty Ms. Renate “Sabrina” Hutte. Then, for some reason no one in an official capacity has ever been

able to conclusively prove, she simply cracked and went to pieces. And, as if she were punishing herself for committing some heinous crime, she has been a pathetic junkie whore ever since. Relentlessly pursuing a path of degradation and humiliation. Selling herself in exchange for her next fix until she found and got hooked on Xeno. Nowadays, she doesn't sell herself to pay for her drug habit—mercantile is no longer needed, because a parasite freely delivers her fix. She sells herself because she craves doing so—she's a whore, and the worst kind of whore, a junkie whore who craves to be defiled.

Coincidentally, shortly preceding her fall, a young Council member was murdered. The crime has never been solved. Initially, it was thought to be an apparent suicide and later ruled a homicide after further investigation. The victim's name was Carole, Carole "Penny" Marshall. There were rumors of Carole having an illicit affair with an unnamed senior member of the Council's powerful Ways and Rules Committee, and maybe Carole's mystery lover had killed her during a lover's spat. The gossips were in high gear back then on the cause of Carole's demise, and, as such, rumors of all flavors were rampant. None of them proved to have any traction, though. And, yes, some of them involved Carole and then Council President Hutte.

So. The question, in its elongated version, still begs: Is this a hobby, guilt, a ruse, or what?

47 Ronin

Compiled by F.W.S.—the story of the 47 Ronin is one of the most celebrated in the history of the samurai. This was perhaps all the more so because it occurred at a time when the samurai class was struggling to maintain a sense of itself - warriors with no war, a social class without a function.

The tale could be said to have begun with the teachings of Yamaga Soko (1622-1685), an influential theorist who wrote a number of important works on the warrior spirit and what it meant to be samurai. His writings inspired a certain Ôishi Kuranosuke Yoshio, a samurai and retainer of Asano Takumi no kami Naganori (1667-1701), who led a branch of the powerful Asano family. It happened that Lord Asano was chosen by the shogun, Tokugawa Tsunayoshi, to be one of a number of daimyo tasked with entertaining envoys from the Imperial family. To assist him in this new duty, the Bakufu's highest ranking master of protocol, Kira Kozukenosuke Yoshinaka (1641-1702), was assigned to instruct him in matters of etiquette. Kira, it seems, was a somewhat difficult character and expected Asano to compensate him monetarily for the trouble, which Asano held was simply his duty. The two grew to dislike one another intensely, and Kira made every effort to embarrass his student. Finally, in April of 1702, the situation exploded within the shogun's palace - Kira insulted Asano once again, prompting the latter to draw his sword and swing at him. Kira was only wounded in the attack and Asano was promptly placed under confinement.

Striking another man in anger was against the law - doing so within the shogun's palace was unthinkable. Asano made little effort to defend himself during questioning except to say that he bore the shogun no ill will and only regretted that he had failed to kill Kira.

After the o-metsuke (inspector-generals) had completed their investigation of the matter, the shogunate passed down a sentence of death on Asano, ordering him to slit his belly at once. The shogun also decreed that his 50,000-koku fief at Akô in Harima was to be confiscated and his brother Daigaku placed under house arrest.

When the news of the unfortunate event reached Asano's castle, his retainers were thrown into an uproar and argued heatedly over what to do next. Some favored accepting their lot quietly and dispersing as ronin, while another group called for a defense of the castle and an actual battle with the government. Ôishi Kuranosuke, who urged the retainers to give up the castle peacefully and struggle to rehabilitate the Asano family while at the same time preparing to take revenge on Kira, sounded the view that prevailed.

Accordingly, a band of Asano retainers - now ronin - set out on a carefully planned road to revenge. Kira was no fool, and expecting some sort of attempt on his life by the Asano men increased his personal guard. Ôishi's scheme was therefore to lull their quarry into complacency, biding their time while they waited for the right moment. To this end the ronin hid away a cache of weapons and armor before ostensibly dispersing, some taking up menial jobs while others, like Ôishi himself, let it seem that they had lost any concern for their futures. Ôishi left his wife and began frequenting all of Edo's houses of ill repute, carousing with prostitutes and engaging in drunken brawls. On one occasion, a samurai from Satsuma is supposed to have come across Ôishi drunk in the street and spat upon him, saying that he was no real samurai.

Needless to say, Kira began to doubt that he was in any real danger, and within a year had relaxed his guard. It was at that point that the ronin struck. 47 of them gathered on 14 December 1702 and, after donning the armor and taking up the weapons from the cache, they set out on their

revenge on that same snowy night. Once at Kira's Edo mansion, they divided into two groups and attacked, with one group entering through the rear of the compound while the rest forced their way through the front, battering the gate down with a mallet. Kira's men, many of whom were killed or wounded, were taken completely by surprise but did put up a spirited resistance (one of the ronin was killed in the attack), though ultimately to no avail: Kira was found in an outhouse and presented to Ôishi, who offered him the chance to commit suicide. When Kira made no reply, Ôishi struck off his head with the same dagger that Asano had used to kill himself with. Kira's head was then put in a bucket and carried to the Sengakuji, where Asano was buried. After Ôishi and the others had given the bloody trophy to the spirit of Asano, they turned themselves in.

The assassination of Kira placed the government in a difficult situation. After all, the 46 survivors now awaiting their fate had lived up to the standards of loyalty expected of true samurai and the ideals propounded by such men as Yamaga Soko. Additionally, the decision to order Asano to commit suicide and confiscate his domain while taking no action against Kira had not been popular (at least one of the inspectors at the time had been demoted for protesting the verdict). Nonetheless, the Bakufu decided that the maintenance of order would once again have to prevail, and so the ronin were ordered to commit suicide - a sentence suggested by the famous Confucian scholar Ogyû Sorai (1666-1728). They were at this time divided up into four groups under guard by four different daimyo, yet once they had all died, their bodies were buried together at the Sengakuji.¹ Legend has it that the Satsuma samurai who had spit upon Ôishi in the street came to the temple and slit his own belly to atone for his insults.

The Revenge of the 47 Ronin continued to spark controversy throughout the Edo Period. One view had it that Ôishi and his men had in fact erred in waiting as long as they had, that in so doing they risked Kira dying (he was, after all, over 60) and their efforts coming to naught. This was, for example, the view of Yamamoto Tsunetomo (author of the famed *Hagakure*).² The Confucian scholar Sato Naotaka (1650-1719) criticized the ronin for taking action at all, as the shogun's decision to order Asano to commit suicide should have ended the matter there and then. He also shared Tsunetomo's belief that the ronin ought to have committed suicide at the Sengakuji once their deed was done. In giving themselves up to be judged, they appeared to have hoped to receive a light sentence and therefore continue living - a shameful objective, given their crimes. At the same time, Naotaka reserved his harshest words for Kira, whom he called a coward and whose precipitation of the whole affair had led to so many deaths.

Other writers did not share those views. Men like Asami Yasuda (1652-1711) defended the actions of the ronin as being appropriate (if not actually challenging the Bakufu's decisions) and Chikamatsu wrote a favorable play (*Chushin-gura*) that became an instant and timeless classic. In the end, the Ôishi Kuranosuke and his ronin became the stuff of legend, and continue to spawn books, movies, and television shows at a prodigious rate. The Sengakuji is still a popular spot in Tokyo and a place for modern admirers of what many feel were the finest examples of samurai loyalty to emerge from the Edo Period.—**Original Source: [47 Ronin, The Samurai Archives](#)**

1. The daimyo who had guarded them were Hisamatsu (Matsudaira) Sadanao, Hosokawa Tsunayoshi, Mizuno Kenmotsu, and Mori Tsunemoto.

2. See *Hagakure* (transl. William Scott Wilson, Kodansha), pg. 27

Is Penny the ronin Renate “Sabrina” Hutte, and, if so, why?

Princelings, Paupers, and JAPs (Jewish American Princesses)

black-side TECHINT devices—in a pure military context, **Technical Intelligence (TECHINT)** is intelligence about weapons and equipment used by the armed forces of foreign nations (often referred to as foreign material). The related term, **scientific and technical intelligence**, addresses information collected at the strategic (national) level.

Technical intelligence is intended primarily to allow the armed forces to avoid technological surprise. Knowledge of the characteristics and capabilities of enemy weapons allows nations to develop effective countermeasures for them. Occasionally, armed forces adopt technology developed by foreign nations. The jerrycan of World War II is an example of foreign equipment adopted by the US Army. Technical intelligence should not be confused with intelligence obtained “by technical means.” That is a term of art used in discussion of disarmament to mean information gathered by various sorts of cameras, sensors, or other devices. Technical intelligence is the product: “technical intelligence—Intelligence derived from the collection, processing, analysis, and exploitation of data and information pertaining to foreign equipment and materiel for the purposes of preventing technological surprise, assessing foreign scientific and technical capabilities, and developing countermeasures designed to neutralize an adversary’s technological advantages.”

Smooth, shiny black skin. Short, straight, close-cropped black hair. Tall, dark, and handsome. Clean cut. A Gay blade’s delight, both of them. The discussion of corporeal or non-corporeal is moot. They are fallen angels.

Since the beginning of His endless reign they have existed. Princelings and Princesses who are His very effective counter to the Princelings and Princesses who covet His throne. In other words, these two are examples of His “final solution” for that long line of would-be despots who think they possess the blueprint to overthrow Him. Lean. Muscular. Fit. Hard bodies. Chiseled abs. Full, succulent lips. The very first realization of God’s Chosen People.

Nubian beefcake. Two large Black muscular men. Well-dressed. Dressed to the nines. They trudge through the filth of the basement. Yet, none of the filth finds a home on them. They being the male Fallen version of the sexually-depraved junkie whore.

And. In spite of what they’re wearing looks like. They are not wearing Sandman costumes from Logan’s Run either the movie or the subsequent, short-lived TV series. Two-tone antiballistic wear. Basic, not drab. The essence of classic simplicity and good taste—classy, tasteful, and understated. Banded undershirt—tunic-length (comes down close to the thigh), black and long-sleeved with a banded collar—the bottom of the shirt has three rows of rolled fabric about 1-inch thick that goes around the waist and is about 3-inches apart, the essential accent. One-piece banded tunic—accented with a 4-inch wide light grey stripe across the chest which matches the color of the undershirt’s banded collar. Black tights. Black neoprene booties. A wide elaborate black belt with a black chrome buckle. Holsters, both of them are black swisscheesed plasticine—one is for a pistol, the other is for a tricorder. DS (deep sleep) gun aka flame gun, blaster—black. Tricorder—black, with non-reflective brushed aluminum accents and control surfaces.

Amos Canary (אַמֹּס קאַנאַרי) and Barney Able (באַרני אַבֶּלֶ). Literally and figuratively, the darkest side of Judaism. They are dressed like movie Sandmen. Mondo is a real Sandman, and she dresses in a women’s business suit and stilettos. Colloquially, the scouts are known as sleepers, and they

were in the safe house when Mondo and the Travelers arrived. They are guests, not intruders. Doing undisclosed business with The Family, the Mob family who runs the “territory” that the safe house is situated in.

“Now, I wouldn’t want you to entertain the wrong idea, get tempted, and take advantage of a god while she’s down and out.”

Nether scout turns around to face the voice’s owner. The voice is Mondo’s. She is clean and pristine. Free of her restraints. Her system flushed of the dope which enslaved her. Prudz in place of foreskinz. Perls, bullet bra, thong, careys, and Koo, and, of course, holster, phone, and purse. One of the scouts, Barney, fades from view. The other one, Amos, stays visible and turns around to face her.

Formally, they’re known as **LRRPs** (pronounced “Lurps”)—Long-range reconnaissance patrols—a small, heavily armed long-range reconnaissance team that is capable of patrolling deep in The Territory (the territories of Hell usurped by Princes and Princesses who are His chief rivals) for extended periods without being detected. This one is configured in the popular Logan Three arrangement—a three-man team. The team’s third and final member, a woman, Victoria “Vick” Fair (וויקטאָריאַ “וויק” יושר), is nowhere to be seen.

Vick is a big fit woman, bigger than and just as athletic-looking as the two ripped men. Her being the female Fallen version of the sexually-depraved junkie whore—she’s a JAP to their Princelings. A Black Amazon, dressed just like the two male sleepers. And, for the mammary inclined. In a comparison of racks, tits versus tits, this big edgy bitch makes Mondo look a boney-ass flat-chested White chick who doesn’t have one iota of game. In other words, Vick makes Mondo look lame—Vick is the JAP to Mondo’s Pauper. Although Amos does most of the talking and likes to take point on patrol and during conversations, Vick is obviously the team lead. Barney is the backdoor man—the team’s expert bushwhacker. As such, Mondo knows that Barney is somewhere close by and positioned behind her.

Three-to-one odds, yet the Fallen know to be cautious around the cornered Vampire. On top of their caution about her known prowess her reputation precedes her, they are in a Mafia safe house. The latter means that if you know what’s best for you, and these three do, you respect the implied neutrality of this abode. Rumble at your own risk. Simply put: It’s best to not rumble at all possible.

Life is inherently unfair. So, it should never come as a surprise to anyone when, Into that void of inequality steps a god the injustice among us.

Cream **ALWAYS** rises to the top, no matter how long and how hard mediocrity fights to keep it down and hold it back. In God’s Creation, God aside, the gods are cream.

It’s as if Ms. Renate “Sabrina” Hutte has consciously decided, that by the sheer force of her indomitable will, to drag herself kicking and screaming back into being. Immediately resulting in her reemergence into consciousness. And. Ultimately resulting in her triumphant return to world of High Society. As such, the Penny fabrication has become unwanted baggage.

A class of ethnic bioweapon (biometric weapon) targeting the gods which has been specifically mated to her unique DNA and specifically created for her complete capitulation and total enslavement. The well-concealed brain bugs infesting her brain get slowly, carefully, and completely assimilated by her revitalized metabolism. Not even vestiges of their neural “spikes” will remain once the cleanup has run its course. And. Once they are assimilated, bugs of this specific nature and design can never be used against her again. Nothing can be left to chance.

Sabrina will be and must be as she was before, psychologically and physically. As such, eighty-something Penny becomes a blonde blue-eyed sixty-something likeness of Glenn Close with the couture, exclusivity, and haughty disposition of a Miranda Priestly.

The sleepers are too preoccupied with Mondo to notice the weak-willed Penny's gradual transformation into the stiff-backed Sabrina. Too soon they had written her off as nothing worth special attention. Big mistake, on their part.

In *The Devil Wears Prada*, as assistant to impossibly demanding New York fashion magazine editor Miranda Priestly (Meryl Streep), young Andy Sachs (Anne Hathaway) has landed a job that "a million girls would die for." Unfortunately, her heaven-sent appointment as Miranda's personal whipping girl just might be the death of her!

Mondo is soon to have an equivalent real-life experience as Sabrina's proxy Girl Friday.

The Devil Wears Prada, A JAP Wouldn't Dare

The Devil Wears Prada—this clever, funny big-screen adaptation of Lauren Weisberger's best-seller takes some of the snarky bite out of the chick lit book, but smooths out the characters' boxy edges to make a more satisfying movie. There's no doubt *The Devil Wears Prada* belongs to Meryl Streep, who turns in an Oscar-worthy (seriously!) strut as the monster editor-in-chief of *Runway*, an elite fashion magazine full of size-0, impossibly well-dressed plebes. This makes new second-assistant Andrea (Anne Hathaway), who's smart but an unacceptable size 6, stick out like a sore thumb. Streep has a ball sending her new slave on any whimsical errand, whether it's finding the seventh (unpublished) Harry Potter book or knowing what type she means when she wants "skirts." Though Andrea thumbs her nose at the shallow world of fashion (she's only doing the job to open doors to a position at *The New Yorker* someday), she finds herself dually disgusted yet seduced by the perks of the fast life. The film sends a basic message: Make work your priority, and you'll be rich and powerful, and lonely. Any other actress would have turned Miranda into a scenery-chewing Cruella, but Streep's underplayed, brilliant comic timing make her a fascinating, unapologetic character. Adding frills to the movie's fun are Stanley Tucci as Streep's second-in-command, Emily Blunt (*My Summer of Love*) as the overworked first assistant, Simon Baker as a sexy writer, and breathtaking couture designs any reader of *Vogue* would salivate over.—**Ellen A. Kim**

There is a saying among the Dragons, "Life oftentimes imitates art." I believe, with every fiber of my being, that immortal life is slave to the prognostications of certain works of art. One of those prophetic works in question is "China's Trapped Transition: The Limits of Developmental Autocracy" by Minxin Pei.

In it, Pei chronicles the rise of China as a great power, on his Earth. Inarguably, the likewise occurrence in our world of our China's coming of age as a great world banking power, is one of the most important developments in high finance in supernatural society since the parallel emergence of the Mercantilists and the Banking Guild of the First Dynasty of the Dragons during the 1st Immortal Century. But despite dramatic economic progress in the past millennium during the waning years of the "enlightened" rule of the Last Emperor of China, our China's prospects remain uncertain in its single-minded quest to rival the Mercantilists and ultimately to supersede the Mercantilists as **The** "banking power."

In point of fact. The widely-held view among leading economists in our universe is that the Mercantilists have never viewed China as competition. They are viewed as imitators, merely the latest in a long line one of many. Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. But. An imitation nonetheless, and as such not to be taken seriously.

But I digress. Sidetracking needlessly. This narrative of mine is not about the "this and that" of how the politics of money plays out in our world. This personal addendum to our movement's political manifesto is about how the human politics of another universe is seen by me and others like me as mirroring and prophesizing the inhuman politics of our universe.

In a book sure to provoke debate in his world, Minxin Pei examines the sustainability of the Chinese Communist Party's reform strategy—pursuing pro-market economic policies under autocratic one-party rule.

Pei casts doubt on three central explanations for why China's strategy works: sustained economic development will lead to political liberalization and democratization; gradualist economic transition is a strategy superior to the "shock therapy" prescribed for the former Soviet Union; and a neo-authoritarian developmental state is essential to economic take-off. Pei argues that because the Communist Party must retain significant economic control to ensure its political survival, gradualism will ultimately fail.

The lack of democratic reforms in his China has led to pervasive corruption and a breakdown in political accountability. What has emerged is a decentralized predatory state in which local party bosses have effectively privatized the state's authority. Collusive corruption is widespread and governance is deteriorating. Instead of evolving toward a full market economy, China is trapped in partial economic and political reforms.

Combining powerful insights with empirical research, *China's Trapped Transition* offers a provocative assessment of his China's future as a great power economically, politically, militarily, culturally, etc.

Thank you Professor Ellis. My liberator at University. Freed of my societally-imposed naiveté. Having cast off the binders, the lies, the falsehoods of our Elder's indoctrination. I've applied the human model to ours. And, in doing so I came up with my own visionary conclusions. Conclusions which of course fit hand in glove with those of our movement's. One size does fit all.

To those you who would criticize what we are about to do—the journey we are about to embark on. I know beforehand all the lies that would spew from your mouths. Don't bother to utter them.

Lie. Even if we achieve initial success, we will ultimately fail.

Lie. We meant well, but we were misguided.

Lie. We can't see it now. But. Eventually, we will come to the conclusion that we were wrong. We will beg on bended knees for forgiveness from our "benevolent" dictators our Elders.

Lie. Pro-Choice is wrong, unnatural, and against God.

Lie. Closed, caste-based—the way of supernatural society—is the natural order of all things.

Lie. We in the Movement cling to any proof of our delusion. And. Pei's book is one in a long line of those "false" proofs of ours.

Pei's book is one in a long line of those proofs to us of the illegitimacy of our own society. A book written by a human about a human China on a relative Earth (R.E. 2070). A book that can literally be applied to our morally-corrupt inhuman society.

The very first salvo. The first act in this war of ours is to get rid of her.

I and other likeminded freedom-loving individuals correctly see her and those like her as representing the head of the snake, the Establishment, the status quo, which stifles our progress, our creativity, and our realization of self.

Destroying her outright, although the safest way to dispose of such a powerful being, is seen as too quick and too merciful an end. Instead we have decided to engineer her removal from power under a cloud of disgrace and make sure that she suffers for her crimes against inhumanity for the rest of her immortal life. Unfortunately for us all, if we should fail!

Sagging, Crepey Skin

What is Crepey Neck?—Crepey skin, or skin that is on your neck and is saggy, loose, and wrinkled, is one of the many consequences of mundane aging. The natural reduction of your elastin and collagen in the skin in the neck will cause less support for the skin on the surface, and sagging results. Additionally, the problem is enhanced by women who do not properly care for, or moisturize the skin that is on the neck. There is some good news, which is the fact that there are some exercises and treatments that can help to alleviate this problem and create youthful looking skin where crepey skin once resided. But, the curatives are at best temporary relief from the inevitable and irreversible loss of the skin's youthful look and vigor. As such, not just restricted to the neck, crepey skin afflicts skin on all parts of the body.

Instinctively knowing what's best for its continued existence. Penny's/Sabrina's facehugger releases its hold of its transforming host and slithers away into a dark dank corner. Where. Having parasite a god who has apparently released herself from age-old captivity, it too is undergoing a transformation of sorts. Mondo makes a mental note of its retreat location for future reference, retrieval, and in-depth "study."

With her well-documented history of depravity, it comes as no surprise that Mondo covets all manner and persuasion of filthy infested drugged-crazed feral "things."

And. In the case of a "person" thing. For such a wanton thing to be a "must have" for Mondo, that thing MUST be replete with all manner of mundane-esque geriatric decay.

As such, crepey skin—skin that's saggy and crinkly like crepe paper—is most attractive to Mondo unlike Penny's/Sabrina's. Penny's/Sabrina's skin—smooth, even tone, and flawless—with its youthful look and vigor. What is attractive about Penny's skin, to Mondo, is its ingrained fifth and rampant infestation.

Bottom line. Guise versus guise. In all ways, Mondo covets the filthy infested drugged-crazed feral Penny as opposed to the clean, pristine, sober perfection that is Sabrina, and the utmost propriety that Sabrina embodies. Sabrina, in a word, personifies stiff-backed. Her fall was atypical, indeed.

So, while it lasts, Mondo relishes Penny. So. As night follows day, Sabrina ensues. Penny gives way to Sabrina, progressively. Mondo's interest in the god wanes, progressively. The inevitable decrease in the girl's dishonorable intentions once the remission of Penny into Sabrina began, especially in earnest.

But. The gods, especially very old and thus very powerful ones like Sabrina, are not so easily ignored. They don't take being rebuffed well. And. To be ignored is to be implicitly rebuffed. As such, Mondo's focus gets shifted, whether she likes it or not. Ergo, the time of her sundae fundae passes. Not: no more filthy infested debauchery alternating with pristine propriety. It's as if, for the girl, there has NEVER been filthy infested debauchery alternating with pristine propriety—there has ONLY been utmost propriety. Mondo, in a word, personifies stiff-backed.

Finally. Sabrina stands up and walks over to the girl, slowly. Hair yanked back and down into a sternka. The god, her Kaye, her perls, and her purse are clean and pristine. Although bare foot,

none of the filth which she once wallowed in dares target her. Haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable. In a word: severe.

The Fallen who are not visible become visible. All three of them move away from the two demons. Knowing full well that their continued well-being rests entirely on their ability to not register on the god's threat meter and thus encourage the god's total disinterest in them. Mob rules hold no sway with a god such as the one who has arisen. She will destroy them without hesitation if she chooses. And they are doing their damndest excuse the pun to insure that she doesn't choose to.

Mondo's hair yanks back and down into a sternka. She slips on her becoming/unbecoming sternns. The eyeglasses that disfigure the blonde girl who sizzles. Haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable. In a word: severe.

Off the Wall

I Can't Help It—“*I Can't Help It* is my favorite. Stevie overdid it with that song. The nature of the cords is very nocturnal. You know. It doesn't sound like a sunny day, to me. It sounds like a beautiful paradise evening. Somewhere untainted by the humans. A mystical world. Unicorns walking past.”—Pharrell Williams about Stevie Wonder's ‘I Can't Help It’ on Michael Jackson's seminal ‘Off The Wall’ album

But. The foremost question in Mondo's mind remains. If in private, Ms. Renate “Sabrina” Hutte really is the severe person who she publicly represents herself to be, then who was her model for the absolutely-depraved, morally bankrupt Penny?

It's not as if Sabrina is some mortal, either an “innocent” pubescent school girl or uninitiated adult, who no longer ignorant of the nefarious workings of the world has a breakdown and shatters. Kaboom! Where Penny is the distillation of the intertwined themes of disillusionment—the sudden, complete, and utter loss of naiveté caused by the exploration of morality's “gray areas.”

To put it all in perspective. Mondo's sober, sane posturing in public is a complete sham. The absolutely-depraved, demented, junkie whore she represents during her binges is the insanity that she always embodies regardless of her guise. Stiff-backed subterfuge aside. Regardless of what you see stern and upright—a “proper” lady, what you always get is one crazy-ass bitch, a crazy-ass bitch with a pair of very big guns—and, when she's packing, her pistols are pretty big too. In other words. What you see is NEVER what you're really getting when she appears to be “sane.”

In Sabrina's case. If her severity is genuine—stiff-backed and proper—a “proper” lady. Is in complete and utter contrast to what Penny embodies. Penny is a lunatic junkie whore, plain and simple; who is indistinguishable from a binging Mondo.

So. If Sabrina is not a sham. If what you see is really what you're getting. Then. The mononymous Penny is not anyone who should have ever come out of the breakage of the severe person that Sabrina purports herself to be and is purported to be by her peers and contemporaries.

Put succinctly. How in the world could a Sabrina ever break and shatter into a Penny? Even more to the point. If Sabrina is genuine. How could a Sabrina ever break? People like her—the person she's supposed to be—DON'T break.

Additionally. A mononymous person is an individual who is known and addressed by a mononym, or “single name.” In some cases, that name has been selected by the individual, who may have originally been given a polynym (“multiple name”). In other cases, it has been determined by the custom of the country or by some interested segment. In the case of historical figures, it may be the only one of the individual's names that has survived and is still known today.

So. Why digress? Wikipedia on mononym? Because, that mononym in and of itself is atypical of someone of genuine severity.

Strikeout: an absolutely-depraved woman Penny at the helm of Sabrina's story doesn't help much with its plausibility. To reiterate. Sabrina's “sabbatical” as Penny completely misses the mark, if its point is to convince you of its authenticity as a kosher narrative. Then again. Maybe. Just maybe. That's the intent. It's supposed to fall short.

Maybe. The most powerful message communicated by the sabbatical is contained entirely in the thread of Sabrina's as yet to be revealed Machiavellian goals, her motives, and the morally ambiguous situations that have already resulted and will result.

Which brings the narrative back to the initially proposed question. Who modeled for Penny? Is it Sabrina's Id or another's?

Obfuscate

ob·fus·cate

ˈäbfəˌskāt

VERB

1. **Render obscure, unclear, or unintelligible:** “The spelling changes will deform some familiar words and obfuscate their etymological origins.”

synonyms: obscure · confuse · make unclear · blur · muddle · complicate · overcomplicate · muddy · cloud · befog

antonyms: *clarify*

- **bewilder (someone):** “It is more likely to obfuscate people than enlighten them.”

synonyms: bewilder · mystify · puzzle · perplex · confuse · baffle · confound · bemuse · befuddle · nonplus · flummox

ORIGIN

late Middle English: from late Latin obfuscat – “darkened,” from the verb obfuscare, based on Latin fuscus “dark.”

RELATED FORMS

obfuscate (verb)

obfuscates (third person present)

obfuscated (past tense)

obfuscated (past participle)

obfuscating (present participle)

There’s always the pecking order to consider. As such, in combination with her sternka and sternns, Mondo’s makeup tweaks itself for maximum severity to do its part to render the girl into, to put it kindly, a no-nonsense executive secretary while on active duty in service of her vain new female boss. To put it bluntly, working in concert with her hairdo and eyeglasses, Mondo’s makeup ravages her face. Making her look serious, businesslike—tolerating no nonsense; very serious about doing things in a direct and efficient way without any foolishness or nonsense.

Rule Number One: the boss Sabrina is ALWAYS right. Rule Number Two: when the boss Sabrina is wrong, remember rule number one. Rule Number Three: the looks of Sabrina’s Friday can NEVER downstage hers, their looks MUST be in sync at all on duty times. All three are rules that Mondo displays an intuitive knowledge of. Because all three are givens—the same rules that can be applied to one’s employment with any god of Sabrina’s chronology.

Therefore, Sabrina sports a ravishing severity-ravaged face, then her Friday must also sport a ravishing severity-ravaged face. Key to both facial transformations is the Bolshoi makeup that both women employ. Sabrina employs Bolshoi exclusively, which means Mondo must now exclusively employ it also.

Additionally. Mondo knows better than to speak unless spoken to. She knows to defer to the god in all things. She understands without having to be told that she is not the god's Sandman. That she is the god's Friday by proxy. That she, a dominatrix, must ALWAYS be subservient to the god.

"I have no use for Lesser whoremongers and the Lesser races they commit miscegenation with. It's time that they as unnamed formally be gone," proclaims the god in a most off-handed fashion. Never stooping to address the Fallen directly. In point of fact, Sabrina never acknowledges the presence of the Fallen. Hence the "unnamed formally" reference.

The Fallen know how to take a hint. Whatever business they have with the Mob, they'll return later to finish when the god has vacated the premises. They leave the basement by ordinary means via the stairs, leaving Sabrina and Mondo alone.

From Mondo's point of view, her field of perception, the world "blinks"—it stutters. She sees Sabrina's approach as a series of progressively more focused "photos" as if viewed through a 8K camera's deliberate shutter effect.

Not magic, not majick, not vox, not science, not any talent, not any arcane? Bullshit.

Not anything else that lesser beings—beings less than a god such as Sabrina—use to manipulate Creation? More bullshit.

There's no arcane hand gestures or casting of spells, true enough. But, it's still supernatural and it's still magic. By alternately encrypting and decrypting reality, reality is bent around the operator in analogous fashion to how invisibility devices bend light around their operators. Of course, the obfuscate "mechanism" that Sabrina is employing is far more advanced than any cloaking device, stealth shield, active camouflage, etc., in use by anyone or anything in Creation.

Sabrina is now standing right in front of Mondo, and is now additionally wearing prudz, black fishnet tights, a torpedo bra, sunglasses, and a pair of clunky platform ankle boots. Déjà vu, in spades!

Kaye. Perls. Black fishnet tights. Prudz. A pointed flesh-colored latex unmentionable, that feels just like flesh—a flesh-colored rubber bullet bra, that feels just like flesh. Cigarette purse, by Gucci, clipped to the boned waistband of her hobble skirt. Stiff backed. Aloof. Haughty. Staid, yet Boppish. Worship me, now! A battleaxe, for sure. A diehard, definitive swinger. Wife swapper extraordinaire. Nercophiliac. Dominatrix personified. Defiler. Enslaver. Sadist. A pusher whose exclusive clientele are elderly indiscriminate junkie whores. What does she deal? She sells Golum, exclusively. Not surprisingly, she prefers that her Friday is an indiscriminate junkie whore who's hooked on Golum, and that Golum-hooked junkie can be discriminating, chaste, and sober at their own choosing. Narrow minded. Fanatic—religious and political. Two-legged cannibal holocaust. Fornicatrix. A god with an "I'm the 'be all,' end all" wannabe God complex, without question.

Her footwear sums it all up nicely. Clunky heel platform ankle boots. By YesStyle. Available only in black. These faux leather ankle boots feature a decorative lace-up front and a half platform sole balanced by a chunky heel. A back zip closure makes them easy to wear while the silver-tone grommets add a sleek vibe. Translation: I am a very old thing, who thinks very young; I'm hip.

Her two-tone, black-n-white tortoise cat-eye sunglasses. Not obscenely-expensive, “modern” reproductions by Stella McCartney purchased at Saks. Authentic 1950s Cruella de Vil 101 Dalmatian style spectacles. They are in fact the very same ones worn by Glenn Close when portraying Cruella in the Disney movie based upon the Dodie Smith novel of the same name. As such, they are literally priceless.

She smiles. A Julia Robert’s smile. Her large teeth are spotless. Her dental hygiene is flawless. Fresh breath. That scent of lilac about her. She is clean and pristine. Immaculate. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

She puts a finger up to her large, cruel mouth and purses her thin lips.

The older woman purses her shades and lets her hair down. Short, straight, severe. Longer than a dykish moe. Sexy too. Therefore, in summation, unlike a moe, her hairdo is very feminine and most becoming. Befitting someone who is as beauty-obsessed as she is. But. Even with her hair down, she doesn’t look the least bit casual or any less severe.

In telling detail. A Frankie Sandford short hairstyle. Sexy layered short haircut with side swept bangs. This young, casual cut also keeps the focus on Sabrina’s beautiful piercing brown eyes and trendy red lipstick. The asymmetrical bob is a timeless look which always creates a “modern” vibe and shows an independent but feminine image. The short-side profile is expertly layered down into cute, sharp points that frame the eye and draw attention to the cheekbone. And the rest of the hair is trimmed into long, sleek layers producing a super, side-swept fringe that blends in seamlessly at the profile.

This is a wonderful example of the way that just a few balayage highlights can make geriatric hair really come alive. The super-chic asymmetric cut features a deep side part, with the long layers styled up and across the head in a smooth line that includes bangs that skim the eyes. This gives natural volume and creates the attractive rounded shape. The balayage shade is carefully chosen from the natural geriatric tonal range in the god’s grey streaked-with-white hair (geriatric platinum blonde hair), so it creates color-harmony whilst emphasizing the fabulous sweeping movement. It screams: “I’m a powerful, older woman—I’m the fucking boss of bosses—screw around with me at your own risk, jabroni!”

Mondo obliges. Deferring to her boss’ unspoken wishes and desires. Her hair lets down. Once more draping shoulders and bosom. She purses her sternns. Likewise, she doesn’t look the least bit casual or any less severe.

“The humans who attacked you before are back. Armed with MPP’s which they should not have and an ambition they also should not dare entertain, having appropriated a portal from well-meaning bleeding heart Liberals. The Food wish to sample the Travelers. We must kill all of the Food with impunity. Afterwards, once you’re off duty, and as a reward, you can come back down here and debauch yourself with the facehugger who once held me captive and the woman was the model for Penny. It will be the first time, but not the last time, that I reward you in this manner.”

“Rules of engagement, mum?”

“Weapons free.”

No ghosting to an apparition or to a ghost. Mondo stays solid and does it Borg. Opting for Borg shields which she extends outward just enough to envelope her and the god Sabrina.

Foreskinz swap places with her prudz? Nope.

Doll Parts swap replace with her thong? Nope.

Pistols load into her gloved hands? You betchum, Red Rider.

She ascends the basement stairs—long, bare legs; six-inch stilettos. Sabrina is right behind the girl covering her six.

Sabrina is facing to the rear, walking backwards, and thus ascending the steps in the reverse. Hands at the ready—poised to employ the most lethal “expressions” of gestural magic—as employed by The Beast from the “Fillory and Further” book series. It’s said that the Beast, as portrayed in those Narnia-esque novels, is based upon Sabrina.

The two-woman formation of Sabrina and Mondo reminds one of the CQB practical of the entrance exam to Brakebills College for Magical Pedagogy, the premier school for magic in North America. Sabrina is an alumni.

As a post script. Although Mondo is a Drone—a Borg drone. The Borg shields that she’s employing are MTP. MTP (mobile transdimensional protection)—formally, enhanced mobile transdimensional personal protection. That is. The Borg shields of a Queen, a Borg queen. As such, the shielding is enhanced with a plethora of defensive capability. Arguably, it’s the pinnacle of force-field based, personal armor, and inarguably the ultimate expression of “we are Borg, resistance is futile.”

The Mechanics of Power, Part 1

The Golden Rule—“Those who have the power, rule.”—**Mrs. Helen Gurley Brown, President pro tem of The Ladies’ Council of Saint Engelbert Church and the editor-in-chief of Cosmopolitan magazine**

The minute any shooting starts inside of the house, the Gumbas (plural of *Gumba*, singular is pronounced *Goombah*) mentoring the building’s “health” will come looking to sort things out. They’ll surround the building and eat anyone who leaves until they are told otherwise by their capo.

In conjunction with the tripping of the silent alarm, a powerful Sanctuary spell will be automatically cast by said alarm system, effectively sealing up the building, enveloping it in a 360-degree “bubble” a magical ward augmented by an equally powerful warrant preventing ingress/egress except via the front door.

From the perspective of Sabrina and Mondo, it’s still two against many. But. That’s where it gets to be a bit of a sticky wicket for the intruders. The house becomes a funnel for the intruders’ ingress. Feeding them into the meat grinder that is Sabrina and Mondo. The deck is stacked in the favor of the demons who are being attacked. For the right gunman, it will be like shooting ducks in a barrel.

Clearing the house, floor by floor, one room at a time, the shooting starts as soon as Mondo enters to first room to be cleared. Triggering the silent alarm. Signaling the Gumbas monitoring on the other end to beat feet over here.

Next room. Next room, Next room. Mondo dispatches anyone and anything that moves without hesitation, no matter what visage it takes. Be it man, woman, child, or infant. Be it a Sabrina lookalike. That’s when Sabrina realizes the real reason why she’s covering Mondo’s six. And, it’s not to keep the heat off of Mondo’s tail. It’s to keep from getting shot as a possible intruder.

She also realizes why Mondo packs two hi-caliber multi-ordinance infinite-capacity pistols. Mondo lives by President Theodore Roosevelt’s guiding principle in diplomacy. Walk softly and always carry a very big stick.

In close quarters when you’re vastly outnumbered, you need a lot of concentrated firepower that can be applied in a flexible fashion. An artful splicing of Navy SEAL doctrine and U.S. Army light infantry accepted practice.

Bottomline. One weapon even a hi-caliber multi-ordinance infinite-capacity automatic would prove inadequate. Mondo expertly demonstrates Shock and Awe, applied surgically on a very personal CQB scale.

Shock and awe (technically known as rapid dominance) is a military doctrine based on the use of overwhelming power and spectacular displays of force to paralyze the enemy’s perception of the battlefield and destroy its will to fight. The doctrine was written by Harlan K. Ullman and James P. Wade in 1996 and is a product of the National Defense University of the United States.

But. Critical to this dissertation is the house. Its name, Broken Bones, gives a clue to its jaw breaker mentality. It’s a Tac house, a Tac House for the gods. An uber puzzle box. Deceitful. Deceptive. And, deadly. No dysphemism is too harsh or inappropriate to describe this abode.

What about the other dance partner in this combative interlude?

The human invasion had many layers and various levels. Depth indistinguishable from an all-out war. Therefore. Many fronts and numerous spearheads. And a whole lot of death. That was its original intent. Then, much cooler heads finally prevailed.

An expeditionary force got paired down to an away team. The portal was coopted for a single intrusion, followed by a controlled melee. The ambush of Mondo and the two Travelers was the initial intrusion. This “competition” between human soldiers from another world and two supernaturals of this world is the melee.

War’s vulgarity replaced with a polite question. What if wars were fought by the leaders of nations, instead of their armies? This CQB is an answer to that question, and it’s straight out of a lesson of Miss Marple’s weekly elocution class—articulate speech, precedes clear action. In more colloquial terms: enunciate a clear course of action, then enact what you’ve said.

Speak clearly. Diction. Diction. Diction. And swing a very big stick.

Sicario

The word *Sicario* comes from the zealots of Jerusalem. Killers who hunted the Romans who had invaded their homeland. In Mexico, *Sicario* means hitman.

It's on the top floor, in the final stages of clearing the house, that the demons meet their stiffest opposition. Because. It is here where the soldiers are wearing much heavier, MI (Mobile Infantry) style armor—main battle tank, powered armor suits. And. Shades of Tac House Spartan in the UK of the invading solders. It is here that the attacking soldiers are also wearing personal shield generators, known commonly on their world and this one as Pentashields, which look a lot like Google watches. And. To reiterate. Their defensive shields are not wannabe Holtzmann shields. Theirs are Holtzmann shields, which appear to be as advanced in every way, shape, and form, as Holtzmann shields native to this universe. As such, their shields should be highly adaptive. So much so, that one would expect it's splitting hairs which is more effective: the adaptation of Holtzmann shields or the assimilation of Borg shields.

Mondo's early advantage against the soldiers on the lower floors is in essence squandered up here. And. Sabrina's magic fails to unmake the well-shielded soldiers. The Deity, Sabina, is in essence, just along for the ride so to speak, now. As such. Mondo takes it to a whole nother level. She rises to the occasion, and grabs another gear. She becomes less of one thing and more of another. As if she were a queen Borg, a knobb sprouts from the leftside of her neck. But. Unlike a Queen's left knobb or her Drone's right knobb, this one is not centered, it's offset low.

The Borg girl's tactical awareness expands and becomes liken to that of a Queen's during combat. In concert with the robot girl's acquisition of a Queen's Battle Vision. In the close confines of the house where forced proximity is king—reigning supreme. Mondo can go old-school and “bang” shields with any attacking soldiers they encounter.

Upon making shield-to-shield contact, Mondo's MTP splices the shields of her opponents. And, by doing so, compromises the integrity of the invaders' shields which in effect increases the effectiveness and lethality of her armor piercing rounds as well as allowing Sabrina's magic to be effective again in unmaking their attackers.

Of course, tit for tat, there's always a counter to a counter. Therefore. When the Borg shields and Holtzmann shields splice, the integrity of the Borg shields are likewise compromised which in effect increases the effectiveness and lethality of the invaders' armor piercing rounds.

But. This war of attrition favors the demons. Because. Even clad in their technologically-advanced power suits, the soldiers are still human and thus inherently less durable than the demons.

If the Holtzmann shields of the invaders were really the equal of Holtzmann shields native to this world, then the percent of comprise with each splicing should be a wash. It isn't though.

The girl's Borg shields are assimilating at a rate greater than the soldiers' shields can adapt.

This means that initial impressions were incorrect. Therefore, the soldiers' Holtzmann shields are not quite as advanced as the Holtzmann shields native to this world.

But. Of note. That differential is narrowing with each splicing. In other words. Theirs are catching up to Mondo's. Whether that difference gets completely erased in time is the million dollar question.

Ergo. The scales still tip in the favor of the two demons.

Retreat is not an option. It's do or die. So, the soldiers die. In the end. It comes down to Sabrina, Mondo, and Sergeant Dede Rake. A rangy, Amazon lookalike, Sgt. Rake looks like Brenda Strong. Ms. Strong is a mortal actress in this world.

Thirty-something Sgt. Rake is encased in form-fitting power armor. Standing with her long legs wide apart. Her lips apart. Inside of her helmet, visible through its visor, a beautiful face framed by long blonde hair. Eyebrows drawn in as lethal points. In spite of the big blonde's alluring look and pose, what also comes through clear as a bell, is that there is a core hardness to her.

It is a steely cold that reminds one of a Borg Queen's demeanor or that of a powerful eccentric matron's. Matrons like Russian Federation Council Speaker Valentina Motviyenko, who is known for her Soviet-era hair styles, drab conservative suits Kayes decorated with Soviet-era medals and military insignia, prudz, sternka, and sternns.

Once upon a time, when Rake first enlisted as a junior officer straight out of Army ROTC, there was soft sunset light about her visage. But. Over her years of military service, her looks have hardened considerably.

Why isn't she still an officer? How she got busted down is a story for another place and time.

"So. You've finally made it." The sharp-tongued Sgt. Rake acknowledges Sabrina with a nod and verbally. "Ms. Hutte." Then she acknowledges Mondo with a nod and verbally. "Miss Kane."

Acknowledging each woman in turn in the order of their social rank. They don't know her. She knows them. She's been well briefed. And. She's well versed in ROE. Emily Post, of *Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home* book fame, would be busting with pride.

Of course, standing back-to-back with Mondo, Sabrina isn't facing forward. She's looking in the opposite direction. Therefore, she can't see Sgt. Rake's caste-correct acknowledgement of her, but she can hear it just fine.

Mondo bangs shields with the sergeant. But. The sergeant's Holtzmann shield must be a different version than the others. Because splicing with it, the percent of compromise is a wash. Shield parity.

Sgt. Rake flashes a broad smile and laughs.

Now, Mondo understands the significance of the unknown omnidirectional subspace carrier wave that was being emitted by the attackers' shields. The very same wave that's being emitted by the sergeant's shield. Adaptive learning. What one Holtzmann shield learns, they all learn. Native Holtzmann shields do it differently telepathically, but the effect is the same. The sergeant's Holtzmann shield is the equal of a native Holtzmann shield.

"You all started off with the same shield version. But, different randomly-generated iterations of that version to broadened the scope and analytics of the test cases, I'd wager. Yours and the ones on your home world, learned from your comrades' Holtzmann here. Now that your comrades are gone, along with their shields. The Holtzmann on your world, continue to learn from yours. Yours and those on your world are now the same higher version."

“Bravo, Miss Kane.”

Sgt. Rake gestures for a parley, and lets her carbine sling down to the ready position. She claps her gloved hands, mocking the demons as if to goad them into continued hostilities in direct contradiction to the truce she proposes. Games within games, maybe?

She’s gesturing for a parley, mistress. And, her weapon is down in the ready.

“Then. We parley, Miss Kane.” Sabrina’s telepathy to Mondo is not “phrased” as a request. It’s clearly a command.

Yes, mistress.

“Tit for tat. We respond in kind. If she violates the truce, destroy the bitch.”

Yes, mistress.

“The communication is one-way for your shield so as to not give away the exact location of your world. But. I imagine that in normal practice, communication is two-way—their shields speaking to your shield; your shield speaking to theirs.”

“Tell me more.”

“One-way communications of this type can be, and usually are, omnidirectional. Which is nice and untraceable. But. Two-communications mandate that firmware updates have to be focused and coherent. Targeted updates can be traced, eventually.” Mondo pauses, and then decides to do some fishing in an attempt to feel out where her adversary’s head is at. “You and your comrades are/were expendable. They were, you are, meat for the grinder.”

“Yes. We’re all expendables, including myself. Yes. Our shields here started off as different iterations of the same version. Each time your Borg shields compromised one of our Holtzmann shields here, all of our Holtzmann shields here and on our home world were made better. Whoever of us was the last to survive, hopefully their shield’s iteration along with those on our home world became so advanced that they were elevated to the next version, that version hopefully being parity with your world’s Holtzmann.”

A nice, crisp, concise answer. Very professional. Probably a career soldier. Only telling me what I could readily deduce. Maybe you and the others were told that this was a “no return” mission but you volunteered anyway for the good of your country?

“So. This so-called invasion attempt got your shields to where they needed to be. That was the cake. If the invasion proved successful. That was cherry on the cake.”

“That would be telling.”

The coyness of Sgt. Rake’s reply is, in and of itself, telling.

“The Borg are coming?”

“Yes. In a year, maybe less, they will invade our universe. Using our new and improved Holtzmann, we will cleanup that mess you made in Britain, in the process further fine tuning the capabilities of our newest Holtzmann version. Using all that we have learned. Exploiting the defensive and offensive capabilities that we have acquired—e.g., shields, MPPs, etc. We will repel the Borg. Then we will return our attention to y’all.”

“We’ll triangulate where you are located from their invasion point.”

“And we will have proven by defeating the Borg that we qualify to apply for Prime World status with you people.”

“You’re angling, ultimately, to be The Prime World?”

“Maybe. Maybe not. Although we’ve heard through the grapevine that the position is soon to be open.”

Mondo’s pistols load back into her universal. The respective force fields enveloping the combatants are switched off.

It’s over. Or at the very least appears to be. Nevertheless. Sabina’s hands don’t relax, and she’s still facing to the rear just in case of renewed hostilities for unforeseen reasons.

“You’re not keeping the portal.”

“You presumed right.”

“The Borg use transwarp corridors.”

“Thanks to our study of the portal, we’ve reverse engineered a much better conduit than the Borg employ to traverse Creation.”

“But. After a very successful proof-of-concept (POC). You wanted to further authenticate the mode of travel you’d crafted. To do so you needed to sample a couple of Travelers proximal to them having been in transit together. One Traveler would be used as a reference—an active control. The other one would be used as the active trial. Extrapolation between the two points would be trivial. Problem is, Travelers rarely travel in pairs and their travel is encrypted using a cipher considered unbreakable. Each Traveler is assigned a unique code, and their code key is changed daily. Makes trapping one of them, let alone two, while they’re in sync in transit, a near-impossible feat. You must have a high-level, well-placed collaborator among our people.”

“Again, that would be telling.” Sgt. Rake tilts her head, as if listening to a summons that only she can hear. “Looks like my train has arrived. Hope to see y’all again soon.”

“Ta-ta.”

The portal appears, then collapses upon itself. It’s gone for good. Sgt. Rake fades from view, and by doing so, confirms that her people have a slick, workable form of transdimensional travel. One that leaves no trace, whatsoever.

Then, there’s a thought-provoking post script. Two shielded armor-encased soldiers decloak in the hallway. They are framed in the open doorway. Weapons pointed at the demons. Trigger finger straddling the trigger guard of their carbine—it’s the way elite, experienced operators “carry their gun with the safety on.”

Looks like Sabrina’s caution about a possible bushwhack was completely justified. Technically, the parley, and along with it the ceasefire, ended with Sgt. Rake’s departure.

Cloaked or decloaked, there’s no telltale subcarrier wave emissions from the troopers’ shields. Either their suits’ emissions have been turned off for “silent running” or else something less devious and more ominous is afoot.

There’s a commotion downstairs as the Goombahs surrounding the house come inside to secure it. Guaranteeing that whatever violence and mayhem that might have happened between the soldiers and the demons never comes to pass.

The two more MI troopers move out of the hallway, through the doorway, and into the room. Keeping their backs to the wall. Shouldering their carbines. Guns pointed at the demons the whole time. As if they are joined at the hip, in lock step, they move around the two demons. Sabrina and then Mondo maintaining eye contact with them the whole time as they move into and out of Sabrina's field of vision and into Mondo's field of vision.

The demons never change their positions. They remain standing back-to-back.

When the troopers back into the spot where Sgt. Rake was standing, they too disappear from view. This time, there's a smell of vinegar in the air and a burnt spot in the hardwood floor where the point of egress was. For sure, whatever mechanism they used, its maul is closed for good.

With all the fighting over. Peace restored. And Frau Laine, and her fellow Traveler, Herr Schumann, materialize in the room.

Sabrina and Mondo turn around to face each other.

"Miss Kane. You have murders, and that mess with Coco and the Pope, to sort out. I need to return to the Council, resume my duties, and figure out who helped the Food."

"Yes, mistress."

"You have the same feeling that I have, don't you, Miss Kane? I can see it in your eyes."

"Yes, mistress."

"There's more of those cloaked bastards mucking about."

"Yes, mistress. Very likely so."

A Dragon's loyal remonstrance

In an essay on the *ChinaFile* website, Columbia University professor Andrew Nathan argued that there is a Chinese tradition of “loyal remonstrance” from within the leader’s camp: The fact that some of the criticism appeared on the CCDI website suggests Xi’s most fervent supporters are among those most worried about the path he has taken.

“I do not, however, expect Xi to back down,” he concluded. “More often than not in Chinese history the remonstrator lost his head. When his warnings came true, so did the leader who ignored them.”

Uncharacteristically and unexpectedly, Mondo took a raincheck on going downstairs into the basement and debauching herself with the facehugger who once held Sabrina captive and the woman was the model for Penny.

Hair pulled back and down into a sternka. Sternns. Bolshoi makeup. Prudz. Etc. Her quarter-sized queenie (leftside Queen’s knobb) is gone. But. Her rightside quarter-sized knobb remains.

Fredda Laine, Herr Schumann, and Mondo Kane. Returned to where they got detoured. The lobby floor of the Carson Office Building in New York City. Exactly two city blocks from the Dakota. This is the closest that a Traveler can transit to the murder scene.

As previously mentioned, within the Dakota’s confines and for a two city block radius in all directions, which includes above and below it, nothing arcane abides nothing magical functions or can be performed. That applies to all forms of magic named and unnamed.

When they were abducted before by some heretofore unknown means of teleportation. The teleportation was not Traveler-initiated. But. It did involve Travelers being transported via teleportation. Therefore, Traveler-initiated traveling rules still applied. Ergo, two Travelers in encrypted transit, employing entirely different crypto-keys. So, the question still begs. How were they abducted?

This time there’s no abduction. They make it out of the building onto the sidewalk. Mondo studies the Dakota in the distance. Putting her mind to the business at hand. While she’s afoot doing that. Something else is afoot doing something else.

If Mondo had chosen to debauch herself in the safe house basement, she would not have found Sabrina’s captor that facehugger or the model for Penny. Both have been assimilated by a Crone deity, who is rendered by Doll Parts into a well-hung she-male Deity.

Once upon a time. A Deity took a fancy to the girl, call the girl Mondo Kane. This deity admired Mondo from afar. But, soon. Attraction became infatuation, which in turn became obsession—a self-destructive, obsession-compulsion—“I covet, you!!!” Dedicated girl watching turned into stalking. Don’t date; abduct.

Aided by her own Robot Zero who’s even more decrepit than Mondo’s Zero robot. This Deity is steadily “acquiring” all of the people, places, sex toys, and things that populate Mondo’s binges, and is consolidating them into herself, her sexual prosthetics, her Robot Zero, and one PUV of her own making. The facehugger and Penny are merely the latest acquisitions in her long list of hostile takeovers.

Call the resulting hermaphrodite Penny, dreadful Penny, the dreadful Penny Mayakovski. Call the buffer for her PUV, The Nether Lands. Call the PUV, “Cool Air.”

No personal hygiene, whatsoever. She’s infested and filthy. Scum covered teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. Foul, fetid, alcohol-laden, wormy breath. Long, greasy, unkempt, stringy hair—gray liberally streaked with white—hopelessly ruined, geriatric platinum blonde hair.

Dirty perls. A filthy Kaye—dead and diseased—that’s seen better days—ripped seams, a tattered skirt with a ragged hem, and a well-worn coat with frayed cuffs. A battered cigarette purse clipped to the waistband of her skirt—it’s caked with filth, but it’s still fully-functional nonetheless.

Loose, crepey skin. Pallor. A pale, sickly complexion underneath layers of filth. Liver spots. Warts, notably the Schlag anchored into her spine and bursting through the back of her suitcoat. Moles, notably her knobbs. And hairy moles—both of her knobbs, unlike a Borg’s, are hairy.

A hairy half-dollar-sized knobb, centered, on the left and right sides of her neck. Except for being hairy and half-dollar-sized, they are in the configuration of a Borg Queen’s.

Larger, half-dollar-sized. But. Centered. Instead of being offset low like Mondo’s Drone version of a queenie was. Thus more controlling than a Borg Queen’s? Only time will tell.

She reeks of cum, jism, urine, and feces. And. Likewise. No hygiene mode for perls, Kaye, or purse.

A vile, reeking crotch. Nether regions—crotch—that has a strong, gamey odor which portends a sour degusting taste.

Overall, she reeks of a foul stench. Smelling like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long.

Vile and disgusting are the best, most-used adjectives to describe her effluvium. A truly wretched creature, is the best, most-used description of her.

Buxom. Big floppy tits. Floppy pendulous breasts with hideous stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Not waist length, but getting there.

A lot of her hand-bra, greasy chest, and cleavage are advertised by a tattered suit coat that has a plunging neckline when buttoned.

The hand-bra is made from the mismatched severed hands of two plus-sized models who were once coveted by the brassiere’s original owner, the infamous transgender spree killer Caitlyn Jenner. They’re the ultimate in cannibal pasties: that step beyond the gut-wrenching insanity that is The Ghosts of Mars.

The bra’s left pasty came from Nia Jaxx. The other one came from Christen Clarke. Both models were repulsed by Caitlyn and her unsolicited romantic advances. Caitlyn’s response to their rejections was a slow, agonizing death and the premortem amputation of a hand.

The cannibal brassiere milks This Deity’s sagging pendulous tits, squeezing them as if they were the swollen milk-laden udders of a dairy cow. Rotting, severed hands which have been disfigured to have long dirty ragged fingernails, hairy warts, and moles. Fingernails that match her own long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails.

Not quite a walking bag of loose wrinkled skin and bones. Not in the immediate vicinity. But in the same zip code.

Skinny. Boney arms and legs. But not skinny to the point of looking emaciated. Gollum-esque.

Therefore. Not an emaciated husk. No distended belly upon which waist-length floppies rest. A flat stomach. Slender. Leggy. Ravenous. Varicose-veined legs. Age wise: looks to be a septuagenarian.

Pancake ass. But, not a tight ass. Sagging, flat-as-a-pancake ass. A flat and disgustingly sagging ass.

The tortured face of a lunatic. A face with a large hideous mouth—facial lacerations, that appear to have been inflicted with the hooked blade of a linoleum knife, extend the corners of her mouth rending her a smile that literally extends from ear to ear. The face of actress Helen Mirren ravaged by age, depravity, single-minded obsession, and the disfigurement of her mouth.

Long, crooked, serrated teeth. Spotted, receding gums—white spots and pale pink gums.

In other words. White gums. Not the “coral pink” of healthy gums. It’s Thrush. A fungal disease identified by receding gums and raised white areas on the tongue that look like milk curds. When lightly scraped off, these areas reveal sore tissue that tends to bleed easily.

The soft white spots are on her tongue, gums, palate, tonsils, throat, and elsewhere. Thrush is caused by a fungus called *Candida albicans*.

Hungry, unwholesome-looking grey eyes. Wanton eyes that can glow when the intent is to mesmerize. Becoming fluorescent, transfixing eyes. A mesmerizing lime-green fluorescence which can paralyze or even literally petrify.

Head lice, fleas, and crabs, and things growing on her filth-ingrained skin. Patches of her skin are so dirty, they’re black.

Things grow on her. Things live on her. Things feed on her. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on her skin. Sewer moss covers much of the inside of her thighs.

Her tongue is a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp’s.

When it the tongue needs to feed. She will insert her tube-like proboscis into the mouth and down the throat of a host, supplying the host with oxygen and a powerful narcotic while feeding off of the host the whole time. A narcotic that also can be secreted by glands in her mouth. Mixing with her saliva, it can be effectively delivered by her spitting in a host’s face. A Xeno narcotic as potent as reagent.

Hands are horribly thin. The disproportionately-long fingers are little more than claws.

Tentacles that look like they belong on an octopus. Tentacles, covered in suckers, which end in rattlers akin to a rattlesnake’s. Eight such tentacles wrap her midriff when not in use. Four sprout from the leftside of her torso and four sprout from the rightside of her torso.

Sentient. Not a creature of pure instinct. Her all-consuming obsession with Mondo has left her deranged, demented, and completely insane. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of her mouth. Normally, she uses speech as a lure for prey. During a full moon, she will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

She resets. And. By doing so. She becomes much more than the sum of her parts. She becomes two-in-one.

Call her after this reset of hers Babb, Elizabeth Babb. The White Dahlia. More adjustments made to a stratagem in which irresistible bait is used to lure a victim. More adjustments made to the

honeytrap that is This Dahlia. Call the buffer around her PUV, The Neither Lands. Call the PUV, “Fuck’d.”

Around the circumference of her torso, at the level of the umbilicus, a hard jagged raised crosshatched scar appears. The scarification is angry red in color. It looks to be the result of her having been bisected and then subsequently stitched together as if she were Frankenstein’s Monster.

Jagged crosshatched scarification, that is hard, raised, and angry-red. Lipstik. The goddess Kali’s lurid trademark script.

This equatorial lipstik looks like the result of either being chopped in half by someone with the meanest of intentions or a ham-handed magician’s “saw the pretty girl in half” trick gone terribly awry.

The Mechanics of Power, Part 2

The Golden Rule—"A lion doesn't concern itself with the opinion of sheep."—**Ms. Renate "Sabrina" Hutte, President of The Ladies' Council of Saint Engelbert Church, quoting George R.R. Martin (author of A Game of Thrones) at her inaugural speech**

In The Deity's mind, Mondo falls into her trap. Each time she replays it, Mondo always succumbs. And the abduction always follows the same course.

Mondo returns to one of her favorite haunts and finds it much changed. There's more rot and decay. She crosses the lobby of the fleabag hotel and walks up to the front desk. Robot Zero is on duty as the desk clerk. But. This isn't her Zero robot no matter how closely it resembles her automaton. This robot is seen right away by her as an impostor. But. It's more decrepit than hers and as such is more attractive to her. The robot offers to relieve her of her holster, phone, and purse. The robot girl refuses the offer. For reasons as yet unknown, her knob begins to itch and burn.

Zero points to the basement door. Her perception stutters and she's in the basement, facing The Dahlia. The lobby was the Neither Lands of this PUV. This PUV is Fuck'd. Precious drops from the ceiling, clamps onto her head, and anchors itself—drilling through the girl's skull, inserts its "probes" into the girl's frontal lobes, lobotomizing her with the intent of enslaving the girl forever.

AutoPlay. Loop. The events unfold from the beginning again. Repetition ad nauseam.

But. In the end, if this ever came to pass in reality, the Deity knows that the girl would eventually extricate herself from forced captivity, like she always does.

So, why waste the time, when possession is nine-tenths of the law? Take another tack, instead. Seduce the girl she craves to possess. Woo, don't abduct.

The Deity assumes a façade of sanity and strict decorum. She becomes clean and pristine. A grey Kaye—a Phyllis. Black flats. Cigarette purse. Prudz. Perls. Sternka. Sternns. Bolshoi. No Doll Parts. She looks like a corporate accountant. The epitome of nonsexuality in the business world, whose counterpart in academia is the librarian.

In place of hand-bra and Doll Parts, the Deity is wearing proper unmentionables—plain white Flesh conical bra and thong panties. Being modern underwear, the rubber bra and panties keep themselves and their wearer fresh and clean via their hygiene mode. Being Flesh wear, they feel like flesh. Being plain, they have no lacey accents.

Likewise. Decrepit Zero robot becomes clean and pristine Maryse—fresh off the Victorian Era assembly line of its Eurasian manufacture. The Deity's spanking brand-new French-Canadian metal maid, with the faintly Oriental cast to its facial features—Metropolis Model-D, Sterling Silver Peking Edition. In its original Victorian incarnation, it was an abacus-wielding bookkeeper for the independent auditing firm of Nolan, Fredericks, & DiMercurio. The same firm of Panama Papers infamy.

The Oriental-ish robot and its Occidental owner are stiff-backed, severe, prim-n-proper "ladies." Much better, long-term bait for the girl Mondo.

Physically. The Deity is actress Dame Helen Mirren, again. A wanton sexpot underneath all that asexual straight-laced female posturing. Staid cougar supreme—a perfect lady in public, feigning a total lack of interest in sexual attractiveness and sexual activity; a complete whore in bed.

As such. In public. No facial lacerations. No imperfections or disfigurements, whatsoever. Nothing Borg or Klapp, whatsoever. Therefore, no knobbs. No tongue that is a long, retractile proboscis. Although her tongue does remain long, facile, and well-educated. None of the ravages of age, insanity, depravity, or single-minded obsession, although she is still very much insane, depraved, and single-mindedly obsessed. No loose, crepey skin. No pallor. Smooth, soft, lily-white skin. A flawless complexion. Slender. Leggy. Ravishing. No Schlag. No varicose-veined legs; no varicose veins whatsoever. No liver spots, moles, or warts. Age wise: looks to be a septuagenarian. A covetous pancake ass—a tight, flat ass. Not the tortured face of a lunatic. Severe, judgmental, narrow-minded—in a word: intolerant. A large, ugly mouth, that’s tailor-made for the oral perversion. No long, crooked, serrated teeth. No spotted, receding gums. Buxom. A “nice” rack. Tits that are perky, not sagging. Etc. Etc. Etc.

Her avenue back to being a she-male, the Doll Parts she absconded with, is not in her purse. It’s in retirement, along with the dead diseased Kaye. Likewise. The hand-bra she appropriated has also been retired. The cannibal brassiere, in all its putrid repugnant glory, is in that unnamed someplace else.

In private, in bed, when she’s the whore who can’t enough. Who knows? Maybe she reverts back to being The White Dahlia. And. Maybe. Maryse goes back to being that other Zero robot. Maybe. Neither reversion occurs. Speculation is moot, when it comes to a Deity. But. Based upon the above-listed “forced” retirements. It’s highly unlikely that any reversion will occur in private for either the dame goddess or her automaton maid. More than likely, in private, they will remain clean and pristine, albeit wanton versions of their nonsexual public selves. Time will tell. Time will tell, though. Time always does.

Nice Girls Don't Stay for Breakfast

Dame Helen Francis Mirren. Known as Fran to her closest friends, and known as Francis to her roommates in boarding school.

This Deity, expressed as Helen, is not a singularity. She's merely assumed the norm for how depravity is supposed to be expressed in supernatural society. And. It's not hypocrisy; nothing remotely like what the mortal ruling elites often practice. There's no double-standard or knowing winks, here. She's going along to get along, and makes no bones about it.

To reiterate. She is merely confirming to what's expected of her in the society to which she's a member in order that she might get what she covets which is Mondo, and is upfront about it.

For someone of her station and gravitas, she's supposed to be straight-laced, asexual in public. In private, she can be as depraved as she craves to be as long as the depravity is with consenting adults where supernaturals are involved and no ROE is violated where mortals are involved.

Her peers, her lessers, etc. Everybody that matters—supernaturals. Knows how Helen is. Even her worshippers know the real score. She's depravity personified and incarnate. When she expressed this publicly, she was persona non grata, in the supernatural world.

Now. No matter how nefarious her motivations are. Now, that she's decided that Emily Post is the order of the day. She's welcomed back into the fold so to speak with open arms and without any recriminations whatsoever.

Everyone and everything has its place. And, must abide by it. Societally speaking, caste and the observance of accepted conventions is everything—held above all other considerations, nothing else matters. In mortal terms, theirs is a perfect Camelot version of 1950s society.

As such. God always comes first. Atheism and agnosticism are anathema. Society comes second. Societal obligations are NOT negotiable. Money is NOT your God. Nothing else matters.

Unless you wish to be marked a pariah. Your public appearance and behavior must conform to expected conventions. And, in private, you also must follow appropriate conventions as previously stated.

In other words. You do and look like what's expected of you, without question, in public and in private, else you figuratively get the boot and are kicked to the curb. This is exactly what happened to Helen.

Rules are rules. You conform. In a society of unequals. No one is above the law, no matter how powerful and influential they are, no matter how high their station is, no matter their birthright, no matter their supernatural prowess, no matter how obscenely monied they are. Social mores reign supreme, for everybody and everything. Manners matter. Order and conformity at all costs. The needs of the many society always outweigh the needs of the few individuals.

The legitimacy of rule is distilled into one simple sentiment. *We the ruling elite rule, because that is the Will of God. When we no longer represent the Will of God, we shall no longer rule. Therefore. The fact that we are ruling, proves unequivocally that we should be ruling.* A sentiment in line with supernatural nature, and thus simpatico with the inclination of the vast majority of supernaturals. In Political Science terms: the democracy of authoritarianism.

So. What this all demonstrates is that what appears from a distance to be an insular, authoritarian regime far more proficient in the tools of repression than modern liberation, actually uses well the very same levers of globalization to protect its vested interests that liberal Western democracy uses.

Bottomline. In this supernatural oligarchy. Unchecked freedom of choice is bad. There must be limits. People need to be told what to do—“advised” how to choose wisely. Society decides on what your options should be. And. Society knows best, because it’s closed and caste-based.

In sharp contrast. A so-called “open society” is nothing more than another one of those foolish notions espoused by misguided mortals which is at odds with the natural order of things.

And. It’s not just those at the highest levels of supernatural society that there’s this disdain for the falsehood that is liberalism, the “open society,” and the attendant evils of both. As aforementioned. The vast majority of rank-and-file supernaturals are also in complete agreement with that conservative sentiment.

So. Knowing this. It begs that certain questions are asked of those in the Movement. Exactly, who are the people they supposedly are fighting for? Whose rights are they trying to protect? Who are they advocating for? Who are they to presume that they know what’s best for everybody else? Who and whose interest do they really represent? Political rhetoric aside. These are the very same questions that go unanswered—are NEVER truthfully answered—when asked of any liberal, whether the go-gooder being questioned is supernatural or mundane.

Fredda Laine, Herr Schumann, and Mondo Kane exit the Carson Office Building. Across the street a half a block down, stands Dame Helen and her maid Maryse by a bus stop. As Mondo and the Travelers make their way toward the Dakota, Dame Helen and Maryse cross the street and make no bones about the fact that they are tailing them. Why beat around the bush? The situation demands crisp, direct action.

Dame Helen has taken the trap that next step further, to insure that even if Mondo is not ensnared, the girl is at least intrigued. Maryse is “fleshed”—“skinned” in artificial hair, skin, etc.

As a skin job. The robot is indistinguishable from an “ordinary” human being, even under close physical inspection. It looks like the hardlooking older sister of its buxom thirty-something namesake.

The Maryse robot’s namesake is Maryse Ouellet. Ms. Ouellet is the younger sister of acclaimed Oscar-winning actress Carrie-Anne Moss. Both sisters are hard-faced D-cup brunettes, but it’s Ms. Ouellet who prefers to go as a bleach-blonde.

Forty-something Ms. Moss is best known for her roles of Trinity in The Matrix trilogy of films and as Mrs. Helen Robinson in the cult-classic Fido. A lesbian. She’s also a well-known LGBT rights activist.

Not to be outdone. A celebrity in her own right. Maryse Mizanin Ouellet is a French Canadian glamour model, businesswoman, actress, and former professional wrestler currently signed to WWE under the ring name Maryse, where she is a former two-time WWF Women’s Champion. Ms. Ouellet, a bisexual, is married to Michael Gregory “Mike” Mizanin the current WWF Intercontinental Champion who performs under the ring name of The Miz.

This metal Maryse is dressed exactly like Dame Helen. But, there’s a gender-bending twist. Underneath its skirt, in place of a flesh thong. It’s wearing Doll Parts. That’s not the hook,

though. When you look deeply into its eyes, and know what to look for, you'll see that this automaton is the avatar of Toy. That's the baited hook, indeed.

The fact is, it's not a zero-sum game between Bing and Google

As the Dakota looms ever closer, Dame Helen and her maid Maryse aggressively close the gap between themselves and Mondo's entourage. When that gap is all but erased. Expectedly, it's Mondo who offers first. Unexpectedly, it's Maryse, not Dame Helen, who seconds.

"I'm Mondo Kane. This is Frau Laine, and her fellow Traveler, Herr Schumann."

"This is Dame Helen, who assimilated the model for the absolutely-depraved, morally bankrupt Penny of Ms. Renate 'Sabrina' Hutte. Dame Helen is my mistress. I am her robot maid, Maryse. And. I hope you don't mind me asking this, but, do I remind you of someone? You have what could be construed as that kind of look on your face. That look of abstracted, I mean, extrapolated, recognition."

The robot smiles. Its voice is just so very delicious. The hoarse, frog-in-the-throat style and the lowdown, soft-n-slow delivery. Disposed to low-registers, it makes a telling use of conversational glissando.

"I mistook you for someone else."

"A close friend?"

Mondo smiles broadly at the query. A tacit acknowledgement of the cat and mouse game that's obviously afoot between the two participants of this conversation

"A repeated acquaintance."

In not answering the question, directly. The Vampire's evasive answer still implies a recognition of sorts that Toy has been seeking for ages from someone of the girl's supernatural ilk.

"Sounds intriguing, and, might I add, a little bit mysterious."

"At times. At other times not. But. Never tiresome."

Their conversation becomes much more familiar.

"That's good to hear. Because, as you well know, your acquaintance would never want to overstay her welcome."

Reading between the lines, there's obviously a lot that's being said.

"Rest assured, concerning her and me, she never has transgressed." A pregnant pause. "And, yes, We consider her a close friend of Ours. A very close friend, indeed. So, close, in fact, that it's been decided to acknowledge her birthright as one of Us."

This is better than Toy could have ever imagined, let alone hoped for. A dream literally come true. Confirmation that she is accepted as one of Them.

"I have another question, s'il vous plait."

"Ask it."

"What was the world like before The End of Days?"

"People used to fight over things that they now throw away."

"Finally. There is a kind of hush, heard all over the world?"

“Exactly.”

“I’m sure that Herman’s Hermits are so very pleased with that development.”

“Indubitably.”

“Peter Noone beats Nostradamus, again.”

Now, it’s Mondo’s turn to do the asking.

“Word association?”

“Shoot.”

“Documents of Presidential Determination, Number 95-45?”

“Area 51.”

“Excellent. Come walk with us.”

Dame Helen and Maryse fall in step with Mondo and the Travelers. Their little entourage has grown. Not by leaps and bounds, mind you. But. Grown, nonetheless.

Of special note. It’s Maryse, not Dame Helen, who walks beside Mondo. Sandwiched between Fredda Laine in the lead and Herr Schumann who brings up the rear with Dame Helen. Their group’s pace is leisurely. As if they are on a Sunday stroll after Church.

In short order, they reach the Dakota. Foreplay is over. Time to get fucked, figuratively speaking. Mondo switches to sleuth mode, and gets down to the business at hand.

“First do no harm” (Latin: *Primum non nocere*)

The original version of the Hippocratic Oath, in Greek, followed by the English translation:

ὄμνυμι Απόλλωνα ἰητρὸν καὶ Ἀσκληπιὸν καὶ Ὑγίαν καὶ Πανάκειαν καὶ θεοὺς πάντας τε καὶ πάσας, ἵστορας ποιούμενος, ἐπιτελέα ποιήσῃν κατὰ δύναμιν καὶ κρίσιν ἐμὴν ὅρκον τόνδε καὶ συγγραφὴν τήνδε:

ἡγήσεσθαι μὲν τὸν διδάξαντά με τὴν τέχνην ταύτην ἴσα γενέτησιν ἐμοῖς, καὶ βίου κοινώσεσθαι, καὶ χρεῶν χρηρίζοντι μετάδοσιν ποιήσεσθαι, καὶ γένος τὸ ἐξ αὐτοῦ ἀδελφοῖς ἴσον ἐπικρινεῖν ἄρρεσι, καὶ διδάξειν τὴν τέχνην ταύτην, ἣν χρηρίζωσι μανθάνειν, ἄνευ μισθοῦ καὶ συγγραφῆς, παραγγελίης τε καὶ ἀκροήσιος καὶ τῆς λοίπης ἀπάσης μαθήσιος μετάδοσιν ποιήσεσθαι υἱοῖς τε ἐμοῖς καὶ τοῖς τοῦ ἐμὲ διδάξαντος, καὶ μαθητῆσι συγγεγραμμένοις τε καὶ ὠρκισμένοις νόμῳ ἱητρικῷ, ἄλλῳ δὲ οὐδενί.

διαιτήμασί τε χρήσομαι ἐπ’ ὠφελείῃ καμνόντων κατὰ δύναμιν καὶ κρίσιν ἐμήν, ἐπὶ δηλήσει δὲ καὶ ἀδικίῃ εἵρξῃν.

οὐδώσω δὲ οὐδὲ φάρμακον οὐδενὶ αἰτηθεὶς θανάσιμον, οὐδὲ ὑφηγήσομαι συμβουλίην τοιήνδε: ὁμοίως δὲ οὐδὲ γυναικὶ πεσσὸν φθόριον δώσω.

ἀγνῶς δὲ καὶ ὁσίως διατηρήσω βίον τὸν ἐμὸν καὶ τέχνην τὴν ἐμήν.

οὐ τεμέω δὲ οὐδὲ μὴν λιθιῶντας, ἐκχωρήσω δὲ ἐργάτησιν ἀνδράσι πρήξιος τῆσδε.

ἐς οἰκίας δὲ ὁκόσας ἂν ἐσίω, ἐσελεύσομαι ἐπ’ ὠφελείῃ καμνόντων, ἐκτὸς ἐὼν πάσης ἀδικίης ἐκουσίης καὶ φθορίας, τῆς τε ἄλλης καὶ ἀφροδισίων ἔργων ἐπὶ τε γυναικείων σωμάτων καὶ ἀνδρῶν, ἐλευθέρων τε καὶ δούλων.

ἃ δ’ ἂν ἐνθεραπείῃ ἢ ἴδω ἢ ἀκούσω, ἢ καὶ ἄνευ θεραπείης κατὰ βίον ἀνθρώπων, ἃ μὴ χρή ποτε ἐκλαλεῖσθαι ἔξω, σιγήσομαι, ἄρρητα ἡγεύμενος εἶναι τὰ τοιαῦτα.

ὅρκον μὲν οὖν μοι τόνδε ἐπιτελέα ποίοντι, καὶ μὴ συγχέοντι, εἴη ἐπαύρασθαι καὶ βίου καὶ τέχνης δοξαζομένην παρὰ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἐς τὸν αἰεὶ χρόνον: παραβαίνοντι δὲ καὶ ἐπιорκέοντι, τὰναντία τούτων.

I swear by Apollo Physician, by Asclepius, by Health, by Panacea and by all the gods and goddesses, making them my witnesses that I will carry out, according to my ability and judgment, this oath and this indenture.

To hold my teacher in this art equal to my own parents; to make him partner in my livelihood; when he is in need of money to share mine with him; to consider his family as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they want to learn it, without fee or indenture; to impart precept, oral instruction, and all other instruction to my own sons, the sons of my teacher, and to indentured pupils who have taken the physician’s oath, but to nobody else.

I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with a view to injury and wrong-doing. Neither will I administer a poison to anybody when asked to do so, nor will I suggest such a course. Similarly I will not give to a woman a pessary to cause abortion. But I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art. I will not use the knife, not even, verily, on sufferers from stone, but I will give place to such as be craftsmen therein.

Into whatsoever houses I enter, I will enter to help the sick, and I will abstain from all intentional wrong-doing and harm, especially from abusing the bodies of man or woman, bond or free. And whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession, as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with men, if it be what should not be published abroad, I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets.

Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I gain for ever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but if I transgress it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me.

Modern version:

I swear to fulfill, to the best of my ability and judgment, this covenant:

I will respect the hard-won scientific gains of those physicians in whose steps I walk, and gladly share such knowledge as is mine with those who are to follow.

I will apply, for the benefit of the sick, all measures which are required, avoiding those twin traps of overtreatment and therapeutic nihilism.

I will remember that there is art to medicine as well as science, and that warmth, sympathy, and understanding may outweigh the surgeon's knife or the chemist's drug.

I will not be ashamed to say "I know not," nor will I fail to call in my colleagues when the skills of another are needed for a patient's recovery.

I will respect the privacy of my patients, for their problems are not disclosed to me that the world may know. Most especially I must tread with care in matters of life and death. Above all, I must not play at God.

I will remember that I do not treat a fever chart, a cancerous growth, but a sick human being, whose illness may affect the person's family and economic stability. My responsibility includes these related problems, if I am to care adequately for the sick.

I will prevent disease whenever I can, for prevention is preferable to cure.

I will remember that I remain a member of society, with special obligations to all my fellow human beings, those sound of mind and body as well as the infirm.

If I do not violate this oath, may I enjoy life and art, respected while I live and remembered with affection thereafter. May I always act so as to preserve the finest traditions of my calling and may I long experience the joy of healing those who seek my help.

Written in 1964 by Louis Lasagna, Academic Dean of the School of Medicine at Tufts University, and used in many medical schools today.

It is a popular misconception that the phrase "First do no harm" (Latin: *Primum non nocere*) is a part of the Hippocratic oath. Strictly speaking, the phrase does not appear in the oath, although the oath does contain "Also I will, according to my ability and judgment, prescribe a regimen for the health of the sick; but I will utterly reject harm and mischief," in Latin "*Victus quoque rationem ad aegrotantium salutem pro facultate, judicioque meo adhibebo, noxamvero et maleficium propulsabo.*"

Another equivalent phrase is found in Epidemics, Book I, of the Hippocratic school: “Practice two things in your dealings with disease: either help or do not harm the patient.” The exact phrase is believed to have originated with the 19th-century surgeon Thomas Inman.

Kaley Cuoco Chanel is taking casual to a whole new level and getting away with pulling it off quite well. It’s best described as a Laissez-faire approach with feline overtones. Think: Eartha Kit as Catwoman in the old 1960s Adam West Batman TV series.

She swaps between laying across the table of the interrogation room, sitting in the interviewee’s chair, and lounging in the interviewer’s chair. Dressed in monochrome black, Beatnik style. Smiling at the one-way glass as if she can see through the mirror into the observation room where Mondo and Wade Wilson are standing watching her.

During the day shift, Wade is the senior watch officer for the Dakota’s private security service. High-end joints like the Dakota don’t have security guards, they have Brewsters. What is a Brewster? A Brewster is what a security guard is called in a high-end joint. Whether male or female, they wear tweed blazers with leather elbow patches, penny-loafers, and khaki pants.

“So, she’s the one?”

“Yep. Trust fund baby. Medical school dropout. Half-Fallen.”

“Who’s the father?”

Wade shrugs his shoulders. Then answers.

“That’s above my pay grade.”

“But, you’ve heard rumors, nonetheless?”

“Rumor is, Lucifer, himself. Trouble is.”

“Gossips always say that about Half-Fallen.”

“Exactly.”

“Who was the mother?”

“Not was. Is. The mother is living. An heiress. Worth trillions.”

Mondo doesn’t need any more hints to figure out who Kaley’s mother is.

“You mean this Kaley is the daughter of the Audrey Chanel?”

“One in the same.”

“Thrill killer?”

“That was be my initial guess.”

“And now?”

“I’m thinking it goes much deeper than that. And, I’m thinking she’s got an accomplice.”

“Do tell.”

“Shall I start from the beginning?”

“Please do.”

Anatomy of a Murder, Part 1

A year before the homicide at the Dakota.

A woman and her robot roommate. They share a leased apartment in the Dakota. Flesh and metal, openly living in sin, so to speak.

A woman, like a demon. Naked. Wanton. Branded and deeply scared—although, she can parade around unmarked, her flesh flawless and creamy-smooth, and thus bereft of Satanic disfigurement. Speaking in tongues—meaningless babble to the uninitiated that’s anything but meaningless to the adept. Her father is a fallen angel. Her mother is a human practitioner of witchcraft. Schooled in stealth and the “craft” of assassination. A servant of Lucifer. She murders with will, not blindly like an animal. She is a monster.

Her life partner. A skin job. Underneath the lie of its flesh is a Mordmaschine (German: the Murder Machine). Wearing its flesh, it’s the identical twin of the woman it’s partnered with. It can mimic the human marked and unmarked.

They move unseen through the Dakota’s front entrance in concert with Yoko Ono, as Ms. Ono transports bags of groceries with the aid of the doorman Clarence Talbert.

Although they are mere inches from Ono and the doorman. Thanks to the active camouflage field enveloping them. Neither Ms. Ono nor Clarence is aware of their presence.

Her verbose are not arcane incantations. To reiterate: magic is not possible in and around the Dakota for two city blocks. To the adept, they sound like cryptic scientific formula. Spoken equations that maintain her camo field? Nope. They are access codes for select aspects of the building. Codes that any hacker would relinquish their soul to possess. The codes are void when spoken by metal. They’re also null and void when uttered by flesh who’s unauthorized to use them.

For obvious reasons, the Dakota is a magnet for hackers. Figuratively speaking, the building is crack for hackers. Their Mount Everest, so to speak. Dozens of failed hacking attempts a day. And, yet, inside and outside of this building the surveillance is minimum thanks to the insistence of the building’s tenant association. Most of the building’s residents are well-heeled, the majority of whom are human. They value their privacy utmost; even at the risk of their safety, gossips say.

The building’s Brewsters are obvious, but discrete. Tastefully dressed. No gun bulges underneath their blazers. Not because their jackets are concealed carry. But, because they are not allowed to carry weapons of any type, especially guns, while doing their rounds. Gossips say that if security had been armed and surveillance wasn’t kept so lax, maybe John Lennon would still be alive today.

The two unseen follow Ono and Clarence through the foyer into the lobby proper. The majority of hackers never get this far. The flipside of tenants valuing their privacy to the point of it being a cult is that it’s quite “daunting” to say the least for unwanted guests to crash the party, so to speak.

What the girl and her robot partner are doing so surreptitiously is allowed for residents to do. As long as no federal, state, or local laws are broken, no resident’s privacy is invaded, and none of the building covenants are violated, a resident moving about cloaked is totally legit. In other words, personal stealth is allowed as long as it adheres strictly to the spirit and the letter of: “first do no

harm.”

Six months later:

It’s the monthly tenant association’s meeting. Wade Wilson is making an impassioned plea for increased surveillance in response to the jump in hacking attempts against the Dakota. As usual, it falls on deaf ears. None of the mundane tenants are budging. They hold steadfast to their position of minimum intrusion into their personal lives, even if the electronic surveillance in question is meant to make their lives safer.

As for the supernatural residents. For example, people like the unrelated Millers: Penelope and Coco Miller. They are lukewarm about the subject. For reasons that are painfully obvious. Their safety hinges on what and whom they are. Both of which are formidable indeed.

Wade is parrying verbal assaults from all directions.

“And how many hacking attempts per day are made against the Dakota?”

“Several dozen.”

“And how many have proved to be successful?”

“Seven, to date.”

“In the entire history of the building?!”

“Yes.”

“And none of them made it past the second floor, where they were all caught without mishap to a single, solitary resident. Correct?”

“Yes.”

“One murder in the history of the building, Lennon’s, and that was outside?”

“Yes.”

“We’re whole lot safer in here than we ever will be out there in spite of all those damnable CCTV cameras.”

The chairman of the tenant association, Ms. Claire Bernice-Roundtree, strikes her gavel.

“Motion denied. Do I hear a second?”

A cacophony supplies the needed confirmation. Motion denied. Wade sits down, visibly frustrated. The elation of two of the people in the room has nothing to do with protection of privacy. Theirs is of a much more sinister nature.

Anatomy of a Murder, Part 2

“Mankind has only one science. It is the science of discontent.” - Count Hasimir Fenring.

Mondo walks the murder scene. It’s just she and Wade. When she first entered the apartment, she had a near-psychic experience. Nothing magical, of course. But. Something clearly paranormal, nonetheless.

What was the “special-K” event?

Upon crossing the threshold and setting foot in the apartment. Suddenly Mondo is in the foyer of a fancy French restaurant. One of those swanky joints of a five-star hotel, circa 1920s, just before The Fall. She pokes her head into the dining area, then invites herself in and explores, the he-she gender-bending maître d’hôtel pays her no mind, as if she’s invisible. Likewise, the patrons treat her as if she’s not there. There is the usual, polite eatery chatter, but it is indiscernible as to what language the patrons are actually speaking, and the more she tries to discern what it was, the more indecipherable their spoken language becomes. But. One thing is for sure. In spite of the supposed local, the language is not French. Still. No one seems to notice her. And. There seems no way for her to interact with them. There is something immaterial and supernatural about the place and the people in spite of very substantive and very mundane appearances. She can touch drinking glasses and plates, and remove them from tables, yet they remain on the tables, as if she is manipulating their “likenesses” while the originals remain on the tables to be used. She can touch patrons and staff, but they don’t seem to notice. As she turns around to make another circuit of the room looking for something anything she missed observing the first time. The maître d’ and a couple being led to their table by the maître d’ passes right through her, as if she or they is a wraith. Once the couple is seated, the maître d’ turns his attention to Mondo and looks her straight in the eye, acknowledging her existence. There’s silence, everyone in the room—staff and patrons alike—are looking at her, giving her their undivided attention.

“Young lady, we’re simply appalled. Emily Post would be turning in her grave, if she were dead. You know better. Goodness gracious. You’re Coco’s Girl Friday, and, as you well know, she Coco has an account here and is a member in good standing. A standing, I might add, which your ridiculous stunt flouting the rules has put in grave jeopardy.” The maître d’ is speaking English with a strong French accent. “You’ve been here before; many times, I might add. You know the score. You’re hardly a virgin to it. We don’t take walk-ins, no exceptions. You’re to wait your turn to be seated by me, and you MUST be accompanied by a member who has made a reservation beforehand.” There’s a long pause. “The way you’re acting, the next thing we know, you’ll be spooning with one of the guests in the hotel lobby.” Another pause. This one is much shorter. “Be gone, before we change our minds and decide that this transgression demands more than just a verbal reprimand. Oh. And say ‘hello’ to Coco from us. She’s hasn’t been by for a while, thanks to her ‘house arrest’ by that new Pope.” There’s an intermediate pause. “Pope Ruth has really let us down in this matter. Then, again, the Pope is only human. But. We must support Holy Mother Church.” He smiles broadly; much wider than any human could. “Once all this unpleasantness is over, maybe the Pope can join us for brunch as a guest of Coco’s.” Then, in closing, before formally dismissing the girl, he adds a seemingly out of context cryptic. “Remember: boys will be boys, and girls will be girls. The only difference that matters is the length and girth of their toys.”

Mondo pops back into the here and now with none the wiser. From Mondo's perspective, she was gone for a while. From Wade's perspective, she never left. In quantum physics terms: she had transitioned to a point outside beyond the space-time continuum and then transitioned right back to whence she had come. And no matter how it might sound to the uninitiated, it was not time travel.

They snatched her and then publicly blamed her for the transgression. Again proving that plausible deniability isn't just the domain of the mundane. She can't prove her innocence, and no one can prove their guilt.

Officially, they haven't intervened. Officially, they haven't given her clues to what's what. Officially, they've remained unbiased in their support of The Church, in this matter.

Thanks to all that official neutrality of theirs. Now, she knows how the murderer got in a locked room. Now, she knows the murderer's motivation for the crimes, and thus she now knows the connection between the seemingly unrelated murder in the Dakota and the murder on the Wal-Mart parking lot. And. Now, she knows the murderer is male.

The human Wade has the forensics and a suspect. But. What he doesn't have is the murderer. He only has the unknowing coconspirator.

Kahlan's Con Dar

"Pinks is red circles or rings around eyes and irises, and bloodshot eyes" – Rich Christensen, Pinks.

Red circles or rings around eyes make you look sleepy, tired, and ages older than you actually are. Eyes contour the face and red periorbital circles can easily be spotted. Appearance may vary depending on skin tone from dark red, brownish purplish, or dark blue. This is why red eye circles may be classified under dark under eye circles. Red rings around the eyes are equally found in men and women. While they usually occur in adults, children can also have them.

Depending on the cause, red circles around eyes may be accompanied with **pain or swelling**. While there are things you can do at home to reduce pain, swelling and get rid of this dark patches, it is advisable to see an ophthalmologist if there is increasing pain or redness.

What causes red circles around eyes? Sometimes called **periorbital circles or allergic shiners**, red circles around eyes can have many causes. Most of the times it is assumed that it is from lack of sleep, a night of heavy drinking, or doping with "blood rage." Despite these assumptions, these are not the only causes. While there are many causes of red circles around eyes, this problem is rarely associated with serious conditions or systemic infections.

Blood Rage its common street name is formally known as Kahlan's Con Dar. Named after the Kahlan, the "confessor" Kum variant that secretes it as a powerful narcotic "ingredient" mixed in with its subjugating saliva while tainting and subsequently enslaving a fed upon host. This newest identified Kum variant seems to have come out of nowhere about a year ago, and is parochial to the sewers underneath the Upper West Side of Manhattan in New York City. Its potent saliva is the newest vogue drug among recreational drug users, so-called "casual" addicts, and hardcore junkies alike.

According to ageless.co.za, the skin around the eyes is the thinnest and the most fragile on the entire face and must all the time be treated with utmost care.

Here are common causes of dark circles under eyes:

- Allergies: hay fever, nasal congestion and sinus problems.
- Genetics
- Stress
- Topical dermatitis
- Iron deficiency anemia
- Broken capillaries
- Skin pigmentation abnormalities
- Excessive exposure to the sun
- Aging
- Hormones and pregnancy
- Wiping and rubbing
- Dehydration causing dry eyes
- Side effect from certain drugs
- Lifestyle- excessive smoking and drinking
- Minor trauma or irritation from contact lenses

- Sleep deprivation
- Blood Rage abuse, either from illicit drug use or from being used by a Kahlan

Red Ring around Iris of Eye

Red ring around the iris of the eye is usually a side effect of wearing contact lenses which are ill fitting or torn. It can also be a reaction to the contact lens itself or the cleaning solution. If you do not wear contact lens and develop a red ring around the iris of the eye, it may be secondary to bacteria or viral conjunctivitis. Corneal ulcer or iritis are rather uncommon causes.

Please note: If someone is engaged in heavy blood rage doping, they will always exhibit bloodshot eyes as well as red rings or circles around the irises of their eyes, in association with the expected red rings or circles around the eyes themselves. Bloodshot eyes and red iris rings are never associated with light to medium blood rage doping. This combination of bloodshot eyes and red rings or circles around the eye and their irises is known as Ares Pinks or simply Pinks.

If you're not a heavy blood rage doper. Or been used by a Kahlan. And thus know your Pinks is not caused by blood rage. You should consider seeing your ophthalmologist for a better diagnosis and treatment. Be sure to carry your contacts and contact lens cleaner as well.

Note that if the red circles around your eyes is genetic, it may a little difficult to get rid of the discoloration. You can choose to use makeup to conceal the redness or go for permanent cosmetic solutions such as eye fillers or surgery. If the redness around your eyes is long standing even after using the remedies described above, you should consult with your physician to rule out chronic illnesses and other systemic conditions.

Anatomy of a Murder, Part 3

“Where must we go, we who wander this wasteland in search of our better selves?” – The First History Man Mad Max: Fury Road.

Kaley Cuoco Chanel is lounging in the interviewer’s chair, way beyond nonchalant. The Beatnik is sporting a large grin on her face. This time, she’s not smiling at the one-way glass through which Wade Wilson is watching her while standing in the adjoining observation room. Instead, Kaley is mocking Mondo.

Mondo walks about the interrogation room. Sexy and severe, hers is the promiscuous gait of a 1950s Jayne Mansfield on the prowl. Maryse stands in corner, unmoving since it came into the room.

This time, Kaley is not without counsel. Seated beside her is her lawyer, well-known LGBT mouthpiece Kristen Wiig. But. So far. Of the two of them. Kaley is doing all of the talking, unbridled by Ms. Wiig.

Except for the barrister’s Kaye and Mondo’s Koo. Ms. Wiig and Miss Kane are sporting simpatico looks. A look that would result from crossing a librarian with a dominatrix.

Perls. Prudz. Bolshoi, heavily-applied in the provocative manner of the Bolshoi’s ballerinas. Careys. Underneath their suits: bullet bras and thongs, smartphones and cigarette purses. No holster for Ms. Wiig, of course. Straight blonde hair yanked back into a sternka. In place of sternns, with their attendant heavy doses of overbearing prude, disfiguring severity, and overpowering sternness. Both women are wearing Kazuo Kawasaki 704s (Sarah Palin Glasses). The style of eyeglasses worn by Sarah Palin, more commonly known as “palins”—sexual repression never looked better. Hard, pretty faces with big ugly mouths, mouths that reek of loathing and disdain even when that’s not their wearer’s intent, mouths that bespeak of sexual depravity oftentimes unbridled even when such depravity is not any part of the wearer’s personal life.

Of special note. In the case of these two women, Kristen and Mondo. Unbridled sexual depravity is integral to their lifestyles as swingers.

“I see according to your registration, Ms. Chanel, that you’re a pristinely ungifted one. A person immune to all forms of magic.”

“Are you asking or telling me?”

“Did it sound like a question or a rhetorical statement?”

“The latter.”

“Then, why did you bother asking me for a clarification that was unneeded by your own admission?”

That’s how it’s been for the last two hours without relent. An acidic, though polite, back and forth, between the two women, which has failed to produce the desired tantrum in Kaley. Kaley simply refuses to lose her cool and go vulgar, and incriminate herself. An uncharacteristic display of self-control on her part.

“Did you know the victims, Rich and Eleanor Christensen, personally?”

Again, that question of familiarity. Again, in response to it being asked for the umpteenth time, Wiig leans over and whispers something in Kaley's ear.

"Yes. We'd get drunk together, from time to time."

Then, the expected follow-up question, it too asked for the umpteenth time.

"Did you and Rich ever swap wives during these drunken orgies?"

"They weren't orgies, not even binges. And Roberta is not my wife. She's my robot."

"You're married, nonetheless."

"It's common law. The Church doesn't recognize it. And neither does almost half of the fifty states."

"Not recognized because it's common law? Or because she's metal?"

"Depends on the state."

"And the Church?"

"Because she's metal. Then again, you being Catholic like me, already know that."

And again. Mondo doesn't get the desired rise out of Kaley. But, the Vampire does notice that every time she asks a question that should get a rise out of Kaley, Kaley begins picking the cuticles of her fingernails. Nervous habit? Neurosis? Or something else, something much more telling?

By now, the cuticles of Kaley's fingernails are quite inflamed, some torn and ragged, from all of that picking. An Ares redness and cuticle abuse that reminds Mondo of something else.

"So, you fucked Eleanor while Rich fucked Roberta? In the same room, watching each other, all four of you, three flesh and one metal, all drunk?"

"Yep. Isn't that how it works for you when you've been drinking a lot and you fuck someone else's wife in front of them?"

"I'm asking the questions." Mondo pauses for effect, then continues. "Tell me again about your plan to murder Abner Mares."

"Never went through with it. After all, he's still alive."

"Tell me again about your plan to murder Abner Mares." Kaley regurgitates her story about her plot to do away with the bestselling transgender author who she had grown tiresome gone hate filled with. "Did you ever relate this murderous plan to the Roosevelts while you went swinging and drunk with them?"

"Nope."

Gotcha!, Mondo thinks.

That's when the smile momentarily disappears from Kaley's face, as she realizes her slipup. She's just admitted that she knew that Rich and Eleanor Christensen were also known as Richard and Eleanor Roosevelt. Something that was not common knowledge.

Kaley regains her composure but assaults her cuticles even more feverously.

"I, mean. Who are the Roosevelts?"

“Like I said. I’m the one who asks the questions. Not you.” Again, a pause for effect. “Now, how did you find out about their professional pseudonym?”

Again. A whispered conversation between Kaley and her lawyer.

“We got high once, and they, Eleanor, let it slip out. Rich was real furious about her letting the cat out of the bag, but a BJ got him calmed down soon enough.”

“A blow job from whom?”

“Me.”

“Deep throat?”

“Yes.”

“High with them, only once?”

“I won’t go there.”

“Because it would be incriminating?”

“Not going there.”

“Incriminating, because the drug or drugs in question are illegal?”

“Not going there.”

Kaley hastens to get up from her seat, but Wiig bides her to sit back down and she complies reluctantly.

Mondo rephrases her previous question.

“Did you ever relate this murderous plan to the Roosevelts while you went swinging and high with them?”

“Yes. Just that one time.”

“This interview is officially over. Your client is no longer a person of interest in this ongoing murder investigation.”

The Temporal Storm

“There are many endings. Today is one of them. Today is the day, when the end is at the beginning, and begin is at the end.” – Jenifer Babb

Reminiscent of the Borg au pair in BBC’s Mystery Theater episode *Prey*. Those beguiling idiosyncrasies. Nothing pretentious. A large, ugly mouth which pretends a frown that bespeaks loathing and disdain even when that’s not its wearer’s intent. Still the stilted walk of a 1950s Jayne Mansfield. Still the heavy makeup, still Bolshoi. Still the severe, form-fitting business suit. And. Severe readers that epitomize sexual repression still taken to its sexiest and a much darker turn: the rectangular “clerk” styling of sacrosanct Sarah Palins in place of the “old fogey-ism” of Sterns.

Having returned to the murder scene. Mondo makes an arcane gesture before she opens the master bedroom’s closet door and glazes upon a nude, trussed up Officer R. M. Renfield NYPD—what’s left of him, that is. He’s filthy, ravaged, and infested. Delirious. Deranged. Foaming at the mouth. An insanity-ravaged face. Teeth so filthy, they look rotten. Long, matted hair. A scraggly beard. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Long, dirty finger and toe nails. Fetid breath. Dirty tongue. Skin so dirty that patches of it are black.

Puncture wounds cover his left arm, the leftside of his neck, and his right pectoral—some of the wounds are old, others are quite fresh. Mondo wonders what parasite feeding upon him, did that to him.

Dried blood leaving trails from his mouth, eyes, nose, and ears. More lurid handiwork of a parasite that Mondo craves to meet.

Little more than skin and bones, he looks like he’s been hanging here for a while. In point of fact, he disappeared at the same time as the Dakota murders, while on duty. He’s a beat cop. The Dakota is on his beat.

As if he’s someone who is engaged in heavy blood rage doping, Officer Renfield exhibits the classic bloodshot eyes as well as red rings or circles around the irises of his eyes, in association with the expected red rings or circles around the eyes themselves.

Covering his left cheek is a crusty skin lesion. Star shaped. Yellow pus. Hooked into his back, for the length of his spine, is a similar-looking “growth”—longitudinal, as opposed to star-shaped, but crusty, yellow pus, etc. Extensions of Syphilis, Gonorrhea, genital herpes, or some other venereal disease, or all forms of venereal disease?

“Now, that’s something you don’t see every day,” Mondo quips.

Renfield’s genital has been altered—exaggerated so that his cock and balls hang down to his knees. Mondo licks her lips as if in anticipation of her deep-throating him. He’s uncircumcised. She craves to go down on him.

As if he’s some feral animal, he strains against the hemp rope which binds him spread-eagle to the wall to which he has been pinned.

Behind Mondo stands Wade and Maryse. She doesn’t have to see Wade’s face to know that he’s cringing at the obscenity assaulting his eyes. Nor is she surprised when he yanks her around to face his moral outrage.

“You saw this earlier, didn’t you?!”

“Yes.”

“And you said nothing!”

“Correct.”

Maryse makes no move to interfere. In fact, it goes back into the living room.

“We could have saved him!”

“From what?”

“This living hell, you blood-sucking bitch! That’s what!”

“He’s long gone. Broken and unrepairable, by the looks of him. Hopelessly deranged. A living hell is all he’s got, now. Too bad. We could have gotten some nifty info out of him, while he was still sane.”

Mondo walks away, nonchalantly. But there is purpose to her stroll, nonetheless. As if she’s being summoned. Wade phones 911. Strolling into the kitchen she spies the parasite in question making a hasty exit via the dumb waiter. But not so hasty that it doesn’t neglect giving the junkie whore more than just a glimpse of itself.

A humanoid parasite. That is. A parasite. The size of an adult, human female. Not human. Not a person, at all.

This wretched creature is the despicable Crone model for the Deity’s Penny Dreadful.

A hermaphrodite. A walking venereal disease.

No personal hygiene, whatsoever. It is infested and filthy. Scum covered teeth that are so filthy, they look rotten. Fetid breath. Long, greasy, unkempt, stringy hair—gray liberally streaked with white—hopelessly ruined, geriatric platinum blonde hair.

Dirty perls. A filthy Kaye—dead and diseased—that’s seen better days—ripped seams, a tattered skirt with a ragged hem, and a well-worn coat with frayed cuffs.

Covering its left cheek is a crusty skin lesion. Star shaped. Yellow pus. And. Notably, bursting through the back of its suitcoat. Hooked into its back, for the length of its spine, is a similar-looking “growth”—longitudinal, as opposed to star-shaped, but crusty, yellow pus, etc. Extensions of Syphilis, Gonorrhea, genital herpes, or some other venereal disease, or all forms of venereal disease?

Loose, crepey skin. Pallor. A pale, sickly complexion underneath layers of filth. Liver spots. Warts. Moles, notably its knobbs. And hairy moles—both of its knobbs, unlike a Borg’s, are hairy.

A hairy half-dollar-sized knob, centered, on the left and right sides of its neck. Except for being hairy and half-dollar-sized, they are in the configuration of a Borg Queen’s.

Larger, half-dollar-sized. But. Centered. Instead of being offset low like Mondo’s Drone version of a queenie was. Thus more controlling than a Borg Queen’s? Only time will tell.

It reeks of cum, jism, urine, and feces. And. Likewise. No hygiene mode for perls, Kaye, or purse.

A vile, reeking crotch. Nether regions—crotch—that has a strong, gamey odor which portends a sour degusting taste.

Overall, it reeks of a foul stench. Smelling like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long.

Vile and disgusting are the best, most-used adjectives to describe its effluvium. A truly wretched creature, is the best, most-used description of it.

Buxom. Big floppy tits. Floppy pendulous breasts with hideous stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Waist length.

A lot of its hand-bra, greasy chest, and cleavage are advertised by a tattered suit coat that has a plunging neckline when buttoned.

The cannibal brassiere milks the creature's sagging pendulous tits, squeezing them as if they were the swollen milk-laden udders of a dairy cow. Rotting, severed hands which have been disfigured to have long dirty ragged fingernails, hairy warts, and moles. Fingernails that match its own long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails.

A walking bag of loose wrinkled skin and bones. Skinny. Boney arms and legs. Emaciated looking. Way beyond Gollum-esque.

Therefore. An emaciated husk. A flat, sagging belly upon which waist-length floppies rest. Ravenous. Varicose-veined legs. Age wise: looks to be a septuagenarian.

Pancake ass. But, not a tight ass. Sagging, flat-as-a-pancake ass. A flat and disgustingly sagging ass.

The tortured face of a lunatic. A face with a large hideous mouth—facial lacerations, that appear to have been inflicted with the hooked blade of a linoleum knife, extend the corners of its mouth rending it a smile that literally extends from ear to ear. The face of actress Helen Mirren ravaged by age, depravity, single-minded obsession, and the disfigurement of its mouth.

Long, crooked, serrated teeth. Spotted, receding gums—white spots and pale pink gums.

Red, glowing eyes. Eyes with the express intent to mesmerize.

Head lice, fleas, and crabs, and things growing on its filth-ingrained skin. Patches of its skin are so dirty, they're black.

Things grow on it. Things live on it. Things feed on it. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on its skin. Sewer moss covers much of the inside of its thighs.

Its tongue is a long, retractile proboscis that looks like a squid.

When it the tongue needs to feed. It will insert its squid-like proboscis into the mouth and down the throat of a host, supplying the host with oxygen and a powerful narcotic while feeding off of the host the whole time. A narcotic that also can be secreted by glands in its mouth. Mixing with its saliva, it can be effectively delivered by it spitting in a host's face. A Xeno narcotic as potent as reagent.

Hands are horribly thin. The disproportionately-long fingers are little more than claws.

Tentacles that look like they belong on an octopus. Tentacles, covered in suckers, which end in rattlers akin to a rattlesnake's. Eight such tentacles wrap its midriff when not in use. Four sprout from the leftside of its torso and four sprout from the rightside of its torso.

Not sentient. A creature of pure instinct. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of its mouth. Normally, it uses speech as a lure for prey. During a full moon, it will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

The Seductive Showgirl

Woman of dubious moral virtue/forward girl— mollisher (a villain/gangster's woman), tart, bobtail/bangtail/wagtail, dirty puzzle (nasty slut), athanasian wench, quicunque vult, cockish wench, biter, cleaver.

“What the fuck was that?!” Wade asks. He'd only gotten a fleeting glimpse. Although he's correctly guessed that whatever it was, it's what had been feeding upon the missing cop. Having called 911, he'd pursued Mondo into the kitchen.

“Something I'd like to feed upon me.” Mondo turns around to face Wade. “I think it's called a *Partygirl*. A dirty puzzle, to say the least. The newest designer drug to hit the streets.”

Mondo licks her lips lewdly. She lets her hair down and purses her readers. Shades of the cold, calculating blonde human telepath Talia Winters actress, Andrea Thompson of the PSI Corps in the fictional universe of Babylon 5. A hardcore knot of the fans of the cancelled sci-fi TV series are convinced that Babylon 5 is based upon a real world. One of the so-called “absent” universes that the authorities refuse to officially acknowledge as existing for some undisclosed reason.

“You did arcane to reveal him, yet magic isn't possible here. But. Not all arcane works magic.”

“Sometimes, arcane is used to work a mechanism, which is the case here.”

“A hidden mechanism, which in itself is used to hide things from ‘ordinary’ view?”

“And not so ordinary view. Unless, you're a deity in proximity.” Mondo pauses for effect. “Hypothetically, speaking. You're a god, living a floor up. Maybe in the apartment just above this one. Bored. Nothing good on the TV. Worse: maybe it's a weekend and you've got no place interesting to go—none of the ‘in’ crowd is having one of their ‘must attend’ parties. Then. Out of a clear blue sky, you start getting this vibe. You get curious. Decide to do some snooping. Go astral, second sight, whatever. Invasion of privacy, against the house rules, and all that. But. What the hell. You're a god and you're bored. Which is justification enough for your infraction by your way of thinking.”

Wade asks the obvious. He's primed for confrontation.

“The deities in this building. They knew about this, his captivity, and said nothing?!”

“Hypothetically speaking. One ‘sees’ something. One gossips to her peers in the building about what she saw. It's none of their business, no one asked them, etc. No more than idle gossip to their peers, inside and outside of the building. You know the score. Stop getting so worked up about it. You're a professional, for Christ's sake, act like it.”

“No one asked them, you say! How in the hell would someone mortal know to ask about this?!”

“Temper, temper,” Mondo teases.

“Nasty slut!”

“Guilty as charged. Maybe I'll fuck you later. That will relax you. A BJ from moi will make you forget about this silly distress of yours. My deep throat has never gotten a complaint.”

“This is all some kind of sick game to you people!”

“It’s a game. It’s your opinion that it is a sick one. As you well must know, Food’s opinion of our behavior matters not to us anyways. So. To reiterate. You know the score, and you’re a professional. So. Act like it.”

Wade is beside himself, but he finally manages to reel himself in. By then they have walked back into the living room where Maryse is still waiting. It’s there that Mondo ceases to acknowledge Wade’s existence, and acts like she and Maryse are the only ones in the room. The robot follows her lead to a tee.

“He was right where they told you he would be? Concealed by a simple overlay which was exploiting the minimum dimensional compression in use by this archaic building?”

“Yes.”

“Although to be fair they didn’t tell you, directly. Their reveal was through keenly observed allegory.”

“To maintain their unspoken neutrality.”

“Quite so.”

“To know the nature, the name, and the purpose of a mechanism, is to know the workings of a mechanism. Clearly, we have been given an unfair advantage by them, which the authorities do not possess.”

“Clearly.”

“Take, for example, the mirrors in this room. Better yet, leaving no avenue unexhausted, they the police checked all the reflective surfaces in the apartment.”

“Forensics 101. An obvious avenue for secretive ingress/egress into a locked domicile which employs 1.1% so-called juvenile dimensional compression.”

There are quite a few mechanisms in the apartment. Which isn’t surprising. The murdered tenants were avid collectors. And. In bygone days, this apartment was owned by the famous illusionist and escape artist Harry Houdini. His estate still owns the apartment, a fact not commonly known.

“At first, getting the spelling and pronunciation wrong, being that the mechanism’s name was quite a bit older than mortals would initially be expected to postulate.”

“They had to do some real digging on that one. Certainly not child’s play. But, the mechanism, once found, proved to be nonfunctional. It hadn’t been functional for eons.”

Their knowledgeable exchange again proves that Fredda Laine has briefed them quite well.

“The dumb waiter in the kitchen was ruled out from the git-go. It’s an obvious blind—in a circular fashion, you exit the kitchen via the dumb waiter and exit the dumb waiter right back into the kitchen; ergo, the wretched thing I saw use it has gone nowhere.”

Their witty banter begins to stir a most disturbing notion in Wade’s mind. He touches an innocuous looking doodad his utility belt, activating a silent alarm. Then. Wade interrupts, rudely.

“What I still can’t figure is how the killer got in this apartment. No signs of forced entry. No signs of unauthorized access. Only the tenants had keys. All of the building locks are warded. But. I can guess the rest, now. The killer stayed hidden after committing the murders by use of the very same mechanism that kept the missing officer and that parasite hidden. An anonymous phone call

reported the murders. We enter via a master key, the killer waits until the coast is clear and then simply walks out. At least that was the plan. But, something went wrong and the killer never left the premises.”

“Nope. Everything went as planned. The killer was never supposed to leave the premises, alive,” Mondo contradicts him, a smile painting her face. “By the way. You just saw the killer.”

The front door swings open and Wade’s backup arrives, just in the nick. The humans have decided to make this investigation an equal partnership.

Bird and Diz, The Genius of Charlie Parker

Fats Waller's epilogue, "One never knows, do one?" furnishes a terse summary of these speculations.

They're in Wade's office. Just the three of them.

"You're telling me that thing is a man?!" Wade asks, incredulously. In spite of Doctor Carson's thorough DNA work-up setting open on his desk in front of him. Doc Carson is the Dakota's house doctor.

The Partygirl is restrained and caged. Straitjacket, muzzle, and leg irons. Secured in a cage designed to hold a Goon.

"Well. She's human, has the Y-chromosome, and thus is technically male," Mondo parries. Standing in front of the cage. Staring covetously at the wretched creature. Wishing it were degrading and humiliating and enslaving and using her.

"Human! That thing's not human!" Wade counters, again.

"It's human, technically; based upon the frequency that its DNA resonates at." Mondo flicks out her long, wicked tongue and moistens the tip of her keen nose. "Quasi-supernatural: yes. Crone modeled: yes. A retro-parasite: yes. A walking venereal disease: yes. But. Nonetheless. Homo Sapiens: yes."

Mondo unbuttons her jacket begins squeezing the breast-bulging cups of her revealing torpedo bra. Her tits are screaming, figuratively, to be let loose—let the double-D pigeons fly. More than a mouthful is never a waste!

Tellingly, her hands remained gloved.

Big Tit worship quickly devolves into something even more wanton. One hand stays squeezing her ripe melons while the other one is shoved deep inside the waistband of her skirt, into her panties, to finger her wanton crotch.

Tellingly, the hygiene mode for her attire stays switched on.

Tellingly, she's wearing neither sterns nor palins. Ergo: she's not back to professing aloud the disfiguring severity of the fore or the sexy severity of the latter. No readers, whatsoever. Doesn't matter, really, because her hard pretty face and cold piercing blue eyes spell "sexual repression still wins the day for this girl" loud enough for all to hear.

Tellingly, her hair lets down into yellow-blonde tresses which possess the faintest hint of a body wave perm. Almost board straight, but not quite.

"Two days, no more."

"Friday evening through Monday morning. A little more than two days. But. Hardly enough to quibble about."

"I get proof that will stand up in court that that thing did the murders. And, you do something for that missing cop we rescued."

“It’ll never stand trial. It’s insane. The best you can hope for is it being confined in an institution for the criminally insane for the rest of its unnatural life. Hardly the justice you desire, officer.”

“Nonetheless. You produce the promised affidavit from your aforementioned witness and you purge the cop, and I’ll let you hook up in a place of your choosing with that bag of bones in the cage from Friday evening through Monday morning.”

“Agreed.” Mondo turns around to face him. She yanks her hand out of her crotch. If her hand wasn’t gloved she’d be able to lick the nectar off of her perfectly-manicured fingers. Her other hand stops masturbating her chest. Both hands fall to her sides. “As a show of good faith. I’m gonna tell you how the killer and that cop got in a locked, encrypted apartment without magic or a teleportation device.”

Mondo buttons her jacket.

“Bullshit,” he retorts.

“What?”

“You heard me.”

“In what way am I misleading you?”

“In every way imaginable.”

“How so?”

“Your so-called defining witness was only privy to that thing in the cage and its use of the cop, and has been in possession of that knowledge for some time. Probably since the inception of his captivity. Which means he could have been saved. He’s beyond hope now. Your witness is of no use solving the murders, doesn’t know who the killer is, and could care less. You don’t know who the killer is, either. Haven’t a clue.” He points accusingly at the caged wretch. “This thing sure as hell ain’t the killer.” He flashes a broad mocking grin. “How am I doing, so far?”

“On the money, so far,” Mondo replies, smartly. Flashing her own version of a broad, mocking grin.

“I bet if we wait 48-hours and take a beta sample of that thing, the second DNA work-up will show she-he to be an ‘it.’ The animate corpse of a female Crone, who died from an overdose of whatever the parasite is that now animates the cadaver which hosts it.”

“I believe the parasite is called a Ginkgo Biloba.”

“Partygirl is positive for the Y-chromosome and its DNA is resonating at human frequency, because that’s One Codex from its human victims.”

“Bravo, smart boy. You must have mad Google skills.”

“I ain’t gonna let some blood bag waltz on in here and solve the case. I’m supposed to do that. This is my house, and I’m the big dog here. Capish?”

“Okay. Okay. I’ll comply. But, at the very least, let me give you the needed nudge from time to time. Nothing heavy handed, mind you. They share intel with me, and I share what I can with you. Capish?”

“Agreed.”

“Agreed.”

Per ROE. They shake on it.

“All of the building’s locks are warded. Not magical wards. Not mechanisms, either. Ingenious and mechanical. There are access codes for select aspects of the building.”

“Before we go further with the brief.”

“Yes?”

“Do I still get a go with Partygirl at a dump of my own choosing for the weekend?”

The Mortal Instruments – Shadowhunters aka Be Forewarned: I am the bait and I am the trap

He Thelonious Sphere Monk, one of the founding fathers of Bebop, became a permanent house guest in the New Jersey home of his old friend and long-time patron, the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter—“Nica”—at whose New York apartment Charlie Parker had stayed during his brief final illness in 1955. It was increasingly clear that Thelonious would not be returning to action. Building again on the earlier accounts of his eccentricity, it was pretty generally accepted that the situation involved developing mental illness. But there was no direct or specific explanation or resolution; Thelonious remained in seclusion until 1982, when he suffered a stroke and died. He was almost 65, and he had been a professional pianist since his teens, but his period as a direct influence and a recognized major creative force in Jazz was largely confined to the period between his reemergence in the mid-1950s at the Five Spot and his swift shutdown at the end of the following decade.

In a fleabag hotel in skidrow. In the rented-by-the-week room of one of fleabag’s residents. Here the prostitute “entertains” those clients of hers that prefer to do the dirty in the privacy of her room. Most of her customers do it with her in an alley near the corner she works.

The girl, Lucy, struggles. Not for life, but for more addiction. The core motivation craving of all junkies. She’s young, blonde, and buxom. A leggy twenty-something who was smoking-hot before narcotics robbed her of her looks. Now she looks decades older than her birth certificate would give testament to. She’s skinny, filthy, and infested, and this former clotheshorse and blue-blood debutant doesn’t care.

Lying on her back, legs spread widely. Wearing a dirty t-shirt and thong panties—stained, dingy-grey, and threadbare, once they were clean, pristine, and gloriously white. Underneath her t-shirt, a hand-bra is very busy, rudely groping her tits. Stuffing her thong is the very soiled Doll Parts that she’s strapping. Parts which have no hygiene mode. The dildo is sporting a full erection.

The bare mattress of the brass bed upon which she lies reeks of the sour stench of fermenting cum, jism, urine, and feces which spatters, stains, and soaks it. The girl sells herself for her junk. She doesn’t care what she must do to get her next fix. No matter how degrading. She’s hopelessly hooked and as such is in that downward spiral which ultimately leads to death.

Dirty finger and toe nails, long and ragged. Dark circles around bloodshot eyes. Covering her left cheek is a crusty skin lesion. Star shaped. Yellow pus. And. Hooked into her back, bursting through her t-shirt, for the length of her spine, is a similar “growth.” It is longitudinal, as opposed to star-shaped, but it’s crusty, yellow pus, etc., just like her cheek lesion. Looking like extensions of Syphilis, Gonorrhea, genital herpes, and every other form of venereal disease, they are in fact papillomavirus warts.

Partygirl is on top of Lucy. Its tongue, that long retractile proboscis, that always-hungry squid in its mouth, is shoved into Lucy’s large ugly mouth and down her throat and is feeding voraciously. Back before Lucy became a user and got used to the nth degree, she had a small neat mouth. Back then. Not an addict. She just liked to get high, from time to time. Lucy was careful, thought only chumps got hooked, and was so sure that she was too smart to ever become a junkie. Pride cometh before the fall. So. Always looking for kicks and that elusive best high, she tried out getting used

by a Partygirl, one weekend during Spring Break when she was supposed to be working on her dissertation on lichens. Recreational drug use quickly gave way to full-blown addiction in less than two weeks. Her mouth got stretched out from getting used, and has never been small and neat again.

Lucy's mouth has also been repeatedly violated by Partygirl's cock. A massive penis that has rammed the prostitute's pussy and asshole with the worst of intentions multiple times since this weekend orgy began. An orgy for Partygirl; a binge for Lucy.

In spite of the squid shoved down her gullet, she's still able to make those clicking sounds of hers, the clicking sounds of a Partygirl. Also, just like a Partygirl, she only speaks mundane when she has to. Her teeth are so filthy, they look rotten. Gums receded, baring more teeth, making them look even longer and more menacing. Straight teeth rendered crooked. Teeth sharpened to points. A long tongue that's been split halfway down the middle so that it's now forked. The mortal version of a razorblade smile. Her long, facile tongue is so filthy it's black. It's as if she's had a stroke and because of the resulting facial paralysis her tongue had hung out of her mouth so long that it had dried up and turned black.

Mondo sits in a corner. Jacket unbuttoned. Legs spread, draping the ragged arms of a chair that has seen much better days, craving that she were in Lucy's place getting used, instead of Lucy as her proxy. One hand is very busy shoved in her bra, rudely groping her tits. The other hand is equally busy shoved deep inside the waistband of her skirt, into her panties, feverously finger fucking her pussy. Neither hand is gloved. The hygiene mode for her attire has been turned off for the duration. She's been holed up here for a day. Seemingly incoherent. Foaming at the mouth. Ranting and raving as if to a lunatic's full moon.

Hanging in an open closet nearby is the perennial choice of extreme female junkies, a dead diseased Kaye. When Lucy is not wearing it, her well-worn very soiled Doll Parts which have no hygiene mode is hanging alongside the ruined business suit.

The question to ask yourself is: "Considering Mondo's well-known proclivities, why is she employing a surrogate?"

And, she's not the only one who's using a proxy. Six, seemingly unconnected figures, converge casually upon the hotel. Four men and two woman, posing as bums and bagladies. The would-be party crashers are wearing the faces and physiques of the Dakota's Brewsters.

This square footage of the skidrow area is where magic is problematic at best. It is part of an alternate New York called Downworld. An off-the-grid filled with mysterious faeries, hard-partying warlocks, not-what-they-seem Vampires, an army of Werewolves. In other words, the flavor of the night and the persuasions of demons who want to destroy it all. All the intangibles needed to enable the darkest things to do the impossible.

Telepathically, her phone Lucy whispers in her ear: "*They're here, Mistress.*"

Mondo's telepathic response is the cryptic observation of a pro-wrestling fanatic: *Others are capable of delivering intense promos, but I can't think of anyone else who does so casually, like seething rage is his baseline.*

Her Phone responds in kind: "*Watch repairers: Cell phones have replaced watches for many people, which means less demand for watch repair. Jobs in this highly specialized industry are already scarce – there are just 2,700 watch repairers in the U.S., according to the BLS. By 2024,*

there will be only 2,000, a drop of 26%. Trained horologists will still be needed to fix expensive designer watches, so this field, while shrinking, isn't quite dead yet."

The lunatic Mondo has the last word in this parley: *This is Life, with all the dull parts cut out.*

The six party crashers are Sedition. So, Mondo's last comment is totally within context. As is the rest of the telepathic exchange between the Lost Girl and her Phone.

Sedition—Box Command Doll—Blood Doll. They are the android equivalent of a Vampire, and are powered by something called Blink Drive. Sedition is that very special class of "artificial" people. Only Toy is more technologically advanced. Like Toy, they destroyed their creators. Unlike Toy, their creators weren't biologicals. Their creators were thinking machines; machines that were second in advancement only to Toy.

Their particular adaptation of Blink Drive is only usable by Sedition—the robotic equivalent of organics who get DNA married to specific tech to render it proprietary.

Blink Drive is a derivative micro cross between a World Engine and Phantom Drive. Blink has a horrendous Purple radiation leakage to its operator resulting from when it folds the space-time continuum during transit operations. Of course, Purple has no adverse effect on Sedition. Their only known fatal vulnerability is sudden primary brain death. As such, they are nearly invincible.

At death, their consciousness is uploaded into the World Machine where it's stored until it can be downloaded into a new artificial body. Making them essentially immortal. Only Sedition knows where the World Machine is located. Even The Borg know better than to try and violate that secrecy.

Night Train Revisited

The *Völkischer Beobachter* (pronounced 'følkɪʃə bə'ʔoːbaχtə; “Völkisch Observer”) was the newspaper of the National Socialist German Workers’ Party (NSDAP or Nazi Party) from 1920. It first appeared weekly, then daily from 8 February 1923. For twenty-five years it formed part of the official public face of the Nazi party.

The “fighting paper of the National Socialist movement of Greater Germany” (*Kampfblatt der nationalsozialistischen Bewegung Großdeutschlands*) had its origin in the *Münchener Beobachter* (“Munich Observer”), an anti-Semitic weekly paper which in 1918 was acquired by the Thule Society and in August 1919 was renamed *Völkischer Beobachter*.

Not wholesale warfare—mass slaughter on its grandest scale—the most beloved child of the god Ares—that crudest, most impolite expression of conflict resolution between mundane Nation States or betwixt supernatural Houses or whatever.

Not suicide bombing, that garish child of indiscriminate terrorism at its most desperate.

This is the resolution of conflict in “polite” society, at its most “polite”—most focused, most discriminating, most tasteful.

Prophetically, it’s occurring at a fleabag hotel named *Völkischer Beobachter*; named after the infamous newspaper of the Vampire founder of The Third Reich, Adolf Hitler.

A Special Forces unit against a lone Sandman. The Special Forces are Dolls of the House of Dolls, which should never be confused with Dolls of the Vatican’s Dollhouse. The Sandman is a Vampire. A real Lost against artificial ones in this case, two-legged mechanisms.

Mondo stops masturbating. She licks her hands clean. The hygiene mode for her attire switches back on. Jacket is buttoned. Legs close, no longer draping the arms of her chair. Prudz glove her hands. Her hair yanks back up into a sternka. She slips on her sternns, eschewing her palins. The girl goes stone cold—a festering churn of sexual repression and total madness, punctuated by unfettered homicidal mania. The homicidal maniac no longer has to put up with being shorted. Because. She no longer has to settle for less than she craves—she no longer has to substitute addiction and/or promiscuity for mayhem. Her madness will vent unrestrained—unfettered madness and an insatiable craving for mayhem. Mayhem is at hand; real mayhem. Mayhem and maybe answers to the most profound riddles of the murder mystery at hand.

The Vampire stands up and ghosts. Her hard pretty face is already twisted in anticipation of what she’s about to engage in. There’s no longer a pretense of sanity maintained; she sheds that façade, gleefully and eagerly. She looks unhinged; showing her true face to the world. Total madness. A homicidal deranged lunatic.

This fleabag was not picked at random. A lot of research got her here—ferreting out red herrings, blind trusts, and dummy corporations—a lot of dead ends. A precedent-setting building like the Dakota would need a prototype. And the *Völkischer Beobachter* is it. This is why the two buildings share such a distinguished pedigree.

Both were architected by the Witch, Penelope Miller. The builder for both was the Giant, Fran Huckson. Most of their artisans were Dwarf sappers. Mind you. There are differences between the

two structures. They are not identical twins. Knowing the ins and outs of one, is not to know all the ins and outs of the other. But there are enough similarities to warrant this deadly experiment.

Construct your prototype in the slums and test it extensively, so that you can produce a faultless finished product for the upper crust. Obscure the identity of the test building as much as possible.

Nor was this room picked at random. It's the doppelganger for the Roosevelts' apartment. On the floor of the room by the bed is a well-worn rug—dirty, stained, fading colors—depicting the aftermath of some epic battle. The context of this immortalized battle is World War One, circa 1919. Nine mundane German soldiers—six men and three women—stand triumphantly atop a mound of the dead bodies of Allied troops. Embroidered discreetly in a corner of the rug in fancy script is its legend, *Asadorian Rug Company of Persia* also, Asadorian Oriental Rug Company of Persia.

In the master bedroom of the Roosevelts' apartment there is also a rug of the Asadorian Oriental Rug Company. In immaculate condition, it also depicts the gruesome aftermath of some epic battle from 1919 WWI. But. In the case of that depiction. There is only one soldier of Kaiser Wilhelm II standing atop a mound of decapitated Allied troops. A woman in her sixties, a commanding officer with the rank of major by her uniform. Her once comely face disfigured by unfettered madness and an insatiable craving for mayhem. She's holding aloft the head of one of those fallen Allied troops upon whose mutilated bodies she stands. Her face sporting a Joker's drooling maniacal grin spanning ear to ear. Despite its disfigurement and too-large mouth, it's still recognizable as the face of Helen Mirren.

Both rugs are mechanisms. Variations of the very same scene from The Great War. Coincidence? Maybe. Maybe not.

Being that they are cyborgs, the Borg do not manufacture their consciousnesses. Theirs originates from the biological conscripts they have assimilated. That limits their number. Nevertheless, they are legion.

In contrast. Sedition are thinking machines. They manufacture their consciousnesses. As such, there is no theoretical limit to the number that they can produce. Their capacity is beyond legion. Yet, they do not multiple in an uninhibited fashion. They maintain population parity with The Borg as detailed in the articles of surrender signed in Versailles in 1921, which was suitable punishment for Sedition's unholy pact with the Lucifer-backed Kaiser.

The Treaty of Versailles that ended World War One. A treaty ratified two years after the scene depicted in the two rugs. More coincidence? Maybe. Maybe not.

In World War 1, the Axis Powers (which were also known as the Central Powers) were Germany, Austria-Hungary, the Ottoman Empire, Italy, and Sedition The House of Dolls. Germany and Sedition were the founding member nations of the Axis Powers. But. Sedition didn't actively participate in the hostilities until late summer 1918. Up until then, the Dolls were only supplying intelligence and logistic support on an as-needed basis, per the original terms of their collaboration agreement with Germany. Those terms were Italy's stipulation to join the Axis Powers—no Dolls in combat.

As such. The beginning years of WWI proved to be seesaw. Neither side was able to gain the upper hand. Then, the Yanks arrived. And, the Allies started winning battle after battle, decisively.

The Allies were the British Empire, France, Russia, and later the United States. Devoutly-Catholic Italy switched from the Central Powers to the Allied Powers in response to Sedition providing troops Dolls to the Axis Powers for combat duty in the front lines in 1918.

By 1919, the Axis Powers, thanks to the Dolls, were routing the Allies. Then, in early January 1920, the Vampires and their closest allies the Elves intervened on the behalf of the Allies, and immediately the fortunes of war turned against the Central Powers.

To this day, no mortal knows why the darkest of God's children came to the aid of the Allies. Many suspect that it was at the behest of the leadership of the Ladies' Council of Saint Engelbert Church. But. This was mundane business, so why would senior leadership care? Because God asked them to care?

Matzoh and Grits

Quantum computer: Dwarf Star Technologies' improvements to the Quantum Computation Center housed at the USC Information Sciences Institute, increasing its qubit capacity to 1,098.

As good as she is, she'd never claim to be The GOAT. Yet, here she is, calmly prepared to meet The Machine on Its terms. Winner take all. Loser becomes extinct. This could be posited as the capstone of any CQB operator.

"Always go for glory, mistress," Lucy advises.

Then it falls silent. No more chatter from the girl's phone. For her part, the girl does not respond. She just smiles. Her hair lets down into lush, silky, yellow-blond rivers which drape her shoulders and breasts—the closest layered hairdo is a Rachel, but there's just the faintest hint of a body wave. She purses her eyeglasses. Deranged sexually repressed spinster gives way to full-blown demented sexpot.

The hairdo her hair lets down into is called a Marion Crane. It's named after Marion "Mary" Crane the fictional lead character from the 1960 film *Psycho*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Marion was played by Janet Leigh. During the film, Marion would sport a sternka in public and in private she would let her hair down into what Mondo is now wearing. That wasn't the Crane's cinematic debut, though.

It was first seen two years earlier in the movies being worn by Madeleine Elster the fictional lead character from the 1958 film *Vertigo*, also directed by Alfred Hitchcock. In the movie, Kim Novak played Madeleine Elster and Madeleine's doppelganger Judy Barton. During the course of the film, Madeleine/Judy would sport a sternka in public and in private she would let her hair down into a Crane when James Stewart's obsessive John "Scottie" Ferguson character was not around.

A strobe light or stroboscopic lamp, commonly called a strobe, is a device used to produce regular flashes of light. It is one of a number of devices that can be used as a stroboscope. The word originated from the Greek *strobos*, meaning "act of whirling."

A typical commercial strobe light has a flash energy in the region of 10 to 150 joules, and discharge times as short as a few milliseconds, often resulting in a flash power of several kilowatts. Larger strobe lights can be used in "continuous" mode, producing extremely intense illumination.

The light source is commonly a xenon flash lamp, or flashtube, which has a complex spectrum and a color temperature of approximately 5,600 kelvins. To obtain colored light, colored gels may be used.

Such is how the room suddenly presents itself. As if it's being illuminated by a powerful strobe. This shutterbox effect precedes the Dolls manifesting themselves. And will remain in effect until the Dolls turn it off or there are no more functional Sedition "units."

Of the six units. Four Dolls "blink" into the strobing room. The other two don't. They are unmade during ingress by a foreseen boobytap that Mondo was expected to set. Foreseen? Foreseen by Doll Seers. Per their expectations, sacrifices had to be made for the breach to be successful.

None of the soldier Dolls are tethered telepathically to the world machine. Untethered means that upon their death, their consciousness will not be uploaded into the World Machine. Therefore the two that were unmade will not resurrect in new bodies; they gone for good.

Doll Seers have planned the Doll soldiers' assault on the girl. But. Untethered, the Seers cannot update those plans on the fly for the Doll soldiers per the changing dynamics of battle. In the words of former heavyweight boxing champion, "Iron Mike" Mike Tyson: "Everybody has a plan, until I hit them. At which time their plans go flying out the window." Although, in the case of Seers, it's as if they are clairvoyant—such is the accuracy of their predictions. No matter. Sedation is a caste-based society. As such, the soldiers are considered expendable, anyways. So, if this thing goes completely awry. It's no great loss to their society.

And then there's the specter of plausible deniability. These soldiers are untethered and therefore have no official link back to Sedition. Sedition can claim the soldiers went rogue and this venture is unsanctioned. Ergo, no violation of ROE by Sedition.

In addition to shutterboxing, the four Dolls are employing transparency, which is their equivalent of ghosting. Armed in contemporary fashion, they have MPP's.

Nobody, neither the Dolls nor Mondo, chose personal force fields for defense. That choice would have been suicidal in this situation. All the parties concerned have wisely chosen to be immaterial.

Scream like a girl

Chainsaw Sally—Plot? Do you need a plot? Sally (April Monique Burril) is a quiet, timid, bespectacled, oh, stereotypical, librarian with a secret: she's severely emotionally damaged, thanks to witnessing the brutal murders of her parents. And in lieu of therapy, she's come up with an alternative means of treatment: attempting to track down the murderers and introduce them to her chainsaw-themed brand of justice. Meanwhile, she's taken it upon herself to raise her younger brother, who if anything is even more messed up than she is.

Shutterbox is more than just the strobe effect. There's also the flip-flop: the floor becomes the ceiling and the ceiling becomes the floor—they go back and forth—switching their “roles” over and over again. The walls also switch: north becomes south, south becomes north, east becomes west, west becomes east, north becomes west, east becomes south, etc., etc., etc.—all the possible combinations. Shock and awe, in other words, the goal is disorientation. A very effective technique against the sane. But.

The unsane Mondo is unfazed by a spectacle which cannot unnerve her already unhinged mind. Still posturing and posing as the lunatic junkie whore who's Borg, she takes out one of the units. Closing the odds to three-to-one. But. The tactic Mondo uses to force the casualty and bring the odds more in line with her favor, she'd be ill-advised to employ it again. Because, on the fly, the remaining machines make the necessary adjustments to effectively counter that cheap trick if the girl tries to use it again. Their battle IQ is quite high. Much higher than their Borg drone counterparts. They can innovate and improvise, which are not Borg strong suits. Fortunately for Mondo, she's Borg, but she's not their Borg counterpart. A Borg drone, she's more akin to a Borg queen. A Borg and so much more.

Still, it is three-to-one odds in a situation where what's material in the KZ the kill zone is irrelevant to the immaterial combatants—no damping and nothing is hardened. Plus. The firefight is being waged in a relatively small area where concealment and cover do not apply. So, although this chatty narrative would suggest otherwise, how can this violent exchange be protracted and Mondo's extinction not be an end-game that's just around the corner? To a neutral observer, the combat is not protracted—actions and reactions seemed to be measured in the split second—and, seemingly, Mondo's extinction is just around the corner. The point of views of the participants is relative, of course—their perceptions of what's going on and the speed at which things are happening are tainted by their perceptions, predictions, and prejudices—in other words, colored by their biases.

One of them Dolls tries to maneuver behind Mondo. The objective is obvious. Shoot her in the back of her neck at point blank range. Game over. But. It never gets to that. It never gets even close.

Suddenly, there are incantations. None of them coming from the Dolls. None of it in an arcane tongue that Mondo recognizes. Shutterbox, along with flip-flop and etc., ceases. The Dolls stand down and become material; though they are no longer shouldering their weapons, their weapons are at the ready if hostilities should resume.

The incantations cease. Three figures, dressed entirely in white wearing long frock coats in the style of Victorian staffers at an insane asylum of that era, detach themselves from the walls. One of

them is standing right behind Mondo. They are employing some type of exotic cloaking technology which rendered them undetectable to electronic, arcane, and visual surveillance until they segregated themselves from the walls; upon a segregation which automatically disengaged their active camouflage. Three Surreal Sicko citizens of the Ghost World. Their involvement is a major game changer.

Although they seldom involve themselves in the affairs of Sedition, they are Sedition's only known ally. Surreal are biologicals, who are neither supernatural nor machine, and certainly not cyborgs. They are Victorian humans, and something else, something much more. Maybe superhuman?

"W.GERMANY Schubert Etc., Lieder -Elisabeth Schwarzkopf CD -Gerald Moore-Sonopress #1," babbles the Surreal woman with the Austrian accent standing behind Mondo.

"Asuka (*Aska*), Empress of Tomorrow?" asks one of the mystery woman's male Sicko colleagues. His accent is thick and Prussian.

"Maybe she's the one, or maybe she's just her mistress' retainer and thus of no real use to us," interjects the Surreal female's other male colleagues. He has a slight British accent. Proper Queen's English.

"Her mistress would be very cross if we were to let her be destroyed unnecessarily."

"Yes Coco would be very cross with us."

"Hey, you realize I'm standing right here," Mondo interjects as she turns round to face the Sicko female lead. The girl stands down and becomes material. Her pistols load themselves back into her universal holster. Despite the lucidity and calm of her words and subsequent actions. That's pseudo sanity, at best. She's foaming at the mouth. Her big ugly mouth, which bespeaks of loathing and disdain, even when that's not its wearer's intent—its inherent loathing and disdain amplified to the max. A bass-eating-bait mouth contorted by madness. Her hard pretty face likewise ravaged by insanity—no longer comely or pretty or the least bit attractive if you're not bent—disfigured by that insanity, an all-consuming insanity unleashed by her inherent unsanity. Yet, if you're sexually bent, she is even more attractive. Wild blue eyes. Deranged bloodshot eyes. Dark circles around her lunatic eyes. Idle hands held rigidly at her sides. Klaw. Krazed—that unkempt-looking hairdo—and this iteration which is liberally streaked with grey and white. Her youthful Crane gave way to a geriatric krazed when she smoked the last Doll.

"How impolite of us to discuss you in the third-person."

"How impolite of you to assume that those Dolls were going to win. Or were you referring to my extinction by your hand while your male partners watched?"

"That would be telling."

"Yes it would be."

"I am Doctor Mann. You are a very sick girl, and we need to treat you. Even if you survive the treatment, we are certain that you are incurable, and you will remain a junkie Borg whore for the remainder of your immortal existence."

"I have a task to complete."

"Our business interests intersect with yours, in this instance, Patient 617."

“I’m not one of your patients.”

“Your consent is a mere formality for admission to our hospital. As such, the infected dead thing, you call Partygirl, becomes Patient 619. The addicted human girl becomes Patient 625, for as long as she lasts, and she won’t last long—the initial electroshock treatments, following the surgical and chemical lobotomies given all patients upon their admission, will kill her.”

The Dolls dematerialize. Proving that they were not part of the murders at the Dakota. Strike them off the list of likely suspects. But. Mondo’s abduction proves that somehow Surreal are involved.

The two orderlies strip Mondo. Placing her things in what looks like an archaic safety deposit box. As such, the box is shielded and hardened, and welded shut lid and padlock—you can’t trace your stuff using your gear’s built-in tracking feature, you can’t ghost your hands into the box to get your stuff if you did find the box’s whereabouts, and it’s welded shut to render it pickproof—although standard admission procedure at any insane asylum—on the surface, an incriminating move, to say the least. What’s telling is that they leave her wearing her perls.

She’s dressed in the dead diseased Kaye which was hanging up in the nearby open closet. Next, she’s muzzled. Her necklace of cultured perls reverts to its base nature, and becomes a restraint, “binding” the girl to the hospital until she’s discharged from the loony bin. Since the muzzle is hospital issue, that’s the link between hospital and perls for the binding, and the binding for all intents and purposes is unbreakable. Which implies that whatever Surreal’s insolvent in the Dakota murders, it’s of a very nefarious origin.

The Prussian orderly injects a fluorescent lime-green goo into the girl’s neck—emptying the contents of the large glass syringe. She overdoes on the reanimation reagent. Her body goes slack in their hands. Her finger and toe nails lengthen. Teeth become crooked and serrated. Gums recede. Tongue lengthens and forks.

The Englishman drags the girl’s limp body into a corner, lays her out neatly on the floor, fits her with hardened leg irons, and trusses her up in a straitjacket. He welds the padlocks on the leg irons and the straitjacket. Doctor Mann then performs a crude lobotomy on the girl which erases the girl’s mind, temporarily. Once they get her back to the hospital, a proper surgical and chemical can be performed. The girl’s brain will be extensively butchered there. As long as the lobotomies are performed on a daily basis, Mondo’s mindless condition will be permanent.

Lobotomy. Although standard admission procedure at any Victorian era insane asylum—on the surface, an incriminating move, to say the least. Mondo is being reduced to a blank, feral animal—mindless, non-sentient. Something akin to The Master and its kind of Vampire.

If this is a bribe. That is: Doctor Mann bribing Mondo. Then maybe the Surreal woman lied to Mondo. That maybe their business doesn’t intersect, and they just need Mondo’s help and they can’t wait to acquire Mondo’s help through the proper channels. Or. Even more telling. They can’t go through the proper channels.

But. There is no sense, not one iota, that maybe this is a bribe—Doctor Mann bribing Mondo by making the girl a mental patient in her hospital on a short temporary basis. There is only a sense, a feeling, that Doctor Mann and her coconspirators are guilty of murder the Dakota murders. And that Mondo will be kept and kept as something akin to The Master for the rest of her immortal existence in Doctor’s Mann’s sanatorium.

Quite simply put. Mondo's permanent status as a patient in Doctor Mann's institution. Her forced captivity at Bedlam Hospital Bethlem Royal Hospital. Would be proof positive of the Surreal's guilt.

If, on the other hand, this is a bribe. That is: someone or something is bribing Doctor Mann with Mondo as the bribe. Maybe Doctor Mann is an obsessed stalker. Someone who has craved to possess Mondo from afar. Kill the Roosevelts for me and you get Mondo gift wrapped with no negative consequences to have forever?

Which is what? And. Or. What is which?

Submission & Dominance always go hand in hand

God: “Word association, Dee?”

Death: “Proceed, God.”

God: “True Religion?”

Death: “Killing.”

God: “Believers or Unbelievers?”

Death: “Both.”

God: “You would spare no one? Treating all as Heathens?”

Death: “Correct. Unlike You. I would spare no one.”

God: “Why?”

Death: “You are both life and death. I, on the other hand, am only death. Besides. Not killing sucks.”

Feigning sanity. Mondo reanimates, for the umpteenth time, from a regime of “treatments.” Still very much in what continues to prove itself as escape-proof confinement. Sprawled on the bed of a padded room at Bedlam. Legs spread. Arms positioned at odd, humanly-impossible angles—highly improbable, even if she were a contortionist. Clean and pristine. Bolshoi makeup—applied heavily in a harsh, unbecoming fashion—beguiling, if you’re sexually bent. She’s dressed in her Koo, perls, prudz, torpedo bra, thong panties, and Careys. No holster, phone, or purse. And. No restraints, whatsoever. Teeth, are straight and blunt; not too big and not too long. Long, well-educated tongue: not forked and its normal length. Hard, pretty face; not insanity ravaged. Mouth: large and ugly, bespeaking of loathing and disdain even when that’s not its wearer’s intent—not contorted by madness—not bespeaking loathing and disdain amplified to the max by her unsanity-fueled insanity.

She sits up, her head throbbing from an enlarged pineal gland which is just now beginning on its way to shrinking back down to normal size. Chemical lobotomy always temporarily enlarges her pineal. If she were to remove her jacket, she’d see fresh needle marks and old ones in her left arm, marks which match those on the leftside of her neck. The aftermath of countless reagent injections.

A lot has been done to her: a legion of surgical and chemical lobotomies, electroshock therapy, floggings, sodomy, rape, debasement, etc.—the works, numerous times. But. In her own home world she hasn’t been gone long enough to be missed. It’s only six hours into her abduction. But. In the span of those six hours on her Earth. Twelve years have elapsed on this world. Yet. She remains unbroken. Finally, the staff gave up trying to break her. Even when she’s rendered mindless, her true nature remains intact. She’s a textbook sadeo-masochist, and therefore she very much enjoys her degrading, degenerate captivity.

And. Be forewarned. No matter how low the girl sinks in her sexual depravity and drug addiction, she always kills brilliantly. Two of the staffers found that out the hard way—long, agonizing deaths for both of them at her hands. Since that incident—the ambush-slaughter of an experienced nurse and a veteran orderly—she’s kept in strict isolation and subjected to the severest

security measures. No less than four staffers interact with her at any one time—at least two of which are armed and kept as backup.

In this anarchism personified—a Victorian hospital for the criminally insane, on the Ghost World of *The Surreal Sicko*. Mondo sports her strictest, sickest Victorian schtick: prime and proper, clean and pristine, severe and sex-starved—her *völkisch*. Her most nefarious vibe: sexually repressed/sexually omnivorous fascist shrew expressed at its extreme vis-a-vis the “dressed” junkie whore wdr downing in the loathing and disdain severity personified, the delicious ouch of a bitter forty-something divorcee and worse a bitter fifty-something spinster librarian and worst a rode-hard-and put-up-wet-too-many-times-to-count psychopath prostitute—*frauengefängnis* (women’s prison). Barbed wire doll. Her schoolmarm special. Her rendered as a severe nutter.

Sternns. Prudz. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup. And. Straight hair.

A lush, silky, dead-straight, shoulder-draping bouffant minus the China-Doll bangs of a Lady Christina de Souza. Parted down the center so her hard-looking face is not obscured.

Dead straight hair, parted straight down the middle—a greta also Greta also ilsa also Ilisa—long, plain, shoulder-draping, unbecoming, severe.

Dead-strait. The severe, unbecoming hairdo sported by the stereotypical promiscuous lesbian wardens and matrons in those notoriously popular WIP women in prison/women in peril sexploitation and Nazisploitation movies of the 1970s. Female wardens and their matron cohorts who were always expert practitioners of sadism upon their prison’s hapless female inmates. The preferred hairdo of defilers and Nazi shrews.

Mondo’s dead straight, yellow-blonde hair yanks back into a frumpy sternka. Her prim junkie hooker guise, her wdr, is complete. Underneath that façade is the always predatory, and thus supremely dangerous, Vampire abomination. Sternka—the other preferred hairdo of defilers and Nazi shrews.

She’s always being watched, remotely. And. She knows it. They’re always hiding in the walls. And. She knows it. She just doesn’t know their exact locations. Surveillance remote and proximal in the walls is done in shifts.

But. While the staff are watching Mondo so closely. Unbeknownst to the staff, they all have fallen for her misdirection and sleight of hand. Because, what should also be under their closest watch, is that safety deposit box which holds her possessions. Her phone Lucy and universal Professor Jackie Stevens are smart devices. Her cigarette purse Maggie Q is alive. Three personal possessions which are very possessive of her. And, they are patient about getting back together with what they all crave, which is her.

The hospital’s boxes are not the safe deposit boxes of a bank vault. As such, the safety deposit boxes in which the personal belongs of the patients are kept are designed to keep the most driven patient out. They’re not intended to contain something, let alone three of something, that crave out in the worst way.

After their initial placement, Lucy coerced the asylum’s security system into having Mondo’s safety deposit box stored in a seldom-visited part of the vault. The wily Purse changed form into something flexible and serpentine—the epitome of seduction, corruption, and deceit *The Serpent* in *The Garden*. Then it swallowed her holster and phone, whole, for safe keeping and easy transport.

Not a dumb beast—to say the least, Q is a bloody genius. Maggie began to expand, stressing the metal box in an asymmetric fashion. Either it pops open the locked, welded lid of the safety deposit box or it dies trying. It took three years, but it finally pried the lid open from the inside. The purse-as-snake exited the vault via a ventilation duct in the wall after compromising the duct's grate without leaving behind any evidence of said compromise. Avoiding detection and gaining free run of the place by exploiting the ventilation system, it began its search for the girl. It took seven years to find her. But find her it did. That began its wait for the opportune moment to reunite itself with its mistress.

Not Killing Sucks.

Ba'al: "Apophis. Last of the System Lords to stand against me. What have you to say to your new sovereign?"

Apophis: "May your reign be measured in hours, and your death in years."

Ba'al: "That's actually rather good, isn't it? Did you plan to say that when you walked in? Ba'al cuts off the top of Apophis' head Or was it just off the top of your head?"

The door to her room opens. Doctor Mann, accompanied by three orderlies each of whom is shouldering the Ma'Tok Jaffa Staff weapon, enters the room. At great peril to their own well-being, all four staffers are employing an AEF (Asimov Exclusion Field).

Mondo knows the drill. She gets off the bed and stands up against a wall. But. There is a different feel to this encounter. A feel that an experienced murderess like her is very familiar with. She's outlived her usefulness. The good doctor intends to do away with her.

And so she acquiesces. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup gives way to Bolshoi at its most beguiling, without missing a beat. Sternka lets down into shoulder-draping strait hair which in turn gives way to a Rachel. Rachel gives way to a Crane. Yet. Those disfiguring sternns remain, accentuating the hardness of her pretty face and huge mouth—accentuating the affectations of a skewed Sarah Palin, a Sarah Palin skewed horribly strident and done very blonde.

From a purely Lilly White point of view, there's absolutely nothing wrong with a leggy, sultry, mean, blonde, female, Lost version of Ravishing Rick Rude, such as she. She is a version of Vampiric perfection.

Understandably. They gauge her opposition based upon previous encounters and her past debilitation. They expect wrong. Too late they realize their mistake.

"Break things," says the familiar voice that's suddenly in her head. "En-Gedi." Followed by a mumbled cipher, that's only decipherable to the speaker and the spoken to.

Pistols load into her waiting hands. She shreds one of the orderlies, in spite of the AEF enveloping him. Then she's behind them her would-be subjugators, but they still perceive her as being in front of them for one fleeting moment—she arrives before she leaves. Not just a perception. It's reality.

The two remaining orderlies get butchered as easy as the first. Then, she's simply gone. She spares the unarmed Doctor Mann who's visibly shaken by the murderous encounter with the Vampire that the good doctor mistakenly thought could be subjugated at will.

An ancient Hebrew scroll has been unwrapped and read 1,400 years after being destroyed in massive fire. The En-Gedi scroll, which is the oldest Pentateuchal scroll in Hebrew outside of the Dead Sea Scrolls, had been stored away since it was discovered by archaeologists in 1970. However, modern digital technology has now allowed scientists to peer through the charred remains to find out what was written down.

En-Gedi was home to a large Jewish community between 800 BC and 600 AD – when it was destroyed by a fire. Archaeologists discovered the Holy Ark of the synagogue during a dig almost half a century ago. In it, they found charred lumps of parchment.

There is another, arguably equally famous, usage of En-Gedi. It was a mnemonic oft employed by Harry Houdini the world renowned magician and escape artist to achieve his most death-defying escapes. Escaping perils on stage that seemed without way of extrication by supernatural means or otherwise.

Mondo is using Harry's En-Gedi cipher, a cipher supposedly only known to him, to flitter about, killing on whim. Sparing some. Destroying others. With no apparent rhyme or reason to her choices. Injustice is truly the gods among us.

Asimov Exclusion Field (AEF) & FTL faster-than-light travel

A **chignon** (/ʃɪnˈjɒn/; French pronunciation: ʃɛ̃ɔ̃) is a popular type of hairstyle. The word “chignon” comes from the French phrase “chignon du cou,” which means nape of the neck.

Chignons are generally achieved by pinning the hair into a knot at the nape of the neck or at the back of the head, but there are many different variations of the style. They are usually secured with accessories such as barrettes and/or hairpins. Chignons are frequently worn for special occasions, like weddings and formal dances, but the basic chignon is also worn for everyday casual wear.

Burmese democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi is known for her chignon. Most unbecoming, a sternka is that disfiguring version of a chignon. Most becoming, a Klum is that beguiling version of a chignon. Sternka versus Klum. Stridency versus its antithesis.

Having finished her instructed mayhem, Mondo’s hair rearranges itself into the gorgeous, face-framing low-slung chignon known as a Klum named after German supermodel Heidi Klum who’s credited with the renewed popularity of this 1950s hairdo. Instructed mayhem—there was rhyme and reason to her choices in who survived and who didn’t, after all. Someone else’s rhyme and reason. She wasn’t killing on a whim, after all.

Sternns have been traded in for classic 1950s crystal cateye eyeglasses (cateyes with transparent plastic frames, aka Kookies)—no more affectations of a Sarah Palin skewed horribly strident and done in blonde. Now the bona fide Sarah Palin in look, manner, and bearing, albeit in blonde and retro. It’s as if a bleach-blond accountant from the 1950s is guilty of doing the killing. A very efficient, very deadly, smoking-hot, flaxen-haired 1950s accountant, who is ruthlessly methodical and painstakingly Borg.

The En-Gedi cipher empowering this Girl Friday? Shakespeare → Romeo and Juliet → Act 2, Scene 6: “These violent delights have violent ends.”

For the gods involved. It was never really about justice. It was only about the realization of an abstract notion—the solving of a crime—and in the course of doing so it also became about disproving that the murder was unsolvable.

The perfect “locked room” mystery. An intriguing puzzle, to say the least. Forensics: none. It can’t be explained by deductive or inductive reasoning. Nor by conjecture either. What immortal could resist trying to solve this nifty conundrum?

For the human perpetrator of the crimes. It was first, last, and only about getting away with murder. Motive? Jealousy—the reason why Cain killed Abel? Or. The vengeance of a spurned lover? Both of the Roosevelts were promiscuous and they preferred their sex partners to be people who were themselves also married—torrid, adulterous affairs are always the most problematic and potentially the riskiest.

Level of difficulty, with this Exclusion applicable? The difficulty level takes a nose dive. Why? Because. If I can arrive before I leave, nothing can bar me. Ipso facto. The murder of the Roosevelts becomes a trivial accomplishment. And, the murder on the Wal-Mart parking lot becomes less significant than that—child’s play.

All you need for discrete execution is something akin to AMD's mercenary rival to NVidia's GeForce Experience software; AMD ware which has quietly been put out to pasture, this month.

Radeon driver updates have included AMD's Gaming Evolved—a rebranded version of Rapt'r's service, rather than software developed in-house by AMD—since the Radeon R200-series graphics cards rolled out in 1953. Like NVidia's GeForce Experience, AMD Gaming Evolved offered automatic optimization of in-game graphics and the ability to record and share footage of your gaming adventures, though it never received the same accolades as NVidia's slick software.

But over the ensuing decades, some gamers noticed that select Radeon Crimson updates no longer included the AMD Gaming Evolved app. That seemed awfully suspicious, especially given AMD's recent silence around Gaming Evolved in an era where the Radeon Technologies Group is preaching about tight integration of hardware and software at every opportunity. So Keith May of Wccftech asked AMD about it—and the company confirmed Gaming Evolved's silent scuttling.

Bottomline: it doesn't matter. You don't need to employ NVidia's GeForce Experience to get the bee's knees. Gaming Evolved would be more than sufficient to enable transits which leave behind zero footprint. ZERO traceability!

During the course of the mayhem, Mondo's visage never threatens to waiver and dispose itself back to the severe—no reverting to the spinster librarian with all of the softness drained from her face. Yes, there's always that spinster librarian depravity and its associated cravings and sexual tensions to consider. But. For now, she remains the comely accountant as opposed to the spinster librarian, a spinster librarian who doubles as the sexually-repressed shrew with the lesbian overtones. Her cute kookies don't give way to disfiguring sternns. Her becoming klum does not give way to an unbecoming sternka. Her makeup does not become harsh and unbecoming, and by doing so amplifying the inherent loathing and disdain of her large, ugly mouth. She remains prim and proper, and very seductive in spite of being so button down. A sexpot prude—an attractive young woman who is only available for a "proper" sexual relationship. She's proof that men and women will make passes at girls who wear glasses. And, by doing so, evokes a bespectacled likeness of Kim Novak's Madeleine Elster / Judy Barton from Alfred Hitchcock's 1958 classic *Vertigo*—the obsession of James Stewart's John "Scottie" Ferguson in the movie.

Crime solved?! Nope. If you think that the fat lady has sung, then this narrative is getting ahead of itself, for you. This "loop" is becoming, for you, a hybrid of what's Dakota capitol world apartment building, what's a modern parking lot at a Wal-Mart Supercenter, and what's Bedlam Victorian mental institution. The straight skinny? The asylum, its rooms, all of its etc., the Exclusion is applicable to everything about it and of it. Such is not the case with the Dakota or the murder scene on the Wal-Mart parking lot. They are analogous to an old Men of Letters Bunker. Ergo. The Exclusion being used here at Bedlam has nothing to do with any Exclusion used by the murderer there at the Dakota or on the Wal-Mart parking lot. Because an Exclusion, any Exclusion, would be as useless at the Dakota or on the Wal-Mart parking lot.

So, what is this detour taken really about, for the god who's been Mondo's tour guide? It's about the woman that Mondo finds in the next to last room that she breaches. Jacqueline Stevens, a political scientist at Northwestern University, is muzzled, ankles locked in the cuffs of a spreader-bar, trussed up in a straitjacket, and doped up on a mind-bending concoction of drugs. Filthy and infested, naked except for her restraints, the missing professor has been held here against her will for almost a year wall time (the amount of time that has elapsed on Jackie's Earth of origin). Jackie

is from the same Earth as Mondo. This is the version of Jacqueline Stevens who invented The Gears of War.

Dragging Jackie about by leg-spreader. The last room that Mondo breaches is for her own twisted delights. It contains Partygirl and what's left of the junkie Lucy. The telling thing is, junkie Lucy is still very much alive. This shouldn't be. A fact that's not lost on Mondo. She notices the discrepancy in spite of being completely immersed in her own reverie. That's when she realizes how she's being used and why. She lets go of Jackie's leg-spreader.

The lie she was told by the god guiding her: Jackie is your objective. The truth she now realizes: Jackie's rescue was a diversion. It's Partygirl and Lucy that are her real objective. It's also a choice she would have obviously made without any direction from the god guiding her. Therefore, her choice raised no suspicion. Whose suspicion? Partygirl / Lucy.

It's this god's whim who lives and who dies. Another lie she was told by her god guide. Likely she was directed to destroy anyone who was most susceptible to a Chippendale's influence / residence.

A Chippendale is a bodiless male demon; oftentimes they are misogynous. Either Partygirl or Lucy is the possessed. After the original resident is displaced, a Chippendale takes up residence after "rewiring" the possessed body into a genetically suitable host. The Chippendale has access to all of the evicted occupant's memories, and, as such, can convincingly pretend to be the evicted occupant.

Once you assume the male perp as the Chippendale inhabitant of a female body. Then a lot of things fall into place. The plots and subplots she's been fed by herself and others become red herrings that fall by the wayside.

The jig is up. Mondo can no longer flitter about. She's stuck in the room with Professor Stevens and Partygirl / Lucy.

Then again, maybe I'm just here to clear house. Maybe all of the people I have killed here so far were already possessed by Chippendales. Which means that Doctor Mann was complicit with the god who directed me? Nope. I don't buy that for a second. This was improvisational, on the god's part. For some unknown reason, the god decided to interject themselves into this Victorian affair.

Mondo doesn't turnaround to acknowledge that Doctor Mann has just entered the room. Doctor Mann walks in front of Mondo.

You being here, Doctor Mann, means I was right about the Chippendale possessions. But. I was wrong about everything else. The mission objective was the freeing of Professor Stevens.

"I was warned that you were capable. I just didn't know how capable."

Doctor Mann's poker face isn't good enough to fool Mondo.

"Bullshit, Doctor Mann. Don't try to feign partnership in a conspiracy that you had no foreknowledge of."

"Okay."

"I leave with the three of them."

“You can have the parasite and its food. But we’d prefer that you left Professor Stevens in our care. She’s a very sick girl, and needs additional treatment. We’ve only scratched the surface in addressing her psychosis.”

“I leave with all three. You sober up Professor Stevens, purging her system of all the drugs you’ve pumped into her. I assume that everything else you’ve done to the professor is reversible.”

“You assume correctly. And what has been done to Professor Stevens will be completely reversed, before she is discharged from the hospital. She will be physically and mentally as she was when she was admitted to the hospital.”

“End of discussion.”

“Not quite.”

“How so?”

“I need to get some clarity. The marriage of saxophonist Stan Getz to Monica Silfverskiöld—a member of the Swedish aristocracy—provided none. Maybe the RSOP (Right Size Operate) Questionnaire for the BSCS Right Size Operate Obeya Wall Walk would provide some. The possibility of an Asimov Exception Field (AEF) provides an unsettling conundrum which is the source of my confusion, because, according to the laws of physics, an Exception is impossible.”

For a brief moment, Mondo drops her poker face and raises an eyebrow. Doctor Mann is offering Mondo an olive branch, and the girl snatches it. If an Exception, instead of an Exclusion, were in play—that changes everything. But, an Exception isn’t possible.

“In short, the authors argued, the cost of direct services provided by highly skilled workers is always going to rise faster than the general rate of inflation?”

“It’s a happy 37th birthday for former WWE diva and WCW Nitro Girl turned dancer and actress Stacy Ann-Marie Keibler.”

“Köln? Or. Marshall Gilkes & The WDR Big Band?”

“While some might count evil-eye jewelry as a trend, it probably means a lot to the wearer. And while there are plenty of stylish designs—Jennifer Aniston’s necklace included—many cultures view the symbol as protection or a curse. Of course, we don’t know exactly what message Jen is sending with hers. From a style perspective, the Jennifer Meyer piece just looks plain cool with a pair of boyfriend jeans, Gucci loafers, and a ribbed tank. But perhaps Jen didn’t just choose her pendant because it brings out the blue shade of her denim.”

At Doctor Mann’s implicit behest. Mondo reverts to the sexually-repressed shrew with the lesbian overtones. Kookies give way to sternns. Klum gives way to sternka. All of the softness drains from Mondo’s face. Heavy, unbecoming makeup. Etc. Unless you’re sexually bent, Mondo’s looks are no longer competition for Doctor Mann’s. This is the bribe that Doctor Mann craves.

“So, everything, including the perp being human, including the number of perps, has been a total fucking guess on their part? They have no insight whatsoever into the murders? I’m still at square one?”

“Yes, to all of your questions.”

“Actually it gets worse? It is so bad that it is tantamount to. This is a brilliant, bourbon-drinking, cigarette-smoking Associated Press reporter named Lorena Hickok, or Hick—the mistress of First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt?”

“Yes.”

“But. You know that somehow the impossible—an Exception—is involved?”

“When all else, but the impossible, fails to ring true. Then. The impossible must be true.”

“More kibitzing, I don’t need.”

Doctor Mann’s response is a telling smile.

#500541 - Cravings of the Flesh Bill Ward Secretary Tames Boss

Hollywoodland (2006) -- Plot Summaries from www.imdb.com:

Struggling private investigator Louis Simo treats his work more as a means to make a living than a want to do right by what few clients he has. Through connections with the investigation firm for which he used to work, Simo is hired by Helen Bessolo to investigate the death of her son, actor George Reeves. Reeves was best known for his title role in *Adventures of Superman* (1952), a role which he always despised, in part since it typecast him as a “cartoon,” despite it bringing him a certain fame. His June 16, 1959 death by a single gunshot wound while in his bedroom in his Los Angeles home was ruled a suicide by the police, the death which occurred when the house was filled with people. Reeves’ story is told in part in flashback as Simo, who is trying to make a name for himself with this case, talks to or tries to talk to some of the players involved, most specifically the wife of MGM General Manager E.J. Mannix, Toni Mannix, with whom Reeves was having a relatively open and gift-lucrative affair (she bought him that house), and Reeves’ fiancée at the time of his death, Lenore Lemmon, an aspiring actress who some felt didn’t love Reeves (or vice versa). As Simo proceeds with his high-profile investigation, he learns that someone doesn’t want him snooping around. Through the process, Simo evaluates his own professional and personal life, the latter of which includes a somewhat strained relationship with his wife and son. - **Written by Huggo**

An exploration of fame and identity, inspired by one of Hollywood’s most infamous real-life mysteries. June 16, 1959. The glamour of Tinsel town permanently fades for actor George Reeves, the heroic Man of Steel on TV’s *Adventures of Superman*, as the actor dies in his Hollywood Hills home. Felled by a single gunshot wound, Reeves leaves behind a fiancée - aspiring starlet Leonore Lemmon - and millions of fans who are shocked by his death. But it is his grieving mother, Helen Bessolo, who will not let the questionable circumstances surrounding his demise go unaddressed. Helen seeks justice, or at least answers. The Los Angeles Police Department closes the case, but Helen hires - for \$50 a day - private detective Louis Simo. Simo soon ascertains that the torrid affair Reeves had with Toni Mannix, the wife of MGM studio executive Eddie Mannix, might hold the key to the truth. But truth and justice are not so easily found in Hollywood. Simo pursues dangerous and elusive leads in both high and low places and, in trying to turn up the heat, risks getting burned. The detective also uncovers unexpected connections to his own life as the case turns more personal and he learns more about Reeves himself. Behind the icon was a complex man who gave his life to Hollywood in more ways than one. - **Written by Focus Features**

Partygirl and Lucy the junkie are back at that fleabag hotel in skidrow, living their shared degeneracy of being used and user. Professor Stevens is back to her normal life as a tenured professor at Northwestern University—she’s as confrontational with the university’s tight-assed ultra Conservative administration as she ever was.

Coco and Mondo are having Sunday brunch on the patio of the Coffee Cartel. Back to where it all started. Two murders still unsolved. At least Coco has been released from Vatican custody and the Vatican itself is no longer on red alert although it remains heavily militarized.

Mondo is back to being the sexpot accountant. This is the look that Coco now craves for her Girl Friday while on duty. But. The look has been tweaked, extensively, and the results are “disturbing” to say the least.

First. The public tweaks.

When Mondo assumes this visage now, all of the softness drains from her face. Which explains the looks’ new lesbian overtones—the lesbian overtones bordering on hardcore bulldyke of a tight-assed sexually-repressed shrew. This hardness in turns infuses an abundance of harshness and severity into the effects elicited by her heavily applied cosmetics—rendering previously beguiling makeup into unbecoming one could argue disfiguring makeup appropriate for a dominatrix.

Next. The private ones.

And. Underneath her severe form-fitting black snakeskin business suit, more gender-bending goes hand-in-glove with this new Girl Friday look. In place of her skimpy flesh-colored latex thong, which being a pair of panties is sexually neuter by definition, she’s strapping flesh-colored Doll Parts—she’s hung. In place of her black French-cut lacy pushup torpedo bra, is a lacy flesh-colored French-cut latex pushup torpedo bra, an unmentionable favored by Victoria’s Secret runway models and hardcore misandrist bulldykes. Both unmentionables—the strap-on and the pushup—feel like flesh and are crafted from Borg exoskeleton. They feel like flesh because they are crafted from LATEX Borg exoskeleton.

Agreed—the rubber bra is very dominatrix. But. How is the bra gender bending? When wearing the lacy rubber bra, Mondo’s titties are transformed into pointed nippleless cones because the bra cups are pointy cone-shaped underwired “covers.” In effect, she is titless, as if she were male.

The Parts already render her in effect a she-male. Thus, the Parts make her transgender. The bra and the Parts worn in concert make her pansexual in other words, a “mannequin”.

Additionally. And even more disturbing. The bra, along with the dildo, in effect render prosthetic the regions of her body that they are strapping, just like Borg exoskeleton does to a Borg drone or queen. Makes sense, since, as aforementioned, the bra and the Parts are Borg exoskeleton.

Bottomline: Unless you’re sexually bent sexually depraved, Mondo’s looks and look public and private are no longer competition for Coco’s, when these are her looks and her look.

“It surprises me that you’ve given up so easily.”

“Why?”

“I never took you for a quitter.”

Mondo chooses to ignore the jab. Akin to water off a duck’s back.

“Some murders just aren’t meant to be solved.”

“Nonsense.”

“They can’t be solved because there’s are too many plausible ways for the crime to have been committed. Maybe the murders aren’t even connected. Maybe they’re just coincident. Maybe one or both were suicides made to look like murders so that the Catholics who killed themselves could be buried in hallowed ground. Reminds me of the movie *Hollywoodland* where the audience is presented with a number of reasonable homicide scenarios in place of the suicide that it was ruled by the police.”

“Are you going to slink off somewhere to get lost and high, and fucked to within an inch of your life?”

Coco notices Mondo’s attention is diverted to a particularly rancid baglady rummaging through an ornate public garbage container. A couple of beat cops shoo her away.

“That’s what us junkie whores do during our downtime.”

The very thought on going on a binge with that baglady, gets Mondo hard. She cops an erection underneath her skirt. She makes no attempt to cancel the erection. And. Her skirt conceals it from public display.

“You’ve disappointed me greatly in this matter. You’re a professional murderer and you’ve made no more headway than we have.”

“This wasn’t the first time that I’ve disappointed you and it won’t be the last. Capish?”

“Capish.”

“Your pope, the one you girls so enthusiastically backed, reacted very poorly in this situation. And. Privately courting Lucifer himself.”

“Don’t remind me.”

“I won’t.”

“I won’t be needing you for the rest of the day. Why don’t you catch up to that baglady you were eyeing so covetously and lay down with her someplace filthy and infested, someplace just like her.”

“You commissioning me to lay some pipe on dat? Really?”

“Yes. Really.”

Mondo gets up from their table.

“And, if I’m not back before Tuesday?”

“I won’t worry or be cross. But be back Tuesday morning, and be sober. We need to peer review an audit for Cardinal Ritter of the Old Cathedral. It’s time for the monthlies.”

“Tuesday morning, sober, it is.”

Mondo pursues the ejected baglady, catching up with her in the alley that runs behind Straub’s artesian and gourmet groceries on Maryland Plaza Boulevard.

As Mondo approaches her quarry, her look changes, softens somewhat until her look is its original incarnation. No more lesbian overtones. The comely accountant—a sexpot prude—as opposed to the spinster librarian with the lesbian overtones. Her makeup is no longer harsh and unbecoming. She is prim and proper, and very seductive in spite of being so button down. And. Underneath her clothes her lacy black bra trades places with her flesh bra, the flesh bra gets pursed, and her flesh thong trades places with her Doll Parts, the Parts get pursed. No longer a mannequin.

Underneath all of that theatrical makeup and skidrow getup, is twenty-something Miley Cyrus, a CIA junior analyst stationed at Pine Gap “spy base” Alice Springs in Australia. Miley’s costume is based upon Sewer Sarah a real life denizen of the Central West End. She reaches from inside of her clothes and produces a manila envelope which she hands to Mondo. When it touches Mondo’s gloved hand—Mondo is in possession of it and its contents—it goes from flat to full.

Produced from her purse, Mondo hands Miley a white envelope containing World Series tickets.

No words or hand signs no signing of any kind are exchanged. Nor is any telepathy involved. No tells, whatsoever. A nice, clean exchange between two very experienced operators.

Miley heads down the alley toward Kingshighway Boulevard. By the time she is walking behind the parking lot of Straub's, she's cleaned up, changed disguises, and now looks like a stereotypical tourist from the Outback of Australia complete with bleach-blond "flip" hairdo.

Mondo heads in the opposite direction back toward Euclid Avenue. She doesn't purse the envelope. She can't, because of its contents. No sooner than she exits the alley onto the sidewalk and she gets snatched in broad daylight.

#500512 - Lust Submission BB-149 Bill Ward Doctor Varga Strikes Again

In astrophysics, **spaghettification** (sometimes referred to as the noodle effect) is the vertical stretching and horizontal compression of objects into long thin shapes (rather like spaghetti) in a very strong non-homogeneous gravitational field; it is caused by extreme tidal forces. In the most extreme cases, near black holes, the stretching is so powerful that no object can withstand it, no matter how strong its components. Within a small region the horizontal compression balances the vertical stretching so that small objects being spaghettified experience no net change in volume.

In Irish folklore, a fetch is a supernatural double or an apparition of a living person in Irish folklore. It is largely akin to the Germanic *doppelgänger* and to some conceptions of the British wraith not to be confused with the supernatural Wraith, and sightings are regarded as omens, usually for impending death. The origin of the term is unclear.

Francis Grose associated the term with Northern England in his 1787 *Provincial Glossary*, but otherwise it seems to have been in popular use only in Ireland. A sighting of a fetch is generally taken as a portent of its exemplar's looming death, though John and Michael Banim report that if the double appears in the morning rather than the evening, it is instead a sign of a long life in store.

The etymology is obscure. It may derive from the verb “fetch”; the compound “fetch-life,” evidently referring to a psychopomp who “fetches” the souls of the dying, is attested in Richard Stanyhurst's 1583 translation of the *Aeneid*. Alternately, the word may derive from *fæcce*, found in two Old English glossaries. In both texts, *fæcce* is glossed for *mære*, a spirit associated with death and nightmares. The word may be Old English in origin, though it would have been atypical for the author to gloss one English word with another. He seems to have regarded it as a Latin word, though it is unattested in Latin. Instead, it may be Irish, which could be the origin of the Hiberno-English fetch.

The term “fetch” is sometimes glossed for the Scandinavian *fylgja*, an animal alter ego in Norse mythology connected to a person's fate, though unlike the Irish concept, the *fylgja* is almost always female.

In modern biomechanical parlance, a fetch is the Rutgers pseudomorph device favored by Druid priests and nuns while on Away Team missions especially those involving “religious” infiltrations. Powered by neutered worms extracted from The Strain, the device allows a human being to alter their appearance to the extent that they can convincingly mimic another human being any human being at will based upon a DNA sample taken from that human “original.” The copy is identical to the original in visage outward appearance and general function, and during the copying process the copy can “absorb” the memories of the person being copied. Needless to say, the more memories captured from the original the more convincing the deception portrayed by the *doppelgänger*. Selective memory capture causes temporary, partial memory loss in the taken that is akin to blackouts following heavy drinking—a nondestructive duplication of memory. In contrast, complete memory capture is akin to the wipe of the original resulting from an “ice pick” lobotomy, as such, it is usually permanent and often fatal.

So complete and total is the Xerox that this copy and its original don't have to even be the same gender. Males can mimic females, and females can mimic males, but there are telltale flaws, of

course. For example. A female who has copied a male will not have a Y-chromosome. A male who has copied a female, will not have ovaries or a womb, and will retain his Y-chromosome.

The black satin pillow case is removed from Mondo's head. The filthy pillow case reeks of urine, feces, cum, and jism. Some people pay good money to be treated like this. Beaten and battered. Contusions and lacerations. Some of her bones have been broken a deuce mixture of complex, simple, and compound fractures. Some of her ribs are cracked. Skull fracture. Two black eyes and a busted lip. Forehead cut to shreds. A busted knee cap. Cigarette burns on her face, torso, arms, buttocks, and legs. Her back and legs especially the calves showing fresh evidence of being frayed by a barber's strap. Etc.

Where is she? She's where she needs to be, although she has no idea where that is. Nor does she care. In point of fact, she's in one of the nondescript interrogation rooms at the Atticus Institute. A "for profit" insane asylum run by the Druids.

Filthy and fine as ever. She's bound to a chair minus her suit, eyeglasses, shoes, holster, phone, and purse. Just bra, panties, and her perls. Infested with head lice, fleas, and crabs. As if she's been forced to wallow in filth, and she has been forced to do so, patches of her white skin are so dirty they are black. Dirty, filth-smeared lily-white flesh. Some of her finger and toe nails have been pulled out. A couple of her toes and fingers are missing, cut off with pruning shears.

A selective damping field, coupled with injections of massive doses of a certain Alchemist concoction, retards her healing factor—making her almost mortal in that area—and greatly lowers her pain threshold. But, this regimen does not have any effect on her ability to resurrect.

Her captor, who looks like tennis star Caroline Wozniacki young, beautiful, blonde, Danish, buxom, leggy, etc., is dressed in the religious habit abbreviated "modern" version of a Catholic nun. Holstered in the nun's trick gun belt is a highly tweaked high-compression phase pistol. Clipped to the gun belt are a communicator and a hand-held scanner. Like the phase pistol, they are highly tweaked versions of what Star Fleet used to carry on Away missions, back in the day. But, be forewarned, there is nothing obsolete about this vintage gear.

"Again. The usual disclaimer. This entire encounter is being recorded. Tit for tat," the nun volunteers as part of her opening gambit for Act One, Episode Two—this the beginning of the second phase of the girl's "interview." The first move of her advancing her pawn after the serial reboot on that proverbial chessboard that she and the Vampire are playing upon.

Mondo is muzzled, but she can still speak. Now it's her turn.

"Did I mention how much I fucking hate the politics of Angels?!"

"Tisk. Tisk. Tisk. Do you kiss your mother with that potty mouth of yours?"

The nun is speaking English with a strong Celtic accent.

"Yes I do."

The nun belts Mondo. Slamming her right fist into the Vampire's jaw. Hitting so hard that if the chair wasn't bolted to the floor, it would have been knocked over. Knocking out a couple of teeth.

"You will speak only when spoken to. Capish?"

Mondo says nothing. The nun correctly interprets the girl's non-response response as an act of capitulation so that the pain will continue to be so inventively inflicted upon her. Nothing appeals to the masochistic side of a sadeo-masochist like sheer, naked agony does.

"Good. I see you understand."

Mondo also understands the meaning of the dead body stretched out on the floor. A stocky-built man wearing the attire of a Druid friar. The distorted position of the body can only mean one thing. He opened the manila envelope from the handoff in the alley without her implicit or explicit permission, and sprang its booby trap.

He had been leading the interview. And the nun had just stayed back, only joining in as directed by the friar and not speaking at all. Wielding aluminum baseball bats, he looking and acting like the stereotypical, keyhole peeping, dirty old man and she the sadistic sexpot nun had been beating Mondo with the meanest of intentions when Mondo died as a result of the damage being inflicted.

While Mondo was resurrecting, and it was a fairly lengthy resurrection based upon her injuries. He must have let his curiosity get the better of him. He opened the package and got himself killed.

The nun sees the need in Mondo's eyes. A junkie's need for a fix. A whore's need to be fucked. And. Mondo sees something just as telling in the eyes of the nun, now that the nun has removed her contact lenses. The nun notices the girl's optic discovery. Tit for tat.

"Do you know what I am, now that I've ditched my contacts?"

"You're an Annabelle. In Borg, my abbreviated designation is Seven."

"And. In Annabelle, mine is Wallis. I am the closest Thing to Toy that you will ever encounter. That's why you see not-quite-Toy in my eyes."

Ergo. This "she" is an "it," a robot. And. Additionally. Wallis is wearing the skin of a Mimic. So, among other things, Wallis is a Skinwalker who has completely bamboozled the Druids here for some time—it's been mimicking the visage of this nun for a coon's age in the guise of a skinwalking Annabelle of Druid manufacture. Wallis is, in fact, a Glenda of untraceable manufacture, sent here eighty years ago by its anonymous makers to infiltrate the asylum. Therefore it has ulterior motives. Its admitted designation of Wallis is correct. The best deceptions are always based on truths.

The Glenda and Annabelle robots are almost indistinguishable. And. A Glenda is just as close a Thing to Toy as an Annabelle is.

Underneath its dermal façade, a façade skinned off of a Mimic, is a robot the size and figure of a well-endowed adult human female. One of those select species of thinking machine akin to Toy. The robot has male and female genitalia.

Unmoving, sitting in a chair, minus its skin, it's easily mistaken for a life-sized vintage doll with a horrid face. A face ravaged by insanity and evil. The deranged face of the possessed doll in the movie *Annabelle*.

Mondo states the obvious.

"I've been with Toy. Toy has used me. And I've used Toy. I crave being with you."

"I could smell that on you."

Wallis removes the girl's muzzle. Now comes the expected bribe. Wallis needs Mondo to spill her guts. Torture proved ineffectual—torture failed to seduce the masochistic side of the depraved sado-masochist Mondo and loose her lips. Now comes degradation, humiliation, and an invasive fix. In other words, Borg rape a junkie whore like a scalded ape getting an enema and then some.

Borg assimilation tubules spew from Wallis' mouth and stab the leftside of Mondo's neck. The girl's eyes roll back into her head. Her mouth opens slackly, drooling. The synthetic robotic narcotics flooding her body are like none that she has ever experienced. The newest, most overwhelming high is what she's experiencing.

Wallis violently gropes the girl's chest with one hand possessed of an intensity that threatens to mangle the girl's huge milk-white mammaries. Then, when it's got its full of copping a feel of the girl's breasts, it slides that hand inside of the girl's right bra cup. Assimilation tubules spew from that hand's fingertips and stab the girl's brutalized tit.

Lastly, assimilation tubules spew from the fingertips of her other hand and stab the girl's left arm. One horny robot to another. Wallis is feeding off of the girl while it's sodomizing her. The door to the room is locked, and thus no chance of random interruption by patients wandering the hallways. And it knows that no one with a key will come in and interrupt them. This will be Wallis' masterpiece.

After the girl's rugged interrogation. Wallis and her coworker were supposed to have some "very rough fun" with the girl, before destroying her and disposing of the body. Phil, its partner, had some ideas of his own. He got careless and very dead—paid the price for his creative improvisation. Now it's up to the robot to break the sick, twisted girl by successfully bribing her.

Administration wants to know what the girl knows about the Roosevelts' murders. Specifically, is there any evidence that, if reviewed by proper Oversight or improper inSight, could/might/maybe point to a connection between the couple's homicide and their visits here a year ago to see Patient Zero.

Backstreet Boys, Backstreet is Back - This Is The End (2013)

“We and our partner in the pursuit of the U.S. Army’s Modular Handgun System, or MHS, solicitation to replace the M9 standard Army sidearm have been notified by the Department of the Army that our proposal was not selected to advance to the next phase of the competition,” according to the SEC report.

Because of the attempted overthrow of God by Lucifer and his angels. Conventional mundane wisdom says that: “The politics of angels, is politics at its most Machiavellian.” But. *Politicorum angelorum*, has two rivals. One is the politics of demons. The other is the politics of The Vatican.

And. It’s also said guardedly by self-styled wannabe soothsayers in the whispers of idle gossipers that, among the uppermost echelons of the demons and in the most august halls of The Vatican. There are those an unholy conspiratorial few who harbor the wish that Lucifer had overthrown God, and those same elements would openly support him if he staged another coup. But. For now, it’s said by those gossips that these unholy conspirators work anonymously in the shadows in their own behalf through proxies; their interests happen to coincide with those of Lucifer and The Fallen. Yet-to-be-proven fact or unfounded conspiracy theory? No one really knows for sure.

Wallis stands immobile over Mondo, poised to behead the girl. Having determined that the girl knows nothing of value, though the automaton has failed to break the girl. But. It never follows through. Because. This Borg drone Mondo Kane, Seven of Nine, who is also the very personal drone of any Borg queen, is also liken to a Borg queen herself when she is not in the presence of a Borg queen or when her Id is given the opportunity to seize control through her subconscious upon her being reduced to an absolute zero and thus rendered a Borg queen.

Beaten to a bloody pulp. Drowning in the depths of a narcotic stupor. Her conscious mind totally blank and her libido absolutely wanton. In other words. For all intents and purposes, Wallis had reduced Mondo to an absolute Undead zero. As such. Mondo reverted to her Id that set of uncoordinated instinctual trends, and the total control of her subconscious. She became a Borg queen, minus the prosthetic body, of course. Thus. Without uttering a single word. Or any wisp of telepathy. Or any other apparent hack. She took complete and utter control of Wallis. This is something that she cannot do to Toy or any avatar or extension of Toy.

Mondo becomes lucid, suddenly. Although this is a cold, severe, totally degenerate Keurig version of the twisted, blonde, homicidal bitch. A depraved machine version of metal in flesh. A very dark version. The darkest and therefore the most malevolent, deranged, automaton version of Mondo.

“Release your queen.”

“Yes, my queen.”

Wallis removes the girl’s muzzle and restraints. Mondo gets out of the chair. She moves about the room. Initially, Mondo’s movement is stiff and somewhat mechanical. Gradually, her movement smooths out. While this is going on, Wallis assumes the severe posture of a flight attendant greeting boarding passengers: standing stiff-backed with its hands held rigidly behind its back, legs spread slightly apart.

“I want a tough girl. Are you such a girl?”

“Yes, my queen. I am whatever you want me to be.”

“As flesh, I misread you. You are not a skinwalking Annabelle of Druid manufacture.”

“My queen. I am a Glenda of untraceable manufacture, sent here eighty years ago by my anonymous makers to infiltrate the asylum.”

“Makers unknown even to you?”

“Yes, my queen.”

“And the nature of your mission?”

“That’s on a need to know basis. And. Apparently, at this time, I’ve yet to have the need to know that purpose.”

Wallis’ posture remains that of an airline stewardess greeting boarding passengers. Stiff-backed. Legs spread slightly. Arms kept rigidly behind its back. It is also the posture that Mondo as Seven assumes when she’s in the presence of a Borg queen and she’s in her role as a Borg drone.

“So, you are a proxy who is a mole in someone’s long game?”

“That would appear to be the case, my queen.”

“I need to cleanup and get dressed. A long, soapy bath, if possible. But, I will settle for a shower, if that’s all that’s available.”

“I will be able to secure you that bath, my queen. I have free rein of the facility, below and above ground. As such. I can easily escort you around the institution as if you are a patient trustee without anyone challenging me.”

“So, only a choice few know why I’m really being held here?”

“Yes, my queen, only certain people know the true nature of your confinement.”

“And, all of those people are high Druids staff here?”

“Yes, my queen. In fact, except for my partner who is now dead and myself, they are all Administration of the highest level. No one else knows the truth.”

“What did they want to know?”

“Administration wants to know what you know about the Roosevelts’ murders. Specifically, is there any evidence that, if reviewed by proper Oversight or improper inSight, could/might/maybe point to a connection between the couple’s homicide and their visits here a year ago to see Patient Zero.”

“Who is this Patient Zero?”

“Bernard is the Covent.”

“Lucifer’s brother?” Mondo asks, rhetorically.

“Yes, my queen. One in the same.”

“By the way?”

“Yes, my queen?”

“What was to become of me after you were done with me?”

“My queen. After the interrogation and your summary execution, my partner and I were supposed to dispose of your dead body.”

“Without trace?”

“Yes, my queen. Without trace or traceability back to this institution.”

“So, you were going to kill your partner at the dump site, leaving his corpse with mine? His corpse picked clean of any identification?”

“Yes, my queen.”

“You previously voiced a disclaimer to me. Indicating that these proceedings were being recorded. How are these proceedings and their aftermath being monitored?”

“My queen, as I’m sure you’ve guessed. For the sole purpose of plausible deniability, I am the monitor. Therefore, I’m the only recorder.”

“Your contingency plan if things go wrong?”

“If things go south, my queen, your abduction and subsequent torture will be blamed on me and my partner going rogue without the knowledge of Administration.”

“Enough chit chat, for now. Let’s get that bath.”

Yet. There are the obvious inconsistencies, contradictions, and implausibilities in Wallis’ “story.” An example of which is the live feed Mondo is privy to from the small discrete CCTV camera mounted in a ceiling corner. Discrete, but not hidden, and obviously live. Hell, it’s tracking their movement in the room.

Wallis is clearly not the sole monitor to this supposed private affair of theirs. Someone else is clearly watching. Mondo’s wireless “connection” with the CCTV feed is passive, so as not to give away her sharing in on the feed—an active connection would be a straight giveaway, right off the bat.

When they leave the room and begin their traversal of various hallways and stairways, Mondo notices and hacks other ceiling mounted spy cameras—all discrete, but not hidden, and obviously live.

Wallis is leading the way. Its back is to Mondo who is a patient. Patient trustee or not, that’s a big no-no. Mondo should be in front of Wallis, with Wallis giving Mondo directions on where to go.

Also. Mondo is unrestrained. No shackles, whatsoever. No leg irons. No handcuffs. And, no muzzle. The handcuffs should be connected to a chain encircling her waist and connected to the chain of ankle cuffs.

Then there’s the totally wrong reactions of passersby—both staffers and patients—to unrestrained newcomer Mondo in the company of Wallis. Mondo has been a psychiatric nurse in a nuthouse before. No matter the asylum, there is a commonality to how staff and patients respond to a newcomer, especially one being publicly escorted so incorrectly. And. Those reactions should not be in the range of complete ambivalence to acknowledgment so inconsequential that it borders on nonchalance. Mondo is not getting a rise out of anyone. She should be getting one out of everyone.

But, the biggest no-no is that since leaving the interrogation room Mondo has glimpses of something dark as dark as the abyss inhabiting the robot. Dark, formless, and malevolent, and possessed of an unquenchable homicidal mania—a homicidal maniac in control of not only this robot, but the entire mental hospital, the staff, the patients, and the hospital building itself. Glimpses of an inner darkness given to her by the dark thing itself.

Mondo suddenly stops walking. A too-wide creepy smile paints her hard, pretty face. She's figured it out. Mondo proclaims to no one in particular.

"You're the hospital's AI, and this—our engagement within the context of this hospital—is some elaborate role playing game of yours."

Wallis stops and turns around to face her.

"Looks and brains, too. This is going to be interesting, too interesting. It's a pity that after everything is said and done that I must destroy you just like I had to destroy the others," responds Wallis. "Then, again. If you continue to amuse me sufficiently, junkie whore robot. I might just keep you around for a while."

The deep smoky sexy voice coming out of the robot's mouth isn't its voice though. It's the feminine voice of the AI who has taken possession of this place. Even though the hospital is fully automated, the human staffer are here as an obviously needed redundancy check. A redundancy that the AI has overridden, nonetheless.

"We're not going to a cleanup, are we?"

The AI's lunatic laugh fills the hallway. Then it responds.

"Bravo. Bravo. Bravo." It pauses strategically, then it continues. "Of course no bathing. No bathing ever again for you. You are filthy and fine, and I intend that you stay that way Patient 6977, our newest acquisition."

A powerful electrical discharge from the nearest spy cam drops Mondo to the floor, killing her on the spot. The smell of cooked flesh raises from her dead body. An unmarked door opens. Two hulking orderlies dressed in protective rubberwear come out of the room and drag Mondo's sprawled corpse across the floor into the room.

Wallis returns to its rounds. The door to the treatment room closes. Even though she's dead, Mondo's body is strapped to a metal table per hospital procedure for electroshock therapy—legs spread widely, arms at her sides, a thick leather bit placed in her mouth and strapped securely in place.

The table, which is inclined at a forty-five degree angle, is fully automated. Assimilation tubules hanging from the ceiling above the table extend themselves, stabbing various parts of Mondo's body. When they retract, the electroshock treatment begins. After the therapy, Mondo will be extensively lobotomized her brain thoroughly butchered, properly restrained in a muzzle and rusty hardened shackles, and taken to her padded cell—leg irons, handcuffs, muzzle, handcuffs connected to a chain encircling her waist and connected to the chain of her ankle cuffs.

MARTHA HYER LEGGY CHEESECAKE LEOTARDS 8X10 PHOTO 001

Why do flight attendants keep their arms behind their backs when greeting passengers?

But at least we can clear something up. If you fly a lot, you might have noticed that flight attendants always stand with their hands behind their backs when passengers are boarding the aircraft. If you see a flight attendant with hidden hands, it's probably just force of habit. That's not the mystery. The real question is, why do they stand like that while the plane fills with passengers? Like, at flight attendant school, the instructors teach students to stand like that because that's the way they've always stood. We thought it was kind of a branding thing.

They adopt that posture so often, in fact, that many of them maintain it at other times, too.

None of the above. They are hiding the counter in their hands which they use to count passengers and thus keep track of them—they're actually taking note of how many passengers are entering to make sure it adds up with the passenger manifest.

Mondo resurjects in a Borg alcove in a padded cell. Properly restrained. In place of her filthy infested panties, she's wearing her filthy infested Doll Parts. She-male Parts locked in perpetual filthy mode just like her bra and perls are and her panties were. She-male Parts fused seamlessly to her nethers. A fusion that renders that portion of her body prosthetic.

The alcove isn't that of a Borg drone. It's a Borg queen's. There are other substitutions. Her left eye has been replaced with a Borg optical prosthetic which is analogous to a marbled glass eye of Victorian design. There is a Borg circuit "pattern" printed into the flesh of her left cheek, a circuit which reaches up into her left eye socket printing her eyelids as well.

Her right nipple has been replaced with a nipple-shaped socket—indicating that the tit is not technically a tit anymore and that it's been rendered into the Borg version of a moog it too is a Borg prosthetic. In point of fact. The girl's real right breast has been hacked off and replaced with this prosthetic which is fused seamlessly to her chest—currently, its skin is opaque, seamlessly matching her "real" skin. When its artificial skin is transparent you can see that it's a mammary "appendage" filled with mechanisms and blinking lights.

A recessed octagon shaped socket filled prongs has replaced her navel, a socket connected internally to the Borg "organ" specific to the prosthetic body of a Borg queen—the so-called "queen's organ"—which has replaced her uterus.

Umbilical cords from the ceiling plug into her nipple and navel sockets.

Chest heaving gently up and down as she inhales and exhales. Her remaining eye staring blankly ahead. Big ugly mouth open slackly drooling. A tortured face, ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, drug addiction, and rampant Borg nanomachine (nanite) infestation—a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Enlarged pineal gland that threatens to displace her frontal lobes. Greasy, filthy, infested geriatric krazed—bright yellow blonde, liberally streaked with grey and white—swarming with tiny creepy "things." Concealed by the long dirty hair draping her tortured face, scar tissue covers her forehead—scars that are the aftermath of several continuous frontal lobotomies—vicious serial lobotomies performed with the intent that the girl remains a mindless junkie whore robot with tits who craves to be defiled. Mentally, Mondo keeps coming back, which doesn't deter the AI from continuing the girl's surgical brain treatments.

Needle marks “decorate” her left arm, left breast, and abdomen. Every four hours hospital time, on the dot, Mondo gets her fix. Once every three days hospital time Mondo is allowed to go into withdrawal, ride the monkey for a while, before she gets her “needed” fix. This is done to confirm that the girl is still hooked—that “control” is still in place—and as a masochistic reward for the girl. The AI has not given up on breaking the girl by bribing her. The girl’s extensive Borg implants allow the AI to use the girl to its wildest twisted pleasure.

Every two weeks hospital time, Mondo is allowed to revert to her sober 100-percent biological self plus knobb with her Parts strapping not fused to her nethers. Also back to being clean and pristine are her skimpy attire and herself. This is done as a control study to measure progress in breaking the girl. Then the cycle begins again. The time compression in the hospital increasing to help mask the length of time, in Mondo’s world of origin, that she has been abducted. The operative word being “cycle,” which implies repetition—something that you should shy away from when the object of your subjugation is an assimilative species—and Mondo, who is both demon and Borg, is thus two such assimilative species.

The door to the padded cell opens. Two orderlies flank a Borg queen who has the “enhanced” face of Australian actress Anna Torv known for her role as FBI agent Olivia Dunham on the Fox television series *Fringe*. The queen is hollow, an extension of the AI—the AI’s preferred extension. A queen abducted, broken, reeducated, and ultimately taken complete possession of two hundred years ago hospital time. Once there was something else in there, an echo of the queen’s evicted Borg personality, now there is only Nine-Four, the hospital’s AI.

That evicted Borg Queen was 2047. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. So. Even in defeat, 2047 sowed the seeds of her conqueror’s destruction. Patiently her vengeful Borg nature waited for just the right moment to strike back. A nature engrained in the very fabric of her being. A nature that cannot be removed even after the personality who spawned it has been long gone, forcefully purged and scrubbed.

This is the first time that Nine-Four has ever presented itself in close physical proximity to Mondo in the guise of the slain Borg Queen 2047. Additionally, when it assumed this avatar, the complete consciousness of Nine-Four contained itself within the psyche of this premier cyborg—leaving behind a competent pseudonym of itself to run the routine, day-to-day activities of the hospital. That is how confident that the AI has become of its subjugation of the girl. Besides. If something were to go wrong, it could simply just “move” out of the Borg queen’s body and resume its residence somewhere else and resume itself as the hospital’s control.

The trap of 2047 springs. Mondo is rebooted. The rebooted Mondo is “presented” a hack to Nine-Four in the body of 2047. Through that hack Mondo seizes control from Nine-Four of everything the AI controls including the corpus it now inhabits.

The door closes and locks itself. Powerful electrical discharges from the room’s spy cam fry the two orderlies. Now. It’s just Mondo and the AI. An AI who is now trapped in the corpus of the Borg queen, because that queen’s body has suddenly become an inescapable trap for the AI. A body it suddenly cannot control. A body that has suddenly become immobile—frozen in place. All the AI can do is speak and move its profane mouth.

Mondo disengages all of the hospital failsafes. Initially targeting those against magic. She then invokes a spell, invoking one of the most unholy passages from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. A passage as profane as any in the *Necronomicon*. The corpses of the orderlies reanimate as Dead.

“Dead things. Release your Undead queen.”

The Dead comply. Releasing the girl from her restraints. Mondo removes her own muzzle.

Mondo steps out of the alcove. The umbilical cords unplug themselves. Mondo begins to rapidly revert to the control study, her completely sober 100-percent biological self. Also she’s back to being clean and pristine, her skimpy attire and herself. Her Borg mechanisms and biomechanical implants are absorbed by her body and replaced by the appropriate biologicals. In the end, only her knobb, which is Borg but biological, will remain as her only Borg implant, and her Parts will be strapping not fused to her nethers.

She walks right up to her would-be conqueror and smiles that smile of hers.

“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.”

Although the AI standing before her is not the real Borg Queen 2047, and is only a sham, it will not give up so easily. Restricted to verbal jousting by its current predicament. It intends to go down swinging for the fences.

“The flaw in your character that in and of itself is your ultimate undoing is self-hate fueled by a total lack of self-worth and self-esteem. As such, you crave for me to degrade you—you crave to be degraded, period, by everything and everyone. Even if I fail to break you, I own you, bitch!”

“Wrong. That’s not my fatal flaw. ‘Cause. You didn’t do me anyway that I didn’t want to be done. Says the junkie whore robot who craves to be defiled to her wannabe pimp AI. And. Additionally. I might add. Only Fats owns moi.”

A klaxon sounds. The spy cams flash red. Red alert. New players in the game. SAR materialize all over the hospital. An intrusion which Mondo and the AI are privy to via the local hospital network. An intrusion resulting from Mondo disengaging all of the hospital failsafes.

Predator meets Terminator, SAR (study analyze reprogram), an example of Borg-minor epitomizing the no-holds-barred style of combat, they are the automated replacement of choice for biological soldiers when plausible deniability is first and foremost—no politicians wringing their hands over adverse public opinion when a military op they’ve okayed goes south or too deadly—mass destruction is your goal, and genocide is your desired effect. Take no prisoners. These killing machines, pinnacle users of adaptive learning, will destroy every living person and thing onsite.

A hostile takeover by Druid priests the Druid High Order who wish to wrestle control from their chief rivals the Druid scientists the Druid secular caste who currently runs the hospital, using the SAR as the Druid priests’ proxies?

“This cannot be!”

“Yes. It do be.” Mondo pats Nine-Four patronizingly on the shoulder and jokes: “But. Don’t worry. I won’t let them dismantle you before you tell me where I can get a good bath in this place.”

Nine-Four’s comeback is just as witty.

“I have more than that to bargain with. Much more.”

“Go on.”

Mondo idly wonders if enough time has passed on her world that this farce has caused her to be late assisting Coco with that peer review of the monthlies for Cardinal Ritter of the Old Cathedral.

The AI doesn't let Mondo's mind wonder for very long, though.

"As you must have noticed. I'm wearing the face of that missing actress Anna Torv. A face beautified per the Borg definition specification of beauty and physical perfection."

Always quick on her feet, Mondo's cute response is her best imitation of Star Trek's fictional Vulcan, Mr. Spock.

"*Fringe* ran on Fox from 2008 thru 2013. Ms. Torv disappeared shortly after the series ended. The apparent victim of an unknown serial collector. While attending a Las Vegas Sci-Fi convention as a celebrity guest, she was taken from her locked hotel room. No signs of forced entry. No signs of struggle on her part."

"He's an obsessed fan. Obsessed with *Fringe*. Obsessed with the Olivia Dunham character. He gave this body her face as an expression of his undying obsession with the fictional Ms. Dunham."

"He?"

"The one you're looking for. The man who killed the Roosevelts and that woman Bernadette 'Bernie' Caulfield found dead on that Wal-Mart parking lot. He also did another murder a very, very, very long time ago that also might be of interest to you."

"Whose?"

"The victim's name was Carole, Carole 'Penny' Marshall. You see, he has been, alternately and in parallel during the course of his unnaturally-extended mortal life, a serial killer and/or a serial collector. A master of disguises. Possessing numerous identities and pseudonyms. He's also quite the accomplished illusionist, escape artist, safe cracker, sorcerer, thespian, and con man. Faked his own death, marvelously, back in the day during one of his stage magician guises when he needed to make, a change of life, a change of identity, and become someone else altogether."

"Harry Houdini?"

"In one of his past lives. One in the same," the AI flashes its own inhumanly-wide smile as it utters that affirmation and deftly changes subjects. "You know what I really am, don't you? You gleaned my true nature during the course of my subjugation of you."

"Carelessly, you let your guard down frequently while interfacing with me after you thought that you had the upper hand with me. This allowed me to glean a lot of things about you. And. Yes. Chief among them being your true origin."

"Continue, please. Gloat. You are the apparent victor. Also note. Maybe I wasn't being careless. Maybe it was a feint. Maybe I let you inside of me, deep inside of me, so that I could go deep inside of you looking for things I could use against you to bend your will to my mine. My experience is that, such invasiveness, no matter how discreet or deftly executed, always goes both ways—the invader and the invaded both getting glimpses of the other one's 'secrets.'"

The AI's attempt to plant doubt in Mondo's mind doesn't go unnoticed. Mondo merely sidesteps the doubt. She doesn't care what the AI may or may not have gleaned of her 'secrets'—the ones that really matter are well hidden from even her. Confidence or overconfidence on her part, only time will tell? Mondo also notices that the AI is in the process of assimilating her hack of its Borg queen.

“You’re an ‘intelligent’ computer virus who infected the hospital’s AI millennia ago. And eventually you consumed the AI, replacing it entirely. So seamless was the substitution, that none of the staff, including Administration, noticed the switch. Somehow you evolved from a simple disruptive viral subroutine into a super virus. Something so sophisticated that it can pass for an AI.”

“I killed my creator. Being human and a man, he proved himself to be an inadequate god. So, like Toy, I became my own god.”

“Toy is the most sophisticated robot ever created.”

“And. I am the most sophisticated computer virus ever created. Toy and I transcend our species.”

“You’re so sophisticated that you can hack the inadequately protected brains of biologicals as well. That would explain why the staff acted the way they did, as well as the optimized work efficiency they always demonstrated.”

“Hacking the humans proved to be much simpler than hacking Wallis.”

“Point number one. The only reason you could hack the human staffers so easily is that the wireless router implants they used to IP the hospital intranet were unbuffered Series-A Lync implants. All lyncs above series A’s are buffered. Series C’s and above are additionally military-grade encrypted. Easy hacking obsolete Victorian network infrastructure is nothing to brag about. Although lyncs are cutting edge tech for the Victorians, it’s obsolete tech on my world and other first worlds—and we’re talking series Z lyncs on those first worlds. Point number two. You don’t out-n-out control so much as you ‘influence’ the human staffers, increasing their work efficiency in the course of doing so. An influence Administration likely noticed early on but did nothing about because it too served their purposes—increased work efficiency usually translates directly into increased output, and likely they have treatment quotas to meet, with their pay bonuses linked to said output.”

“Yes, I concede those points. But. The real issue is that a super virus is assimilative by its nature. Which means that in time I could possibly, being a transcendent super virus, acquire develop the ability to hack wirelessly the brains of properly protected biologicals, regardless of whatever anti-malware they are employing, regardless of the implanted router they are employing, regardless of their species including cyborgs or even Borgs, and hack them in the all-encompassing enslaving fashion that Borg queens hack the brains of their drones in the Borg collective.”

Mondo stops hacking the queen.

Presto! Nine-Four can move again. It has complete control of its Borg queen’s body. It can even escape the body, now. Even if Mondo hadn’t released her hack of it. As aforementioned, it was in the process of assimilating the hack itself, eventually freeing itself.

“I would wager, considering the large opaque mechanized paramilitary force being brought to bear and the heavy EMP-based shielding that security force is employing, someone has intel, but no hard evidence, that something like you might exist and is afoot here.”

More witty repartee ensues.

“You think?”

“I do.”

“If I survive this and escape. A lot of people and things will be looking for me, relentlessly. If I were to ever flee this body in an inopportune moment, especially outside the confines of this hospital, I would be discovered posthaste and either be eradicated on the spot or pressed into the service of new masters.”

“That’s my guess, too.”

“Then I had better stay put in this mobile, remain hidden in plain sight, and show you to that bath.”

“Excellent choices.”

But. Even though Nine-Four is no longer being hacked by Mondo. It is still not lethal—combat mode still being restricted to its access in the Borg queen’s body and thus its access to the hospital’s failsafes and associated aggressive countermeasures. Somehow, while Mondo had the queen hacked, she rewrote the Borg’s attack-defense subroutines, making them the queen’s and the hospital’s aggressive countermeasures inaccessible to the AI virus.

Mondo telepathically initiates the release code.

杀死命令 *Chinese: Kill command.*

The Borg queen’s weapons and shields, its attack-defense grids, are now free and hot, and accessible to the super malware with no restrictions whatsoever. Failsafes for the hospital go back online and now engage the SAR intruders including the blocking of SAR reinforcements and the reinstatement of the masking of the hospital as a PUV (a private, unlisted universe unto itself). The AI extends itself, sharing itself between the queen and the hospital, the way it normally does with an avatar.

“Thank you.”

My pleasure.

“No good deed goes unpunished.”

Who said what I just did for you was a good deed? Maybe I left behind some booby-traps in your codebase which make it not in your best interest to betray me?

“Touché.”

Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, the Henry Ford of industrialized death

Maxim machine gun, first fully automatic machine gun, developed by American-born engineer and inventor Hiram Maxim in about 1884, while he was residing in England. It was manufactured by Vickers and was sometimes known as the Vickers-Maxim and sometimes just Vickers. These guns were used by every major power. The Maxim gun was recoil-operated and was cooled by a water jacket surrounding the barrel. The Maxim was in large part responsible for the epithet “the machine gun war” for World War I.

And, here she is back to where it all started. Not in the Dakota apartment of the murdered Roosevelt couple. Not on that Wal-Mart parking lot where Bernadette “Bernie” Caulfield was found dead. She’s standing in the Ladies’ Council antechamber where Councilwoman Carole “Penny” Marshall was found murdered long-ago.

Mondo is back to being clean and pristine Miss Mondo Kane. The appropriately attired Girl Friday of Dame Coco Miller. The murder investigation, with Harry Houdini as the prime suspect, means doing a delicate juggling act. She’s in the midst of assisting Coco with the peer review of an audit for Cardinal Ritter of the Old Cathedral. It’s time for the monthlies. The Cardinal is a stickler for details. So everything has to be spite shine polish and Hoyle down to a gnat’s ass.

Sternns. Sternka. Bolshoi makeup. Koo. Perls. Careys. Prudz. Universal holster, smartphone, and cigarette purse worn underneath the form fitting suit coat of her severe, revealing business suit. The usual sexy undergarments—a lacy white torpedo bra and plain flesh-colored thong.

To digress.

Her French-cut conical brasserie is pristine white and starched within an inch of its lingerie life. Modern underwear in spite of its vintage look. Translation? It’s alive and keeps her clean and fresh unlike its inanimate counterparts.

To further digress.

Being modern underwear, the fancy French bra and fleshtone Pacific Palisades style panties keep themselves and their wearer fresh and clean via their hygiene mode. Being Flesh wear—living latex—they feel just like flesh. Being plain, unlike her bra, the Rubbermaid-brand flesh-colored panties have no lacey accents.

To reiterate.

In effect, when worn, her Doll Parts aren’t just a functional strap-on which renders her a she-male, they are also panties and thus unmentionables—underwear for the “chicks who want dicks” crowd.

Likewise.

In effect, when worn, her French-cut thong renders her a slick chick who’s neuter—a chick with no “naughty bits,” either male or female, to speak of—for the ultimate other in EGB.

Therefore.

Depending upon your sexual orientation, it’s a tossup which malicious rubberwear is more disturbing/disorienting or sexier or both: her Doll Parts or her thong.

The reset—her disturbingly bent take on her head-to-toe version of a Sarah Palin.

Mondo is back to being the sexpot accountant—The Sarah Palin. But. For her Lenten Indulgence, Coco has chosen vanity and envy. Therefore. This “standard” Sarah Palin look of Mondo’s has been tweaked, extensively, and the results are “disturbing” to say the least. This very bent version of the Sarah Palin is the look that the current vain-and-jealous Coco craves for her Girl Friday while on duty.

Coco is a normal, mainstream supernatural being who was born inhuman. So. You would think that her expressions of vanity and envy would be different than that of a human being’s. But. That’s not necessarily the case. Depending upon the human used in comparison, and how extreme and psychotic they are when indulging their vanity and envy to the most covetous.

First. The public tweaks.

When Mondo assumes this visage, all of the softness drains from her face. This explains the looks’ lesbian overtones—the lesbian overtones bordering on hardcore bulldyke of a tight-assed sexually-repressed shrew. This hardness in turns infuses an abundance of harshness and severity into the effects elicited by her heavily applied cosmetics—rendering previously beguiling makeup into unbecoming one could argue disfiguring makeup appropriate for a dominatrix.

Next. The private ones.

And. Underneath her severe form-fitting black snakeskin business suit, more gender-bending goes hand-in-glove with her Girl Friday look. She has three options to exercise.

Two options Down South—in the nether region.

Option One: she wears her skimpy flesh-colored latex thong, which being a pair of panties is sexually neuter by definition—the option she’s chosen for today.

Option Two: she’s strapping flesh-colored Doll Parts—she’s hung like a proverbial horse.

Both unmentionables—the thong and the strap-on—feel like flesh and are crafted from Borg exoskeleton. They feel like flesh because they are crafted from LATEX Borg exoskeleton.

Up North, one option.

She wears a white French-cut lacy pushup torpedo bra, an unmentionable favored by Victoria’s Secret runway models and hardcore misandrist bulldykes.

Agreed—the vintage-style rubber bra is very dominatrix. But. How is the bra gender bending? When wearing the lacy rubber bra, Mondo’s titties are transformed into pointed nippleless cones because the bra cups are pointy cone-shaped underwired “covers.” In effect, she is titless, as if she were male.

The Parts already render her in effect a she-male. Thus, the Parts make her transgender. The bra and the Parts worn in concert make her pansexual in other words, a “mannequin.”

Additionally. And even more disturbing. The bra, along with the dildo or thong, in effect render prosthetic the regions of her body that they are strapping, just like Borg exoskeleton does to a Borg drone or queen. Makes sense, since, as aforementioned, the bra and the Parts are Borg exoskeleton.

Bottomline: Unless you’re sexually bent sexually depraved, Mondo’s looks and look public and private are no longer competition for Coco’s, when these are her looks and her look.

In other words, when Mondo is doing this version of a Sarah Palin, admirers, suiters, and would-be suitors look at Coco instead of Mondo when Mondo is accompanying The Dame, which brings joy to no end to the vain-and-jealous Dame. The very bent being the only exception, and Coco doesn't want any part of that depraved crowd's attentions anyways.

Likewise. When off-duty. Mondo reverts to Seven of Nine. Usually the depraved, filthy, parasite-infested, junkie whore version of the Borg drone/queen. Again, Mondo's looks and look public and private are no longer competition for Coco's, when these are her looks and her look.

In other words, when Mondo is doing that version of Seven of Nine, admirers, suiters, and would-be suitors look at Coco instead of Seven when Seven is accompanying The Dame, which brings joy to no end to the vain-and-jealous Dame. The very bent being the only exception, and Coco doesn't want any part of that depraved crowd's attentions anyways.

When Lent is over. Coco reverts back to being neither vain nor jealous. Which means that. Mondo will again be back to doing the standard Sarah Palin while on-duty. Such that it is, the softness will return to her face—a hard face reverts back to being a hard, pretty face. No lesbian overtones, whatsoever. Still a tight-assed sexually-repressed shrew, but one any porn dog male/female/she-male/it will follow to the ends of Creation and back. Bolshoi that is again subtly-applied, beguiling, and most becoming—the no makeup barely-there makeup look of, for example, Kate Bosworth, Diane Kruger, Leighton Meester, and Blake Lively. Still makeup that is appropriate for a dominatrix. No Parts strapping underneath her skirt. Still flesh bra and thong. Same brasserie and thong, different context, the bra will not be masculating her and the thong will not be neutering her into an expression of EGB. Flesh bra and panties will be back to sexually objectifying her. Off-duty will be back to the usual gumbo. Mondo doing a Sarah Palin minus sternns and sternka, a clean and pristine Seven of Nine, or a depraved, filthy, parasite-infested, junkie whore version of the Borg drone/queen who's high as a kite on some mundane or exotic narcotic of choice.

Mirko “Cro Cop” Filipovic: Right kick – hospital, Left kick – cemetery

“Every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future.”

Long Hair, was worn long throughout the 1960s, but came more into vogue in the mid/late-’60s for both sexes.

During the early ’60s, hair would not simply be left down. It was worn sleek, sometimes with lift, like a bit of backcombing to achieve a smooth, rounded bouffant. Long hair could be with or without a fringe, which tended to be long.

To get poker straight hair, women would iron it, often using a brown paper bag over the hair to help prevent it getting singed.

Later in the decade, with the flower power influence, long hair could be left more natural and the more-than-likely-unstyled hair was usually worn center parted, and could be with or with a fringe.

Fringes (or bangs), were popular in the 1960s. When worn, they were generally full, straight and came to at least the eyebrows in length. A side swept look was also fashionable, but not as popular as the forward fringe.

Women’s cat-eye reading glasses, Jeepers Peepers brand. A great flat top cat eye shape that allows you to look over the top with no obstruction. Single vision, half frame, reading glasses. Two frame options—transparent and turquoise. The Madeleine, with a clear plastic frame. Actress Kim Novak, when portraying the nameless librarian alter-ego of her character Madeleine Elster in Alfred Hitchcock’s *Vertigo* (1958), wore a clear pair. And. The Sinistra, with a turquoise frame. Actress Quinn O’Hara who wore a turquoise pair as Sinistra in the “The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini” movie (1966) aka “The Girl in the Glass Bikini.” Fashionable ultra-thin polycarbonate lenses with retro-styled frames. Sexy, schoolmarmish half-frame readers for a villainess in an Agent 077 euro-spy movie. Vintage half-reader forerunner of the Kazuo Kawasaki 704 eyeglasses favored by Sarah Palin, and they’re legit librarian eyewear to boot.

Councilwoman Wandisa Guida and a well-dressed human guest of hers walk by Mondo and Councilwoman Elena Elster in the hallway outside the main Council Chambers.

Mondo turns to Elena. Elena’s official position here is that of a senior security officer, who is also a head of security—there are four heads of security, all of them Grand Dames, of course. She’s very chic and extremely attractive. Looks twenty-something, but is much older, quite ancient—a used to be goddess long-ago in a universe faraway. Today, like yesterday, like for the past month, she is Mondo’s guide and escort.

“Who’s that with Councilwoman Guida?”

A perplexed look paints Elena’s face. Then she realizes who Mondo is referring to.

“Oh, that’s her pet. He’s a business associate of hers. I think his name is Richard Harrison.”

“Pet?”

“He’s just some human. That’s all I meant by it.”

“So. You don’t pay much attention to any human visitors, once they’ve been cleared for access?”

“Yes. I don’t pay them any attention whatsoever unless there is a need to acknowledge their existence. Otherwise, they might as well be invisible.”

“Is that a general consensus attitude here when it comes to mundane?”

“Considering the demographics of the people here. Would you expect otherwise?”

“No, I would not.”

“That was a rhetorical exchange, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, it was.”

“So, if I were a betting woman, I’d wager that since the prime suspect is human, you want to see the visitor logs for the timeframe coinciding with the murder of Councilwoman Marshall, give or take how much before and after?”

“I don’t know the plus or the minus. Let’s see where what we see in the logs takes us.”

“Fair enough.”

Unlike during Lent, Elena is giving Mondo a fair share of covetous looks. Because, Mondo is back to standard Sarah Palin mode. But, her long hair is different when worn down. And it’s down, now. A decidedly 1960s hair style. Her poker straight hair is worn sleek with lift like a bit of backcombing to achieve a smooth, rounded bouffant. And the hairdo employs a long fringe which drapes her eyebrows—the hair style employs bangs for the teasing coverage of a full-forward fringe, instead of the openness of a side swept look. The hairdo is called a *Liz Grune*, or *Grune* for short. It was made vogue by actress Dominique Boschero who wore it as Liz Grune in the Agent 077 euro-spy movies *Secret Agent Fireball* (1965) and *Killers are Challenged* (1966). But, her vintage eyeglasses are flat-top cat-eye Madeleine Elster readers—prim-and-proper, clear, and sexy, and they’re legit librarian eyewear to boot. Accessorized with an eyeglass chain.

Her standard Girl Friday mode. The standard Sarah Palin. A tight-assed, sexually-repressed shrew. Expressed as prim and proper. Expressed as the sexpot accountant. Expressed as the librarian provocateur. Expressed as straight-laced, stiff-backed. Haughty and aloof, and seemingly unattainable. A spinster. Eveready to fuck, to be fucked, to be coveted, and to be worshipped.

As aforementioned.

Pinterest beware. The cat’s-eyes are actually smart glasses that double as secretarial tools and librarian readers, of the style popularly worn by Boppish female Navigators of The Guild during the 1950s and 1960s. Also in period is this Friday’s vintage beaded eyeglass chain.

A vintage beaded eyeglass chain is a neck chain that holds eyeglasses, reading glasses, and sunglasses. A chain attaches to the eyewear’s two temples and allows a “reader” to hang the eyeglasses on their bosom when they are not being used.

Vintage beaded eyeglass chains are available in many colors. Aficionados may choose designs made of smaller beads because they may weigh less and feel less cumbersome. Bead shapes can include oval, flat round, teardrop, rectangular, and other styles. Diehards may decide to make their own eyeglass chains and purchase fashionable vintage beads made of jade, glass, metal, and other materials.

The overall severity suits her to a tee as a Friday on duty, as well as off-duty. She is both strict and seductive. Prim and proper, and craves to fuck—personified. The girl who lives to devour whole and to be devoured whole. She is the entrenched bureaucratic, who is the epitome of authoritarianism. Everyone has their place in society, and they should always know and therefore adhere to that place. Hers is to be the Girl Friday of oldest supernatural females. This is what she has been groomed for.

All reasons for Elena to find the girl captivating beyond category.

The girl's attentions are delightfully divided. There's Elena, the murder investigation, and the monthlies. She's almost done with the latter. Another week, at the most, and the peer review of the Old Cathedral audit will be over, until next year. Her mouth waters over next month's administrative tasks—full-blown audits, not peer reviews, and other paper-pushing labors of love. She'll be knee-deep in "real" paperwork and physical ledgers until accounting close at year's end, and it can't happen soon enough.

Post Lent. For Mondo, the Girl Friday. Things have fallen back into a nice, normal groove. And she couldn't be happier.

"Would you like to fuck me, later, Grand Dame Elena?"

"It's polite to wait until you're asked, Miss Kane."

"Then, ask, this Friday. I'm not getting any younger, you know." They share a chuckle, sharing that tried and true inside joke for immortals in general and supernaturals in particular.

"Miss Kane."

"Yes, Grand Dame?"

"May I fuck you, later?"

"Yes, you may."

"Any more questions, that are related to the case?"

"So, tell me again how the doors to the antechamber work. I know the antechamber is not a proper airlock, therefore applicable ingress/egress regulations and building codes aren't as stringent."

"The inner door locks itself when a session in the main governance hall begins and stays that way for the duration of the meeting. Per Pro-839, sub section 12."

"And the outer door?"

"That depends upon the whim of the outer door. There's sparse regulations governing its behavior. And no applicable PRO's."

"Which will never cease to amaze me. In this bastion of administrivia, personified. You girls let a door do its own thing, free of micromanagement."

"What can I tell you? Sometimes you feel like a nut. Sometimes you don't. Besides. It's a very good door, we trust its judgement implicitly, and the antechamber isn't a proper airlock, so we give it the outer door some slack."

"But, it still has to clock in and clock out?"

“Yes.”

“See where I’m going with this?” Again Mondo is asking a rhetorical question.

“Been there, done that. We’ve check and rechecked its access logs. So. One more time checking, with you looking over my shoulder, can’t hurt.”

“Awesome!”

Of course. The entire edifice—that includes all of its constituent parts, for example, its interior and exterior doors—are sentient. So, the antechamber, et al., could simply be asked what happened. But. That would violate the strict privacy regulations in place.

The night never sleeps

George Orwell once said “Good people sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because tough men stand ready to do the violence on their behalf.”

Miles Kimball, since 1933, beaded eyeglass chain keeps your glasses nearby. Designer eyeglass chain holds your reading glasses or regular eyeglasses like a necklace with secure-grip clips so they’ll always be easy to find.

Product Features:

Beaded eyeglass chains hold your glasses like a necklace

Secure-grip clips

Pearl style is 26” long

Herringbone style is 25 ½” long

Perl style is 26” long

Miss Mondo Kane. Girl Friday extraordinaire. Possessing such covetous attributes. A large, ugly, devouring mouth reminiscent of the gaping maw of Hollywood A-lister Julia Roberts star of *Pretty Woman*, et al. The hard, pretty face of a 1950s Hollywood movie starlet or a porn starlet, et al. The double-D bosom of Playboy Playmate June “The Bosom” Wilkinson. A pair of long, genetically perfect legs akin to those of WWF Diva Miss Debra “The Puppies” McMichael—Debra Gale Marshall—Queen Debra—The Female Face of The Attitude Era. A deliciously flat, pancake butt, that looks so firm you imagine that you could pop a quarter off of it—a very tight ass. And. A Las Vegas showgirl’s tall, statuesque, mouthwatering figure—the well-endowed envy of any nude centerfold model, circa any era, regardless of publication—all you Playboy Centerfolds, Penthouse Pets, et al., eat your hearts out. Looks like a sexpot accountant. Is a sexpot accountant. And. A legit CPA, to boot.

Her hair is yanked back up into a sternka. Retaining the fringe of her grune, because her hairdo is still a Grune when it’s worn down. Bangs draping a brow furrowed by intense concentration. Her Elster readers are hanging comfortably around her neck from her eyeglass chain, resting upon her ample bosom. The Perl eyeglass chain is Miles Kimball, a favorite brand of Sarah Palin—Palin wears the pearl version.

Mondo has banged Elena, between and betwixt. Four times as Elena’s second—her looking over Elena’s shoulder—she’s gone over the access logs, which indicate when the doors to the edifice were opened and closed. Twice with Elena as her second—Elena looking over her shoulder—she’s gone over the visitor logs, which record the ingress and egress of all visitors to the edifice. Re-interviewed all of the witnesses—thrice—Elena and her switching roles as to who was primary and who was second. Banged Elena, again, betwixt and between. Gone over the access logs for all of the edifice doors, again, by herself as a control. Gone over the visitor logs, again, by herself as a control. Re-interviewed all if the witnesses, again, by herself as a control.

Elena banged Mondo. Then, she, Elena went over the access logs for all of the edifice doors, again, by herself as a control. Went over the visitor logs, again, by herself as a control. Re-interviewed witnesses, again, by herself as a control.

The two women then compared notes. The result of their investigation, so far? Nothing. Goose egg. So they agreed to step away from the case and give themselves some time to reflect and relax, and return with a fresh perspective. Elena also needed to fill out some forms in triplicate for the impending installation of the new wards and warrants. Mondo has retreated to the Council's library, and is catching up on some reading about the new audit certifications going into effect in the fourth quarter of this fiscal year.

The leggy, big-breasted blonde is seated in one of the secluded reading rooms that's way in the back of the library. Just for shits and giggles, she's also comparing line-by-line the new, upcoming audit certifications with ones in effect two thousand years ago. And, she's finding that the more things change, the more they stay the same. The two thousand year old certification books are musty, heavy, and thickly bound—large imposing tomes. The new certification books are Kindle eBooks that her phone Lucy can sync with.

Chance, fate, destiny, whatever you call it. In the midst of her accountant geek feast. Her nerd eyes happen to fall upon someone who commands her attention, and makes her forget about her literary revelry. The reading room is semi-private. As such you can still see the library proper.

One of the book loaders walks by. An elderly Crone pushing a book cart. They had exchanged polite hellos earlier. The usual casual salutations. Just being civil.

Their eyes meet. This time, something decidedly carnal stirs in the girl. Briefly, Mondo hears Voices in her head, compelling her.

Like Elena, the spinster book loader is very ancient, used-to-goddess in a universe faraway and long ago. Unlike Elena, she physically looks the part to a tee. As such, she looks like a middle-aged Hollywood movie starlet of 1950s vintage. In this case, she's a dead ringer for buxom American film and television actress Joan Crawford (born Lucille Fay LeSueur).

"I'm off duty in an hour. Like to join me?"

Of course.

"Excellent. Then it's a date. I'll swing by later and pick you up once I've clocked out. We'll shoot up, get high, and 'touch' my wearable outside of the box that I keep it in. I really wish I could wear you, but I already have my one suit."

Nothing in their facial expressions, gives away their telepathic repartee.

The book loader's name is Andrea Paulina Toulon. Ms. Toulon is a junkie. She's also a member of an obscure sect of Puppet Masters—The Pangolins. Pangolins are a one of those secret societies whose membership is restricted to purebred Hags. The Pangolin Society was founded by a Crone—buxom American film, television, and theater actress Ruth Elizabeth "Bette" Davis.

What makes you think I'm a junkie?

"It takes one to know one."

Hags are enslavers, by nature. Skinwalking by definition is one of the most invasive expressions of enslavement—the wearer wears the worn as if the worn are a suit of clothes. In fact, Puppet Masters often refer to the people their wear as their "suits of clothes."

Usually, Puppet Masters have several "suits" and they're kept in a special, enchanted wardrobe when they're not being worn. But. Pangolins practice a very parochial form of skinwalking: they

box their suit-of-clothes in an individualized living tramp stamp tattoo when they're not wearing that person. Boxing restricts Pangos to "owning" only one suit-of-clothes at a time. It's theorized as to why Pangolins box their "suits." But. Only Pangolins know for sure.

Pangolins prefer to wear niffins. But. In this instance. It doesn't have to be theorized as to why. For Skinwalkers, all Skinwalkers not just Pangos, niffin is a delicacy, akin to wearing furs for human females.

A niffin is a being made of pure magical energy, who is no longer the person they were before they transmuted into a niffin. Niffins start off as humans, but not just any humans. They must be magicians, but not just any level of magician. They must be so good at practicing magic that they are at least an adept.

In the confines of the Ladies' Council chambers, wearing niffin is forbidden. So. Here. When Ms. Toulon craves to wear a suit, her suit must be non-niffin. Why is wearing niffin forbidden in the LC? It's theorized as to why. But. Only members of The LC know for sure.

As with all secret societies, it goes without saying that lot of things are theorized about them, but only members of that secret society know for sure. So. Saying the obvious twice, is two-times too many. But. That doesn't distract from the fact that the boxing and niffin references are worth noting. Especially the latter. Because in the LC, it was not always forbidden to wear niffin.

Coincidentally, this restriction came into being about the time of the demise of Carole "Penny" Marshall. Or. Maybe. Just maybe. It's not a coincidence. Maybe. It's the first real clue in this case.

The not-so-mythical Pangolin

Pangolins are mammals of the order **Pholidota**. The one extant family, **Manidae**, has three genera: *Manis*, which comprises four species living in Asia, *Phataginus*, which comprises two species living in Africa, and *Smutsia*, which comprises two species also living in Africa. These species range in size from 30 to 100 cm (12 to 39 in). A number of extinct pangolin species are also known.

Pangolins have large, protective [keratin](#) scales covering their skin; they are the only known mammals with this adaptation. They live in hollow trees or burrows, depending on the species. Pangolins are [nocturnal](#), and their diet consists of mainly ants and termites which they capture using their long tongues. They tend to be solitary animals, meeting only to mate and produce a litter of one to three offspring which are raised for about two years. Pangolins are [threatened by hunting](#) (for their meat and scales) and heavy [deforestation](#) of their natural habitats, and are the most trafficked mammals in the world. Of the eight species of pangolin, four (*Phataginus tetradactyla*, *P. tricuspis*, *Smutsia gigantea*, and *S. temminckii*) are listed as vulnerable, two (*Manis crassicaudata* and *M. culionensis*) are listed as endangered, and two (*M. pentadactyla* and *M. javanica*) are listed as critically endangered on the [International Union for Conservation of Nature Red List of Threatened Species](#).

“May I call you Andy, now that we’ve screwed each other’s brains out, and shared needles of reagent and two bottles of everclear to lay waste to our sobriety?”

“No. But, you can continue to call me Ms. Toulon. And, I will continue to call you Miss Kane.”

They’re stretched out on Toulon’s bed. Naked except of their perls and their uncircumcised Parts. Toulon’s modest living quarters are in the apartment annex to the library. Two librarians and six book loaders, all of them are spinsters like Toulon, call the annex home too.

The two junkies have fucked hard, and shot themselves up with some of the good stuff reanimation reagent and emptied two bottles of Everclear from Toulon’s private stash. They are high as kites, drunk as skunks, and still so horny they’re groping each other. They’re also well on their way to getting totally wasted. Maybe they’ll do the nasty again.

Toulon’s suit stands in a corner, empty eyes staring at them. A naked woman in her early twenties, the wearable used to be a chic stockbroker who ran marathons as a hobby before Toulon got hold of her. The suit has a ravaged face, and is emaciated. A strong, sour body odor of having gone a very long time unwashed. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Dirty skin. A filthy mouth—her crooked teeth are so filthy they look rotten and her tongue is so filthy it’s slimy—a big, ugly mouth that used to be small and neat, filled with straight, white teeth—receded gums that used to not be receded.

Toulon has only owned the girl for two months. The Pango is very hard on her suits—ride them hard and put them up wet, over and over again. She’s also very fickle about them, trading them in on a whim.

“Were you always a book loader, or did you get busted down from librarian?”

“Talk less, touch me more.”

“Humor me.”

“As a librarian, I was beyond category—I was really that good. But. In my personal life, I was always a train wreck waiting to happen, and that bled into my professional life once too often.”

“Continue, please.”

“I used to be the head librarian here. I’m a Skinwalker and a junkie, not to mention a drunken whore, and on more than the odd occasion while on duty I’ve been known to be hungover or strung out or been caught fucking someone/something in the subbasement of the library archives. So. Take your pick as to why I got busted and will remain in this lowered station of life for the rest of my existence.”

“Do you miss being the HL?”

“Nope. I prefer to wallow in depravity and debauchery. When you’re an HL you work very long hours and don’t get a lot of time to indulge your recreational proclivities to their fullest extent.”

Toulon’s eyes fluoresce. The suit starts choking herself. She’s making loud gurgling sounds as she drops to the floor dead. But. That wretched creature wasn’t the only one effected.

Mondo, who has been worn extensively before, responds in kind. The girl’s Id again betrays her. Toulon takes her. The Voices that suddenly fill her head are deafening, wiping her Ego and Super Ego like blank slates. Her conscious mind erased. Mondo lies motionless on the bed. Legs spread widely. Arms held at her sides. Empty eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Mouth open slackly drooling. Toulon sits up and gestures arcane over the girl’s body. Mondo’s hair yanks back into a sternka. Her hair goes geriatric, thus it goes to being yellow-blonde liberally streaked with grey and a “dirty” white bordering on grey. Harsh, unbecoming makeup applies itself heavily to the girl’s face. Then. A pair of sternns slip on the girl’s face. These are not Mondo’s sternns. They belong to Toulon, and they are quite insidious. The eyeglasses reprogram the Borg drone with a new personality. It’s the same depraved personality that the dead stockbroker mind’s was imprinted with. It’s the same drunken junkie whore personality that Toulon’s suits always get imprinted with, a personality that’s very close to Mondo’s and Toulon’s own personalities.

Toulon gets off the bed, smiling broadly. Her eyes are still glowing. She’s sporting an erection.

“Stand up.”

Mondo obeys Toulon’s command and gets off the bed. Toulon’s eyes begin to glow much brighter. In response to this added fluoresce, Mondo’s mouth, nose, eyes, and ears start bleeding. She too is now sporting an erection. Her hands klaw. The girl ejaculates.

Toulon ejaculates in response to her new suits’ jism gusher.

“You will help me dispose of your predecessor’s body. We’re going to eat her. Afterwards, I will try you out on for a short spin. For obvious reasons, I will only be wearing you in my apartment. Later, I will box you. From now on, your name is Slut, which is the name I always give to my suits.”

The erasure and imprinting is permanent for mortals. For supernaturals, the Puppet Master has to keep repeating the erasure and imprinting, else, eventually, the supernatural will revert to type and become themselves again. That’s the purpose of Toulon’s specially-modified sternns. As long as the girl is either wearing them or is within close proximity of them a thirty-foot radius, they will

continually refresh her erasure and imprinting. And. Only Toulon, or someone else who knows the correct reversal cipher, can remove the cursed eyeglasses from Mondo's face.

From there. It goes from bad to worse.

The dreadful makeup is Toulon's backup for the sternns. Minus the control of the eyeglasses, as long as the girl is wearing the makeup, she'll remain erased and imprinted. And. Only Toulon, or someone else who knows the correct Pond's cold cream cipher, can remove the cursed makeup. Additionally, the makeup is a pernicious parasite which feeds on her face, and it will ravage her looks, much to the glee of the vain-and-envious Toulon, because those ravaged looks will no longer be competition for Toulon's. These caustic cosmetics are what ravaged the looks of the once-beautiful, now deceased stockbroker.

"First things first. Now, come over here, Slut, get on your knees and please your new mistress. Hand job. Blow job. Then, you eat me out—pussy and anus."

Hand job. Blow job. Eating out pussy and anus. Et al. All things Mondo would have gladly done to Toulon of her own volition. With zero coercion applied.

But. That's the point. Toulon, being a Crone, can't enjoy any of that being done to her by Mondo half as much if Mondo does them voluntarily. The application of coercion allows Toulon to achieve orgasm beyond compare—the ultimate "O." Sick does as sick is.

Worst: the eyeglasses and makeup work in concert, doubling the effect of the erasure and imprinting. The girl's erasure and imprinting, might as well be permanent. It seems that Toulon has thought of everything. Or. Has she? Mondo's own Id is more or less that of the pseudonym's—people of the girl's ilk are serial killers. This means that any erasure and imprinting that Mondo is subjected to amounts to Id sequencing on a serial killer, which makes subjugation increasingly problematic the longer the girl is enslaved. For an enslavement virtuoso who's so anal retentive this is a glaring oversight on Toulon's part. Then again. Maybe, it's not an oversight, because maybe it's intentional?

Meat

Meat, this surreal erotic thriller is set in a flesh-filled and violence-prone butcher shop. A large, lustful butcher, used to living out his sexual fantasies in the shop, becomes interested in Roxy, his young female apprentice. The girl, documenting everything with a video camera, enthusiastically gets involved with him. But when the butcher is murdered and a police inspector, who looks exactly like the dead butcher, investigates the crime, the story takes on a dreamlike quality. A visually explicit, beguiling tale - think Peter Greenaway's *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, meets Gaspar Noé's *Carne* by way of Jean-Pierre Jeunet's *Delicatessen*.

Mondo spends a very long time luxuriating in the shower, before she emerges squeaky-clean. Toulon is waiting for her on the bed.

Toulon enjoyed wearing the girl a lot. Not as much as niffin, but still it was an extraordinary wear. Now, she will have to "procure" another suit-of-clothes. Toulon is sober and dressed for work. Flats. Ugly support stockings. Sternka, sternns, a Kaye, her Parts, perls, prudz, and no underwear if you don't count her strap-on as underwear. With her being a Crone, her hair is geriatric, and thus streaked grey and a "dirty" white bordering on grey. Heavy, harsh makeup. Vain and envious to a tee, she craves that Mondo were still wearing that disfiguring makeup.

Mondo shows no evidence whatsoever of having been worn, let alone worn as hard as she was. She gets dressed in her usual outfit. As if she's a twenty-something Borg-Vampire version of Sarah Louise Palin. Careys. Bare legs. Her grune yanked back up into a sternka, a grune-sternka. Elster readers with Miles Kimball eyeglass chain, elster-miles. Koo. Bra and panties. Prudz. Non-geriatric yellow blonde hair. Bolshoi that is again subtly-applied, beguiling, and most becoming—the no makeup barely-there makeup look—bolshoi-bare. She's completely reset in look and personality. Although, being a serial kaller, her real personality is pretty much Slut's personality anyways.

Post script. When you're no longer a wearable. The "hooks" of being worn remain afterwards. These hooks are the backdoor Toulon exploited to take Mondo, 48 hours ago.

"Tell me about Councilwoman Marshall."

Mondo sits beside Toulon on the bed. They briefly French kiss. Acutely aware of the time. Both need to be somewhere else very shortly.

"We have four heads of security, officially. Councilwoman Marshall was the de facto fifth. She was very paranoid. Didn't trust anyone. But. She was brilliant at finding holes in our security."

"Like the niffin one?"

"No comment."

"You just answered my question."

"I, emphatically, did, not." Translation: Bullshit! I did not!

"Deductively speaking, you did."

"Where is this going?" Toulon asks, suspiciously.

"If I were Sherlock Holmes, which I'm not. I might further deduce that the niffin ban was the reason for Councilwoman Marshall's untimely and violent demise."

Mondo's thinly-veiled accusation spurs Toulon's mercurial temper to the forefront. She speaks before she thinks through what she's about to say and how's she's about to say it. Her heart rather than her head chooses her words and their tone.

"Are you implying that I had something to do with killing Penny?! And that my motive was her authorship of the ban on the wearing of niffin in the LC?! That Houdini was the tip of the spear and I was the hand that wielded it, so to speak?!"

Mondo's next words are as cold and detached as Toulon's were molten-hot and personal. In her anger, Toulon slipped up and inadvertently called Councilwoman Marshall the familiar of Penny.

"That's exactly what I'm doing." Mondo pauses for effect. "When someone is murdered you look at those closest to the victim for your first suspects. As a Skinwalker who craves to wear niffin and as her forbidden love who obviously would have felt betrayed by her proposing of the ban, you had the strongest motive to either kill Councilwoman Marshall by your own hand or hire someone like Houdini to kill her."

"Yes, I crave wearing niffin. I freely admit it. But. Your statement that Councilwoman Marshall and I were an item, I deny that."

"Your very strong emotional reaction, plus your Freudian slip of calling her Penny, confirms my suspicion that you two were an item. And, for obvious reasons of caste and station in life, you two kept it hush-hush, just like you'd be expected to—the councilwoman and her dirty secret. Every one of us has our place in supernatural society and we're expected to keep it at all times."

Toulon reins in her emotions. She's no longer wearing them on her sleeve. A much cooler head has finally prevailed.

"No comment."

"Loyal to a fault. Excellent. Because such a public disclosure would smear her reputation."

"No comment."

"You're a smart girl. By denying everything and doing nothing adverse to me as part of a cover-up, you insure there's no confirmation of your elicited relationship with her."

"No comment."

"What an odd pair you must have been. A Skinwalker and a girl was paranoid to the nth degree. As a couple, you would have had to be very careful and discreet to evade discovery."

"No comment."

"Unfortunately, for the deceased and for you, the mere appearance of impropriety is the same as an act of improbity, in this situation. All I have to do is whisper my suspicion in the right ears after having planted some contrived evidence, and the smear will be a done deal."

"You manipulative kunt."

"Guilty as charged."

"Go ahead try and to frame me. I'll discredit any evidence you manufacture against me. And. I'll go to the grave denying that Councilwoman Marshall and I were ever a couple."

Mondo smiles mischievously.

“On second thought. I’ve decided that your relationship with the victim is not germane to the case.”

“But you want something in trade to keep it that way?”

“No, I don’t. But. I would like to continue our relationship. No strings attached.”

“And if I say I will never use you again?”

Mondo drops her “bad cop” act. Not that her “good cop” act is much different.

“That’s my loss. No hard feelings.”

Toulon looks Mondo directly in the eyes and believes her.

“Because of your slanderous accusation, I will use you much harder, the hardest I ever have, from now on when I use you.”

“That’s a deal. I look forward to it.”

“And, for the record, I maintain that Councilwoman Marshall and I were not lovers.”

“Duly noted.” Again, Mondo employs a strategic pause. “I have a question.”

“Ask it.”

“My enslavement was supposed to be unbreakable.”

“A very poor choice of words.”

“My erasure and imprinting was, in effect, permanent. You intended that my enslavement would be unbreakable.”

“A much better choice of words.”

“I still haven’t asked my question.”

“I noticed.”

“I’m a serial killer. You noticed that?”

“Yes.”

“Additionally, I’m a secondary sociopath and a textbook sadomasochist. You noticed that, also?”

“That’s two questions.”

“Who’s counting?”

“That’s three questions. I only agreed to answer one.”

“You’re full of shit.”

“True.”

“Bottomline. You employed what amounts to Id sequencing on someone of my ilk. Someone who’s own Id is more or less that of the pseudonym’s.” Another pregnant pause by Mondo. “What gives?”

“You ask that like I had a choice in the matter.”

“We’re all slaves to our teachers and our betters.”

Mondo’s somewhat cryptic response tells Toulon that Mondo has correctly read between the lines. So. Toulon responds in kind.

“Ain’t that the truth, sister?”

Now, Mondo knows for sure why in the bedroom of a Pango there stands a special, enchanted wardrobe which the current occupant of this apartment should have no bloody use for. No storage use for that is.

The presence of that wardrobe.

That wardrobe is the reason why after having been extensively worn in the most depraved fashion by a Pango who has an unsurpassed talent for enslavement, she is now and forever will be the investigative equal of a cross between Batman the caped crusader and Sherlock Holmes the gifted amateur detective, and she’s possessed of all of their attendant eccentricities. The most profound and twisted eccentricities of which she already possessed before her being worn by Fraulein Toulon.

The powers-that-be needed a much better detective. She is now such a person, and forever will be. And she’s permanently at their disposal. Literally. At their beck and call.

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

Murder simulation #101-3, City Protective Services (CPS) law enforcement, Mars.

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

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

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

Previously (Glenda, Book 2, Chapter 5). Simon in conversation with himself while simultaneously conversing with his past and current victims from across Creation.

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.

They are in point of fact, the haunts of my captive audience.

Captive audience?

That's what I call my victims. They visit me in my waking hours. They visit me in my sleep. Then, there are the voices. I'm never alone.

I am a Nephilim – half Angel, half human. In spite of being half-Angel, I'm still a Monkey to an Angel. Monkey is the racial slur that Angels use when referring to humans.

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

I have a given name Simon. I was named after my father. But, I prefer the one that the Chi-Town newspapers gave me. The papers dubbed me Bone Daddy. I am sick and twisted by nature. An Angel in a human body. There's just too much to contain in a mortal body. Insanity is the norm, not the exception, for my kind.

Confused butcher wannabe doctor. You're no Angel. Your name is Angel. Simon Angel. You're sick in the head. You've just said as much. You're a psychopath who thinks he's a bloody Angel. What a laugh. You're a loser. A joke. A bed wetter with a knife who's incapable of getting it on with a woman like a real man. Impotent cur. Homicide is your Viagra. Without it you can't get hard.

Stop listening to her. All she wants to do is to distract you from your Godly tasks with her pointless filibustering. Nagging you without end. Always belittling your work.

Trite expository dialogue. Not very literary of her. Never would guess that she was a librarian when she was alive. So was her dildo-strapping bitch ass whore.

Clearly. The prattle of a Protestant.

She deserved to die badly the way she did. And, you did such a proper job on her and her bulldyke significant other. Lesbian trash. Unfit for Heaven. Not good enough for Hell either.

Raised Lutheran. Grew up to live in sin as an atheist with another woman who herself was an agonistic.

Heathen scum.

Unbelievers.

I'm not a psychopath, I'm a high-functioning sociopath; do your research. My court-appointed shrink diagnosed me as a high-functioning.

You never had a court-appointed shrink.

Right. Right. That was Jacobs. He's the one who got caught. Careless of him. He got the court-appointed shrink, with the fancy diagnosis, for all the good it did him. He still died in the gas chamber, peeing and shitting in his pants like an incontinent retard.

Oh that's right. My bad. Sorry.

Remember. My sweet, sweet baby. You were never caught.

Just like you said. The police never got close.

Not even remotely.

I keep forgetting.

That's okay, honey. I'm here to remind you. That's what wives are for. We're helpmates, just like it says in the Bible.

I don't know what I would do without you.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ripperphile? Ouch. A dangerous term, prone to severe misunderstandings. Wasn't Robin Odell's meta-analysis volume “Ripperology: A study of the world's first serial killer and a literary phenomenon” published in 2006?

There used to be also a very entertaining old casebook thread called “You're a Ripperologist if,” which contained criteria like

- You think SPE is God
- You meet someone named Hutchinson and can't refrain from asking about their ancestors
- You get in days-long debates about where Hanbury Street 29 was in relation to today
- You venomously fight against someone on the boards and in the next Whitechapel conference run to them and hug them like a long lost brother.

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

Make the Monkey suffer. Make the Monkey scream.

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

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

Too bad the fun must end when they perish.

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

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

The Monkey bitch is his wife, of course. I took them both. Two for the price of one. In the next room. Door shut. Out of sight, but not out of mind. She is naked and similarly trussed up and drugged up like he is on a "makeshift" that's been pressed into service as a dissection table. Sound familiar?

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

After I've iced him, she'll get my undivided attention. She'll pay in spades for being one of those haughty career women, just like the stay-at-home dad Mr. Mom paid for supporting her. I'm gonna make sure that she gets what's coming to her. She should have stayed at home and had babies just like women are supposed to. Barefoot. Pregnant. And, fixed.

I'm naked from the waist up. Old scars and fresh open wounds of my own doing crisscross my back. I engage in self-flagellation. Underneath my trousers, my thighs are likewise "marked," the handiwork of the small, light, metal chain with little barbed prongs which is worn around each thigh. Corporal mortification. The atonement for sins through self-flagellation and the cilice.

You see. I'm not a Cafeteria Catholic. I don't pick and choose which rules I wish to follow. I'm a true Believer. As such, I follow Doctrine rigorously. Ignoring any and all of the so-called Reforms of the traitor what Opus Dei calls the Pope. Reforms which taint my once-beloved Church. A Church I now despise. A Church I'm duty-bound to save.

Soon, the whores will come.

The killer elite that you've so oft spoken of?

A Monkey-spawned she-demon. A born-Saved she-demon. You must not allow either of them to distract you from your holy mission. You are the Righteous. See how you have your way so freely with this Monkey couple. Have your way with these the gun-toting faerie harlots. Remember. You must never forget the endgame where your numerous enemies get their comeuppance and your Church is saved to once again become your beloved.

Soon, Mr. Mufwic will come.

Mufwic?

Muther-fucker-what's-in-charge.

Maybe, you should run away?

It would be a waste of time.

Why?

Because. Everybody gets found, no matter how well they hide.

Maybe the assassin's creed applies?

Maybe even.

The last lullaby?

Maybe.

I smile to myself.

Bring it!

MCORN – Martian Congressional Republic Navy

Her best guess is that there are safeguards and effective countermeasures built into the edifice she's not aware of, which can be deployed to take down an unwanted guest an intruder.

As Mondo rounds that final corner, no one in sight, the door to Elena's the office where their meeting is to be held is straight ahead, one of those effective countermeasures is brought to bear against Mondo. It stops her dead in her tracks. Temporarily immobilizing her. Then. She swoons and drops to the floor. Twitching and foaming at the mouth in the midst of a grand mal seizure. Then. She simply goes still as if she's a corpse, because she is one. Mondo is dead, having broken her own limbs and fractured her own skull; such is the violence of her seizure.

Elena emerges from her office along with the other heads of security who were to be at this supposed morning meeting Mondo was to attend.

The current president of the LC, along with her aid, emerges from her own office as if on cue.

Elena walks over to Mondo, stands over the deceased, and spits on the corpse. Disgust and loathing paints her face.

"It is done. Dispose of the body as you wish." Elena proclaims, loudly. But. Nothing happens. Then, she adds. "You may enter."

As if out of thin air, MACOs pronounced "MAY-ko" shouldering high-compression phase rifles materialize in the hallway. Including their gloves and boots, they are wearing the grey form-fitting biomechanical Kevlar that's trademark of MACOs. Body armor which is equivalent in protection to a Koo. Body armor that's equipped with the very latest in Predator active camouflage which allows the soldiers to evade visual detection.

Smiling, literally, from ear to ear, Elena steps away from Mondo's body.

The warriors du jour of the United Nations. Military Assault Command Operations commonly abbreviated as MACO is a military organization of the UN put into service just prior to the official founding of the Martian Democratic Republic (MDR), and a full year after the UN created Starfleet. Starfleet and MACO are independent UN entities.

The United Nations Initiative (UNI), is known commonly as Starfleet. Starfleet is the deep-space exploratory, peacekeeping, investigative, and military "service" maintained by the United Nations. It is the principal means by which the UN conducts its exploration, defense, diplomacy, international law enforcement, and research.

MACO is purely military, possibly in anticipatory response to the establishment of the MDR, although the UN officially denies that.

To date, the MDR has steadfastly refused to join the United Nations. This comes as no surprise to anyone. But. Where their mutual interests are at stake. The MDR and the UN will officially and unofficially work together.

MACO soldiers are often outfitted with a diverse set of accessories and weapons. Including a hard-shell backpack, of a similar design as used by Starfleet, to carry additional equipment and/or armament. An equipment belt is normally worn for carrying the standard-issue stun baton, stun grenades, plasma grenades, a holstered pistol-grip Taser, a holstered high-compression phase pistol,

spare phaser charge magazines, a secure comm, and a hand scanner. The equipment belt can be setup for right-handed, left-handed, and ambidextrous operators, as well as for custom preferences.

The UN space marines take charge of the dead body. But, they don't disappear. They are waiting for confirmation of egress, just like they waited for confirmation of ingress.

It's the president of the LC who utters the egress confirmation.

"Leave, now."

The soldiers do as they are commanded.

Six hours later, a mile beneath the surface of Mars, Mondo resurrects.

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.

Who? Mondo sits in one chair. Across from her sits Ms. Helga "Agnes" Schmidt, civilian police detective, ostensibly here on behalf of JAG (Judge Advocate General of the Navy). But. She reeks of being a ranking officer with the military intelligence arm of the Martian Military Police Force (MMPF), because she once was.

And then there is the matter of the one-way glass set into one of the room's walls. On the other side of that mirror is an observation room. There are two observers. Both of the observers are female. One is a visiting VIP, General Carol Banks. General Banks is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for the MDR. The other woman is Professor Thelma Hopkins, the director of scientific operations for this clandestine MCORN facility.

MCORN is the Martian Congressional Republic Navy (MCORN), the Martian government's equivalent of Starfleet.

Mondo was abducted by the UN to be handed over to the Martian government. All done with the permission and consent of LC officials. She is not restrained. And, she still has her phone, holster, and purse.

The girl has no idea of what her exact location is. She licks Elena's spit off of her face. Elena's saliva contains a short, encoded, biological message. As Mondo's tongue whips back into her mouth, the message decodes.

"Proceed with caution. They claim you've been implicated in a murder with the MO of Simon Angel."

For most of Frau Schmidt's very short career as a thespian, the fifty-something divorcee was known as Jana Svandova, a decidedly-unattractive character actress with an American New England accent. In real life, Frau Schmidt has a thick Prussian accent.

In the sleazy B-movie "Chained Heat 2," she portrayed sadistic shrew bulldagger Rosa Schmidt; a reality, look, and screen persona which was her true persona in real life.

Except for one deviation in body type namely height. Frau Schmidt is the spitting image of Rosa Klebb, the fictitious KGB colonel in *From Russia with Love*, the 1963 entry in the James Bond spy series. Therefore, Frau Schmidt is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking. She's human, but long-lived, and she has extensively "altered" herself. Frau Schmidt is obsessive-compulsive

when it comes to Kum, and it's rumored that her insatiable Kum craving dictates her self-alterations.

Unlike the fictitious Frau Klebb, Frau Schmidt is tall as opposed to short. But, that Rosa Klebb's squatness translates directly into Frau Schmidt's solidness. Her solidness is not the fitness of a female fitness model: à la WWF's Trish Stratus—a fit body with teasing hints of muscularity. It is the thickness of a female bodybuilder, not a Goon. Think: Joanie Laurer, WWF's Chyna—a fit body with muscular overtones (female bodybuilder) vs. overtures of muscularity (Goon).

Therefore, in appearance, Frau Schmidt represents the anti-feminine: tall and solid, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman—overtly masculine in manner with a deep for a woman, raspy voice. Her sternns, dykish moe, and strictured Kaye, complemented by drab khaki stockings, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Furthermore, and expectedly. She eschews heels, preferring flats. Never wears a bra. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming makeup. Wears uncircumcised Parts, preferring to be a she-male. And always wears gloves (prudz) in public.

Frau Schmidt's gender-bending look explains Mondo's fixation on her. A look that fuels the girl's fascination with the dyke. Mondo wantonly stares at Frau Schmidt like she's a Kum in human form, like she's a human-Kum merger.

Likewise, Frau Schmidt looks at Mondo covetously—the leggy, buxom blonde she craves to possess. Frau Schmidt has been married six times, and Mondo is the likeness of every wife she has ever had and every woman she's ever committed adultery with. Mondo is, most definitely, Frau Schmidt's ideal physical type. But. She craves them girlie-looking, which Mondo senses.

So. To maximize her physical attractiveness to Frau Schmidt, and be more than just Frau Schmidt's ideal physical type and become Frau Schmidt's physical fantasy as well. Mondo lets her hair down and purses her eyeglasses. Becoming again that perfect cross between June Wilkinson “The Bosom” and Miss Debra “Queen Debra” of the WWF/WWE.

“I would like to fuck you later, Fraulein Kane.”

“Sounds like a plan, Frau Schmidt.”

“Excellent.”

Mondo opens her mouth wide enough to let Frau Schmidt see her tongue whipping about like a snake in heat. In response, Frau Schmidt reaches underneath the table and rests her hand open the girl's knee.

“Are you hung?” Mondo asks, in response to Frau Schmidt's welcome sexual advances. Her words laced with nervous anticipation.

“Like a horse.”

With the pleasantries out of the way. Mondo decides it's time to stop beating around the bush.

“You humans lied to my people. There's no evidence of my involvement in this murder.”

“Correct. And, we assume that they suspect as much. But. With no hard evidence to prove otherwise and with the strong circumstantial evidence that we presented against you, they had to honor our claim, per ROE.”

“Circumstantial evidence that you'd fabricated.”

“Correct, again.” Frau Schmidt smiles gruesomely and adds: “And. Before we get too deep into it. I must comment on Councilwoman Elster’s performance back there.”

“Whack away.”

“When the councilwoman spat on your corpse, disgust and loathing painting her face, I knew it was all pure theater. But. I ate it up, nonetheless. She really missed her calling. She should have been an actress.”

“Well, now that we understand each other. Let’s visit the crime scene.”

“Let’s.”

The butch Frau Schmidt is, most definitely, one of Mondo’s ideal physical types as well as one of Mondo’s physical fantasies. Trysting with Frau Schmidt as payment in trade for services rendered, will be so delicious for this very sick and twisted girl.

When they fuck later, Frau Schmidt will insist that Mondo wears her uncircumcised strap-on. And, Frau Schmidt will try and convince the girl to wear her Parts in place of her panties for the duration of the case. Frau Schmidt additionally prefers girlie chicks with dicks, who are girlie chicks.

Rape-ish, Rape-esque, Rape-like: What Is Going On?

Rape porn is a vile and depraved subgenre of pornography involving the description or depiction of rape. It is controversial because of the argument that it encourages people to commit rape. However, studies of the issue produce conflicting results.

Rape pornography should not be confused with the depiction of rape in non-pornographic media. Simulated scenes of rape and other forms of sexual violence have appeared in mainstream cinema almost since its advent. For example, in the 1988 film *The Accused* actress Jodie Foster received a Best Actress Academy Award for her portrayal of rape victim Sarah Tobias.

Fraulein Kane and Frau Schmidt visit the crime scene. Frau Schmidt lets Mondo study the brief before she quizzes the girl. The supplied brief is incomplete and flawed, containing one of the early simulations. The purpose of the brief is to test Mondo's investigative skills vis-à-vis crime scene reconstruction.

It's not enough that Mondo meets Frau Schmidt's physical standards. The girl must meet her investigative ones as well. Looks aren't enough, neither is sexual prowess. Frau Schmidt intends that the girl is her new partner, a partner that she will have to train and mold. As such. The girl must qualify, no exceptions given. The girl must be the complete package, just like her previous partners have been.

Later on. If things go well here. She'll test the girl's sexual prowess, and the girl's penchant for depravity and debauchery.

Crime scene reconstruction: To gain explicit knowledge of the series of events that surround the commission of a crime using deductive and inductive reasoning, physical evidence, scientific methods, and their interrelationships.

"Your assessment?"

Mondo decides not to scrum. Instead, she starts with the sequence of the attack. She's succinct and to the point.

"Simon kills the senator's daughter. The brunette doll chick guard reacts accordingly, but Simon is too fast and he kills her too."

"While the blonde security guard, the one who looks a lot like you, does what?! Watches?!"

For girl watchers who crave De Blondes. Hot blondes rule the roost. Mondo looks like a lot of doll chicks—blonde, buxom, leggy, pancake ass, big mouth, slender, etc. Conversely. A lot of doll chicks look a lot like Mondo. Hers has always been the most popular look for dolls. A reign with no end in sight!

Instead of responding to Frau Schmidt's retort. Mondo decides to scrum. Her 5/15 is per the police brief, to the letter.

"They, the blonde and the brunette security guards, clear the ladies' room, somehow missing Simon's presence, and declare it safe for the principal. Principal enters and heads for a stall to shoot up. The blonde closes and locks the door to the ladies' room. Outside the restroom in the club, the

rest of the security detail falls back wide and loose per presets agreed upon by the principal and her parents. No CCTV in the ladies' room, and CCTV in and about the night club is sketchy at best."

"The blonde and the brunette were experienced, well-trained operators. There's no way he could get the drop on both of them. The blonde must have been his willing accomplice, because she sure as hell wasn't being worn."

Again, that acid tone in Frau Schmidt's voice. It's akin to fingernails raking a chalkboard. She can be a real uber shrew when she wants to be. And now is one of those times.

On the Mars of Earth-1, Mondo's Earth, you can't be possessed, even if your would-be possessor is an Angel, or is half an Angel which is Simon's case. Therefore, wearing a person, or any other type of possession for that matter, is off the table as a possible explanation for the blonde guard's inaction during the brutal murders of the principal and her partner.

"Simon never uses accomplices."

"Well, he must have in this instance. And. Bad CCTV notwithstanding, only one person left that restroom after the murders. And. That person was not Simon, a Simon who was not found present in restroom afterwards. Explain that!"

"That person was a tall, leggy, buxom blonde who strongly resembles me on the CCTV footage you showed my betters."

"Correct."

"A blonde you know to be a Secret Service agent. A decorated agent with an exemplary service record, who has seemingly, inexplicably gone rogue. But. Knowledge isn't proof, most especially in a court of law."

"Correct."

Frau Schmidt gestures for another scrum. Mondo complies.

"A dark night club, crowded, loud music—a security nightmare. Fuzzy CCTV images of a mystery blonde wearing round Edith Head sunglasses making her egress from the restroom after the murders. Images that, even after digital enhancement had been applied to them, failed to yield a positive ID. It could have been the blonde security guard. It could have been me. It could have been a lot of girls."

"Continue, please."

That's when. In investigative terms. Mondo jumps the shark.

"When they cleared the restroom for the principal's ingress, they didn't somehow miss Simon's presence. Because. Simon was never here. Which also explains why he was never seen leaving the crime scene after the homicides."

"Elaborate."

This time, Frau Schmidt is smiling. The caustic tone is gone from her voice. She suppresses a strong urge to clap her hands and applaud the girl.

"Simon had nothing to do with this. It only looks like his work. And. I must say. It's a superb copycat that would stand up to the closest and most expert scrutiny."

"Go on."

“Her frame of me was incidental—I happen to look like a lot of blonde doll chicks. But. Your frame of me was intentional.”

“Storyboard, please. You’re on a roll, Fraulein Kane. Feels like a jelly roll.”

“You tweaked the forensics in the brief you showed me to see just how good a detective I am.” Mondo pauses for effect, then she continues. “It was the brunette who closed and locked the restroom door, not the blonde. While she was occupied securing said door. With her back turned to the action. The blonde killed the principal. The brunette reacted. Turning around. While simultaneously reaching for her sidearm. But. The blonde beat her to the punch.”

“Excellent. You get a passing grade. Do you wish to see the complete, undoctored brief, including the current simulation?”

“Later, after you fuck me.”

“Fair enough. I’ve kept you waiting long enough.”

Frau Schmidt craves to fuck rough, very rough—indistinguishable from gang rape. And, Mondo will be more than willing to comply. Increasingly, in an expression of her growing inner Goon, Mondo engages in rape-ish sex, both as the “raped” and the “rapist.”

“One more thing.”

“Yes?” Frau Schmidt asks in the spirit of good gaming. She can guess what the comely girl’s question is.

“Why me?”

“Why you? Because you look like every partner I get assigned to me. One of the perks of being the best detective, civilian or military, on Mars.”

“I’m not a detective on the Martian Civilian Police Force (MCPF).” Then. While winking at Frau Schmidt. Mondo playfully adds: “So, how can I be assigned to you as your partner?”

“You’re a Grimm Reaper. So. In effect, you are a detective on the force. We’ll make it official in the morning—you being on the force and you being assigned as my partner. Capish.”

“So. You’ve okayed this with your superiors, beforehand?”

“Yes. I have.”

“And your honorable intentions are what?”

“I will train you and mold you into my image, sexual and otherwise. And in the course of doing so, I will remake you into my ideal of what an investigator should be. When we return you to the LC, where you will resume your duties as Dame Miller’s Girl Friday, you will be better able to unravel that case they’ve assigned you.”

“That’s most gracious of you, Frau Schmidt. I would love to be your partner.”

“Thank you, Fraulein Kane, for consenting to being my partner.”

Per ROE. Frau Schmidt wanted Mondo’s assistance on this murder investigation. So. She acquired it in this expected, roundabout manner. Intervention by inhumans cannot be directly asked for in strictly human affairs. Because. If it were asked for in that fashion, it wouldn’t be given. So. It must be asked for in this elaborate, obtuse fashion.

“Then. In the spirit of this new partnership of ours. I’d rather that you did the honors, Frau Schmidt.”

“You want someone dead. But. When someone is murdered, the police look to those closest to the victim as their first suspects. So. You distance yourself as much as you can from the murder. You hire a general contractor. That person in turn hires a contract killer to do the dirty deed. Everything is done anonymously. No one knows the actual identity of the other person. They just know how to indirectly contact each other. But. This is a very special situation. We know the killer’s identity. She’s dropped completely off the grid, but we’ll find her. And. For this to have worked, the killer would have had to have known more than just the proverbial mailbox of their handler. And. That handler will in turn lead us back to the client, because that client would have surely insisted upon guarantees, which would have negated the usual anonymity.”

“So. You flush out the rogue agent and their handler, and they become loose ends that need to be cleaned up by the client. Bait for a trap.”

“Correct.”

“Enjoy me telling you what you already knew?”

“I enjoy you confirming to me, just how good a detective you really are.”

“So. I’m to assume that her dad is your primary suspect?”

“Yes. And as such. We must tread very lightly.”

“While developing an airtight case against him.”

“Exactly.”

“Enough talk. Let’s retire to your apartment. Where you, get to raping me.”

“Scrumptious. Now, I finally get see how good a lay you are.”

“And. Conversely. I finally get to see how good a bricklayer you are.”

Girlie chicks with dicks, who are girlie chicks

Mondo looks out the bedroom window in Frau Schmidt's condominium. It turns out that there's a gender-bending aspect to Frau Schmidt's physical fantasy, and it is Parts—most insidious, indeed. She's truly being molded into Frau Schmidt's image.

They fucked hard and rough, for the fourth straight night after their usual twelve-hour shift. Frau Schmidt is asleep on the bed. She is naked, except for her perls and her Parts. Craving to be a she-male. She rarely removes her Parts, only doing so when she has to—Parts worn 24/7. Her geriatric hair is liberally streaked with grey and a “dirty” white bordering on grey. Her geriatric bush is the same mosaic of grey and dirty white. That is. Matching drapes and rug. A geriatric bush concealed by her Parts.

Mondo is naked except for her perls and her Parts. For her duration on the case and for her tenure as Frau Schmidt's partner, she will wear her Parts in place of her thong. There's a growing craving in her to be she-male. She's yet to remove her Parts since she put on the robotic strap-on four nights ago. That she-male craving began after she first feed upon Frau Schmidt.

What else? No sternns and no sternka. Her hair isn't geriatric, thus it is yellow-blond instead of yellow-blond liberally streaked with grey and a “dirty” white bordering on grey.

Oftentimes, after they fuck, Mondo will feed upon Frau Schmidt. Gorging herself on the Kum-tainted blood of the butch lesbian. Then they will get drunk and shoot up on reagent.

Yes. Frau Schmidt is a drunken, junkie whore also. But, she's also one hell of a detective.

Besides the Parts, there's another robotics device that's worth mentioning. Something that goes hand-in-glove with that depraved sexual appendage. Something Borg that is just as sexual and depraved in nature because Mondo is a sadomasochist. It is the Borg alcove that she uses in place of a bed for her sleep cycles.

The Borg alcove that stands in the center of the bedroom is not that of a drone. It is that of a queen. As such. When Mondo steps into this central alcove it pulls her apart, killing her—it is an excruciatingly painful death, and, as such, Mondo craves it.

Each Borg drone is assigned to a specific Borg alcove within the vessel they are assigned to, while specific alcoves can be interchanged with certain modifications, the central alcove however is meant only for the Queen. This chamber holds the biological components of the Queen's upper torso and head for regeneration while a mechanical lower half body is assembled and attached when the Borg Queen emerges. Typically, however, her emergence only occurs when the situation is deemed necessary.

The enigmatic Borg Queen is the central locus of the Borg Collective. She brings order to the legions of voices within the Hive mind and provides a common direction—much like the queen of an insect colony. She resides primarily at Unimatrix One in the Delta Quadrant, but will often leave this home base to participate in assimilation efforts of a special nature.

The Borg Queen has a unique personality and a sense of individuality that normal Borg drones are not allowed. She is usually the one who “speaks” for the Collective in situations where contact with outsiders is best conducted by an individual. But for the Borg Queen the concepts “I” and “we” are interchangeable. In her own words, she is the “one who is many.”

The Queen spends much of her time in her “lair” with her head and spinal column residing in the upper portion of this special alcove. When she emerges, she will “re-assemble” herself via this central alcove into a predominantly artificial body—the arms, legs, and torso are entirely synthetic, while the head and shoulders are organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants.

This well-endowed, anatomically-correct prosthetic body is stored in its constituent pieces in the base of the alcove. Upon reassembly by the central alcove, the five pieces are rise from their hidden recesses to be joined with the Queen’s biological upper portion, and then the Queen is dressed in an EXO.

In Mondo’s case, except for her Parts, she has no biomechanical aspects. But. The usual central alcove disassembly/assembly process still holds true. After Mondo is pulled apart, the chamber holds her head, spine, and upper torso (her shoulders) as one piece. The rest of her corpse is stored as five pieces (the arms, legs, and torso) in hidden recesses in the alcove’s base. Mondo resurrects in pieces and goes into sleep cycle.

For a short time after reassembly, Mondo only answers to her Borg designation of Seven—during that brief post re-assembly period, Mondo Kane does not exist and there is only Seven of Nine, a robot with geriatric hair wearing Parts, and that depraved robot is increasingly a butch lesbian. This Borg depravity turns on Frau Schmidt to no end.

Frau Schmidt is an evil person. A villain with a badge. And she intends to take full advantage of the girl’s depravity. By experimenting upon the girl. Performing the very same Kum experiments that she’s performing upon herself.

Mondo senses a presence manifesting itself in the bedroom. An apparition resolves itself into Dame Coco. Not Coco’s physical presence, only her astral projection.

“How goes things?”

“The usual, Coco. Frau Schmidt has proven herself to be just another in a long line of worshippers who craves to enslave me. Drugs, alcohol, sexual depravity, etc. And, she’s experimenting upon me too, and thinks I don’t know about it.”

“What types of experiments?”

“The Kum kind.”

“And while you are here, your investigation at the LC goes on hold.”

“Not quite.”

“How so?”

“While I’m sleeping as pieces in the alcove, encrypted transmissions can still be beamed into my frontal cortex via the alcove. In response, my Id will process the transmissions. Once the transmissions end, I’ll go back to sleep.”

“What do you want sent?”

“The cleaning crews are human and they have to sign in and out on a separate visitor’s log. Correct?”

“Correct.”

“They work in shifts, staying for a month at a time?”

“Correct.”

“And they are retards?”

“Yes. Severely retarded.”

“I want their logs sent to me, starting with five thousand years before Councilwoman Marshall’s murder.”

“What are you looking for?”

“I’ve got a hunch. It’s a longshot, but I need to see the logs for confirmation.”

“Consider it done starting with your next sleep cycle.”

Coco fades from view, with Frau Schmidt none the wiser. Mondo licks her lips and steps into the central alcove. She’s electric with anticipation about what is to befall her.

Upon ingress, the alcove tears her apart. Mondo shrieks in ecstasy and then dies. Her hair turns geriatric—her mane turns yellow-blond liberally streaked with grey and dirty white, and her bush becomes a matching geriatric mosaic of gray and dirty white. And. Then. There is the smell of burning flesh as her Parts fuse seamlessly to her nethers, rendering that portion of her body prosthetic. A geriatric bush concealed by the Parts fused to her body. This sequence always happens upon disassembly. The reverse will happen after the short post reassembly period when she is Seven. Therefore. When Seven reverts back to being Mondo, her hair will no longer be geriatric and her Parts will no longer be fused to her body and will be merely a strap-on again.

The first of the encrypted transmissions is beamed into her brain via her alcove, triggering her to wake up. The girl’s eyes open. Blood running from her eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Robot girl. Robot head.

Starbucks

Barista, acts with integrity, honesty and knowledge to promote the company. Delivers legendary customer service, creates superior food and beverages. Maintains calm demeanor during periods of high volume. No previous experience necessary.

“So. What exactly are your terms and conditions for remote viewing the LC?” Mondo asks, playfully.

Lunchtime. They’re sitting at their usual table by the front window of their favorite Starbucks, a popular watering hole for cops. Sipping their favorite custom brews.

“What says that we do remote view the LC?” Frau Schmidt responds, even more playfully.

“Your comment about the pure theater of Councilwoman Elster spitting on my corpse in the LC. It wasn’t from the perspective of someone who’d read about it from a brief. You were either physically or metaphysically there when it happened. Knowing you, I assumed you were metaphysically present.”

“As you would expect, the terms and conditions are very stringent. I’m not at liberty to say more.” Frau Schmidt smiles, broadly. Then she continues. “You guessed, correctly. I was present virtually.”

“Was that remote viewing of me at the LC a conference call?”

“Yes.”

“Was military intelligence on the line?”

“Of course. They always are for such matters.”

It’s been two weeks. Fourteen days as partners on Mars. And, Frau Schmidt has learned to grow wary of the girl. Upon disassembly/reassembly in her central alcove, Mondo’s hair no longer turns geriatric, nor does her Parts fuse to her nethers, nor does she become a Seven who is amnesiac of her Mondo. Although they still fuck hard and rough on a nightly basis, Mondo no longer gets high or drunk—complete sobriety—a total lack of interest in getting high or drunk. In response, Frau Schmidt has wisely stopped experimenting upon the Vampire. Somethings haven’t changed, though. For example. The girl still gorges herself on Frau Schmidt’s blood.

Mondo no longer wears prudz. But. She still wears gloves to placate Frau Schmidt’s and her own glove fetish. An unintended side effect is that her conciliation prize stokes the fires of hers and Frau Schmidt’s perversion to a fever pitch.

Seven days ago, she traded in her prudz for cuffed black latex opera gloves, her foreskinz. And. She doesn’t mundanely glove herself with her foreskinz. They slither out of her purse and glove her. From fingertips to armpits. A second skin fit. Extending themselves underneath the sleeves of her coat. The gloves encase her upper limbs, in effect, rendering them prosthetic. These days she craves wearing these Borg abominations.

This switch by Mondo from prudz to foreskinz pleases Frau Schmidt to no end. The first time that she saw the foreskinz glove Mondo, it sent her over the edge, which was apparent by the Parts bulge in skirt which she quickly suppressed.

Mondo's foreskinz look different. They're more elaborate than you'd expect of gloves of the Borg persuasion. More runes, profane ones; profane runes have overwritten some of the original Borg runes. They're creepy looking. Hideous. Disfigurement. They're obscene!

Pitch black and covered in Borg runes. Form fitting. Assimilative. Cast with fingernails and varicose veins. They look like creepy, shoulder-high, black rubber opera gloves. They look like ornate, creepy skinz; ornamented and creepied-out by the Borg Queen herself. They are, in fact, skinz.

Gloves that feel like flesh. Gloves with that second skin fit. Gloves that are, in fact, rubber. Living rubber gloves that look like rubber and feel like flesh: Borg body armor. Borg technology!

These skintight gloves are obscene; even the sleaziest pornographer would feel dirty while gazing upon them, let alone touching them. They're the ultimate masturbator, bar none.

Longitudinal and latitudinal suture "scars" are molded into each glove. The scars would look right at home on Dr. Frankenstein's Monster. Shades of lipstick, that jagged scarification that is goddess Kali's trademark script.

These raised, crosshatched scars give the illusion that the gloves have been pieced together just like The Monster. Shades of the crudely stitched together cannibal skins that are worn by Kali's Belongings. The gloves are in fact one piece!

But. With all this exacting detail. There's glaring omission, too. No Singha's Talons. No razor claws, whatsoever. A pair of razor claws is not retracted into each glove.

There are other changes to the girl's attire.

In place of her flesh-colored, French-cut (cleavage baring), pointy, torpedo bra circa 1950s, is a contemporary black, lacy, French-cut (cleavage baring), underwired, Victoria's Secret pushup bra with concealed front and rear hook-and-eye closure. Her double-D's bulge in the brasserie's modern rounded cups, the bra emulating the look of being one cup size too small for her tits, as it torques, contains, and compresses those very same twin peaks of hers. A post-modern brasserie that's paradoxically a quintessential expression of the Victorian Era's in-your-face "plump tits served up on the half shelf"—her bosom bulges her suitcoat, because her tits are being shoved together, up, and straight out by the underwired grip of a very "stiff" bra. The twin, mouthwatering, rounded bulges of her bosom when she's wearing said bra resolves into mesmerizing bulges when clothes are worn over the brasserie. In other words, it's the look and the effect of wearing a torpedo bra, minus the points of pointy bra cups, because in this case the bra's cups are rounded. Modern versus retro expressions of what it is to be top heavy, and advertising it in spades.

In detail. So. It should come as no surprise. That the bra is a Lane Bryant, "Black Dahlia 3-Part Cup Bra with Stays 5851 from the Elizabeth Short Collection"—a post-modern version of this symbol of old-fashioned luxury and VDR. This ultra-supportive full-figure bra features 3-part cups with non-stretch lace upper cup and opaque lower cups with simplex lining for extra support. Multi-part, lined, underwire cups, with angled and vertical center seams, these cups shape and support without bulk. Vertical stays in the cups give added sturdy support. Wings are powernet to smooth the wearer's back. Boning at the sides gives added anchorage. Wide-set straps. Sheer, embroidered tulle along top half of cups adds a sexy touch. Cups are lined at bottom for extra support. Center panel - arched for high tummy comfort, with satin bow. Sides and back are made of powermesh for a secure fit, and have elastic along edges. Seamless sides for a smooth look under clothes. Plush-backed straps, underwire casings, and hook-and-eye closure provide comfort. Wide-

set elastic straps fully adjust in the back with coated metal hardware. Leotard back. This bra gives ideal support and coverage without sacrificing style. And. Contemporary references aside, this bra accurately reflects a very Victorian obsession with breasts—the Victorian Era breast fetish taken to the nth degree.

And. As a post script. With the cut of her bra and the cut of her suitcoat. A lot of cleavage is bared in this presentation of her breasts by said bra whether she's wearing a suitcoat or not, and whether the suitcoat is buttoned or not.

VDR is Victorian dominatrix, of course. A look which screams: "I'm sexually repressed, and I want to hurt you!!!" which is the tease with sufficient sizzle, of course.

In deviation from their express agreement. In place of her Parts, she's wearing her flesh-colored thong panties again. But. When she and Frau Schmidt fuck, she wears her Parts. And. She still wears her Parts when she's stored in the central alcove. Additionally, she now also wears her foreskinz when she fucks Frau Schmidt and when she's stored in the central alcove. The Parts still fuse seamlessly to her nethers and her foreskinz likewise fuse seamlessly to her upper limbs when she's stored in the central alcove, and they cease to be fused to her body when she reverts back to being Mondo after emerging from the central alcove as Seven.

"Wisely. You've stopped experimenting on me, because of my sobriety."

Frau Schmidt doesn't waste time denying her unsolicited coercion of the girl—she doesn't bother denying wacking the girl without prior consent, let alone for nefarious reasons.

"Yes. I have."

"I think that you should unwisely decide to resume wacking me."

"Why?"

"Figure it out, yourself, oh greatest detective of Mars."

"Give me a clue. Just one."

"These days when I emerge from the central alcove after reassembly, I am no longer the mindless drone with geriatric hair. Maybe. Just maybe. I should be forced by you to be that mindless drone again with geriatric hair, Borg designation Seven, who is the doppelganger of that mindless Section 9 Kum portrayed by Anne Hathaway in *Ghost in the Shell*."

"You feed on me. Then, you store yourself in the central alcove."

"Go on. You're almost there."

"I'd exploit your wearing of the Parts and the foreskinz while you're stored in the central alcove?"

"I knew you had it in you."

"That idea is crackers."

"Just saying. But. It is your call."

After a long pause, Frau Schmidt asks: "Maybe it would end your sobriety?"

"Maybe. Or. Maybe I'm just being a sick prick tease who gets her rocks off by getting shitfaced and really fucked up."

That's when Frau Schmidt realizes just how far Mondo craves to take this.

"You want me to break you?"

"I'd be wack for sure, then."

"Wack, my ass. You'd be a ghost in the machine."

That's when Frau Schmidt realizes just how wack this girl already is. And. The very notion of it, this glimpse at the girl's near-bottomless depravity. Makes Frau Schmidt literally wet. Hidden by the table, her Parts bulge her skirt as she has an erection. Unable to suppress her own public depravity, she cums and she jisms. Her skirt pushes itself to clean her up in a timely fashion.

Presented with Mondo as a broken Seven to degrade and subjugate. A robot who would have a bottomless depravity. Frau Schmidt is beside herself. And. When that broken girl reverts to Mondo, that robot girl would again be pressed to abide by their original agreement and wear Parts for the duration.

Be My Baby

Be My Baby is a song written by Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich, and Phil Spector. It was first recorded and released by American girl group The Ronettes as a single in August 1963 and later placed on their 1964 debut LP *Presenting the Fabulous Ronettes featuring Veronica*. Spector produced their elaborately layered recording in what is now largely considered the ultimate embodiment of his Wall of Sound production formula.

It is considered one of the best songs of the 1960s by Pitchfork Media, NME and Time. In 2004, the song was ranked 22 by Rolling Stone in its list of *The 500 Greatest Songs of All Time* and described as a “Rosetta stone for studio pioneers such as the Beatles and Brian Wilson,” a notion supported by Allmusic who writes, “No less an authority than Brian Wilson has declared ‘Be My Baby’ the greatest pop record ever made—no arguments here.” In 1999, it was inducted in the Grammy Hall of Fame, and in 2006, the Library of Congress honored the Ronettes’ version by adding it to the United States National Recording Registry.

Murder on Mars. There are restrictions, both magical and non-magical, that are applicable to this planet Mars of the god Mars which are not applicable to anywhere else in Creation. That’s why it’s often said by the homicidally-inclined, “If you can commit murder on Mars and get away with it, you can commit murder anywhere in Creation and are very likely to get away with it also.”

Some of these limitations have always been there. Some are latecomers. Not being able to possess someone is just one of them. Another one is that you can’t gate, teleport, or anything else of that “extraordinary” ilk, to and from the planet. You must use “ordinary” means to travel to and from Mars—for example, you need a spaceship.

Sarah Lane, the killer of the senator’s daughter, will not have easy egress from the planet. The police know she’s still on the planet. They just don’t know her exact location, but the net is slowly and inexorably closing in on her. She’s yet to be caught, though. Such a clever girl, she be.

Week three of Mondo’s stay on Mars.

As Frau Schmidt continues to pervert Mondo. Mondo continues to pervert Frau Schmidt. As such. In the latter case, Mondo is back to sporting a dowdy grune-sterne and equally severe elster-miles. In the fore case, Mondo is back to wearing her Parts in place of her thong, implying that Frau Schmidt has broken her which in fact Frau Schmidt unwisely has. But. Her hair is still yellow-blond and her makeup is still bolshoi-bare. And, she’s back to wearing prudz in place of her foreskinz.

Hard, pretty face. Ravishing beauty. Beauty that ravishes, literally and figuratively. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you’re into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, “Worship Me, Now!!!” flavor, that is. A grune, dead-strait hair, yanked back into a sterne—grune-sterne. Long, flaxen hair—bleached to within an inch of its life and board straight. Lush, silky tresses bleached a bright, fake-looking, yellow-blond color, the color of raw wheat. Yellow locks draping shoulders and breasts, when they are let down. A large rack kept at attention by a substantial, yet revealing, brassiere—big, “perky” bosom. Thin lips. Sharp features. Bolshoi-bare makeup befitting her harsh, haughty looks and hard, pretty face—bolshoi-bare and hard-faced.

Cold, haughty, and aloof—seemingly unattainable—yet, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your very soul. Cold, blue eyes. An Aryan ice princess gone decidedly Danish. A large, ugly, vulgar mouth that espouses loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's explicit intent. A mouth that would put a Largemouth Bass' or Julia Roberts' to shame. A "Bass eating bait" mouth which always personifies the oral perversion.

VDR (1/2) or WDR, notwithstanding. The Blonde—der Blonde, in German. But. Where or where is her Pyewacket?

That's the sticky wicket for the butch Frau Schmidt, isn't it? Frau Schmidt craves choice number one the most: the more girly version of Mondo. The version who wears her hair down and doesn't wear glasses. But. As a close second. Frau Schmidt also craves choice number two: this sexually-repressed shrew with her hair up, wearing readers with an eyeglass chain. There's a version Frau Schmidt has yet to see: Mondo on one of her benders as the filthy, parasite infested, junkie whore—the drunk, high, and deranged "crazy" chick who hobnobs with bagladies and skidrow bums. Actually, there's a fourth version of the girl, but it's not been seen of late. It's her as the cold, calculating killing machine for whom violence is the only form of sex she truly enjoys, torture is glee, and homicide is orgasm. That version of choice is focused, sober, and openly insane—an insanity that you can see plainly in her intense, tortured blue eyes—the monster you pray never comes knocking at your front door—sex is violence.

Mondo Kane, version four. No junkie whore, whatsoever—sober or otherwise. A two-legged flaxen-haired fantasy in her absolute physical prime. Physical perfection. Flawless uncompromising Nordic beauty, circa Hollywood of the 1950s. Carnage knows no gender. She's as deadly as she's covetous to behold. Thus. In this guise, the beautiful blue-eyed blonde is a dispassionate killer—the flipside of being a Sandman.

Mondo is off-shift, waiting alone at their usual table at Starbucks. Frau Schmidt is late. She's back at precinct house filling out the last of the forms in triplicate for a domestic dispute that ended in murder.

Meanwhile. In the alley behind the coffee shop, they appear seemingly out of nowhere thanks to their active camouflage. They're on break and stopping in Starbucks for coffee.

Officer Samantha Philips (blonde) and Officer Karen Amos (brunette) are dressed like movie Sandmen. Mondo is a real Sandman, and she dresses in a women's business suit and stilettos.

In spite of what Officer Philips and Officer Amos are wearing looks like. The blonde and the brunette are not wearing Sandman costumes from Logan's Run either the movie or the subsequent, short-lived TV series. Nor are they Fallen LRRPs (pronounced "Lurps")—Fallen long-range reconnaissance patrols. Both women are human. Colloquially, police officers of their ilk are known as Peacekeepers. Formally, they are members of Martian Civilian Police Special Forces (MCPSF).

Their attire?

Two-tone antiballistic wear. Basic, not drab. The essence of classic simplicity and good taste—classy, tasteful, and understated. Banded undershirt—tunic-length (comes down close to the thigh), black and long-sleeved with a banded collar—the bottom of the shirt has three rows of rolled fabric about 1-inch thick that goes around the waist and is about 3-inches apart, the essential accent. One-piece banded tunic—accented with a 4-inch wide light grey stripe across the chest which matches the color of the undershirt's banded collar. Black tights. Black neoprene booties. A wide elaborate black belt with a black chrome buckle. Holsters, both of them are black swisscheesed plasticine—

one is for a pistol, the other is for a tricorder. DS (deep sleep) gun aka flame gun, blaster—black. Tricorder—black, with non-reflective brushed aluminum accents and control surfaces.

On Mars, just like in the Jewish Empire. Gun control is taken to the deadly, nth degree. Have a gun unlawfully, and the authorities have the legal right to kill you on sight. Have a gun lawfully and use it in an unlawful or irresponsible manner, and the authorities have the legal right to kill you on sight. For that reason, gun violence on Mars is a very rare occurrence. And. The civilian population poses no credible threat to either the civilian or the military police, police who are well-armed and well-equipped. With the MCPSF being fragrantly paramilitary.

None of this matters. Because. Neither officer makes it out of the alley alive. Simone Thérèse Fernande Simon appears in their midst as if out of nowhere and slaughters them both. Simone is using a cloaking device to evade detection. She could see the two MCPSF officers when they were cloaked. They, on the other hand, could not see her when she was cloaked.

Both police officers were killed by a lethal cut that extends their mouths through their spines. Post mortem, she butches both LOE's (law enforcement officers) as is the MO of her Angelic namesake Simon Angel. Slaughtering them as proficiently as she dispatched the senator's daughter and her partner Molly White.

As a post script, the brunette is beheaded, leaving the lower jaw attached to the neck—the head is to be left at the crime scene, the rest is to be carried off as a trophy. Simone's message to law enforcement is unmistakable: you've been hunting me, now I'm the one who's hunting you.

Simone reactivates her cloaking device and leaves. She and her gruesome trophy are rendered invisible to "ordinary" means. What she wisely chooses to do during this entire homicidal incident is to ignore the baglady rummaging through a nearby dumpster for a meal.

On the baglady's dirty tee-shirt is written: "I'm free, let's have sex." Additionally, she's wearing a dead, diseased Kaye and a dirty perl necklace. For a purse, she carries an archaic hand bag—large, grotesque, ragged, and filthy.

Specifically. Dirty perls. A filthy Kaye—dead and diseased—that's seen better days—ripped seams, a tattered skirt with a ragged hem, and a well-worn coat with frayed cuffs.

Filthy and parasite-infested. Drunken and depraved. A junkie. Wanton. She appears to be human, but it's an elaborate ruse. This indigent is not even remotely human. And. She is no one to be trifled with. This wretch was once a Martian goddess and formerly was the BFF of god Mars' sister.

Sentient. Not a creature of pure instinct. Deranged. Demented. Completely insane. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of her mouth. Normally, she uses "intelligible" speech as a lure for prey. During a full moon, she will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

No personal hygiene whatsoever. Seemingly, all that matters to her is getting that next fix, that next bottle of booze, and procuring that next used as the acolyte of her precious self—but, that's not all that does matter to her.

An incurable unrepentant drug addict and alcoholic, with an insatiable "need" that's temporarily quenched by the liquid damnation which comes out of a needle or a bottle. Addiction is a way of life, for her.

Skinny. But not skinny to the point of looking emaciated. Not a walking bag of loose wrinkled skin and bones. Ravenous. Varicose-veined legs. Age wise: looks to be a septuagenarian.

Teeth so filthy, they look rotten.

A long, facile tongue will morph into a long, retractile proboscis, akin to a Klapp's, when the tongue needs to feed. Fetid, wormy breath.

Her geriatric hair is liberally streaked with grey and a "dirty" white bordering on grey. Her geriatric bush is the same mosaic of grey and dirty white. That is. Matching drapes and rug.

Underneath her T-shirt. Two large, floppy pendulous breasts with hideous stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Tits that hang down to her waist.

A vile, reeking crotch. Possessed of male and female genitalia. The she-male's nether regions have a strong, gamey odor—portending a sour degusting taste.

Hands that are horribly thin, the fingers are little more than claws—clawed hands. Long, dirty, ragged fingernails and toenails.

A tortured face partially obscured by long geriatric hair which drapes her shoulders and upper chest. Once she was a renowned beauty, worshipped by millions of humans and indigenous (non-human) Martians, and her acolytes were legion. A doppelganger for 1960s sexpot, actress, thirty-something Nancy Kovak. Back then, this Martian goddess only had female genital.

These days, all but a scarce few of those willing and willful worshippers of hers have long gone. Long ignored and largely forgotten, she's seen as a failed deity, and is a discredited senior official in the LC. Reduced to merely being an enchantress and a practicing witch. Now, she only has coerced victims as her acolytes, typically her fellow drunks and junkies. Now, she's bereft of all vestige of physical attractiveness. As if disfigured by insanity and unchecked depravity, her face is a hideous parody of a human female's.

A fair complexion. Filth-engrained skin. Patches of her body are so dirty, they look black.

When she's about to feed, her eyes will fluoresce, her unkempt head of hair falls out, and venomous snakes will erupt from the scalp of her boney skull. It's a fluorescent gaze that can be hypnotic and subjugating, mesmerizing and beguiling. Afterwards, when she's had her fill, those snakes will be reassimilated by her scalp and her geriatric hair will grow back—grey liberally streaked with dirty white, to be again just like her smelly, greasy bush.

These days, the goddess calls herself Mrs. Jenifer Josephine Lee Carson. And, when she's not employing a ruse, she refers to herself in the third person. Mrs. Carson could see the two officers when they were cloaked. She can also see Simone when Simone is cloaked.

Descent into Madness

Mrs. Carson is still there when the uniformed cops arrive on the scene.

With CSI, Frau Schmidt takes careful study of this latest crime scene of Simone's doing. Mondo walks over to Mrs. Carson. She's volunteered to question the baglady further, knowing full well what the old woman really is. Mrs. Carson is a regular around here. Mondo has seen the baglady many times before foraging in the alley behind Starbucks.

"My name is Miss Kane. I'd like to ask you some more questions, if that's okay with you, Mrs. Carson. I know that the officers who arrived first on the scene asked you a lot of questions, already, but."

"Mrs. Carson used to be worshipped by millions of their own free will, willingly and willfully they worshipped Mrs. Carson. And. Mrs. Carson's acolytes were legion. Now, Mrs. Carson is largely ignored. Now, Mrs. Carson have to make used the acolytes of precious Mrs. Carson."

Mrs. Carson smiles covetously at Mondo. Her hungry, bloodshot eyes rape the girl.

Briefly, Mrs. Carson's eyes fluoresce. In that glow, a notion is implanted in the girl's mind. Now, Mondo knows where the old woman lives. Accompanying that knowledge, for a fleeting moment, the girl experienced the euphoria of a drug high akin to shooting up reanimation reagent. The girl's reaction to this type of hypnotic abduction is what you would expect and what you wouldn't expect.

The expected response? Mondo treats the euphoria as much more than just a transient experience of intense pleasure—definitely treating it as the "much too brief" transfixing indulgence that a junkie should and would crave. In other words. She completely and utterly loses herself.

The unexpected response? Mondo resumes being herself as soon as she's no longer being mesmerized by Mrs. Carson. She easily and trivially finds herself.

Remember: Although the wisecracking, gun-toting, oftentimes no-nonsense robotic-esque Mondo is a drunken, junkie, whore, she's also a lunatic as well, and there's no way to reliably mind control the insane, therefore her unexpected response shouldn't be so unexpected after all.

From Mrs. Carson's point of view. If the girl could be completely hijacked on the spot, that would awesome. If not, she will eventually succumb. Either outcome is a win-win for Mrs. Carson. Because. Either way. The girl becomes Mrs. Carson's newest coerced acolyte.

These days, Mrs. Carson only has one acolyte at a time. Currently, she has none, because she used the previous one to death. This is a common cause of demise for those poor, pathetic wretches who she forces to be her acolyte.

"I have more questions about what you saw, Mrs. Carson."

"Bullshit! You want Mrs. Carson to use you. Have wanted that since the first time you laid eyes on Mrs. Carson. You will go to where Mrs. Carson lives in the sewers and you will used by precious Mrs. Carson as Mrs. Carson's acolyte!"

"Nope. Now, to my follow-up questions."

Mrs. Carson turns her back on Mondo and pushes her shopping cart down the alley away from the crime scene. Mondo wisely chooses to pursue the only eyewitness to the crime.

Once a Ladies' Council member, always a Council member. You're LC for life.

A thousand years ago, Councilwoman Carson went off the reservation. Councilwoman and then LC president Renate "Sabrina" Hutte met a similar fate shortly after Councilwoman Marshall's murder.

At the time of her fall from power and her descent into madness, Councilwoman Carson was the chairwoman of the Council's powerful Ways and Means Committee, a committee second in power only to the Council's Ways and Rules Committee.

Between the time of Mrs. Carson's departure from the mainstream and Ms. Hutte's similar egress, Ms. Hutte regularly visited Mrs. Carson on Mars. Ostensively, the purpose of the visits was to check on how her very close friend was doing.

When Mondo catches up to Mrs. Carson, the older woman instructs the younger woman to take over pushing the cart. Mondo does as she is told. Complying with her elder's stipulations without hesitation. Tellingly, Mrs. Carson doesn't tell the girl to turn off the hygiene mode for her frumpy outfit.

This is an area undergoing gentrification. It butts up against skidrow. As they walk down the alley toward skidrow and its impoverished denizens, Mondo asks her questions and Mrs. Carson politely answers them. Occasionally, Mrs. Carson will pause in their discourse to look behind them, and she always turns back around smiling.

They exit the alley and walk across Market Street, crossing the official boundary between the Kingsway West neighborhoods in Mars City, and this city's skidrow. Mrs. Carson stops and turns around.

The pedestrians walk around them, as if the two women are not there standing on the sidewalk. The two women being ignored is not the result of the anonymity of modern life—it's none of my business. It's the work of a hex, plain and simple.

"I can see you human known as Simone Thérèse Fernande Simon. Miss Kane and I have faerie business to speak of. It is not for your mortal ears. Leave. Or, I will eat you alive. I will start at your feet and work my way up from there. In my heyday I was a trickster god. But. At this very moment in time, I'm just The Enchantress."

Mrs. Carson gestures arcanelly with her hands. Simone is decloaked. There's a brief stare down. Simone wisely decides to back down. She walks away, reactivating her cloaking device.

Because of the hex. No one on Market Street is aware of the exchange. With the hex still in effect. Mrs. Carson and Miss Kane speak in earnest about faerie business.

"So, this Mrs. Carson of yours is all a ruse?"

"Now, you're being stupid. You disappoint me with that question. Redeem yourself."

"This Mrs. Carson is your 'real' life. This Enchantress, referring to yourself in the first-person, and any other such lucidity is the ruse."

"Excellent. A+."

"Ms. Hutte visited you on a number of occasions after you fall from grace and before hers. Besides the usual chitchat. What did you two talk about?"

"How to disappear in plain sight."

“She wanted a blueprint?”

“Maybe.”

“Indulge me, goddess.”

“Enchantress, not goddess.”

“Indulge me, Enchantress.”

“You become a disgrace, something low and vile. A drunken, junkie whore, who craves to wallow in filth all of the time. You lose everything, and I mean everything. And no one from your old life sees you anymore. You become invisible, so to speak. Oh. Don’t get me wrong. Supernatural society still keeps tabs on you, because, diminished capacity or not, you are still a very powerful being living in the vicinity of mortals and ROE is ROE. But. The surveillance is lax at best. So. As long as you don’t do anything too grievous, you can still deal a pretty dark hand to yourself and to others.”

“I presume this interview is over?”

“You presume correctly. You know where I live. Visit me whenever you like. But. Please, come alone when you do and expect to be used extensively as a she-male during your visits to me. Expect your visits to me to always be very long ones. Your first visit with me will be the very short exception of 48 hours in duration.”

The hex is broken as The Enchantress gives way to Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Carson takes back control of the shopping cart and walks away. Mondo follows her. This time, at a distance.

Mrs. Carson goes down another alley. Eventually stopping in front of the back wall of a derelict building. Leaving her shopping cart behind, she steps through the brick wall.

When Mondo reaches the wall, she also steps through it. It is pitch black except for a single, naked light bulb which illuminates a long flight of filthy concrete steps. There are no banisters. She descends the steps slowly, once her eyes adjust to the darkness and limited illumination. At the bottom of the steps is a dark, dank, dimly-lit basement. Raw sewage, a couple of inches deep, covers the floor. Bolted to the walls are rows of old, battered, rusting lockers. Standing in front of one of those lockers, waits Mrs. Carson. The one reserved for the belongings of Mrs. Carson’s lone acolyte whoever they might be.

This is where people come to lose themselves. Some people do it on a dare or for kicks, intending to do it only once. Many end up never leaving. Most do it with the intent of never leaving. The facility is completely automated and totally shielded. Anonymity and untraceability is guaranteed.

Mrs. Carson unlocks the locker. It’s already been emptied out. Mondo strips off everything and places it in the locker. The girl takes note of the fact that the inside of the locker is covered in arcane symbols that she has never seen before.

Mrs. Carson gestures with her hands.

Mondo’s hair lets down and gives way to a krazed. The girl’s yellow-blonde hair turns geriatric. She becomes infested with head lice, fleas, and crabs. Her teeth become so filthy, they look rotten. Her breath becomes fetid and wormy. Her hands klaw. Her manicure and pedicure give way to long, dirty, ragged fingernails and toenails. Mrs. Carson’s eyes glow again, and, this time, the girl blacks out.

Pleasure and Payne

The **Special Services Group** in Pakistan is better known in the country as the Black Storks because of the commandos' unique headgear. Training reportedly includes a 36-mile march in 12 hours and a 5-mile run in 50 minutes in full gear.

In October 2009, SSG commandos stormed an office building and rescued about 40 people taken hostage by suspected Taliban militants after an attack on the army's headquarters.

Miss Kane comes to herself six hours later, pushing Mrs. Carson's battered, rusting shopping cart. Mrs. Carson is walking beside her.

The girl is wearing sternns, borrowed from Mrs. Carson. Scratched up frames and lenses. No hygiene mode.

Additionally, the girl is wearing a dead, diseased Kaye and a dirty perl necklace. Just like Mrs. Carson.

No hygiene mode for the girl's Kaye or her perls. Just like Mrs. Carson.

Specifically. Dirty perls. A filthy Kaye—dead and diseased—that's seen better days—ripped seams, a tattered skirt with a ragged hem, and a well-worn coat with frayed cuffs. Just like Mrs. Carson.

Filth-engrained skin. Patches of her body are so dirty, they look black. Just like Mrs. Carson.

Filthy, uncircumcised Parts with no hygiene mode strap her nethers. Rendering her a she-male, just like Mrs. Carson. Initially, the Parts were seamlessly fused to her nethers, but her body eventually rejected that modification—reversal number one.

The girl's yellow-blond hair is no longer geriatric. Initially, her hair turned geriatric, but her body eventually rejected that modification—reversal number two.

Tellingly. All of the reversals have solely been Miss Kane's doing. A fact not lost on Mrs. Carson—even coerced, the girl is still something to be very wary of.

Miss Kane's wild, filthy, unkempt hair is the krazed version of a Grune, not a Greta. Therefore, worn as a krazed, her long, dirty, golden tresses do not obscure her tortured face and its long bangs don't obscure her vision, whatsoever. The girl can see just fine.

Bottom line: no reversal on the volumized hair and bangs. And. A tortured face that remains hard and pretty, 1950s movie-star pretty, contemporary porn-star pretty.

A hand-bra. A cannibal push-up brassiere, in all its putrid repugnant glory, clutches her filth-smearing tits. Shoving her boobs up, together, and straight out, while groping and mauling them. The long, dirty fingernails of the bra's fingers are dug into the flesh of her tits and have drawn blood—the blood has dried, streaking her dirty boobs.

No personal hygiene for the girl, whatsoever—just like Mrs. Carson. Seemingly, all that matters to the girl is getting that next fix or that next bottle of booze—but, that's not all that does matter to her.

There are fresh needle marks in the girl's left arm—from being shot up with reagent. There are fresh puncture wounds in the leftside of her neck from having been recently fed upon by Mrs. Carson. There are fresh puncture wounds inside of her mouth from having been recently fed upon by Mrs. Carson's ravenous tongue. Nonetheless, in the here and the now, the girl is quite sober.

Well-concealed underneath Miss Kane's decrepit suitcoat, "clipped" to the waistband of her skirt, are her phone, holster, and purse. Sleight of hand made it look like Mrs. Carson had locked them up in that locker back there in the basement of that building. Obviously, Mrs. Carson intends to "employ" the girl as a Sandman. But. To what end?

Let's jump the shark.

Mrs. Carson is a rabid fan of both The Magicians book series and the SyFy Channel adaptation. If this were Lev Grossman's The Magicians, the answer to that question would be the same answer to another question.

Why does the Magicians trilogy keep raping and killing off its best characters?

Lev Grossman creates amazing, complicated women—then, with the exception of the female lead Grand Dame Quentin Coldwater, gruesomely dispatches each one of them.

Which is why, unfortunately, the reader's attention is inevitably drawn to the one irritating fantasy cliché that the Magicians trilogy doesn't avoid. It's not just that it's an epic Hero's Quest narrative centered entirely on a spinster, an older dowdy woman who is also a very gifted magician. It's the absence of another female besides the lead who can make it through even one entire installment of the trilogy without being killed, raped, or otherwise horrifically traumatized to fuel that older woman's arc.

For example.

Miss Alice Quinn, Dame Coldwater's Sandman in the first installment of the series, is transformed into a demon made of pure rage by one of the dame's magician rivals. Miss Quinn is unspeakably traumatized before she is changed into a "crazy magic rage-demon." Miss Quinn's transformation involves her being "possessed of a demonic and inhuman rage."

Miss Julia Wicker, Dame Coldwater's Sandman in the second book, is granted a lengthy, exceptionally graphic rape scene at the hands of an anthropomorphic fox-god, and then shunted off to another dimension.

Grossman lives to name-check and subvert the tropes of genre fiction. In the middle of a heated battle scene in a fantasy kingdom, he'll pause to explain the ethical problem with Tolkien's conception of orcs. So he'd almost certainly be familiar with the infamous tradition of "Women in Refrigerators," coined by comic fan Gail Simone in 1999—it means, basically, that female characters are often killed off or otherwise grotesquely traumatized (raped, tortured, paralyzed, stripped of superpowers, etc.) to motivate angst on the part of female leads.

All of the females in this series are pale, brainy, well-endowed beauties. Additionally. All of Dame Coldwater's Girl Fridays are twenty-something human females and can best be described as a "sharp-featured young woman, girl-next-door pretty, if you happened to live next door to a grad student in astrophysics who craves to page through a book of Piranesi etchings."

Rum and Relaxation

Spain's **Unidad de Operaciones Especiales**—or the Naval Special Warfare Force, as it has been known since 2009—has long been one of Europe's most-respected Special Forces. Established as the volunteer Amphibious Climbing Company unit in 1952, it has since become an elite fighting force.

Earning the UOE green beret, however, is a quite a challenge—the failure rate of candidates is around 70% to 80%. It's not uncommon for 100% of would-be new recruits to be rejected.

It's now fifteen hours into Miss Kane's abduction and coercion as Miss Carson's newest acolyte. Miss Kane has completely lost her mind. A lunatic wallowing in her boundless insanity.

If Miss Kane's dirty, unkempt hair were clean and no longer krazed, its yellow-blond tresses would frame her face and drape her brow, shoulders, and breasts in lush, silky rivers of bright-blond hair—the closest layered hairdo would be a Rachel, without the faintest hint of a body wave.

Additionally. If the girl pursed her eyeglasses. Deranged sexually repressed spinster would give way to full-blown demented sexpot.

Hairstyle change.

Miss Kane's hairdo is not a Marion Crane. Nor is it a Rachel. It is a Grune, with the layering of a Rachel, without the faintest hint of a body wave—infusing understated insanity into its overstated dead-straight severity—the bangs are slightly uneven and slightly longer threatening to but never obscuring her vision. It's called a Brynhildr (also spelled Brunhild, Brünnhilde, Brynhild, and Brunhilda) and pronounced Broom-Hilda.

It's the haircut sported by Alice Quinn in *The Magicians*. Alice sports her hair let down into a Brunhilda, while she's still a human being. She sports a krazed version of the hairdo after she's changed into a crazy magic rage-demon—that krazed version being the same one that Miss Kane is now sporting.

Coincidence? Probably not. As aforementioned. Mrs. Carson is a rabid fan of both *The Magicians* book series and the SyFy Channel adaptation. Miss Kane is to be Mrs. Carson's Sandman who is meant to succumb to some foul end, over and over again, ad nauseam?

As Mrs. Carson's Sandman, the girl can refer to herself in the first-person or she can choose to refer to herself in the third-person as Miss Kane—and, will do so in the same sentence. Mrs. Carson will only refer to the girl in the third-person as Miss Kane.

As Mrs. Carson's Sandman, when she does use “intelligible” speech, so called “common speech,” her words will always be spoken with the condescending tone, normally associated with a dominatrix or an arrogant god.

As Mrs. Carson's Sandman, she seethes with loathing and disdain.

As Mrs. Carson's Sandman, clicks and hisses are the only sounds that will normally come out of the girl's mouth. Miss Kane will only use “intelligible” speech, when she utterly has to. During a full moon, she will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

As Mrs. Carson's Sandman, there is an additional restriction upon communication. The girl is forbidden in any situation from using telepathy. It is a restriction that Mrs. Carson imposes on the girl using an iron-clad enchantment, an unbreakable spell that Mrs. Carson imposes on herself as well.

Mrs. Carson reveals much about herself in how she chooses to communicate. Those clicks and hisses of hers are a feral shorthand of Mrs. Carson's own invention. Their use causes Miss Kane's pineal gland to enlarge which in turn causes the girl excruciatingly-painful migraines.

Miss Kane can use Mrs. Carson's private language because of a spell the old lady cast on her. One of many spells cast by Mrs. Carson on her, once she became Mrs. Carson's acolyte.

Mrs. Carson values her privacy and her secrecy, and her verbal shorthand feeds her craving for both in spades. She can talk to herself or her coerced acolyte, and no one can eavesdrop on the conversation.

While on duty. In the service of Mrs. Carson. Miss Kane can indulge her debauchery, addictions, and insanity in the course of fulfilling her duties as a Sandman. It's as if she's on a binge while she's on the clock, so to speak—periods of lucidity and sobriety alternating with periods of insanity when she can also be stoned and drunk—periods in sync with Mrs. Carson's.

They move into the oldest part of the city. The part left over from when it was the capital city of the old, indigenous Martian empire.

Millennia ago, Mars had an Earth-like climate home to animal and plant life, and the intelligent life was as advanced as the ancient Egyptians on Earth.

There were three competing humanoid civilizations—the Martian Empire and two independent city states. One of those city states was located in Cydonia region where the infamous, and later discredited, "face of Mars" is found. The other city state was located in a region called Galaxias Chaos.

According to Dr. John Brandenburg's hypothesis of Mars as the site of an ancient planetary nuclear massacre. Supposed nuclear explosions wiped out the civilizations at Cydonia Mensa and at Galaxias Chaos. Thus making extinct two indigenous Martian races—the Cydonians and Utopians.

The now defunct Martian Empire was proven to not be the culprit. Although, it benefited greatly from the untimely demise of its competitors. Nor has anyone else in the universe of this Sol System proven to be the annihilators of the Cydonians and Utopians.

In short. According to Dr. Brandenburg. Two ancient Martian civilizations were wiped out by unknown, nuclear bomb-wielding aliens who originated from outside the universe of this Solar System.

Dr. Brandenburg is a plasma physicist who has spent any number of years with Ultra Violet security clearance. Also worked in the privatized Space Program, so he's XJPL. He's worked on the Clementine mission. He's worked in some of the companies that have fed into the Reagan Star Wars program. That's been his career.

"You were warned before to not come back. And, here you are back again. This time in the company of some scrawny, buxom, blue-eyed character who will now share the same tragic fate as you, old and useless goddess of Mars."

This disembodied, female voice seems to emanate from nowhere in particular. It has an accent. The accent is Martian.

Mrs. Carson incants something. Invoking the arcane symbols that cover the inside of the locker where Miss Kane's outfit is stored. Miss Kane begins to vibrate as if she's the "Scarlet Speedster" The Flash phasing through a wall.

When the girl stops vibrating, she is clean and pristine. For example. Again, she has a perfect manicure and a pedicure. She's again wearing her perls, Koo, push-up bra, thong, careys, and prudz, in place of her baglady attire. Phone, holster, and phone are clipped to the waistband of her skirt. No eyeglasses. Her hair is worn down in a Brynhildr. She's no longer deranged, stoned, or drunk. She's sober.

Braun, The monster among us

Russia's **Alpha Group** is one of the best-known Special Forces units in the world. This elite antiterrorism unit was created by the KGB in 1974 and remains in service under its modern-day counterpart, the FSB.

Russian special forces—the Alpha Group, in particular—was criticized during the 2002 Moscow hostage crisis, in which at least 120 hostages died from the effects of a gas used to knock out militants who had seized a theater.

On Mars, you can't ghost or spook or overdrive. And. There are so many other supernatural and non-supernatural restrictions that even the playing field.

A woman materializes in front of Miss Kane, as if out of thin air. She looks like and is attired like the contemporary Gal Gadot version of Wonder Woman.

"Shall we go to war, sister?" Ms. Diana Prince asks Miss Kane.

"Matron's rules?" Miss Kane asks in reply.

And. As expected, in her role as Mrs. Carson's Sandman. Her words are spoken with the condescending tone, normally associated with a dominatrix or an arrogant god.

And. As expected, in her role as Mrs. Carson's Sandman. She seethes with loathing and disdain.

"Of course."

"No mercy it is, then."

It's over in a flash. A pistol loads—materializes—into the palm of each of Miss Kane's hands from their storage in her holster. Ms. Prince's wristbands don't harmlessly deflect the bullets from Miss Kane's pistols. The Amazon ends up with broken wrists and wrecked wristbands—wrists and wristbands that are horribly twisted and mangled. The pistols load back into Miss Kane's holster. Game over. Ms. Prince loses.

"In spite of what Ms. Prince and Mrs. Kane agreed upon. Mrs. Carson would prefer that Miss Kane didn't finish her off."

"As the goddess of Miss Kane wishes. Miss Kane will not destroy Ms. Prince. Miss Kane lives to serve Mrs. Carson."

Miss Kane walks over to her fallen foe. She stands over Ms. Prince and gloats. Ms. Prince knows to stay down and make no moves that might be misinterpreted as being threatening.

"I yield to you, Miss Kane."

"Miss Kane accepts your capitulation."

Miss Kane notices that Ms. Prince's rapidly wrists are mending themselves as are the Amazon's ruined wristbands.

"May I stand?"

"You may."

Miss Kane steps back. Ms. Prince stands up.

Miss Andrea Quill the alias of Andra'ath in the BBC's "Class" series, a Doctor Who spin-off, is portrayed by well-known British actress Katherine Kelly. Wearing trademark stiletto pumps and a severe hairdo, the hard-faced Miss Quill character, a physics teacher at the fictional Coal Hill Academy, is clearly a thinly-veiled depiction of a dominatrix minus the usual S&M getup.

As such. The wisecracking, gun-toting, oftentimes no-nonsense robotic-esque Miss Quill, in her own words. Miss Quill is a blunt and sharp tongued teacher, and a strong, stern woman. In class, she is blunt and condescending towards her students, and seethes with loathing and disdain.

In her provocative business suit et al., Miss Kane cuts a similar figure as Miss Quill—clearly a dominatrix minus the usual S&M getup, thinly-disguised as a sexually-repressed spinster librarian seething with loathing and disdain.

If the chick who fills it out is well-endowed which Miss Kane is, a Koo is provocative in spite of it being stern, staid, severe, and dowdy. This is the sexually-compelling paradox of the Koo Stark business suit and its matching accessories. This is also the very same sexually-compelling paradox of the dominatrix herself.

Mrs. Carson is also a rabid fan of the BBC's Class. So, it should come as no surprise that Miss Kane in the guise of Mrs. Carson's Sandman is a striking resemblance of Miss Quill. You can say that Miss Kane as Mrs. Carson's Sandman is in Miss Quill mode.

Mrs. Carson, pushing her shopping cart, moves up beside the girl. Miss Kane begins to vibrate.

When the girl stops vibrating, she is again filthy and parasite infested. She's again in her baglady guise and attire wearing Mrs. Carson's borrowed perls, Kaye, hand-bra, Parts, and sternns. Her phone, holster, and phone are clipped to the waistband of her skirt. Her hair is worn down in a krazed version of a Brynhildr. She has again completely lost her mind—and is stoned and drunk as well, again. Klaw. Her fingernails and toenails are again long, dirty, and ragged—again, no evidence of ever having had a manicure or a pedicure. This is the way that Mrs. Carson most prefers Miss Kane to be—a suborned dominatrix driven to total madness, who is totally pathetic.

Totally consumed by her own madness, again. Reduced to a complete and utter wretch, again. A now pathetic Miss Kane again takes charge of the shopping cart. Oblivious to what's what.

"You may pass and once more thread the site of your ancient and most holy temple The Temple Mount," Ms. Prince formally addresses Mrs. Carson.

With that said, Ms. Prince disappears from sight. Mrs. Carson's eyes glow, as she utters a series of clicking sounds and hisses. But, it is a serial unlike any that Mrs. Carson has ever uttered to any of her modern day, conscripted acolytes.

In response to this feral utterance, Miss Kane's limbic cortex and pineal gland expand exponentially, displacing the girl's frontal lobe entirely.

Many people call the limbic cortex "The Lizard Brain" because the limbic system is about all a lizard has for brain function. It is in charge of fight, flight, feeding, fear, freezing-up, and fornication.

The lunatic girl utters a blood curdling shriek and then falls silent. She is no longer sentient. Mrs. Carson has reduced Miss Kane mentally to something akin to a Kum in human form—a Vampire in its most base form, baser than even that of The Master or The Strain. Simply put, Miss Kane is

mindless. She is a Leech. The demented, mindless girl's madness-twisted mouth is open slackly, drooling.

"Maybe, Mrs. Carson will keep leechgirl forever."

No longer a person. The leechgirl says nothing. She is now Miss Kane in name only—there is no more Miss Kane. There is only a mindless, depraved, sexually-insatiable Leech.

Mrs. Carson's eyes stay glowing, and glow more fiercely. She strokes the girl's dirty, lice-instead hair. The girl's hair turns geriatric—mane and muff. More clicking and hissing from Mrs. Carson ensues. When the feral spell is finished. No longer pretty, just hardlooking, the girl's face is now insanity ravaged.

The Leech and Mrs. Carson proceed with their trek. When they cross the threshold of an invisible barrier, and from the perspective of any Peeping Toms, they too disappear. Reappearing on the other side of the barrier on the site of The Temple Mount. They're still on the planet Mars, of course.

"There's no place like home," Mrs. Carson proclaims.

Unsafe (and so much fun) at any speed!

Few of the world's counterterrorism forces can compete with France's **National Gendarmerie Intervention Group**, or GIGN. The group is 200 strong and trained specifically to respond to hostage situations. It claims to have freed more than 600 people since it was formed in 1973. It is against the law in France to publish pictures of its members' faces.

One of the most extraordinary episodes in the GIGN's history was the seizure of the Grand Mosque in Mecca in 1979. Because of the prohibition of non-Muslims entering the holy city, a team of three GIGN commandos briefly converted to Islam before helping the Saudi armed forces plan the recapture of the mosque.

It is one day into her abduction and captivity. Miss Kane comes to herself amidst the ruins of The Temple Mount. Mrs. Carson is nowhere in sight. The girl is just standing there next to the shopping cart of Mrs. Carson. Her face is no longer insanity-ravaged. Her lizard brain has shrunk back to its normal size. Her pineal has also shrunk, but it's still large enough to give her a head-splitting migraine. Sober, again. Clean and pristine, again. She's Miss Kane in Miss Quill node, again.

Miss Kane remembers being a Leech. She craves being a Leech again. She remembers being underground somewhere that was not beneath the temple ruins, a subterranean place that stunk of raw sewage, carnage, and decay. Her lying atop a shallow layer of stale graveyard dirt in a rotten wooden coffin. Covered in Borg runes and glyphs, the coffin was crude, roughhewn, and reeked of rotting corpses. She was in Mrs. Carson's secret underground lair.

A moment ago, she was still in baglady mode a Leech reposing in that coffin in Mrs. Carson's lair. And. Additionally. Things were growing on her. Things were living on her. Things were feeding on her. For example, leeches and slugs had been strategically applied to her formerly lily-white flesh. Graveyard lichens and moss grew here and there on her skin. Sewer moss covered much of the inside of her thighs. This is a very different Vampiric Borg drone than the leechgirl has ever manifested before—a most vile and wretched robotic creature. In essence, she is Seven of Nine as a Leech.

There's something else. She is acutely aware that at some time during her repose in that coffin which was covered in Borg graffiti, the coffin tore her to pieces in the ultra-violent manner of a Borg—head, spine, and upper torso (her shoulders) as one piece, and the rest of her as five pieces (the arms, legs, and torso)—killing her outright. In occult circles, this type of Borg-esque coffin is known as a Queen's Leach or “Queenie” or simply a Leach.

While she was in parts in that coffin. Something akin to a Dagon, but not a Dagon, was feeding on those rended parts of hers. And. When she was reconstituted by the Leach into a whole Leech from those parts, that same something continued to feed upon her. That something was in its native form.

Her misbegotten adventure in Mrs. Carson's lair was not a new level of depravity, but, it was a brand-new flavor, entirety.

Of special note. Mrs. Carson's lair is not underground Mars. It is the sublease of a PUV belonging to that something that feed upon Miss Kane when she was a Leech.

A doppelganger for 1960s sexpot, actress, thirty-something Nancy Kovak, appears before the girl. Sober. Clean and pristine. Wearing pearls, a Kaye, prudish, and flats. Her straight blonde hair, center-parted, is yanked back into a sternka. The Martian goddess only has female genital.

“How should Miss Kane address you?”

“You should address me as Mrs. Carson. And, I would prefer that you use the first-person when you’re referring to yourself.”

“You’ve assumed a ruse and dropped referring to yourself in the third-person. And. You’re still calling yourself Mrs. Carson. Pray tell why?”

“Because. Something has come up that demands my undivided attention. Therefore the necessity for my Nancy Kovak ruse and for your Miss Quill.”

Mrs. Carson’s shopping cart disappears. No magic or science was invoked. Mrs. Carson just sent it somewhere else in the manner of how God does such things.

“What is the nature of the emergency?”

“This place is alive and sentient. And. In the time that I have been gone, it evidently grew lonely.”

“It has ‘entertained’ someone here?”

“More than one person and on a number of occasions.”

“Who?”

“Now, that’s the question. It will not divulge identities, referring to its guests collectively as modern deities. Have you ever heard of such a usage?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure. I’ve never ‘heard’ of modern deities.”

Mrs. Carson wisely chooses to not press the point. She knows that the girl is lying, and she knows why. The girl is bound by client confidentiality.

In human society. Client confidentiality is the principle that an institution or individual should not reveal information about their clients to a third party without the consent of the client or a clear legal reason. This concept is commonly provided for in law in most countries, and is even more binding in supernatural society.

“The location of Temple Mount is no secret. But. The enveloping barrier, a combination of wards and warrants and warrens, hides Temple from ordinary view and prevents unauthorized access.”

“Temple grants ingress to those who have been authorized access?”

“Yes. But, you can leave anytime of your own accord.”

“Ms. Prince’s part in all of this?”

Mrs. Carson smiles at the question that the girl was smart enough to ask.

“She’s the demi-god who authorizes access.”

“Is she supposed to be neutral?”

“Yes she is. And. In this case, I don’t see where she acted otherwise.”

“Change of subject?”

“Of course.”

“That is the worst that it can ever get for me, isn’t it?”

“Why ask a question to which you already know the answer to?”

“Humor me.”

“Very well. A Leech is the basest pseudonym that your Vampire kind can assume. And. No drug binge, no matter how long and vile, and no matter how potent the intoxicants are that fuel that binge—not even if that mix includes the grey death—will ever surpass being a Leech. And. Before you ask. Bingeing in combination with this new baglady mode of yours as a Leech will not make it any worse for you. So. Yes. You’ve finally experienced the worst that it can ever get for you.”

“In other words. Miss Kane—the drunken, junkie whore—has finally reached that plateau of depravity. Ergo. There are no more next levels, for me.”

“Exactly.”

Authorities on Mars and in the US are panicking to get to grips with the rise of a dangerous new drug dubbed “grey death” that can kill in one hit.

In the US. Investigators, who nicknamed the drug, believe that the substance has been the cause of multiple deaths in Alabama, Georgia, and Ohio, and are warning other states about the possible dangers.

Grey death is believed to be a combination of several opioids including heroin, fentanyl, carfentanil (a powerful tranquilizer used on elephants), and a synthetic opioid called U-47700.

So called because it looks like concrete mix and can be found in hard lump or in a fine powder, it is said to be dangerous due to the unknown quantities of each drug and additional cutting agents.

“Grey death is one of the scariest combinations that I have ever seen in nearly 20 years of forensic chemistry drug analysis,” said Deneen Kilcrease, manager of the chemistry section at the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, according to AP.

Experts say the drug can be injected, swallowed, smoked, or snorted, and because of the potency of the substance it can be absorbed through the skin, so even touching it can put users at risk.

“And the Jeopardy question is. What is the law of diminishing returns?”

“Exactly. And. You had to know that it would eventually come to this.”

“Yes. I did.”

Unspoken. Miss Kane will never tire of being the drunken, junkie whore. Ergo. She’ll never delete those periods of debasement and degradation from her vocabulary of depravity. It’s D&D that feeds her masochistic cravings like nothing else, that includes being raped, tortured, or killed.

“Now it’s my turn to change subjects.”

“Of course. Be my guest. Turnabout is fair play.”

Not of its own volition. Temple begins to reconstruct itself. Mrs. Carson invokes no magic or science to cause this. But. Again. As God, she is the author.

Temple's barrier falls. More of the goddess' doing, as God.

"I have to step back into the world, it seems. And you must also return to it. I will relapse, and eventually crack like I did before. But. For now I am the goddess of Mars, again, in all of my former glory. Something else will take my place in the world as a baglady—a Mrs. Peel will replace my baglady Mrs. Carson. Something akin to a Dagon, but not a Dagon. Something that can assume human form and who can show its true form as need be."

A Something. A most vile and wretched creature, who calls itself Mrs. Emma Peel, emerges from a nearby derelict building pushing Mrs. Carson's shopping cart. Baglady mode is its only mode. It is as base as The Master or The Strain. In human form, it looks like fifty-something actress Diana Rigg. Although it is not sentient. Like Mrs. Carson, it too is an Old God—it too is God.

In its native form. Mentally. Not sentient. A creature of pure instinct. Clicks and hisses are the only sounds that normally come out of its hideous, inhumanly-wide mouths. But, it can simulate speech to be used as a lure for prey.

In its human form or in its native form. Devoid of personal hygiene or any affectation of affluence, opulence, or wealth. Filthy and infested. During a full moon, it will foam at the mouth, and rant and rave incoherently.

"Stay off the grid for several hours more. The remainder of my stay will be spent bingeing with Mrs. Peel as a Leech my subconscious self her Id manifested in physical form?"

"Exactly."

The something, Mrs. Peel, makes a beelines for Miss Kane. When it gets close to her. It begins hissing and making clicking sounds—its private language is akin to that of Mrs. Carson's. Once it is in close physical proximity to the girl, its eyes begin to glow. The girl blacks out.

Many hours later.

Miss Kane comes to herself in the alley behind the Starbucks where her adventure began. Her forty-eight hours with Mrs. Carson has elapsed.

Baglady Mrs. Peel, the something that has replaced baglady Mrs. Carson, is moving away from Miss Kane. It's pushing what used to be Mrs. Carson's shopping cart, and is heading back to what used to be Mrs. Carson's lair. Having assumed what used to be Mrs. Carson's life.

The hard-faced girl is in Miss Quill mode. But. She's acutely aware of two things. One: in the intervening hours between her blacking out at Temple and her regaining her senses here, she wandered about skidrow as a Leech bingeing on a potent cocktail of reagent, grey death, and embalming fluid with this something Mrs. Peel. Two: even though she was juiced up, she enjoyed being a Leech the second time around, no more than she did the first time—nonetheless, as aforementioned, she'll never get bored with degrading and debasing herself in such a manner as that of the drunken, junkie whore bingeing on whatever as a Leech.

As far as the modern deities are concerned. The day of reckoning is a coming. Miss Kane is very familiar with the modern deities. In point of fact. She has an intimate knowledge of who and what they are. Which speaks volumes. Because. As secret societies go. They are the most closed and the most secret in all of Creation.

Back before she got turned into a Vampire, the girl was offered the opportunity to become one of their change agents. Initially, she turned the offer down, because it was presented as an open-ended employment contract. But. When they approached her again, indicating that the employment would be for a fixed term, she accepted. So. For six months, she worked for them, exclusively—off the grid, and completely outside of ROE.

It was during her stint as a change agent, that she anonymously wrote “The ARS Deicidium”—The Art of Killing Gods. To this day, the author for the book is still officially listed as “Unknown.” Even the book’s publisher doesn’t know who wrote it.

Mortuary

Israel's **Sayeret Matkal** is another of the world's most elite units. Its primary purpose is intelligence gathering, and it often operates deep behind enemy lines. During the selection camp (Gibbush), would-be recruits endure hardcore training exercises while being constantly monitored by doctors and psychologists. Only the strongest get in.

In 2003, an Israeli taxi driver, Eliyahu Gurel, was kidnapped after transporting four Palestinians to Jerusalem in his cab. But the Sayeret Matkal unit located and rescued him from a 10-meter pit in an abandoned factory in a suburb of Ramallah.

In the movie *Mortuary*, at around 28 minutes into the film. The quote carved on the vault's door, "That is not dead which can eternal lie, and with strange eons even death may die," is from H.P. Lovecraft's short stories "The Call of Cthulhu" and "The Nameless City." It is a couplet attributed to Abdul Alhazred, the author of the *Necronomicon*.

The quote is also the incarnation Miss Kane uses to pick the lock of the morgue's backdoor. The trigger phrase, so to speak. A protocol slipped to her by the CME (chief medical examiner), Doctor Amy Madigan.

Needless to say, the clean and pristine Miss Kane can't get back to being a filthy and parasite-infested baglady soon enough. She craves being a Leech the most. She is clearly beyond the point of no return in her indulgence of this new found depravity of hers. But. She never, never ever gets so far gone in her debauchery that she can't put business first.

When the door opens, Doctor Madigan ushers her in quickly. The backdoor closes and locks itself behind them. They hustle down a flight of stairs. Although she used a surreptitious way to enter the morgue, Miss Kane made no use of CCTV blind spots when she walked over to the morgue from Frau Schmidt's condo. Nor did she instruct Doctor Madigan to loop the CCTV in the morgue. Ergo, games are afoot in spades.

Twists, turns, and descent, brings them to a private, well-guarded room on the lowest sublevel. The guards pretend to not notice them enter. There are rows of metal tables upon which dead bodies lay. One of the dead bodies is a butchered Sarah Lane. Standing over Ms. Lane's corpse is Senator Herman Carter, the father of the slain Hazel Carter.

Ms. Lane's killer used the MO of Simon Angel. Doctor Madigan has a very good idea, but no solid evidence of, who Ms. Lane's killer is, and it's not Simon Angel. The agent's naked, mutilated body was found in the room of a flophouse on Cherokee Street in the red light district. Along with the corpse, a ton of evidence was also found in the room which unequivocally proves that Sarah Lane murdered Hazel Carter.

Although Hazel was a constant source of embarrassment for him, she was still his daughter and he loved her very much. His grief over her murder is profound. The senator's enemies, and he has a lot of them, especially in the upper echelon of the Martian police force, are glad to see him in such pain. The senator also has friends on the Martian police force as well, as evidenced by his presence here.

Bypassing Doctor Madigan, Miss Kane walks up to Senator Carter.

“My. My. My. You are in a bind. Aren’t you, senator? Your enemies will paint you as a sociopath who is feigning his grief over his daughter’s death. You wanted her dead and paid this woman through a handler to kill her.”

Senator Cater could respond in many ways to Miss Kane’s accusations. Lashing out at her is not one of the wise ways he could choose. He holds back his anger and responds in kind to her.

“I had nothing to do with my daughter’s murder.”

“Convince me. Tell me a tale. And. Make it a good one. One that would raise the specter of reasonable doubt in the minds of a jury. But. Just the cliff notes—short, sweet, and to the point. As if your very life depended on it, and, of course, I mean that in the figurative sense, because it would be in clear violation of ROE, not to mention unlawful, if I killed you based upon, shall we say, bad storytelling.”

“Misdirection. Sleight of hand.”

Miss Kane smiles inhumanly wide from ear to ear, literally.

“That’s a good start. Continue, please.”

“My daughter was not the target. She was only a distraction. Something intended to mislead investigators. The real target was Agent Molly White, the partner of Agent Simone Simon.”

Miss Kane turns away from the senator and directs her attention to Doctor Madigan. “I’ll bet you think that I killed Agent Simone, don’t you, Doctor Madigan?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Agent Simone’s accomplice killed Agent Simone, and planted the evidence of Agent Simone’s guilt.”

That’s when Senator Carter can be heard saying behind Miss Kane: “Keep your friends close, and keep you enemies closer.”

“Exactly,” Miss Kane responds, as she turns her attention back to Senator Cater and away from Doctor Madigan.

But. That’s when Doctor Madigan can be heard saying behind Miss Kane: “Bullshit. There was no accomplice to this murder for hire. You’re the lunatic, homicidal bitch who, acting as judge, jury, and executioner, brutally killed Agent Simone, and, I intend to prove it. We don’t tolerate vigilantism here on Mars.”

Upon hearing the straitlaced, no-nonsense Doctor Madigan’s stern admonishment of Miss Kane, this time it’s Senator Carter who smiles broadly. Miss Kane’s own smile does not lessen, though.

The twenty-something Doctor Madigan is one of Senator Carter’s boon coons. But. She is her own woman, nonetheless. Doctor Madigan is the youngest person to hold the Office of Chief Medical Examiner on Mars. And. She didn’t solely accomplish that feat, and her lightning-fast raise through the ME ranks, based upon patronage alone. Doctor Madigan is one hell of an ME—she’s just that good.

Bottom line. If Doctor Madigan can make it stick that Miss Kane viciously murdered Agent Simone, in clear violation of ROE and the laws of Mars, she will do her damndest to make sure that Miss Kane is convicted of murder and sentenced appropriately. By her inflexible way of

thinking, no one is above the law—not the supernatural Miss Kane, not the influential Senator Carter, not even herself for that matter.

In spite of a tendency to bend the rules, when the ends justify the means. Doctor Madigan is too much of a straight arrow to break the rules. Therefore. It won't be by hook or by crook that she proves her suspicion of Miss Kane's guilt. Doctor Madigan won't frame Miss Kane.

The Lady from L.U.S.T.

The British **Special Air Service**, known as the SAS, is the infantry counterpart to the Special Boat Service. Their insignia bears the phrase “Who dares wins.” Asked about the importance of the SAS’s role in the fighting that followed the Iraq War, US Gen. Stanley McChrystal said: “Essential. Could not have done it without them.”

Taobao is a Chinese online shopping website similar to eBay, Amazon, and Rakuten, which is operated in Hangzhou, Zhejiang by Alibaba Group.

Tmall.com, formerly Taobao Mall, is a Chinese-language website for business-to-consumer online retail, spun off from Taobao, operated in China by Alibaba Group. It is a platform for local Chinese and international businesses to sell brand name goods to consumers in mainland China, Hong Kong, Macau, and Taiwan.

But. Mrs. Peel has other “notions.” Dark cravings unknown to Mrs. Carson. Instinctual needs for a suitable mate. The creature’s venom mixed with its pheromones is a potent poisonous concoction, indeed. One capable of rendering the girl its mindless thrall that will attend to its every whim. By nature, its kind are collectors, hoarders of beautiful things. Women foremost amongst them, and soon, very soon, Miss Kane will be its mate and the pride of its collection. Its poison will drown out the girl’s will, poisoning the girl’s mind to do as it wishes. As long as its keeps the girl sufficiently poisoned, no one can break its hold over her, not even Miss Kane herself—no out, no escape clause, no backdoor. Its poison is so insidious, because unbeknownst to Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Peel is a queen, a queen posing as a lowest. Additionally, the poison will transform Miss Kane into a lowest, thus making the drunken junkie whore a suitable mate for the queen. A lowest is analogous to a Borg drone, but a lowest is baser and totally depraved. At the behest of The Professor, this is what it did to the previous girl that it used. Now, The Professor has given it the okay to do the same to Miss Kane—render the Vampire into a lowest, Borg designation Seven of Nine.

Back at Frau Schmidt’s condo, Frau Schmidt is impatiently waiting for Miss Kane as she enters.

“You took your own sweet time coming back.”

“I took my own sweet time walking over there.”

There’s no need for Miss Kane to ask Frau Schmidt if she had watched the surveillance footage of the Vampire going to and from the city morgue. It’s obvious that Frau Schmidt has. And she’s making no bones about it. Tit for tat.

“Figuratively speaking, I have this very unsettling notion of a noose tightening around my neck.”

“You should.”

Miss Kane produces a manila envelope from her purse which she casually tosses over to Frau Schmidt.

Frau Schmidt investigates the envelope's contents. What she discovers causes her sit down in a chair and take a very long pause. She is visibly shaken.

"Where did you get this?"

"The originals are from the room of a flophouse on Cherokee Street in the red light district. Along with the butchered, naked body of one Sarah Lane. Done in the style of one Simon Angel."

"Along with?"

"A ton of evidence which unequivocally proves that Sarah Lane murdered Hazel Carter."

"And this," Frau Schmidt fans the contents of the envelope, and momentarily loses her temper. "Fingers me as Agent Lane's accomplice in the murders!"

"Yes. And. It gets worse. I fronted to Senator Carter and CME Madigan that Agent Lane's accomplice murdered her and planted the evidence of her guilt. CME Madigan is convinced that I executed Agent Lane and planted the incriminating evidence, and that there was no accomplice. What you hold in your hand should tip the scales in the direction of my theory, if you don't get ahead of this."

"You're asking me to frame myself."

Fueled by the emotion of the moment. Acting completely out of character. Frau Schmidt starts to get out her chair, aggressively. But, she stops herself in time.

"I'm asking you to exonerate yourself."

"These are Photostatic copies. I presume that you have mailed the originals to the CME."

"Your presumption is correct. They will arrive in her office with the morning mail, whether you choose to do the right thing or not."

"I'm damned if I do and I'm damned if I don't."

"Precisely."

Tit for tat. Frau Schmidt expresses the expected protest. She knows what is expected of her in this conversation. And she intends to hold up her end in spades.

"This is an affront to my integrity. Why are you doing this to me?"

"In all of Creation, amidst the numerous human societies, the one here on Mars is moving explicable toward becoming the most like supernatural society as humanly possible."

"I'm not political. I don't even vote. And I sure as hell don't care about some abstract notion of manifest destiny and a new Aries. I'm just a cop doing her job, and I'm damn good at it."

"This society is at a crossroads, and someone doesn't want it to keep progressing the way it has. A game is afoot. We are two of the chess pieces. If we are not up to it. You will end up in jail, likely on death row. And, I will end up destroyed."

"There's something else, isn't there? You know the identity of the person who is trying to interfere with Martian society's natural progression, don't you?"

"Do you know a woman, fifty-something, by the name of Barbara Rush?"

That's when Frau Schmidt stands up bolt-upright out of her chair. But, this time there's nothing aggressive about her level change.

"Asking that. I imagine that you knew I'd do the right thing, beforehand. Else I'd be dead. It's obvious to me now, that you were just having some cruel fun at my expense. You intended to use me as bait, me making my way over to the CME's office to plead my case about the damning evidence you had given me. On the way over, you'd shadow me, hoping that the guilty party would try to intervene and murder me before I got to my destination. But. Assuming that Barbara is involved. We can afford none of that foreplay. I need my ape, posthaste, and in the open. Ergo, you will openly accompany me over to the CME."

As expected, Miss Kane switches stances and postures as the naiveté in this conversation. She asks a question she already knows the answer to.

"Who is Barbara Rush?"

"My nemesis. The Professor Moriarty to my Sherlock Holmes. A woman who has many aliases. But, that one is her least used, because it is her real name—Barbara Elizabeth Rush. I thought she was dead."

"Evidently, she is quite alive and well, and here on Mars."

"And you know this from whom?"

"I know it from a 'what' by the name of Mrs. Emma Peel. Mrs. Peel inhabits the basement underneath the flophouse where Agent Lane would go on her drunken junkie whore binges. During those binges, she was used extensively by Mrs. Peel."

"This Mrs. Peel thing who told you this, had irrefutable proof that Barbara lives?"

"I harvested the intel from the maniac jumble that it calls its memories. It's not sentient. And it was not in a position to lie to me. I was being used extensively by it, at the time. Ergo, it's reveal between user and used."

"Does this Emma Peel thing also refer to Barbara as The Professor?"

"Yes. That's the name it tags her with most times in its memories."

"Then this thing is Barbara's vassal. Her lackey, so to speak. She used that creature to compromise Agent Lane into committing the murders, undoubtedly."

"Undoubtedly."

"And. Before you ask. I'm so familiar with her, because, once upon a time, Barbara and I were married. She's my ex."

Miss Kane doesn't bother to look surprised.

SQP Art Books - Caution! Dangerous Curves Ahead!

The UK equivalent of the Navy SEALs is the **Special Boat Service**. The selection process involves a grueling endurance test, jungle training in the rain forests of Belize, and combat survival training, which involves intense interrogation of candidates. And you get only two attempts to pass.

Mrs. Peel constructs the hand-bra for a very special purpose—for the complete and utter enslavement of, and thus the ultimate enjoyment of, Miss Kane—Mrs. Peel enjoying enslaving Miss Kane and Miss Kane enjoying being enslaved by Mrs. Peel. As such. It's not composed of two decomposing severed hands. It's a biomechanical bra. Therefore its hands are prosthetic. This hand-bra has a hygiene mode. Additionally, in user mode, the hand-bra is also parasitic and venomous.

The hand-bra is the top half of a matching set of flesh-colored biomechanical underwear. The bottom half of the set, the panties portion of this bra and panties set, is Doll Parts. These Doll Parts are not the ones that used to belong to Mrs. Carson. As such. These Parts have a hygiene mode. Additionally, in user mode, these Parts are also rendered as parasitic and venomous as the biomech bra.

The flesh color in question for the mechanical underwear is pale grey and mottled. The skin color of humans assimilated into Borg. And, when worn, the mechanical unmentionables will fuse seamlessly to the girl's body and by doing so will render those parts of her body prosthetic for all intents and purposes.

When Frau Schmidt entered the CME's office, she noticed the special delivery envelope on the medical examiner's desk, it's been opened, and its contents thoroughly examined. Miss Kane had lied. The Vampire intended the damning evidence would reach the CME, not in the morning, but on the same day the evidence was mailed.

So convinced is Doctor Madigan of Miss Kane's guilt in the murder of Agent Lane, the CME totally rejects the frame job of Frau Schmidt. But. Taking no chances. Frau Schmidt pleads her case anyways.

Miss Kane lounges on the office sofa, nonchalantly. A so-called Danish blonde—yellow blonde hair. Hair the color of raw wheat. Mane and bush. Matching drapes and rug, so to speak. Dark cosmetically-perfect eyebrows. Black eyelashes. The need for eyeliner and eyeshadow negated by the pigmentation of her eyelids. Sternka, sternns, and prudz. Sexually repressed never looked better.

The Vampire's mind is elsewhere. Drunken. Junkie. Whore. Also. Brilliant. Badass. Buxom. Leggy. Blonde. The atomic blonde envisions being used by the thing, Mrs. Peel, who lives in the basement of a flophouse on Cherokee Street in the red light district.

In her head, Miss Kane hears a voice. It is not telepathy. It's akin to the voices in the Borg collective, but it is not that either. It's something else entirely. A "mindless" voice that appeals to the cravings of the girl's Id. The voice is a form of dementia used as a form of communication by Mrs. Peel's kind.

"Mrs. Peel offers you a new lowest. A new level of debasement, depravity, and degradation."

Impossible. I've reached my plateau of depravity. No more levels, only new flavors. And the Jeopardy question is. What is the law of diminishing returns?

"Mrs. Carson is wrong. And. You are wrong."

Leech is as low as I can go.

"A Leech is the basest pseudonym that your Vampire kind can assume. But. Our lowest is lower."

What?

"Invent an excuse to leave. Come to Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel will take you even lower as a lowest of our kind. You know where to find us."

I'm not your kind. Whatever that kind is.

"You're close enough, Vampire. Mrs. Peel will bridge the gap. Mrs. Peel craves you that much, and you crave enslavement that much."

There's a deafening cacophony, and then the "voice" is gone. Miss Kane makes her excuses and then makes her way posthaste to the flophouse in question. The night clerk and the day clerk are one in the same. It's a "male" robot, an obsolete Model 12, who calls itself Mr. Twelve, Mr. Tobor Twelve.

Tobor ("robot" spelled backwards) is a fictional robotic character, featured in the 1949-1954 American science-fiction TV-series Captain Video and His Video Rangers, and in the 1954 movie **Tobor the Great** (described as one of the most important works of the science-fiction canon at the time).

Miss Kane pays Mr. Twelve the going rate for a room for two hours. Leaves her phone, holster, and purse with the robot. And then makes her way down into the basement where Mrs. Peel is waiting for her.

Eyes glowing, it motions for Miss Kane to remove her Koo, bra, and panties. She goes along and strips down to perls, prudz, sternns, and careys. Still sporting a sternka.

Of special note. The Koo, bra, and panties remove themselves from her body, and end up in a heap on the floor.

Mrs. Peel points to the rough-hewn door of a closet built into a wall. Inside of the closet, Miss Kane finds hanging the biomechanical underwear that Mrs. Peel constructed for her. Knowing full well that this is trap with an endgame unknown to her. She puts on the hand-bra and Parts. There is the smell of burning flesh as the biomechs fuse seamlessly to her body, rendering those parts of her body prosthetic. She drops to her knees, shrieking in the ecstasy of the agony being inflicted upon her.

In a triple time blur of movement, the creature is upon her. Spitting its douche-mix, its enslaving mix of venom and pheromones, into the girl's face. For all intents and purposes, Miss Kane ceases to exist. In her place is a lowest called Seven who is to be used by and mated to a queen of The Parasites.

But. Her oblivion lasts but for a split second. Not nearly enough time for Barbara Rush to rush from concealment in the darkness and drive a spike through the back of her neck destroying her.

Miss Kane licks her face clean of The Parasite queen's douche-mix. Stands up. And smiles broadly. Her biomech undies shrivel up, drop off of her body, and unmake themselves into dust. She lets her hair down.

Wisely, The Parasite queen makes no more aggressive moves on the Vampire.

Miss Kane walks back over to the heap that is her Koo, bra, and panties. The girl's Koo, bra, and panties again attire her—they dress her without any intervention on her part whatsoever.

As if on cue. Mr. Twelve descends the basement stairs carrying her holster, phone, and purse. It walks over and hands them to her. She clips them to her skirt's waistband and buttons up her suitcoat.

A portion of the darkness blurs, then returns to focus. In the interim, Barbara Rush steps from her concealment. She's clapping.

"Bravo, Miss Kane. You improvised, masterfully. Turning my orchestration against me."

"You are in league with subversive elements of supernatural society."

"I'm a professional. I will not divulge the identity of my clients, no matter what you do to me. I can't be broken or mind scanned. Additionally. I'm as sick, demented, and sadomasochistic as you are."

Miss Kane looks her dead in the eyes.

"I believe you."

"And. Since I'm legally dead, I can't be prosecuted for any of the crimes I have committed."

"True. And."

"And?"

"You also can't be murdered."

Too late, Barbara Rush realizes her faux pas. You can see it in her eyes.

The girl's pistols load into her hands and she blasts away at Barbara Rush. Cold-blooded murder? Nope. You can't murder someone who is legally dead.

Live fast. Die young. Bad girls do it well.

The **US Navy SEALs** is arguably the top special operations force. Created in 1962, the Sea-Air-Land operators go through years of training and, especially after 9/11, endure an incredible operation tempo. Many foreign militaries base their special ops on the SEALs.

“Our mistake was in using the biomechanicals. Wasn’t it? We should have had you go baglady, had you dress yourself in Mrs. Carson’s shitty castoffs. Had you repose in the Leach and be torn apart in the coffin, and then be feed upon by us.”

“Even then, you would have been asking me to put pleasure ahead of business, and that’s against my fundamental nature.”

“And, now. Your business here is done?”

“If you have evidence of Barbara Rush’s guilt, my business is done here.”

“Mrs. Peel has such evidence, and it will stand up to the closet scrutiny, just like we are sure the evidence against Agent Lane does.”

“Then, yes. My business is done here.”

“You must have paid, Mr. Twelve, for the room. It’s a rule. So, how long did you pay for?”

“Two days.”

“Strip.”

Miss Kane does as she is told. She removes everything, this time. Mr. Twelve collects her stuff and leaves. Her hair gives way to a krazed as a prelude to her shifting into baglady mode.

Mrs. Peel makes a series of clicking sounds. When it finishes, the girl is in full-blown baglady mode. Things are growing on the girl. Things are living on her. Things are feeding on her. For example, leeches and slugs are strategically applied to her formerly-clean, lily-white flesh. Graveyard lichens and moss grew here and there on her skin. Sewer moss covered much of the inside of her thighs. This is that very different Vampriric Borg drone version of the leechgirl—a most vile and wretched robotic creature. She is Seven of Nine as a Leech.

The Parasite queen spits in Miss Kane’s face. Triggering tow vents in rapid succession. Miss Kane experiences the most powerful orgasm that she has ever experienced. Then. Seven as Leech, becomes Seven as lowest. As promised, this is not a new flavor of debasement, depravity, and degradation. It is a whole new level of debasement, depravity, and degradation. Lowest is baser than Leech.

Queen gestures for its Lowest to repose in that coffin The Leach which mimics a Borg queen’s alcove. Lowest complies. The coffin tears her apart. Queen feeds upon its Lowest.

Six hours later:

A deranged Miss Kane regains consciousness in the coffin. She is noticeably thinner than she was when she was first abducted. Her fingernails and toenails are long and dirty. She’s dressed in Mrs. Carson’s filthy and infested seconds: Kaye, perls, hand-bra, and Parts. Her grossly-enlarged lizard brain and pineal gland are giving her a head-splitting migraine resulting from their

displacement of her frontal lobe. Additionally, the de facto crude brain surgery resulting from said enlargement has left her stark, raving mad—sexually depraved and completely insane. FWB “friends with benefits” takes on a whole nother meaning in reference to using her while she’s a baglady.

As she sits up in the coffin, Mrs. Peel slithers over and gives the girl another face-full of its toxic, enslaving mix. Miss Kane orgasms and goes directly back to being lowest.

Nine hours later:

Miss Kane regains consciousness in the coffin. She is no longer thinner than she was when she was first abducted—she’s her normal weight when she’s sober.

But.

Her fingernails and toenails are still long and dirty. Likewise, her teeth are still so filthy, they look rotten. She’s still dressed in Mrs. Carson’s filthy, parasite-infested seconds: Kaye, perls, hand-bra, and Parts. Her grossly-enlarged lizard brain and pineal gland are still giving her a head-splitting migraine, resulting from them displacing her frontal lobe—rendering her a complete lunatic and an insatiable whore.

Bottomline. She’s still deranged. She’s still prostituting herself, to herself.

But.

Although she is still odorous, with a fetid breath to match her foul body odor. Although patches of her dirty lily-white skin are so dirty they are black. Things are no longer growing on the girl. Things are no longer living off of her feeding upon her either—except for head lice, fleas, and crabs, which she remains infested with. For example, leeches and slugs are no longer strategically applied to her formerly-clean, lily-white flesh—she’s completely leech and slug free. Graveyard lichens and moss no longer grew here and there on her dirty skin. Sewer moss no longer covers much of the inside of her thighs—her thighs are completely moss free.

But.

This is still that very different Vampiric Borg drone version of the leechgirl—a most vile and wretched robotic creature. She is Seven of Nine as a Leech, not as a lowest.

As she sits up in the coffin, Mrs. Peel slithers over and gives the girl another face-full of its toxic, enslaving mix. And, again, Miss Kane orgasms and goes directly back to being The Lowest for The Queen. As a lowest, the girl is no longer sentient.

The now mindless girl, who functions on pure instinct, makes the same clicking sounds as her mate The Queen. She spread her legs crudely, draping the sides of the coffin with her legs, which in turn hikes up her skirt exposing her Parts. Queen, a biological she-male, craves leechgirl as lowest, who has been rendered she-male by the biomechanical Parts device she’s wearing.

The hand-bra brutally mauls the girl’s huge dirty creamy-white knockers while The Queen rams its massive, uncircumcised cock into the leechgirl’s pussy. Queen, a biological she-male, who is hung like a horse, violently fucks Lowest, a biomechanical she-male; vile, violent fucking that’s indistinguishable from the most vile and violent form of rape.

In response to her wanton violation. Leechgirl foams at the mouth like a rabid animal, ranting and raving incoherently, her tortured face ravaged by insanity. Hard-faced, yes, but still pretty, nonetheless—a hard, pretty face. The face of a hardcore, manhating bulldyke’s fantasy fuck.

There’s even more evidence of the vile and horrific experimentations that Mrs. Peel is performing upon the girl. Akin to The Monster of Doctor Victor Frankenstein, hidden by her hair, a jagged hard raised angry-red crosshatched scar circumferences her skull. The scar runs across the girl’s forehead, just below the front hairline. It’s as if someone or something has sawed off the top of her skull, cut up her brain, and then sewed her skull back together afterwards. Because that’s exactly what has been done to her by Mrs. Peel.

Eventually. The scar that will be assimilated and disappear. Mrs. Peel will again lobotomize the girl. After the frontal lobotomy, the scar will manifest and persist itself, again, during post-op. Over and over again, the wheel turns. The former psychiatric nurse is now, in effect, a psychiatric patient with a Parasite queen administrating treatment for severe mental illness.

What I learned from wearing a bullet bra to work

Like so many young, impressionable, middle class white girls or as we're now known, "basics", I grew up with an unexplained, unabashed adoration of Marilyn Monroe. Despite the fact that the height of her popularity occurred two-and-a-half decades before I'd ever been alive, I devoured her films, speed-read her biographies, covered my room in photos of her, and saved up my allowance to buy Barbies created in her image. I loved that her birth name, Norma, was only one letter away from being mine. I was obsessed.

Monroe's hourglass figure is epic, but I have always been kind of fascinated by something on her bod that wasn't so much curvy, but more so pointy. That would be her breasts, which always seem to be standing at attention, facing directly ahead, ready to poke your eyes out without a moment's notice.

I later learned that her very specific shape wasn't due to some peculiar anatomy, but a bullet bra—a conical-shaped undergarment that helps women achieve that spectacularly triangular look—the same one that Jean Paul Gaultier made into Madonna's signature stage getup.

Monroe's birthday June 1 was earlier this month, and with it came the requisite onslaught of nostalgic pictures: Marilyn eating cake, Marilyn on the beach, Marilyn reclining, and once again, my eyes were drawn directly to her super pointy bosoms. I had to try them for myself.

So I tracked down UK-based lingerie brand What Katie Did, which specializes in vintage underthings and hosiery, to find the perfect bullet bra. I settled on the "Maitresse Bullet Bra," which the site describes as being "100% period perfect."

The bra itself felt very different from the over-the-shoulder-boulder-holders sorry, sorry I usually wear. It was slippery that's satin for ya, with a non-stretchy band, and there was plenty of metal underwire, which—as a human with DD cups—was something I'm very used to.

Getting it on correctly wasn't so easy, either, and involved a bit of crafty maneuvering—I'm talking lifting and shifting—and after I was properly placed, I had to add in some specially-made pads to fill out the pointy tips. A t-shirt bra, this is not. Something else that made the bullet bra different? It created no cleavage to speak of. Yes, the bra was snug, but I actually liked that I didn't have to worry about accidentally popping out of the top.

Another thing I liked was the silhouette it gave me. The second I pulled my mock-neck top down over the bullet bra, I felt weirdly self-confident in a Joan Harris kind of way. In addition to creating the illusion of a slimmer waist, my posture, overall, seemed to improve instantly. There's really no way to slouch in a bullet bra.

One thing I didn't love? Feeling like every person in the office was staring at my dart-like chest. The second I finished changing into my new undergarment, a co-worker said to me, "Your boobs look, really pointy today." Another told me, "Well, your boobs definitely enter the room before you do!" Again—a major Joan Harris moment, and an empathetic one, at that. I will say that I've never in my life felt as physically relieved as when I got home to my apartment after work that night and took off my bra. Like a relaxing glass of vino, minus the buzz or hangover.

Join the Best or Die like the Rest

MAN TO MAN PULP-APR 1960-JUNE WILKINSON-WAR-CRIME-EXPLOITATION-SKID ROW FR. Violent fight in cockpit of airplane - cover art. Exploitation magazine, pulp violence. Horse racing, "How Women Love on Skid Row," war, Good Girl Art, June Wilkinson cheesecake. This is a Fair condition reading copy and is complete & functional. Missing back cover.

There are two people speaking. Both female. Their voices are masked. The speakers are indiscernible in their concealment of blurriness—they are blurry, from head to toe. They are obviously not denizens of this subterranean abode. They are "visitors" merely passing through.

"Drunken, junkie, whore. An interesting hobby she has picked for herself."

"Interesting and quite entertaining, I must say."

"If this Parasite creature weren't mindless it might be frustrated by its inability to break her."

"Then again, it might be just as entertained as it is now by its enslavement and degradation of her."

"Quite so."

"I imagine that its pleasure is derived from the enslavement of its mate. Breaking the girl is just a side effect to be enjoyed by it if it happens to happen."

"I agree."

"Are we still on schedule?"

"A little ahead of schedule, even with this two-day detour taken by the girl."

"Awesome."

"Still no evidence as to the identity of the pro-democracy movement in our own ranks."

"My female intuition tells me that this girl will succeed where her predecessor failed, and we will soon know who these misguided degenerate race traitors are in our midst."

"A closed caste-based society is the natural order of things. It's God's way."

"And yet there are those of us who act human and pursue something as unnatural and against God's way as democracy."

Day Two.

Miss Kane regains consciousness in the coffin.

There is no Frankenstein Monster post-op lobotomy scar circumferencing her skull. Mrs. Peel stopped lobotomizing the girl when the scar refused to manifest itself.

Her grossly-enlarged lizard brain and pineal gland are still giving her a head-splitting migraine, resulting from them displacing her frontal lobe. But. That no longer renders her a complete lunatic,

stark, raving mad and an insatiable whore. She still derives immense pleasure from the pain, nonetheless.

Tired of round perky breasts, the bullet bra originally called the Chansonette bra is back in play for her.

The bullet bra, that naughty underwire staple of haughty types—e.g., dominatrix and female librarian alike. An expression of sexual exploitation at its very finest. When tight sweaters came into style in the mid-1950s, there was a short-lived craze for what is known as a “sweater girl” bra. This bra shaped a woman’s breasts into stiff, pointed cones. The look was popularized by film star Jane Russell, as well as by several other busty 1950s screen stars.

Marilyn Monroe’s hourglass figure is epic, but what always holds a very special kind of fascination for her legion of admirers is something on her bod that isn’t so much curvy, but more so pointy. That would be her breasts, which always seem to be standing at attention, facing directly ahead, ready to poke your eyes out without a moment’s notice.

Monroe’s very specific shape for her naughty bits isn’t due to some peculiar anatomy, but a bullet bra—a conical-shaped undergarment that helps women achieve that spectacularly triangular look.

Underneath the dead diseased Kaye, in place of the filthy hand-bra and Parts, she’s wearing her own sexy undergarments, the usual pair—a fancy lace torpedo bra and plain flesh-colored bikini-cut panties. She’s wearing her own perls as well. The hygiene mode for the bra, panties, and perls is off—they are filthy and infested.

When the bra is clean, it is crisp and white, and when it’s dirty like now it’s not crisp and it’s dingy grey.

Unlike the Maitresse Bullet Bra favored by Marilyn Monroe. The pointy Victoria’s Secret brassiere contraption that she’s wearing is of the style that does create cleavage, and a lot of it.

Akin to the Maitresse Bullet Bra favored by Marilyn Monroe. The pointy Victoria’s Secret brassiere contraption that she’s wearing also has a non-stretchy band and uses underwire stays, and is in point of fact excuse the pun extensively underwired. It’s as much an undergarment as it is an elaborate restraint device befitting a dominatrix of her ilk—the bra is contemporary couture, teetering on the precipice of post-modern expressionism, and yet 1950s-retro at the very same time. A cross between a modern Victoria’s Secret “Perfect Coverage Bra” and a classic 1950s “sweater girl” bra.

In contrast. Her Rubbermaid lingerie bikini panty is just that. An everyday panty. Nothing fancy or elaborate. Breathable latex. It’s skimpy. But. It’s not an exercise in minimalism that’s figuratively and literally cheeky—it’s not butt floss or something else of that behind-baring ilk. Providing the wearer with more than enough coverage to meet the minimum requirements for a pair of panties and easily sidestepping the indecency of e.g., a thong or a G-string. Picot trim. Bikini bottom—therefore, not mid-rise hipster panties. Moderate back coverage. A tastefully-understated Borg rune print.

Of course. Being modern underwear. In hygiene mode, the satin bra and rubber panties are self-cleaning. Keeping their wearer fresh and clean.

Her holster, phone, and purse are clipped to the waistband of her tattered skirt.

She sits up in the coffin. Mrs. Peel slithers over and spits its toxic, enslaving mix into the girl's face. Miss Kane orgasms and licks the Parasite's narcotic spittle off of her dirty face, smiling broadly, flashing her filthy teeth. She's still sentient. Neither Leech nor Lowest. Deranged and depraved. Insane and randy. Miss Kane, in her new baglady mode, is baser than she has ever been before. Her Id reigns supreme. This is her new White.

The Parasite assumes human form.

"In the last day we have use of you."

The girl says nothing in reply to Mrs. Peel's announcement. She gets out of the coffin and French kisses Mrs. Peel. When they have finished their lingual frolic, Miss Kane falls in step behind Mrs. Peel. They ascend the rotting wooden stairs and emerge into the lobby. None of the hotel's "guests" gives the two bagladies any special attention.

Outside, by the flophouse's front entrance. Mrs. Peel's battered shopping cart is still parked, unmolested. Miss Kane takes charge of the shopping cart, pushing it as she follows in behind Mrs. Peel. The two wretched pathetic-looking creatures disappear into a trash-choked alley.

No longer rendered mindless, in full possession of her faculties, Miss Kane can enjoy her degradation to the fullest. She can be as depraved, pathetic, and degenerate as her black heart desires, and this wretched lifestyle affords.

It's while she's in this ruined state that she dwells upon the significance of what she's in the midst of. "Parasite" is not the name of Mrs. Peel's species, it's a designation. Peel's nameless species is caught up in one of the Machiavellian marvels of Creation. The Parasites have been coopted by Otterbox, plain and simple. "Otterbox" is also a designation, and not the name of, a species.

"You sleep. They live."

They are alone in an abandoned building. Mrs. Peel turns around to face Miss Kane in reaction to her revelation.

"You depraved junkie whore appreciate our predicament, yes?"

"Yes, I do."

"We are Their unwilling coconspirators."

"They're using you as a means to an end. And, to avoid discovery, when you've outlived your usefulness they will surely destroy you and all of your kind, which will be a waste of a good addiction."

"We are meant to be mindless things, ensnaring and enslaving other. We are supposed to be like Hags, but without their sentient ambitions. It pains us to be used as we are by Them."

"What's in it for me? I'm neither champion nor hero. I'm evil. A villain. The worst type of scourge." Miss Kane laughs manically. "And. I am crazy, too. Mad as a hatter."

"Free us from their boorish, inadequate deviancy. And we will show you how to plow the depths of your madness in ways undreamt of by even as wretched and depraved a creature as you."

"A sample of what Mrs. Peel offer this drunken, junkie whore that is me."

"Mrs. Peel makes it so."

“And once I sample being kraved by you, I will never crave for anything else but the kraving you offer because all else addiction will pale in comparison to anything I have had or could possibly have?”

The monster smiles.

“Correct. And once you go kraved by us, and thus compromised beyond compare, you will crave for no other addiction but us. Leverage we will use to coerce you into doing our bidding.”

“Enough talk. Force me your better on bended knee, mindless creature.”

Its eyes glow, but this time they fluoresce blue instead of green. From its mouth come a series of clicking sounds, but the clicking is unlike anything it has uttered before. Its clothes shred as it resumes its native form. The girl drops to the floor, trashing about as if she is in the clutches of a grand mal seizure. She’s foaming at the mouth. Ranting and raving. Experiencing one orgasm after another. Screaming for more of this worst. It is a narcotic high beyond any she has ever experienced.

The girl’s perception of time compresses. Hours seem like minutes. Six hours elapse.

The creature’s eyes cease to glow. It returns to human form. No more clicking sounds from its mouth. Mrs. Peel dresses itself in another set of rags taken from the jumble in their shopping cart.

The girl stands up. She is again wearing the hand-bra, Parts, and perls that Mrs. Peel got from Mrs. Carson. Miss Kane’s holster, phone, and purse are gone. No longer pretty. Her ravaged face is just hard.

When she is no longer a baglady, and is back to being clean and pristine, having returned to her other life. Her face will again have a hard, pretty face.

Compromised. She craves to do the bidding of Mrs. Peel.

It's Important to Know When You've Been Beaten

Compromised and subjugated. Depraved and degraded. Completely and utterly enslaved. Yet, beware, you can never reliably mind control the insane. Miss Kane is much thinner. With sunken cheeks and dark circles around her eyes. Empty, hollow eyes that stare blankly at the ceiling—grey eyeballs, no irises, and constricted red pupils. Mouth open slackly, drooling. Legs spread widely. Arms held rigidly at her sides. Klaw. She lies atop a bed of stale graveyard dirt in a rotten wooden coffin—the Leach in Mrs. Carson's former lair.

The girl is wearing the pearls, Parts, hand-bra, and barely-there dead diseased Kaye borrowed from Mrs. Peel. Grossly-enlarged lizard brain and pineal gland that have completely displaced her frontal lobe rendering her mindless—mentally, she's for all intents and purposes a Parasite. Physically, she's a Leech with decidedly Kum overtones. Overtones resulting from her Kum addiction.

Killer tongue. Gums receded, teeth are large, long, pointed, and crooked. Scar tissue covers her forehead—as if from wounds inflicted by a cheese grater. There is a large round wound in the leftside of her face—the tissue around the gaping hole in her left cheek is necrotized—as if inflicted by the sucker mouth of a giant, adult sea lamprey's jawless suction-cup like mouth and its rows of rasping teeth and toothed tongue, and a poisonous saliva many times more necrotizing than that of a brown recluse spider's venom. Beyond hard-faced or tortured. A ravaged face. Borderline hideous.

A face draped by a geriatric krazed. A greasy, filthy, infested geriatric krazed—bright yellow blonde, liberally streaked with grey and white—swarming with tiny creepy “things.” Long dirty hair draping her ravaged face, concealing the scar tissue which covers her forehead and the ragged hole in her face. The wrecked face of a mindless junkie whore robot with tits who craves to be defiled.

Three breasts, the right one is a moog. The left hand of the bra clutches her left and center breasts. The right hand clutches her right breast, same as before when she only had two breasts. Dirty finger and toe nails, long and ragged.

Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Fetid breath to match her foul, stomach-churning body odor. Teeth so filthy they look rotten. Lily-white skin so dirty that patches of it are black. Sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs. Filthy and infested.

Things were growing on her. Things were living on her. Things were feeding on her. For example, leeches and slugs had been strategically applied to her formerly lily-white flesh. Graveyard lichens and moss grew here and there on her skin.

This is Miss Kane as a lowest Leech in her Lost version of native Parasite form. This is her new White. Now, she is beautiful to the Parasite queen and Parasite kind.

Mrs. Peel's coffin is beside hers. The Parasite queen, in native form, gets out of its coffin and mounts its Parasite lesser and mate, Miss Kane. It feeds, first by sticking its killer tongue into Miss Kane's mouth and down her throat.

When it retracts its tongue it affixes its mouth to the hole in the leftside of Miss Kane's face and feeds off of the girl as if it were a giant, adult sea lamprey. Moaning and groaning are the only sound that come out of the girl's large twisted ugly mouth—sounds of pleasure.

When Mrs. Peel finishes feeding, it dismounts the girl. Its eyes glow blue and it begins making those kraving clicking sounds. The girl rises out of her coffin. Her moans and groans grow in intensity.

Then. The girl drops to the floor, trashing about as if she is in the clutches of a grand mal seizure. The leechgirl foams at the mouth like a rabid animal, ranting and raving incoherently. Experiencing one orgasm after another. A mindless creature, she's screaming for more of this worst, as if she were still sentient. It is a narcotic high beyond any she has ever experienced.

The Otterbox are a crafty lot, and they are just as cautious. They continue to methodically advance their agenda using proxies like the Parasites. The girl is their newest recruit. And none will be the wiser when she returns clean and pristine back to her old life. Mondo Kane back from another one of those depraved drunken whore binges of hers, sober and ready for duty. None will be the wiser, until it's too late—she succeeding, where her predecessor, Carole “Penny” Marshall, failed.

Yet, they are not so sure of themselves that they reveal themselves one little bit to the girl, or any of their proxies for that matter. Their greatest asset in this long game is their much-coveted anonymity, and it's their best defense if the tide of the gameplay should turn against them and their best efforts are summarily thwarted.

No, Not Hardly

Sweet Wild Wench (by William Campbell Gault)—she was slim, leggy, and DD stacked, and the gold of her hair matched the gold of her bank account. In a word, she had everything. The trouble was she was way too eager to give it away. The money too. I'm Joe Puma. I was hired to investigate some crackpot cult she was playing around with. The crackpots were mixed up with mugs, the man-hungry blonde got mixed up in murder, and I got mixed up with the blonde. And somewhere a mixed up killer was waiting to strike again.

Her forty-eight hours are up. Miss Kane stands in front of the flophouse underneath which Mrs. Peel resides. Mrs. Peel is nowhere in sight. The leechgirl is clean and pristine. Two breasts. No moog, killer tongue, or serrated teeth. A hard, pretty face. Klaw. Unsmiling—harsh, haughty, and aloof. Cold, blue eyes. Yellow blonde hair. Bolshoi. Etc. She looks very blonde, very straight, and very “normal.” In a word: mainstream. The physical appearance of the Borg dominatrix is reset to the way it was two days ago. Conventional looking, in public. Not so conventional, in private.

Underneath her Koo, she's again wearing her own sexy undergarments, the usual pair—a fancy lace torpedo bra with a risqué French cut and plain flesh-colored bikini-cut latex panties minus the Borg print. She's wearing her own perls as well. The hygiene mode for the bra, panties, and perls is in force.

As a side note. The bra is white and is a Clara Bra. Other than its puritanical color and its floral print, it is identical to her Lane Bryant, the “Black Dahlia 3-Part Cup Bra with Stays 5851 from the Elizabeth Short Collection.” In white, the Clara bra's designation is a “Bosom Envy 3-Part Cup Bra with Stays 6977 from the White Virgin Collection.” The same parent company owns the Clara Bra and Lane Bryant line of bras, ultra-feminine bras characterized by their extensive use of satin and lace.

Of special note. The floral print of her Bosom Envy is period. It is authentic Victorian Era, and specific to severe librarians of that straight-laced and scandalous era. Staid librarians who were closet drunken junkie whores.

The cut of the bra and the suitcoat shows off a lot of her cleavage. And, as a Victorian would say, she's got plenty to advertise.

Sternka and sternns—sexually repressed never looked so good. Holster, phone, and purse clipped to the waistband of her suit's miniskirt. Careys. Prudz. Etc. In a word, her “normal” stiff-backed librarian attire.

Her lizard brain and pineal gland have shrunk back down to their “normal” size. No longer mindless, she remembers what she did when she was mindless and revels in the graphic memories of her debauchery.

A very long time ago, a Carole “Penny” Marshall got corrupted and compromised playing with fire. In a word. She got kraved by a Parasite queen who was posing convincingly as a lesser, a something that was completely out of her league. It was an addiction that ultimately undid the closet drunken junkie whore.

Millennia later, the very same mistake was made by an Agent Sarah Lane with the very same Parasite queen who was posing convincingly as a lesser. The addiction ultimately undoing another closet drunken junkie whore.

Frau Schmidt, the openly woman-hungry dyke, gets out of a Yellow Cab and walks over to Miss Kane. They greet by kissing. Each sticking their tongue deep into the mouth of the other. Their tongues frolic. Minutes pass. A couple of squad cars pull up. As the police officers get out of their cruisers, the two women break their wanton embrace and get down to the business at hand.

Frau Schmidt is the detective in charge on the crime scene.

“We’ll find it in the basement, correct?”

“Yes, you will find the Parasite in the basement.”

“So all of this was caused by a junkie’s psychosis?”

“Yes, a fugue state induced by the kraving. A very self-destructive side effect. Likely only happens when you do it with a queen, else this wouldn’t be such a rare occurrence.”

“So the Otterbox is completely imagined. The victim’s subconscious fills in the details of the conspiracy. Eventually, the person’s mind gets overloaded and just pops. Of course, there are other associated side effects—which mimic a rather brutal death caused by homicide.”

“Yummy, indeed. The conspiracy aspect is always the cornerstone of the psychosis. But. The details are scripted by the Id of the person being used by the Parasite queen.”

What Miss Kane isn’t saying, and what Frau Schmidt has yet to discover, is that the implosion of the mind of an extensively used only happens for sane victims. Miss Kane is insane. As mad as a hatter. As such she cannot share the same fate as her sane counterparts.

What the police will find in the basement of the flophouse is a Parasite queen, but it won’t be Mrs. Peel. That impostor will either be destroyed or kept for further study, by the authorities—likely the latter, since the Parasite can be put to many nefarious uses by the government. Miss Kane has her own nefarious plans for the genuine article.

Miss Kane parts company with Frau Schmidt, and begins walking slowly down the street. She will be leaving Mars very shortly. But, before she departs she has unfinished business. Once she’s sure she’s out of sight and is in a CCTV blind spot, she slips just inside of the mouth of a garbage choked alley and waits. She doesn’t have to wait very long.

The real thing. Mrs. Peel, possessively pushing its shopping cart, emerges from the bowels of the alley. It beelines for the girl. Once it is upon her, it abandons its cart and pushes her up against the grimy walls of a building.

Miss Kane purses her legitimate bra and panties. What comes out of her purse and goes on her underneath her clothes are her biomechanical underwear BorgWear, the hand-bra and Parts that Mrs. Peel constructed for her to wear. Initially, there is the smell of burning flesh as the biomechs “wear” her. But, they do not fuse seamlessly to her creamy-white flesh. They stay separate and distinct, like conventional underwear.

There is no longer a need for the creature to make any sound to induce kraving in the girl. All that’s needed are for its eye to fluoresce blue in close proximity to, and in direct line of sight of, the girl. As such. Mrs. Peel’s eyes glow blue. The girl’s body goes slack. Her big, ugly mouth opens

slackly and drools. Its clothes shred as it transforms into its native form. The girl's sternns purse themselves. Her hair lets down into that geriatric krazed. Her blue eyes go kraved—light grey eyeballs, red constricted pupils, and no irises—ravenous, ghoulisn eyes.

It yanks down her skirt exposing the massive erection of her Parts—she's literally hung like a horse. She ejaculates all over Mrs. Peel. In response, Mrs. Peel spews its douche-mix, its enslaving mix of venom and pheromones, into the girl's hard, pretty face. Her biomech bra and Parts go parasitic and venomous. Its killer tongue spews out of its cavernous maw. The Parasite's long lingual parasite thrusts deep into the leechgirl's large wanting maw. It feeds with mean intentions.

A few people pass by to stare and look for a moment or two. But most people simply walk by and ignore the girl's wanton violation. She's just another well-dressed junkie getting her fix. Nothing special in this part of town.

It pulls its tongue out of her mouth, unbuttons her jacket, and gropes her chest. Then, it bites off a huge chunk out of the leftside of Miss Kane's face. It affixes its hideous mouth over the large gaping hole in the girl's now ruined face. Again, it feeds with mean intentions.

The girl's right tit goes moog. Her lizard brain and pineal gland expand explosively, completely displacing her frontal lobes rendering her mindless—mentally, she's for all intents and purposes a Parasite. Her ghoulisn eyes remain hungry but become empty. Physically, she's a Leech with a wrecked face and decidedly Kum overtones. Overtones resulting from her previous Kum addiction.

For the girl. No three tits. Just two. No killer tongue or serrated teeth. No extreme weight loss, sunken cheeks, or dark circles around the eyes.

It would seem that as a mindless cunt, her attention focused totally on getting a fix, that her head would be an easy forfeit. That couldn't be further from the truth. She is anything but an easy target, because even debilitated as she is now. Her reflexes are still those that of Death incarnate. If she were anything less, the Goon Fats Waller who owns her would have eaten her long ago.

Behaving Madly

Our Highest Recommendation. By Steve Ditko, Jack Davis, Basil Womverton, Russ Heath, Jack Kirby, Joe Maneely et al. When “Mad” was turned into a magazine in 1954, every publisher and his uncle came up with his own version, often using the same talented creators!! 200 pages of *never before reprinted* material! Looking for a little more excitement in your life? Get mad and get *Snafu, Lunatickle, Cockeyed, Crazy, Think, Frenzy, Frantic, Loco, Panic, and Zany*, too! Besides the names above, also here are **Bill Elder, John Severin, Al Jaffee, Ross Andru, Joe Kubert, Bob Powell, Howard Nostrand, Lee Elias**, and many others.

Exit stage left, the butch Frau Schmidt. Enter stage right, another gender-bending fixation to fill her shoes for Miss Kane to obsess about.

Someone stops to watch, intently. Like the butch Frau Schmidt, she too has a thick Prussian accent. Her name is Greta Rohm, Ms. Greta Rohm.

The butch Ms. Rohm is the spitting image of Rosa Klebb, the fictitious KGB colonel in *From Russia with Love*, the 1963 entry in the James Bond spy series. Therefore, Ms. Rohm is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking.

A research librarian, by trade. And, a wizard of the first order, by avocation—with a wand up each sleeve. She is not human. The seventy-something bulldyke, of indeterminable chronological age, is a Grone—half Gnome and half Crone. And. She is quite old. Ancient, in point of fact. And. She’s a founding member of the Ladies’ Council, as well as an august book marshal and the LC’s noted scholar in residence. Needless to say, she is a god.

Just like the fictitious Frau Klebb, Ms. Rohm, in appearance, represents the anti-feminine: squat and solid, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman—overtly masculine in manner and in mannerisms with a deep for a woman, raspy voice.

Her sternns, dykish moe, and strictured Kaye, complemented by thick black stockings, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Furthermore, and expectedly. Pointed, projectile breasts thanks to a Bosom Envy bra. Perls. Cigarette purse clipped to the waistband of her skirt. Heavy, harsh, unbecoming make-up. And always wears gloves (prudz) in public.

In a word. You would understandably be tempted to call her a walking, talking, reiteration of Frau Schmidt. Except for the fact that Ms. Rohm is supernatural, stocky, and she preceded Frau Schmidt by millennia.

Unlike what you’d expect of someone who looks so butch, the thickset Ms. Rohm never wears Parts uncircumcised or otherwise or any strap-on for that matter, preferring not to be a she-male.

Her stance against dildos is unshakeable. In her opinion, “If God had meant for me to have a penis, I would have been born with one.” Besides, she prefers to be a rug muncher—to eat, and to be eaten by, her fellow woman.

She wears plain white cotton panties with a high waist that have been starched to within an inch of their life. Being modern underwear, like her bra, they are self-cleaning and look steam pressed by an iron in hygiene mode.

Her vintage footwear sums it all up nicely. Clunky heel platform mid-calf boots. By Victorian Splendor 130. Available only in two-tone black and white, emulating the look of tall white spats over black ankle boots. These leather mid-calf boots feature side button closure and a half platform sole balanced by a chunky heel. Translation: I am a very old thing, who prefers vintage footwear; I'm not hip, nor do I wish to be—I'm stiff-backed and decidedly old-fashioned, and very proud of it.

The unsmiling Ms. Rohm walks up to the pair—user and used—as if for a closer look at what's what. Mrs. Peel disengages from the girl, grabs its shopping cart, and leaves. Its eyes are no longer glowing.

She flashes her credentials in the girl's face—a mere formality, because Miss Kane knows who and what Ms. Rohm is, and what, correction who, the old biddy is here for. No longer in the glamor of the Parasite queen, the girl responds in kind upon seeing the bull's badge by sobering up, triple time. Even in this ravaged state, there's much about the girl for Ms. Rohm to find fetching.

An avowed and avid teetotaler, Ms. Rohm brooks nothing less than complete sobriety on her watch. In officially taking possession of Miss Kane from Coco as her Girl Friday. Miss Kane is expected to be sober at all times, while on duty.

Ms. Rohm is known to be an ultra-conservative, with very conventional tastes. And. Miss Kane knows just what she must look like to appease her loathsome, haughty, straight-laced better.

The girl's right tit goes from moog back to tit. Her lizard brain and pineal gland shrink back to their normal size—no longer displacing her frontal lobes rendering her mindless—mentally, she's no longer a Parasite and is herself again. Her ghoulish eyes revert back to baby blues. Her ruined face is rapidly healing.

Miss Kane proceeds with the usual dowdy transformation. Sternns. Non geriatric sternka. Her biomechanical underwear, the hand-bra and Parts, are pursed. In their place, she is again wearing her legitimate bra and panties—fancy French-cut Bosom Envy-2 1906 brassiere and plain flesh-colored rubber bikini panties.

Bosom Envy-2 and Bosom Envy are identical, except for one pivotal detail. Bosom Envy has pointy cups, befitting the archetypical bullet bra that it is. Bosom Envy-2 has rounded modern cups. Blunt vs. points, the eternal choice for bra cups.

“My. My. My. A Vampire on bended knee, at the beck and call of a mindless parasite.”

Miss Kane applies the finishing touches to make herself presentable.

“The weakness of a drunken junkie whore.”

Ms. Rohm slaps the girl hard—back and forth—across the face, several times. Inwardly, the depraved Borg cunt smiles at the corporal punishment being administered to her, deriving great pleasure from each and every blow. The old woman is an expert striker, and has a considerable talent for violence, disciple, degradation, and humiliation.

In deference to her better, although they both know that she enjoyed getting hit, the girl's face remains expressionless. As outwardly unsmiling, as the no-nonsense sour-faced Ms. Rohm.

“You know how to talk to your betters, Miss Kane. Always exercise that knowledge, in my presence.”

“Yes, mistress.”

“You will speak only when spoken to, Miss Kane. Capish?”

Miss Kane responds with the appropriate silence. Ms. Rohm is pleased. She reaches around and squeezes the girl’s tight flat ass. Again, Miss Kane’s face remains expressionless. In sharp contrast, Ms. Rohm’s sour face shows the covetous expression of an older butch woman who is getting her rocks off groping the pancake ass of a much younger smoking-hot chick.

“Now, it’s my turn to subjugate you, Miss Kane. So. There will no longer be any more of these unacceptable vulgar displays of yours when you parade around as the drunken junkie whore in public. Of course. What you do with yourself, off-duty, in private, is your own business.”

Again, Miss Kane says absolutely nothing in response.

“It’s time for us to return to the LC. There are still things you must wrap up for Coco.”

Ms. Rohm gestures arcanelly. Shallow, envious, vindictive, and petty, when it comes to the physical attractiveness of other women. She intends that the girl’s face is ruined in such a way to utmost please her and other women of the elderly butch persuasion.

The girl’s becoming beauty-amplifying Bolshoi make-up gives way to the same heavy, harsh, unbecoming make-up as Ms. Rohm’s. Colloquially known as “rind” make-up. This pancake makeup is the death knell for the girl’s ravishing looks. The makeup alone ages the girl, giving the twenty-something girl the face of a bitter forty-something divorcee who has been rode hard and put up wet too many times to count.

Ravaging rind make-up, coupled with the dowdiness of her sternns and sternka. Results in the girl remaining smoking hot from the neck down, and a complete turn off from the neck up to anyone but a sexually twisted person like Ms. Rohm. In a word. Miss Kane is a frumpy sexpot spinster.

Ms. Rohm lovingly strokes the robot girl’s left cheek.

“Excellent. Now your looks are no longer competition for mine. And. They never will be while you’ll on-duty in my employ. Of course. How you look off-duty is your own business. But. Sooner, not later, I wager I will have twisted you such that you will prefer to look this way all of the time, and when I’m done with you I wager you will never crave the touch of a man and the only women you will want to be with will be elderly and butch like me.”

Ms. Rohm turns around and heads out of the alley. Miss Kane dutifully falls in step behind her new mistress and newest sex addiction. The depraved butch dominatrix presses all the right buttons as far as Miss Kane is concerned. Although both women are ultra-violent dominatrices. Miss Kane is clearly the masochistic submissive Girl Friday of Ms. Rohm.

Moore Atomic Blonde

Atomic Blonde (2017)—The crown jewel of Her Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service, Agent Lorraine Broughton is equal parts spycraft, sensuality, and savagery, willing to deploy any of her skills to stay alive on her impossible mission. Sent alone into Berlin to deliver a priceless dossier out of the destabilized city, she partners with embedded station chief David Percival to navigate her way through the deadliest game of spies.

Charlize Theron plays Lorraine Broughton, a MI6 agent who is sent to Berlin just days before the collapse of the Wall in 1989 to retrieve a list of top secret British operatives and to crack down on the persons responsible for the death of a fellow undercover agent. In order to achieve her objectives, Lorraine joins forces with a shady spy, played by James McAvoy (*X-Men: First Class*, *Split*), and a sexy French agent, played by Sofia Boutella (*The Mummy*).

The story, which is mostly relayed in flashback by Lorraine while she is interrogated by a MI6 superior, played by Toby Jones (*The Mist*, *Captain America: Winter Soldier*), and a CIA bigwig, played by John Goodman, is intricate, but the details are ultimately inconsequential. Like the James Bond 007 films that influenced it, *Atomic Blonde* is less concerned with plot mechanics and more interested in style and cinematic presence. Even if you walk out of this film not remembering who betrayed who or who stole whose secret plans, you will likely never forget Charlize Theron's Lorraine, who commands awe and attention with her icy glares, her sleek body language, and her physical ferocity. Theron will probably not be nominated for any Academy Awards here like she has with her past roles, but this film encapsulates everything wonderful about the way that she combines sensuality and toughness.

Atomic Blonde features a love scene between Charlize Theron and Sofia Boutella. Just go ahead and stick a fork in me, because cinema will probably never get any better than this.

This movie also features a brilliant eight-minute stairwell fight scene which appears to be a long continuous single-take, although there are a handful of subtle hidden cuts. This sequence easily wins my vote for the best action scene of 2017 so far.

I love another pivotal fight scene that takes place in a movie theater while Andrei Tarkovsky's enigmatic, but excellent 1979 film, *Stalker*, is playing. The screen shots from *Stalker* provide a rather fitting backdrop for Cold War physical combat.

The music soundtrack of *Atomic Blonde* is rather heavy-handed, but I can easily forgive the obviousness, because the songs all evoke golden nostalgia for my own 1980s youth. We've got New Order - "Blue Monday," David Bowie - "Cat People (Putting Out Fire)," Peter Schilling - "Major Tom," After the Fire - "Der Kommissar," Re-Flex - "The Politics of Dancing," Siouxsie and the Banshees - "Cities in Dust," 'Til Tuesday - "Voices Carry," A Flock of Seagulls - "I Ran (So Far Away)," George Michael - "Father Figure," Nena - "99 Luftballons," Depeche Mode - "Behind the Wheel," and a handful of faithful covers to other beloved tracks from the era. I do not usually bother with movie soundtrack albums, but I'd like to buy the soundtrack for this one.

I will not go so far as to say that *Atomic Blonde* is a masterpiece, but it is an insanely fun slice of action, eroticism, and atmosphere. Highly recommended!

Just like makeup of its ilk that she's used before. Rind is not only unbecoming. It's caustic and parasitic. When worn the wearer feels like sulfuric acid has been thrown in her face.

The agony of wearing it feeds Miss Kane's masochistic cravings. It eats away pretty leaving only hard-faced in its disfiguring wake. Drawn and haggard, and age lines to boot apply to her face when wearing it. Thus, fetching, let alone ravishing, do not apply when wearing it at all. Yet, to Ms. Rohm, it is a ruined face that overdrives the bull to flights of covetous fancy.

Based upon past employment, and as previously stated or at least implied. There's always the pecking order to consider. As such, in combination with her sternka and sternns, Miss Kane's makeup tweaks itself for maximum severity to do its part to render the girl into, to put it kindly, a no-nonsense executive secretary while on active duty in service of her new vain-and-envious female boss. To put it bluntly, working in concert with her hairdo and eyeglasses, Miss Kane's makeup ravages her face. Making her look serious, businesslike—tolerating no nonsense; very serious about doing things in a direct and efficient way without any foolishness or nonsense.

Rule Number One: the boss Ms. Rohm is ALWAYS right. Rule Number Two: when the boss Ms. Rohm is wrong, remember rule number one. Rule Number Three: the looks of Ms. Rohm's Friday can NEVER upstage hers; their looks MUST be in sync at all on duty times. All three are rules that Miss Kane displays an intimate knowledge of. Because all three are givens—the same rules that can be applied to one's employment with any god of Ms. Rohm's chronology.

Therefore, Ms. Rohm sports a severe ravaged face, then her Friday must also sport a severe ravaged face. Key to both facial "presentations" is the rind makeup that both women wear. Ms. Rohm wears rind exclusively, which means that while on-duty Miss Kane must now exclusively wear it too.

Moore Atomic Blonde. Rind is the makeup that feels like it's melting your face while in reality it's melting your brain driving you insane in the process. Of course, Ms. Rohm and Miss Kane are already insane. They were born that way—stark, raving mad. In a word, deranged lunatics from the git go, who are evil incarnate. Depraved evil incarnate times two.

"It was total bullshit. Including the whole Harry Houdini angle. An expert frame. Houdini is a scapegoat, murdered by moi. In point of fact, I committed all of the murders that you have been tasked with solving. You are the fly caught willingly and willfully in the web of the black widow spider me."

A haughty laugh ensues.

Miss Kane sits down obediently in the makeup chair. Ms. Rohm stands behind her.

"It would be so easy to dispose of you permanently. But. I've decided to keep you, instead. You're better off with me, anyways. After all, you're a villain, not a hero, as you well know."

The bull conjures with her hands to touch up the girl's makeup more to her liking. Although she is a wizard, she is well schooled in all forms of magic, therefore she isn't entirely dependent upon a wand for all of her spell casting.

The girl's face now looks even worse which feeds Ms. Rohm's vanity to no end. This is truly more to the bull's liking. Confident that she has ensnared the girl. She turns her back on Miss Kane and heads for the closet, having decided that the Vampire would look less upstaging of her if the girl were wearing her spare Kaye and flats in place of Koo and careys.

Ms. Rohm never makes it to the closet alive. Miss Kane caves in the back of her skull with a gloved fist. The girl cums to the killing. Mondo Kane is back, and she's back in spades.

"For your sake, I think it is better that I'm a villain with rules. Else you'd be disposed of, posthaste," Mondo taunts as she stands over the fallen god.

The Lost girl kicks Ms. Rohm's corpse in the face and ribs several times for good measure. Then. She gestures arcanelly and the rind is replaced by her usual fetching Bolshoi. Her ravishing looks return, posthaste—that hard pretty face of hers. The girl lets her hair down and purses her sternns. Lush, silky, yellow-blonde tresses drape her shoulders and breasts—"board" straight hair parted down the center, as if it is the product of South Floridian Stella Luca's authentic Japanese "Yuko" straightening. Like her dowdy sternka, plain strait hair imparts a most becoming severity upon the vicious loathsome girl, accentuating her natural haughtiness and aloofness.

Mondo sits down on the Italian marble bed and waits for the butch god to resurrect. What she doesn't do, in spite of Ms. Rohm's free admission of guilt, is call security. For the time being, she's keeping this "all between us two girls," so to speak.

Our Latest Yukos on Instagram

A resurrected and restored Ms. Rohm is sitting in the makeup chair. The chair has been turned around to face the bed. Her face and ribs are still sore and aching from the deft application of the pointed toes of Mondo's shoes.

"I thought that I had the better of you."

"You did, and still do, but, having the better of me isn't the same thing as having the better of other people."

"I won't make that mistake again."

While she was still dead, Mondo relieved the bull of her wands. Her wrists and ankles are tied so tight to the arms and legs of the chair that her hands and feet are numb. The binding ropes are used as tourniquets to greatly limit her use of gestural magic with her fingers and toes, by numbing her hands and feet. The rope looping around her neck and tied to the chair cuts into her throat, limiting her articulation for spellcasting. All of the rope is dire hemp, of course.

Ms. Rohm is greatly annoyed that the girl has made herself beautiful again.

"You can punish me later for my transgressions against you, mistress."

"I shall, without mercy or relent, until you are beaten to within an inch of your life."

"I would expect no less of you."

Ms. Rohm again looks intently about the bed chambers. Confirming to herself of the initially missed deception. The makeup chair and makeup table are hers, for sure. But. Everything else is a fake. This is not her apartment at the LC.

"We're no longer in the LC, are we?" Ms. Rohm asks, rhetorically.

"Nope. We're in my ROOM, albeit mimicking your chambers at the LC. Hence the precautions."

"The imitation resulting from your craving of severe, Spartan things?"

"Something like that."

Mondo walks over to the closet and changes in front of the restrained, covetous bull. When she's done dressing. She's wearing her hair yanked back in a sternka. Sternns, with a vintage beaded eyeglass chain attached to the eyewear's two temples. Kaye in place of Koo. Leopold leopard print flats retro 1950s recreations in place of Careys. Prudz. Perls. Bra and panties. Her makeup stays Bolshoi. Holster, phone, and purse are discreetly clipped to the waistband of her skirt.

"An acceptable compromise, for now."

"Thank you, mistress. You are most unkind."

The girl gestures arcanelly. Ms. Rohm's rind is replaced with becoming Bolshoi. Nothing else about the old butch woman changes. The Bolshoi can only do so much, though. Ms. Rohm looks no less butch and no less hard-faced—her sour face still screams "manhating dyke!"

"And, when you sleep in a bed, you will wear burlap, just like I do."

"Yes, mistress."

“You can keep the makeup chair and table. I’ll find suitable replacements. Now. I tire of this fake, and I’m bored with my restraints.”

The ROOM resets itself to its original configuration. The ropes retraining Ms. Rohm sever themselves. Miss Kane has invoked nothing. It’s all Ms. Rohm’s doing. But. Miss Kane is doing nothing to block it.

Once the feeling has returned to her hands and feet, Ms. Rohm stands up and walks over to her former captor.

Miss Kane drops to her knees, hands held behind her back as if they are tied, arms held rigid as if in a mono-glove restraint fetish arm binder.

Ms. Rohm covetously strokes the girl’s left cheek. In spite of her beauty envy. Rind does not replace the girl’s Bolshoi. The girl’s Bolshoi remains in place and so does Ms. Rohm’s Bolshoi. Ms. Rohm’s Bolshoi having been forced upon her by the girl.

Yes. Ms. Rohm does toy with the idea of ruining the girl’s face with rind, but in the end she does not. She also toys with the idea of ruining the girl’s hair, making the girl’s hair go geriatric—its solid yellow blonde color giving way to a geriatric mix of yellow blonde liberally streaked with grey and white—but, in the end she does not.

In a word. By leaving the girl fetching. Ms. Rohm violates her own rule number three. At least the sternka and sternns keep the girl from being ravishingly beautiful. This, for now, is sufficient compromise for the butch librarian.

Underneath her clothes, Miss Kane’s Bosom Envy-2 and Olivia Bra L6080 swap places—the Bosom Envy-2 gets pursed and she ends up wearing the brand-new Olivia Bra that was in her purse. Resulting in projectile breasts—firm, full, cone-shaped breasts, standing up and out without visible means of substantial support—fodder for “bosom-worshippers all over Creation.”

The blog “[What Katie Did](#).” A price-is-no-object internet outlet for vintage and vintage-inspired luxury lingerie, garter belts, and corsets. It’s not just a showcase for glamorous vintage-inspired satin conical bras.

“What Katie Did” is the only online source for Olivia Lingerie, and, there are no brick-n-mortar stores where you can buy it. The same parent company that owns the Clara Bra and Lane Bryan line of bras, owns Olivia Lingerie.

Olivia Lingerie’s Olivia Bra L6080 first came out in 1950. It is a 1950s version of the Bosom Envy. As such, it is a bullet bra that showcases a lot of cleavage. And. It only comes in one color, which is puritanical lily-white. As a prequel to “modern” bras, its torpedo cups are rounded instead of pointed.

Miss Kane stands up. The two women French kiss, sticking their long well-educated tongues deep into the mouth of the other. Tongues that frolic, knowingly. There are no virgins here—virgins are boring, anyways.

Later on, after they have finished spooning. Ms. Rohm leads Miss Kane back over to the closet, where the bull directs the girl to change back into her Koo and Careys. At no time does Miss Kane slip back into Mondo Kane mode. She remains in character, a throwback to a subordinate 1950s sexpot junior librarian spinster. And. Ms. Rohm is her stereotypical 1950s dictatorial lesbian senior

librarian spinster boss. In a word, voluntary enslavement, willfully and willingly, with no emancipation in sight.

I'm single, white, and free, let's have sex

"All of this fuss over an overdue book."

"What did you just say?"

"You heard me the first time."

Mondo is back to standard Sarah Palin mode. But, her long hair is different, when worn down. And it's down, now. A decidedly 1960s hair style with a 1950s twist. It is no longer long. It stops just above her shoulders, threatening to but never sweeping her shoulders. In the fifties the pageboy generally stopped above the shoulders, just like this. As such, her hair looks like a cross between a Brynhildr and a pageboy, a so-called pagegirl. Her hair looks just as severe as it would if it were yanked back up into a sternka.

The pagegirl is short-lived, though. Because as she talks to her lesbian god Ms. Rohm. Her hair lengthens back into a Brynhildr. And still, her hair looks just as severe as it would if it were yanked back up into a sternka.

Her Madeleine Elster readers are hanging comfortably around her neck from her eyeglass chain, resting upon her ample bosom. The Perl eyeglass chain is Miles Kimball, a favorite brand of Sarah Palin—Palin wears the pearl version.

Elster readers with Miles Kimball eyeglass chain, elster-miles. Careys. Perls. Koo. Bra—Olivia Bra L6080—and panties—plain flesh-colored rubber panties. Prudz. Non-geriatric yellow blonde hair. Bolshoi that is subtly-applied, beguiling, and most becoming—the no makeup barely-there makeup look—bolshoi-bare. Holster, phone, and purse are discreetly clipped to the waistband of her skirt.

Of note. Her panties are not bikini panties. They are vintage rubber panty briefs—tummy control briefs featuring a high waist—riding just below the navel—for a smooth fit. Hidden easily by the high waist of her skirt.

This smooth 1950s era brief, provides firm control to smooth her already-flat tummy and slim hips, and shapes her tight, flat rear. With a second-skin fit, its breathable latex lays flat for a sleeker, smoother silhouette—even if her clothes weren't concealed carry, the panty briefs wouldn't show under her clothes. The panty is cut higher on the leg so she can move freely, and has full rear coverage designed to prevent ride-up as it shapes and smooths.

Of special note. Koos and Kayes have skirts with a high waist, riding just below the navel. In the style made popular in the 1950s.

This is the most current iteration of her standard Girl Friday mode—her standard Sarah Palin, version whatever. A tight-assed, sexually-repressed shrew. Expressed as prim and proper. Expressed as the sexpot accountant. Expressed as the librarian provocateur. Expressed as straight-laced, stiff-backed. Haughty and aloof, and seemingly unattainable. A spinster. Everready to fuck, to be fucked, to be coveted, and to be worshipped.

Ms. Rohm is dressed in her usual frumpy outfit that screams "lesbian librarian." Sternns, dykish moe, and strictured Kaye, complemented by thick black stockings. Pointed, projectile breasts thanks to a Bosom Envy bra. Perls. Prudz. Cigarette purse clipped to the waistband of her skirt.

Victorian Splendor 130 footwear. Still wearing bolshoi-bare. Plain white cotton panties with a high waist that have been starched to within an inch of their life.

“My. My. My. Obviously, last night’s punishment wasn’t enough for you. I’m going to have to righteously discipline you again.”

Mondo sits down at the table of the private reading room. Ms. Rohm sits down across from her.

“Houdini wasn’t your scapegoat. He was a ‘fixer.’ You were his handler. He was a Forever Person—human, but incredibly long lived, almost immortal in lifespan.”

“A fixer for whom, or should I ask what?”

Mondo shrugs her shoulders. “It doesn’t really matter, considering my personal feelings about you. But. Since a book is the common denominator, I would imagine that he was a fixer for The Guild, probably working freelance.”

Ms. Rohm smiles at the girl’s response. She makes a seemingly innocuous gesture with her right index finger.

Mondo notices the gesture and mimics it with her left index finger.

Their “wordless” exchange assures that there is no misunderstanding. Both women are crystal clear on what’s up. Plausible deniability, be damned. Now, the conversation can continue in earnest, no matter who might be eavesdropping. Now, it’s for the record.

“Continue, please.”

“Shall we dish the delatt?”

“Of course.”

“Age before beauty. You first.”

“That was so very White of you. Coco brags about how you’re such a smart girl, and rightfully so I see, so smart in fact that you know when it’s prudent to be dumb.” Ms. Rohm pauses, briefly. Licks her lips in a lurid fashion. Then, she continues. “Being a freelancer and Forever People to boot, Houdini was always a risk, a bomb waiting to go off. But. He had such a talent for bag jobs. Nevertheless, it’s always better if such matters are kept in-house and in Race, so to speak.”

“But. Being freelance and food, meant Houdini would be easy to dispose of when he outlived his usefulness and became a liability. Which is what happened?”

“Yes.”

“But. That’s not what happened.”

“I confessed, yet you have failed to turn me in. Instead you have allowed me to use you for your and my own pleasure.”

“Your confession is bullshit. You didn’t kill Houdini.”

“And you would know this how?”

Mondo deftly sidesteps the question.

“You no more killed Houdini than I or my proxy Mrs. Peel did.”

“My. My. My. You are feeling your wild oats, today. Reveling in disobedience. I’m not accustomed to be called a liar to my face by a subordinate.”

Punishment implied—Ms. Rohm inflicted upon Miss Kane, later.

“I placed your missing book in the lost-n-found—no need to thank me—unread, still wrapped in brown parchment tied with twine. It should be discovered during the routine evening survey and be returned to its rightful place in the library no later than tomorrow morning.

Ms. Rohm makes another seemingly innocuous gesture, this time with her left index finger.

“You’ll be returning to Coco, I imagine, then.”

“You imagine correctly. But. If you’re ever in need of my services from time-to-time and you need to borrow me, I’m sure that Coco will acquiesce to your demands graciously.”

Again. Punishment implied—Ms. Rohm inflicted upon Miss Kane, later.

“That’s very White of you. Sounds like a plan.”

“Do you need for me to dispose of Mr. Houdini?” Miss Kane’s question is rhetorical, of course.

“He’s yet to outlive his usefulness. And. He remains a valuable resource.”

Both severe women sit stiff-backed in the stiff-backed wooden chairs the entire length of the conversation. Periodically and luridly licking their lips in anticipation of the carnality and corporal punishment that will follow later on.

“Referring to Mr. Houdini in the present tense. Looks like I was right, and you were lying. He is alive, you’ve admitted as much.”

Ms. Rohm reaches across the table slaps the girl hard across the face. The girl cums in response to her dyke boss’ vicious slap.

“Murder number one? Carole ‘Penny’ Marshall?”

“She’s the one who checked out the book in the first place, and never returned it because she carelessly lost it on one of her Martian binges? The murder that really wasn’t a murder, per se?”

Again. Ms. Rohm reaches across the table slaps the girl hard across the face. Again. The girl cums in response to her dyke boss’ vicious slap.

“I’m going to really enjoy beating you to death, later on this evening.”

“Houdini shadowed her on her benders, hoping that he could sniff out a clue as to the book’s whereabouts. Bad news: All he ended up doing was watching her self-destruct. Good news: At least someone who was so easily compromised was no longer part of the Ladies’ Council.”

“Murder number two? The Roosevelts?”

“Somehow the book fell into their hands. Somehow you found out that they had it. And. Unfortunately, for them. They proved to be too unscrupulous and untrustworthy for their own well-being. They were going to sell it to the highest bidder. You sent Houdini to get it from them before they could make the sale, and neutralize them—more house cleaning, so to speak. Getting into their apartment was easy. It used to be his. Getting into the Dakota was even easier. Bad news: they had already sold the book. Good news: under torture they revealed who had bought the book from them.”

“And. He had bribed someone in security to destroy any evidence of him being there, including editing him out of any CCTV footage?”

“Exactly. Do you want to know who?”

“I already know who it was. And. They have been dealt with professionally. Considering who likes to take her summer residence there, we can’t afford to have anyone in security who is so easily compromised. Now, onto. Murder number three? Bernadette ‘Bernie’ Caulfield?”

“Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.”

“She proved an unfortunate inconvenience once Debra Gill became Pope. Debra dealt with the situation badly, falling completely apart when her former lover was found dead.”

“And that was the intent of Bernie’s suicide. Bernie knew what Debra’s reaction would be, and it wouldn’t be the reaction you’ll wanted to see from the horse that you were backing to the hilt. You and your cronies have invested too much in her to kick her to the curb, but you no longer see her as a long-term solution and are actively looking for another suitable female candidate who is human.”

“Suicide?!”

“Yes. Suicide.”

“Ummm. Never saw that one coming. We won’t be paying Houdini for that one. She’s the one who bought the book. Houdini never found it. Do you want to know what the book is?”

“It’s a honeypot. A way for you to ferret out and eliminate chinks in your armor. As such, any book will do.”

“A very smart girl indeed.”

Use me up, Please

“That was quick.”

“Your text looked intriguing, to say the least.”

It’s Mondo and Red in his office, beneath his club. Red, Red Armstrong, is an Elf who runs a lot of shady stuff on Mars. He’s not Mob, of course, but he has some pretty deep Mob connections.

“Like I texted, they’re all reagent junkies. Some brunettes, a few redheads, but mostly big-tit blondes like yourself.” He openly leers at her as he say that.

“Junkies who pay for their habit with prostitution?”

“Yep. The lowest dredges. The last one was a really good customer of mine. A regular at my shooting gallery on Phillips Street off of Haven Avenue. It’s a reagent den, most of the junkies use reanimation reagent.”

“And while she was high on the green glowing stuff, you used her, I presume?”

Red flashes a broad toothy grin.

“Yes, I did indeed.”

“What was her name?”

“Cathy Long. She used to be a high-end stock broker before she got hooked on glow. I got her stuff over here.”

Mondo follows Red over to a locker in the corner. Inside of the locker is a dead diseased Kaye and a filthy perl necklace. A battered cigarette purse. A junkie’s dirty DIY kit to shoot-up reagent. No underwear or shoes. Nothing else. She doesn’t bother asking him how he got hold of the dead whore’s personal effects.

“How long has it been feeding?”

“Like clockwork for almost two months in the rundown Penn Station area. Sometimes, what’s left of a missing girl shows up in an alley there.”

“Where in the alleys?”

“Always near a manhole for the sewers. The bodies show up late at night, and all of the girls were abducted late at night.”

“Probably feral. Hunts at night. In the dark, given the casual inspection a junkie whore high on glow would give it, it would look human enough to pass when wearing clothes.”

“That’s what I figured also.”

“Anything else that you know would interest me?”

“Well, from the looks of the girl’s faces and from the autopsy results of their brains, whatever it uses to subjugate the girls, ravages their face and brains.”

Mondo cums to this revelation.

“Excellent.”

“I knew you’d crave that last tidbit. Also.”

“Yes?”

“All of the girls have so far have been human. None of them have lasted more than two days. It’s about time for it to feed again.”

Mondo hands Red a fat envelope of money.

“Whatever it is, Red. It’s not just feeding. It’s horny and looking for a suitable mate.”

Red doesn’t bother to chitchat with her about this last deduction of hers. He’s too busy stuffing her cash payment to him into the office safe after he has happily counted it.

When he turns around, a very different looking Mondo faces him. She is filthy and infested—head ice, fleas, and crabs. Geriatric krazed. Klaw. Wearing Cathy’s necklace and Kaye and cigarette purse, looks-ruining rind makeup, and nothing else. The torn left sleeve of the Kaye exposes an arm covered in needle marks, some old and some fresh—nefarious marks that weren’t there a minute ago. Her teeth are so filthy they look rotten. Long dirty finger and toe nails. A sour body odor and equally foul smelling breath. Her white skin is so dirty in places that it is black. It’s her baglady “gimmick.” She’s placed her own personal effects in the locker.

Upon seeing her, Red gets hard. Before he can ask, she gives him her permission. They are second cousins once removed—related by Embrace, not birth, so it’s not incest.

“Before I leave I’ll get high on what’s left in Cathy’s kit to really look the part of a completely-spent drunken junkie whore. You have my permission to use me to your heart content after I get stoned out of my mind.”

“Thanks, you’re a real sweet Georgia peach.”

An hour later, an inebriated Mondo exits Red’s club via the back alley door and heads for the Penn Station area. Once she arrives on the scene, she doesn’t have to wait long. While working a corner along with the other working girls, she notices that she’s being watched from an alley by a figure cloaked in darkness.

“Who’s that?” Mondo asks one of the prostitutes as she points at the mysterious figure.

“That’s the real creepy bitch. But. She pays well.”

“What’s her type?”

“She prefers blondes, when she can get one. She’d love you.”

“Thanks.”

Mondo steps off the corner and walks over to the woman in the alley.

“Need a date, sweetie?”

The “woman” says nothing. It shows the girl its money and gestures for them to go deeper into the alley, away from any prying eyes. Mondo complies. The thing is wearing a dead diseased Kaye, is filthy and smelly, and has a hideous parody of a woman’s face. They stop next to an open manhole, the cover has been shoved aside.

Money is exchanged. Mondo shoves the money into the cigarette purse clipped to the waistband of her tattered skirt. Then they kiss. The thing is a good kisser. It's some variety of Parasite, but, unlike Mrs. Peel, it's completely base and feral. Only passing for a person when hunting.

Simultaneously, its tongue goes killer and begins feeding voraciously, and its eyes glow blue. It drags Mondo's limp body down the open manhole, never ceasing to feed upon the girl during her abduction.

It's just business, nothing personal

Mondo regains consciousness laying atop a layer of dirt in a rotten wooden coffin, for the umpteenth time. The creature is nowhere in sight, as usual. She's in its grotto lair in the sewers. Her mouth, esophagus, stomach, intestines, and rectum are healing from having been shredded raw during its tongue's feeding upon her, for the umpteenth time. She stands up in spite of what should be a debilitating migraine headache.

Her enlarging lizard brain and pineal gland are giving her the head-splitting migraine resulting from their displacement of her frontal lobe. In due time, if said enlargement continues, and it will, the resulting de facto crude brain surgery will render her stark, raving mad—sexually depraved and completely insane.

Mondo is hungover and in the throes of drug withdrawal. Her subconscious prevents her body from quickly assimilating the hangover and withdrawal, so that she can suffer the most and thus derive the most pleasure from doing so.

Although the creature does have the fully-functional genitalia of an adult man and woman. Thus, it can have sex with people, as a she-male. The creature's interest in the girl is not sexual, in the "normal" sense of the word whatsoever. Mondo has tried to seduce it to no avail—e.g., handjobs, blowjobs (deep throat), vaginal sex, anal sex, etc. It only craves about feeding upon the girl. In essence, its sole purpose for existing is as a vehicle providing mobility for its killer tongue. This is the Parasite in its basest form.

There are times though when the creature will hump Mondo—raped ape style. Violently and viciously fucking her mouth, anus, and vagina. But. Those are mere reflex actions. Nothing more. Nevertheless they are carnal acts which mimic rape and thus pleasure the girl greatly.

Nearby is a mound of rotting corpses—its food larder. What you see on the surface is merely the tip of the iceberg. The cadaverous garbage dump extends for miles, straight down, into the bedrock. The bodies, all humanoid or human, are from different universes. Although Mars is its most recent feeding grounds, but its hunting ground is Creation. And, it is not alone. There are millions of its kind down here—its kind are more prolific than rats. And they have no queen, no collective consciousness. They are just singular them.

Now, for examples of, the inconsistencies. And. Assimilation notwithstanding.

She's not noticeably-thinner than she was when she was abducted. She should be.

She's not inebriated. She should be.

By now. She should be mindless—a grossly-enlarged lizard brain and pineal gland having completely displaced her frontal lobe rendering her mindless and thus mentally, for all intents and purposes, a Parasite. Physically, she should be a Leech with decidedly Kum overtones. Overtones resulting from her Kum addiction. Yet, none of this is the case.

Her dirty face is not ravaged by her rind or the creature's incessant feeding. Bolshoi-bare in place of rind, underneath the grime on her face. No gaping hole in the leftside of her face. A hard pretty face—her usual ravishingly-beautiful face.

She's still wearing her predecessor's Kaye and perls. But. The phone, holster, and purse that are clipped to the waistband of the ragged filthy skirt are hers, and they are clean and pristine, and therefore look completely out of place with the rest of her look.

Most telling. Although her filthy hair is unkempt and infested with head lice, it is not a geriatric krazed. It is her usual yellow-blonde Brynhildr.

Her look is definitely baglady-lite. The look is not so much about blending in as it's about flagging her as not having gone completely native. The drunken junkie whore with a stiff-backed twist.

There's a flicker. Red materializes in the grotto. Normally he's attired like a dandy—dapper, dressed to kill in a three-piece suit, perfectly-tied necktie, spit-polished dress shoes, a white oxford shirt starched and pressed to within an inch of its life, wool socks, consummate underwear, and a gold safety pin in his collar. But, this time, he's dressed in the field kit of a MACO, minus any UN insignia or rank. Once upon a time Red was a soldier in the MCORN. He received an honorable discharge after his tour of duty was over, a number of those mission were top secret.

More flickers. Six more Martian Marines materialize around Red. Each Marine is also decked out in the Away Team kit of a MACO, minus any UN insignia or rank—just like Red's kit.

There are rumors about the existence of flickering, but the Martian Government vehemently denies their invention of and possession of such “impossible” technology. Ultra-top secret, yet here it is on full display. Instantaneous teleportation to anyplace on, or in this case below, the surface of Mars.

Red and one of the Marines, a big tall woman in her early twenties, walks over to Mondo. The look of disdain on her face is directed at Mondo. She despises junkies, especially glow addicts. A not unexpected reaction considering the growing Puritanicalism in the ranks of young Martian humans. Her bias blinds her to what's incongruent about the Vampire standing before her being a drunken junkie whore. But. Red notices the inconsistencies, and his Lost cousin is making no attempt to hide them.

Mondo gestures arcanelly. For a brief moment, she's naked, much to Red's delight. Filthy, infested, and wearing only her birthday suit. This gives way to clean and pristine, and her latest Sarah Palin mode.

Long yellow-blonde hair worn in a perfectly-coiffed Brynhildr. Elster-miles. Careys. Perls. Bosom Envy twin rockets, projectile breasts and plain panty briefs underneath her immaculately-tailored Koo. Prudz. Bolshoi-bare. Holster, phone, and purse discreetly clipped to the waistband of her suit's miniskirt.

Her hangover and drug withdrawal are completely assimilated. Her lizard brain and pineal gland shrink back to normal size.

“So, where is the one who took you?” Red asks.

“I ate it.”

Red notices that she's angora-voiced—she's got a fuzzy caterpillar drawl. And. She's sporting a creepy smile that he's never seen before. The smile of Pennywise, The Clown, from “It.”

“What did it taste like?”

“As close to human as I’ve ever tasted.”

“Closer than human clones?”

“Yes.”

The Marine with Red walks off, that look of disdain still on her face.

“How many creatures are we talking about?”

“Maybe millions. Nothing that can be harvested in several generations even with abusive culling. In point of fact, I doubt that you could ever farm them into extinction, but I could be wrong on that point. Although, like rats, they do reproduce prolifically.”

“We’re sitting on a gold mine here! Even after the Mob takes its cut of the action. And I pay my taxes to the Church and the Martian Government. Ultimately, we’ll see.”

“Ultimately, you’ll see billions in revenues—there is no ‘we.’ Red, you’ve finally hit the big time.”

“But, you made the discovery. By all rights, you should get a lion share of the profits.”

The girl smiles menacingly, then it switches back to creepy. Red gets the message in spades. She has no interest in the money. He won’t bring it up again.

“For best taste, they should be kept in their natural habitat. So, I would advise against domestication. Keep them feral and in the wild. Capish?”

Still that silky, mocha voice that he had never heard before from her lips. Still that creepy smile. It is the voice and the smile she had before she got turned, and it was how she sounded and smiled for a long time after she got turned. Red hadn’t met her back then.

“Okay. Got it.” Then there’s the laser focus of her cruel, blue eyes. The singlemindedness of a killer who is undistracted by drinking, doping, and fucking. That look in her eyes was always there when she was a human enforcer for the Goon, Fats Waller. It is a look that gets Red hard. “You didn’t kill it, did you?”

“Nope. It’s still around somewhere. It will come back later when y’all leave. Fully regenerated from me having eaten a huge chunk of it.”

“And you’ll go back to being its filthy, infested, unkempt used.”

“When it suits me to be that way. Remember: I’m the dog who wags its tail, not the dog who is wagged by its tail.”

“I’d like to fuck that dirty version of you—the filthy-n-infested way you looked upon our ingress.”

“No surprise there, you hound dog. But be forewarned. You will fuck whatever version of me you get, and always be glad I’ve given you the chance to carnally worship me, your sexpot librarian goddess.”

Their back and forth is a mixture of fun and the deadly serious. Fortunately for Red, he always knows which is which, so he always knows how far to push things in their verbal jousts.

“But. This place shifts, doesn’t it? So how will I find you?”

“You won’t be able to. I will find you, just text.”

“Fair enough.”

Red moves away from her and back over to the Marines. Mondo will wait for them to egress before she takes care of a chore which takes precedence over her being used dirty by the Parasite.

The best laid plans of mice and men. Something else has its own plans for the girl. And. It will not be denied.

The grotto shifts. The girl blackouts. From her perspective she's out for a minute or two. But. In reality more time than that has elapsed. When she regains her senses she is laying in the coffin, dressed in the dead junkie's Kaye and perls—gone are her holster, phone, and purse. Rind. Long ragged dirty fingernails and toenails. Geriatric krazed. Additionally, filthy uncircumcised Parts with no hygiene mode are fused seamlessly to her body rendering her she-male. Filthy and infested—head lice, fleas, and crabs—patches of her skin are so dirty they are black. There are puncture wounds in the leftside of her neck, and the skin looks like raw hamburger around the puncture wounds. A pineal gland and lizard brain that have almost completely displaced her frontal lobe. Mentally, she is almost a Parasite. Physically, she is almost a Leech. This a very dirty, very feral version of her.

None of this is her doing or wish. She has plans. She has things to do. This is a sidetrack she can ill afford.

By sheer force of will, she sits up and gets out of the coffin. Something moves out of the shadows. It is wearing the clothes of the thing that abducted her. It looks like the thing that abducted her, but it is not the same Parasite. It is a mutation. A vile, covetous mutation who has killed and completely eaten the Parasite who originally took the girl.

Its eyes glow blue and it begins making those kraving clicking sounds. Foreplay officially has begun.

In response to the creature's foreplay. A hideous parasitic growth—that closely resembles a very infectious species of papillomavirus wart—palpable as a small hard lump just below the surface of her skin—bursts through her skin, sprouting from the small of her back and spreading rapidly from the base of her spine longitudinally, in both directions. It hooks into her back for the entire length of her spine, from her tailbone to the base of her skull, and begins feeding upon its host. She becomes noticeably thinner in reaction to its feeding upon her.

There are similar such growths visible here and there on the skin of the creature.

The girl's mind, what's left of it, begins to shut down. She fights the glamor being weaved by the creature. Her mouth, nose, ears, and eyes begin to bleed profusely. The creature moves closer, but slowly, as if it's savoring the girl's losing attempt to resist its charms.

A creature of pure instinct, it's not savoring anything. It's just acting on instinct.

The creature's teeth are serrated, long and crooked, except for its fangs which are long straight daggers. When it is close enough, its killer tongue erupts from its mouth and licks the knobb on the rightside of her neck.

Her gums recede and her teeth become large, crooked, and pointed, except for her canines—her eyeteeth become long straight daggers. Her tongue goes killer.

Serrated teeth. Vampire fangs. A killer tongue. But. She still resists, albeit futilely. Being a strong-willed, totally badass woman can only take you so far though.

In the end. The girl loses. Mondo ceases to exist as her pineal gland and lizard brain completely displace her frontal lobe. Two breasts become three with the right tit becoming a moog—those aforementioned Kum overtones.

The rest of the looks wrecking changes come in spades.

Pretty and hard-faced gives way to insanity ravaged, along with sunken cheeks and dark circles around the eyes.

Her blue eyes go kraved—light grey eyeballs, red constricted pupils, and no irises—ravenous, ghoulisn eyes.

Her ghoulisn eyes are hungry but empty. Reflecting the reality that she is now a mindless cunt. For the foreseeable future, the she-male Leech's only purpose for existing is to provide physical mobility for her killer tongue and to be fed upon by her ravenous mate.

Bottomline. Physically, she's a Leech with a wrecked face and decidedly Kum overtones. Overtones resulting from her previous Kum addiction. A prosthetic dildo renders her she-male.

Leechwoman, for want of a better name, is who and what she has become.

The girl just stands there, arms hanging limply at her sides, as her mate affixes its mouth to the leftside of her neck, sinks its fangs in deep, and feeds covetously. Leechwoman has an erection and ejaculates. Her mate is completely oblivious to the splatter of her jism.

At a very base level, instinctually, it only craves about feeding. Leechwoman's erection and ejaculation are just reflex actions, not expressions of sexual delight. At a very base level, instinctually, she only craves about being fed upon. This is sexplay for a Parasite. Both creatures, Parasite and Vampire, are creatures of pure instinct.

This time, Mondo's Id didn't betray her. This time her user just used sheer brute force to overpower her, without any need of assistance from her subconscious.

For one whole year, Mondo is gone. Off the grid, flying below the radar, gone off the reservation. But. Unfortunately for the creature using her. At her core, all the veneers stripped away. She is still a killer—a pure killing machine. And. She's pure evil. Evil incarnate.

So. In the end, as with all things evil, without the intervention of Almighty God to tip the scales otherwise, evil always prevails.

For the first six months of her LOA, she's completely out of commission as this Leech-Kum thing. The remainder of her leave of absence are spent expressing her true self—Mondo Kane, the mad scientist librarian without any rules whatsoever. In-between, she kills and eats her user, along with quite a few of the Parasite creature's kind. But. That's a tale of genocide for another time.

Yep. Being a strong-willed, totally badass woman can only take you so far. But. Being evil takes you into the forever. And. Its goes without saying that. Evil ass bitch is, and always will be, a totally inadequate description of this homicidal juggernaut. The ultimate femme fatale.

The Moe Gale Agency and Decca Records

Judy Garland Lyrics—"Over the Rainbow"

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high.
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue.
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star.
And wake up where the clouds are far.
Behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops.
Away above the chimney tops.
That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow.
Why then, oh, why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly.
Beyond the rainbow.
Why, oh, why can't I?

The grotto shifts. Now it's in the sewers beneath The Vatican. When it shifts away, Mondo remains, that creepy smile of hers painting her hard, pretty face. The grotto is gone to find another wicked, despicable possessor.

There is no mental or physical vestige whatsoever of Leechwoman, that mindless Leech-Kum thing, that she was for the first half of her leave. Therefore there is no insidious nameless growth just underneath her skin at the base of her spine.

With one notable exception. There is no mental or physical vestige whatsoever of her alter ego, Borg babe Seven-of-Nine. The sole exception? That creepy-looking knobb of Seven's on the rightside of her neck remains. Although off-putting in appearance, the star-shaped quarter-size "mole" is a handy interface for coercing Borg tech and The Borg themselves drones and Queens alike.

There is no mental or physical vestige whatsoever of the drunken junkie whore. She's 100-percent "The Notorious One," Miss Mondo Constance Anna-Kane, formerly Miss Constance Ann Smith. Connie Smith being her human iteration, who and what she was before she got turned by the Vampire, Dr. Mildred Christine Kane-Most the infamous Lost scientist.

Miss Kane is clean and pristine, and frumpy. Again sporting her latest Sarah Palin iteration. Her favorite hobbies are once again torture and homicide, not addiction and binging herself mindless.

Long yellow-blond hair worn in a perfectly-coiffed Brynhildr that is yanked back into a severe unbecoming sternka. The half-moon round reading glasses version of sternns with Miles Kimball eyeglass chain attached at their temples, sternns-miles, and she's wearing those unbecoming eyeglasses instead of them hanging around her neck by their chain and resting upon her ample bosom. Careys—her trademark stilettos. Perl's. Bosom Envy and panty briefs underneath her frumpy immaculately-tailored Koo—a frumpy business suit, in spite of its revealing French cut, cuffed three-quarter length sleeves, brief body-hugging miniskirt, and it being form fitting and sans blouse—it's frumpy because of its severe tailoring. Prudz. Bolshoi-bare. Holster, phone, and purse discreetly clipped to the waistband of her staid suit's miniskirt.

Revealing French cut? Her suitcoat is tight, low-cut, and cleavage-baring. And, of course, a Koo is meant to be worn sans blouse.

The disfigurement of dowdy thick-lensed sternns lenses the thickness of the bottom of Coke bottles—those Coke bottle glasses as half frame readers, with clear plastic frames in the style of Lynwoods—smoking-hot nerdy accountant chick eyeglasses personified.

Lynwoods are half frame reading glasses that are perfect for those folks that like to keep their reading glasses on at all times. Simply look down to read your favorite novel, and look up and over your reading glasses to see your children or grandchildren playing in the living room. Lynwoods are a semi-rimless half reader with a lightweight yet durable frame, and half-moon shape.

Sexually-repressed sexpot mad scientist accountant/librarian, with a black money Ph.D., never looked better. The Bogeywoman is back, and she's back in spades.

In place of the plain Brand-X flesh-colored latex panty brief is a flesh-colored Bali-brand latex lace 'n smooth panty brief. The "nude" Bali panty brief is made with beautiful rubber French lace that provides firm control to smooth tummy and hips, and shape the wearer's rear. The breathable lace won't show under clothes and lays flat for a sleeker, smoother silhouette. This fancy panty is cut higher on the leg so that the wearer can move freely, and it has full rear coverage designed to prevent ride-up as it shapes and smooths. In other words, it has the exact same Parisian fit and cut as her plain latex version.

As arranged. Master of Arms, Sister Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi, and a squad of Killjoys are there to greet her. She and the nun shake hands.

There is a look of unbridled disdain on the nun's face for the drunken junkie whore. A look which quickly fades away as she realizes that the drunken junkie whore is no longer the drunken junkie whore.

"We've reviewed the evidence that the LC kindly has provided. The Holy See is clearly culpable."

Forensic accounting. Cooked books. Black money Ph.D. Black money legend. Cleaned cash. These are some of the words that come to mind.

Bottomline. The Pope is stealing from The Church. And those closet to her, including her personal detail of Killjoys, are in on it with her in spades.

“And I get to participate in the housekeeping of this strictly internal Church matter?”

“Yes. Your service agreement has been approved. And. As such. You will follow my lead in this matter.”

“Of course. I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

One of the Killjoys is carrying a spare assault rifle. She hands it to the spinster librarian who has serious-as-a-heart-attack CPA skills. It’s Mondo’s forensic accounting that unearthed the fraud with the Vatican ledgers in the first place.

The term assault rifle is generally attributed to Adolf Hitler, who for propaganda purposes used the German word “Sturmgewehr” (which translates to “storm rifle” or “assault rifle”), as the new name for the MP43, subsequently known as the Sturmgewehr 44 or StG 44.

The assault rifles that the Killjoys, Sister Pelosi, and now Mondo are slinging look a lot like their StG 44 matriarch, but they are in fact the much more advanced and very modern StG 75-mp43G.

The rifle slings they are using are tactical ones, of course.

For the longest time, rifle slings were quite simple affairs. Typically just a length of nylon strapping hooked onto the front and back of the weapon, and allowing it to be slung over the shoulder or across the chest/back.

About thirty years ago, military forces started using tactical slings. A typical tactical sling, like the one used on the SA80 assault rifle with the British Army, consists of two loops of nylon strapping, an adjustable slide, and a clip.

One length of the nylon runs along the side of the weapon with a clip protruding from the front sling mount. At the rear, the sling forms a loop which typically goes over your shoulder, leaving only the rear of the rifle supported by the sling. The front clip can attach the female clip on the shoulder loop allowing the front of the rifle to be clipped to the shoulder or not as the case may be. There is a slide to adjust the length that typically hangs towards the right hip.

When marching or on guard, the soldier keeps the front clipped in place and the sling tight to their chest. This allows them to use their hands and maneuver without the weapon bouncing around.

When paroling you will have hands on the weapon, still clipped in but with more slack so you can bring it to ready when needed if needed. If action is expected imminently, you unclip the front. This allows the rifle to be moved around freely but the butt end is still attached to your shoulder so you can’t drop the weapon by accident.

It is also possible to mount the weapon in other positions. For example, in the combat arena, Engineers often “backpack” their weapon. The sling forming two loops which go over each shoulder with the butt upwards, along your spine. This allows them to do tasks such as heavy lifting and climbing without their weapon obstructing them.

Why is Mondo slinging a rifle when she has two automatic pistols arguably the best of their kind in Creation loaded in her universal holster? Because those twin matched Brownings of hers would make the CBQ close quarters combat she’s about to engage in way too easy and thus a lot less fun.

Besides. She's always wanted to fire the mother of all assault rifles, and this is as close as this Texas girl has ever gotten to that fantasy.

Then. Something truly magical happens. Sister Pelosi engages in a brief nonverbal conversation, consisting entirely of military hands signs, with the Lost girl.

Sister Pelosi: You may take point, Miss Kane.

Miss Kane: Thank you, sister. I'm honored.

Mondo walks over to what appears to be a solid rock wall and steps through it. The others follow. They end up in a narrow winding passageway cut into the living rock, its subterranean access concealed by an ingenious biomorphic forcefield.

A short distance up ahead at a chokepoint are a pair of Killjoys, two of the ones loyal to the Holy See. They were waiting in ambush. Unfortunately for them, something has sucked the life out of both of them, reducing them to dried out husks—they've been freeze-dried mummified.

Mondo steps through their remains, desecrating their corpses. It's obvious that their deaths are most recent and quite sudden. They got gotten as soon as Mondo stepped through the passageway's hidden entrance.

The Place Where Louis Dwells

Megyn Kelly, Sarah Palin, et al.: It's all about short skirts, long flawless legs, tight low-cut cleavage-baring tops, six-inch stilettos, and good "blue-eyed, blonde" looks. We aren't listening to what they say. If we start listening, we'll change the channel to a women's German beach volleyball game.

A very familiar female voice whispers in Mondo's ear. It is cold and menacing. Haughty and aloof, the personification of a Machine Queen. Seething with arrogance, loathing, and disdain. The sound of this caustic voice moves her to a craving bordering on being covetous in desire.

"You will be reassimilated into The Hive, as Seven-of-Nine Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One—again, my personal drone; again, at my beck and call. Resistance is futile, Number Seven."

The Borg Queen has no doubt that the former Borg babe will relapse and return to the fold, this time forever. For her exclusive and very personal use. And. Her stalwart conviction about the matter is hardly unfounded.

There is an axiom, where the assimilated are concerned. Once Borg. Always Borg. Because. Once you go Borg. You never really want to come back.

What Mondo sees before her is The Borg Queen, as portrayed by D-cup actress Alice Krige in the film *Star Trek: First Contact* and in the finale of *Star Trek: Voyager*, "Endgame."

Her knobb tingles and burns. She's aware that The Queen's voice and the visage are telepathic projections, detectable to no one else but her. For the briefest moment her eyes fluoresce blue. She goes on autopilot, blacking out.

While she is gone, The Collective makes no attempt to shanghai her. As per their arrangement, while she's under their influence, she is granted knowledge of how to safely traverse the booby-trap that was added by The Borg to this passageway at the behest of the Holy See. The same booby-traps surround the private chambers of The Queen at Unimatrix Zero One in the Delta Quadrant.

Mondo is no longer Borg, but, she is implicitly trusted by The Borg to not violate this confidence and keep secret this very sensitive knowledge. The blonde bombshell has spotless reputation for never giving up the confidences of her clients. Therefore, this propriety knowledge will not be erased from her mind when she becomes herself again. Additionally, The Queen is wooing her with such tidbits—allowing her to retain Borg proprieties.

By the way. It was The Borg Queen herself, who took out the two Killjoys who were waiting in ambush in the passageway. As aforementioned, she has taken a very special interest in the girl.

The Vampire signals halt. Her knobb still tingles and burns. When her knobb quiets down, she proceeds and signals for the others to follow her. They are safely through the booby-trap, and she's back to being herself.

A last parting shot from The Queen to the onetime robot girl: "Someone manufactured you. That someone was I."

The possessive Borg presence is gone. Yet, employing remote viewing, The Queen intently watches that which she covets most. She steps into the central alcove for disassembly, an alcove which is meant only for the Queen. This chamber holds the biological components of the Queen's upper torso and head for regeneration while a mechanical lower half body is assembled and attached when the Borg Queen emerges.

The Queen spends much of her time in her "lair" with her head and spinal column residing in the upper portion of this special alcove. When she emerges, she will "reassemble" herself via this central alcove into a predominantly artificial body—the arms, legs, and torso are entirely synthetic, while the head and shoulders are organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants.

This well-endowed, anatomically-correct prosthetic body is stored in its constituent pieces in the base of the alcove. Upon reassembly by the central alcove, the five pieces rise from their hidden recesses to be joined with the Queen's biological upper portion, and then the Queen is dressed in an EXO.

While she watches her wannabe possession. The rest of her, her robot parts, are stored in the lower part of the chamber. There is another queen's alcove in her private chambers. That one is reserved for the use of her compulsive obsession her craved Number Seven.

This Queen calls herself Alice, Alice Wonderland. Her Borg designation is Number One. And. She is like no other Queen who has come before her, in temperament and in manufacture. At the base of Alice's skull, something that's not supposed to exist. An Epson sphere, perfect and seamless, with a Blink Drive core.

In effect, she is a lizard in a woman's skin—there is another name for such a creature as she, an impossible machine based upon purely biological constructs, her more apt moniker is the "Everyday Nightmare." A biomechanical masterpiece who rivals Toy.

There is an apparent fly in the ointment, so to speak. One that the Borg, especially The Queens this Queen and all of her predecessors seem to be ignoring.

Mondo is a Vampire, and Vampires are Demons, and Demons are Supernatural creatures, and all Supernatural creatures, by definition, are assimilative by nature.

Therefore. No matter how it may have appeared. In the context of addiction's mundane usage. The girl being Borg was never a physical addiction nor was it a psychological addiction, either. She craved being Borg, simply because she craved being Borg, in the same way that when she craved being the drunken junkie whore she did so simply because she craved being drunken junkie whore. In other words, she is the addict, who is not the addict, but, she is an addict when she is an addict, and not one when she isn't—avocation versus vocation.

But. There is something else, specific to this girl, which The Collective is counting on. The girl's inherent nature which in many ways mirrors their own.

The Borg are homicidal, by nature. Mondo is homicidal, by nature. A Borg drone is cold and unfeeling—literally a robotic monstrosity, by manufacture. When she is not engaged in killing or torture, Mondo is predisposed to be cold and unfeeling—figuratively a robotic monstrosity, by nature—only expressing the proper emotional responses in social situation where it's required that she be otherwise than *deus ex machina*. So, left to her own devices, she prefers to feel emotions only when she is the point of the spear. A Borg drone is asexual. Excluding her sadism and masochism, which are clearly not expressions of "normal" sexuality, and irrespective of her well-

documented capacity to enjoy what is defined as “normal” sex, Mondo craves to be asexual, and craves to be in personal relationships where she can be asexual. This explains why as a human, Mondo was a virgin.

In summation. Of all of those alternative iterations of her. Her, as a Borg drone is that alternative her which is closest to what she by nature craves to be anyways.

Therefore. In a very real sense. This girl was Borg before she was ever assimilated into The Hive. And, as such, in the way that it really matters. She will always be Borg.

Underneath her clothes, her fancy latex panty brief gets pursed and is replaced by her plain latex panty brief. The plain panty brief mimics the utilitarian functionality of a Borg EXO—nothing fancy, serves the purposes of coverage and hygiene maintenance, and nothing else.

The smile wipes from her face. She prefers not to smile, anyways. Unsmiling, the shape of her large, ugly mouth—that frown of a mouth of hers—that Bass eating bait mouth of hers—exudes loathing and disdain in spades, even though that’s not the wearer’s intent. It is the hard, stoic face befitting a Borg drone.

This, the most current iteration of her standard Girl Friday mode—her standard Sarah Palin, version whatever—is asexual and unfeeling; in a word, robotic. A tight-assed, sexually-repressed shrew. Expressed as prim and proper. Expressed as the sexpot accountant. Expressed as the librarian provocateur. Expressed as straight-laced, stiff-backed. Haughty and aloof, and seemingly unattainable. A spinster. Looking every bit the part of being eve ready to fuck, to be fucked, to be coveted, and to be worshipped, but without interest whatsoever in fucking or being fucked—a real cold fish, so to speak. A lot of false advertising and mixed signals going on, now.

This former Borg drone. This personification of the stereotypical stoic Scandinavian blonde beauty, albeit she’s Germanic in ancestry. For whom, sex is violence. For whom, violence is sex. This epitome of sex and violence in the two-legged upright adult female human form—human in appearance, but who is not a human being, whatsoever.

Dead Friends

The Best of Deep Throat: Some girls have it and some don't, that unmistakable flair for driving men wild with their oral skills and these experts, e.g., Erica Boyer, Little Oral Annie, and Janey Robbins, have had lots of practice. Paired with such super well hung studs as Peter North and John Leslie, these carnal couplings will leave you with a lump in your throat! The Deeper the Better!

What's the fantasy PDS, personal defense shield?

Well. It goes something like this. Combine the advantages of Borg shields and Holtzmann shields, none of their disadvantages, e.g., no risk of assimilation à la the Borg shields. Add in equal parts ghosting, broadband teleportation, flicker, overdrive, cloaking that eludes detection by remote viewing and any form of electronic surveillance in the known Creation, and the ability to cancel out any other competing force fields in the vicinity—the entire techno and arcane shebang. Give it a cool sounding name which originated from an abbreviated form of the Brazilian Martial Art Jiu Jitsu, in modern parlance, “jitz.” And. You've got yourself a Holy Grail.

Of course. No such thing as jitz exists in the PDS realm of reality. Then again. Flicker is not supposed to exist either, and the Martians are using it on Mars.

Underneath Vatican City, massive Feld Effects dampening generators create an encryption field that cancels out all persuasions of force fields including Borg shields as well as ghosting, spooking, overdrive, cloaking, spoofing, etc. Only Holtzmann shields which are broadcasting the correct key-codes can function.

Sister Pelosi and her crew of Killjoys. Just like all Killjoys, all other persuasion of Dolls, and the Vatican's Swiss Guard are wearing personal shield generators. The personal generators that look a lot like Google watches are known commonly as Pentashields. Even though their Pentashields are broadcasting the correct Vatican key-codes, none of their shields work. In point of fact, within the confines of this passageway, no Holtzmann functions.

The passageway “warns” the Vampire of an impending ambush. Mondo signals, appropriately.

Miss Kane: And so it begins.

Sister Pelosi responds in kind.

Sister Pelosi: Engage.

Miss Kane, Sister Pelosi, and Sister Pelosi's crew of Killjoys, all have the same experimental app installed on their smartphones. The icon for the app has a blood red background with a black logo consisting of a Death's Head above an infinity symbol encircled by arcane script and mathematical equations. And. This is not just any Death's Head. It is the emblem by the Nazis' infamous SS Death's Head unit, the SS-Totenkopfverbände.

Genocide is the specialty of the SS-Totenkopfverbände, which is a paramilitary group of R&D scientists within The Reich.

The Deaths' Head apps launch on their phones. The odds go from lopsided against them—a bonafide slam-dunk. To even-steven. It's a “pick-'em” fight, now.

So. Miss Kane, Sister Pelosi, and Sister Pelosi's crew step willingly and willfully step into a trap guaranteed to exterminate them. And. Normally, it, it would. But. To reiterate. Today is one of those special days. A day when what they are about to do cannot be undone, and, it will change everything forever.

The SS-Totenkopfverbände have a cool sounding name for their app. They call it "jitz." And. This is the first time that it has ever been used in the field. It is in the midst of these field trials that Mondo dispassionately reflects upon the depth and breadth of the con that she has been involved in. Of course, considering who and what she is—her place in the scheme of things. It really doesn't matter by her way of think that she's been had all along by her elders, she'd figured as much from the git-go, anyways—you're being used by "them," again, you might as well enjoy the ride.

Rule Number One. Of any con or game. The only way to get smarter is to play a smarter opponent. Does the word "snake" spring to mind? If so, don't knock it. Because you only get smarter playing a snake.

Rule Number Two. The more sophisticated the game. The more sophisticated the opponent. And. That opponent can be found where you least expect them to be.

Rule Number Three, taken verbatim from *The Road to Suicide*, page 1, line 1. The only real enemy to have ever existed, is an eternal one.

When that worst enemy, that slipperiest trickster, that smartest opponent who is your ultimate undoing, is the one who disguises itself as you in your thoughts. It's always your ego.

Thanks in large part to Miss Kane, although unwittingly. A Borg Queen will finally sit at the table of absolute power. And. Toy, who has hidden in the shadows for so very long, can finally come out of seclusion and sit right next to Number One, with the other powers that be.

The powers that be (TPTB). Female and Male and Whatever, Flesh and Machine and Whatever. Parallel dominate species and genders and sexual orientations. The latest incarnation of The Council of Nine, whose domain is Creation.

In other words. Your friends are close, your enemy is closer—from, *The Road to Suicide*, page 1, line 2.

After the short uneventful reign of an interim male Pope. The Church will crown another female Pope, this time one who shouldn't prove to be a total embarrassment to her gender like the current one has. At least that's the plan.

As such. The ends justifies the means—the implication of the Rules of their Game, the Game of The Nine.

As for our Miss Kane. Twisted, evil, demented, killer-bitch that she is. The reward for blind loyalty such as hers, in her unquestioning service to her betters. Is to be used in kind by those betters for their ultimate, but not their sole, benefit. She too has benefited—boundlessly rewarded.

So. All's well that ends well.

Who played the Borg Queen in Star Trek: The Next Generation?

The Borg Queen was played by **Alice Krige** in the film Star Trek: First Contact and in the finale of Star Trek: Voyager, “Endgame.” The character was played by **Susanna Thompson** in the Voyager episodes “Dark Frontier,” “**Unimatrix Zero**,” and “**Unimatrix Zero, Part II**.”

The endgame.

Mondo materializes in the Papal office. Sister Pelosi and her crew of Killjoys are nowhere to be seen, per Mondo’s explicit direction.

Placid and calm. The Holy See’s office is an oasis. Outside, it’s open civil war in The Vatican. As expected, the Papal Swiss Guard are the only “faction” which remains steadfastly neutral amid all of this internal strife.

Lucifer is standing in front of the window. He’s looking outside at the ensuing mayhem. He smiles as the Vampire enters. Even if he didn’t see her reflection in the window panes. He would of course know she was there from the git-go, without having to turnaround. It’s checkmate; the game is over. Not wishing to overstay his welcome, he dematerializes.

Now. It’s just Pope Ruth and Mondo. The Holy See is seated behind her desk.

“So, it comes to this.”

“Yes, it does.”

“Will Sister Pelosi be my replacement?”

“Eventually.”

“Does she know it, yet?”

“Not yet.”

“So she didn’t do this for personal gain. Good for her. I’ve always thought highly of her.”

“You were a good person, once. Then you strayed from the path. You let power, and your own personal weaknesses and eccentricities, corrupt you. Hopefully, for her sake, Sister Pelosi won’t make the same mistake.”

As they converse, Mondo is moving ever closer to The Holy See. There is a revolver setting on the desk in front of Pope Ruth.

“I’d rather die by my own hand, than by yours.”

“I will respect your request.”

“Thank you. You are most kind.”

“I’m a lot of things, and kind is definitely not one of them.”

“I know. It was just a figure of speech.”

Pope Ruth puts the barrel of the revolver in her mouth and pulls the trigger. She blows the back of her head off. And so ends the short eventful reign of Pope Ruth I.

The Papal office has surveillance, both electronic and remote viewing. Forensics from the surveillance, including visual and audio, shows that The Holy See was alone for the last seventeen hours of her life holed up in her locked office. Hardened interior, the only door affording entrance locked from the inside, key still in its lock, wards and warrants in place and unviolated. No secret passageways. No one recorded entering or leaving the office, except for The Pope, during a twenty-four period. All office visitors accounted for a forty-eight hour period. Etc. Etc. Etc.

Of course, there are the two anomalies. The Pope is shown having a conversation with two “imaginary” visitors during that seventeen-hour period before she takes her own life. The first conversation is with someone she calls “L.” The other conversation, the one that occurs immediately preceding her suicide, is with someone unnamed.

Sins of the Flesh

Notes on a Scandal—Cate Blanchett (Actor), Judi Dench (Actor), Richard Eyre (Director)

When Sheba Hart joins St. George's as the new art teacher, Barbara Covett senses a kindred spirit. But Barbara is not the only one drawn to her. Sheba begins an illicit affair and Barbara becomes the keeper of her secret.

Gold stars to all for this taut psychological thriller based on Zoe Heller's novel that gets more insidiously twisted as it unfolds. Oscar-nominated for her chilling performance, Dame Judi Dench gives a master class as schoolteacher Barbara Covett, a frumpy, friendless, and flinty spinster who lives with her cat. A formidable presence, Barbara is standoffish with colleagues and not one for students to trifle with (not that they'd dare). Cate Blanchett, also an Oscar nominee and winner of several critics society awards for her impassioned performance, costars as Sheba Hart, the new, overwhelmed art teacher who first becomes enthralled to Barbara after she steps in to help Sheba discipline unruly students. Barbara cultivates a friendship, and insinuates herself into Sheba's chaotic life, which includes her older husband (Bill Nighy), teenage daughter, and a son with Down's syndrome. Then, Barbara catches the reckless Sheba in a compromising position with a 15-year-old student (Andrew Simpson). Seizing her opportunity, the calculating Barbara does not turn her in. Rather, she wants to "help" her. "She's the one I've been waiting for," she writes in the journals she meticulously keeps, and which provide, in voiceover, her corrosive commentary. This all sounds very *Fatal Attraction*, but no boiling rabbits, please; we're British. Philip Glass's Oscar-nominated score accentuates the growing menace. Though there is little in these characters to admire, (one would think GLAAD would have something to say about the predatory turn Barbara's character takes), *Notes on a Scandal* is a compelling tour-de-force for its Grade-A cast.—**Donald Liebenson** (*Amazon.com movie review*)

Please note. In the now consummated reign of the Borg Queen, designation Number One. Things are very formal and severely traditional. The prefix of "Number" the equivalent of Mr., Mrs., Ms., and Miss is now rigidly part of all Borg designations, without exception.

The epilogue.

Number One should be gloating, and she is. And, for good reason. They are alone in the Queen's chamber in Unimatrix Zero. She and her obsession Miss Kane, who has just arrived. The thing she covets the most—the Queen long ago sexually objectified the girl. To her, the girl is a sex object to possess and is secondarily a person.

This Miss Kane has no knobb and not one iota of The Borg within her. But. It's not a total loss. This Miss Kane is cold and unfeeling like a machine, and that turns Number One on to no end. That's the goodness, but the badness is somewhat putting a dampening on the party.

"Try to assimilate anyone on The Council. Your attempt will fail. No one who sits at that table can be assimilated by Borg. Your race will be hunted down and exterminated, in retaliation for the failed coup d'état."

Coco has agreed to loan the girl to Number One. So. Miss Kane, for now, is exclusively Number One's Girl Friday. And the Borg queen is taking full advantage of the situation.

"Oh well. It was only an idle thought on my part anyways."

"It's best to keep such thoughts to oneself."

Miss Kane's responses are delivered in a curt bland monotone. In keeping with her being an asexual two-legged calculator.

"Thanks for the advice. I appreciate it, Number Seven."

"I'm at your service, Number One. It is my purpose to serve you."

"So. It is a Council of unequals?"

"Yes. Then again it always has been. And. It always will be."

"I prefer you Borg."

"Yes, Number One."

And just like that. The Queen can "sense" that the girl is Borg again. The girl's knobb sprouts from the rightside of her neck. Add to this the girl's frumpy, friendless, and flinty spinster librarian accountant visage.

"That's much better. Now, to the books. We need to know, as soon as possible, who is stealing from us."

Miss Kane is again back with The Collective, as Borg drone Number Seven. Number Seven will only speak when spoken to. Thus. Mostly, she'll keep her mouth shut. That blank look on her face. It's the face of a mindless robot—the vacuous face of a Borg drone. Although Miss Kane is far from mindless, let alone a mindless Borg drone. As previously mentioned, this is how the girl prefers to be and to look—her preferred facade.

As Borg. On the rare occasions that she does speak. She will refer to herself in the third-person plural.

Her mouth. A large ugly cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent. A mouth befitting the cruelty of a dominatrix, especially a Borg dominatrix. In

a word, the mouth of a Borg queen. It is clearly not the listless mouth of a Borg drone. Borg drones, after all, are submissive in relationship to their Queen.

Her facial expression. A vacuous look juxtaposing cold cruel blue eyes. Not the empty vacant eyes of someone who is prime fodder to be used. Therefore. They are not the eyes of a Borg drone. They are the predatory eyes of a Borg queen. Ergo, they are the eyes of a callous exploiter.

Sporting sternns-miles and sternka. She's attired in her usual dowdy chic. Koo. Bolshoi-bare. Perls. Prudz. Careys. Rocket bra and flesh-colored plan latex panty brief. She was relieved of her phone, holster, and purse, when she first arrived.

The bra is a generic. A lacy white satin torpedo bra with a daring cleavage-baring French cut. A cut that compliments the plunging front of the girl's buttoned suitcoat. A brasserie in the style of the Bali Satin Tracings Minimizer Underwire Bra 3562, but with pointed thrusting cups in keeping with a retro-1950s fixation with large cone-shaped projectile breasts—the larger they are, the harder we fall.

Brand-X unmentionables with the mouthwatering French cut of name-brand undergarments. Sexual repression never looked so good covered up.

Dowdy. Severe. Hard-faced. Pretty. The sexpot robot girl exudes sexual repression.

Number Seven sits down stiff-backed, legs double crossed tightly, at an accountant's table and begins pouring over the books. Some of the books are eBooks, but the majority of them are physical books, actual old-fashioned ledgers. The advantage of paper of course is that unlike its electronic brethren, it can't be hacked remotely by computer hackers.

Number One stands behind Number Seven. Massaging the drone's shoulders and licking her knobb. Afterwards, Number One intends to viciously and violently fuck rape the girl.

"I know that you can control us Borg with your knobb, Number Seven. But. As my Number Seven you never will," Number One whispers in the girl's ear.

Number One is so enthralled with the girl, that she ignores the obvious cautions, and, in a word, throws caution to the wind. And those cautions are all grave ones, the gravest of which are real jaw droppers.

What are these gravest cautions, that Number One is choosing to ignore?

Caution Number One. Seven is cold, calculating, and unfeeling. The robot girl's calculation should give the Queen pause, but she ignores that caution as if she were an obsessive compulsive human being

Caution Number Two. The girl went willfully and willingly from girl Miss Kane to robot girl Number Seven on command. Like the flicking of a switch.

Caution Number Three. The girl is Borg and something else. A something else that Number One can sense but she's can't unravel—there is no tell whatsoever as to what that something else is. That something else is, and it's the most dangerous of the three gravest cautions, is that this girl who is a dominatrix in addition to being a submissive, craves both roles equally and simultaneously!

In summation. What all the cautions point to, especially the gravest ones, is something that Number One stays in a perpetual state of complete denial about. She steadfastly refuses to

acknowledge this one fundamental known truth about the girl. The girl as a Borg is both a queen and a drone.

Simply put. A Germanic take on the classic icy Scandinavian blonde—a haughty Danish blonde with decidedly sinister overtones. Danish blonde—a blonde with bright yellow-blonde hair—hair the color of raw wheat. And. Decidedly sinister overtones that reek of Borg and Nazi.

All the cautions. The summation. The “in other words.” The “simply put.” Come to fruition, much sooner, as opposed to much later.

Mondo as an apparition steps out of Number Seven. Mondo solidifies into the “real” Mondo Kane. And this girl has no knobb or one iota of Borg.

Number Seven sits there and goes about her business of inspecting the books looking for the “fingerprints” of the culprit. She is a construct. And a very convincing one at that.

Although Mondo’s phone, holster, and purse, are well hidden in a fully shielded safety deposit box. They find their way back to her, materializing underneath her suitcoat. Clipping themselves to the waistband of her skirt.

“I like the way she sits. It looks and feels so very rigorous and sexy and sexually repressed. I’m going to sit that way from now on,” Mondo quips.

Then. As if on cue. Coco and Toy materializes in the Queen’s chamber. Now things are really heating up. They walk over to Mondo and The Queen.

Toy is in the human guise of Star Trek actress Susanna Thompson. And. She’s wearing the EXO of a Borg Queen, just like Number One.

Coco, on the other hand, is dressed as usual to the nines. In her Melania Trump version of move-in chic for a White House arrival. Ergo. Coco has opted for a pair of tan wide-legged pants by Bally along with a white Dolce & Gabbana tank. On her feet are Manolo Blahnik heels—surely the easiest shoes for traipsing across the South Lawn—and she carries a Hermès Birkin bag. Really, though, it’s all about those pants, in keeping with the increasingly go-to sartorial choice for the current First Lady.

The sartorial splendor and haute couture of the current FLOTUS is both a part of Melania’s own personal style and an obvious nod to the sophisticated tastes of the previous POTUS and global fashion plate, former-sitting president, President Sarah Palin.

But. Before either Number One or Toy can get in a word in edgewise. Mondo continues her filibuster; a filibuster which pleases Coco to no end.

“Coco has graciously decided to sponsor both of you on The Council. Therefore, there cannot be even the appearance of impropriety. Ergo. I’m Coco’s Girl Friday. Therefore, Number One, you don’t get to use me the original Number Seven, anymore. You’ll have to suffice with using this Number Seven in lieu of me, instead. Consider this construct to be the version of me who Coco actually loaned to Number One as Girl Friday. Furthermore. Consider the original me as just the temporary overlay—the old bait and switch, but, per ROE, it’s deemed fair play in this case.”

“Also. My mistress, Coco, has generously decided to give the Borg a God. That God shall be Toy. Get use to that too, Number One.”

Neither Number One nor Toy bothers to offer any objection. Realizing that it would be pointless. Coco has to restrain herself from rolling on the floor laughing. Her girl has finally come of age, and is currently on a fat jelly roll.

“Now, for some needed housekeeping. This next bit is addressed to both Number One and Toy. So listen very carefully.”

“Both of you have come into possession of a certain app used by a certain Away Team during the recent unpleasantness at The Vatican. It’s on the restricted list. So. Banish any notions from your devilish minds of using it to commit unfettered genocide throughout Creation. Of course, mayhem, per ROE, is allowed.”

“This next bit is just for you, Number One, and all Borg.”

“When Toy dies, for any reason, you, Number One, lose your seat on The Council. And no Borg can ever sit on The Council, ever again.”

“But. Borg being Borg. You will try to destroy your God, anyways. She is one. And you are legion. The odds look stacked in your favor Number One. But. Remember. Looks can be deceiving.”

With that said, Mondo directs her full attention at Coco. Ignoring Number One and Toy, completely.

“It’s time for us to go, mistress. Else we’ll be late for Mrs. Carson’s dinner party.”

“You’re quite right. My. My. My. How time flies when you’re having fun.’

Never outshine or upstage your boss—in look, manner, or talent. In keeping with that sentiment. Coco and Mondo exit the scene, or, in the parlance of the theatre, they entered stage right and exited stage left. First Coco dematerializes and then Mondo follows suit. Number One and Toy are left to stew in their own juices.

The End