

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

By

H. P. Lovelace

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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?

No Time to Die

Non tempus mori

Kirstjen exits the Justice Building. Slowly descending that flight of granite steps. It's the morning after her all-nighter with Circuit Attorney Kim Garner. She's leaving by the front entrance.

Dr. Moe Bea Find is waiting for Kirstjen. A large wheeled piece of luggage in tow. Dr. Find is dressed akin to Kirstjen in a Wednesday Addams. But, sporting a moe, and wearing thick-readers, flats, perls, Piranhas, and Parts. Cilice-only mode for her WASP. It's known as a Moe Addams, and its decidedly butch. Again in the outside world, no longer employed by the NOOKs of Club Ugly. This beauty-obsessed Gorilla-ugly bulldyke robot.

Dr. Find walks over to greet Kirstjen who has stopped dead in her tracks once she has reached the foot of the steps. The girl is strangely quiet. Like she got in that NOOK when she allowed 13 to take remote control of her. Playing her role to a tee, Kirstjen has again allowed herself to be remote controlled, this time it's by Dr. Find.

Kirstjen or 7? It doesn't matter what you call her. She's again a flesh-n-blood robot. The now robot's expression becomes blank and her eyes become vacant, and her arms fall rigidly to her sides.

Dr. Find knows that she's being played. Knows that the girl, now robot girl, allowed her to take control. But she wants the girl so bad, she doesn't care.

Additionally, Dr. Find does have an ace in the hole, the same one 13 had when that robot controlled Kirstjen in the NOOK. Irregardless of how she gained control, either took it or was allowed, now that she's in control, she owns Kirstjen the robot 7, totally; same as 13 did in the NOOK. Once you gain control, it doesn't matter how you got it, control is control.

The robot covetously strokes the robot girl's left cheek.

"We'll screw like minx later, in private. I've taken the liberty and already leased the flat where we'll be playing house."

Kirstjen says nothing.

"I am your new live-in housekeeper. Or will be when you hire me and it's official." Dr. Find reaches around the girl's narrow waist and grabs her flat ass. "You belong to me, now. Capish?"

Again, Kirstjen says nothing.

"Excellent, silence is consent. And, I already have your husband's blessing."

Kirstjen blacks out. When the flog finally lifts. She comes back to herself laid out face down on a rapist in the bedroom of an apartment above a storefront *Queer Eyes* in the city's pricey Lesbian Quarter where the two lovebirds have setup house.

During the iterum, between her “abduction” and now. Much has happened to Kirstjen. She’s not the same person she was before; Dr. Find won’t allow her to be that person again. So. For all intents and purposes, that person, that Kirstjen, is gone forever.

Between and betwixt “treatments.” For her own personal amusement. Routinely, Dr. Find lessens her control of Kirstjen a scant bit. As a result, this Kirstjen seemingly becomes the Kirstjen that Dr. Find threw away.

Roleplay?

From this Kirstjen’s perspective, this is the first time that she has regained consciousness after blacking out in front of the Justice Building. It’s all smoke and mirrors, of course. In reality, as aforementioned, this reenactment has happened many times before upon Dr. Find’s whim. This Kirstjen is not the same Kirstjen that Dr. Find threw away.

Couture?

Paganini. The usual lacy white push-up bra, resulting in deep cleavage and projectile breasts, instead of a breast-mutilating hand-bra? Yes. A very brief and revealing—immodest—horsehair hospital gown? Yes. Perls, prudz, Parts, Piranhas, and porn tights? Yes.

Hygiene mode is switched off, for her features.

Strapped down and plugged into the rapist. Legs spread wide and arms held down rigidly at her sides. She’s hooked up like Frankenstein’s Monster.

The lash marks, some old and some fresh, covering her back and buttocks are clear evidence that she has been severely flogged and caned on a repeated basis.

No muzzle as yet but she is gagged—a leather and silicon BDSM horse-penis bit gag by Etsy, as if she’s a ponygirl Karen.

Bottomline. Bound and gagged.

She’s in withdrawal for something very potent; it’s the new designer drug known as “glitch,” a feral version of 0. This girl got the jones, really bad.

0 and glitch belong to the family of AI-powered drugs. This is why members of this family of pharmaceuticals are called “smart” drugs.

Potency-for-potency (P4P), glitch is currently the most potent and addictive substance in Creation. Its inventor is unknown. But it’s rumored to be the creation of a cyborg. Not uniquely, this opium-based narcotic degrades the looks of junkies in proportion to how much they abuse it. A must-have plus for ugly-obsessed users and their admirers.

In the center of the bedroom is a contraption of Victorian Era vintage akin to a Borg queen’s central alcove. In it, facing a restrained Kirstjen, is a disassembled Dr. Find, who is also strung-out on glitch. The alcove and the rapist, salvaged from an abandoned Victorian Era insane asylum and then extensively modified by Dr. Find, are the flat’s priority furnishings.

The rapist is a hybrid, akin to Bruce's but even more insidious, enslaving, and invasive, thanks to Dr. Find's handiwork. Outlawed for the treatment of crazies in contemporary times, rapists were a mainstay in insane asylums during the Victorian Era that birthed them.

Foreplay?

A buzzer on the table goes off, loudly. It's time for Kirstjen's prescribed dose of glitch. The drug is delivered via the rapist's IV lines plugged into Kirstjen's left arm and the leftside of her neck.

Stage 1: Go feral, after dosing.

Now a hopelessly addicted dope fiend for glitch, Kirstjen's brain short-circuits and she goes feral—total batshit crazy—foams at the mouth, gnashing of the teeth and ranting and raving in spite of her gag. A complete and utter lunatic. Reduced to a rabid animal, a crazy dumb beast, she insanely rages. Restrained on the table, just barely.

Domination, subjugation, ad nauseam. Dominatrix, submissive, ad nauseam. Teetotaler, dope fiend, ad nauseam. Sadism and masochism. Degradation and humiliation. Bondage and discipline. A captor who is usually a powerful much older woman, usually a bulldyke, who craves to possess her—e.g., 13, Moe, the Baroness, etc. Wash, repeat, rinse. She's been here before. She'll do it again. This cycle, this endless loop of depravity, never gets old for her.

Fads come and go. Eventually the girl gets bored with her captivity and moves onto some new enslavement which promises better kicks and subjugation by a more depraved owner.

The hallmark of an open marriage, a swingers' marriage. This extramarital relationship is known about, and totally condoned by, her husband—Dr. Find didn't lie. In point of fact, Dr. Find is a birthday present from Kirstjen's husband. Her husband hopes that her current captor, Dr. Find, proves to be more lasting satisfaction for Kirstjen.

Sexplay?

An hour passes, during which Kirstjen never stops raging. Then. Just like clockwork. Triggered by the antiquated table's old-fashioned analog timer. The buzzer goes off, loudly, again. The table delivers the robot's daily dose of electroshock therapy.

Additionally, during these brain-frying therapy sessions, the table sodomizes her, savagely raping her anally and vaginally, with the girth of its deep orifice-exploring probes.

Honorable mentions?

Performed on Kirstjen, as needed, and also upon Dr. Find's whim. Surgical and chemical lobotomy.

What's left of Kirstjen, with a scalpel-n-drug-butchered brain?

Blank stare. Empty expression. Robotgirl. Drone. Shades of zombified ghoul girl Vampira in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. The empty gaze and blank expression of that cinematic Vampire. In a word: mindless.

Utilizing, now outlawed, tried-n-true Victorian Era insane asylum techniques, along with massive IV-delivered doses of glitch. Overdose (OD), resurrect, ad nauseam. This new enslavement and enslaver will be very hard, if not impossible, to outdo.

Ad hoc torture?

She dies when the table's dissecting waist strap bisects her. Its mechanical arms then proceed to imaginatively and depravedly desecrate the halves of her corpse. Mutilation supreme. Jack and Jane, the Rippers, would be quite envious of this handiwork. Handiwork that causes Dr. Find's torso-strapping Parts to have an erection and ejaculate; Dr. Find is in the throes of ecstasy.

This torture of the girl, the taken, by the table, the taker. Pre and post mortem. All of which is the doing of this depraved AI in the form of a prosthetic table; none of it by Dr. Find's direction. Which makes perfect sense, because rapists are intrinsically sadists and haters. Alcoves, by design, are about bondage and discipline, degradation and humiliation. Combine these two robot species into one mechanism results in a hybrid, which is a sadistic enslaver that practices holistic degradation and humiliation.

Because she's a Noom, the table can safely take things much further with her than it ever could with a mundane. For example, normally, without some type of "immortality intervention," the bisection alone would finish off a mundane for good.

The Panic Room

Panic volutpat

Pain and pleasure. Sex bondage. Sex is violence. Pain is pleasure. Kirstjen is hanging upside-down in a very quiet place. A sensory deprivation chamber built into the bedroom closet next to the rapist. Leg irons. Leg spreader. Arms held rigidly behind her back in a monosleeve, a fingerless single glove armbinder, extending from armpits to wrists. Still gagged with a horse-penis bit. Still Paganini.

IV stuck in her neck delivering massive doses of glitch. In spite of this, no affectations of glitch intoxication. It's as if she doesn't have a monster drug habit that demands to be fed on a regular basis.

Not remote controlled by her subjugator Dr. Find. Not a lobotomy-butchered brain.

What came in with a bang has left with a whimper? Or. Is this hair of the dog? Neither.

This is an intervention. By whom or by what? The High Council? Brakebills? The girl's husband? Kirstjen, herself? Nothing is unhackable, except for paper documents; you can't hack paper.

Kirstjen's eye glow for a moment as she receives data downloads from Dr. Find. Now she is in sync with The Doctor.

Whomever or whatever pulled the plug, it wasn't Kirstjen. She can't get enough of how fucked up Dr. Find got her. The girl remembers everything that was done to her by Dr. Find. And, she can't wait till she gets back to it.

Mundane illusionists, escape artists, and contortionists would marvel at what an unimpaired Kirstjen does with her body, the double-jointed reveal, to free herself from her restraints. Harry Houdini himself would also be green with envy.

Kirstjen ends up freed, in darkness and silence. Cut off from all stimuli from the outside world, with the exception of her intrinsic robotic connection to Dr. Find.

The girl yanks out her IV. She deletes her gag and her gown, uploading them back into her features. Hygiene mode switches back on, for her features. Still her usual skinny and buxom—Gal Gadot slender with huge knockers. Blonde bombshell.

Wait a minute. She remembers everything that was done to her by Dr. Find? How about the times that she was completely out of her mind or unconscious? What just happened a minute ago, Dr. Find's data downloads into the girl's brain, provided those missing pieces.

Dr. Find's downloads are photographic in detail, of course. There's no loss in resolution. Remembering is literally reliving.

Kirstjen pauses to recall (recall in photographic detail) her abuse at the hands of Dr. Find. Still wearing her Parts, she has an erection and ejaculates in response to those memories. Her tights are hard-pressed to keep up with cleaning her up.

During recall. For this brief moment of indulgence and debauchery, Kirstjen's hair shortens to a crane and thick-readers download onto her face.

During recall, Kirstjen's eyes glowed the same color they did when she synced with The Doctor.

Dr. Find has proved to be an absolute genius when it comes to bondage and degradation, torture and discipline, sadism and masochism, the whole shebang. Twisted and perverse. With an imagination that has proven to be boundless. The depraved Dr. Find is the total package. Not to mention, glitch which is just to die for.

Recall, aftermath?

A strange thing happens. She fails to reset. So. When this moment passes her hair doesn't lengthen back into a mopp and her thick-readers don't get deleted again.

It gets even stranger. Paganini gives way to a Frances Haugen. A Frances Haugen is a Wednesday Addams but with a mandate for bare-legs and wurms. This very stiff template was invented by, and based upon the preferred attire of, infamous Facebook whistleblower and data scientist Professor Frances Haugen. In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s channeling the strict prudish disciplinarian trio of Miss Mildred Huff, *Psycho's* Miss Marion Crane, and *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn.

Wurms? Formally Telsa. Wurms are the nude heel version of careys. A nude heel is a women's shoe that is neutral in color—closely matching the skin color of the person wearing them. As such. Wearing them instantly elongates the look of a woman's legs. Breathtaking on a woman like Kirstjen who is already impossibly leggy. The long flawless legs, slim hips, and tight pancake butt of a Las Vegas Showgirl. Shades of an Alice Quinn's worm variation, formally Alice W Quinn, which Kirstjen sported on the now-cancelled TV show *The Magicians*.

No crane, eyeglasses, Parts, Piranhas, or cilice mode for her attire, or WGS. Not a butterface, and nothing to push her into that. Smoking hot from head to toe, in spite of her old-fashioned duds.

Yet, Mildred Huff and that ugly iteration of Marion Crane the one wearing the crane and the Coke-bottle glasses still tug at her with a vengeance—that obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD), that self-inflicted disfigurement, lurks in the shadows.

Kirstjen tries the closet door. It's unlocked. When she opens the door, her connection with Dr. Find is severed. The fully-furnished apartment is in ruins. Hasn't been inhabited for decades. No central alcove. No rapist. No Dr. Find. Then again, this is not her world. Gentrification has yet to reach this part of this downtown Saint Louis to create the Lesbian Quarter.

She looks back, briefly. No sensory deprivation chamber. Just a closet in ruins filled with rotting clothes.

The girl senses that's she's being watched, but her poker face reveals none of this suspicion. She walks over to a window and looks outside. She shudders with excitement. Glee paints her face. She's been here before, back when she was Niffin. This universe is unincorporated. Here she can be God-like, as magically powerful and significant as she was back then as a Niffin, if she so chooses. Very good to know.

During this revelry, something of note happens. A sliver of ugly slips through in the form of her mopp shortening to a crane before lengthening back to a mopp. It's only a matter of time. When, and not if, she goes ugly again. Then again, left to her own devices, that's the way it is with her these days.

Beyond her cravings for gender fluidity and ugly. Beyond her practice of corporal mortification—the atonement for sins and for pleasure through self-flagellation and the cilice. Beyond her lurid experiments with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating known among its devotees as “choking the chicken.” She sees disfigurement and self-mutilation as ends in and of themselves. Very twisted, very sick needs of a very sexual nature.

At this point in time in her life, she misses her prosthetic penis when she's not strapping. Being just a cunt-only female is no longer enough for her. Not transgender. Not pangender. In today's PC terms she's gender fluid. In non-PC hipster jargon, she's a she-male. She loves having a pussy but she loves slinging a dick also. Well-hung with a tight twat, and a long well-educated tongue.

During her debrief, after this away is done with. The mission-related excuse she will use for disfigurement during gameplay will be “anonymity.” And. Truth be told. As a hottie she's a traffic-stopper. As a buttaface, she isn't. Hot body; shit for a face: e.g., Stephanie Strang and Kayla Morton of *Street Outlaws: No Prep Kings*.

Her thick-readers download but not onto her face. Hanging around her neck by their chain and resting upon her ample bosom.

If she were wearing the Coke-bottle glasses, that would ravage and age her comely looks; adding decades and milage. Rendering her unattractive and much older looking—the girl wearing the Coke-bottle eyeglasses who no normie would bother to give a second look. The young, smoking-hot chick with the banging body who's hiding in plain sight. Worst: wearing Coke-bottle glasses equates to the same affectations as wearing hophead facial or geriatric facial, or plaintive makeup—wearing a hophead facial or geriatric facial, or plaintive makeup, with Coke-bottle glasses, would be superfluous. Dressed way too old for her age, the Coke-bottle-eyeglass-wearing thirty-something would be easily mistaken for that fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty. Hers would become the face of someone who has, over the course of decades of some very hard living, been road hard and put up wet many times too much.

Additionally, wearing a crane would amplify the deleterious effects of wearing Coke-bottle eyeglasses.

Kirstjen exits the unlocked apartment and takes the backstairs down to a boarded-up doorway. She forces open the rotten plywood panel into an overgrown backyard. Through a gaping hole in what's left for the stone privacy fence a garbage-strewn alley is visible.

By now she is wearing the thick-readers and sporting a crane. Her looks are shot, gone down the shitter. She's also sure that she's being followed, and her unseen tail is a real pro.

Underneath the suffocating weight of all of this exposition, is the glamazon, the glamorous amazon, Debra and her Puppies. The female face of WWF's Attitude Era: Miss Debra and her Puppies. Queen Debra Puppies. Show me your Puppies. Debra: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

A Wednesday Addams with bare legs, wurms, and a prudish WASP. As such. Kirstjen's crane lengthens back into a mopp. Thinz replace thick-readers, channeling the vibe of *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn. Long "perfect" memorizing legs showcased by wurms and a short albeit-prudish skirt.

This combo of eyeglasses and (circa 1960s) long big hair directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn. But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face when she has boobs like that, straining to break free of their strict confinement in a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

At her core she is this promiscuous Miss Debra and her ample Puppies channeling "I Lusiphur Poison Elves." Irregardless of Mildred Huff, and that ugly iteration of Marion Crane the one wearing the crane and the Coke-bottle glasses, still tugging at her with a vengeance—that OCD, that self-inflicted disfigurement, lurking in the shadows.

The young, smoking-hot chick with the banging body who's hiding in plain sight minus the onus of "ugly." You could argue that Kirstjen is even more anonymous this way. Got Wood?!

Autonomous weapon systems – Slaughterbots: The Case for “Killer Robots,” Part 1

Systemata arma autonoma - Slaughterbots: Casus pro “Occidens Robots,” Pars I

“The Big Dosser dropped like a murder victim and stayed still until the ref waived it off then he was fine. Wilder quit on his shield after talking all that yang. He made a complete fool out of Haye and all the losers who were backing this gutless Turd to beat a man who’s already beaten him twice. FOOL.”—**Wilder’s Ra.b.bit Punches**

Kirstjen stops dead in her tracks. She’s surrounded. One minute they weren’t there. The next minute they are.

There are seven of them, all in fancy dress circa 1930. Three women and four men. The women are wearing white evening gowns. The men are in tuxedos. From head to toes, they are dressed to the nines. All of them exude arrogance.

She hears voices, but their lips don’t move. Not telepathy. Overlapping conversations. Sing song. They mock her in a condescending fashion, and act as if she isn’t there.

“She might as well keep the other look.”

“Thick glasses and that short awful old-fogey Marion Crane hairdo.”

“Thin glasses and that short awful old-fogey Marion Crane hairdo.”

“No glasses and that short awful old-fogey Marion Crane hairdo.”

“Thin glasses and this *Friends*’ hairdo.”

“Thick glasses and this *Friends*’ hairdo.”

“No glasses and this *Friends*’ hairdo.”

“A bony trollop—”

“By any measure.”

“A skinny, vulgar, disreputable woman who engages in sex promiscuously or for money. Edit that. No one would pay for that worn-out pussy.”

A row of laughter.

“Ditto. I wouldn’t fuck her with your dick, for free.”

More laughter.

“And a junkie as well.”

“Not surprising she’s Judi’s wife. Husband and wife, both she-male sluts.”

“A real she-male and the other a fake one.”

“A match made in heaven.”

“For a God’s marriage, that is.”

For the seven, being a magician is not just an avocation. It’s also their vocation. But. Most importantly. It’s their race. And their race is legion.

Not Gods. Not demigods. They are Magicians, and therefore gods. They are the reason why it’s called “magic.” They also invented science.

Their presence here means that this is not the gameplay of an “ordinary” away as Kirstjen originally thought. This is “Magicka: Wizard Wars,” a favorite combat-based boardgame of deities. Magicka via proxies in select unincorporated universes. Evidently, since she was last here, this Earth has become part of Magicka gameplay.

Niffin are the master practitioners of magic, forbidden or otherwise. Magicians are likewise the master practitioners of science that abomination attributed to humans which existed long before humans dabbled in such things. The science of Magicians is so advanced that it can easily be mistaken for magic.

Unlike the Gods, Magicians only have a human form.

Freelancer. Freebooter. Bruce steps through the gap in the crumbling backyard wall. Behind follows three levitating Artifacts: The Holy Grail, the Spear of Destiny, and the Ark of the Covenant. Whose pawn, is he? Theirs.

This is the universe that this Bruce originally came from.

He kneels in front of their apparent leader; a woman. She smiles from ear to ear, and pats him on his bowed head. Unfortunately for him, he’s not one of their faithful. He’s just a gun for hire, a mercenary. Someone not to be trusted. And is thus disposable by their way of thinking when he’s outlived his usefulness.

“Good dog.”

“Well hidden in CLOSETs, ROOMs, and NOOKs, no doubt. Their locations constantly changing.”

“But—”

“He found them nonetheless.”

“He succeeded where so many others have failed before him.”

“Reward him, Mina.”

“He worships coin, not the Gods.”

“Give him what he deserves.”

Bruce’s heart skips with glee. But instead of receiving his promised riches. He gets unmade.

“Send her on a trip down the river fix.”

“From which she will NEVER return.”

“Hehehehehehehehehehehe.” A chorus shared by all seven of them.

Stage 2: Get high and groove in La-La Land, after dosing—you’re stoned out of your gourd.

Kirstjen feels a needle jab in her neck. She is needle spiked. Pure unadulterated glitch—the absolutely purest pharmaceutical grade. Her mind literally explodes.

Thick-readers and a crane—ruined looks, again. Careys in place of wurms. This switches back to wurms in place of careys.

In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s channeling the prudish trio of Miss Mildred Huff, *Psycho*’s Miss Marion Crane, and *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn.

Geriatric facial—further ruining her looks. A geriatric blonde krane in place of a flaxen crane. Piranhas and Parts. No WGS. No cilice mode for her WASP. Hygiene mode off for her features. An outfit that is now torn, ragged, and filthy, with split seams. She’s dirty and smelly, just like her now-ruined wearables. As if she was homeless, and had been living on the streets for years if not decades.

The Magicians disappear with the Artifacts. Kirstjen, her mind shattered and her looks ruined, stumbles through the hole in the backwall into the waiting arms of a baglady. An indigent who used to be a librarian in better times before falling off the wagon one-too-many times. The baglady’s name is Sara Sidle. Sara is seventy-something.

Sara is a practicing magician and those particular Magicians, the ones who just left, are her deities. She is one of their faithful. Of course, she worships The Gods, too. She’s also a religious fanatic. A rabid, hardcore Catholic of the old school, refusing to recognize any of the Vatican Reforms. Additionally, she’s a glitch addict. Her reward is the girl and a “nickel bag” of glitch to be cooked for shooting. Glitch as pure as Kirstjen just got shot up with. In its raw powdered form, glitch must be cooked into a liquid suitable for delivery by a syringe.

Pushing a battered shopping cart containing all of her worldly possessions, with her prize a zombified Kirstjen in tow, she heads down the alley toward the skidrow street.

She renames the girl, Lucy Sidle, and takes the girl for her wife. Lucy Sidle is also the name of the junkie baglady template that Kirstjen is now sporting.

Swap out the geriatric facial for Bolshoi-bare. Replace the geriatric blonde krane (crazy yellow-blonde crane liberally-streaked with grey and white) with a krane (crazy yellow-blonde crane). And the Lucy Sidle becomes a Sara Sidle.

By the time the two women reach the street, Kirstjen’s Lucy Sidle becomes a Sara Sidle which Sara Sidle prefers in spades. Tick tock.

Kirstjen’s krane gives way to a krazed. Sara Sidle becomes an Itt Sidle. Tick tock.

Krazed. Long, wild hair. Long, unkempt hair. Crazy hair. Disheveled hair. Mussed up hair. A long frightwig, no matter the hair color. The hairdo sported by the fictional Cousin Itt in the *Addams Family* (1965), except that a krazed leaves the wearer's face exposed.

Sara Sidle flips Kirstjen's Itt Sidle back to a Sara Sidle which Sara Sidle prefers in spades. Tick tock.

Autonomous weapon systems – Slaughterbots: The Case for “Killer Robots,” Part 2

Systemata arma autonoma - Slaughterbots: Casus pro “Occidens Robots,” Pars II

As it turned out, the crossed arms and blinking moves were created by Gene Nelson, the first director of the *I Dream of Jeannie* TV series. It was Barbara Eden who wanted to add her own little twist and included the head nod afterwards. It looks like the memorable motion that has become iconic took teamwork and was a group effort!

The end is the beginning. One of the upper floors. In better days it was a luxury hotel where a secret society hosted masked orgies in its penthouse. Now it's too far-gone to even be a flophouse.

An interior that's best described as “Eyes Wide Shut with a twist.” Peeling lead paint. And what's left of creepy chandeliers and body-part art.

A secret society? Their guests, which included Prince Andrew (Duke of York) and the journalist Katie Couric herself, ate lasagna out of shallow bowls at a party that took place just months after Epstein served a 13-month sentence for procuring a child for prostitution and soliciting a prostitute.

As if by an invisible hand. Sara Sidle is picked up and slammed into a wall. She's beheaded: her head is pulled off of her broken body. Eyes wide open. Mouth gaped open. No life shone in those eyes. Not levitating, her head is held up and carried as if it's a lantern or a prized trophy.

Heavy footsteps of this unseen homicidal “beast” on the planking of this hardwood floor. The Id creature of *Forbidden Planet* (1956)?

Carrying Sara's head, it moves into the next room where a strung-out Kirstjen is stretched out on a filthy mattress. A man, in withdrawal, is laying on the floor, nearby.

This place? It's a shooting gallery where junkies come to get high. Many of them overdose and never leave here alive. A perfect location when you want a public display to have no reliable witnesses for the authorities to question later.

This supposed Id beast is actually a very powerful and a mountain of a man wearing a GovX ghillie suit. A ghillie that's very much like the stealth suit worn by military snipers. It's super science not magic. This is why victory is very problematic for its wearer. Nonetheless, it's an interesting opening gambit, to say the least.

The killjoy's name is Maxx Payne. He's better known as **Hafþór Júlíus Björnsson** (Icelandic: 'haffthour 'ju:lijys 'pjœrson, in English transliterated as **Hafthor**), an Icelandic professional strongman and actor. He is the first person to have won the Arnold Strongman Classic, Europe's Strongest Man and World's Strongest Man in the same calendar year. He played Gregor “The

Mountain” Clegane in the HBO series *Game of Thrones* for five seasons. He also is a former professional basketball player.

Kirstjen is shocked into sobriety. It’s the work of her metaphysical Niffin metabolism. She stands up and faces the death dealer with a smile on her face. Dirty and smelly gives way to clean and pristine. Thinz and mopp. No Piranhas. No Parts. In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s channeling the prudish duo of *Psycho*’s Miss Marion Crane and *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn. With that eye-popping “Puppies” cleavage. Shades of Bella Hadid, minus the fake hair: Her cheek bones could carve ice; but is the big fake wig really necessary?

The eyes of Sara’s head shone with life again. It’s the work of the life-sized Voodoo fetish Doll that Sara is remotely linked to. Channeling this fetish Doll allows Sara to resurrect and reconstruct herself. She uses her fetish Doll akin to how Dorian Gray used his portrait in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Sara’s Voodoo isn’t on the level of a Voodoo Priestess but when it comes to Voodoo fetish Dolls, she’s a real cracker.

Needless to say, Sara’s Voodoo fetish Doll has three defining characteristics. The Doll sports a wide toothy Joker’s grin which stretches from ear to ear—creepy, as if it’s from that curse—The Smile. A Third-Eye Ajna Chakra tattoo is scripted in the center of the Doll’s forehead. The Doll is neither alive, nor Undead.

The third eye (also called the mind’s eye or inner eye) is a mystical invisible eye, usually depicted as located on the forehead, which provides perception beyond ordinary sight. In Hinduism, the third eye refers to the ajna (or brow) chakra.

The Doll’s secondary characteristics?

The Doll is an “it,” not a “he” or a “she.” It’s immune to magic being used directly against it. It has a hideous face. Grey eyeballs, with no irises, and constricted red pupils—ghoulies. Large pearly-white serrated teeth. Killer tongue. Bare hands and feet. Hermaphrodite: possesses male and female genitalia. Skinwalker. Consumes people, akin to a Goon. NOT a person. Sentient. A highly-addictive narcotic. Parasitic, akin to a Giant Leech. Long pointed fingernails—daggers. Short pointed toenails. Motley-grey complexion, akin to the Borg.

The Doll’s endowments?

Shoulder-length dreadlocks. An oversized knob on both sides of its neck. Three large pendulous “doggy” tits which hang down to its waist—the left and center ones ending in stringbean nipples and the right one is a moog. Klaw. Well-hung. Uncircumcised.

The Doll’s attire?

Perls. A hand-bra, for its left and center breasts. A cannibal skin loincloth. Piranhas. The ware of the ignoble savage.

Sara’s headless body enters the room. He’s being flanked. As if to say, “Hasta la vista baby,” Maxx lets go of Sara’s head and goes bye-bye. Short range site-to-site teleportation.

The magician's head doesn't drop to the floor. Instead, it levitates. Her body walks over and sticks it back on. Head and body reunite. In conjunction with her Doll, the magician's magical skills are equivalent to that of a Noom.

Obviously. In spite of the best efforts of his ghillie. Maxx was visible to Kirstjen and Sara, and that's because of their elite-level magic.

Kirstjen has been diminished physically by her glitch binge, and she hasn't had time to fully recover.

Sara has been diminished physically by the man mountain and by her glitch binge, and she hasn't had time to fully recover.

Physically, the two women are more-or-less on the same footing. Magically, they are not. Kirstjen is clearly on another level, if she so chooses, but she chooses not to go there. Therefore, in the mojo department, it's not a forgone conclusion who wins head's up.

So, magically speaking. Kirstjen keeps it an even-stein affair. Abdicating her option for Niffin practitioner of magic and keeps it 100% Noom practitioner of magic—the two women stay equally powerful practitioners of magic.

So. The question now becomes, at the same magical power level, which woman is more proficient, trickier, and slicker with their magic? Bottomline, who is the better magician?

Sara also goes clean and pristine. She goes one further, assumes the Moe Addams of The Doctor. Decidedly butch. But, no cilice mode for her WASP. Never a nun, she likes dressing up like one. Her outfit doesn't distract Kirstjen the least little bit.

Then, without any more dilly-dallying, they fight.

Two women face each other, nine feet apart. In the midst of a squalid drug den. There are no pyrotechnics, no elaborate gestures, no verbose incantations, no convoluted spellcasting, no manifestations of proxied demons who are eaters of worlds, no wizardry, no sorcery, no other such vectors: none of the "wham bam thank you ma'am" of practical effects.

Mutual magical combat. An arcane duel of honor, and therefore implicitly sanctioned by The Gods.

Two combatants, their calmness and cold-bloodedness in even this most extreme of situations. Bone-chilling.

This is very high-level battle magic, fought to the death. In this case, death as in extinction. The demise you don't resurrect from.

And even though magic cannot be used directly against Kirstjen because she's a Noom. As previously noted, magic can be used indirectly against Noom—e.g., use magic to drop a mountain on top of her, crushing her.

Likewise. Even though magic cannot be used directly against Sara while she's linked to her Doll. Magic can be used indirectly against Sara—e.g., use magic to drop a mountain on top of her, crushing her.

Bella Hadid Forgot to Wear Pants While Out in NYC And Honestly, It's A Vibe

Bella Hadid oblitus gere Braccae in NYC et Pia, Est A Vibe

Histrionic personality disorder (HPD) is defined by the American Psychiatric Association as a personality disorder characterized by a pattern of excessive attention-seeking behaviors, usually beginning in early adulthood, including inappropriate seduction and an excessive need for approval.

The entire time that Kirstjen was on that alternate Earth, Gina Holden, her TA, was watching her via remote viewing. It's not as creepy and stalkerish as it sounds. Because the eavesdropping was done at the behest of the interim chancellor of Brakebills. So, Gina didn't have a choice in the matter.

"It ain't no fun, when the rabbit got the gun."

Gina smiles wickedly at Kirstjen after uttering one of her favorite jests. Kirstjen's comeback is equally wry.

"That's conventional wisdom."

Thin and a crane. All by their lonesome. Transforms Kirstjen's appearance. Into that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the severe schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain. This beta of the drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend version of Kirstjen smiles wickedly back at Gina.

"But you ran counter to that. You intentionally leveled the playing field just to see who was better."

"Combat magic is so much sweeter that way. I haven't had it that good in so long. While teetotaling, to pass the time, in-between and betwixt such gems, I wish I could stay creepy and bland, hardlooking and pretty, too—the stiff-backed fetish doll. That's why I dig Alice W Quinn channeling Wednesday Addams and Mildred Huff so much. Essentially, a cross between *Psycho's* Marion Crane and Matt Helm's ubiquitous Stella Stevens."

Kirstjen winks at Gina.

"From your mouth to Gods' ears."

Gina winks back at Kirstjen.

"In fact, I like Alice W Quinn so much, if it weren't for my other commitments, I'd stay this way all of the time when I was sober."

A wry wit from both girls. Back and forth with their quips.

“And when you are intoxicated, to pass the time, in-between and betwixt such gems, you’re a strung-out Mildred Huff.”

“My other commitments permitting, of course.”

“Of course.”

Swap in thick-readers for thinz, and a drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend becomes a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend. Mildred Huff is always lurking in the shadows to take over again. Mildred Huff who craves the indulgences of a crane, Coke-bottle-eyeglasses, Parts, Piranhas, and WGS, and cilice mode for her WASP. Mildred Huff strung-out on glitch. Mildred Huff, junkie crackwhore schoolmarm. But today is not one of those Mildred Huff days.

Today, and most of the night, will be spent grading finals. Playtime as Mildred Huff with Dr. Find will have to wait for the weekend. Monday is a holiday, which means it will be a three-day weekend. Dr. Find is busy cooking the glitch.

But. To reiterate. Commitments always come first for Kirstjen. Being the wife of a God, she’s love interest, sex object, and possession. As such. The most she expresses Mildred Huff around her husband and those of that establishment ilk is to wear thinz and a crane with her Marion Crane flavored Wednesday Addams. Typically, she wears a mopp and no eyeglasses around that stiff-backed crowd of B-squares.

No one makes passes at girls who wear glasses. Of course, there’s always exceptions to that rule when you have a killer body like hers.

Here. In the teachers’ study hall, grading mountains of exam papers—wearing thinz and a crane instead of a mopp and no eyeglasses, and thus intentionally less attractive—Kirstjen is the drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend who’s functionally a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush (a habitual heavy drinker, in this context). No Parts, Piranhas, WGS, or cilice mode for her WASP. Bolshoi-bare, of course. Wurms, for that Alice W Quinn flavoring.

The crane, which is a mini bouffant by definition, is both a tossed salad and very severe. Janet Leigh’s unbecoming late-1950s early-1960s hairdo, this big short hair, is the most popular hairstyle of bookkeepers, accountants, CPAs, schoolmarms, blue-haired old ladies, etc. Made famous by Ms. Leigh’s Oscar-winning Best Actress portrayal of the Marion Crane character in Alfred Hitchcock’s *Psycho*.

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

Psycho's Marion Crane was a sexually-repressed supercilious serial killer, which is how Kirstjen comes off when she wears thick or thin eyeglasses and a crane with her WASPy Marion Crane flavored Alice W Quinn. In a word: creepy.

As a buttaface, Kirstjen has a hot body and shit for a face. Then again when you're built like that, irrespective of your spinster duds, who the hell looks at your face anyways?

Butterface due to eyeglasses and a hairdo isn't the same thing as buttaface with a mopp and no eyeglasses. As such. Beware Kirstjen, "Mistress of the Dark!" giving you a proper schooling and a true masterclass. A woman who allows you inside her Valley of Dreams because she wants something from you; deluding yourself into thinking otherwise at your own peril.

Vampira, Elvira, Svengoolie, current and syndicated out of Chicago, on Saturday nights on the free to air, digital subchannel, ME TV. ME = Memorable Entertainment.

Hands to Gods. Functionally a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush isn't the same thing as being a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush—teetotaler, dope fiend, ad nauseam.

In the immortal words of the seminal magician Carlos Santana, when he was asked if he still indulges in mind-altering substances: "I wouldn't call it indulge, I call it visiting myself from another angle. Indulge is like if you eat too much carrot cake. I don't do that. I dive into a place where I can discover something different and new with emotion, feelings, and passion, like a meditation."

Unlike that acclaimed seventy-something virtuoso magician, Kirstjen is not circumspect about partaking: "I get stoned out of my gourd as often and as much as I can. I go to that Niffin place where mercy cannot preempt my wrath, and my wrath is unconditional."

They only kill their masters.

Modo dominos suos necant.

A Grune. That severe, outdated, very becoming hairdo, and the trademark ‘do of Texan and Country Music legend Dolly Rebecca Parton. Big hair—hair closer to the Gods. Hair that falls on both sides of the wearer’s face. Long, straight, golden tresses framing a hard face that would be pretty as well if she were not wearing thick-readers. As a result of the Coke-bottle-eyeglasses, she looks like she’s been hit in the face repeatedly with a shovel—she’s ugly. Shades of The Monster.

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

Shades of Elvira and Elvira’s ghoul girl predecessor Vampira. This long big hair is the second most popular hairstyle of bookkeepers, accountants, CPAs, schoolmarms, blue-haired old ladies, etc.

Wearing thick-readers and sporting a Grune, she exudes sexual repression. Pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything.

Except for the grune and the Coke-bottle-eyeglasses, Kirstjen looks exactly as she did while she was grading final papers in the study hall with Gina. As she ascends the stars, that changes. She becomes that bi-gender tramp, again. Downloading her Parts from her features. Strapping gender-bending Parts makes her heart skip with glee. This sex symbol craves gender fluidity.

Well-hung thanks to her Parts. Her penile womanhood bulging in the crotch of her sheer rubber panties. Her brief severe skirt hides the grotesque, gender-bending sight of this ravishingly-beautiful girl with the killer body being hung like a horse, and that freakish endowment being showcased by her sexy latex thong. A travesty made worse by her wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which erase her beauty entirely.

Kirstjen is the drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend who’s functionally a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush. Plus, Parts, Piranhas, and WGS, and cilice mode for her WASP. To make matters worse, she’s in withdrawal and experiencing DTs. Suffering mentally and physically, in complete and utter agony, and enjoying every minute of it.

Delirium tremens (DTs) is the most severe form of ethanol or glitch withdrawal manifested by altered mental status (global confusion) and sympathetic overdrive (autonomic hyperactivity), which can progress to cardiovascular collapse.

Mildred Diggs, one of Kirstjen's snoopy elderly neighbors opens her door as Kirstjen reaches the top of the stairs. Mildred is also a junkie, addicted to glitch. Age and drug ravaged-looking herself, she likes seeing the young beautiful girl looking this way, all ravaged-looking and such—this young beautiful girl, looking neither young nor beautiful.

Usually, when Kirstjen wears a grune, she also goes bi-gender, which gladdens Mildred's heart even more, because that equates to even more self-inflicted disfigurement.

Mildred is wearing a pink terrycloth bathrobe, matching bunny slippers, perls, prudz, Parts, Piranhas, thick-readers, and nothing else. Her usual attire. Strung-out, as usual.

Before Kirstjen can unlock the door to her apartment, Mildred intercepts her.

Mildred lets her bathrobe fall open. Exposing her wares. Which includes an erect penis. She assaults the girl. Spinning Kirstjen around, unbuttoning the girl's jacket while shoveling her hand up the girl's skirt. As Mildred gropes Kirstjen's tits and penis, she ejaculates. At the same time this is going on, Kirstjen has an erection and also ejaculates.

Due to the sexual assault. Needless to say, Kirstjen never makes it into her own apartment.

The lascivious old biddy herds Kirstjen into her apartment, locking the door behind them. Where Laverta, another one of Kirstjen's snoopy elderly neighbors is waiting, hypodermic in hand. Laverta jabs Kirstjen in the neck and empties the contents of the syringe into the girl's jugular vein. Kirstjen slides off into narco-oblivion.

Minus the bathrobe and slippers, Laverta is attired just like Mildred. Both elderly bulldykes are blue-hairs—Mildred wears a grune and Laverta wears a crane. Both are quite possessive when it comes to using this ugly version of Kirstjen. Neither of them has any use for the young beautiful sober version of the girl. Both are bony, big tit, horny, hung-like-a-horse, twisted old bitches. Both are chronic glitch abusers, who crave that dope-fueled haze. Both are stereotypical manhating bulldykes with masculine ways and means and mannerisms, with deep voices that are borderline masculine—i.e., scary!!!

Akin to Whoopi Goldberg, both old biddies believe that the girl must be punished severely for being young and beautiful, and the best person to mete out that punishment is the girl herself.

Saturday morning:

For the girl. Early morning wakeup brings dry mouth from a massive hangover and a splitting headache from an enlarged pineal gland also from that massive hangover. The girl's skirt, thong, and shoes are missing. She regains consciousness stretched out on Mildred's bed. Handcuffs, behind her back. Legcuffs. And, horse-penis bit gag.

Mildred is in the bathroom taking a shower. Laverta, who moved into the building just last week, is sprawled out on the floor, a ragdoll who's as high as a kite on glitch. Strung-out is the norm for Mildred and Laverta.

When Kirstjen tries to get out of the bed, she ends up face down on the floor and passes out. Hearing the loud thump of Kirstjen's body hitting the floor, Mildred steps out of the bathroom, soaking wet, shower still running.

Mildred shoots up Kirstjen, Laverta, and herself, and returns to her shower. Where she eventually succumbs to the prime dope the three of them are using.

Later on, the same day. Kirstjen regains her senses again. She's back on the bed. Leg spreader in place of leg cuffs. Mildred between her legs deep throating her. The girl's coat and bra are gone. Sporting an erection and ejaculating, Laverta walks over and jabs Kirstjen in the neck with a needle filled with glitch. Laverta creams all over Kirstjen's face and chest.

Kirstjen doesn't pass out, this time, as if she's finally acclimated to this mega level of dope potency in her system to achieve point and thus stays awake while she's high. Being chronic glitch abusers, the other two women are already there, of course. That glitch fueled haze.

Mildred removes Kirstjen's eyeglasses. They are no longer needed to ruin her looks. In spite of her Bolshoi-bare, the girl now has the drug-ravaged face, stringy neck, and disheveled hair of a hardcore fifty-something hophead. No longer pretty or young, whatsoever, her face is just hard and well-used, as hi-mileage as Mildred's or Laverta's.

Kirstjen sees herself in the mirrored ceiling. Her face is almost unrecognizable. She is as bony as Mildred and Laverta. Nor does she care, anymore, about such things, just like Mildred and Laverta stopped caring about such things a long time ago. Her next fix and her next fuck are all she cares about, now, just like Mildred and Laverta. Mildred and Laverta are sisters, twins, and rabid incestuous lovers. They are also husbands, married to each other.

The girl's face and neck are wrecked, totally fucked up. Mildred is pleased and so is her sister. Mildred slips the Coke-bottle-eyeglasses back on Kirstjen's face, amplifying the girl's self-inflicted disfigurement.

Fuck and get high is the only order of the day for Mildred and Laverta. Now, that's how it is for Kirstjen; at least it is until Kirstjen returns to her "normal" life on Monday. Saturday and Sunday will be spent in debauchery with the twin sisters. Monday, she'll debauch with The Doctor in their apartment.

The Doctor, Doctor Find, is depraved, a low-life and total scumbag. The twin sisters are on Doctor Find's level of depravity, and are just as imaginative, which speaks volumes. They are as sick as sick gets. Also, akin to Magicians, the twins are gods.

Laverta is the older of the twins by a scant minute. So, it's Laverta that calls the shots. Mildred wears a grune. Laverta wears a crane. Therefore, this intoxicated Kirstjen ends up wearing a crane, again. Ultimately, that is the only tweak to Kirstjen's look—a look elsewhere dictated and sculpted by Kirstjen herself.

Why I get inebriated?

Quare inebriavi?

ADHD stands **for attention deficit hyperactivity disorder**. It is a medical condition. A person with ADHD has differences in brain development and brain activity that affect attention, the ability to sit still, and self-control. ADHD can affect a child at school, at home, and in friendships.

It's Monday. A strung-out Kirstjen is in the clutches of the rapist in the apartment she shares with Dr. Find. A chloroform-soaked rag is removed from her nose, by a strung-out Laverta. Handcuffs, behind her back. Legcuffs. And, horse-penis bit gag.

Mildred is nowhere in sight. The rapist gropes her chest, fist-fucks her pussy, milks her penis and testicles, and butt fucks her; rotating her face up or down depending on the access it needs.

A dissembled Doctor Find watches silently from her alcove. She too is strung-out on glitch. Incapacitated by this fiendish dope.

Change of plans. It will be Tuesday before Kirstjen returns to her "normal" life.

Straight up balling. Old, ugly degenerates debasing a pretty young girl. Reducing her to their level. It is quite understandable why Doctor Find, Mildred, and Laverta are so much into this type of thing. But. Why is this thrill, this deep dirty thrill so important to Kirstjen? The answer is quite simple. When push comes to shove, she is as sick and twisted as the worst of them.

Afterwards:

Kirstjen wears a straitjacket in place of handcuffs. No longer as bony as the kill-heavy manic sisters. Back to being Gal Gadot slender. Per Laverta's dictate, no further changes. Cilice is the only mode for the straitjacket.

As the day progresses:

For Kirstjen. Mopp and no eyeglasses in place of crane and Coke-bottle-eyeglasses. No longer that ravaged face and neck. Back to being the young girl with the hard pretty face. Ready to disfigure herself again. This cycle will repeat itself ad nauseum until Tuesday morning. Fueled by copious doses of glitch. Shades of *The Creeping Flesh* (1973) with splashes of *Horror Express* (1972).

It's Tuesday:

Kirstjen descends the stairs. Clean and pristine. Sane and sober. Crane and thinz. Careys. No Parts, Piranhas, or WGS, and no cilice mode for her WASP. Etc.

She's not the beautiful girl hiding in plain sight behind the ugly of an awful hairdo (e.g., crane) and grotesque eyeglasses (e.g., thick-readers).

Once more she's the beautiful girl hiding in plain sight behind the less attractiveness of an awful hairdo (e.g., crane) and unbecoming eyeglasses (e.g., thinz).

This morning, Doctor Find and the two sisters fail to acknowledge her departure for work in any way, shape, or form. They have no use for her when she's looking this way.

Sometimes she walks to Brakebills. Sometimes she takes Bi-State. She flips a coin. It comes up tails. So, she takes Bi-State, and rides the bus to campus. Gina will have posted the results for the finals in Williams Hall, by now. No morning classes, since the school is now in-between semesters. But. She has the first of three faculty meetings, in an hour.

A stiff-backed old lady sits across from Kirstjen on the bus, and just stares at her. Kirstjen has seen that look many times before. It's called obsession.

When the girl gets up for her stop, the old biddy slips a note into one of her jacket pockets and whispers in her ear that it's a love letter for later reading.

Another would-be suitor, for the girl. Something Kirstjen is never in short supply of. The name of this severe lecherous seventy-something is Suzanne Marie Somers, Professor Suzanne Marie Somers. These days, she's an occultist, wizard, junkie, lush, and freelance educator.

In better days long past, Suzanne was a celebrity, a sex symbol, appearing in the television role of Chrissy Snow on *Three's Company* and as Carol Foster Lambert on *Step by Step*. Time and bad plastic surgery choices have not been kind to this self-taught wizard. Leaving her with a face that looks hard and well-used.

Except for her Coke-bottle-eyeglasses, flats, and Parts, Suzanne is dressed identical to Kirstjen down to the same crane hairdo. More OCD?

Unbeknownst to Kirstjen, Suzanne has been stalking her for quite some time. This is the first time that Suzanne has made herself known to Kirstjen. Now, Kirstjen will be able to tell that Suzanne is shadowing her.

When Kirstjen gets off the bus, she walks briskly across one of the campus greens. She has the feeling that she's being followed. Kirstjen waits to confirm her suspicion. When Kirstjen turns around she notices that Suzanne is not far behind her. The girl stops dead in her tracks.

Suzanne catches up and extends her hand, smiling. They haven't been formally introduced. It's Suzanne who breaks the ice, a no surprise.

"Hello, my name is Suzanne Somers. But please do not call me Suzi. I prefer Suzanne. I joined the faculty midway in the semester. I'm the new professor for Fetish Magic, replacing Professor Jill Saint-John."

"Glad to meet you. I'm Kirstjen Nielsen."

"Glad to meet you," Suzanne adds nervously.

Except for Suzanne's hand trembling ever so slightly with excitement when they shook, everything between them is very stiff and very proper. Very Victorian Era.

An awkward silence follows as they walk side by side toward Phillips Hall where the morning faculty meeting is being held. The fact that Kirstjen and Suzanne are sexually attracted to each other is quite obvious. They are each other's "type."

"I'm wearing a strap-on and my girlfriends never do, which is my practice and my preference. I hope that will not be off-putting for our tryst later. There's only one 'man' in my relationships and I'm always her," Suzanne leans over and whispers in Kirstjen's ear, as they mount the front steps of Phillips Hall.

The girl's response is silence. A silence that Suzanne correctly interprets. Kirstjen is agreeing to any and all unstated and stated conditions to their proposed relationship.

Suzanne is very possessive of her lovers. As such. It's her intent that soon, the two of them will be inseparable on campus.

A month later, to the day:

"But. With her there are those tipoffs. She just can't help herself in spite of herself. For example, the first day we met formally, excusing herself for preferring that the 'girl'—me—is not hung. Not my preference which is gender fluid. Hers is just a mimic of a heterosexual girl-boy relationship."

"So, you knew, from the git-go?"

"And a hunch makes two."

"She'd been stalking you?"

"For some time, I'd wager and without me knowing it, which means she's either a very experienced hi-level pro or a freakishly talented amateur. She knows all of my vices, intimately."

"Her shadowing you without you getting even an inkling also means she's in league with a God or Gods."

"Yes, it most definitely does."

"What else?"

"She has a partner-in-crime. Someone very close to me. Someone without the personal investment in me that she has."

"More women's intuition?"

"Of course."

"Chess or Go?"

"Definitely Go."

“Be careful.”

“Now where’s the fun in that?” Kirstjen cracks wise.

Gina is not entertained.

There’s the unspoken, of course:

You surveil a person for hours, days, weeks, months, years, maybe even decades. Scratching well below the surface, digging deep. You see what they want you to see, their public self. You see what they don’t want you to see, their private self. Resulting in you knowing their ends and their outs to a tee. You’re the operator and they are the mark.

But. On a personal note, they’re your obsession from the word go. You carve to possess them, because they are such a prize. By objectifying them, making them into a sex object, you’ve lost your own objectivity—what should be all business has become pleasure too, and that’s a no-no with so dangerous a prey as you’re hunting. Your one saving grace is that unlike you your partner-in-crime is not blinded by unbridled lust for the mark; your cohort is all business.

This begs the question. In other words, simply put: who is really hunting whom?

Monsters of Gods

Monstra Deorum

Leaving nothing to chance. You cultivate a relationship with the mark. As soon as they let their guide down, you strike. Hands to Gods.

Kirstjen strolls through the carnage. Detached. Above it all. Bored. Aloof. Crane and Coke-bottle glasses. Careys. Parts, Piranhas, and WGS, and cilice mode for her WASP. Etc. Self-inflicted disfigurement galore. A strictured Wednesday Addams channeling Alice Quinn, Mildred Huff, and Marion Crane.

The beautiful girl hiding in plain sight behind the ugly of an old-fogey hairdo and grotesque eyeglasses. Which is quite a disguise. A disguise that erases her beauty entirely.

Hers is the appearance of that fetish icon, that epitome of cruelty for whom pain is pleasure, the strict disciplinarian. Specifically, a contemporary expression of that staple of Victorian Era erotica—the severe schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain, akin to the sexually-repressed and supercilious serial killer Marion Crane in *Psycho*.

This gamma of the drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend version of a very plain version of a bi-gender version of a gender-fluid version of Kirstjen.

Of course, the omega of the drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend version of a very plain version of a bi-gender version of a gender-fluid version of Kirstjen would be achieved with the replacement of her Bolshoi-bare with a geriatric facial.

Mildred Diggs has been drawn and quartered across the living room and dining room floors.

Suzanne Somers has been drawn and quartered in the bedroom by the rapist. Her dismembered body is being sodomized by the cybernetic table.

Kirstjen came home from work and found the mess. None of it is her handiwork, of course. She does admire the artistry and the skill involved.

A disassembled Dr. Find is in her alcove. She's intoxicated. Questioning her has proven futile. Maybe, when she's sober, she'll be of some use, but Kirstjen highly doubts it.

A drunk, high, and naked Laverta Diggs is tied spreadeagle to the bed. Questioning her has also proven futile. Maybe, when she's sober, she'll be of some use, but Kirstjen highly doubts it.

Finally, Kirstjen calls the police. Before they arrive, she gets her rocks off. She sits down in a chair, unbuttons her suitcoat, and yanks down her skirt. The girl gropes her chest while she takes liberties with her crotch. The girl has an erection and ejaculates into her panties, the advantages of bi-gender.

When the police arrive, she'll revert to type. Thin and a mopp. The appearance of that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the severe schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain. This alpha of the drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend version of Kirstjen.

A Wednesday Addams with bare legs, careys, and a prudish WASP. As such. Channeling the vibe of *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn. Long “perfect” memorizing legs showcased by a short albeit-prudish skirt.

This combo of eyeglasses and long big hair directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn. But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face when she has boobs like that, almost busting loose from the confines of a stiff underwire “projectile” bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

Of course. No Parts, Piranhas, and WGS, and no cilice mode for her WASP. Etc. No such self-inflicted disfigurement whatsoever.

Of course. Minus those unbecoming eyeglasses of hers, she's the glamazon, the glamorous amazon, Debra and her Puppies. The female face of WWF's Attitude Era: Miss Debra and her Puppies. Queen Debra Puppies. Show me your Puppies. Debra: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

That combo of no eyeglasses and long big hair directs your focus to her face and her tits. In this guise, she's drop-dead gorgeous, to say the very least, in spite of her Wednesday Addams' strict attire. With the controlling, total drudge, “boring, uptight Maggie,” layered heavily on top. Shades of Brooke Elizabeth Burns as divorcee Detective Maggie Price in the *Gourmet Detective*.

This Maggie Price variation. The appearance of that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the dominatrix—she who exudes loathing and disdain while belittling and degrading her submissives especially during forced feminization of men and forced masculinization of women. The delta of the drab, creepy, very attractive, frumpy cunt, teetotaler version of Kirstjen.

Unlike in the Red-Light District, for example. There's no get out of jail free card here in the upscale Lesbian Quarter. Full liability for any wrongdoing. If the police can link Kirstjen to this massacre, she'll be arrested and likely they will throw away the key—no help from the High Council, let alone her beloved husband.

Epilogue for an assassin.

Epilogus ad sicarium.

The “Gracie Hunter,” Kazushi Sakuraba. Is that who she espouses under the umbrella of ADHD?

Now. In a Dragon’s tear—literally, not metaphorically—someone watches this three-act life-and-death “play” skillfully unfold—the final act, the third act, having come upon us the audience. Broadway—“The Great White Way”—has got nothing on this theatre. Between the tick-tock of there and here. The eternity between the moments that defines their—and our and everyone else’s—immortality. They stand in literary congress with each other. Knowing full well that they are toying with their own oblivion, assured. Yet, here they are, flirting with their own destruction, as if they are the most foolish of mortals. But, who, you ask, are they?

To know the name of a thing is to have power—potentially—over that thing. That is why the Gods never named them—to safeguard them from the genocidal machinations of the Gods’ other two predatory homicidally-inclined Dark Children the demons and the Dragons. Not as predatory homicidally-inclined or genocidally-proficient as the Niffin, of course; then again, no one or nothing else is.

Bottom line. Being The Third, the last, therefore the youngest, and thus the least powerful of the Gods’ Dark Children meant a death sentence—guaranteed extinction—at the hands of The First (the demons) and The Second (the Dragons), if They—The Third—were named. So. They are nameless, and will remain so, forever more.

The First, The Second, and The Third, are designations, not names, of course. Numbering by the Gods, predating numbering by The Borg.

A very nerdy conversation among Nameless Ones:

“Could be a Lovecraft story based on brutal sex and lesbian attitude? Sorry about the title. This is just something I’m thinking about very seriously. I’ve read many Lovecraft stories but my memory is cheating me. I’ve read a short story as if it were a Lovecraftian story. There are two human girls in their 20s, one of them is provocative, and she is so sexy—maybe very near to lesbian—that makes the other pure girl be very shy. After that Yog-Sothoth comes out—the other girl looks sane, which is kind of weird, because if you’re mortal and see this God, you end up either dead or insane—and rapes her—or whatever—with its tentacles, very brutal and she lies between pleasure and fright, kind of a sacrifice that way, but so weird. Made me think. Could that possibly be a Lovecraftian story? I don’t remember H.P. writing those kinds of stories. Is that maybe an insult to H.P.L. writings?” Darkgaze pauses, then he rephrases his

summation upon seeing Phantom42's reaction to his muse. "I'm not asking if this story could be a Lovecraftian one, but would Lovecraft fans accept it as a respectful fan film."

"I have read almost all of Lovecraft's published works and this doesn't sound like anything I have seen or heard of from HPL. Furthermore, some things to note. Lovecraft wrote his works in the turn of the 20th century, around 1910. Back then, lesbianism and feminine sexual promiscuity was often considered a mental disorder, by mortals, and the likelihood of a character portraying those traits without being hysterical is very low. In fact, this is where the term hysterical comes from. Lovecraft's monsters are scary—to humans—because compared to humans, they are so big and powerful as to destroy the humans with their mere presence. Metaphysically speaking, Yog Sothoth raping a human girl would be like you raping an ant. Lovecraft actually spends very little time tying his monsters together into the mythos we see today. In fact, most of the ties that we consider, are writers borrowing from his work later. This means that most of the times you see the iconic names it will probably be in derivative stories. Pretty much all of HPL's work is well published and open source.

To read his works I recommend '<http://www.dagonbytes.com/thelibrary/lovecraft/>.' To reiterate. Based upon your edit. No. This would not be called truly 'Lovecraftian.' The Lovecraft theme is about madness, and the cost of peeking beyond the veil of illusion humans hold dear. It is about dreams, and about beings so far beyond humanity as to render any interaction with them a struggle for sanity and life for mere homo sapiens. Sexuality plays a role in basically NO HPL stories. The idea of sexuality in horror came after HPL and any sign of it using HPL type creatures is a corruption of the original intent."

"But still I got my doubts about this, really. I guess Yog-Sothoth would be gigantic—metaphysically speaking, not necessarily physically—but could it, have, phallus-like tentacles and approach a girl and rape her? Would it be possible? I mean. They have kind of games between the girls, like lesbian games, nearly kissing each other, and something like that. She is a bad girl, indeed, because it's the old times, playing with fire. I don't know if it fits in an orphanage with girls playing between them at that time. An actual Lovecraft version of Yog Sothoth would have exactly zero interest in sexual congress with a human. Even assuming that it did, the description would be so obtuse as to be unrecognizable. I recommend reading the 'Yellow Wallpaper' for a depiction of how they viewed hysterical women in the turn of the century. Not by HPL btw." Pyrodante interjects, going off into his own semi-related tangent, having coincidentally read the same short story in question and having recently seen on Showtime a nudity-laden horror movie—a horror-fest directed by Stuart Gordon, produced by Brian Yuzna, starring perennial favorites Barbara Crampton and Jeffrey Combs of *Re-Animator* fame—that was reminiscent of the short.

Puzzled looks are directed at Pyrodante, although he seems to not notice, being too much into his own ethos and being self-absorbed by nature. Darkgaze gets the discussion back on track. And Phantom42 ends it with a thud upon noticing that the peroxide blonde is gone.

“Hey. Thanks to all. Nice answers. Thanks a lot. That makes me think about this a lot. I don’t know why did they voted me down. I guess because of the sex-related theme. Sorry guys.”
Clunky, but effective—the discourse is back on track.

“Hey. Where in the fuck did that blonde go to?”

“What?!”

“She’s gone?!”

“Shit!”

“She must have skipped out while we were talking.”

“That bitch was the ONLY interesting thing going on here. Man did she have a set on her or what.”

“Yep. The ONLY thing going on here. Because. Humans, Abyss-driven or not, battling an Angel, and a half-breed at that. Foo wee.”

“All is not lost, frats. I’m picking up some vapors.”

“Got the scent?!”

“Patience. Patience. Don’t get your panties in a bunch, girls. Big Daddy is trolling for pussy. Has Big ever failed you?”

“There was that time in...”

“Shut the fuck up. You’re distracting him with your bullshit.”

“Locked in, boys. Houston, the Eagle has landed.”

“Let’s blow this joint and get some blood-sucker poontang.”

“Time to run a train on a leech.”

“I’ll bet that she’s as sweet as a Georgia peach.”

As if the Ghostbusters are in Russia attending a lecture when a magical grimoire is stolen and the Old Ones are unleashed, they fade to black.

Upon first seeing her, Phantom42 nicknamed her “The Weapon of Mass Seduction” because of her double-D’s and long chiseled legs. The other Omega Si Pi frat boys, his fellow Nameless Ones, are in complete concurrence with his assessment of this total hottie.

What they refuse to see is the obvious—their “writhing in pain” as A.B.C. “Cal” Whipple would say. Their grievous indiscretion reminds one of the current state of Showtime, that other premium pay channel in the original series game.

Look, Showtime had a few wonderful stabs at series—*Resurrection Blvd.*, *Queer as Folk*, *Dead Like Me*, *Huff*, *The L Word*, *Brotherhood*—but its current legacy rests with *Weeds*, *Dexter*, *Californication*, *The Tudors*, *Secret Diary of a Call Girl*, *Nurse Jackie*, *United States of Tara*,

and *The Big C*. This, if you're keeping score at home, is drug-selling mom, serial killer, sex addict, sex-addicted killing-addicted king, unrepentant prostitute, unrepentant drug addicted nurse, woman with multiple personalities, and cancer victim. That bleeding edge that Greenblatt loved so much really started to stain the rug at Showtime.

And, that is what they are about to do in spades. They are going to stain the carpet blood red—figuratively, not literally.

It's as if they're stepping into the middle of a one-sided conversation. With no point of reference to dicker its intent, let alone its direction. The subject matter is plain enough, and it's not boxing. It's their demise. They've walked right into a trap, and it's a Dusey.

Shazam! She's back!

“And that appreciation has helped bolster his case for a long awaited and lucrative match-up against everyone's favorite Opie, Saul Alvarez. It's a fight that was impossible 2 years ago, highly unlikely years ago, and all but certain today. And he's got more than a fighting chance,” The leggy, peroxide blonde voices, she who is suddenly in their midst. Her mouth suddenly all-consuming, from their point of view. Culinary congress is in session. Serrated teeth. Blood drinking fangs. Daggerous fingernails. And, a long, facile, consumptive tongue—a hungry, angry, loathsome, wanton snake that craves to be fed—in other words, a “killer” tongue.

“Huh?!” Sums up their collective surprise, as she eats them whole, her educated viva voce (word of mouth) not letting a precious drop of their blood hit the floor. The maul of her maw. Ravenous. Nothing is wasted: flesh, blood, sinew, or bone. Nameless race, though not unnamed people, and no longer alive, because of it her most grievous mayhem at their most agonizing expense. The true face of the Niffin revealed.

What is the rule of verisimilitude?

Quae est regula veri?

Verisimilitude (pronounced ve-ri-si-mi-li-tude) is a **theoretical concept that determines the level of truth in an assertion or hypothesis**. It is also one of the most essential literary devices of fiction writing. Verisimilitude helps to promote a reader's willing suspension of disbelief.

The appearance of being true or real. "The detail gives the novel some verisimilitude."

On The *Love Boat*, passengers (often established stars from other shows) came on board for amorous sagas—finding love with a new person, falling back in love with a spouse, that sort of thing. Even though the plots could be convoluted, the cruise ship looked like a real cruise ship, bustling with hundreds of passengers unrelated to the story. The show achieved this verisimilitude by actually being a seafaring cruise.

While Kirstjen—as the luscious loathsome Maggie Price dominatrix variation channeling the strict prudish disciplinarian trio of Miss Mildred Huff, *Psycho's* Miss Marion Crane, and *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn—is downtown at police headquarters being questioned about the murders and the mayhem. Idly she thinks of GOG.

GOG. Porn tights: Black fishnet tights; seamless hosiery, by Ghostcat, midriff-baring and yet somehow enforcing a 17-inch wasp waist, as if they were HiRISE tights, that would be the envy of any Victorian Era lady. Fishnets worn over nude rubber bikini bottoms. Bullet bra. Perls. Prudz. Eyeglasses? Hairdo? Parts? Piranhas? WGS? Buttaface?

Somewhere in the metaverse, where the Gods are incomprehensible resulting in insanity and death for mortals, a boardgame ends and money changes hands. The money is simply a way of keeping score, nothing more and nothing less. Gods don't NEED money or starships.

One of the players is Yog-Sothoth. The other player is Judi Dench.

As a direct result of their boardgame's outcome. For the second time, across all of Creation, all "real" she-males cease to be she-males, at the very same moment.

Just like before. The rules change for everybody, including the Gods—no exceptions, whatsoever.

Ergo, male-female genital arrangements become solely female genital arrangements. Want to be a she-male and do a gender-bender, from now on? Wear a strap-on (e.g., Parts), just like the fake she-males always have had to. Something will have to be done to Parts to make the gender-fluid experience as satisfying as the real thing was for those who had the real thing before this happened.

This Creation-wide transfiguration is not short-lived. They Live, We Sleep. Things will never go back to the way they should be, even for the Gods—no exceptions, whatsoever? Only time will tell.

This time, there is that exception. If you are a hermaphrodite who is an “it” instead of a “she” you don’t change to the new de facto standard for she-males. Ergo, for an “it,” and only for an “it,” who is hermaphroditic, your male-female genital arrangement doesn’t go to solely a female genital arrangement.

In an observation room paired to the interrogation room. A mentalist and two police officers. Two rooms, dimensionally-separate, although they look like they’re seamlessly joined to the mundane eye. State of the art.

“She’s thinking GOG.”

“What?”

“A fetish outfit she’ll wear later when she fucks The Doctor. At least that’s her plan.”

“And the murders?”

“Nothing.”

“Is she blocking you?”

“Maybe. Can’t tell.”

“Guess.”

“She’s Noom. I’m only gonna see what she wants me to see.”

“Guess.”

The beat cop remains silent as the mentalist and the police detective go back and forth. He’d love to bury his dick in Kirstjen’s pie hole. As if cued by his lustful thoughts, Kirstjen briefly looks in the trio’s direction and smiles.

“Are you sure she can’t perceive us?”

“Yes.”

Reading body English. The mentalist doesn’t need telepathy to tell him that the detective isn’t sure.

Sol Madrid

Sol Matritum

“I’m gonna give you a lover. A very demanding lover who will cost you fifty or sixty racks a day to satisfy. I’m gonna turn you into a junkie.”

A hophead—a lush and a dope fiend. The girl with the ruined looks. Not young-looking. Not beautiful, either. Rode hard and put up wet many times too much.

The girl comes to her senses sprawled on the floor of the bathroom. Perls, prudz, Piranhas, and Parts. Bra and panties. Hungover. Strung out. Depraved. Ravaged face, stringy neck, and disheveled hair—it just looks like she’s sporting a hophead facial, but she isn’t—her ruined looks are the result of what she’s on. Filthy and smelly—patches of her lily-white skin are so dirty, they’re black. Foul breath. Scum-covered teeth and tongue. Erection. Ejaculating into her sheer nude rubber panties. Gender fluid. A depraved junkie feeding that very demanding lover of hers—a dope fiend feeding her drug habit.

Whatever she’s on. It isn’t glitch, even though her looks are ruined. But. It is an AI-powered narcotic. On the streets it’s known as Plan-9. Specifically, it’s a Super Heroin. Not uniquely, this opium-based narcotic degrades the looks of junkies in proportion to how much they abuse it.

The girl makes it over to the toilet, crawling on her hands and knees, and vomits her guts out. Afterwards, she flushes the toilet before she passes out face-first in the rapid refilling toilet bowel. She drowns.

A hophead—a lush and a dope fiend. The Doctor. Doctor Find. Naked and strapping Parts. Gender fluid.

Doctor Find grabs hold of the ankles of the deceased and drags her into the next room, after fucking the deceased. Whether she’s dead or she’s alive, The Doctor loves fucking her. Although this beauty-obsessed Gorilla-ugly bulldyke robot prefers her best when her looks aren’t fucked up.

A hophead—a lush and a dope fiend. Laverta Diggs. Ms. Diggs. Gender fluid.

Meanwhile, in her own apartment. Scantily-clad. Strapping. Perls, prudz, Piranhas, and Parts. Bra and panties. Laverta is quite possessive when it comes to using this drug-aged (a junkie whore’s well-used face and neck) ugly version of the girl. She has no use for the young beautiful sober version of the girl.

Bony, big tit, horny, hung-like-a-horse thanks to her Parts, twisted old bitch. She too is waiting patiently for her turn at bat fucking the girl. With her sister Mildred out of the way, she only has The Doctor as competition for use of the girl as a hophead version of a Mildred Huff.

Their arrangement is a compromise, with two major sticking points. The first of which is painfully obvious: They must share the girl. Secondly: while Doctor Find prefers the girl young and beautiful, Laverta prefers the girl drug-aged and ugly. A flip of the coin decided that Laverta got her preference this time round.

The Perfect Alibi?

Perfect Alibi?

“It ain’t fun, unless the rabbit got the gun, too.”—JJ, “The Boss”

One minute she was buying illicit drugs from her favorite local pusher Gertie Lott. Payment is in the form of money and trade.

So. After the payoff. They fuck like rabbits in an alley standing up while shooting up.

The next minute she’s tied spreadeagle to a bed being brutally fucked for all she’s worth by Gertie. Sex that’s indistinguishable from the most violent heinous rape.

Both of them are high as a kite on Plan-9. Feral as wild alley cats. Hopheads.

Both of them are naked and wanting, and strapping Parts. Depraved. Sadists.

Both of them are lost in oblivion, literally. With no hope of escape because it’s an escape that neither of them wants.

Call this very private universe, “Cool Air 2.”

Both of them are abominations. Therefore, in order for them 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. Therefore, 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 either woman, for their own protection, needs to be an uncompromised of herself, she can be.

Eventually, ingress by the police compromises Cool Air 2. This intrusion comes one week to the day of the two women’s captivity.

Coincidentally. During their confinement in this PUV. The work of the so-called Lollypop Molester, the most notorious serial pedophile in United States history, is silenced—a scumbag whose hunting grounds are the Saint Louis metropolitan area. Work that doesn’t resume once these two women are returned to the “outside” world. A hiatus that, at least for now, proves neither the innocence nor the guilt of either woman.

In a past life, Gertie had a very different look, name, and career. Although she was still a hardcore hophead, back then. Gertie and Chesty Morgan are one in the same person. In her Chesty days she took large doses of the drug facedancer to suppress the Ogre aspects of her appearance—the masking drug insured that her naturally-coarse features were not coarse. Of course, the drug did nothing to dull her ravenous Ogre appetites.

Chesty Morgan, real name **Liliana Wilczkowska** and also known as **Lillian Stello, Zsa Zsa, Chesty Gaborr** is a Polish-born, retired exotic dancer and porn starlet of human-Ogre descent, who also starred in two snuff films directed by the infamous Doris Wishman. Morgan was billed as having a 73-inch bust measurement—73FF-32-36.

Morgan began her career as a stripper in the early 1970s, using the name “Zsa Zsa.” A nightclub owner suggested she call herself “Chesty Morgan.” She never stripped below the waist, and in traditional burlesque fashion, valued the tease as much as the strip. She was occasionally arrested, allegedly for letting men near the stage touch the tops of her breasts to verify that they were real.

Unlike many of the modern adult entertainment stars with large breasts, Morgan’s were not augmented with implants, genetic manipulation, or magic. According to the 1988 edition of *Guinness Movie Facts & Feats*, her bust measurement is the largest on record for a film star.

She starred in two Doris Wishman films: *Deadly Weapons* and *Double Agent 73*. She was also filmed by Federico Fellini as Barbarina in *Fellini’s Casanova*, but her scenes were cut. Clips from Doris Wishman’s two 1970s sexploitation films, based around Morgan’s very large breasts, were featured in John Waters’ 1994 film, *Serial Mom*. Waters also wrote a role for Morgan in his never-made feature *Flamingos Forever*.

Morgan’s last performance as a stripper was in Houston at the club “Carver 2: No One” on the first night of the Persian Gulf War in 1991. Since her retirement from show business, she has lived in Tampa Bay, Florida as Dr. Chesty Lott and now in Saint Louis, Missouri as Gertie Lott drug pusher and dope fiend.

The real Dr. Chesty Lott was a disgraced physician who had lost her license to practice medicine. That Doctor Lott lived destitute in a rundown Florida trailer park. A lush who also shot up smack. Chesty took her place; getting rid of the original Dr. Lott by eating her fresh Goon-style which meant eating her while she was still alive. Facedancer allowed her to look just like Dr. Lott.

When the imposter moved to Saint Louis, pretense was no longer needed. Chesty stopped using facedancer altogether and assumed her real appearance with a fake identity, becoming Gertie “Chesty” Lott.

Crime scene recap

Crimen scaena recap

“Girls do what they can. Women do what they want!”—**Big Country Swanstrom**

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

Greta Lucille Röhm. Kirstjen is doing her usual Wednesday Addams, but with thinz and strait hair. Careys and bare legs, of course. No Piranhas and Parts. No cilice mode for her WASP. No WGS. A cold fish. That barracuda. Gimlet-eyed. Tight-lipped. With chiseled legs-for-days channeling WCW’s Stacy Ann-Marie Keibler a heel valet using the stagename Miss Hancock (some weeks spelled “Handcock”) of Standards and Practices. Sitting across from Circuit Attorney Kim Garner, in Kim’s office, with the Chief of Detectives, Detective Ron Capps, standing by the office door. The quintessential Alice Quinn, in look, manner, and inclination—essentially the way she was when she was mundane, before she got made.

The back-and-forth is between Prosecuting Attorney Kim Garner and Kirstjen. It’s reminiscent of the witty banter between Madelyn “Maddie” Hayes (Cybill Shepherd) and David Addison Jr. (Bruce Willis) as private detectives for the Blue Moon Detective Agency on the TV show *Moonlighting*.

“Dr. Find and Laverta Diggs apparently killed each other while you were indisposed with your dope pusher.”

“Your point being, what?”

“There were four people vying for your ‘affections.’ Two of them ended up dead. Now the surviving pair ends up dead. You’re ‘apparently’ present for neither set of murders.”

Kirstjen shrugs her shoulders.

“And?”

Detective Capps clears his throat, strategically. His only contribution to the conversation, so far.

“During your extended exposition, the work of the Lollypop Molester became quiet. And has remained quiet since you and your pusher returned.”

“Per Judi, the God I’m married to: I don’t fuck kids. And. Irrespective of Judi, the God I’m married to: I don’t fuck kids. Ergo: I don’t fuck kids.”

“So, you say.” Pregnant pause, for effect. “The words of a totally depraved person.”

Kirstjen’s response is just as cutting as Kim Garner’s.

“I have killed kids, though. And eaten babies, as if I were a Goon.” Pregnant pause, for effect. “But that was when I was Niffin.”

“We know.”

Kirstjen briefly flashes a very nasty smile. Almost from ear-to-ear. Unsettling. That smile—almost The Smile. A smile that chills the bones of Prosecutor Garner and Detective Capps.

“Comparing notes with Brakebills’ Security Chief Ms. Olofson?”

Again, that smile.

“This isn’t a game.”

“Of course, it is. You have a list of suspects for your Lollypop Molester that originally included Mildred Diggs, Laverta Diggs, Dr. Find, Suzanne Somers, Gertie Lott, and moi. Mildred Diggs, Laverta Diggs, Dr. Find, and Suzanne Somers are dead. Gertie Lott and moi dropped off the radar into a PUV. The Molester went dark after the deaths of Laverta Diggs and Dr. Find, deaths which occurred in the same time frame as Gertie’s and my confinement in Cold Air 2, and has remained dark since the return of Gertie and myself. Coincidence or causality? And this isn’t an episode of that insipid *Perry Mason* TV show where the guilty party always does a reveal, usually in court; confessing a guilt that can’t be proved otherwise. Best of luck.” Kirstjen stands up. “I have classes to teach.”

The girl leaves. Detective Capps drops his poker face. He’s fuming.

“Maybe the Molester has gone off the reservation because she’s dead. Maybe because she was either Laverta Diggs or Dr. Find, who are dead.”

“Maybe.”

“Or your girlfriend is the Molester, and she’s gone dark to throw suspicion off of herself.”

“Maybe. Then again it could be Gertie who’s supplying the red herring.”

Detective Capps has a personal investment in the case. He has a young daughter in the age range the Molester prefers. And, to hit even closer to home. One of his daughter’s classmates is a Molester victim.

“Some days you’re the Ragdoll. Some days you’re the Grim Reaper.”

“Exactly, detective.”

What’s unspoken is how the Molester is able to stay one step ahead of the police. And how the lack of clues points to a thorough knowledge of police procedures including forensics. Truth be told, the Molester could be law enforcement. Either a woman or a man pretending to be a woman—“female” is how the Molester presents “herself” to be in “her” taunting notes to the police. There’s no way for the Molester’s victims to confirm or deny their attacker’s female gender, because the Molester kills all of the kids that she molests. She also takes trophies from her kills. The Molester is a real nasty piece of work; a serial killer and a serial pedophile.

A week after Kirstjen’s meeting with Circuit Attorney Kim Garner and Detective Capps in Kim’s office, Gertie is found dead of a drug overdose. The plot thickens.

That span of quiescence continues. The Lollypop Molester remains silent.

The Battle at Lake Changjin

Proelium ad lacum Changjin

“We’ve been looking for the enemy for some time now. We’ve finally found him. We’re surrounded. That simplifies things.”—**Colonel Chesty Puller, commander of the 1st Marine Regiment**

At school, Kirstjen has taken to wearing a crane and thick-readers, exclusively. Her Alice Quinn of the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians* channeling Janet Leigh’s Marion Crane in *Psycho* through the lens of Miss Mildred Huff.

Severe. Stern. Stiff-backed and unsmiling. A large, ugly mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not her mood or intent. Projectile breasts and a wasp waist resulting from a bullet bra and the stricture of her Wednesday Addams’ jacket, respectively. Fodder for depravity. That fetish icon. The dominatrix schoolmarm.

The drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, who’s no longer functionally a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush. She’s a teetotaler, not a dope fiend with an insatiable drug habit to feed.

Six months and counting, how long she stays off the sauce and maintains this sobriety is anyone’s guess.

No Parts, Piranhas, WGS, or cilice mode for her prudish WASP. Bolshoi-bare, of course. Careys, for those long bare legs-for-days of hers.

No Corporal mortification. No flogging or beating herself, either as a religious discipline or for sexual gratification: “pursuing the path of penance and flagellation.”

No more “experimenting” with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating. Among devotees, it’s known as “choking the chicken.”

Wearing thick-readers and sporting a crane means that, in spite of her Bolshoi-bare, her looks are shot, gone down the shitter.

A short hairdo, in this case a mini bouffant (a crane) forces you to look at and fixate upon the wearer’s face. In this case a face fucked up by disfiguring Coke-bottle eyeglasses that are trifocals (thick-readers).

Couple the resulting butterface with a prudish killjoy outfit albeit with miniskirt and high-heels. Bottomline: No longer a looker, she’s just another “ugh” Mildred Huff. In other words, ugly.

Underneath the suffocating weight of all of this exposition, is this promiscuous Miss Debra and her ample Puppies channeling “I Lusiphur Poison Elves.” The young, smoking-hot chick with the banging body who’s hiding in plain sight. In other words: leggy, buxom blonde bombshell buttaface.

No matter how many times she gravitates away from it, she always comes back to her Alice Quinn of the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians* channeling Janet Leigh’s Marion Crane in *Psycho* through the lens of Miss Mildred Huff.

Coke-bottle glasses, thick trifocals, ravage and age her comely looks; adding decades and milage. Rendering her unattractive and much older looking—the girl wearing the Coke-bottle eyeglasses who no normie would bother to give a second look and no woman’s looks would be upstaged by hers. The young, smoking-hot chick with the banging body who’s hiding in plain sight. Worst: wearing Coke-bottle glasses equates to the same affectations as wearing hophead facial or geriatric facial, or plaintive makeup—wearing a hophead facial or geriatric facial, or plaintive makeup, with Coke-bottle glasses, would be superfluous. Dressed way too old for her age, this Coke-bottle-eyeglass-wearing thirty-something is easily mistaken for that fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty. Ergo: wearing thick-readers, hers becomes the face of someone who has, over the course of decades of some very hard living, been road hard and put up wet many times too much. Additionally, wearing a crane amplifies the deleterious effects of wearing Coke-bottle eyeglasses.

Kirstjen is back to splitting her residence between her loft, in her husband Judi’s building, and her faculty apartment at Brakebills. Commuting is via walking or taking a Bi-State bus.

And. For the time being. No drug binges and, even though she’s not chaste, Kirstjen is no longer swinging, therefore she’s not fucking anyone or anything but her husband. Sober, modest, and monogamous, In many ways, in how she acts, but not how she looks, she’s akin to how she was before Judi “turned” her; not exactly the same “cold” fish, but very close.

November’s full moon marks nine months of sobriety. Kirstjen is officially vetted, by the High Council. No longer a person-of-interest to the Saint Louis Police Department, the SLPD no longer tails her, and has closed the Lollypop Molester case.

Who was the Molester? A half-Angel named Chester, Chester Robert Flag. “Bob” now resides in Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane.

That girl. In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s. Kirstjen, as the luscious loathsome Maggie Price of Hallmark Mysteries’ *Gourmet Detective* as dominatrix, wearing a chyna and no eyeglasses. Her Alice Quinn the prudish disciplinarian of the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians* subliminally channeling Janet Leigh’s Marion Crane in *Psycho* through the lens of Miss Mildred Huff.

Overtly. It's this promiscuous Miss Debra and her ample Puppies channeling "I Lusifhur Poison Elves" through the haughty lens of the world-renown dominatrix and high-fashion model Bella Hadid. Hence the reference to dominatrix Maggie Price, Mistress Bella's over-the-top Nordic rival and fetish contemporary. And for the hardcore fetish devotees, hers (Kirstjen's look) is a not so sly reference to another Nordic beauty, Mistress Gen of Genitorturers.

Chyna (also Chyna Doll Hair, i.e., CDH): (circa 1960s) Strait Hair with China Doll Bangs and the requisite bouffant à la Elvira (self-proclaimed Mistress of the Dark) and Elvira's self-styled *Criminal Macabre*. The preferred off-screen "big hair" 'do of fetish actress and professional dominatrix, TV actress and movie starlet Barbara Eden (of *I Dream of Jeannie* fame). Also. The hairstyle worn by the Stella Johnson as played by that same Barbara Eden in *Harper Valley P.T.A.* The epitome of contemporary Neo-Classicism (i.e., the strict hairdo of D.I. Rebecca Flint of the *Paradox* TV series).

A chyna amplifies the sternness, severity, and harshness of Kirstjen's hard, pretty face, thus a somewhat self-inflicted disfigurement. Almost akin to disfigurement by wearing a crane—i.e., it's the straight long hair version of a crane. The same sort of things can be said of strait hair; strait hair is a chyna's plaintive alter-ego.

The Barbara Eden connection is why a Chyna is also known as a Jeannie. This combo of no eyeglasses and (circa 1960s) long straight "ironed hair" with those bangs directs your focus to her face and her tits. A Barbara Eden wearing a jeannie in e.g., *Woman Hunter* or *I Dream of Jeannie*, the quintessential blonde bombshell of the 1960s.

Barbara Eden (**born Barbara Jean Morehead**). That pneumatic blonde with the enormous chest of a Jayne Mansfield and the flat-as-a-pancake ass of an Asian girl. An American actress, singer, model, nightclub entertainer, Las Vegas showgirl, and Playboy Playmate. One of the leading sex symbols of the 1950s and 1960s. Complete with the trademark Cleopatra-inspired black mascara and black eyeliner of a Bolshoi-bare.

Then again. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face when she has boobs like that, threatening to explode a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with a flawless pair of chiseled legs-for-days (legs, legs, legs)?!

Nonetheless. A "come hither, and worship me on your knees, Gail Kim!!!" 1950s movie starlet face. So, in spite of The Puppies, girlwatchers eventually do get around to looking at her face.

In this, her normal guise, Kirstjen is an absolute cock tease and cunt tickler, from head to toe—straight men and bent women crave her upon first laying eyes on her.

A ravishing beauty with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth. Those deep, clear, blue eyes. Deep for a woman, sexy, raspy voice, with a Danish, Copenhagen accent—the voice of Kim Carnes - *Bette Davis Eyes*. Long, lush blonde hair that's the color of raw wheat. Long perfect

legs-for-days. A flawless, lily-white complexion unmarred by the vogue of ratty tattoos. She's a legit traffic stopper. Eye candy in the tradition of Rachel Zoe, Miss Debra Gale Marshall, and, most especially, June Wilkinson.

Voluptuous would be an understatement when describing the incredibly-endowed June Wilkinson whose va-va-voom 43-22-37 contours filled out a 5' 9" frame that rivaled Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren during the heyday of the pneumatic blonde bombshell.

The Chase Park Plaza Hotel looms majestically in front of Kirstjen. She's waiting patiently for the traffic light to change so that she can cross North Kingshighway. That's when all hell breaks loose.

A southbound righthand-drive Bentley crashes into the rear of a Ford SUV that's waiting to make a left turn onto Lindell Blvd. A male grey Wer bursts through the roof of the back-ending car. He's attacking a human female. Her head is in his mouth. He's ripping into her body.

People are gawking. People are snapping pictures and shooting videos with their smartphones. People love a train wreck.

The light changes in her favor. Kirstjen nonchalantly steps into the crosswalk toward the ensuing mayhem.

A full moon doesn't cause a Wer to shapeshift from their human form to their native form. But, it's during a full moon in their native form that Wer are at the apex of their powers both physical and metaphysical.

Inexplicably, the Wer drops his food having bitten off half of her face and bolts south down Kingshighway. He makes it through the busy intersection and then suddenly drops a block away onto the street in front of the trendy glass, metal, and granite skyscraper that is the "One Hundred Above the Park" condos. The lycanthrope goes into a grand mal seizure then becomes still. He's dead.

The woman he butchered suddenly stands up. Resurrected. Rapidly healing. She zigzags east down Lindell Boulevard through stopped traffic; rapidly shuffling through numerous guises both male and female before vanishing into the night just past north Euclid Avenue. Evidently, she isn't human after all, she's a Changeling who's skinwalking. Maybe she isn't even a "woman."

None of which is Kirstjen's business, and she acts accordingly.

Interestingly enough, when the woman made her escape, she briefly made eye contact with Kirstjen before beating feet down Lindell. The two of them have prior knowledge of each other, from the infamous Western Inn Motel, where the Changeling is the house dick. A house dick is a private detective employed by a hotel, motel, or retail store.

Coincidentally, when the Wer collapsed into his death throws. All Wer within a two-block radius also collapsed into their own death throws. The lethal effects of an RPM, a Racial Proximity Mine?

The Changeling? Thomas Eugene Katt, a local private detective. The Wer? Michael Roberts, the crime busting former Mayor of the City of Saint Louis.

The Essential Academic

Essentiale Academicum

Most people understand the idea of a university president or chancellor, but what exactly is a provost? The provost oversees the teaching, learning, research, and scholarship at a university.

When a school has a great entrepreneurship program? That happens with help from the provost.

If a school emphasizes interdisciplinary research and coursework? That's got the provost's hand in it, too.

That hand is invisible to the average undergraduate or graduate student, and it certainly doesn't act alone, but the provost has a major influence on what you learn and how you learn it.

In the office of Beverly Wendland. The day after the violent demises of Tom Katt and Michael Roberts.

Beverly Wendland is the provost at Washington University. She also has membership on the High Council. Wendland came from Brakebills, where she'd been the dean at the Krieger School of Magical Arts & Sciences.

Beverly Wendland versus Kirstjen Nielsen.

Similarities?

Both are thirty-something. Both are cold fish—as cold as ice—as if they have ice water flowing in their veins. Both are wearing prudish Wednesday Addams. In spite of having extensive formal magical training and education, both are relentless pragmatic magical partitioners in the storied tradition of self-taught magician Wilhelmina “Billy” Glidden. Professionally speaking, in the world of academia, both are “grinders,” who love doing “pure” research. In their personal lives, both are strident bookworms (ultra-hardcore super nerds). Both are drab, creepy, frumpy cunts. Both are wearing thinz, but both of them prefer the total anonymity that Coke-bottle trifocals (thick-readers) bestow. Both are severe, stern, stiff-backed, and unsmiling. Both have a large, ugly mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not wearer's mood or intent. Both have projectile breasts and a wasp waist resulting from a bullet bra and the stricture of their Wednesday Addams' jacket, respectively. Both are that fetish icon, the dominatrix schoolmarm, and, as such, both are fodder for depravity. They are two sides of the same coin, so to speak.

Nonetheless. Beverly Wendland and Kirstjen couldn't be more different.

Teetotaling is a lifestyle, sure enough, but, Beverly is a teetotaler by vocation (it's a way of life); Kirstjen is a teetotaler by avocation (it's a hobby). Beverly's layered medium-length brunette hair in place of Kirstjen's long lush flaxen strait hair (one of those lots-of-hair hairdos). Beverly's flats in place of Kirstjen's careys. Beverly's buttaface in place of Kirstjen's hard pretty face. Beverly's dumpiness in place of Kirstjen's slenderness. Beverly's small-breasted bespectacled Plain Jane wearing a "pointy" padded bullet bra in place of Kirstjen's bespectacled 1950s pneumatic blonde bombshell wearing a bazooka bra. Beverly's head-to-toe Politically Correct wallflower in place of Kirstjen's head-to-toe "un-woke" sexual objectification. You could say that Beverly and Kirstjen are nemeses.

Upon entering a room, suddenly, where both of them are present. Would you notice Beverly or Kirstjen with your first glance?

Of note. Beverly is a member in good standing of the New Nordic Kingdom. A very secretive organization, NNK is a modern-day expression of Vikingism. Their only public-facing aspect is the LFC (Loaves and Fishes Charity) which works in conjunction with the Veiled Prophet Organization to produce the annual Veiled Prophet Fair.

Rumor: the NNK is loosely affiliated with the Freemasons and the Shriners (known formally as the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine).

Fact: the NNK has no connection, whatsoever, with either the Freemasons or the Shriners.

Rumor: Both the LFC and the Veiled Prophet have connections with the NSV, the charitable arm of the Third Reich.

Fact: Neither the NNK nor the VP has any connection to the NSV.

The *Winterhilfswerk des Deutschen Volkes* (English: Winter Relief of the German People), commonly known by its abbreviated form *Winterhilfswerk (WHW)*, is an annual donation drive by the National Socialist People's Welfare (German: Nationalsozialistische Volkswohlfahrt) to help finance charitable work. Initially an emergency measure to support people during the Great Depression, it has become a major source of funding for the activities of the NSV and a major component of Germany's welfare state. Donations to the WHW, which were voluntary in name but de facto required of German citizens, supplant tax-funded welfare institutions and free up money for defense spending. Furthermore, it has the propagandistic role of publicly staging the solidarity of the "Volksgemeinschaft."

In spite of their squeaky-clean reputations. Popular assumptions: The NNK and the VP are fronts for White Supremacy; Everyone involved with the NNK, the VP, and the VP Fair is a White Supremist. As of yet, neither assumption has been proven to be true.

So. Surface appearances notwithstanding, forget about White Supremist connections, let alone Nazi connections, for Beverly. In contrast, Kirstjen has a shitload of so-called "Aryan" connections.

Before Kirstjen got turned, Beverly and Kirstjen were more or less magical equals. Kirstjen had to get made to pull away from magical rival Beverly. In contrast, Beverly refused to sacrifice her humanity to “keep up with the Joneses,” so Kirstjen has, and will always have, the magical advantage.

Bottomline. Between the two girls, classifying Beverly as the hero and Kirstjen as the villain, is not as far off as you might think.

Where the customer cums first.

Nulla in lacus ante.

The Western Inn Motel. On the south-east corner of Goodfellow and Natural Bridge in North Saint Louis. Here, there be monsters.

An hour ago, a sober comely Kirstjen was setting across from Beverly Wendland, the provost at Washington University, in Beverly's office. In-between then and now, Kirstjen fell off the wagon, and she went off the reservation completely and utterly.

This Kirstjen is not wearing eyeglasses, and is wearing Piranhas and Parts. And, is in dire need of a fix. She walks into the littered courtyard of the Western Inn Motel. A ragged 10-foot-high privacy fence topped with razor wire surrounds this carless parking lot where dodgy people doing equally dodgy things wander and stand about.

Looking the worst for wear, the strung-out junkie doesn't make a beeline for the motel office on the off chance that the desk clerk on duty is a dope pusher. Usually, they are dealing drugs, but not always.

Instead. Kirstjen is laser focused on Martha "Barb" Garrett a seventy-something baglady pushing a shopping cart filled "treasures" from today's dumpster dives. The old biddy is a drug pusher and a dope fiend. So, Kirstjen heads for a sure thing (baglady Barb) instead of a maybe (the desk clerk on duty) for her source of a needed fix.

Knowing the hag's proclivities, the girl "loses" her panties.

Until Gertie Lott's untimely demise, Barb was Kirstjen's second favorite local pusher. By process of elimination, Barb has become Kirstjen's favorite "supplier."

Barb isn't a registered guest in the motel. She's squatting. Bribing the owner with drugs allows her to stay.

"Long time, no see."

Barb's breath is fetid. Her rotten crooked teeth are scum covered.

"I'm 'hurting.' I need something to take the edge off."

"So, I see."

Barb covetously strokes Kirstjen's face. Her filthy hand dirties the girl's face.

Kirstjen's features clean her face which brings a frown to Barb's face. In direct response to that frown the girl turns off her features, entirely.

During the course of their “business” transactions. Sometimes Barb prefers Kirstjen to stay clean, and sometimes she does not. Obviously, this is one of those times when Barb prefers the girl start off clean and then get progressively dirty.

Again, Barb covetously strokes Kirstjen’s face. Again, her filthy hand soils the girl’s face. This time, Kirstjen’s face stays soiled, which causes Barb to smile.

“Better?” Kirstjen asks, rhetorically.

“Yes. Now we can do business.”

They enter the garbage dump that Barb calls home. The stench is overpowering. Her unit is the last one on the motel’s southern wing, right up against the fence.

As payment, from Kirstjen, Barb prefers trade over money. This is the reason why Kirstjen “lost” her panties when she first spied Barb. In other words, why bother wearing them?

Barb parks her cart in a closet. She’ll sort out her treasures later.

Kirstjen removes her jacket, tosses it onto the floor, and sits down on one of the twin beds.

Lickety-split, Barb cooks up some junk, walks over to Kirstjen, and ties off Kirstjen’s left arm with a length of rubber tubing. Then, Barb injects Kirstjen with a syringe full of “special” LBJ, and it’s a massive dose. Kirstjen has an erection and ejaculates into her miniskirt.

Kirstjen: A depraved junkie feeding that very demanding lover of hers—i.e., a dope fiend feeding her drug habit.

LBJ (Splenda): black & white goat (heroin), LSD, and PCP. An opioid-based cocktail that packs quite a wallop, all by its lonesome. But this Splenda is a particularly potent and lethal, with fentanyl in place of heroin and on top of that it’s been cursed, which equates to playing Russian Roulette with all cylinders of the revolver loaded. On the street it’s called Special-K. Wow!!!

Splenda: obviously, in this case, it is LBJ, and is not the artificial sweetener of the same name.

Cursed fentanyl-enhanced highest grade Special-K.

High as a kite, Kirstjen falls back onto the bed. Barb is all over her. It’s as if the old lady is starving for the girl’s sex and will not take “no” for an answer. During the course of their one-sided, Barb removes the girl’s skirt and shoes, and ties her spreadeagle to the bed.

Kirstjen comes to herself, an hour or so later. Gagged with Barb’s soiled seedy panties; still restrained. Vaguely, she remembers a naked Barb asleep on the other bed, snoring. Currently, Barb is nowhere to be found.

Something filthy, slimy, and feral comes out of the bathroom. It has the hideous parody of an eighty-something female Witch’s age-ravaged face, neck, and torso—i.e., the large crooked nose and hairy warts stereotypically associated with Witches in children’s nursery tales. Large serrated teeth and receded gums (a razorblade smile), a killer tongue, a maw that stretches from ear to ear, large pendulous tits that hang down to its waist, tits with geriatric cleavage and stretch

marks, and a Borg's motley-grey complexion. Long skinny arms and deformed hands with long skinny fingers. Three doggie tits, with the left and center ones ending in stringbean nipples and the right one with a fanged maw ringed by a tri-claw in place of a nipple; technically, the right tit is a bloodsucking appendage equivalent to a leech, it's a moog. Not a squid, nonetheless, from the waist down in place of two legs it has several large leeches akin to the tentacles of an octopus. Thick cords of shoulder-draping leeches for hair. Florescent grey eyeballs, with no irises, and constricted red pupils—grotesque mesmerizing peepers. Claws for fingernails. A knob on the leftside of the neck, which is arcane, but it doesn't identify the creature as a war criminal and it isn't a subverted Borg implant, it's a racial akin to a species trademark. A vagina and a barbed uncircumcised copulating appendage—penis and testicles; it's well-hung.

Egor. Barb's transgender designer "pet." A so-called "slime person," although technically it's not a person, it's a giant leech the size of a full-grown adult human female. Formally, it's a Morloch. Colloquially, it's a Morlock. It too craves to "use" Kirstjen in the worst ways imaginable, and just as violently as a Goon would.

It mounts the girl, fucking her pussy and her anus, shredding both with its huge barbed sexual appendage (its cock). Kirstjen's "regular" Parts morph into a Hedgehog to "mimic" the appearance of Egor's male genitals. Then, with its bloodsucking tentacles gripping her body and encircling her waist and "drinking" her blood, and having had its way with her vaginally and anally, it attaches its mouth to the leftside of her neck and "feeds."

Briefly, blood runs from Kirstjen's eye sockets, mouth, nose, and ears. Briefly, the girl's eyes become white and cloudy as if they are the marbled lifeless eyes of a boiled fish. Her pineal gland grows exponentially in size. Her mind is wiped clean, causing the folds of her brain to disappear. Her brain becomes perfectly smooth—i.e., during her transfixing "intercourse" with this depraved degenerate Morloch creature, she's reduced to a mindless "animal," a "dumb" beast, just like Egor is.

With its eyes glowing ever brighter, Egor precedes to drink her to death. The lethality of its kiss is facilitated by the Special-K coursing through the girl's veins.

Hours later. A resurrected Kirstjen is sentient, again. No longer pretty. A drug ravaged face. Stringy neck. Disheveled hair. Looking like she's sporting a hophead facial, but she isn't. Her ruined looks are the result of Egor's feeding on her and the Special-K she's on.

Filthy and smelly—patches of her lily-white skin are so dirty, they're black. Foul breath. Scum-covered teeth and tongue. Sickly skinny. Erection. Ejaculating freestyle. Gender fluid.

Still bound and gagged. Functionally insane from a still enlarged pineal gland which has displaced most of her brain's frontal lobes.

Still no Barb in sight. Egor mounts her and drinks her, again. Again, she ends up mindless and then dead.

The next day's morning brings a respite from her brutal enslavement. Neither Barb nor Egor is in sight. Kirstjen gets off the bed. No longer bound or gagged. Her pineal gland is normal size. The girl has filled out: sickly hophead skinny has been replaced by Stacy Keibler skinny (Gal Gadot slender). Her "come hither" looks have returned: hard pretty face has replaced buttaface. Her features have switched back on, and done their "granny's washy tub" thing.

Sane, clean, and pristine, again. She's back to her "normal" sober bodacious self. Features redress her. Lickety-split, she looks just like she did yesterday in Beverly Wendland's office, with the sole exception that she's not wearing her thinz.

As Kirstjen grabs the brass doorknob of the unit's front door to leave, she experiences an LSD flashback and goes on a "free" acid trip—"Lost in Space." It's a side effect of the trace amounts of the Special-K still lingering in her system.

Morlochs are giant highly-addictive leeches. Are Morlochs in vitro demi-gods?

Trafficked with Mariana van Zeller

Trafficked with Mariana van Zeller

Dissociative Identity Disorder. Formerly known as multiple personality disorder (MPD). It's a mental disorder characterized **by the maintenance of at least two distinct and relatively enduring personality states**. The disorder is accompanied by memory gaps beyond what would be explained by ordinary forgetfulness.

The Western Inn Motel property is zoned as if it's a red-light district or pleasure district, and therefore by definition "anything goes" without any liability concerns, as if all within its boundaries had signed a waiver. In other words, it's a Z in and of itself.

As the house dick, Tom Katt's job wasn't to investigate crime, let alone prevent it. He was employed to ensure that criminal acts committed on the premises didn't disrupt the motel's "natural" illegal or legal business flows. As such. As far as a resident's safety is concerned, the resident is on their own. Therefore, Katt's absence, due to his untimely demise, doesn't make the place any more dangerous.

Kirstjen is impaired in an inherently dangerous and deadly place. And as such would appear to be easy pickings, to the uninitiated. To those in the know, the girl is NOT a potential victim, NOT a doable prey for her lesser predators—"lesser" in comparison to her. Therefore. Not easy pickings. Definitely not a "sure thing." Because. Impaired, or not, she remains an apex predator.

An uneventful hour passes. None take the bait. She's unmolested. The girl finally sobers up, completely. Thick-readers download onto her face, disfiguring her with their "fudge ugly." And, underneath her miniskirt, Piranhas and Parts. Gender bending. Not commando, her Parts are stuffed in her rubber panties; bulging in the flesh-colored latex. Her "regular" Parts morph into a Hedgehog, as if in tribute to Egor.

It's Egor who instinctually craves her ugly; it's Egor who prefers her gender bent, uncircumcised, and "spiked"—wearing Piranhas and spiked uncircumcised male parts (Hedgehog). WGS afflicts her, again. Ugly, spiked, gender bent, and WGS: these are Egor's cravings and Barb's preferences for her. Ugly? All by their lonesome, due to her Coke-bottle trifocals, she's ugly, hophead ugly, for all intents and purposes.

Barb enters the room with her shopping cart filled to the brim with "stuff." Kirstjen walks right past her without exchanging a word.

This "clean" Kirstjen, who looking this way in this place, is easily mistaken for a hi-dollar junkie prostitute (a hi-class call girl) who just got her needed fix.

If she were filthy, smelly, and wearing dirty tattered clothes. That “dirty” Kirstjen, in this place, would easily be mistaken for a low-dollar junkie prostitute (a “common” streetwalker) who just got her needed fix.

Ergo. In this place, and in any place like it, she’s seen as dope-fiend with a drug-ruined face (a face ravaged and aged, by drugs) who turns tricks to pay for her next fix and feed her insatiable drug habit.

All thick eyeglasses, by their nature, ravage and age the looks of their wearers, all by their lonesome; Coke-bottle trifocals do it (disfigure) the worst.

As soon as Kirstjen steps off the motel property. She reverts to her “teetotaler” self: sobriety and monogamy; no eyeglasses, Piranhas, Parts, or WGS. In other words, the girl is “normal,” again.

And she’s now wearing a mopp. Those golden rivers of that long and lush hair. Not severe unbecoming strait hair or the even less becoming crane. 100% “un-woke” sexual objectification.

The obvious. Neither Kirstjen, nor no one else living for that matter, has ever seen Barb and Egor together, in the same place. Are they one in the same person—two sides of the same coin? Or are they two “people” in the same body? Then again. The very same could be asked in reference to “teetotaler” Kirstjen and “dope fiend” Kirstjen.

In the case of Barb and Egor. The definitive answers to those questions are unknown.

In the case of Kirstjen. They are two sides of the same coin: “teetotaler” Kirstjen and “dope fiend” Kirstjen—they one in the same person. Ergo, they are not two “people” in the same body.

What would a gender-bent Egor version of Kirstjen be like which merges elements of “dope fiend” Kirstjen with “teetotaler” Kirstjen?

It would entail a Kirstjen with WGS and spiked (wearing Piranhas and strapping a Hedgehog). Also. Mopp. No eyeglasses. Hedgehog bulging in her skimpy rubber thong. If you don’t look at what she’s wearing underneath her miniskirt, she can pass lookwise for “teetotaler” Kirstjen—a blonde bombshell in the style of Miss Debra, June Wilkinson, et al. But. She acts just like “dope fiend” Kirstjen—the exact same depraved habits.

We’ve seen the in-between version, wearing thinz. That was “severe” Kirstjen in Beverly’s office. A step to the very right of that Kirstjen would replace thinz with thick-readers resulting in buttaface. Replace strait hair with a crane, add WGS, and underneath her skirt she’s spiked and therefore gender fluid. Resulting in the sternest and most severe dominatrix. “Come hither, and worship me your white goddess on your knees, now, Gail Kim!!!!” Basically, a very dope Mildred Huff. In other words, a Freak Show!!!

“But. She was totally out if it!”

“On instinct. Muscle memory alone. She would have taken you.”

“Bullshit!”

“It’s your pride that blinds you to the truth.”

“You’re wrong! I’m better than she is!”

“For my own safety. I wash my hands of the entire affair. As for you and her. Good luck with that one, if you’re so sure of yourself. I’m steering clear of her.”

“Old man! It’s our time! Move over for us young lions!”

“Moving aside. She’s all yours. Best of luck.”

“I don’t need your luck or your blessing!”

Dreaming Fearlessly

Somniare timore

SARMs, used by troops on both sides during the Martian Race Wars resulting in “super soldiers.” Colloquially known as stims, “the next step in human evolution.” SARMs are **performance-enhancing agents that stimulate anabolism (increase muscle mass and strength) and facilitate recovery from exercise.** SARMs are not anabolic steroids; rather, they are synthetic ligands that bind to androgen receptors (ARs). Prolong abuse is been known to cause Dissociative Identify Disorder in a percentage of users.

By the time Kirstjen has reached the nearby Bi-State bus stop, she’s gone Freak Show. She’s heading home, going uptown in the “central corridor.” The now “ugly” spiked gender-bent girl realizes that she’s being followed, and whoever they are, they’re professional.

When the bus arrives, Kirstjen sits in the back. No one sticks out as being her tail. She decides to try and flush them out. In the interim, she decides to amuse herself with a makeover.

In Beverly’s office she was a mopp away from doing that perennial favorite, a Sarah Palin. So, a mopp replaces her crane. Then she uncrosses and crosses her legs: shades of Sharon Vonne Stone in *Basic Instinct*. A pause. The girl plays with her golden hair a bit; there’s so much of it.

A very, very, very slow striptease ensues as Freak Show gives way to dominatrix thinly disguised as that fetish icon the stern and severe headmistress which is the definition of Sarah Palin the person and her namesake template.

The Rachel, that mopp. An ultimate a pinnacle lots-of-hair ‘do. Beyond the valley of the Dolls. The Doll House. Big tits and big hair (hair closer to the Gods).

Kirstjen lewdly moistens her lips. Thick-readers are swapped out for thinz. Two teenage boys just stare at her, mouths gaped open, aroused. It wouldn’t matter to them if she pulled up her skirt revealing that she’s gender-bent and spiked, because they’re caught hook, line, and sinker. They’d still do her in spite of that reveal. No longer “ugly.” Still gender fluid and spiked, and afflicted with WGS. She’s a conflicted mess, and that’s how she leaves it.

This “Sarah Palin” combo of eyeglasses and long big hair directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians’* Alice Quinn. Absolutely nobody looks at a chick’s face when she has boobs like that, bulging in a stiff underwire “projectile” bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days!

The difference between Freak Show and this Sarah Palin is a mopp and thinz. Kirstjen might as well be Margaret Hilda Thatcher, Baroness Thatcher, LG, OM, DStJ, PC, FRS, HonFRSC, former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

Margaret Thatcher is known to be gender-bent, spiked, and WGS afflicted. And. That well-known kinky intersection between the former President of the United States of America (Sarah Palin) and the former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom (Margaret Thatcher): Sarah Palin hero-worships Margaret Thatcher in a sick, very twisted OCD kind of way; and, both women are dominatrixes of the same most vile stripe.

Still, this version of Kirstjen is, just like the others; it's posing. But at least it's closer to her "core," which is this promiscuous Miss Debra and her ample Puppies channeling "I Lusiphur Poison Elves." "Sex is Violence" and "Pain is Pleasure." Haughty. Aloof. Disdainful. Crazy and cruel. Vicious and controlling. Controlled. The dominatrix theme front and center, yet hiding in plain sight—the implicit NOT the explicit demonstration of that way of life. In other words: "The sexy woman who I pay to hurt me, because I like it."

In that next-to-final step toward expressing the "real" her in public. She uploads the spikes—Piranhas and spiny Parts (Hedgehog)—back into her features. Irregardless of Mildred Huff, and that ugly iteration of Marion Crane—the one wearing the crane, Coke-bottle glasses, Piranhas, and Parts, that's still tugging at her with a vengeance—that OCD, that self-inflicted disfigurement, lurking in the shadows.

But. What if, in the context of this Kirstjen, that OCD, that self-inflicted disfigurement, lurking in the shadows, that Mildred Huff, stopped lurking and swept over her again as it has done so, so many times in the past? What would it look like?

It would result in a half-step below the sternest and most severe dominatrix. But. Still a "come hither, and worship me your white goddess on your knees, now, Gail Kim!!!" Still, basically, a very dope Mildred Huff!!!

The changes needed for this half-step? How she looks now but with thick-readers in place of thinz, plus Piranhas and Parts, that's it. Therefore, this half-step of difference comes down to just a difference in hairdos and dildo configurations. And. Gender fluid, either way.

But. This Kirstjen is going in the opposite direction. She uploads her thinz back into her features and WGS goes bye-bye. That final step: expressing the "real" her in public. Shazam!!!

The previous "Sarah Palin" combo of eyeglasses and long big hair directed your focus to her tits, lickety-split. No eyeglasses and the same long big hair isn't far off the mark. Her double-Ds threatening to burst out of a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

This "real" her is gnawed on by Mildred Huff, and that ugly iteration of Marion Crane—the one wearing the crane, Coke-bottle glasses, Piranhas, and Parts—the one afflicted with WGS.

When she gets off the bus at her stop, no one else gets off with her. The girl walks home. Her tail is gone. But. She's sure that she's still being watched. That game of cat and mouse.

The “Bosom.” She’s “June Wilkinson and her Puppies.” Fraulein Wilkinson and her Puppies. Fraulein Wilkinson, Empress of Tomorrow. Empress June Puppies. Channeling “I Lusiphur Poison Elves.” Show me your Puppies. June: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

Fraulein Wilkinson and her Puppies channeling “I Lusiphur Poison Elves.” On par with Miss Debra and her Puppies channeling “I Lusiphur Poison Elves.” Wow!!!

This is when she gets a buzz. The trap is sprung with her as the bait. Two young men, two of her Brakebills students, step out of a fold in the space-time continuum, and they’re grinning from ear to ear. Chaz and Sloan are grad students in her advanced magical combat class, the afterhours one she teaches for extra credit. They hold strong opinions about tournament style combat magic, believing that it is as effective in real world combat situations (streetfighting) as it is in tournaments (Wizard Wars) where the “forms” and rules of classic technique are vigorously and rigidly enforced; opinions that Kirstjen doesn’t share. Heated debates (arguments) in class have resulted from those differences of opinions. Here and now, the rubber meets the road.

If this where north of the Delmar Divide, open magical combat would be perfectly acceptable, even expected, because such things are regular daily occurrences on that side of town. But south of Delmar Boulevard it’s supposed to be “civilized”—gentility prevails, so to speak, on this side of the tracks. In addition to that, Kirstjen is a Brakebills faculty member. Therefore Emily Post, the so-called “Empress of Manners and Proper Etiquette,” dictates that a change of venue is in order. So. Kirstjen invokes a proxy. She, Chaz, and Sloan, relocate to the main greenway on the campus of Brakebills. The “hidden” others involved—Wes, Meredith, and Lydia—make themselves “known” and materialize in flanking positions, and the anticipated melee ensues. Facing five-to-one odds against, Kirstjen fighting all five of them simultaneously—not one-at-a-time as done in the movies—and all of the graduate students are juiced to the gills on stims. It’s a massacre. Not enough of them, and way too much of her. It proves to be a cakewalk for this teacher battling the five grad students that constitute the entirety of her extra-credit afterhours advanced magical combat studies class.

Kirstjen’s students can only use magic via practical effects. Kirstjen has no such limitation. She can use magic directly. And. Magic cannot be used directly against her. In Wizard Wars, things would have been equalized to give all of the participants a more or less even footing. That would have made this a very interesting 50/50 proposition. But. In the real world, where it’s “run what you brung, and you hope you’ve brung enough.” And Kirstjen, limited ONLY by her Noom mandate in this incorporated universe, brings it in spades. Game over!

RFFN: Respect Few, Fear None.

RFFN: Observa Pauci, Nihil time.

“Respect few. Fear none.” – Mongols MC, motorcycle club

Five downtrodden grad students are seated in front of Kirstjen in an otherwise empty classroom in the basement of Eaton Hall at Brakebills.

Kirstjen could gloat. But. She doesn't. This surprises and confuses the students. They assumed she would when they failed to take her out, and she buzz sawed through them like a hot knife through butter.

Additionally. When Lydia, the student group's de facto leader, tries to fall on her sword, figuratively speaking. Kirstjen laughs and waves the girl off.

“I'm proud of each and every one of you. Up until that ambush, you had failed to impress me. I was seriously thinking about flunking the lot of you. But. Now, after your attempt on my life, with you all giving the effort your best, I've decided that the attack will serve as your midterm exam. Be happy. You all passed.”

The students' collective response: “What?!”

Followed up by: “How can that be, you won?!”

“RFFN: respect few, fear none. To the bitter end of our little streetfight. You didn't fear me. As such. I add you five to the few I respect.”

“Explain, please,” implores Chaz, Lydia's de facto Number 2.

“In this universe, I'm restricted to Noom level magic—the so-called Noom mandate. But. Head-to-head (H2H) on the street, my 'restricted' battle magic is still way more powerful than the battle magic of y'all combined as you experienced firsthand. And it's not just about power or no-holds-barred (NHB). There's the experience gap to consider. We were streetfighting not Wizard Wars, and I have a lot of experience, as a Noom, a mundane human, and as a Niffin, using 'street' battle magic aka 'dirty' battle magic.” Pregnant pause for dramatic effect. “To pass your final you will need to best me in combat. You won't need to beat me, per se; a draw is sufficient. My advice to you is quite simple. Have a Plan-A. Have a Plan-B. Have a Plan-C. Etc. Improvise. But, no matter how bad things get for you against me, never, and I mean NEVER, go street and try to beat me at my own game—I'm street, you're not. You just don't wake up one morning and decide to go street becoming Babe Ruth after a lifetime of being a classical practitioner. Stick to what brought you to the dance – strict classical technique. Caveat: I'm more than just street. Like you, I also have solid fundamentals—rock solid. This means that I have classical technique as good as yours. Back in the day, when I was mundane, I did Wizard Wars too—was very good at it—my avatar was *Lusiphur, Poison Elf*.” The very mention of Lusiphur

causes the students to gasp, and then smile from ear to ear. Real identity unknown until now, Lusiphur is a legend in the Wizard Wars community. Lusiphur dropped off the radar when Kirstjen went Niffin, never to return to Wizard Wars. “Pick your combat venue for your utmost advantage, one that favors what y’all are best at, which is clean battle magic. Keep your classical technique sharp. And practice a lot using clean magic, fighting beings in your chosen bloodsport. In Wizard Wars against me, your odds I’d guess are a very good 50/50. NHB or anything approaching that, and your chances are between slim and none, and slim has already left town.”

“Technique kills. Power beats technique. Styles make fights (SMF), trumps all,” Wes glumly concedes.

“Now you’re getting it. Class over for this evening. And remember. Practice. Practice. Practice.”

During their streetfight with Kirstjen, in spite of being professed magical “purists,” when things went sideways, and their ambush became their quagmire, the five of them resorted to dirty magic and tried to out street Kirstjen. In boxing terms, “they tried to out hook a hooker.”

In other words. How hard can it be to just go dirty and be Babe Ruth out of the blue when you’ve mastered classical technique and are a virtuoso, and have never done dirty before? They found out firsthand how hard.

Bottomline. They were so assured of victory by their way of thinking, using “strict” classical technique on the street, that they only had a Plan-A. Dirty magic was an ad hoc choice—terrible improvisation on their part, born of sheer desperation. Basically, swinging for the fences with their eyes shut in hope of making contact and hitting a “Hail Mary” homerun.

The students file out of the classroom with a newfound respect for their depraved, degenerate, gender fluid, dope fiend of a teacher.

Finally alone. Kirstjen turns the lights off and exits the classroom, locking the door behind her. A familiar apparition “bleeds” into the hallway.

Kirstjen stops dead in her tracks as the ghostly intruder solidifies. It’s notorious beefy plus-size (BBW) former Hollywood madam Jody “Babydoll” Gibson, who ran a sex trafficking ring in Hollywood in the ‘40s and ‘50s. She also used to be a Borg queen—there is a creepy a knob on the leftside of her thick blubbery neck. Babydoll is a Brakebills’ trustee and as such has carte blanche of the campus.

The girl is doing a Sarah Palin which is basically the “real” her but with thinz, Parts, and Piranhas, and afflicted with WGS. Thick-readers would make it a mopp-flavored Mildred Huff. Or looking at it the other direction. Thick-readers would make it a Mildred Huff-flavored Sarah Palin.

“I prefer you this way. Wearing eyeglasses and thus buttaface. Wearing Piranhas and thus prickly. Wearing Parts and thus gender fluid,” proclaims the lecherous morbidly-obese Babydoll. As she stares covetously at the girl she craves to carnally devour.

“That’s very parochial and decidedly Republican of you,” Kirstjen responds, politely. Licking her lips lewdly.

“I would prefer you even more with thick-readers and a Hedgehog. Better aligned than thinz and Parts for your WGS.”

How does Babydoll know what’s underneath Kirstjen’s miniskirt or that Kirstjen is afflicted with WGS? Maybe she guessed correctly? Likely she’s been stalking the girl on campus? Kirstjen knows better than to ask? These are questions that the eavesdropper asks itself.

The girl is dressed this way at Babydoll’s behest, for their “date.” Their verbal exchange is also scripted by Babydoll—word-for-word.

“That was my last class. Would you like to get high and fuck?”

They’ve never fucked, before. But, they’ve previously gotten high together, once, at an off-campus faculty Pagan party.

“That’s very presumptuous of you. I’m a happily married woman.”

Babydoll’s proclamation catches the eavesdropper initially off-guard. Although promiscuous. Babydoll is a spinster and never married. Then, the eavesdropper realizes that Babydoll must be roleplaying. Just for shits and giggles, the eavesdropper takes a stab guessing what role Babydoll wants the girl to play.

“I’m not a prostitute. I’m a swinger.”

“Bullshit. You’ve got ‘working girl’ written all over you.”

“I fancy big girls. Big butch girls.”

Babydoll feigns menace and rage.

“Liar! You mock me!”

“Pretty girl can do anything. Ugly girls have to do everything.”

Kirstjen lowers her defenses, eager to be used and abused by the big bulldyke. Babydoll’s eye fluoresce. Kirstjen blacks out.

Go big or go home.

Ite magnus et vade in domum tuam.

At the Mountains of Madness hardcover, by H.P. Lovecraft (author) and François Baranger (illustrator). Design Studio Press (publisher). Free League Publishing.

Dusty, musty, but not unused. The gym of a Las Vegas Motel 6 that's been converted into a laboratory. It's a mishmash of retro, contemporary, and futuristic; as well as stuff that borders on the fantastic. And. Burnt into its walls, a handful of people-shaped shadows. Outside, it looks like the middle of the Antarctic.

A low level hum, as well as low-level gamma-B (anti-Borg/pro-Toy) radiation, permeates the windowless room. Where there are still two functional pieces of fully-automated machinery.

Briefly, what sounds like muffled shrieks and screams. Emanating from a hallway. Which is the sole access to the ad hoc lab via a locked and bolted barricaded door.

Kirstjen comes to herself in a "vintage" biomechanical contraption that strongly resembles the alcove of a Borg drone—a Lulu-brand drone's rapist, circa 1950s. Her suitcoat, panties, and shoes are missing. Thick-readers in place of her thinz. Her hair is a mess. Hedgehog in place of Parts. She's strung-out on Special-K bought from Babydoll's favorite pusher Barb. The girl's left arm has fresh needle marks. The rapist's IVs are on standby. A raging migraine from an enlarged pineal gland is subsiding as her metabolism dilutes the intoxicating effects of the Special-K. Playtime, let alone unabatted whimsy, is coming to a predictable close.

Babydoll is naked, dissembled, and housed in a "vintage" biomechanical contraption that strongly resembles the central alcove of a Borg queen—a Lulu-brand queen's rapist, circa 1930s. Her eyes, still glowing, stare blankly ahead as if no one is home—their mojo is no longer effective against the girl Kirstjen. Babydoll's mouth is open slackly drooling. She too is juiced to the gills on Special-K. But, unlike Kirstjen, she is completely and utterly enslaved. A total basket case. Mush for brains. Ripe for the picking. Also. Unlike Kirstjen, Babydoll is being injected with anti-radiation meds by her alcove, which is why the gamma-B radiation hasn't long ago killed her.

Because she is Noom, Kirstjen doesn't need the anti-radiation meds.

The girl's features go back online. Eyeglasses, strap-on, and thigh-spikes (Piranhas) are uploaded back into her features. Mopp becomes well-groomed again—rivers of long lush golden tresses. Her narrative in so many words boils down to this: a very "tight" rear end, pneumatic, statuesque—a tall slender Las Vegas showgirl figure—that tasty combo of being slender and curvy, with a big rake and chiseled "legs for days."

Gloves, a slender curvy figure, spike-heels, a pencil skirt, twins peaks, and a torpedo bra—the standard look for women before feminists fucked things up in so many universes but NOT in Kirstjen’s!!!

Kirstjen extricates herself from the Lulu. With a very subtle gesture of her hand, she collapses the vintage rapist folding it in onto itself. The execution proves that she can use magic here.

The Lulu is uploaded into her features for future use and abuse.

The forensics, s’il vous plaît?

Obviously, she’s not in her own time period. The girl swags “when” she is. She can still use magic here, in spite of the dampening field she “senses” that’s in full force. She’s still “human” a Noom; not Niffin. Therefore she’s in the waning years of The Great Extinction. A millennia, on either side, of “The Pop.” Well after Temporal Laws have been made null and void in all of Creation by The Gods. Ergo. In this when and where, time travel is possible—impossible in the when and where she came from. Capish?

The time paradox. The real one. Kirstjen and Babydoll were pulled forward from the past their past of a universe their world—when and where Temporal Laws are applicable and rigorously enforced—to this future a future of a universe some world—when and where Temporal Laws do not exist.

Kirstjen surmises that even though she and Babydoll were snatched at the same time, they arrived in the future twenty years apart based upon the vintage and usages of their respective alcoves. Babydoll was kidnapped first, but proved too pliable. Kirstjen proved to be the opposite. Then. For some unknown reason. Some unknowable catastrophe happened. Resulting in the experiment being abandoned a while ago.

This when is universal—applying to all worlds in Creation. Hence the ease of her guessing the time period. She’s done many bag jobs for various “clients.” So guessing what happened to Babydoll and her, as well as the attendant fallout thereof, was just as easy. But. What about the where? Her world and therefore her future, or? She’s not the least bit curious about that. This is her nature. Ergo. She is The Doctor, but she’s NOT Doctor Who.

What piques her interest is that she has a mystery adventure. Reality roleplay, so to speak. The kind of whodunit that gets her juices flowing. When she gets bored, she always has the option of going back home.

She stares at a seemingly empty corner, and smiles. Toy’s EXO is utilizing tachyon-based triphasic active camouflage.

“Long time, no see. N’est-ce pas?”

Toy materializes in that seemingly empty corner, and collapses on the floor. Completely spent. Defenseless. Totally at the mercy of Kirstjen a biological. Or. Is Toy just playing possum, waiting for just the right moment to strike, and take Kirstjen out for good?

Can a Good Man Mistreat You During Sex—If That’s What You Desire?

Can bonus homo Mistreat tu Per Sex—Si Id quod desideras?

Carl von Clausewitz, the XIX Century Prussian military strategist, wrote that “war is the continuation of politics by other means.”

Babydoll has been sent unceremoniously home. None the worse for wear. She’s so high, she’ll remember nothing of her misadventure into the future. The Lulu that Babydoll was confined in is in Toy’s possession. Both Lulus are from the timeline of Kirstjen, Babydoll, and Toy, so Preservation is a none issue—Kirstjen and Toy are allowed to snag the respective alcoves and do with them as they wish per ROE.

Although the lab is unlisted. The hallways accessing it is not. This is how Kirstjen is able to conjure the hallway’s coordinates and achieve addressability.

Toy and Kirstjen dithered through the makeshift lab’s door. Theirs is a two-person away team. This means that. Toy is clad in the sleek black EXO of a Borg Queen, that Toy has extensively tweaked. Kirstjen is wearing her personal VIKI, the one with those infamous SS Paranormal markings and those full-on MCRN mods that were dealer installed. As is her preference, in the style of her alter ego Alice Quinn, Kirstjen is sporting long severe strait hair in place of her becoming mopp and she’s wearing unbecoming thinz.

Sporting perls and nothing underneath their customized EXOs. In other words, their EXOs are worn as SKIN. SKIN that rigorously-enforces the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. SKIN that rigorously-enforces the projectile breasts of a 1950s bullet bra. The VHS of their respective powersuits provide both drivers with unprecedented situational awareness. Kirstjen’s EXO, just like Toy’s, is equipped with tachyon-based triphasic active camouflage. And. Both EXOs have regenerative adaptive personal force fields—neither is a Holtzmann shield—both are COTS (commercial-of-the-shelf).

An EXO renders its driver’s coverage prosthetic. In this case, from the neck down. Adhering to the skin, driven and driver are one in the same. Thus. The EXO-clad Kirstjen is in effect a robot, akin to Toy—a robotgirl, so to speak. Ying and yang.

Kirstjen is Toy’s drone? Toy is Kirstjen’s queen? A Collective of Two? Increasingly, Kirstjen will act accordingly—the robotgirl subservient to Toy—Toy’s toy? Dominatrix deferring to automaton? The expected robotic disfigurements of the girl by Toy will soon follow?

The answer to all of those questions is a resounding and emphatic “no.”

It’s more like. Balls to the wall. Kill ‘em all. Even the Gods won’t be able to sort ‘em out.

Similior est. Pilae ad murum. Em omnibus occidere. Etiam Di non poterunt declarare em e.

Firmware updates for their full-body Rubberwear? Everything available on the Dark Web. And. The Dark gods have been most generous. Also. Both driven are equipped with MIMIC adaptive learning technology. Therefore. The suits will “learn” from their encounters here, modifying their onboard software accordingly. This could possibly open the door for the reverse-engineering of tech from this very distant future by engineers in the past when/if Toy and/or Kirstjen return home.

And. It’s not just what the suits learn that’s at issue. Neither Toy nor Kirstjen will have their memories “scrubbed” upon returning to the past their present. This also could possibly open the door for the reverse-engineering of tech from this very distant future by engineers in the past when/if Toy and/or Kirstjen return home.

So. In the case of this type of “learning,” by drivers (suit wearers) and driven (suits). How is this timeline, or the timeline of Toy and Kirstjen, being “preserved?”

Toy will keep her technological booty from this adventure exclusively to herself. The High Council will determine what gets “publicly” disseminated from what Kirstjen reaps.

In the end. In spite of these “irregularities” and “inconsistences,” the powers-that-be will insure that nothing will meaningfully change in either of the timelines involved.

Last, but not least, their weapons? Both drivers are shouldering Series-NOX phase rifles and have Series-NOX phase pistols holstered in their gunbelts. Not ready for primetime. NOX: The latest and greatest prototype phasers not for public consumption.

In the hallway, there is no apparent door to the lab. Just a solid wall a dead-end. It’s as if this is a TAC House.

Tac House. The Training Ammunition Combat (TAC) House is a training tool for adaptive urban assault, building search and clearing, as well as force-on-force training. A TAC House is designed for use with ballistic and non-ballistic weapons.

“Which way?”

“You pick.”

Toy flips the proverbial quarter.

“That way.”

Meanwhile. In the unlisted CNC (command-and-control) at the opposite end of the hallway. EXO-clad mundane humans hunker down. What’s left of an expeditionary force of scientists, soldiers, and magical practitioners who were posted here decades ago by the politicians and bureaucrats of a country that long ago ceased to exist.

In plain sight. Rows of cots are setup where they sleep in shifts. There’s a makeshift cafeteria equipped with food and water replicators. Their safe haven, this room. Effectively, this is what their world has shrunk to.

Commenting on the massive viewer in front of them. A flat-panel display with picture-in-picture capability, which is being used extensively.

“How long can we loop them?”

“A month. Two weeks on that end of the hallway and two weeks on our end.”

“Do it, Private.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

General Smith doesn’t look a day older than she did when she first arrived here. Nobody does. Thanks to the longevity serum.

She walks away from the soldier and walks over to a table where a bunch of eggheads are seated. Directing her conversation at the fifty-something senior engineer Charlie Jacobs who’s seated at the head of the table.

“How was the girl able to perform magic and divine the hallway’s address, in spite of the dampening field?”

“She scans human, but her magic is beyond the capabilities of a mundane human. But. Her ‘demeanor’ is definitely not Niffin.”

“A Noom?”

“Yep.”

It’s a rhetorical exchange. But. Formalities must be followed. The mundanes are as fluent in their when, as Kirstjen or Toy is. At this point in any timeline in the cosmos, dampening field in effect, scanning human, Kirstjen could only be one of two things.

“And the robot with her?”

“Most likely, the robot is Toy. It has a positronic brain. Our AI, MOTHER, is salivating with envy.”

“Scans of them limited?”

“Yep.”

“By wards and warrants for the girl and by non-magical equivalents for the robot?”

“Yep.”

“How about backdooring those museum pieces they’re wearing?”

“Can’t break the encryption on those EXOs, in spite of them being ancient and obsolete.”

“Null their guns?”

“Can’t break their encryption either.”

Another pointless rhetorical exchange.

“Hopefully the weapon those creatures will take care of them. Butchering them just like they did most of us.”

“Hopefully.”

June Allison, a junior physicist interrupts, which is uncharacteristic of her. “There’s something else, General. And. It’s very worrisome to me.”

“What is it, Professor Allison?”

Before she answers, Professor Allison activates the white noise generator setting on the table. Making the conversation private. Not even the people seated nearby at a control console can eavesdrop.

The faces of the scientists sitting at the table turn grave. They know what Professor Allison is going to say. And. It’s a shitkicker.

“Productive modeling by MOTHER indicates that their suits and their other tech is evolving in response to whatever is being encountered. The longer they stay and survive in the hallway, the faster and more extensive the evolution.”

“What?!”

“Not parity, mind you. Very soon they won’t be the ones with the museum pieces.”

“What does Gideon, our resident Apocalypse Box, say?”

“He concurs. Then again, he lies also. All of his kind do.”

“I know. Toward the end, the President relied way too much on the counsel of Gideon’s counterpart, and we see what that got her and the Nation.”

“They tell you enough truth to reel you in, and then wham.”

Don't let your mouth write checks that your ass can't catch.

Noli scribere os tuum compescere quod asinus tuus capere non potest.

What emerges from that end of the hallway two weeks later is Toy and Kirstjen, and Kirstjen's phaser-armed EXO in standalone mode.

Toy brings up the rear.

Kirstjen is in the middle.

Shouldering Kirstjen's phase rifle. Walking point. Kirstjen's smartwear EXO looks filled out, as if it's being worn by an invisible person. Free standing and free form. FSFF.

Greta Lucille Röhm. Kirstjen is doing her usual Wednesday Addams, but with thinz and strait hair although the old fogey grune is the default hairdo for this template. Careys and bare legs, of course. No Piranhas and Parts. No cilice mode for her WASP. No WGS. A cold fish. That barracuda. Gimlet-eyed. Tight-lipped. With chiseled legs-for-days channeling WCW's Stacy Ann-Marie Keibler a heel valet using the stagename Miss Hancock (some weeks spelled "Handcock") of Standards and Practices. The quintessential Alice Quinn, in look, manner, and inclination—essentially the way she was when she was mundane, before she got made.

The trio begin to traverse this end of the hallway. And it's obvious, it won't take them two weeks, much to the chagrin of those in the CNC. They've adapted to the looping. And so begins an exposition, in deeds not words, by an OG of The Gods: War is a Racket.

As they come around a slight bend, they are attacked en-masse by the weapon. Kirstjen does the oddest thing. In summation. First, she disfigures herself: thick-readers replace thinz. Second, she "beautifies" herself: mopp replaces strait hair. Resulting in a long-haired buttaface. This version of Sarah Palin which is ultimately an Alice Quinn, just like all of her templates.

A mopp-flavored Mildred Huff. Or looking at it the other direction. A Mildred Huff-flavored Sarah Palin. Either way. Ultimately an Alice Quinn.

But. What's she hiding underneath the covers, so to speak?

Gender bent, uncircumcised, and "spiked"—wearing Piranhas and spiked uncircumcised male parts (Hedgehog). WGS afflicted. Ugly, spiked, gender bent, and WGS: these are Egor's cravings and Barb's preferences for her, and her OCD for herself. Ugly? All by their lonesome, due to her Coke-bottle trifocals, she's ugly, hophead ugly, for all intents and purposes.

This gender-bent Egor version of Kirstjen which merges elements of "dope fiend" Kirstjen with "Mildred Huff" Kirstjen resulting in a buttaface "Alice Quinn" Kirstjen with WGS and spiked (wearing Piranhas and strapping a Hedgehog). Fucked up!!! Very fucked up!!!

There's also this sense of the girl being somewhat "off." As if undercurrents of her being a robotgirl, a Borg drone, so to speak. Metal as Meat.

As if leaving her comrades to their fate, Kirstjen walks through the attacking creatures. Parting a way through the attackers by unmaking them wholesale. At the same time. As if this is one of those absurd martial arts films. The creatures abandon their en-masse and resort to attacking Toy and the girl's suit one at a time as if a chokepoint has been created. It's like shooting ducks in a barrel. Kirstjen has rigged the game in the dynamic duo's favor.

In those inane slasher/horror movies. It's the ugly duckling, that flat-chested virginal, with the thick glasses, who always survives proving herself indisposible. It's the hot chick, that *ooh la la* pneumatic blonde bombshell, whether she's promiscuous or not, who's the first to go, usually just after she's put out. That script gets flipped on its head. Lady Gaga!

Thick-readers, spiked, Parts, WGS, and metal-as-meat robotic undercurrents go bye-bye.

Meanwhile.

Everybody in the CNC gasps in disbelief at what they are seeing. The weapon had proved previously to be immune to magic being used directly against them.

Finally it's one of the magicians who speaks.

"The weapon. Not magically immune. Must be countermagic. A totally passive defense. Quite effective as long as your opponent has to use practical effects, for example, spells, incantations, gestures, demonology, wizardry, sorcery, etc. Countermagic is indistinguishable from and effectively the same as magical immunity. But. Against someone or something who can harness magic directly, countermagic is utterly useless as a defense."

Elsewhere.

Planet wide. A conundrum is "presented" magically to all of those "outside" creatures the ones outside of the confines of the motel. An unsolvable "puzzle" that their nature compels them to solve to their collective extinction. Their "off" switch. Bang! Zap! Pow! Game over!

Gangsters of The Gods: Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, the Noom, the Niffin, Angels, Demons, the Fallen, and the Making and Sustaining of The Empires of Supernaturals.

Gangsterus Deorum: Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, Noom, Niffin, Angeli, Daemones, lapsus, et Factio et Sustentatio Imperiorum Supernaturalium.

First, Kirstjen gestures her proxy. The eldest magician, an oracle not The Oracle, confirms its authenticity and its divinity. By doing so, he acknowledges a designate of The Gods is “in the house.” Colloquially, a gangster of The Gods. Commonly, an OG.

Rhetorically: Divine intervention?!

Rhetorically: Of course.

Whose?

God(s) or god(s).

A given, since it’s divine.

Be more specific.

Specifically, whose?

All that you need-to-know will be revealed in due time. Much sooner than later. Patience is a virtue rewarded.

Second, Kirstjen delivers a tedious professorial lecture. Punctuated several times by her use of a nom de plume for the God or god who’s adjudicating having taken notice of their plight. Singular, not plural, usage. Therefore, only one deity is involved.

She is expressionless, emotionless, and speaks in a curt robotic monotone. Those automaton affectations go bye-bye halfway through her oratory. Robotic inflection “implying” Borg complicity as well, although not confirmed.

Innuendo galore. The girl is teasing them her audience.

When General Smith starts to say something, with the intent of interrupting Kirstjen’s filibuster. Kirstjen erases her mouth. When the General’s mouth finally does re-manifests itself. She knows to keep her trap shut.

After all is said and done, Kirstjen drops all pretense of transparency. Her body English says it all. Kirstjen and General Smith, along with the surviving department heads, head for the general’s ready room for a hi-level powwow. The junior exceptions are Professor Allison and Miss Perdie Givens. Only the general knows Perdie’s specialty, but that exclusivity is about to end.

Kirstjen stands. Everybody else sits down. General Smith sits behind her desk. Kirstjen surveils this captive audience who is anxiously awaiting their verdict.

“Weapon containment? Toy and my suit are busy doing what they crave to do most, which is killing. The ‘puzzle’ will decimate the rest of the creatures.” Kirstjen pauses for dramatic effect. “In the aftermath. For the sake of vengeance, justice, or blackmail. There will be survivors who engage in a never-ending hunt for those responsible for this genocide of the human race. You in this room are what’s left of those who must be held responsible for this extinction event. The other guilty parties are perished long dead.”

Briefly, Kirstjen conjures irrefutable proof of their guilt. Thus. No one bothers to object to this accusation of their culpability for the event’s origin. That would be pointless. Furthermore. By divine proxy, she’s judge, jury, and executioner.

“Against the counsel of your oracle The Oracle. You went where you were told not to go. You brought back from that forbidden place a WMD of unimaginable destructive power and boundless genocidal appetites. Insatiable appetites rivaling that of Toy’s. Continuous process improvement: your handiwork made this weapon of mass destruction even more deadly with the express intent of wiping out competing nations, if threatened. MADD. Mutual assured destruction. If we must die, everybody dies. And. When the weapon turned against you. You persevered. In the face of certain extinction.” A pause. “Aries is proud of you.” Finally she’s namedropped. The name they wanted to hear. Not the Hebrew God, either Old Testament or New!

A collective sigh of relief is expressed by her audience. Followed by applause. Giving themselves that well-deserved pat on the back.

“He is Toy’s patron. Has been since the very beginning of her existence. He is now yours your patron, too.” A pause. “Self-preservation swears y’all to secrecy.” Another pause. “And. It goes without saying that none of the stragglers—those base personnel without need-to-know or surviving humans outside of this base—should ever be allowed to discover and make public your hand in causing this annihilation. Advice, not edict, of course.” Kirstjen playfully winks, which elicits knowing laughter from the audience. “Your actions have culled the herd for the betterment of The Race. Staving off the inevitable to yet another very distant eon.”

When Kirstjen referred to “continuous process improvement,” she made a point of directing her attention solely at Miss Perdie Givens a lineal descendent of Adolf Hitler. A talent for genocide runs thick in that bloodline. Now, everybody in the room knows the specialty of Miss Givens.

Side note?

Miss Givens’ middle name is “Unity.” Adolph Hitler’s English socialite friend was Unity Mitford. Hence: Perdie Unity Givens.

Back on track?

Kirstjen was taken: yanked here out of nowhere long ago. Yet here she is up to speed as if she was the one doing the taking and thus had an inside track from the git-go. Able to brief those in-the-know who are from way back as far back as way back goes. The same can be said of Toy.

How? When? Where?

After Babydoll was dispatched home. While Toy and Kirstjen were still in the lab. They got their comprehensive “education” of “what’s what” and “who’s who” unbeknownst to the humans who watched them surreptitiously via CCTV. That’s how a happenstance turned into a full-blown away mission. It’s also how, when, and where Kirstjen got her proxy divine.

More details? Who or what was their teacher, and the ‘method’ of teaching?

Now that would be impolite, not to mention imprudent.

Welcome to the road not taken.

Grata via non capta.

In the aftermath of Toy and Kirstjen returning from their Deep State impromptu in the Neitherlands. Toy has gone her own way, off doing something. Coincidentally, Ares has dropped off the grid, and should be considered indisposed.

Tabula Rasa, “blank slate.” Kirstjen is back to her humdrum life doing an exercise in severity this Alice Quinn. An Alice Quinn that’s a mopp and thinz away from that perennial favorite Sarah Palin.

Thick-readers. Strait hair—therefore, very plain hair which is long and straight and falls on both sides of a hard pretty face that’s even more beautiful because of Bolshoi-bare. Beauty hiding in plain sight thanks to her unbecoming hairdo and disfiguring eyeglasses. Resulting in a long-haired buttaface wallowing in WGS—a blanket endorsement for the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface MTG, Congresswoman Marjorie Taylor Greene.

Severe. Strident. Stiff-backed. Large ugly loathsome mouth. Awash in WGS. But. No Parts, Piranhas, or cilice mode for her WASP. The appearance of that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian: the severe sexually-repressed sexually-deviate schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain, akin to the sexually-repressed and supercilious serial killer Marion Crane in *Psycho*.

Tall. Statuesque. Slim. Stacked. The gold of her hair matches the gold of her bank account.

Which version? Dowdy. This alpha of the drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend doxy Kirstjen channeling Alice Quinn channeling MTG channeling Miss Mildred Huff.

Her breasts are superb. Her throat is a column of beauty. If she had a Vampire’s skin which is the flawless white of milky opal—that would be perfection indeed. As such she’s got that fair skinned Nordic complexion.

Projectile breasts and a wasp waist resulting from a bullet bra and the stricture of her Wednesday Addams’ jacket, respectively.

Since “back from the future,” the lacy white torpedo bras which Kirstjen wears have the stiff underwire cups that were the de facto standard in the ‘50s and ‘60s.

Before “back from the future,” the lacy white torpedo bras which Kirstjen wore had the stiff underwire cups that were the de facto standard in the ‘50s and ‘60s.

Bottomline. In the case of Kirstjen’s French-cut brassieres, somethings never change.

This combo of eyeglasses and long very plain hair directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn. But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick’s face when she has boobs like

that, straining to break free of their strict confinement in a stiff underwire “projectile” bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

She has one more class before the day is over. The weekend looms. And it’s been a coon’s age since she got high. So. It’s decided. She’ll try out a new club she’s heard about called *Podarge*. The club is for “members only,” but she knows the bouncer Phat Tuesday working the front door. A judicious bribe will grease her in.

One moment she’s crossing a green at Brakebills. The next moment she’s strolling through a thick blanket of snow along the Chinese side of the tense Sino-Russia-Ukraine border with her husband Judi. Judi’s tastes dictate, of course. Hence, no eyeglasses, whatsoever. And. No WGS, either. Therefore. For Kirstjen it’s promiscuous Miss Debra and her ample Puppies channeling “I Lusiphur Poison Elves.”

“Oh. Should I switch to my ‘Go Putin’ cheerleader outfit?”

Kirstjen is an unabashed fangirl of both President Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin of Russia and President Xi Jinping of China.

Judi ignores her wife’s levity. This is Kirstjen’s signal to be serious, too.

“We have a situation.”

“I’m all ears.”

“Someone a girl and tweaked dope fiend named Roscoe Miller has been murdered in Ukraine. I need for you to look into it for me. You’ll report to me directly and work hand-in-glove with the Chinese military who will brief you. Be forewarned: the word 污秽 (Mandarin for ‘filth’) was scrawled in the blood of the dead girl next to her body. She was beaten to death in the heat of passion, it would seem.”

This bypasses normal channels. So. Kirstjen asks for confirmation.

“I report directly to you and work an away with the Chinese military?”

“Yes.”

Confirmation is asked and given. Which can only mean one thing. But. Protocol is protocol. So again she asks rhetorically.

“The High Council has been,” a very long pause, “compromised?”

“Yes. One could even say ‘disbanded.’ I choose to see it as being on hiatus.”

Again. Confirmation is asked and given.

“Trust no one?”

“Your discretion.”

“Our position, as a couple?”

Kirstjen puts an emphasis on “couple.”

“Neutral as the Swiss.”

There’s no tell, on Judi’s part. But Kirstjen correctly reads between the lines.

Judi goes away, but not before she whispers something in Kirstjen’s ear. Something that causes Kirstjen to momentarily raise the “People’s eyebrow.”

With her beloved husband Judi gone. Kirstjen is again wearing those hideous thick-readers, and thus reinstating the self-inflicted disfigurement and WGS she so craves these days— dressmaker Violet Lawson (blonde bombshell Stella Stevens) the main protagonist in *The Secret of My Success* (1965 film). In the film, Miss Marple (Joan Hickson) was Miss Lawson’s love interest in that sordid cinematic May-December romance.

To know the name of a thing is to have power, potentially, over that thing. There are people (e.g., The Cabal, the Illuminati) who believe that Judi’s real name is “Goddess.” If true, then Judi is that specific God the first female God. Instead of the colloquial usage of “Goddess” which is just a “generic” designation for a female God.

Every so often, someone armed with that belief challenges Judi. To put it mildly, it never ends well for the challenger. It would seem that another challenger has made themselves known. Will history repeat itself in the outcome?

Needless to say. Judi is preoccupied with this current joust. Hence the reason for her deputizing her wife to look into the matter of this murder.

Be afraid and expect the worst.

Time-te, et exspectate pessimum.

“The most important question anyone can ask is: What myth am I living?”—**Carl Jung**

The Chinese military contingent of this expeditionary force is a mix of humans and 456 in human guise.

Ginger begins the brief with a bang. “At 0700 hours GMT. All contact was lost with Ukraine and the one-hundred-thousand Russian troops massed along its border. An obscuring mist which defies penetration by technology or magic including spy satellites, remote viewing, etc.”

Tall. Statuesque. Slim. Stacked. A 456. The obsidian of her hair matches the obsidian of her bank account. “Ginger” is a major in the PLA. Her next-gen EXO is the same as the Aries-1B EXOs worn by her squad. All of the Chinese military are equipped with the latest tech including Aries-1B phasers.

Also present are two representatives in human guise from the Dragon Empire. Decked out in Chinese military Aries-1B EXOs and carrying Aries-1B phasers, as well.

Ginger’s follow-up is a statement of the obvious. “Sweet bear meat. Obscuring mist. Dead nuts it’s Frost Giants. Fortified by an army of extinction, not occupation, roams the land.”

Their favorite food. “Sweet bear meat” is what Frosties call mundane Russians. Frosties aren’t Giants, per se. Technically, they’re Goons. The “Giant” part of their name comes from their size. As in, the size of mountains by default. The “Frost” part of their name comes from them being worshipers of Winter the God who is also a Frost Giant herself. Although Frosties can tolerate other seasons, they prefer winter, the more arctic, the better.

Sasquatch reimagined. Albinos. White fur. Two-legged mountains. Piercing blue eyes, that are bewitching when they glow. A razorblade smile. Killer tongue. Can resize themselves down to seven-footers. Meticulous. Pristine hygiene. They are crafty, smart, and very adept at magic and science. Their civilization is very advanced, rivalling that of any in Creation including that of the Dragons.

Dragons were among the founding members of the now defunct High Council. In its first official act, it was the High Council that forced the Frosties to relinquish their claim on Ukraine. The Frosties left for parts unknown banishing themselves.

In the wake of the dissolution of the High Council. It would appear that the Frosties have returned and reclaimed what they feel is rightfully theirs. Their version of a “No Trespassing” sign was them swiping those Russian soldiers for food.

Into the briefing room. A soldier escorts a stocky elderly woman. The soldier promptly leaves. The old biddy. Dowdy. Severe. A Hasidic Jewess and former rabbi. An unabashed “admirer” of Ares. Is wearing the stodgier Kaye Maxfield, perls, prudz, flats, thick-readers, FHs, heavily-applied plaintive makeup, a white lacy bullet bra with “stiff” underwire cups, etc.—in other words, her usual.

She wears her trademark pillbox hat with veil by Halston in the style of Jackie Kennedy’s, and her straight jet-black hair is worn short very masculine, a moe. “Bulldyke” is written all over her. Gender-bent, non-binary, and spiked. Yuck!

This pillbox hat is her personal substitute for a *sheitel*.

All Jews are Seraphim. Thus. As a rule. They are tall and willowy, resembling raven-haired Grendel. But. And there’s always a “but” in life. Hasidic Jews are the exception. They resemble a Crog: a cross between a Crone and an Ogre.

Baroness Anabelle “Miss Marple” Korf, the distaff-Galahad. Pulitzer-Prize-winning war correspondent from the *Progressive Mirror-News*. A rumored “spy” for the Jewish Empire she’s a proud citizen of. Her nefarious reputation precedes her—everyone in the room knows of her.

She stands in the back of the room positioning herself so that she can leer at both Ginger and Kirstjen. As the briefing continues she licks her lips lewdly several times. Her lascivious intentions are painfully obvious.

A serial adulteress, she has a well-known insatiable appetite for hard drugs and sexual depravity—a junkie and a slut, doxy times two. The zealot’s debauchery is why she’s no longer a rabbi in her ultra-orthodox Jewish sect. Truth be told, both she and her husband the Baron are hardcore swingers and extreme dope fiends.

Dragons and the Chinese (humans and 456) are as a whole are very conservative and morally austere by nature. The lascivious Baroness is abhorrent to them. In contrast. She turns on Kirstjen to no end. In a past life, she was actress Joan Hickson, hence her nickname “Miss Marple.”

To make herself even more enthralling to the radical Jewess, Kirstjen’s hair yanks back into an even more unbecoming and severe sternka which in turn gives way to a disfiguring dowdier crane. Completing a conversion into a Mildred Huff of sorts.

Causing the Baroness’ heart to skip a beat or two? This conversion has the opposite effect.

The Baroness’ interest in Kirstjen appears to wane. Too much shrew? Nope. Shrew quota stays the same. Not a fan of short hair; preferring long hair? Evidently. So. Kirstjen does an about face somewhat. Crane reverts to strait hair. As a result: Less Mildred Huff and more Alice Quinn, again channeling a horseface C-list celebrity and has-been comedienne Chelsea Handler—the antithesis of that modern icon of pop punk Avril Lavigne. Still horsefaced thanks to her Coke-bottle eyeglasses. Still awash in WGS.

And. Taking a shot in the dark. Kirstjen's thick-readers are swapped out for thinz. This Alice Quinn is no longer channeling Chelsea Handler. And. Is a mere mopp away from being that perennial favorite, a Sarah Palin. In other words: *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn et al.

The Baroness purses her lips and smiles broadly, in response to this eyeglass swap. Kirstjen reads between the lines correctly. Bingo!!!

Guess who's coming to dinner? The Baroness, that's who.

This Alice Quinn of Kirstjen's moves the needle in her direction again. The Baroness' eyes are glued to Kirstjen, now, while still taking in everything Ginger has to say.

FHs. Flesh-hosen. Shiny black stockings which encase the hag's thick lower limbs in disturbing black latex. KINKY!!!

To digress. Baroness Korf, the sleazy old biddy, a diehard lesbo, old-time bone-cruncher, and ace boon coon of the nefarious rich and famous. She who married into the Rothschild family.

By the by, "Korf" is Yiddish for shylock, and back in the day before she became a reporter, that's just what the Baroness was, a consummate legbreaking moneylender. FHs are a favorite of the Baroness' as they are a favorite of many a Goon bulldyke. So, it should come as no surprise that they're a favorite of the Baroness.

Baroness Korf adjusts her LATEX hose for a Goon-pleasing look which any brute worth their saltines would also find most fetching. Her hose are the kinkiest-looking stockings that you can get. As kinky as TBKs: Ona Zee's "Thick Black Kiss." Sheer. Shiny, black rubber hose. Topped off in lace trim. Underneath her skirt. That teasing gap, that wedge, of lily white flesh between her flesh-colored thong and the lacy tops of her FHs.

As aforementioned. Flesh-hosen are LATEX, instead of silk. These rubber stockings are the "rubber" version of Opaques; as such, they aren't backseamed, they only come in black, and they have those trademark, wide elaborate scalloped "binding" floral elastic tops, elastic that's a thicker mill of the same LATEX as the ultra-thin rubber stockings that the tops are seamlessly mated to. These Playtex stockings epitomize brutality as expressed through the medium of hosiery.

And, when skin-fitting opera-length stockings are LATEX, said stockings make your legs look like they've been dipped in liquid rubber up to your butt cheeks!

Needless to say, just like conventional gloves which delineate individual fingers, and quite unlike conventional stockings, FHs delineate individual toes.

Needless to say, flesh-hosen and TBKs are one in the same.

Needless to say, LATEX is in-vivo bps. Like its close in-vitro cousin, Patent-Leather, it feels disturbingly like flesh; which is why Bondage devotees attach monikers like skinz and "flesh" hosen.

Rubberized flesh is rubberized flesh by whatever name you call it.

By the by, the Baroness' flesh-hosen are by Fore Skin, the brand of choice for hardcore kinks. Her "very stiff" template is as equally disturbing and disconcerting and scary and gender-bending as her dyke.

Disturbing. Dyke scary. Dyke sexy. A scary dyke version of that other kind of old maid. You know. A full-blown "masculine" manhating carpet muncher.

There is also present a Voodoo Priestess who is a Lich. Liches are a type of undead creature, resulting from a transformation that mundane use to achieve a type of immortality. These "corrupted" humans not only have unnatural lifespans, they have incredible strength and durability too.

Unlike zombies, which are mindless, part of a hivemind, and/or under the control of a necromancer, a Lich retains independent thought and is usually at least as intelligent as it was prior to its transformation.

Liches can be distinguished from other undead by their phylactery—an item of the Lich's choosing into which they imbue their soul, giving them immortality until the phylactery is destroyed.

Appropriately, this Voo Dom's Lich name is Countess Puanteur—puanteur is French for reek. And it used to be female, a beautiful high-fashion model Dame Lesley Lawson DBE aka Twiggy. As a Lich, it is a hideous she-male thing.

On its ring finger, the Countess wears a Lich's One Ring, also called a Ruling Ring or Isildur's Bane. The Countess refers to its Ring as "my precious" or "precious." Years of the Ring's influence have twisted the Countess' body and mind beyond repair.

As is the way of Lich. The Countess refers to itself in the third-person plural. A razorblade smile—i.e., serrated teeth—and a killer tongue. Emaciated. Pendulous "doggy" tits that hang down to its narrow waist—floppy boobs with stringbean nipples and hideous stretch marks. Body candy piercings, galore: nose, nipple, navel, clit, labia, penis, and scrotum rings with arcane Lich engravings. Piranhas. Hung like a horse—the equivalent of uncircumcised Parts. Geriatric krazed, that frightwig liberally streaked with grey and white. Zero personal hygiene. Hence its sour pungent body odor. Rancid breath. Teeth so filthy they look rotten. Dirty pale-white skin—skin so dirty in places that patches of it are black. Yuck!

It too "desires" the girl Kirstjen in the worst possible ways and means. But. Its lurid cravings are not apparent whatsoever. Going to the extent of feigning to pay no attention to the girl.

Naked—except for thick-readers, perls, Piranhas, and a filthy loincloth—and wanting, the Countess is the designated "neutral observer" by the Bored Ape Yacht Club. This is just making a de facto situation de jure.

Needless to say. The Countess prefers the girl Kirstjen with a crane and thick-readers as Alice Quinn channeling Miss Mildred Huff, and taken Bill Cosby style. Its Precious can fix that later on in the evening after the Baroness has had her turn at bat.

The Countess intends to rape a shell, a mindless cunt, a “reek” version of Kirstjen. As a prelude to overpowering and violating this depraved and corrupt (i.e., decadent) bitch Kirstjen, its Precious is already working on a way to “hack” the girl. Reenacting what happened between a fictionalized Alice Quinn and a fictionalized Judi Dench in the pilot episode of *The Magicians*. Ultimately, though, The Countess will not rely on any single incident—faked or otherwise—for its *casus belli*.

Midnight Chronicles

Mediae Paralipomenon

Storyline:

In the world of MIDNIGHT, it is a time of overwhelming darkness. After three ages of scheming and war, the dark god Izrador has finally defeated the heroes and armies of the free races. Now, he rules the world of Aryth with an iron fist. Enslaved under the Shadow, the race of men leads an oppressed existence, and the elves and dwarves have retreated to distant forests and mountains, where their desperate resistance is slowly succumbing to the unyielding might of the Shadow. Investigating the disappearance of a legate priest, the infamous Mag Kiln has been ordered by the church to travel to the small Erenlander town of Blackweir. There, he soon becomes entangled in an old mystery and begins to uncover not only the forbidden legacy of the town, but the malevolent, prophetic force that grows within him. MIDNIGHT CHRONICLES is the epic narrative that tells the tale of two legendary characters—one for the cause of good, the other for the cause of evil. This is the story of their rise, their struggle, and ultimately their fate, as their destinies become intertwined with that of the world and the dark god that occupies it.—Epic Level Entertainment

Gamers Chronicles Review:

Picture a world very similar to that of Tolkien's Middle Earth. You've got orcs, elves, a dark bad guy much like Sauron and everything but with one significant twist: 100 years ago, the bad guy won. This is the world of Midnight Chronicles.

Some context: this world first appear as a "Campaign setting" for the Dungeons and Dragons roleplaying game. A campaign setting, for the non-initiated simply being a world backdrop for your game adventures.

Christian T. Petersen is primarily known as the president of Fantasy Flight Games, a company that excels at making various board games, roleplaying games and also imports and translates several amazing board games from Europe. This is his first foray as a director and although I've seen worse, there really is a sense that he did not have the technical knowledge to pull this extremely ambitious project.

There are a few positives, though. Charles Hubbell is pretty good in the role of the main character, Mag Kiln. The character has a little bit of Shades of grey but essentially, is an envoy of "the bad guy." As such, it is fascinating because usually, protagonists in epic fantasy are clearly "good guys." The only other actor who is decent is Sam L. Landman who plays Kruce. He is Mag Kiln's sidekick and definitely has the best lines in the movie and injects a bit of wit in what is otherwise an overly dramatic affair. The rest of the cast ranges from decent to really bad.

The writing doesn't help either. Many of the characters are bland stereotypes, while others do seem to have depth which is ruined by a confusing plot.

And this is what basically kills any hope this movie has: the story overfeeds us with awkward plot exposition. There are several characters to keep track of but few are given enough attention for us to care. It has been said *Midnight Chronicles* was to act as a calling card, a pilot for a potential TV series and this shows. After all these characters are presented and a plot that moves very slowly, the movie ends abruptly on a less than thrilling sequence. As if you had to put "DVD2" in your player.

It's a little heartbreaking for me to review this labor of love. The attempt at making a darker fantasy is laudable. And although the whole movie looks amateurish, it must have cost the producers (8 of them, including Petersen) an arm and a leg. The introduction sequence alone features tons of extras on a road. There are horse scenes, several sets were built and the 3D is amateurish but still pretty.

It all comes down to writing, acting, and direction. I can feel the love in this independent project but the skills are lacking. Here's hoping it's still picked for a TV series as there is much potential if additional writers tighten this up.

Lin Shaye—actress, producer

Lin Shaye—actrix, producentis

“A living dog keeps better watch than a dead lion, and is of more service to his master.”

Insidious: The Last Key. In this supernatural thriller sequel, Dr. Elise Rainier (actress Lin Shaye), the brilliant parapsychologist, faces her most fearsome and personal haunting yet—in her own family home.

Storyline:

The parapsychologist Dr. Elise Rainier has nightmares with her childhood in New Mexico, where she lived with her brother Christian, her supportive mother Audrey and her father Gerald, who frequently beats her when she claims that she sees ghosts everywhere in the house. When the client Ted Garza calls Elise to ask for help since he is haunted since he moved to a house in New Mexico, Elise refuses the request since the address is the same house where she spent her childhood. However she changes her mind and accepts the job, and travels with her assistants Specs and Tucker to New Mexico where they will discover an evil entity in the house.—**Claudio Carvalho, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (imdb.com)**

What confronts the Countess at the door is totally unexpected. Kirstjen’s Wednesday Addams is channeling an Alice Quinn channeling an Alice W Quinn channeling a Katherine “Kate” Moore (A.J. Cook in *Wer*). Thus. Bolshoi-bare. No eyeglasses. Strait hair. Careys. Bare legs. Perls, prudz, bra, and thong panties.

Cilice mode for her suit and bra? An option, currently invoked.

Piranhas? An option, currently invoked.

Parts? An option, currently invoked.

WGS? An option, currently invoked.

But. Neither mindless nor reeking. Not its echo. The Ring’s hack didn’t work!

The Lich quickly reigns in its surprised look. And regains its composure. Kirstjen lets it in her quarters. The Baroness is sprawled out naked on the floor, passed out. The girl closes and locks the door; hanging a “Do Not Disturb!” sign on the door knob.

“It’s your turn, now.” Kirstjen points at the Baroness. “She couldn’t keep up.”

“Was she entertaining?” The Countess asks rhetorically, about the scorecard of its rival for Kirstjen’s “affection.”

Kirstjen states the obvious: “Not really. I’ve been down paths like hers before. So many times. I’ve lost count.”

The Countess cuts to the chase. Short, sweet, and to the point.

“I want to rape you.”

“Your coercion failed,” again, Kirstjen states the obvious. “What’s your plan-B?”

It walks up to the girl and unbuttons her Kirstjen’s jacket, slowly. The Countess’ stench is stomach-turning—filling the girl’s nostrils, causing her to feel lightheaded and dizzy, almost fainting. The girl’s features switch off. They French kiss. The Lich’s killer tongue snakes into the girl’s mouth and down her throat; feeding voraciously.

Kirstjen’s eyes roll back into her head, showing only their whites. It rips and tears her jacket and skirt; reducing them to rags. Snatching off her gloves and rubber knickers. The girl is still conscious. Refusing to blackout. But. Offers no resistance, whatsoever.

Then. Out of the blue. The Countess does something totally unexpected. Its eyes turn black—the absolute black of The Abyss. Unexpected, and impossible. Impossible, for a Lich, that is. Someone or something else must also be at home. This Lich has an Other.

A hardcore junkie itself. It drags her into the depths of its bottomless depravity, with the intent of drowning her, resulting in her total subjugation—the vilest rape of mind, body, and soul.

Through its mystic third-eye, it shows Kirstjen her inescapable fate. To be taken beyond feral or primal. To be remade into something primordial. But this too is a total depravity that Kirstjen has previously indulged, many times over—oftentimes with a Borg queen or Toy.

“I am the beginning, the end, the one who is many. I am the Borg.”

It’s Kirstjen’s voice, but she should not be able to speak. Yet. She is doing just that. Too late, the Countess sees the trap that has been set and sprung—with the girl using herself as the bait. Desperately, the Lich and its controlling hitchhiker tries to pull back. Attempting to disengage and retract its tongue, and cease feeding, but it can’t.

Instead, Kirstjen begins to feed off of it via its own parasitic lingual—using its very own tongue against it. Turning the tables on her would-be subjugator. There is also the paradox, that as dominatrix, she is also an adept submissive: enslaver and enslaved. An addict and her addiction is a consumptive, and thus ultimately, a self-destructive relationship. But, in this case, whose destruction?

The Countess clearly intended to make itself into Kirstjen’s “addiction of choice,” and by doing so Kirstjen would be remade into its hopelessly addicted addict.

What about the Lich’s Other. To maintain its anonymity, and thus remain an Other of unknown origin, she retreats back into the One Ring where she had been festering. Yes, “she.” Unlike the Countess, this Other is female. That much Kirstjen is able to discern.

At the brink of the Lich's very destruction, Kirstjen (the intended captive) releases her would-be captor. The Countess, who by now is unconscious, drops like a limp ragdoll to the floor.

The girl's eyes turn back normal. A ravaged face? No, a hard pretty tortured face, but a pretty face nonetheless. Skinny, almost boney? No, still Gal Gadot slender. Dirty skin, so dirty in places that patches of it are black. Filthy, smelly clothes that have been reduced to rags. Breath and body odor that are as foul as a Lich's. Teeth so filthy they look rotten. She has dirty krazed hair that is blonde, liberally straked with grey and white? No, she does have dirty krazed hair but it's still yellow blonde. Zero personal hygiene. She kick off her shoes. And. Rapes and sodomizes an unconscious Countess, Bill Cosby style.

Mindless and reeking. By her own volition, she is a Lich's echo. Something primordial.

Morning brings the expected changes.

Kirstjen is back to doing a standard Alice Quinn channeling an Alice W Quinn channeling a Miss Hancock "The Weapon of Mass Seduction" channeling a Marion Crane channeling a Mildred Huff channeling an Elvira—i.e., Miss Handcock, "The Weapon of Mass Seduction," of a sort.

Clean and pristine. Strait hair and thick-readers. Bolshoi-bare. A hard pretty face, no longer tortured, and only marred by a severe unbecoming hairdo and the self-inflicted disfigurement of Coke-bottle eyeglasses—i.e., beauty hidden in plain sight, a "fake" ugly girl. But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face anyways when she has boobs like that, straining to break free of their strict confinement in a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

A pretty girl can do anything. An ugly girl MUST do everything.

Miss Handcock. That fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the dominatrix—as that severe sexually-repressed sexually-deviate schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain, akin to the sexually-repressed and supercilious serial killer Marion Crane in *Psycho*. There is also the paradox, that as dominatrix, she is also an adept submissive: enslaver and enslaved.

Tall. Statuesque. Slim. Stacked. The gold of her hair matches the gold of her bank account.

Dowdy. This drab, creepy, profane, unattractive, frumpy cunt—in the vein of buttaface MTG—has a penchant for smiling wickedly especially in the most inappropriate moments.

Perls and prudz. Bra and panties. Careys. WASP, of course—her Wednesday Addams.

No meth head (tweaker), crackwhore, or lush—i.e., not a tweaked dope fiend. No cilice mode for her WASP or her lacy push-up bra. No Piranhas, Parts, or WGS, et al. Therefore no tweaked dope fiend and no gender-fluidity that she craves so much, but that non-binary is clearly waiting patiently in the wings hence the overt Mildred Huff references. Therefore, not full-blown Miss Handcock, yet.

Beyond her cravings for gender fluidity and ugly. Beyond her practice of corporal mortification: the atonement for sins and for pleasure through self-flagellation and the cilice. Beyond her lurid experiments with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating known among its devotees as “choking the chicken.” She sees disfigurement and self-mutilation as ends in and of themselves. Very twisted, very sick needs of a very sexual nature. In a word: depraved.

She ALWAYS misses her prosthetic penis when she’s not strapping. Misses having an erection in her skintight “cheeky” rubber panties, and subsequently ejaculating into said brief latex knickers, all the while experiencing multiple orgasms to the nth degree, doing all of this to herself during prolonged AEA—Shangri-La, among gender-benders who are way too much into BDSM.

The Baroness and the Countess have returned to their respective quarters, none the worse for wear.

There is a knock at the door.

“It’s unlocked. Come in, please,” Kirstjen states the obvious. She knows they are always watching and listening.

A hefty, broad-shouldered woman wearing the BDU of the PLA enters the room. There is a Eurasian cast to her features. She’s an MP, a sergeant. Her name is Joyce Liu. In spite of her mundane appearance, she’s 456, too.

Polite pause. Abbreviations explained? Of course.

BDU—battle dress uniform—camouflaged combat uniform. PLA—People’s Liberation Army. MP—military police.

“You put on quite a show, last night.”

“Hope you enjoyed yourself.”

“It was disgusting. You decadent junkie capitalist tramp.”

“‘Decadent,’ yes. Although. ‘Hophead’ is so much hipper than ‘junkie.’ But. The ‘capitalist’ part is spot-on. I do prefer ‘swinger,’ occasionally ‘cunt,’ ‘slut,’ or ‘doxy.’ ‘Tramp’ is such a passe usage, don’t you think?”

“Filth. Degenerate scum. Your vulgar attempt at humor is not appreciated.”

“Got it, comrade,” Kirstjen delivers the rib with a smart-ass smile and a Prussian clicking of her heels.

Sergeant Liu has been instructed by her superiors to handle the girl with extreme caution. But. The MP has allowed her low personal opinion of the girl to cloud her professional judgement. As a result, she’s taking the girl way too lightly. Soon, rapidly unfolding events will change all that.

“The timetable has been stepped up. We penetrate (Ukraine) within the hour.”

“Pick a nom de guerre, for me.”

“How about the Wagner Group?”

“More apt than you could ever imagine.”

“I seriously doubt that.”

“How much time do I get to ‘amuse’ myself?”

“They said a half-hour.”

“More than enough time for a quickie.” Sergeant Liu starts to leave the room. “Nope. I want you to stay and watch. An order, not a request.”

Sergeant Liu doesn’t waste time objecting. She’d only get overruled by PLA command, over the intercom—they’re ALWAYS watching and listening.

A closet door opens. The closet is empty, except for rusty wire clothes hangers and a soiled men’s necktie hanging from the clothing rod. The tie fashions itself into a crude hangman’s noose. Kirstjen unbuttons her jacket and yanks her skirt down around her ankles. She steps out of the skirt and very slowly walks over to the closet—the bump-n-grind of a Burlesque stripper. The girl places her head through the noose, she invokes a Catholic nun’s sexually-repressive hairdo a sternka which yanks her hair out of the way so that the noose is right up against her smooth bared knobbed lily-white neck, and then she turns around. She’s smiling, freakishly-wide, just like The Joker.

If the sternka gives way to a Catholic nun’s sexually-repressive hairdo a crane à la Gayle Andrews as depicted on the album cover of *Love’s A Snap!* (1960) or Janet Leigh as Marion Crane in *Psycho* (1960), and her Bolshoi-bare is wantonly replaced by a geriatric facial that ravages her face and neck. A Mildred Huff is affected.

If the sternka gives way to a Catholic nun’s sexually-repressed hairdo a crane à la Gayle Andrews as depicted on the album cover of *Love’s A Snap!* (1960) or Janet Leigh as Marion Crane in *Psycho* (1960), and nothing else changes. A Gayle Andrews is affected.

Nonetheless, she digresses. With, the expected outcome? Yes.

She’s showing large—that telltale erectile bulge in the crotch of her thong—i.e., wearing Parts while in heat. Of course, besides strapping again and as a result being hung like a horse, there’s also Piranhas and WGS. Tweaked dope fiend, of course. Not to mention cilice mode for her WASP and her lacy push-up bra. Sternka lets down into a crane.

Willfully and willingly, Kirstjen hangs herself. Ejaculating into her skimpy latex panties, while experiencing multiple orgasms to the nth degree, during AEA—Shangri-La, the best drug of all!!!

The necessary evil, a thoroughly disgusted Sergeant Liu thinks to herself. *But, orders or not, once the deed is done, I'll get rid of this filth myself.*

What unnerves Sergeant Liu the most is the way that Kirstjen can assume that “right-wing sexpot” façade of hers so convincingly. By the time Dragon Hour arrives Sergeant Liu knows that the girl will have throttled things back quite a bit. Therefore. By then, for sure: a crane and no eyeglasses; not a tweaked dope fiend or gender bent; no cilice mode for her WASP or her lacy push-up bra; and no Piranhas, Parts, or WGS, et al. In other words, that sexpot Republican icon Edie Adams (Elizabeth Edith Enke) having cometh in the guise of a sexpot Gayle Andrews.

Speak of the devil. Sergeant Liu almost loses it altogether, herself. But. She keeps it together enough and doesn't finish the girl off then and there. Clearly, Kirstjen is living rent-free in the mind of Sergeant Liu. To say the least, very unprofessional and very dangerous, on Sergeant Liu's part.

Post Script: The girl's eyeglass chain (accessorizing thinz, thick-readers, et al.) has also been “trained” to choke her, for her express sexual pleasure.

Orthodox Christian mysticism, anti-American conspiracy theories, and hedonism.

Mysticus orthodoxus christianus, anti-americana conjuratio theoria, et hedonismus.

Elke Sommer, born Elke Baronesse von Schletz, is a German actress, entertainer, and artist. For a while, during her silent film career, she went in the name of Irma “Penelope” Eckman which was an amalgamation of previous cinematic pseudonyms. Ms. Sommer’s favorite movies: *Deadlier than the Male* (1967) and *Some Girls Do* its 1969 sequel. In both of these British spy thrillers, which had homicidal female leads, the dishy forty-something thespian’s partner in crime was actress Sylva Koscina, who was born Vampire in Zagreb, Croatia, Yugoslavia.

A movie star of the first order, this gorgeous Teutonic temptress was one of Hollywood’s most captivating imports. Blonde and beautiful, Berlin-born Elke Sommer, with her trademark pouty lips, high cheekbones, and sky-high bouffant hairdos (usually a grune, sometimes a beehive ‘do), proved irresistible to American audiences, whether adorned in lace or leather, or donning lingerie or lederhosen. Today, the semi-retired Vampire loves to travel and takes the occasional movie role.

Once you get past the gripping visual beauty of Kirstjen’s Gayle Andrews, her magical prowess is no less astounding. Here truly, the elements of the physical and metaphysical share equal billing.

As Sergeant Liu predicted. This is the version of Kirstjen that greets the Dragon Hour. A sexpot Gayle Andrews.

A crane. No eyeglasses. Not a tweaked dope fiend or gender fluid. No cilice mode for her WASP or her lacy push-up bra. And. No Piranhas, Parts, or WGS, et al.

A “pretty” Gayle Andrews which digresses somewhat into an “ugly” Gayle Andrews by the mere addition of thick-readers. But. No other changes. Still. It’s enough though to affect a Mildred Huff—i.e., looks: gone; a hottie from the neck down. In a word: buttaface.

It proves to be a very brief flirtation. Those hideous eyeglasses go bye-bye. Tellingly, her crane gives way to strait hair, then a grune, followed by a mopp, before finally cycling back to a crane.

A “pretty” Gayle Andrews aka Mistress Rhona Rees aka Fraulein Hannah Steinhausen aka any number of appropriate aliases just pick one that you fancy the most which epitomizes gripping visual beauty. A beautiful dominatrix. Blonde Nordic beauty, personified. In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s channeling Elvira channeling the strict prudish disciplinarian trio of Miss Mildred Huff, *Psycho*’s Miss Marion Crane, and *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn doing Jill Wagner (Amy Winslow) of *Mystery 101* on the Hallmark Movies & Mysteries channel.

Of course. Mildred Huff is ALWAYS waiting in the wings—i.e., the buttaface of thick-readers and the additional disfigurement of her face and neck by a geriatric facial; the ruination of geriatric blonde hair; tweaked dope fiend; transgender fluidity; cilice mode for her WASP and her lacy push-up bra; Piranhas, Parts, WGS, et al.

Mildred Huff is the most insidious aspect of Kirstjen’s depravity.

Mildred Huff is when Kirstjen is the drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend who’s functionally a strung-out junkie, crackwhore, and lush.

Mildred Huff is when Kirstjen wears thick-readers.

Mildred Huff is when Kirstjen is wearing disfiguring makeup which has been heavily-applied to her face and neck. Resulting in a face and neck that alias an unkind middle-age born of hard drug use and a deleterious lifestyle of being rode hard and put up wet many times too many. Totally bereft of her youthful beauty, she’s a complete and utter buttaface.

Mildred Huff is crepe paper boobs—i.e., geriatric cleavage. It’s is when Kirstjen is wearing disfiguring makeup which has been heavily-applied to her boobs. Put on a bra and where the breasts are pushed up creating cleavage the skin on the breasts looks like thin wrinkly crepe paper! Horrible isn’t it?!

Mildred Huff is Kirstjen with a voice that is deeper and huskier than you might be accustomed. Akin to Betty Hutton’s voice on her *Betty Hutton at the Saints & Sinners Ball* LP.

Dressed way too old for her age. Mildred Huff is Kirstjen wearing a geriatric facial and thick-readers, and sporting geriatric cleavage. Resulting in a Coke-bottle-eyeglass-wearing thirty-something who is easily mistaken for that fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty. And. Add the adjective “lunatic” to that description when you add a geriatric frightwig to the mix. Totally bereft of her youthful beauty, she’s a complete and utter buttaface who looks to be totally insane.

Geriatric makeover (partial): geriatric facial and geriatric cleavage.

Mildred Huff is Kirstjen’s self-inflicted torture using her WASP and lacy push-up bra in cilice mode, and the wearing of her Piranhas, as the instruments of her torture.

Mildred Huff is Kirstjen’s self-inflicted gender bending, transgender fluidity, and genital mutilation by virtue of wearing Parts. Which additionally is self-inflicted torture when “regular” Parts are swapped out for a Hedgehog.

But. At this given moment in time, based solely upon what she did to herself in that closet, what are the leading candidates for her most twisted iteration?

A sexpot Gayle Andrews, with strait yellow-blonde hair, wearing Bolshoi-bare, and not wearing eyeglasses. A very pretty girl craving the “ugly” disfigurement of a geriatric facial, thick-readers, geriatric cleavage, and a geriatric frightwig; craving the transgender fluidity and

genital mutilation of Parts; craving the self-loathing of WGS; and craving the torture of her Piranhas, her Hedgehog, and her WASP and lacy push-up bra in cilice mode.

Geriatric makeover (full-blown): geriatric facial, geriatric cleavage, and a geriatric hair (e.g., geriatric blonde hair, geriatric frightwig).

A sexpot Gayle Andrews, with a yellow-blond grune, wearing Bolshoi-bare, and not wearing eyeglasses. A very pretty girl craving the “ugly” disfigurement of a geriatric facial, thick-readers, geriatric cleavage, and a geriatric frightwig; craving the transgender fluidity and genital mutilation of Parts; craving the self-loathing of WGS; and craving the torture of her Piranhas, her Hedgehog, and her WASP and lacy push-up bra in cilice mode.

A sexpot Gayle Andrews, with a yellow-blond mopp, wearing Bolshoi-bare, and not wearing eyeglasses. A very pretty girl craving the “ugly” disfigurement of a geriatric facial, thick-readers, geriatric cleavage, and a geriatric frightwig; craving the transgender fluidity and genital mutilation of Parts; craving the self-loathing of WGS; and craving the torture of her Piranhas, her Hedgehog, and her WASP and lacy push-up bra in cilice mode.

A sexpot Gayle Andrews, with a yellow-blond crane, wearing Bolshoi-bare, and not wearing eyeglasses. A very pretty girl craving the “ugly” disfigurement of a geriatric facial, thick-readers, geriatric cleavage, and a geriatric frightwig; craving the transgender fluidity and genital mutilation of Parts; craving the self-loathing of WGS; and craving the torture of her Piranhas, her Hedgehog, and her WASP and lacy push-up bra in cilice mode. This one being her current visage.

So. Under the hood, so to speak, each of these represents a sex-crazed, gender-bent/fluid, tweaked dope fiend affectation of former Democratic standout and current Progressive Party icon Ms. Gladys Mansfield.

What about something NOT grown up, that still involves a grown woman and depravity?

Who’s to be triggered?

Triggeree: why, Kirstjen, of course.

Plenty of cheesecake?

Cleavage, lingerie, and fishnet tights. Dressed way too young for her age in the strident academy uniform of a Catholic schoolgirl. Mere Cosplay, no harm no foul, or implying that she’s mentally unhinged—still creepy on both counts.

A bribe, and for whom?

Four bribes, not one. Each a Lizzie McGuire meets Elvira channeling Seven-of-Nine doing Mildred Huff, Alice Quinn, Miss Debra, or Miss Marion Crane. Former Disney child star and ex teen idol turned grown-up porn starlet Hilary Duff would wholeheartedly approve.

Bribes for Ares’ Underworld Undersecretary Mrs. Molly Pollyanna-Sims, not for Ares himself.

Specific details?

Bribe #1, The Full Molly:

Gladdis McGuire. Beehive (hairdo), perls, and prudz. Bolshoi-bare. In place of careys, those age-inappropriate retro-futuristic jailbait Goth/Punk boots of hers, those dikes those ankle boots with the disfiguring post-Polio leg braces from her underage templates—the boots of The Monster, Doctor Victor Frankenstein’s first monster. Thick-readers and Parts. WGS. Piranhas. The thick-readers, Parts, WGS, and Piranhas are mandatory. A “plain” black 1950s Emma Cable knit cardigan sweater with three-quarter-length sleeves—the top half of a girl’s uniform at a Catholic boarding school—i.e., an authentic 1950s black tight-fitting poodle sweater with a white Peter Pan collar which successfully pulls off the duality of being severe and scandalous at the same time. Porn tights: Elvira-style black fishnet tights by Ghostcat—sheer mesh fishnet tights. Seamless black fishnets of the finest weave and therefore of the very fine mesh persuasion and thus semi-opaque therefore passing for sheer hosiery except under close scrutiny—i.e., Sheertex aka porn tights aka Elvira fishnets—this ebony & ivory translates as silky black legs on a very White girl. In spite of being midriff-baring and as if they were HiRISE hosiery, the naughty XXX hosiery somehow rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. A constricted waist that would be the envy of any Victorian Era lady. A white lacy bullet bra with “stiff” underwire cups. Skimpily flesh-colored rubber thong worn underneath the tights— i.e., tights worn over thong. That pleated B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt from a Tuesday Weld—i.e., Royal Stewart tartan, this traditional Scottish tartan B&W-plaid is the best-known plaid in all of Creation. Cilice mode for her poodle sweater, miniskirt, torpedo bra, and Elvira fishnets. Lots of cleavage and chiseled legs for days. A salacious underage Mildred Huff template—i.e., “ugly.”

This is the trademark “outfit” of Gladdis Carole Miller, the twin sister of Roscoe Tess Miller, the deceased girl. Gladdis was the older of the twins by one full minute.

Bribe #2, Gerda’s Punky Brewster aka Soleil Moon Frye in *Sabrina The Teenage Witch*:

Gladys McGuire. A Gladdis McGuire with strait hair in place of a beehive hairdo; minus thick-readers, Parts, WGS, and Piranhas; no cilice mode for her poodle sweater, miniskirt, torpedo bra, or Elvira fishnets; and thinz. A salacious underage Alice Quinn template—i.e., very “pretty,” if not for the eyeglasses.

Bribe #3, Samantha’s Tabitha in *Bewitched*:

Gladis McGuire. A Gladdis McGuire with a mopp in place of a beehive hairdo; minus thick-readers, Parts, WGS, and Piranhas; no cilice mode for her poodle sweater, miniskirt, torpedo bra, or Elvira fishnets; and no eyeglasses. A salacious underage Miss Debra template—i.e., very “pretty.”

Bribe #4, Betty Hutton’s *Betty Hutton at the Saints & Sinners Ball* LP:

Betty Hutton. A Gladdis McGuire with a crane in place of a beehive hairdo; minus thick-readers, Parts, WGS, and Piranhas; no cilice mode for her poodle sweater, miniskirt, torpedo bra, or Elvira fishnets; and no eyeglasses. A salacious underage Miss Marion Crane template—i.e., very “pretty.”

MDMA (Ecstasy or Molly)

MDMA (Estasy seu Molly)

MDMA, short for *3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine*, is most commonly known as Ecstasy or Molly. It is a laboratory-made drug that produces a “high” similar to the stimulants called **amphetamines**. It also produces psychedelic effects, similar to the hallucinogens mescaline and LSD. MDMA first became popular in the nightclub scene, at “raves” (all-night dance parties), and music festivals or concerts. It is now used by a broader range of people. The drug’s effects generally last from 3 to 6 hours.

Most people who use MDMA take it in a pill, tablet, or capsule. The pills can be different colors and sometimes have cartoon-like images on them. Some people take more than one pill at a time, called “bumping.” The popular term “Molly” (slang for molecular) refers to the **pure crystalline powder form of MDMA**, usually sold in capsules. But this is mostly a marketing gimmick—testing on “Molly” seized by police shows a variety of other ingredients.

In fact, researchers and law enforcement have found that much of the Ecstasy sold today contains other harmful and possibly deadly drugs. In some recent cases, drugs sold as MDMA actually contain no MDMA at all. Frequently, MDMA is mixed with or replaced by *synthetic cathinones*, the chemicals in “bath salts.” Some MDMA pills, tablets, and capsules have also been found to contain caffeine, dextromethorphan (found in some cough syrups), amphetamines, PCP, or cocaine.

Kirstjen gets the expeditionary force into Ukraine. That being done, they part company. Except for Sergeant Liu, who stays with Kirstjen, per the arrangement.

Sergeant Liu and Kirstjen are the tip of the spear, so to speak.

One mile beyond their point of ingress, they are intercepted by a transgender Mads “Molly” Mikkelsen. Mads is the younger twin sister of Virginia “Ginni” Lamp Thomas. Ginni Thomas, the conservative activist and ex US Supreme Court Chief Justice, who is suspected by the police of torturing her husband Attorney Clarence Thomas to death.

By then, Kirstjen is doing something that is most appealing to the Parts-strapping Mads:

Thin and strait hair—unbecoming eyeglasses and an equally unflattering old-fogey hairdo. The appearance of that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the severe schoolmarm who demeans and belittles her students while she exudes loathing and disdain. This alpha of the drab, creepy, less attractive, frumpy cunt, dope fiend version of Kirstjen—i.e., Danish jazz vocalist Sinne Eeg (pronounced sée-neh ée) aka Sarah Louise Palin aka *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn played by Kirstjen Nielsen.

A Wednesday Addams with bare legs, careys, and a prudish WASP. As such. Channeling the vibe of *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn. Long "perfect" memorizing legs showcased by a short albeit-prudish skirt.

Of course. This severe combo of unbecoming eyeglasses and long poker-straight hair directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn. But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face when she has boobs like that, almost busting loose from the confines of a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with flawless legs-for-days?!

Of course. No Parts, Piranhas, and WGS, and no cilice mode for her WASP. No disfiguring Coke-bottle eyeglasses. Etc. In other words. No such self-inflicted disfigurement whatsoever.

Of course. Minus those unbecoming eyeglasses of hers, she's the glamazon, the glamorous amazon, Debra and her Puppies. The female face of WWF's Attitude Era: Miss Debra and her Puppies. Queen Debra Puppies. Show me your Puppies. Debra: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

Of course. Minus those unbecoming eyeglasses of hers. Substitute a mopp, that long lush old-fogey big hair, for strait hair and you get shades of Nancy Ann Grace aka Debra and her Puppies on top of all of that. The female face of WWF's Attitude Era: Miss Debra and her Puppies. Queen Debra Puppies. Show me your Puppies. Debra: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

Of course. That severe combo of no eyeglasses and long poker-straight hair directs your focus to her face and her tits. In that guise, she's drop-dead gorgeous, to say the very least, in spite of her Wednesday Addams' strict attire. With the controlling, total drudge, "boring, uptight Maggie," layered heavily on top. Shades of Brooke Elizabeth Burns as divorcee Detective Maggie Price in the *Gourmet Detective*—i.e., Danish jazz vocalist Sinne Eeg (pronounced séé-neh éé) aka Stacey Ann-Marie Keibler the "real" Miss Hancock aka *Babylon 5*'s commercial telepath Talia Winters played by Rebecca Andrea Thompson aka *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn played by Kirstjen Nielsen.

That Maggie Price variation. The appearance of that fetish icon a strict disciplinarian—the dominatrix—she who exudes loathing and disdain while belittling and degrading her submissives especially during forced feminization of men and forced masculinization of women. The delta of the drab, creepy, very attractive, frumpy cunt, teetotaler version of C.

The stocky-built Mads' own attire echoes that of Marti from that alternate universe:

Sixty-something. Bland. Stern. Petty and vindictive. Envious. And, as such. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. Koo. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Broad shoulders. Thick arms, beefy legs and thighs. Very masculine ways, means, and manner. Deep voice, for a woman. A farmgirl who is the stereotypical manhating bulldyke. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, barbwire garters (Piranhas), and commando (wearing Parts in place of knickers). Huge ugly mouth. A hard-faced woman who in the absolute physical prime of her youth was never even remotely pretty. Thick

eyeglasses—thick-readers. No make-up, the bare ugly truth. A lush, a dope fiend, and a dominatrix. Suspected serial killer and homicidal maniac. Her drug of choice is Molly, hence her nickname. Her self-pleasuring is exclusively: self-flagellation, the cilice, and auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA). Magician, wizard, sorceress, and necromancer extraordinaire.

As the trio penetrates ever deeper in-country, Kirstjen transforms more in-line with Mads which pleases Mads to no end since the bulldyke has no use for pretty girls let alone ones who are not transgender like herself.

Kirstjen's transformation?

Namely: thick-readers are swapped in for Kirstjen's thinz, vicious limb-chewing Piranhas strangling/torturing the girl's thighs, and uncircumcised gender-bending Parts stuffing the girl's panties. Disfiguring eyeglasses paired with severe unbecoming straight hair yanked back into a sternka (Victorian style, i.e., shades of the "cursed" Vanessa Ives played by Eva Green in Showtime's *Penny Dreadful*), along with the cilice of Piranhas and the gender-bending that is Parts. Additionally, WGS begins to progressively gnaw at the girl's psyche which shows up this time in what amounts to a hophead facial only much worse, as if the girl just started doing the drug Molly again and the ravages of that highly corrosive hard drug abuse were already showing up on Kirstjen's face in the tell of rapidly diminishing looks. Ultimately resulting in a kick-ass body married to a kick-to-the-face face.

Ergo. Molly's use insures that if you don't start off ugly, you end up that way in short order. Yet, Kirstjen hasn't done Molly in a coon's age. Nor has WGS by itself triggered this kind of hyper-disfiguring facial transformation in Kirstjen before. Strange.

Dressed way too old for her age. This Coke-bottle-eyeglass-wearing thirty-something is easily mistaken for that fifty-something divorcee pushing a very hard sixty.

Ergo. Wearing thick-readers by their lonesome, hers becomes the face of someone who has, over the course of decades of some very hard living, been road hard and put up wet many times too much. Additionally, wearing a sternka, akin to wearing a crane, amplifies the deleterious effects of wearing Coke-bottle eyeglasses. This is hyper hophead facial and neck affection (HHFA) taken to another level. More Mildred Huff is heaped upon Mildred Huff ad infinitum indeed.

Bottomline. The thirty-something girl's looks are now those of a used-up and spent fifty-something lush and dope fiend. Bereft of prettiness, just ugly is left.

Mads craves ugly girls, and that's just what the formerly beautiful Kirstjen is quickly becoming but without a facial being applied and not because of any Molly use. Mere coincidence? A humdinger of a curse? What?! Wearing thick-readers by their lonesome, as aforementioned, is the cause.

But. It doesn't really matter what this is a manifestation of. Because out of the blue. Blonde bombshell Kirstjen bounces back with a vengeance sporting a big shit-eating grin. Eyeglasses,

Piranhas, Parts, and WGS go bye-bye. Her beauty returns undiminished. Her hair lets down into an old-fogey stalwart, a mopp. A kick-ass body with a face to match.

Once again. She's the glamazon, the glamorous amazon. Shades of Dixie Carter the miniskirted menace of TNA Impact Wrestling aka Nancy Ann Grace aka Debra and her Puppies on top of all of that. The female face of WWF's Attitude Era: Miss Debra and her Puppies. Queen Debra Puppies. Show me your Puppies. Debra: All about the Puppies. Want Puppies?!

Once again. Kirstjen is the cold, detached, magical killer with a hard pretty face and a kick-ass body. Mads is put on notice. But the bigger question is: how long can Kirstjen maintain this beauty before lapsing back into the ugly that is Mildred Huff?

Let the games begin!!!

The Madness of Creation

Furor Creationis

When *Spider-Man: Far From Home* toyed with the multiverse via the charlatan character Mysterio (Jake Gyllenhaal), he made reference to the MCU's main reality being Earth 616. *Multiverse of Madness* confirms this, with the incarnation of Christine Palmer in the Illuminati universe stating that she lives on Earth 838, while Strange's reality was classed as 616.

Sergeant Liu and Kirstjen are the tip of the spear of the Chinese military contingent of the expeditionary force. A force, of course, that doesn't include Mads. Depraved degenerate Mads is the bait and the trap of the vile nemesis.

Finally, Mads stops in her tracks and faces Sergeant Liu and Kirstjen. She directs her attention exclusively at Kirstjen. Ignoring Sergeant Liu, altogether.

“Welcome, (fellow) puppet (of the Gods), to the very end of the road never taken.”

“Niffin are the Gods' puppets. I'm a Noom. Therefore, this (verbal) confrontation refers to me not.”

Mads smiles inhumanly wide, literally from ear to ear—The Joker's freakish “sulfuric acid” smile. Revealing that she has been extensively modified.

“Through a mirror darkly, and here the man who holds the glass is darker still.”

“I'm a woman, not a man. Again, this (verbal) confrontation refers to me not.”

Mads asserts her dominion over the girl.

Underneath her very brief skirt, Kirstjen can feel Piranhas “embrace” her thighs. She can feel Parts obscenely bulging in the crotch of her panties. The girl is “frozen” in place, a living statue. And. None of this is by her own volition. She's being psychically raped.

No thick-readers, yet. No WGS, yet. No acid smile, yet. No ghoulish “melted” make-up, yet. No unkempt mopp aka disheveled hair aka frightwig aka krazed, yet. No geriatric cleavage, yet. No geriatric blonde hair, yet. No lack of personal hygiene, yet. Mads plans that ugly for much later during that very private moment when she's very alone with the girl. That uglification, that beating of this girl mercilessly with the biggest ugly stick imaginable, must be savored one-on-one.

“Now, you are a man, just like me. Now, you are my sex slave. Now, I own you: lot, stock, and barrel. Now, you only speak when spoken to, you must speak in a monotone, and you will keep your responses succinct. Silence is consent.”

Kirstjen's face goes blank as her mind is wiped clean. For all intents and purposes, Kirstjen exists in name only. No longer a free woman. She has been reduced to a mindless robotic she-male sex slave—a flesh-and-blood fetish doll—Mads' very personal very private drone.

Welcome to slavery, outside of the institution of matrimony.

Sergeant Liu smiles at the girl's public humiliation, domination, and degradation.

Having enslaved the girl, Mads now turns her complete attention to Sergeant Liu.

“Arrogant, overconfident fool. You were going to destroy Judi's fetish doll wife, after she had served your agenda's purpose, because you didn't approve of her degenerate lifestyle. What an absolute waste of primo cock and pussy if you had succeeded in that. Now, because you have served your purpose of delivering her to me and I detest sanctimonious assholes like you so much...”

Tit for tat. Out of nowhere, a Frost Giant, Winter the God Herself, steps on Sergeant Liu.
Splat!!!

Speed is killer but timing is lethal.

Accumsan at leo letalis est.

Somewhere. Some when. In a PUV, a “pocket” universe—private and unlisted.

Day One. The girl is kept sauced on 190-proof everclear, to super accelerate her reintroduction to Molly addiction.

Day Two. For the girl with a now massive debilitating hangover. Hard alcohol is swapped out for dope.

Day Five goes the same way that Day Two thru Day Four did.

Kirstjen is sprawled on the kitchen’s linoleum floor, akin to a ragdoll. Staring up blankly at the ceiling.

She has been beaten with more of that very ugly stick: thick-readers, WGS, geriatric cleavage, geriatric blonde hair. Chaotic hair let down, draping face, shoulders, and breasts. An unkempt mopp aka disheveled hair aka frightwig aka krazed.

At regular intervals, Kirstjen’s empty eyes fluoresce different colors as her fifth day of brainwashing proceeds in earnest. The brain scrambling wavelengths are supplied by the very special light bulb of the kitchen’s very special secondary light fixture. Wavelengths that work in conjunction with the girl’s eyeglasses.

An IV stuck in the girl’s neck, fed by a floor spigot, keeps the girl strung-out on Molly. Liquid enslavement, the addicted submissive’s reward for servicing her addict mistress.

As of yet, though. No acid smile, yet. No ghoulish “melted” make-up, yet. So, Mads has yet to apply all of that crazy ugly to the girl like she had initially planned.

One thing hasn’t changed, though. The butch Mads intends to own Kirstjen as an ugly girl forever. Succeeding where so many others before her have failed. Negating the truism that: Curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction brought her back.

Careys, but no prudz, akin to feral porn. No panties, just Parts, akin to Mads’ commando, for a very she-male rendition of Kirstjen’s game crabby nethers down there between her chiseled legs underneath her very brief skirt.

Handcuffs and leg irons. A spiked dog collar padlocked around her neck with the collar’s extensible leash, a length of barbed chain, bolted to a wall. Horse-penis bit gag.

Features offline. She is filthy and smelly. Fetid breath. Teeth so dirty they look rotten. Patches of her skin are so dirty, they are black. Pendulous doggy tits stuffed in an underwire bullet bra that holds them at attention. Sickly skinny: a very “not well looking” slender, akin to an emaciated dope fiend hooked on Molly or a boney size-zero High Fashion model.

Kirstjen's suit is a total mess, just like she is. Dirty. Torn pockets. Ripped. Split seams. Ragged coat sleeves with frayed cuffs. A shopworn skirt with a ragged hemline. Her Wednesday Addams is ruined enough to befit the craziest baglady.

Nearby. Two large stainless steel dog bowls. One contains water. The other contains dog food. Both are for Kirstjen.

The horse-hung girl's erection tent-pools a skirt that she ejaculates into. A skirt painted with a thick sticky coat of the girl's old and new ejaculate.

All of which begs the question, Kirstjen's abduction aside: Is this the correct MO for the killer of Roscoe Tess Miller?

Subjugation, complete and utter: check. The deepest darkest depths of degradation most vile: check. Disfigurement of a very pretty girl, a buxom blonde bombshell, no less: check. Lack of personal hygiene, the other type of filth (汚秽): check. An ugly, which berefts the girl of any vestige of youthful beauty, that's defined by the harshest severity and geriatrics of all sorts: check. All consistent with the culprit for the Roscoe Miller murder.

Additionally, Gladdis Carole Miller, Roscoe's older twin, is a butchered corpse in the guest bedroom, hacked to pieces in what would seem to be the heat of passion. But. Unlike in the Roscoe Miller murder, the word filth (汚秽) is nowhere in sight.

When it comes to the genocidally depraved, time will reveal all. And. By Day Seven, it does. Not of her own volition, a strung-out Kirstjen comes to her senses in the kitchen. The IV is no longer stuck in her neck. That very special light fixture has been turned off. Her features are back online. She is clean and pristine. Geriatric cleavage and geriatric blonde hair are gone. Firm ripe boobs in place pendulous doggy tits again stuff her bullet bra. A well-groomed mopp has replaced her krazed. Careys and prudz, not one without the other. Her flesh-colored thong is back in place, the aforementioned Parts stuffing her knickers. Gal Gadot skinny again, instead of sickly skinny. But, thick-readers, WGS, Parts, and Piranhas remain, therefore she's still a she-male butterface. Her handcuffs, leg-irons, and gag are gone—she's unrestrained but that doesn't mean she's a free woman, of course—she's still enslaved.

A very shaky Kirstjen stands up. She stumbles out of the kitchen. Seated at the dinner table is Mads. The old bulldyke is dead, strangled brutally, and ritualistically displayed. Craved into Mads' forehead is one word: filth (汚秽).

Two inconsistencies between the murders of Roscoe Miller and Mads Mikkelsen:

The posing of the body implies cold-blooded intent, and not yet another victim of a crime of passion. Also, the word filth (汚秽) is not apart from the victim, it's used to mark her.

Shades of Sarah Palin: thinz replace Kirstjen's thick-readers. From Kirstjen's perspective, the room begins to spin violently. She hears a maniacal laugh just before she blacks out.

Shades of the confirmed spinster and depraved librarian Mildred Huff: Kirstjen's thick-readers replace her thinz. And. The further hidden prickly disfigurement of her Parts going Hedgehog.

What strides into the room to lord over the unconscious girl is Mads' doppelganger in looks, attire, and vices—one exception to the attire. She is Mads' older sister Ginni, of course. As evil, depraved, and degenerate as Mads was, Ginni is much worse. Mads personified filth (汚穢), Ginni defines it.

Oh, by the way. That one exception to the aforementioned attire: Mads preferred regular Parts while Ginni is a Hedgehog devotee. Hence the change in Kirstjen's gender fluid nether regions.

“With my dearest sister out of the way. Now, I own you. Mine forever!” Ginni proclaims as she wipes the girl's mind, before dragging the girl's limp body back into the kitchen to be again restrained, force-fed liquid enslavement, and brainwashed.

But, things may not be what they seem. Maybe this is where fun goes to die. In the master bedroom, strange fruit hangs from the ceiling. Ginni has been lynched, Southern style, which means she has been tortured as well. The word filth (汚穢) has been written in her blood across one of the bedroom walls. A live Ginni and a dead Ginni from the same “home” universe coexisting in this same universe? So, it would seem.

Day Thirteen, Friday 13th

Dies tertius decimus, dies Veneris 13th

Aurora Teagarden is a fictional character created by author Charlaine Harris. She is the protagonist of a series of eleven crime novels written from 1990 to 2017. In 2014, Hallmark Movies & Mysteries began broadcasting adaptations of the novels as an original film series entitled *The Aurora Teagarden Mysteries*, as part of their ‘Mystery Wheel’ umbrella series with Candace Cameron Bure in the title role.

In the first book of the series, twenty-eight-year-old Aurora (Roe) Teagarden is a professional librarian at the Lawrenceton Public Library and belongs to the Real Murders Club, a group of “True Crime” enthusiasts who gather monthly to study famous crimes from the history of their Georgia town.

Now, with strait hair, of course. Kirstjen in the guise of the professional librarian a very broken Karen Digney (aka *The Munsters’* Patricia Ann Priest). How Ginni likes her, but with regular Parts in place of a Hedgehog the way Ginni’s sister Mads liked her.

As a Karen Digney wearing no eyeglasses, she would be a very pretty girl who would reveal just how broken she was as soon as she raised her skirt and revealed her wares. Piranhas torturing her thighs as her only cilice and regular Parts bulging in the crotch of her skimpy latex knickers.

Sans glasses or not, she only sees herself as ugly not pretty because of the WGS that is part-and-parcel of this guise.

“No one will remember you,” Kirstjen confronts Ginni as Ginni strolls into the kitchen.

“They’ve already forgotten you,” retorts Ginni, sounding much braver than she feels.

As if binding an invisible person, Kirstjen’s IV, handcuffs, and leg irons are still in place. Clearly not in place “binding” Kirstjen, though.

“You say that like it’s a good thing in your favor,” Kirstjen taunts.

Ginni’s mouth is erased. Preventing her from responding in kind. Next her nose is erased. Ginni drops to the floor unable to breathe. She thrashes on the floor for dear life, to no avail. Ginni is suffocating to death, a slow and agonizing demise, to say the least.

“Tisk. Tisk. Tisk. You’ve ended up disappointing me, and your start was so promising.”

Briefly, Kirstjen’s eyeglasses vacate her face to hang around her neck in the style of a librarian’s. Then she relapses back into fudge ugly, and is again wearing those disfiguring

eyeglasses of hers. Once more awash in madness, OCD, WGS, self-inflicted disfigurement, and self-loathing.

Self-loathing. The cornerstone of WGS. In this case, an ugly-obsessed ravishingly beautiful girl who loathes herself so much for being beautiful instead of ugly, that she only sees herself as being ugly.

Briefly, a maniacal grin stretching literally from ear-to-ear paints her face.

Not-so-briefly, she has an erection, ejaculating into her panties as she tentpoles her very brief skirt.

From the elbows down and from the knees down, the flesh melts off of Ginni's limbs. More agony for the suffocating Ginni.

A very broken Karen Digney is just another Mildred Huff. As a lush or a dope fiend, neither comes remotely close to bringing her the pleasure she's now experiencing from being a very broken Karen Digney. Mildred Huff: the addiction that never goes away, because it NEVER stops giving.

Then. In the midst of all of this depraved reverie. Kirstjen turns her attention to a seemingly empty far corner of the kitchen. Eyeglasses, Piranhas, Parts, and WGS go bye-bye. Also, lush and dope fiend are put back into their respective closets, so to speak. She's once again that very pretty girl who's dressed in the style of a plainclothes nun, which means she's dressed way too severe for her age and beauty. No Joker's grin. This girl is all business, now. Detached. Nordic beauty. The ice princess. As if she's a throwback to her mundane used-to-be self.

Then. Suddenly. Ginni on the verge of extinction is again whole and okay again as if she'd never been stricken. She stands up.

Then. Suddenly. In that seemingly empty corner that Kirstjen is focusing her attention upon, Ginni's sister Mads, alive and well, "materializes." Quite dead in the next room, the dining room, is Mads too. A live Mads and a dead Mads from the same "home" universe coexisting in this same universe? So, it would seem.

"Two sisters. Their dead and living selves coexisting in this same universe? So, it would seem. Aberrations, no. Abominations, yes." A pregnant pause, for effect. "Nothing personal. Just business. Be seeing you."

Kirstjen. An attractive, haughty air about her. Elven vicious for the sheer animal joy of it. Cruel. Brutal, bordering on feral, and thus mimicking a Goon's. In other words: A mean girl. Got wood?!

So they, Ginni and Mads, have been duly and properly "warned" that being God-like is not the same as being a God, and, by demonstration of having their asses handed to them by Kirstjen, they have been reminded that there are levels to being God-like, and a non-detuned Kirstjen is clearly on a whole nother level to them (singularly or collectively)—i.e., they've been served, so

to speak. The next move is theirs. Revenge is a dish best served cold, but in this case, it would be wise for them to never serve it at all again, else their extinction is certain.

Kirstjen fades from that misbegotten PUV, materializing back on the Brakebills' campus in her "home" universe. As if she never left on her "relaxing" sojourn. Once more, she's detuned.

She's strolling the least popular of the school's greens. Except for herself and someone else, the green is otherwise deserted.

The High Council has been rebooted. The "special military operation" in the Ukraine has been concluded to the satisfaction of all of the parties concerned. And Kirstjen is on time to teach her first class of the day.

All's well that ends well.

Portents, if any?

Oh so briefly. Given her druthers. She's that very broken Karen Digney, very broken Alice Quinn, very sick Mildred Huff persona she's openly sporting on campus. Becoming almost unrecognizable.

Therefore. Jeannie. Thick-readers, Piranhas, Parts, and WGS; also, lush and dope fiend have come out of their respective closets, so to speak, too. *The Munsters'* Patricia Ann Priest taken to its extreme.

Ugly Miss Debra (UMD). It's a disfiguring gender-bending "makeover" that quickly gets discarded for her normal on-campus "buttaface: pretty girl hiding in plain sight" scholarly guise.

Therefore. Jeannie. Thinz. No Piranhas, no Parts, and no WGS, and no cilice mode for her WASP. Etc. No such self-inflicted disfigurement whatsoever, with the sole exception of unbecoming eyeglasses and vintage hairdo.

A very unbroken Karen Digney, Alice Quinn, Pat Priest, Kayla Morton, et al.

No very sick Mildred Huff persona, whatsoever? Not quite.

To digress. This severe combo of unbecoming eyeglasses and long poker-straight hair with bangs directs your focus to her tits, lickety-split. Shades of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn channeling Street Outlaws' Kayla "Hot Mess Express!!!" Morton and Stephanie "James" Strang channeling that quintessential dominatrix a very blonde Poppy "The Blonde Bondage" Montgomery (who is an abject study in severity and sternness) channeling that paragon of harshness the British actress, former English librarian, and Barbara Eden lookalike, Tamzin Maria Outhwaite the star of the BBC's *Paradox* TV series (as D.I. Rebecca Flint) and the BBC's second female Doctor Who for its *Doctor Who* TV series.

So. Miss Mildred Huff is kept at bay, at least at arm's length? Again, not quite. Because. Of course, it goes without saying that, by their lonesome, wearing eyeglasses is channeling Mildred Huff: e.g., undertones of Miss Huff with thinz, and overtones of Miss Huff with thick-readers.

Therefore. Kirstjen wearing eyeglasses and a jeannie is in and of itself Mildred Huff.

But. Who in the Hell looks at a chick's face when she has boobs like that, almost busting loose from the confines of a stiff underwire "projectile" bra, paired up with bare flawless legs-for-days?!

Ergo. It isn't a Mildred Huff that spoils the mood.

That aforementioned someone else on the green? Kirstjen has an audience of one sitting on a masonry bench on the green. Dressed like her namesake and lookalike, Elvira, this beautiful lecherous Vampire is seventy-something; with a face and neck that recreates HHFA to a tee when she's drunk, high, or "scooting" pussy. Thick-readers, Piranhas, and Parts when she's on a sex, drug, or alcohol binge. Currently, thinz, no Piranhas, and only female private parts. Jeannie. Upper-class British accent. A card-carrying Torie. Formally, she calls herself "Ms. Behr." Informally, she goes by "Elvira." She's "Scooter" to her lovers. Once she was a human female, a world-renown scientist no less, but that was a very long time ago.

Elvira's twin brother is Harry Palmer, a spy for British Intelligence. Her twin sister, Lucrecia, is a reality TV star on the BBC; "Luc" is a member of the cast of *The Real Mistresses of the Dark*.

Watching the very broken version of Kirstjen—with that very sick Mildred Huff persona expressed as WGS—if Elvira were strapping Parts she would have gotten hard, a tent-poling erection, and serial ejaculation. She too is a lush and a dope fiend, but keeps that on the down-low. Possessive and obsessive: OCD on steroids, so to speak. The recently-appointed head of R&D for the school's library. Kirstjen's newest not-so-secret admirer.

Formally or informally, the two potential "love birds" have yet to be introduced.

Of course. Kirstjen misses being Ugly Miss Debra (UMD), that very white and very ugly S&M dominatrix homage to the very black and very ugly S&M dominatrix Whoopi Goldberg.

Of course. Kirstjen wearing a straight hairdo, whether that 'do is strait hair, jeannie, or whatnot, is a homage to a large-breasted bespectacled Plain Jane (LPJ), and LPJ is backdoor channeling Mildred Huff.

Of course. By the time Kirstjen crosses the green, she's sporting a sternka, which puts the screws to plainness and frumpiness and Miss Mildred Huff in a very big way, as well as being a flipside to Sarah Palin. A CDH yanked back into a sternka, Victorian style—i.e., shades of the "cursed" Vanessa Ives played by Eva Green in Showtime's *Penny Dreadful*. Shades of *Sex-Ed 101: Fully Illustrated XXX Lessons in Lust by Villagran, Enrique; Harper Valley P.T.A.*; and professional dominatrix and certified sexologist Damiana Chi.

By the time Kirstjen reaches her classroom, she is sporting strait hair, that severest and most plaintive of hairdos.

By the time that class begins, this regression is somewhat abetted, and Kirstjen is wearing a jeannie again albeit shortened by being yanked back into a sternka, Victorian style—i.e., a frumpy hairdo, shades of the “cursed” Vanessa Ives played by Eva Green in Showtime’s *Penny Dreadful*. Unbecoming thinz are still in play, though. And. Disfiguring thick-readers hang around her neck, at the eveready. Through Prehensile Eyes: wearing thinz, and thick-readers hanging around her neck, or vice versa.

It’s AOC/Plain Jane (LPJ) backdoor-channeling Mildred Huff. One of the severest and most plaintive, and therefore one of the Plainest Jane (LPJ), aliases of hers. All that’s missing to tip it over an edge-most-sternly and ratchet it up another level of creepiness is Piranhas, Parts, and WGS, and swapping in thick-readers for thinz—i.e., back to overtly over-the-top Mildred Huff. Got wood?!

By the time that class ends, disfiguring thick-readers are in play. And. Unbecoming thinz hang around Kirstjen’s neck, at the eveready. Through Prehensile Eyes: wearing thick-readers, and thinz hanging around her neck, or vice versa.

Again. Rendered repressed, unattractive, and prudish—i.e., the quintessential frump. Shades of Karen Black’s spinsterish Julie Eldridge and Millicent characters in *Trilogy of Terror*, and therefore Mildred Huff. Strait-laced. Sexually repressed. A prude.

Wearing thick-readers resulting in the optical illusion of a ravaged face and neck, without actually ruining the wearer’s face and neck. Mimicking the disfigurement of hard prolonged alcohol and/or drug abuse, destructive aging, “nasty” divorce, etc., by just wearing a pair of Coke-bottle eyeglasses.

Add Parts, and you get gender fluidity and ugly.

Add WGS, and you go from “just bent” to “very broken, indeed.”

Layered on top of all of that is lush and dope fiend.

From the neck down, though, still that “killer” body of hers.

A very broken Alice Quinn’s Karen Digney as Mildred Huff, is what Kirstjen’s depraved, degenerate Alice Quinn character would have become if there had been a sixth season for *The Magicians*.

By happenstance, was an influencer monitoring the class? Yes. She was Mistress Damiana Chi, Ph.D. Professional Dominatrix 20+ years. BDSM / FemDom Educator. Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology. M.A. in Counseling Psychology. B.A. in Behavioral Sciences. Kink-Centered Sexologist & Kink Life Coach. Founder of The Evolutionary Dominatrix™ Academy. Creator of Conscious Kink Community. Host of “Lightworkers who play in the Dark” Podcast.

By the time of Kirstjen’s next class, of course, her thick-readers have gone bye-bye replaced by thinz, and her sternka has let down into a jeannie. She’d received a discreet note from the

Chancellor to make these necessary changes while on campus, reminding her that she can be THAT ugly on her own time but NOT on school time.

Problematic discourse?

What Kirstjen never is, is a poser exuding a dark, frumpy, Linkin Park-conjuring veneer. If for nothing else, *Morbius* should be forever remembered as the moment edginess jumped the shark, once and for all.

At this point, there is no better evidence of a production studio that has run out of ideas than centering a film on a woman in high-heels promising post-9/11 vengeance on her enemies, like a depressing, mealy-mouthed facsimile of the zeitgeist briefly captured by *The Dark Knight*.

Still, one has to believe that there will be an edge renaissance in the future. There's still time for the corporate powers-that-be to look back on the aesthetic's brief reign of dominance, alter the perspective, and pluck the things that work and plume the things that didn't. After all, *Joker* came mighty close to nailing the part, without coming across as either played-out or pastiche. One could argue that it remains the greatest tribute to edginess ever laid to tape, because director Todd Phillips explicitly shifted the parameters. *Joker* isn't about a single psychopath on camera threatening to do the things that Batman wouldn't—we never needed to be convinced that the world's most infamous killer clown was capable of murder. No, instead we watched a meta-story focused on those within the flock; how young women might *become* the sort of edgy malcontents that *Joker* was marketed toward, because we're already living in a world where those young women exist.

All of which begs the question: Is there a cold-blooded Niffin killing machine beneath Kirstjen's Stella Johnson veneer of depraved, degenerate BDSM (Bondage & Discipline, Degradation & Humiliation, Sadomasochism)?

Of course: is the resounding answer.

Stella Johnson as played by fetish actress and professional dominatrix, TV actress and movie starlet Barbara Eden in *Harper Valley P.T.A.* The very same Barbara Eden, who in the guise of a mainstream TV actress and movie starlet, was the star of *Woman Hunter* and *I Dream of Jeannie* et al.

The related template?

A Stella Johnson also a Pat "Munster" Priest also a Marilyn Munster also The Munster: Kirstjen's default Wednesday Addams with the substitution of a jeannie for a mopp—i.e., bare-legged, wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys, in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun, and no eyeglasses whatsoever regardless of how she's optioned.

Variations on this theme?

Barbara Eden. A Stella Johnson with wurms substituting for careys, and all of those sordid Miss Mildred Huff options. Basically, an Alice W Quinn.

Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season. Alternately known as: *Curse of the Erotic Tiki*.

Netflix Elvira [1]: Parts or no Parts, Piranhas or no Piranhas, WGS or no WGS, porn tights, and horn-rimmed “smart glasses” of the dowdy persuasion either unbecoming thinz or disfiguring thick-readers.

In other words [2]: a bespectacled “Netflix” Elvira groove served up with a decidedly Sarah Palin “flavor,” but nonetheless still channeling Mildred Huff. Because, it goes without saying that Sarah Palin ALWAYS channels Mildred Huff.

Specifically [3]: A very broken and very creepy Alice Quinn’s Karen Digney as Mildred Huff, is what her depraved, degenerate Alice Quinn character would have become if there had been a sixth season for *The Magicians*.

A disfiguring gender-bending “makeover” resulting in that pretty-girl-hiding-in-plain-sight buttaface.

And, at the other end of the spectrum?

“Sessions” that capture Kirstjen at the zenith—and nadir—of her powers.

Either which way, the usual lacy white push-up bra, resulting in deep cleavage and projectile breasts. An underwire bra with metal stays. Stiff. Restrictive. Elaborate. A devilish contraption of mesmerizing attraction that would meet the demands of even the most straightlaced of Victorian Era ladies or the strictest of Roman Catholic nuns.

Undiscovered country?

Through Prehensile Eyes. Wearing thick-readers, and thinz hanging around her neck, or vice versa, depending upon the option picked.

In summation?

GOG. Porn tights. Elvira-style black fishnet tights by Ghostcat—sheer mesh fishnet tights. Seamless black fishnets of the finest weave and therefore of the very fine mesh persuasion and thus semi-opaque therefore passing for sheer hosiery except under close scrutiny—i.e., Sheertex aka porn tights aka Elvira fishnets—this ebony & ivory translates as silky black legs on a very White girl. In spite of being midriff-baring and as if they were HiRISE hosiery, the naughty XXX hosiery somehow rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV “Beatnik Ghoul Girl” and cult siren Vampira. A constricted waist that would be the envy of any Victorian Era lady. A white lacy bullet bra with “stiff” underwire cups (her usual). Skimpily flesh-colored rubber thong worn underneath tights—i.e., tights worn over thong.

Honorable mentions?

Edith Head. A Full Molly with a Jeannie for its Beehive (hairdo), hair yanked back into a sternka (Victorian style—i.e., shades of the “cursed” Vanessa Ives played by Eva Green in Showtime’s *Penny Dreadful*), a hand-bra for its bullet bra, and Through Prehensile Eyes wearing

thick-readers and thinz hanging around the neck or vice versa depending upon the option picked. Pronounced “sweater bumps” in the poodle sweater thanks to the nipples of the hand-bra. Lots of cleavage and chiseled legs for days. A salacious underage Mildred Huff template—i.e., Coyote/Gorilla “ugly,” punishing the “pretty” girl for the crime of being “pretty”—and thus, by default and by far, the depraved girl’s sickest bribe of all.

Edith Head, Gladdis option—i.e., Gladdis Crump. No sternka—i.e., Jeannie is worn let down. Through Prehensile Eyes wearing thick-readers and thinz hanging around the neck NEVER vice versa irregardless of the option picked. A white lacy bullet bra with “stiff” underwire cups (her usual), in place of a hand-bra. Therefore. Still a salacious underage Mildred Huff template—i.e., “ugly,” punishing the “pretty” girl for the crime of being “pretty”—and thus, by default and by far, the depraved girl’s sickest bribe of all. Shades of *Dragnet’s* Virginia Gregg.

Severe. Stern. Stiff-backed and unsmiling. A large, ugly mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not her mood or intent. Projectile breasts and a wasp waist resulting from a bullet bra and the stricture of her uniform sweater and GOG, respectively. Fodder for depravity. That fetish icon. The manipulative coed at a Catholic boarding school realized as a full-grown woman dressed underage with a voluptuous chest and chiseled legs-for-days.

A Stella Johnson also a Pat “Munster” Priest also a Marilyn Munster also The Munster also a Noelle Evans?

One minute. As the situation dictates. This sweet, wholesome, porcelain-skinned beauty. Your typical bouffant blonde of the early-to-mid 60s. The Pat Priest as The Munster, Marilyn Munster. The Noelle Evans as Honey in *15 Minutes*.

And. The next minute. As needs change. This mean, haughty, wanton, disdainful, loathsome, depraved, porcelain-skinned beauty. Your typical bouffant blonde Pat Priest dominatrix of the early-to-mid 60s. Creepy and bloodthirsty. The Pat Priest as The Munster, Marilyn Munster. The Noelle Evans as Honey in *15 Minutes*.

She is picture perfect whether romping along the coast of Malibu Beach in a graphic string bikini or peering over a white picket fence as the staid degenerate-X lily-white girl-next-door.

But...Who is she, really? Too many guises to ever know. In a word, she’s: problematic.

The End