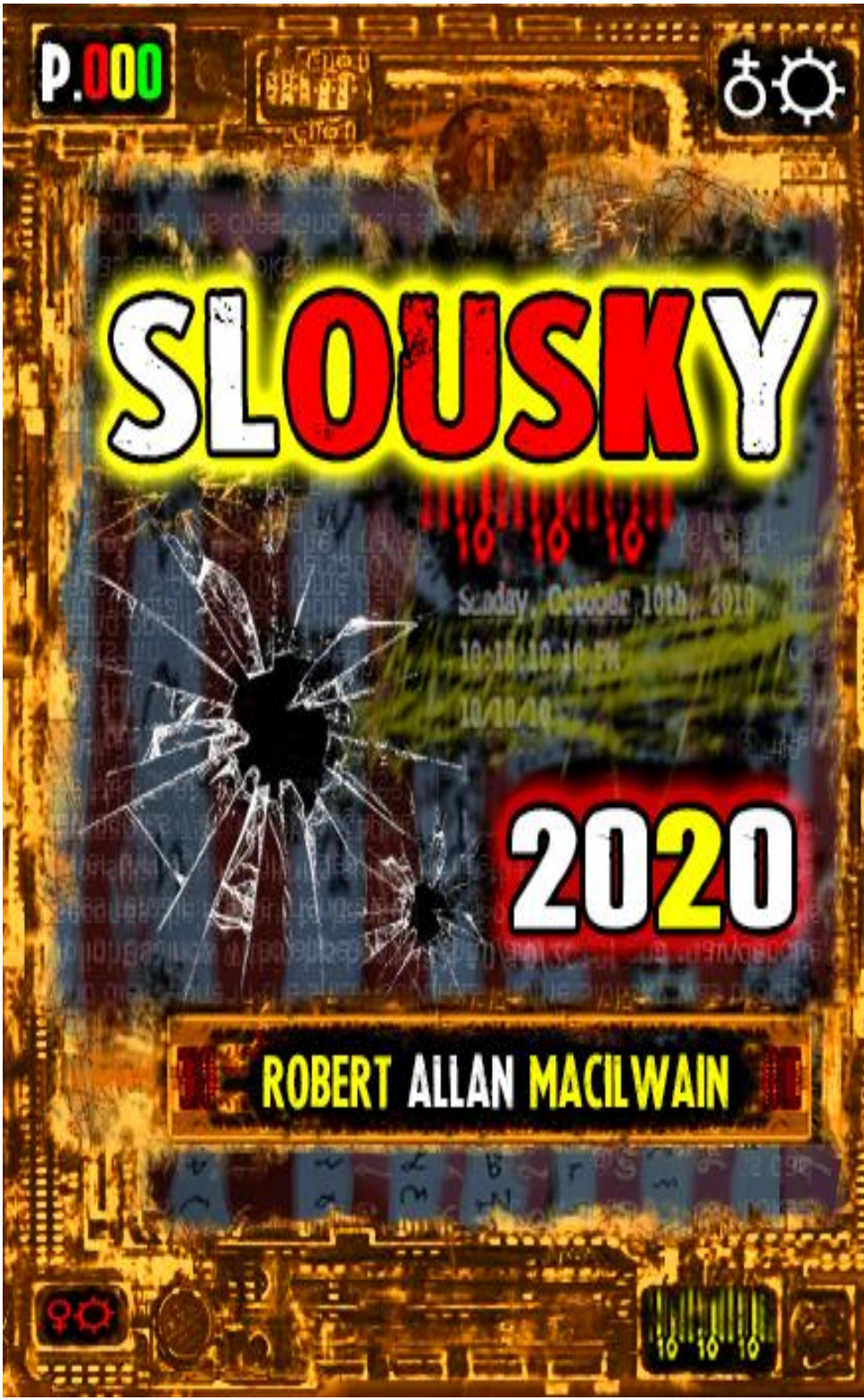

P.000
SLOUSKY
Sunday, October 10th, 2010
2020
ROBERT ALLAN MACILWAIN

P.001 SLOUSKY

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Sun, Oct 10th, 2010
10:10:10.10 PM
10/10/10
10 milliseconds,
10 seconds,
10 minutes after 10.
Lights fading out.

SLOUSKY CHAPTER 1

1.1 - PERFECT TIMING - 2010

...Hirrwizzzshh Clikk Gurrwiszzshzz...

Sunday, October 10th, 2010
10:10:10.10 PM
10/10/10
10 milliseconds,
10 seconds,
10 minutes after 10, in the evening.
Lights fading out.

...Crhsrizzhsh Whrruzhshh...

10:10:10.15 PM
Lights back on.

1.2 - EUGENE SLOUSKY - 2010 (≈15 SECS LATER)

...Hrrrissshzzzhssh Grrrurrwhizzhssshzhh...

☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login: ♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Subject's Name: Eugene Slousky.
☼SUN:> Sex: Male.
☼SUN:> Birth: January 2nd, 1977.
☼SUN:> Death: October 10th, 2010.
☼SUN:> Age: 33 years old.
☼SUN:> Next Synch in:
☼SUN:> 20 Days, 23 Hours, 59 Minutes, 59 Seconds.
☼SUN:> _

☼SUN:> Hopin'z U'zz be having tha greatest day!
☼SUN:> Missin' U... so much!
☼SUN:> Logging out, will TTY Laterz! Hugz!!!
☼SUN:> Logout.
☼SUN:> _

1.3 - PRE-SLOUSKY.COM - 1995 (≈15 YRS AGO)

Slousky's all of a sudden 18 years old again. Something is making absolutely no fucking sense since he's 33, but nope, he's once again 18, covered in zits and is merrily working on his shitty old Geocities homepage.

```
<html><head>
<title>Hell Knows No Mercy - Zit Suckers - October 19th 1995</title>
<meta name="description" content="If you're looking for a website
that's sick and twisted, if you're a macabre misogynist, a murderous
misanthrope, or if you like your fucked-up porn, if you're a pathetic
necromaniac, or if photos of sick twisted shit makes you feel alive,
well then, you've landed on the perfect fucking site.">
<meta name="keywords" content="Sick, Fuck, Scat, Death, Pain, Evil,
Murder, Porn, Power, Anarchy, New Order, Hate, Malevolent, Satanism,
Rape, Incest, Anal, Felch, Sluts, Cunts, Cock, Perversion, Cult, Gluttony,
Death, Molest, Dismember, Destroy, Suicide">
</head></html>
```

CHAPTER 2

SLOUSKY

2.1 - 'THE SYSTEM' CHEATS - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

Slousky's dead (or he's pretty sure he's dead).
He would be 50 years old if he were alive today.

...Grrizsshrzsshhh Zhrrsirsshhshh...

Friday, July 9th, 2027
10:10:10.16 AM

Slousky **(1)** suddenly awakens. He's totally disorientated, confused. He needs a moment to register his surroundings. '*Fuck sakes!*' he mumbles to himself, '*why the fucking city? Why?... Why?*' Slousky finds himself lying facedown on a shit-laden mattress, the lining soaked with something filthy brown, a substance attracting an unusually high number of flies. Whatever is covering the mattress, the smell is acrid, burning the lining in his nostrils. Right next to him, there's something resembling a human being which is fast asleep, a disgusting piece of shit who's making some kind of weird gurgling, snoring sound. Slousky wonders if it's this human unit which is giving off such a pungent odour or the mattress.

---

(1) Eugene Slousky's the protagonist. He's unsure if he's alive, or dead, or both, or either. He committed suicide at the age of 33 on Oct 10th, 2010, which he now seriously regrets performing since absolutely everything has backfired on him ever since. The year's currently 2027.

'*What am I doing in a fucking city?*' Slousky sighs, '*I hate the city. Dirty fucking humans, the whole lot of them. At least in the country, they're not so barbaric nor so fucking freaky, and there's way less waste of space humans in the country.*'

Slousky has no choice but to wake up. It's not like he has a say in the matter. In fact, he has nearly no control over anything. Take waking up, for example. Every day, for as long as he's been in this forsaken place which has been something like 17 years...

...Chhrrizz Swhrizz Klihhcrrk...

Slousky's shirt-card **(2)** lights up:

☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login: ♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Correction:
☼SUN:> 6112 days ≈ 16.75 years.
☼SUN:> Logout.
☼SUN:> _



'*Ow... Jesus fuck!*' Slousky knows better to guestimate. He's much better off not hypothesizing, yet Slousky realizes he's never known what's good for him.

Getting back to his example, for the past 6112 days (approximately 16.75 years), he automatically wakes up at the exact same time every morning which is 10 seconds and 10 minutes past 10 in the morning. And let's not forget the 10 milliseconds. Every single fucking day. That fact in itself

(2) A shirt-card's a small computerized unit (about the size of a regular smartphone) which is permanently lodged onto the shirt of a dead unit (where a shirt pocket would go). The shirt-card inputs and outputs data for the dead user, storing every synch within its memory, can connect to the internet, and is linked to what Slousky believes is called the Super-Computer that cheats.

isn't so bad, it's the reality of waking up in areas totally fucking elsewhere than he finally shut off and fell asleep. Slousky's onto 'The System' (3). He knows 'The System' cheats. He would swear on any retarded holy book right at this moment that he crashed out on some park bench last night in some vacant campground at least 50 miles outside from any city. What campground it was, he can't remember (and he doesn't want to try and guess again in fear of getting another zap from his shirt-card). What city 50 miles away, he hasn't a clue, but he would still swear to it. Yet even if Slousky took a selfie last night as he was making his cozy bed, using his grey coat as his blanket on that campground bench last night, a photo with the time and date digitally stamped onto it, a pic with his GPS location tagging his exact position on the planet when he snapped it, a picture which he could wave around and show everyone he's about to meet this morning (not that he would ever willingly talk to someone, ever), it wouldn't fucking matter anyway. Why? Because 'The System' cheats, simple as that.

Of course, he didn't take a selfie so he can't actually prove to anyone where he passed out last night, but he knows himself well enough he does everything in his power to get as far away from whatever disgusting city the moment he wakes up in, like he's about to do right now, once he discovers which is the safest route out of town.

---

(3) 'The System' is, according to Eugene Slousky, essentially some type of computerized experiment which is being conducted by planet Earth (aka ♁; aka Mother Earth; aka ♁ME:>) accompanied by the star Sun (aka ☼; aka Father Sun; aka ☼SUN:>) which digitally records what every single living human is doing, from the moment they are born until their last dying breath. He also finds 'The System' cheats a bunch.

Slousky fucking hates 'The System' and he knows how pathetic he is for letting 'The System' get under his skin, if what he has is actual skin. He recognizes that he has something akin to skin, and while he looks down to his synchwatch **(4)**, he can see his grey skin, his grey hand, his grey fingernails, his grey arm, and below that he sees his grey slacks and his grey shoes, yet something horrible stirs inside him, telling him his deductions are all wrong, that in fact he doesn't have hands, arms, legs, feet. He's not even certain if he has a pair of eyes to see what he does, but if he has eyes, they surely turned grey.

He catches a glimpse of the time on his synchwatch:

RED:> 2027/07/09 - 10:10:56.36 AM ≈ [2☼01:35:19.34] **(5)**

'*Fuck sakes, it's already red,*' he maunders, '*it's going to be a real doozy of a day,*' Slousky has 2 days to synch **(6)**. Slousky loathes synching. It's going to be 3 weeks since he last synched up and 'The System' gets really pissed when he tries to ignore his synch date.

---

(4) A synchwatch (SW:>) is like a shirt-card as it's also a permanent fixture on a dead unit. The synchwatch's sole purpose is to inform the dead user when it must synchronize with another dead unit. With upgrades and updates, 'The System' has improved the synchwatch to having units synch up approximately every 22 days.

(5) A synchwatch has 3 colours: GRE:> (green) which signifies the dead unit has recently synched and is (for the most part) safe from having to synchronize. YEL:> (yellow) signifies half-life. RED:> (duh) signifies the unit is in danger of synching and should do so willingly or suffer the consequences.

(6) Synchronization (aka synch) is when 2 dead units link up so as to relive the other's life, all the way from their birth to their death.

Since he's been here, wherever 'here' is, he's synched around 300 times...

...Grrihrz Chirzz Clissshzzzkssszzhhrsshh...

Slousky's shirt-card lights up:

☼SUN:> _

☼SUN:> Login:☿_Terra_Sol_☼.

☼SUN:> 291 Synchronizations since:

☼SUN:> 2010/10/10 - 10:10:10.10 PM.

☼SUN:> Logout.

☼SUN:> _



'*Ow! Ow! Fucking ow!*' Slousky receives an electrical shock each time he guesses a statistic, sending a current directly to his heart, jolting it about within his rib cage, his shirt-card lighting up and churning out the correct data.

From what his synchwatch's telling him, today's July 9th, 2027 and he has approximately 2 days, 1 hour and 35 minutes before he'll be forced to synch. From the colour of his synchwatch, he's now entered into the red zone, which means everything's going to get real fucked-up from this moment onwards until he synchs.

Slousky's shirt-card begins computing. He's reminded that he's loitering. Slousky knows better: dawdle around too long doing nothing and you will get a most painful zap followed by a nasty memory-bubble **(7)**. It's a cue, informing him he needs to get away from this horrendous location, either to a forest, a cave, a desert... wherever, as long as he's as he's nowhere anything resembling some shitty civilization.

(7) A memory-bubble's when 'The System' calls up a random memory from within 'Its' databanks which the dead unit lived through when it was alive, replaying the complete scenario.

Without another hesitative thought, Slousky stands up and moves away from the mattress. His shirt-card quiets down to a low whirl. Taking a step, he almost places a foot on some degenerate tramp he overlooked who's fast asleep on the ground, its moth-eaten coat doubling as a blanket, while not far off there's a few more excuses passing as humans sharing a little house made from cardboard, milk crates, broken shopping carts and other junky crap.

Now that he's standing up, he has a much better view of the disgusting dead-end alley in which he just woke up in, smack in the middle of the bowels of some busy metropolis. From what Slousky can gather, this alley is a back lane to a bunch of low grade greasy spoon restaurants, the sides of the walls all mouldy from fried chicken grime, swabs of greasy oil splattered a little everywhere to add to the mural mosaic, accompanied by garbage disposals overflowing with rotting food compost. If just 1 of the patrons who dine at any of these restaurants even caught a glimpse of this adjoining alley, they'd throw up their meals then down a bottle of antacid pills. Even the slightest whiff would set any fat customer off since this place smells like a freshly backed-up toilet. Slousky cannot remember seeing a filthier back street.

'*Why always with the fucking dirtiest of alleys? Why?...*' Slousky looks up to see Father Sun shining down on him in all of His glory, not a cloud in sight. The sight of Father Sun depresses Slousky. Realizing the most incredible source of light, energy, power and warmth is wasting all of His imperial radiancy and plasmatic beauty on the smutty, vile and despicable human race which isn't worth an iota of His magnificence... knowing this, dispirits Slousky.

A backdoor opens. Slousky spots some disgruntled kitchen staff stepping out, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He whips out his unimpressive penis (and Slousky should know as he used to peddle the most sickest of porn and has seen all types of penis sizes) and pisses. Slousky's thankful that he doesn't have to slave away all day in some shitty kitchen like this sad jerk. He's also grateful this short order cook's alone and there's no dead unit mulling **(8)** around him.

Once he's done urinating, he gives it a couple of shakes, playing with it a little, then takes a whiff of his accomplishment by placing his hand under his nose. Slousky chuckles, knowing his sticky hand will be tossing someone's salad in a minute.

Seeing the kitchen grunt has Slousky dashing glances at the bums lying about. Luckily, there's no dead mulling nearby any of these hobos who are using this alley as room and board. The dead don't usually mull around the good-for-nothing itinerants since the homeless, at some point, will dissociate with whatever friends and family they once called their social network. Degenerate tramps, while becoming undesirables within a society, with time disown their past, disinheriting them from their relatives and friends (to the point of disassociating with all living units), which in turn disconnects them from the dead as well. Still, this is only a rule of thumb and Slousky's theories are never 100% foolproof.

---

(8) Mulling's a term Slousky uses for a dead unit who follows around a living unit. The dead unit must have had some type of meaningful relation with the living unit when it used to be a living unit itself (such as being a family member, a friend, a spouse, a coworker). Mulling's super boring however it satiates as well as remedies the synch fix.

After thoroughly inspecting his current location carefully from his spot, he's positive this backstreet is 100% void of dead units which he's grateful for. Unfortunately, it's a cul-de-sac and the only way out is by exiting to what looks like a busy boulevard, a road crawling with tons of living pedestrians, which means they'll be a mass of dead useless shits as well. He's positive 'The System' wants him to synch up today, even if, technically, he should have 2 days left (from what his synchwatch's reporting). His shirt-card has been chirping away ever since he woke up and there's this acidly gurgling goings-on in his gut which is forewarning him of something evil (like synching) is going to happen today. Still, there's always the slim chance he'll be able to sneak out of this godless city without meeting up with another non-living. Slousky has proven to be quite masterful when it comes to avoiding synching. Nevertheless, from what Slousky can presently observe, 'The System' has dropped him off smack in the middle of some wretched megalopolis and there's no way Slousky can avoid 10s of 1,000,000s of dead; there's currently 8,400,000,000 living human units on Mother Earth, and when you include all those unwanted pieces of crap who aren't registered nor have any type of birth records, mixed in with the scum which live on the streets and have no social status, there's easily 9,000,000,000 humans today, in the year 2027. As for the dead, if we're going to begin counting them from the beginning of humanity, there's potentially 110,000,000,000 dead units mulling about on Mother Earth (give or take), and with every passing second, there's 5 new dead units while there's 8 new useless living units being hatched... every fucking second.

If only he didn't resist synching so much, maybe the process wouldn't be as painful, but he knows he's just lying to himself whenever he attempts to associate a potentially pleasant experience with synching up with some random dead unit. Synching, for Slousky, is like a visit to a sadistic dentist who works on his teeth roughly for hours non-stop without being frozen nor receiving a local anesthetic...

...Zhiwisshrssz Chirrrzzhh Hurrsszszt...

'*Move, Slousky. Fucking move!*' he mutters to himself. He's loitering again. His shirt-card's crunching up some stochastic data and facts or figures which are definitely not beneficial to him. He needs to move or he'll be zapped with a memory-bubble. The only way Slousky can explain what a memory-bubble feels like is by comparing it to drowning, as your lungs fight for oxygen while they fill up with water and your mind panics knowing that your body's about to die. Fortunately, memory-bubbles only last for 2 to 4 minutes, which is, ironically, about the same length it takes to drown.

When 'The System' churns out a memory-bubble, Slousky has to relive a specific moment of his own life. Slousky remains locked in place when a memory-bubble plays out, him fixated in lieu. He's seen other dead units having to live through a memory-bubble and it's as if they're having a standing epileptic attack.

When it comes to memory-bubbles, his shirt-card will output some random moment from his life (when he used to be a living unit) and it will replay the event right in front of him (or within him, he's not sure how it's being played back, since he both visualizes the event being replayed in front of him while juxtapositionally re-experiencing the memory).

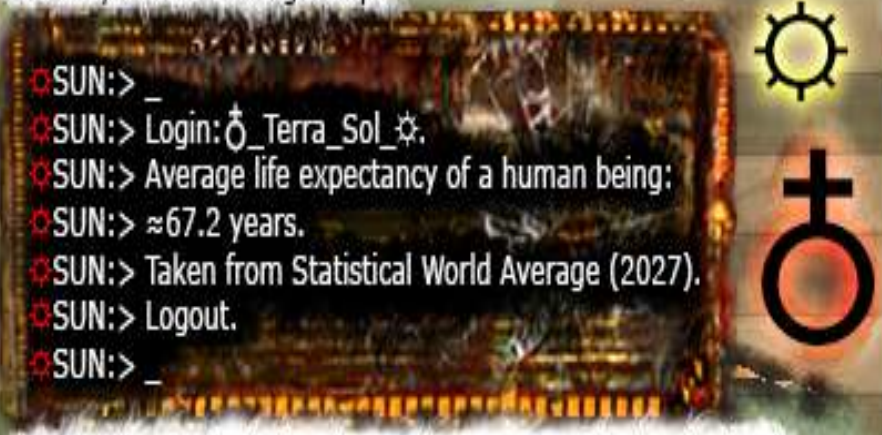
SLOUSKY

Unfortunately for Slousky, his memory-bubbles are never good memories. He doesn't seem to have any happy memories of him and his family all sharing a touching moment around the Christmas tree with a quiet fire crackling and popping in the fireplace, Slousky smiling while his loving parents shower him with holiday presents, since those moments never truly existed when he was alive. Instead, he might relive the time he tortured a cat when he was 12 years old and the cat nearly scratching his eye out for it. He might live out a full Saturday of detention after doing something stupid to a student's locker. He might relive the time he got turned down by a girl when he asked her out to the prom, humiliated in front of everyone in the school hallway. Or he might relive through something as mundane as spending a whole night in front of his home pc and having to watch himself doing all the mind-numbingly stupid things he did on his desktop computer. The longest memory-bubble he's endured was a 24 hour occurrence (even having to look on as he slept), and the shortest was an anecdotal 5 minute ordeal of him when he had gastroenteritis, him shitting and throwing up at the same time. With a memory-bubble, Slousky's forced to relive every single minute detail of whatever random memory the Super-Computer **(#9)** decides to stir up, and whether the memory's 5 minutes or 1440 minutes (24 hours) from his retarded life when he was a living unit, the actual computerized process always takes the same amount of time (about 2 to 4 minutes).

(#9) The Super-Computer's where Slousky believes that every single piece of living human data's digitally stored, memories imprinted (tagged) with sensorial markers such as taste, touch, sound, odours as well as emotional implants (both pleasurable and painful). Once the human unit dies, every single moment of its life is stored into the Super-Computer and these instances can be called up at any time, extracted and replayed via wireless transmission (Wi-Fi) into the now dead unit.

SLOUSKY

With a memory-bubble, Slousky's the main character in this memory. Synching, however, Slousky becomes the spectator of someone else's life, fully reliving that life which can last 25 years, 50 years, 75...
...*Hurrrwurhriszz Grrissszzzswsshhshzzhh*...
Slousky's shirt-card lights up:



'*Ouch! Bloody shit!*' Slousky receives a powerful electric shock. Slousky's shirt-card crunches out the statistic, printing it out ticker tape style in bright orange bitmap font, flashing across the black 3 by 10 centimetres LCD screen which is mounted on top of what appears to be a smartphone, a grey box lodged smack-dabbed onto Slousky's grey dress shirt. Whenever this computerized shirt-card punches out data, Slousky receives an electrical shock. Sometimes the sensation from this shirt-card's as subtle as a vibrator mode from a cell phone to a whopping jolt, striking him right in the center of his dead self. '*67.2 years.*' That's the average life expectancy of a dumb human being on Mother Earth in 2027. In some places on the planet the average life expectancy is 40 while in others it's 70 to even 80, but 'The System' rounds it off to 67.2, a statistic which doesn't comfort Slousky in the slightest.

He never knows when or who 'The System' is going to synch him up with. He might synch up with some kid who died from leukemia at the age of 5, having Slousky relive every radiated chemotherapeutic moment, or 'The System' might synch him up with someone who died at the age of 50 in a fiery car accident, again, having Slousky relive every single moment of this 50 year old up until this human unit explodes into a massive infernal mushroom cloud. Slousky remembers reading somewhere that some lady lived for 121 years and 200 days. Definitely, he does not want to synch up with that decrepit hag. Yet no matter how long they've lived, may it be 10 years or a 100 years, once Slousky synchs, he has no choice but to relive every exacting single moment of that person's life with precise detail; every whiff it smelt Slousky will smell it as well, each thing it touched Slousky will sense it, every shit that person took Slousky will experience it, every snot eaten after a nose picking Slousky will taste it, even every evil thought this person plotted Slousky will know it. So if the average life expectancy is 67.2 years, that's a hell of a long time to...



...Shriszz Chirhzz...

'Aw, fuck!' Slousky's been loitering for too long...

...Zzthszz Khizirrzz...

Slousky freezes up. His lungs begin filling up with something chemical. He can't breathe (although he's not sure if he actually breathes to begin with), however it's still as if he can't respire. A memory-bubble's churning up inside him, inside his stomach, his head, his entirety. *'Here comes a fucking memory-bubble,'* he wants to say out loud yet nobody would hear him (nor see him); there's not a fucking soul who's aware of his presence.

Slousky's about to have a memory-bubble, bringing him back to when he was 32 years old and a living unit. Slousky's seeing himself updating a post back in 2009.

Slousky.com - Filthy Fuckers - April 12th 2009

How can I help with every little thing that breaks? Everything breaks. Everyone breaks. At some point or another, every single retarded person on planet Earth will malfunction and become useless. How can I help every single person who is breaking down? How can I give everyone something in order to help them through whatever they are going through? How can I even help 1 fucking lost soul? I cannot.

I can only fix myself (and I'm not doing a very good job at that). I can only work on keeping myself from not breaking down before it's my time... but when is my time? I don't know, will never know, and don't want to know, don't want to ask. Unless I take matters into my own hands. Who knows, maybe someday I'll live broadcast my own stupid suicide. And you know what, if I actually did stream my own death, probably everyone on the planet would be gawking at it. Seems my website's near the top 100 most viewed sites as of 2009. Wow, you losers have made me a fucking star! But what if I become even more popular than I am right now? Holy fucking Jesus H. Christ, how am I ever going to fill the shoes to have to 'be' in front of so many? To pretend to be something I am not, never was, never wanted to be?

I never wanted to 'be' important, 'cause I'm not.

SLOUSKY

P. 018

Part II of Slousky's memory-bubble.

A memory-bubble's when 'The System' calls up a random memory from the dead units life then 'It', ('The System'), will have the dead unit re-live this particular memory like a 3D All-Surround b-movie.

Part II of Slousky's Blog - April 12th 2009

Today, if you're on top, then watch and see how long you will remain up there because nobody can ever stay on top. Why? That's the law of the land. You born, you rise (maybe), you fall (assuredly).

My shitty post is tangenty today, so random, but who the fuck cares...

As I wasn't saying: we're all equal pieces of shits. We're born to die and it's hard for those who love their crappy lives to think about death, to let go of what never belonged to them in the 1st place (their own lives, for example, their cash, their relations with their ugly family members and friends).

All the while; those who hate life, all they think about is their death and demise, usually accompanied with some ridiculous antic about an afterlife, a better place. These twits are alive yet spend their whole life planning their (after)-life. I say to those who are mentally slow with their death wish: you can't ask for better than Mother Earth as she's a playground for zealot idiots.

Anyhow, fuck ya'll today. None of my shit's making any sense. I guess I was feeling a little more poetic this morning (as poetry never makes any fucking sense), maybe nostalgic, even a little sympathetic for all you Slouskian dipshits. However, rather than ripping you new assholes, I wrote this crap, so now just go drink a bottle of lye and leave me alone as I have an important online poker game to attend to.

SLOUSKY.COM

SLOUSKY P. 019

Slousky's now having a memory-bubble. He's reliving an instance from his own shitty life.

2.3 - POKER ASS-FACE - 2009 (≈7 HRS LATER)

...Grrisszsshhh Churrrwiszzhszzh...

☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login: ♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Name: Eugene Slousky.
☼SUN:> Accessing Dynamic Random Memory Banks:
☼SUN:> 2009/04/12 - 11:58:12.25 PM.
☼SUN:> Logout.
☼SUN:> _

Sunday, April 12th, 2009
11:58:12.25 PM

Slousky rapidly gets up from his desk. He has shy 2 minutes before the final game starts. He accidentally tips over the remains of his cold coffee onto the floor but he doesn't give a fuck and he definitely has no time to pick up the cup nor mop up the mess (which he wouldn't do anyway even if he had the time). The liquid splats next to an empty tub of ice cream, a half-eaten bag of potato chips which are next to a box of cookies with crumbs scattered all about the floor, and all of this is next to a disgustingly overfull ashtray, the contents comprising of a mixture of cigarette butts, his own spittle, backwashed beer and Kleenex Slousky used earlier when he masturbated. The floor to his 1 ½ room flat's literally littered with all kinds of garbage, dirty clothes, DVDs and CDs (some broken), garbage bags filled with either garbage, clothes, other crap, and the whole place's sprinkled here and there with more used tissue and scrunched up balls of toilet paper.

He's accustomed to the smell when he's home, although the stench does hit him whenever he leaves his apartment and then he comes back, it reeking of something comparable to that acidy stench of cat piss after it makes its mark (yet Slousky does not own a cat). There's also a slight hint of cum and faeces stinking up the air in his flat, a scent similar to what the tip of his fingers smell like, fingers which he loves to subtly place under his nose every now and then (he tells himself the scent helps him to concentrate). He's gotten a few complaints from the landlady due to the lingering protrusive odours from his apartment, the neighbours as well giving him dirty looks and sly comments, but he knows they can't do anything, it's just smells. It's not as if he's like any of those fucking loud, moronic kids his neighbours have, nor does he have any useless and stinky pets, again which some of the other renters have. He's a good dirty tenant, he always pays for his overpriced digs on time, and he doesn't give a flying fuck what anyone thinks of him or what he smells like.

He darts over to the kitchen area of his flat, scanning the filthy counter to find what looks like the cleanest mug and then pours himself a coffee, tossing it into the microwave. He estimates he still has 1 min and 20 secs, however if he's even a nanosecond late, the game will start without him. The butterflies in his stomach has Slousky almost giddy; this is the very 1st time ever he's made it to the pros final table ever, and not only that, to such an important and sought after tournament such as this 1, the prestigious invitation only 'XXX & 777 Online Strip Poker' tournament. The fact that Slousky had been invited is a miracle to him (it's his 1st time to be asked), but now to have made it to the final table, this is well beyond fucking miraculous.

SLOUSKY P. 021

"Fucking shit!" Slousky blurts out, remembering he has to find a pack of cigarettes somewhere since he knows there's none near his computer desk, and he's already smoked every botched out butt in the ashtray, all of them right down to their oily, yellowy stained filters. His eyes dart over to the time on the microwave: 37 seconds before the game starts. Slousky lifts over dirty plates, violently flipping empty pizza boxes open, checking in the fridge (1 never knows). Nothing. '*Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!...*' Panic sets in as he envisions a mental image of himself playing online poker for potentially 2, maybe 3 hours, without a fucking fag to smoke. He knows that after even 20 minutes (15 even), he'll start jonesing and wind up smoking the butts of the butts. 24 seconds. He chucks over beer cartons, breaking several empty beer bottles, then rummages through a pile of papers and bills, tossing them to the floor. 19 seconds. He's almost ready to pitch his microwave out the window he's so full of rage when he suddenly recalls he bought a brand new pack, 2 in fact, when he forced himself to get dressed earlier this evening then trudged over to the corner store. "Where the fuck did I put them!?" Slousky growls out, pounding a foot on the ground, knowing full well the old bitch downstairs will most likely hear it. So yes, Slousky's loud as well sometimes (on top of being stinky). 13 seconds. Finally, a light goes on in his cranium, his memory returns, the new packs of smokes are in his coat pocket by the entrance. He bursts open the door to the microwave, grabs his coffee, flies over to the front foyer, nabs his coat, then does a mad dash for the computer. 4 secs. 3 secs. He almost spills the coffee all over the keyboard and mouse when plopping it on the desk, grips his mouse and clicks 'ready'. 2 secs. 1 sec. '*Just in time.*' Slousky can't help the shit-eating grin he's giving everyone who's watching his livestream.

His shirt-card whizzes.
1 ½ hour later...

...Zirzshhs Grrrisszzhh Whhizrsrhzz...

Monday, April 13th, 2009 - 1:26:46.32 AM

LadyCatnip42 bets her final piece of clothing she has left, a sock, leaving her completely naked. Slousky still has both his socks and shoes left. As for Howl18ALLzin4U, he's simply got his socks, and as for the last poker player, Gort56 - the reigning champion for the past 3 consecutive years, has 1 sock. Slousky's favoured to win. Slousky can literally smell the horrible bluff from LadyCatnip42. There's no bloody way she's coming back and Slousky knows it, LadyCatnip42 knows it as well as the 12503 online spectators; they all know she's screwed.

LadyCatnip42's percentage of winning this hand shows up for the online gawkers - 17% - however she went all in because, well, she's fucked no matter what. Slousky calls. Interestingly, Howl18ALLzin4U calls as well. Slousky was sure he'd fold. All he can have is a pair of jacks, Slousky figures, so that's fucking dumb to call, what with a jack and an ace showing on the table. There's no way he has 2 jacks which would give him a 4 of a kind. He might have 3 of a kind, yet Slousky has a pair of aces in his hand, making his 3 of a kind stronger than Howl18ALLzin4U's. Gort56 has no choice but to call, and Slousky's positive this twit has got nothing either. Slousky laughs, lifting up a piece of paper, flashing it to the webcam, it reading 'Fuck You, Gort56, You Ugly Slag! You Gone, Buh-Bye, Don't Cry!' Since the beginning of this tournament, Slousky has been posting different taunts to all of his opponents, yet taunting the reigning champion's always more rewarding.

As he predicted, LadyCatnip42's bluffing. She has a pair of 9s in her hand. Slousky reveals his hand, showing his 2 aces. Gort56 shows he has king high. Howl18ALLzin4U reveals his hand. He has a pair of jacks, giving him 4 of a kind, making him the winner of this hand. Slousky cannot believe what he's seeing. Slousky's online timer starts ticking down. He has 30 seconds to remove a piece of clothing or he'll be disqualified. Cursing profanities, Slousky removes a shoe, violently wiping it across his room.

LadyCatnip42 has no more clothes so she's out. She gives her best sportsmanship smile, stands up, then bends over, placing her butt crack as close to her webcam as possible, wiggling it for the now 13433 spectators. Although he's pissed at losing the hand, Slousky's mood flips like a non-medicated schizophrenic when he sees her butthole, smiling while getting up from his seat, grabbing his dick and waving it about inches away from his own webcam. He doesn't care whatever the online spectators must be saying about the scabs and sores which are obviously visible on his penis, marks left over from his incessant jerking off. He knows that, later on when he watches the rerun to this tournament, he'll be reading all the spectators comments, the 1000s of 'OMGs' and the ever popular 'LOLs', mixed in with the multitude of crass insults in regards to his ugly penis. At this present instance, he doesn't give a flying fuck. In fact, he's eating up the moment since he's still in the lead, and Slousky's more than proud for buying 2 brand new top of the line webcams specifically for this filthy tournament.

SLOUSKY P. 024

...Zwhshwrrrezzz Klurrsshzkksszzhh...

He's got a few minutes before the final leg of the tournament begins. He's still swooning like a schoolgirl with a mouthful of braces who's lying on her back getting fucked by the whole football team 1 at a time, his exact words he posted on his site before the tourney began. He takes a deep drag on his smoke as his mind is still feasting on the fact that he's partaking in the biggest adult online poker tournament. This tourney is co-sponsored by the Triple X's and 7's website along side a bunch of other lesser porn sites. It's the 4th annual tourney and it's the 1st time they've invited Slousky. It also has the biggest cash prize yet - $25,000.00, yet Slousky doesn't care about the cash. He's made his 1,000,000s many years ago, so the rotting carrot at the end of a stick as a prize isn't why he's so psyched. It's because he's been playing online poker since the mid-90s, and although he's considered very good on the online phish tables, he's never made it with the pros. Phishes are newbs who are either new to online poker and don't care they're going all in with only the worst possible hand ever, or players who are simply retarded and gamble yet haven't a clue how the game should be played. On these tables, Slousky wins most of the time, beating up on the lesser players, however he isn't good enough to play with the big boys on the real tables, even though he's tried his hand on many online tournaments (costing him a small fortune in entry fees). Slousky is the pro on all the amateur tables, yet against the professionals, his style of play is considered 'amateuresque'.

SLOUSKY

The executives who decided to invite Slousky had their reasons for doing so. Slousky could say it's due to the sheer amount of time he's wasted playing online poker on their XXX&777.com site. Although he's a colourful player, as in sick and twisted, even foul mouthed, he's still very dedicated to the game (his VISA bills are proof of this). But Slousky's quite conscientious as to their rational of why they've asked him in; it's because he's an online celebrity and the producers know weirdo types like Slousky attract a lot of spectators. Therefore the organizers acknowledge this as good for business since Slousky's dumb presence will increase the amount of expositions of their shitty useless ads, the 1s they've crammed on doubly more for this tourney. Whatever the reason he was invited, Slousky accepted wholeheartedly, yet he never in his wildest fucking dreams ever expected to make the finalists table.
This game of strip poker differs from the regular 'Texas Hold 'Em'. Instead of starting with a set amount of chips, a player starts off with a specific amount of clothing: 2 shoes, 2 socks, a pair of pants (or a skirt - and it don't matter what sex wears what - it just has to be a pair of pants or a skirt), and a shirt. You're also allowed 1 adorning piece of your choice. It could be a golden ring or a lucky baseball cap, it doesn't matter. It could be a pair of panties, diapers, a cock ring or a clit clip. Yes, even a teddy or a blanket's also acceptable. In all, you have 7 'things' to ante with.
36 players are invited and the game starts with 6 tables with 6 players on each table. The winner of each table moves onto the final table.
The moment the tournament started, Slousky was sure he'd never make it past the 1st round. However, once on the final table, he was playing extremely well, right up until he began actually believing he had a chance at winning. It's at that moment when all went to shit.

...Clhichk Whhhirszzhz...
Monday, April 13th, 2009
2:13:25.43 AM

P. 026 SLOUSKY

It's down to him and Howl18ALLzin4U. Somehow this lucky fucking faggot's been holding out. He should have been phish meat over an hour ago since the guy's as intelligent as a sponge cake, but somehow, Slousky's own luck started to run out, and now with them both down to their last sock, it's as if he can literally sense the shift of the energy change. Whatever positive energy he was fuelling on earlier is now furthering itself away from him. He even begins to envision a negative electricity flowing through the cable lines from all the lewd comments made by the spectators, them stating how Slousky's fucking chocking, what a tool he is, how he's going to lose it when he had it in the bag, and of course how ugly he is, especially his scabby privates. All of this negativity's fucking his game up.

Across the board, there's a 4, 6, 9, 10 and a jack. Slousky has a 4 and a 9. He decides to call. He's sure he's going to win. There's no chance in Hades that Howl18ALLzin4U will have a straight. And Slousky's right, that's not what he has. Instead, he has a pair of 10s in his hand, giving him 3 of a kind (beating out Slousky's 2 pairs). Howl18ALLzin4U wins the 4th XXX&777 tournament.

Slousky's shit-card's churning and chirping stronger.

...Grrrrizhshz Chizrhz Hirrszzhhhrzz...

Slousky begins trashing his stuff around his little apartment, tossing junk about and breaking shit as a result of losing the tournament. Both of his webcams capture the whole affair on the stream. There's absolutely no way that Slousky's going to display any type of good sportsmanship as he continues chucking his shit around all the while screaming disgusting profanities that Howl18ALLzin4U's a fucking cheater, he's probably underage, a stinking cunt, a fuckhole.

SLOUSKY P. 027

However, the tournament isn't over yet. Like all the others, Slousky still has to bend over and show his butthole. he's been subconsciously dreading this moment from the beginning, yet he was never meant to make it to the final table, let alone come in runner-up. Slousky was supposed to lose a long time ago, perhaps the 2nd or 3rd player out on in the 1st round, so had he lost then and had to bend over and show his ugly crack, it wouldn't have been a big deal, him receiving only a handful of insults on how slimy his crack hole appears and no more. Now, with 16684 online spectators (with this # continually increasing), they're all now waiting to 1st see Slousky's asshole followed by the crowning of the new champion, and of course this Howl18ALLzin4U is this movie star good-looking type character, who's all of 18 years old (but Slousky is sure he's 17 or even 16 and is lying about his age) and of course he's hung like a horse with a beautiful cock, 1 even pornstars would look on with envy. Slousky has a fairly large dick as well, but when your penis is covered in scabs and sores, it's simply not a pretty site. Howl18ALLzin4U's cock looks as if it was bronzed, forged by the Greek Olympian Gods themselves, and he's flipping it about like some untamed wild stallion would, while Slousky's penis looks like a sorry, unimpressive mistake.

Slousky still has to show his crack hole on the cam, up close at that. He intended to buy cream to clear up the brown patches between his cracks and under his scrotum, and he's also been meaning to see a dermatologist about his skin that's turned a distasteful palish colour all around his midsection, what he can only compare to as what a discolouring leather wallet resembles. His ass looks and feels like cow hide, leathery, scaly, flaky, accompanied with a touch of a rash which he just hasn't had the need to get checked either.

P. 028 SLOUSKY

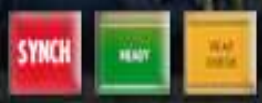
Something switches inside him. Before he had been dreading this particular moment, but now, Slousky doesn't give a rat's ass anymore what his skin and body parts looks like. In his mind, he knows he looks nothing like some of the beached whales who signed up for this online tourney, or some of the dirty skanks, or like any of them filthy immigrants. If only Slousky had an ounce of hindsight, or even a touch of foresight for that matter, he wouldn't do what he's about to...

...Chrrzzhirrzh Whurzshh...

Someone should have told Slousky, or he should have known better, that there's a responsibility which comes along with becoming an online star, a public figure, someone who has been given clout, an influence over others, and there's a duty attached with this power (Slousky runs a website listed at #124 as most viewed site on the internet - Slousky.com). Thing is, obligations of those sorts are exactly what Slousky loathes, hating the idea of having to conform to some form of societal dictation. In fact, Slousky doesn't want to lie to himself: he knows better and he's simply about to go against his better judgment.

Right now, what's right or wrong, Slousky doesn't give a screw. He doesn't care what others think of him. '***Fuck 'em all!...***' has been his motto ever since he found a voice on the internet, and it's not some fucktard poker tournament that's going to have him cower and conform.

...Grrrurrsshzzz Crishzzh...



SLOUSKY

Of course, like with every memory-bubble, having to relive ridiculous events from his life, he completely regrets everything he's done and said when he was a living unit, now that he's... ... dead...
...Clrichrk Zuurrwhirrzzz Chhikhrrzzhh...
He bends over, placing his butthole as close as possible to the cam. He knows that later on, when this tournament will be edited and placed online for all to freely stream, that his ass will be posted all over the net. Photoshopped photos, memes, videos, impersonations. Soon he'll be inadvertently clogging up the electronic and optical networking waves with his diseased-looking ass which will go viral, but right now, he doesn't give a lick, and when he knows his ass is at the perfect distance from his webcam, after he knows that everyone is tired of him wiggling it for the camera, Slousky forces out a sloppy wet fart, splashing his webcam with his liquid feces, covering his desk, his computer, his keyboard, his mouse, his ashtray, his coffee cup and his half-eaten sandwiches, all of it with his diarrhea.

☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login:♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Dynamic Random Access Memory:
☼SUN:> Cycle Complete.
☼SUN:> Logout.
☼SUN:> _

P.030 *Slousky's memory-bubble has completed, returning him back to the present: in the back alley of some dirty city.*

SLOUSKY

2.4 - DIRTY HOTDOG VENDOR - 2027 (≈18 YRS LATER)

...Hrruurrzzszsshhh Chhiirzzzhsh...

Friday, July 9th, 2027
10:17:32.09 AM

Slousky's on the ground. He has a hard time breathing. Something's caught in his throat. He begins coughing up until a small slimy clot of grey matter comes projecting out. His heart's racing a 1,000,000 miles a minute. He places a hand over his chest where his shirt-card's cheeping away at a low sounding frequency, yet the nanosecond his fingertips graze over the computer chip components which make up his shirt-card, an electronic surge rips through him followed by some strange quasi-chemical taste filling his mouth. Why he even thinks of touching his shirt-card's a mystery even to himself. He certainly knows better. It's definitely an involuntary impulse as the last thing Slousky gets off from is pain of any kind. Some people might like that (feeling pain, that is), sick twisted fucked up people, but not Slousky. He hates even the tiniest drop of pain whatsoever. It's 1 of his many phobias, agliophobia (a fear of pain). He had agliophobia throughout his life while as a living unit, and now, around here in Deadsville Disney Land, everything equals pain, so he suffers from agliophobia a lot.

Luckily, the memory-bubble's short, comparatively speaking. Also, after a memory-bubble runs its cycle, 'The System' is satiated, for a while at least, which means 'It' ('The System') should leave Slousky alone for a time being, maybe even long enough for him to figure out how to get the fuck out of this dead-end alley, possibly this city as well, but he knows that's asking a lot.

Slousky stands up, looking around. Father Sun's evilly bright this morn. At least when it's cloudy, rainy, snowing, cold, whatever... whenever Slousky's not under the watchful gaze of Father Sun, he feels a bit better (yet truthfully, nothing really makes anything better around here in the land of the dead). Father Sun's smiling shiningly upon the pathetic living race who inhabit Mother Earth and this demoralizes him wholeheartedly. It's moments like these when he can conceptualize who Father Sun is in relation to this beautiful planet Mother Earth, and how their combined energy and invisible loving forces produce a rare gem known as 'Life', all the while realizing how unfortunate it is that 'Life' is being wasted on a land of inbreds who aren't smarter than the fucking sheep they herd. Slousky knows not a single living human who appreciates a drop of this miraculous 'Life' creation. '*But how could they, really?*' he answers himself in his head. The living are supposed to be oblivious to what 'Life' truly is. It's what gives 'Life' that comedic tragic ironic aspect to 'It'; that it's only when they're dead do they begin to appreciate 'Life', and guess what, it's too fucking late.

Father Sun's also beaming brilliantly for all the dead to see as well (since Slousky's almost blinded by the big round blazing eye in the sky), and although he isn't 100% sure (he's not sure of anything), he's almost sure Father Sun's in constant continual communication with 'The System'. In fact, He believes Father Sun is 'The System' (in conjunction with Mother Earth, of course).

SLOUSKY

The fan in Slousky's shirt-card whizzes. Slousky's lollygagging again. He turns away from Father Sun, embarrassed, wishing he had dark sunglasses (even if they were grey glasses). Slousky glances down at his shirt-card chipset, seeing the words ☼**SUN:>_** written in a bright bubbly font and a cursor blinking next to it. Even though he recently experienced a memory-bubble, for some reason Slousky senses 'The System' is extra hungry today and will probably cheat by bubbling up another memory-bubble if he doesn't do something useful soon.

The bum next to him begins to stir, reanimating the horrible smells either it and/or the mattress' reeking of. To be fair, it's not because it's an unwashed homeless person is why it smells. Every living human stinks to Slousky. When he is up close to 1, no matter if it just bathed and doused itself in the most expensive of perfumes, a living unit will still give off the stench of rotting flesh to Slousky, a bit like an animal who's been slaughtered and left to decay in the blistering heat all day. He can smell their decomposing flesh which covers them, and if he tries real hard, he can estimate how long a human has to live just by taking a whiff of its greasy skin.

The dead, on the other hand, don't smell at all. They are odourless (thankfully, since there's so fucking many of them). The flip side, however, is that a dead unit can come up from behind Slousky and surprise him, having Slousky synch up with it without fair warning. And the nanomoment Slousky unfortunately synchs up with any single any of these scentless walking corpses, Slousky will then start smelling all what this dead unit once smelt whence it was alive, taste the same thing, feel all, hear, see through its eyes; he'll relive every ridiculous moment of this unit's life (for an average of 67.2 years).

SLOUSKY
P. 033

Just as he's about to reach the busy road, a door swings open next to him. An immigrated busboy comes barging out with both hands holding onto large garbage bags. It's the scents which surprises Slousky more than the living unit's presence itself. This human unit's reeking of something horrible, yet mix in the secretive odours the garbage bags are exhausting, the smell's unbearable. Busboy marches right past Slousky, oblivious to his presence, while Slousky spots an open door, getting a quick peek inside, seeing a long dark hall connecting to what must be the kitchen and then the restaurant. Slousky's very quick and knows an opportunity when he sees it. If he can sneak down this hallway, then maybe he'll fall onto a quieter street and possibly even get out of fucking town. Yet as he's about to step into the hallway, 2 dead units come lingering down the corridor from the other end. They slowly shuffle towards the doorway. If Slousky has a heart, then it just fell into his stomach when he sees them. Without hesitation, Slousky backs away from the door, stumbling almost, and begins to run back towards where he woke up. He makes it halfway up the alley when he turns around to see if either of the dead units are following him. Luckily for him, they both loiter by the door's threshold. Slousky realizes these dead units are mulling on the busboy, who tosses the 1st bag into a large disposal, getting 2 points for landing his mark, yet the 2nd toss is much sloppier, landing on the rim, having the bag break, ½ the contents reaching its destination while the other ½ oozing alongside the side of the disposal and onto the ground. The busboy smirks to himself and returns to the door, walking right past his dead mullers, slamming the door behind him.

SLOUSKY P. 034

Slousky hates how frikking jumpy he is. His shirt-card's processing once again, letting him know he's loafing and he needs to get a move on or get ready for a painful memory-bubble. Slousky hasn't even had the time to recoup from the previous memory-bubble (where he lost an online poker tournament **(10)**) and already 'The System' is threatening him with more tortuous memories.
His shirt-card gurgles louder. Right away Slousky begins making his way towards the boulevard. He's now believing that a synch is better for him than having to relive another memory-bubble. At least after he synchs, 'The System' leaves him alone for a couple of weeks (if 'It' doesn't cheat), which allows him to disappear into the forests or the mountains... anywhere far away from the foul city.

(10) Just as a side note: it's not the 1st time 'The System' has made Slousky relive that specific memory-bubble. He wonders just how much 'The System' loves stupid fart and shit jokes, as it must be funny to 'The System' to have Slousky constantly relive that retarded moment when he livestreamed shitting on his webcam. It's a moment from Slousky's life which he's never been able to live down; it haunted him while he was alive and it continues to stalk him in death.

Once he comes to the boulevard, a couple of Aamfis **(11)** briskly walk by him, and, as he expected, flittering not far behind are 4 to 5 Damfis **(12)**. A sunken sensation of despair begins creeping its way into Slousky's soul (if he still has a soul, and if he does, it must be grey). He doesn't want to look anymore at those on the street, dropping his gaze towards his grey shoes. He keeps walking, like on a plank on a pirate ship, doing his best to clear his mind of what is about to come. No matter how many times he's synched up, he just can't get used to it...

...Wrhherzzhz Klisskswhurrshzzshh...

Slousky's shirt-card lights up as it outputs data:

...Grriiiszsshh Hurrsszhh....

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login:♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> 291 Synchronizations since:
SUN:> 2010/10/10 - 10:10:10.10 PM.
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

'Ow, fucking ow! Yes! Yes! 200 and 91 fucking times!' Slousky snarls under his breath, *'I really have to stop fucking guessing at statistical numbers!'* he makes a mental note to himself. He truly hates the fact 'The System' is wired into his every single thought, *'especially when I'm getting zapped for the same retardo number. 291! Fucking noted!'*

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(11) Aamfi - An abbreviated term invented by Slousky referring to a living human unit, an 'Alive and Mother Fucking Idiot'.
(12) Damfi - An abbreviated term invented by Slousky referring to a dead human unit, a 'Dead and Mother Fucking Idiot'.

SLOUSKY

He's a dozen feet away from the main road when he can hear the murmuring of the crowd. He peers up and instantly catches an unbearable whiff of rotting flesh from a small group of execs walking by, all the while him grabbing the gist of their shallow conversation, sensing immense amounts of presumptuousness oozing from their unity. Seeing them simply reinforces Slousky's judgment on how Aamfis are such useless wastes of space on Mother Earth. As on cue, there's a dozen or so dead units following right behind, each of them looking more lost than the next.

Slousky isn't sure who he hates more: the Aamfis or the Damfis (his own made-up terms of endearment he uses for the living and the dead). He's come to loathe them equally yet for completely different reasons. Slousky's been dead now for over 17 years which has given him plenty of time to study the human species (both the living and the deceased kind).

When it comes to the Aamfis, they're just so mind-numbingly blind to all the miracles Mother Earth continually produces for them. Slousky regrets how little appreciation he had for Mother Earth whilst alive, and now that he's dead, it's all he ever seems to think of, that is: how much he should have been grateful for 'Life' when he had the chance.

Another reason why he hates the living is they stink of putrid decay.

SLOUSKY P. 037

As for the Damfis, Slousky can probably rattle off a kazillion reasons why he hates these dead suckers, yet if he had to choose 1 argument, what he loathes most about the dead is their passivity. The dead have no goal, no aim, no reason to be, so they just roam the world, all the while they submissively mull with the living. The only time they show any pop is when it's time to synch. The dead are always eager to synch up with him, their grey eyes lighting up while trying to lock onto his own. But besides synching time, the dead have shown having no will power. They just take up space, while the living, even though their goals and reasons to 'be' are usually always moronic (like wanting to be rich and famous), at least some humans walk with a little bounce in their stride as they try to act important hoping others will admire them, and they also laugh at stupid shit. The dead do none of this. They just shuffle from 1 place to another with no other reason but to shuffle. Slousky doesn't want to be that type of dead.

Slousky reaches the road. It's crowded. Aamfis are walking to and fro, each trapped inside their own greedy little worlds, most of them being trailed by 1 to 5 Damfis, mulling away. The sight of so many living and dead in 1 place at 1 time has him freeze-up from paranoia. He just knows everyone can see him, even if they are all ignoring him, all of them pretending to go about their petty lives, feigning to be. He knows all of this isn't real, that what he's seeing isn't really there. He knows there's something wrong with this picture. '*How the fuck can I be dead and still be alive??*'

He's positive that, at any moment, they'll all just turn and gawk at him, proving to him he's part of some experiment, some computerized program and they're all but avatars, simply NPCs (non-player characters) and he's caught in some type of video game. They will all turn and stare at the same time, and in their gaze they will let him know what a useless shit he was before he committed suicide, and for this they must now punish him by ripping him limb from grey limb. Of course, not a single soul looks Slousky's way, nobody aware of his presence, it's simply him and his paranoid delusions of where he presently is. Still, knowing he's soon to be surrounded to the point of being engulfed by the dead and the living as he's about to step onto the sidewalk, he can't breathe, the presence of so many entities suffocating him (all the while conscious that he probably doesn't even have lungs so how can he ever asphyxiate). He's not sure what he's made of as he looks at his hand which is some shade of the colour grey, doing his best to breathe more calmly. He touches his face, and right on his nose are his glasses, which he's positive are grey too. He's frozen with fear yet nobody stops to look at him, not a single unit. He's here but he's not here. He has presence, obviously, since he's observing all what's going on, yet not a single soul, living nor dead, looks his way.

But then it starts, that falling sensation. Someone's trying to synch with him. Someone in this crowd's looking at him, looking through him. Who, Slousky can't say yet. He drops his eyes to the ground, fixing his eyes onto his grey shoes. He doesn't want to look up because the nanosecond he locks eyes with any of these dead units, the synching starts and he's committed.

But, like a strung out junkie needing a fix, Slousky slowly looks up, glancing left to right. Even though he doesn't want to synch, he knows he has to. Everyone's now moving in slow motion, everything is quite surreal (more surreal than before, if that's possible), kind of like when the acid finally kicks in after dissolving in the bloodstream for over an hour. Sounds he didn't hear before start clanging in his ears. Lights he didn't see earlier begin to blind him, overpowering smells begin to nauseate him. Still, Slousky has no clue as to who, among the crowd, is trying to synch up with him.

Then, on his left, there's a dead lady, in her 40s, dressed as if she was living in the 1920s. Slousky's eyes involuntarily transfer upwards and over towards her. The dead from way back in the past have nobody to mull with (since all their relatives, friends & acquaintances are also dead) so they're the most dangerous as they're always just willing to synch up, having nothing better to do with their undead lives. Slousky's shirt-card begins to churn away, it too preparing for a synch, getting ready to input/output all the data which will soon transfer between Slousky and this 40 year old flapper from the roaring 20s. Her grey eyes begin to illuminate brightly, warning that the synch's about to occur. His own pupils begin to generate a low humming sound as they attempt to connect with her eyes. Slousky isn't sure exactly what happens when a synch finally materializes, as in the physicality of the actual event, yet he's pretty sure it has something to do with the eyes, but Slousky dares not guess in fear 'The System' will zap him the answer he doesn't even care for.

Slousky knows that soon his world will start to blur away and he'll wake up as a young girl, growing up in 1880s somewhere, maybe in Europe, maybe USA, maybe South Africa, he won't know until he becomes her and he begins to (re)live her life exactly as she did.

Slousky uses all of his energy to look away. He also does his best to close his eyes, hoping she'll simply scram. The noise from the street begins to return, as if, somehow, magically, Slousky's been able to stop the synch. Maybe he won't have to synch after all. Maybe his nihilistic theory about 'The System' has been wrong, him hypothesizing 'It'll' have him synch up with every single dead unit until there's nobody left to synch with (which is of course an improbability because at the moment there's 5 deaths and 8 births with every passing second, so unless there's some type of hellfire Apocalypse, which Slousky secretly prays for every day, he'll never run out of dead units to potentially synch with).

He opens his eyes and sees the dead flapper woman past right by him, oblivious of his presence. She approaches some 70 year old dead male Asian unit who comes up from behind Slousky. These 2 dead units stop millimeters away from each other, their eyes glaring away. They'll be locked like this for the next 3 to 4 minutes while they synch, as each completely relive the life of the other: the 40 year flapper bitch's going to live out the Asian bastard's life for 70 years, and vice versa (however the 'real' time for 'The System' to process the data between 2 dead units takes 3-4 mins).

The sounds around him return to a normal level, the lights less bright, the smells less putrid. For a nanomoment, he's hopeful. Maybe he's done with synching forever; that he's only had to synch up with a certain number of dead souls, and perhaps he's met his quota and 'The System' will now finally free his soul from such a torturous activity. Maybe he's been redeemed.

The powerlessness Slousky's experiences before the synch begins to patter away and he's able to focus once again on what's going on around him. The flapper and the Asian Damfis are locked together, and to Slousky they appear as digital lovers, as spiritual coded soulmates, as 1 (and 0), as they share their daft life histories with the other, oblivious to all those around.

This is his chance. He avoided a synch, something he can't remember ever happening before. Maybe if he made a mad dash now he'll find some open manhole, crawl down it, escape through the sewer lines, connected to some waterway, then to drift away in a body of water (as long as it's not deep, he can't swim and he's unsure if he can still drown even though he's already dead) with the goal to escape this evil city. Whatever way possible, if he can only get to a forest, a cavern, a mountain, anywhere where the only living things he'd come across would be the 4 legged furry type which don't bother with the dead (and Slousky's convinced that animals do not see the dead as he's tried the most stupid of things like dancing and screaming and jumping up and down in front of cats, dogs, squirrels, birds, rabbits, even skunks. He's even come across foxes and wolves a few times as well as a bear and her cubs. Not once did an animal ever react to his presence. Slousky's tested this theory with worms, rats, fish, mosquitos and shitty little flies, him swatting and going crazy in front of them yet nothing acknowledging he's there. Slousky would do this up until he'd lose interest or realize he needs to move on as 'The System' will sooner or later tire of his antic).



Slousky looks at his synchwatch:
RED:> 2027/07/09 - 10:27:35.42 AM ≈ [2☼01:18:40.28]
Only 16 minutes and 39 seconds (and 06 milliseconds) have elapsed since he woke up this morning and it's as if he's already trudged along the front lines of some meaningless war. With all the people buzzing around him, he's unsure if he just synched up with anyone or not because he's not feeling the withdrawals which usually precede the synch. Also, after a synch, Slousky's bombarded with tons of disorientation memories he just lived through, memories from the Damfi he just synched up with, memories which don't belong to him. After a synch, he also experiences a tourbillion of humiliating feelings and total embarrassment as not only did he just live the bizarre life of another, some complete stranger just relived his own retarded life. Still, he should be jonesing for a synch right now and instead he's feeling quite normal. As usual, nothing makes sense.

'*Did I...?*' he almost ask aloud, '*no...*' his mind answers without allowing him to finish his sentence as he doesn't want 'The System' to painfully answer him. He did not just synch up with anyone as he has no recollection of living someone's life, no memory flashes, and with this shirt-card welded onto him, he has within his databanks every single movement of every stupid dead person he's synched up with in the past, right down to every time they flushed a toilet after dropping a huge stinking dump, memory of each inhale and exhale they breathed up until their last agonizing dying gasp. Once he disconnects with them, his memory banks are forever filled with their memories, all the while (Slousky's pretty positive that) their shirt-card's also filled up with Slousky's sorry life story.

But nothing's happened: No memories, no awkward disconnection (when Slousky and the dead unit he's synched up with disconnect, their glowing grey eyes looking at each other for the last time, Slousky can spot disgust in their expression, bewilderment as well, of belittlement, a look of loathing and abhorrence, all at once, in awe on how Slousky chose to live his brainsick life). Definitely, Slousky didn't synch up, and yet that junkie empty feeling inside him isn't lingering within either. His synchwatch is still red so he should be going through synching withdrawals similar to a crack whore who's willing to blow a sexually transmitted disease riddled john for a meth fix. Instead, everything seems normal, the Aamfis going about their useless lives with a ton of Damfis mulling behind them, Father Sun shining down upon them all, them oblivious to His wonderful power, Mother Earth right beneath their feet and not a single idiot appreciatives this fact. The good news, though, he not going through withdrawals. Everything's normal, which is abnormal.

"2 fer 'tha price of 1! C'mon! Come 'git yar hotdogs!" he hears the coarse voice of a vendor just to the right of him. Yes, everything's status quo, as if he had just synched up, as if his shirt-card had been filled up with the effete life of another. Again, that glimmer of hope of maybe he's done with synching and just maybe he can now go on with his useless dead existence forever without having to ever synch again, that perhaps it's time for a new phase, a redemptive phase, a freeing of his soul phase from this purgatory which he's endured for the past 17 years as part of the living dead...

"2 hotdogs! C'mon, come git your dogs! 2 fer da price of 1!" this vendor's really fucking annoying Slousky.

It's time for him to leave this wretched place and find a nice little tree house as a home in some reservation park, or a cave in some mountain, anywhere far from this dirty shitty city. And as he's quite confident about avoiding a synch, right then he catches a horribly familiar whiff of something evil, some atrocious pungent smell resembling backed-up sewer waters, a putrid wretched stink of feces surrounding him, filling his entirety. He knows this stench. It's the same aroma which clogs his nostrils right before every synch. It's going all wrong again. The street all around him begins to blur once more, the people, the cars, the buildings... all of it becoming unfocused. Accompanying the smell is that terrible sinking sensation, a 1000 butterflies fluttering in his stomach. All of this is very familiar to Slousky. This is what he undergoes before he's about to synch. As always, nothing makes sense. '*Didn't I just escape the synching??*'

"2 fer tha price..." that voice, burning his ears. '*Why is the fucking vendor shouting? How come his voice isn't blurring out like all the rest of the sounds?*' Slousky turns to look at the vendor, seeing this hotdog guy crisply clear while all about him, the street, the sidewalk, the buildings, all of it is hazy and unfocused. Just as Slousky expected, the vendor's this big dumb-looking sloppy fuck, grinning at passersby, his rotting teeth glimmering in the light of Father Sun, his foul breath smelling like an exhumed corpse even from where Slousky's standing, his grimy hands with his dirty nails fondling the hotdog buns. This guy looks as smart as a lawn chair, as bright as a single-cell amoeba. There's nothing exceptional about this fat fuck so Slousky doesn't understand why this piece of shit Aamfi isn't blurring out of focus like the rest of the world. He sees the vendor making himself comfortable on his bicycle seat to light his cigar. '*Why am I seeing this shit... or rather... what the fuck am I not seeing??*'

SLOUSKY

It's then, from behind the vendor, Slousky sees the silhouette of something small, someone tiny, grey... a dwarf, '*no...*' a miniature Damfi, '*neither...*' a child, '*yes...*' a dead boy of maybe 6 or 7, perhaps 8 years old, it's hard for Slousky to say, however the moment the dead child's in full view of Slousky, his grey eyes begin to slowly illuminate.

'*Aw, Jesus fuck!!*' Slousky almost blurts. 'The System' didn't plan on him synching with that broad from the 1920s nor the deported Oriental. Unbeknownst to Slousky, 'It' planned for him to synch up with this dead child all along, and something deep inside Slousky's grey gut's telling him this little tyke didn't die from natural causes. Rather, he died some kind of horrifying death, and this disgusting vendor had something to do with the demise of this dead boy unit.

Slousky looks away. The outermost last thing he wants to do now is to make fucking eye contact with this kid's grey glowing eyes. He forces his glance downward, towards his shoes (if that's what he has, feet with shoes on them, Slousky's never sure of his own corporeality), and if he has a heart, it's beating all kinds of fear right now with his shirt-card maniacally beeping away. Slousky can sense that this malefic dead kid has caught wind of him. He's positive this dead boy unit's looking straight at him with his sad fucking grey eyes, ready to click in and synch up so as to relive Slousky's idiotic 33 years of life all the while Slousky will relive this kid's 6, 7 or 8 years... yet worst of all... reliving this kid's most assuredly twisted death.

Looking up, Slousky can see the 1920s flapper woman coming up from behind the dead unit child, now that she's done synching up with the old Asian Damfi. Her eyes begin glowing as brightly as the child's. It's as if 'The System' is giving him a choice with whom he wishes to synch up with, and Slousky cannot recall ever having a choice in the matter. '*Choose!*' his mind screams at him, '*fucking choose, idiot! Do you want to synch for 40 years or 7?*' With the 7 year old it'll be pretty fast, the memories will fly by quicker. He has never synched with a dead kid before however he believes the synch will be relatively quick as living human unit's 1st lasting memories aren't formed until sometime between the ages of 2 and 4 years old (it varies with each unit). Still, something innate's telling Slousky this little lad died some really stupid violent death at the hands of this stinky vendor, and when Slousky looks over to the fat fuck, he catches this slob placing a hand down his pants, moving his junk about. Slousky can actually visualize a vapour protruding from this greasy hotdog seller's pants, an effluvial fog-like steam evacuating from his midsection, filling up Slousky's nostrils.

...Shzzizzh Whurzzh...

'*Not with this dead kid!*' Slousky does not want to synch up with the dead boy unit. He forces his gaze towards the dead flapper, willing it. If 'The System' is going to let him decide, he prefers the longer synch with the dumb bitch...

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...Shrzzuzzhz Chrzzirhhhz...

Slousky can now hear the dead kid's shirt-card churn, whiz and melodiously beep away, which only means 'The System' is preparing the synch. The more he forces his eyes away from the non-living boy, the heavier the withdrawal becomes, as if he needs the biggest heroin-cocaine speedball cocktail rush to flow through his veins right this bloody minute, and the only way to get his fix is to look at the kid, by connecting his gaze with this dead lad, and once he does synch up, it'll be a good thing since his fix will be satiated, but it's never a good thing. He recalls how every single synch has been more painful than the last (painful physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, etc.). Not a single synch's ever been good for Slousky. 'The System' is only fucking with him, lying to him by having him believe that to synch up will be as delicious as crack.

He looks at the dead boy unit, wondering how this little shit died. Unfortunately, Slousky's about to find out. What he hates the most about synching up is how he himself doesn't get to do any of the acting. He has no lines, he doesn't play a part. He's just there, inside the body, from the moment the unit's born right up until it finally croaks, so if the unit has a problem with its lung, then Slousky's going to relive every wheezy moment up until this unit respires its last dying breath. This dead kid, however, doesn't appear to have had lung cancer. This unit looks as if it's been murdered in cold fucking blood.

SLOUSKY

The microsecond Slousky synchs with another is the moment he becomes that person yet he himself has no control on what this person does, says, feels, hears. He has no authority since he's essentially watching a rerun of this unit's life. The life has already been lived out so there's no way he can input. It's all output and Slousky must relive every moment exactly how the unit lived it.

For example, Slousky synchs up with someone who gets his kicks from licking public toilet bowls (the stickier the better), well, Slousky will lick the exact same toilet bowls all the while being able to taste every brownish chunky tidbit, he'll smell every scent and he'll know every thought conceived this toilet bowl licking unit gestated. If Slousky synchs up with a cross-dresser, well he'll be wearing the exact evening gowns and will be hanging out at the exact same dirty gay dives which the unit did whilst it was alive. If the unit whom he synchs up likes to plug a toaster up its ass and light itself up like a Christmas tree, well then it's simply the season to be jolly as Slousky will experience the exact same shocking sensation as this unit did when it was a living, breathing entity. Slousky will know every single dirty thought and will have a front row seat to every perverted act this unit committed when alive. Slousky has to think as well as perform everything right alongside. As Slousky discovered, every unit concocts mean and troubling ideas, has horrible intentions which perpetually override their better judgement, and they suffer from disturbing jagged concepts which toy with their common sense; evil thoughts they love to hate or hate to love.



Everyone's fucking evil, Slousky's learning that, at synch at a time. Slousky dreads he might have to synch up with every human which means he'll be synching over a 110,000,000,000+ times. And as long as the human race keeps fabricating more units, this synching up with the other dead is actually turning out to be an exponentially infinite (∞) act. The only chance he has out of this endless cycle with the dead populace is if the whole human race finally does itself off, or something like another Ice Age happens, and once every dead unit has successfully synched with every other dead unit then 'The System' will be forced to stop functioning (he prays).

'The System' will have to end at some point. It must. And at this point Slousky will reach 'Phase 2' **(13)**, and once 'Phase 2' occurs well then a change will most assuredly arise, once he's relived the life of every other dead unit. Maybe then he'll never have to synch again, never have to mull nor ever suffer another memory-bubble. Maybe 'The System' will free him at this point. He hopes to Christ there's a 'Phase 2' because the only thing Slousky has to look forward to is to infinitivally synch up and die agonizingly fucking painful disease filled deaths over and over again, *ad nauseam* (and thinking about forever is in no way helping his apeirophobia - his fear of infinity).

Yet the worst thing about synching is actually the de-synch process. It's that 'final look' in their eyes when he disconnects with the other. Slousky 1st pukes with embarrassment, this accompanied with a painful physical pang where his heart should be. It happens every single time he de-synchs, Slousky wishing he'd never existed as he realizes another dumb fuck now knows exactly how Slousky led his sad and pathetic life (and the manner in which he ended it).

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(13) 'Phase 2' is when Slousky synchs with everyone, and once he does that, he'll attain nirvana. This is Slousky's only sad hope.

Right away Slousky wishes he could simply run away, disappear into the crowd, or if he could only have the option to synch up with that 1920s flapper cunt, even that Asian senior citizen piece of dung, anyone else other than this ominous deceased child. Slousky's gut's telling him the way in which the 1920s chick died wasn't so horrifying, maybe tuberculosis, maybe cancer, maybe a car accident, maybe suicide, all types of death he's already survived with others he's synched up with in the past, deaths he can manage, but this sinister dead child, next to this living unit which he's sure is a murdering, pedophiliac vendor; that however this kid died, this is going to be the worst type of experience Slousky's about to undergo since his 291 synchronizations.

'*Just run away!!*' Slousky tries to muster up some kind of movement, as if he's attempting to convince his legs to move, '*fucking run away!...*' but it's to no avail, his feet are cemented to the ground, and the scary little child's grey eyes are glowing brighter and brighter, to the point of blurring out everything and everyone around him, fading all to white. The synch's about to begin, #292, and it will definitely be the worst synch Slousky will ever experience.

Slousky looks into the deceased kid's eyes. He has no choice. At this very moment, Slousky realizes it's not even really his eyes which are seeing all this. He's not in control of a single thing anymore. He never actually was...

...Grriizzhh Zrhrizz...

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login: ♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Synchronization (#292).
SUN:> Name: William Harold Desmond.
SUN:> Birth: June 3rd, 1990.
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

10 10 10

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SLOUSKY

CHAPTER 3

3.1 - BILLY - 1990 (≈37 YRS AGO)

Slousky's synched up with the dead Billy Desmond. Slousky will now live out Billy's 8 years he lived.

...Ghrurrssizzhrr Zzshiirrsshzhhzz...
Sunday, June 3rd, 1990
2:17:52.41 PM
William Harold Desmond's born in the most usual of ways in a basement apartment somewhere downtown Chicago, USA.
...Rhziiiurrrzzzz...

During every synch, the 1st few years of someone's life goes by unnoticed, from birth up until to 2 to 4 years old.

Friday, June 3rd, 1994
4:33:21.16 PM
Billy turns 4. His mother has made plans of trying her fortune in Hollywood, or maybe New York, she isn't sure yet, however she knows she has to get out of shitty Chicago to start her career or she'll forever be a waitress at the greasy spoon she's presently working at. Billy's mom is 22 and she realizes her beauty's fleeting faster than the speed of light so she has to get going right away. She feels bad that she's leaving Billy behind, however his grandmother will surely take better care of the child than she ever could.

SLOUSKY

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She rides the bus for the last time with Billy over to grandma's place who's waiting for them with a birthday cake as today's Billy's birthday. Usually Billy's at the daycare all day until 6 PM, the time when the daycare closes, Billy generally the last kid left, with his mother incessantly making up some kind of sorry excuse as to why she's late, yet the real reason's always the same: she's over at the boyfriend's house getting high on crack, on methamphetamine, on whatever the boyfriend has, the same boyfriend who doubles as his mother's pimp, but today his mom picked up Billy much earlier, delightfully surprising the educators, and having Billy smile (which doesn't occur often) because never has he left before the other kids, never has any of the other children ever seen his mother, and never has Billy been the 1st to say goodbye to all of his little playmates. It's been a great day for Billy so far as they sang him a happy birthday song at the daycare, they gave him a piece of cake at snack time, and he even got a present - a little box filled with Lego building pieces, with the box saying ages 5-7 which made Billy believe he's a grownup as he only turned 4. Billy has proven to be a bright little boy, or so everyone tells him, since he's been able to read pretty much since the age of 2, an accomplishment which most children do not achieve before 3, 4, 5, 18, 25, 42, even later (if ever). All the educators would tell Billy just how bright he is, how smart he is, and what a good little boy he is, since he's such a quiet child, almost to the point of being introverted, yet compared to the other little monsters who're in his daycare classroom, truly, Billy's a saint.

SLOUSKY

Slousky's synched up with dead Billy Desmond, having to live out Billy's 8 short years he lived.

Once they arrive at grandma's, right away Billy's greeted with a hug and a happy birthday wish, then his grandmother tells him to go straight into the kitchen and to find his place because they're going to have a very special surprise. Billy's about to run off when his mother calls him over, hugs him, tells him she loves him so much and how very proud she's of him. This will be the last time Billy will ever be with his mother again. Billy then runs off down the hall to the kitchen, at which point the grandmother asks her daughter if she's not going to stay; that her sister, Billy's aunt, will be coming over soon with the twins, and Aunt Milly will be arriving as well. Billy's mother states she'll only be gone for a tiny while, and from down the hall, she can see Billy looking back from the kitchen table, smiling his quiet smile. His mother waves but Billy has his eyes on the gifts on the table, including the cake.

...Ghzirurhhz Hurrsszzhsshs...

Monday, October 16th, 1995

9:24:33.24 AM

Billy's 5. He's been living with his grandmother for the past year, with both Aunt Milly (his grandmother's sister) and Aunty Jen (his mother's sister) alternating weekends on taking care of Billy. Thankfully Billy's a quiet child, no trouble at all, plays extremely well by himself, and gets along with his cousins at Aunt Jen's place.

Actually, Billy's so quiet that most don't even notice he's around, yet he's still a responsibility these 3 women have taken upon ever since Billy's mother ran off to heaven knows where.

Billy's also quite observant and has proven to be a bright child, and so they decided to enroll him into the 1st grade after his kindergarten teacher suggested that Billy be promoted since his talents of reading and writing are beyond his years. He joined the 1st grade late yet he's integrated into the elementary school system quite efficiently and has already turned in some very formidable marks. His 1st grade teacher, at the parent-teacher meeting, said Billy had the makings of a genius, and maybe they will think of putting him into the 3rd grade when he turns 6, having him skip the 2nd grade.

...Zrhirszz Klissshsszzzrsshh...

Saturday, January 3rd, 1997
10:32:53.23 PM

Billy's 7. His grandmother passes away. They tell him it's some form of cancer. His aunt Milly's too old to take care of him, and his Aunt Jen just hasn't the means to take care of another child full-time. A social worker comes and takes him away, to another part of town, telling him to bring his clothes and a few of his belongings. He's informed he'll be going to a new school and he'll be living in a resident with other boys, yet they'll do their outmost to find him a great foster home. Billy understands all of this, and as he drives away he knows he's never going back to his grandma's house exactly like he never went back to the flat he once lived with his mom. Being so quiet, Billy arrives at the orphanage without the littlest of stir, as if he did not even exist.

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SLOUSKY

...Ghrerzziszz Hiissssrzzsshh...

Monday, September 21st, 1998
8:32:47.24 AM

Billy's 8. He's been at the orphanage for about 9 months. He's attending a new school, skipping a grade for the 2nd time, making him about 2 to 4 years younger than all of his classmates. The new school's not unlike the old 1 and Billy continues to excel in all of his lessons. His quiet demeanour keeps him away from drawing attention to himself, yet being so young and so brilliant, all the while skipping 2 grades, there's always a little moment here and there in the hallways, during recess or in the cafeteria, when a classmate of his would point him out to the others, while never actually directly talking to Billy, simply pointing at him so as to show who's the young genius, to which Billy senses a bit like an animal at a petting zoo. The good thing, however, is none of the other kids pick on him. In fact, it's as if none of the other kids even really notice him. Aside from the fact of being so young and smart, his schoolmates have nothing to do with him, similar to how he was treated in the other schools he attended. It's not as if Billy doesn't want to make friends, it's just he has no clue how to, and for some reason nobody interests themselves in him, not enough to strike up a conversation about anything. He's the smart kid, and people are openly impressed... for about 25 seconds, but after a remark or 2 of this being the prodigy child (talking to each other, never to him), they'll then go on about their ways,
25 seconds next to Billy which signified nothing.

SLOUSKY

...Gruzhh Hzzirhhzhsh...

Friday, September 25th, 1998
1:32:11.32 PM

Billy's in favourite class, the computer course, waiting for the teacher to show up. He opens his notebook and he looks at the notes he took from last class, them learning about ASCII code, his favourites being ☼ which represents Father Sun and ♁ which signifies Mother Earth. Once the teacher comes in, she smiles over towards Billy who smiles back, feeling included. He just loves the computer class, especially the programming section. He loves to code as it comes so naturally to them. Billy sits quietly as he waits for the class to start, him drawing ☼s and ♁s over and over.

...Kliiirrrchk Wrrriieeesshzzz...

3:41:11.32 PM

Billy's walking to the orphanage, alone, like he does every day, the school week now over. Billy's reflecting on the homework he must hand in on Monday as well as the 2 tests which he has to study for when a blue station wagon pulls up slowly next to him.

"Billy...?" a not-so-unfamiliar voice calls out to him through the opened passenger window. It's a voice Billy has definitely heard before yet it isn't until he spots the smiling face within the car when he's able to match the voice with the face. It's the janitor at his school. Something in Billy's gut stirs, as if there's something horribly wrong about this scenario, something so completely out of place, as if he should know better and not respond to this older man yet the janitor's smile's smoothing, and there's something enticing within the twinkling of his eyes.

There's this aura of tenderness around this janitor, even a sort of familiarity about him. How often did he see the janitor give him a kindly smile in the hallways. There's something 'cool' about the concierge, or so say the other kids whenever they'd be describing this particular janitor. Right now, Billy doesn't respond, not knowing what he should say exactly. The janitor carries on:

"Billy, that's your name, right?..." Billy's actually loving the attention he's receiving. '*That warm, loving smile,*' Billy thinks.

"Yes, hi," Billy strains to smile back. For some, smiling comes so naturally, some even smiling all the time, yet for Billy it's as if he has to force out a smile, as if it's something unnatural to do, yet at this precise moment, smiling seems appropriate.

"I was just on my way home and I saw you walking alone here, and the weather, it's changed for the worse, yah?" the janitor leers over a little closer towards the passenger window while speaking. Billy isn't sure if that was a question or a comment the janitor just stated, so he just nods yes even though he hasn't noticed any change in the temperature, but he understands he needs to answer something because he'll feel uncomfortable if he doesn't answer anything, and to disagree with what the concierge just asked seems inappropriate. Right now, Billy senses he's drawing attention to himself with a passerby walking about. The janitor speaks up, grabbing Billy's attention once more, "do you know my name, Billy...?"

"Mister Farling," Billy answers with pride, beaming.

"Very good. Yes, that's my name," mister Farling says with a playful chuckle in his tonality. Billy cannot help but smile. Thing is, Billy remembers everyone's name. Anything to do with memory, he has a natural knack for. Billy remembers what the specialists deducted during that visit at his school, using words like 'borderline idiot savant' and 'photogenic memory' when referring to him, words he looked up right after meeting up with the specialists, understanding the part which refers to him having a photogenic memory yet he wasn't able to relate to being compared to someone who is a borderline idiot savant; how could he be brilliant while having a subnormal amount of intelligence at the exact same time? Irregardless of their diagnosis, it only takes 1 time to say something to Billy and he'll be able to remember it on the fly. Billy can't recall when he initially heard the janitor's name, or how often, because he knows he's never spoken to mister Farling the janitor before now, yet he's heard his name many times before, the other kids saying he's 'cool', he's 'chill', that he even hands out cigarettes sometimes, giving some of them money, and that he's a pretty funny guy who often cracks dirty jokes. None of these facts, however, have any sort of appeal to Billy. These facts in fact repel Billy and something inside him is telling him to up and leave.

"Say, how far do you live, Billy?..."

"*LIE, BILLY!!...*" a voice deep inside Billy screams, "*FUCKING LIE YOUR ASS OFF AND SAY YOUR HOUSE IS RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET THEN TAKE OFF. JUST FUCKING RUN!! NOW!!!!*"

"4 blocks," Billy states without thought. He almost said a lie, something he's never done before.

Suddenly Billy becomes very nervous. There's some strange voice or a worrisome thought in his head, 1 which is coinciding with what feels like a bunch of moths fluttering about within the pit in his stomach. This is all new to him, this fearful sensation which Billy is currently experiencing. It's almost as if something (someone) inside him is trying to block his breathing.

"It has to be cold. I mean... you must be frozen. I don't mind giving you a drive home, Billy..."

"I... I can't, mister Farling."

"Of course you can, Billy. I give other kids from school a drive home. Only the cool kids, of course..." mister Farling chuckles at what he just says. Such an inviting laugh, making Billy feel special, a reassuring tone in his laugh, and telling him he only drives home the cool kids, something definitely nobody's done before, that is, referring him as 1 of the cool kids, has Billy feeling super special. The only words Billy hears when people make allusions about him are words like geek, nerd, brainiac, genius, retard, special, weird, ickie, cheater, possessed, prodigy, loser, usually mixed in with a bunch of swear words, yet never once has anyone ever called him cool, definitely not an adult, and to Billy, there's so much more importance in what adults have to say. He recalls a time when he saw another specialist and Billy overhearing the word alexithymic when referring to his condition. Of course Billy looked it up when he got home, it meaning that he has a difficulty in experiencing, expressing and describing emotional responses. And right now, a horrible churning in his gut's telling him that this specialist was correct as this fearful sensation in his stomach is something he doesn't know how to communicate.

" I... can't, mister Farling," Billy just repeats himself.

"Well that's too bad, Billy..." mister Farling sits back in his seat, pulling out a cigarette and looking out in front of him, "because I actually had a real special gift for you," mister Farling lights his cigarette, inhaling deeply then letting out a huge plume of smoke, engulfing the boy's gentle inquisitive regard with his 2nd-hand exhaust.

"A gift?" Billy's curiosity gets the better of him.

"A real treat, Billy, something you're really gonna love, I swear!" mister Farling sounds so sincere. Billy never gets gifts, not since his grandmother died. They don't even celebrate his birthday anymore.

"What... what is it?"

"I have to show you, Billy, and it's not here," mister Farling once again leans over to give the littlin his winning and sympathetic smile.

"Where... is it?..."

"Not too far, but it's best we just drive there..." mister Farling reaches over ever so slightly and lifts the lock to the passenger seat. Billy takes a step back. Billy recalls of the movie they played at school about not getting into cars with strangers... '*but mister Farling isn't a stranger,*' his logical sides speaks back to him. There's a rattling in his stomach. Billy takes another step back.

It's as if mister Farling's able to read Billy's thoughts about strangers by saying, "Billy, you know me. You see me every day at school!"

SLOUSKY

"I know, mister Farling, but they told us never to get in a car..."
"... with a stranger, and I cannot agree more with you on that. But I'm not a stranger, and guess who else doesn't think I'm a stranger, Billy?"
"Who?" Billy isn't sure what mister Farling has just said as it doesn't really follow any system of logic, but it's a question asked by an adult and you should always respond to a question out of respect, even if it makes no sense.
"Your mom, Billy, that's who. It's your mother who told me to come and get you. She's back in town, Billy, and she really wants to see you!" mister Farling offers a genuine, inviting smile.
"My... mom...?... ..." the uneasiness in Billy's gut begins to dissipate as does that worrisome unsureness he's been experiencing ever since mister Farling pulled over. Instead, it's being replaced by lovely butterflies, as if Billy is about to do a loop-the-loop on a roller coaster.
"Yes, Billy!" mister Farling's chortles a little while speaking, "I didn't want to tell you the surprise, but just like your mom said, she said Billy's very smart and knows better not to get into the car with just anyone, so she told me that we most likely won't be able to surprise you with the news of her return. I even tried to trick you by saying I had a gift..." mister Farling laughs once again, and this brings a genuine smile to Billy's face, "but of course your mom isn't a gift, not like a Christmas gift or a birthday present, but I'm sure you're surprised, yes, Billy?"

"Yes!" Billy can't suppress his joy.

"So come on, get in, Billy. Your mom's at my place right now. She just got in this morning and called our school asking if someone would be able to bring her Billy to her since she doesn't have a car, and of course I volunteered because I know how much she must mean to you, and that you haven't seen her for so many years. So are you gonna get in, buddy?" and with that, mister Farling grabs the passenger door handle and ever so lightly pushes the door open.

"***BILLY, FOR THE LOVE OF FUCKING GOD... DO NOT GET IN THAT CAR!!!***"

The faintest voice in the back of Billy's mind's calling out to him, warning him, telling him this isn't the right thing to do, but Billy, who works on logic, sees nothing wrong in what's going on here. He knew that, someday, he'd see his mom again. Exactly when, how, where, he didn't have the answers to those questions, yet he knew why: because his mom loves and wants to be with him. Therefore, if his mom called his school to have him picked up, well this makes sense to Billy, and it being mister Farling who'd come to get him, well there's consistency in this as well. Mister Farling's the janitor all the other kids like and respect as oppose to the teachers which these same kids loathe, or the principal and vice-principal they fear, or the irate cafeteria staff they laugh at, or the angry and serious looking security crew they never speak to. Billy begins seeing the complete logic in the fact that it would indeed be mister Farling who'd reunite him with his mother, making Billy extremely happy. Billy looks at the big empty front seat of mister Farling's station wagon, and with a little hop, gets in.

"There we go," mister Farling sounds fatherly.
"Thank you," Billy responds politely.
"***GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE CAR...!!!***"
"Open the dash, Billy," mister Farling points to the glove compartment. Billy complies. It's been so long since he's driven in a car, since his grandma died, and her car was ½ the size of mister Farling's station wagon. Billy finds himself very small in the bucket seat, all the while next to mister Farling who's probably the biggest person he's ever spoken to, big in the sense of quite tall and overweight. At this very moment, mister Farling appears as a gentle giant to the small boy. Billy's completely at ease as his gaze fixes on mister Farling who looks back and nudges with his head towards the glove compartment. Billy opens it and spots what looks like a piece of chocolate cake bundled in plastic wrap next to a pack of cigarettes, a pack of gum, a pen, a wallet, a pocketknife, a pair of sunglasses, and a bunch of loose change underneath all that. Mister Farling continues, "go on, Billy, take the cake. It's from your mom, she told me you love cake. Is she right?" mister Farling keeps his eyes on the road yet gives Billy a couple quick, amicable side-glances, nudging with his head once more for him to take the piece of cake.
"Yes, I like cake."
"Take it, buddy. It's from your mom, she made it, and she wanted me to tell you she's sorry for running out on you when you were so young, and she hopes you'll forgive her when you see her. She's so beautiful, your mom..."

Mister Farling places a cigarette in his mouth, hitting the lighter button by the radio, then leans over and pulls out the piece of cake, handing it to Billy, "it's yours, Billy, you should eat it before we see your mom, don't you think?" the cigarette lighter pops out, surprising Billy a little, bringing him back to his situation: he's about to see his mom, she made him a cake, therefore, he shouldn't disappoint her. Billy looks down at the piece, and with a certain meticulousness, unravels the plastic from the cake, using the plastic like a plate, then without another thought, takes a bite of the chocolate cake.

"***JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, DON'T EAT THAT!!!***"

"That's it, Billy, take another bite. This cake was made with love..." mister Farling points to the cake in a fidgety fashion, making Billy uncomfortable. Billy has always been very keen on picking up on people, or that's what his grandma said, and the slightest off-coloured gestures or even changes in someone's vocal tonality will set off Billy's inner alarm. Now, something about the urgency in mister Farling's movement is offsetting, and even though Billy can't quite put a finger on it, the janitor's comportment has definitely changed since he's gotten in the car.

Billy looks away from mister Farling, deciding to concentrate on the cake which his mother made for him, picking it up and taking another huge bite. There's a kind of residual aftertaste, a chalky substance, a bit like when you chew a pill by mistake, however Billy simply ignores the ill-flavoured ingredient.

Mister Farling continues, "that's it, take another bite, Billy. Finish it up. Your mom made it with a lot of love, and she wants you to be so happy," mister Farling's tone keeps changing. Before, he sounded more reassuring, soothing, yet now it's more urgent, impatient, more adult. Definitely mister Farling's demeanor has changed as well. With each side-glance he darts over, Billy reads malevolence in mister Farling's returned glares, something unsettling, disturbing. It's not the same look as when he initially pulled over to talk, Billy notices. He looks down at his cake and sees he has about 2 bites left. He really doesn't like the taste of it at all, what with some strong medicinal taste overriding the sweet chocolate. Strangely, the savour's now filling his mouth, his nostrils, his whole head. Billy looks over and he sees mister Farling's talking, pointing at the cake, yet Billy can't grasp what he's saying. In fact, he can't make out a single word which mister Farling's uttering. He looks down at his cake once more, thinking he needs to finish it since it's from his mom, but he can't lift his hand to grab the final pieces. All the noises about him begin to blur, and although he tries to look up, Billy's head is much too heavy. His eyes are weighty as well. The last thing Billy remembers seeing is mister Farling's hand tapping him on the lap.

...Grhizz Rhzzilllssshzzz...

SLOUSKY

(... approx. 12 hours later...)
Saturday, September 26th, 1998
1:28:31.26 AM

Billy opens his eyes, and for a long moment, he's completely disorientated. There's absolutely no light. He sits up and hits his head on something, crying out a little, more out of fright than from the pain. He puts his hand above his head, touching a wooden ceiling, yet he's not even standing. He shakily places a hand in front of him, reaching out into the darkness, only to be greeted by a wooden wall just a foot away from him. His hand moves along the wall up until it comes to a joint. Billy puts out his other hand and on the other side of him is another wooden wall. Billy's in some kind of box and there'ts absolutely no light, not even a speck nor a flicker. He also has no indication of what time it is and part of him believes he's in a dream, especially since so many of his dreams are vivid, yet it only takes him a moment to realize he's not dreaming, that he's very much awake, and yet he's having a really hard time wrapping this situation around in his mind as to exactly where he presently is. He begins exploring his surroundings only to confirm what he initially discovered: he's confined in some kind of square contraption. His 1st worrisome thought is he's going to be late for school, beginning to fret because he hasn't studied for the upcoming history test nor has he started work on his vocabulary homework which is due on Monday. But the thought of Monday has Billy panic since he has no clue what day it presently is.

SLOUSKY

A part of Billy wants to scream out in hopes that someone will hear him yet his rational side says he should be quiet because even though he's confined in a box, he's equally nervous as to what's on the other side of this box.

His thoughts are fuzzy, a bit like when he had to go to the dentist and they put him to sleep then when he woke up afterwards he experienced a lightheadedness, a tiring dizziness accompanied with a disorientation, and the dentist told him this was a normal reaction since the drug they gave him has these types of side effects. This is what Billy is presently undergoing. Billy once again reflects upon his homework, wondering if he completed the work or not, when his memory begins to return... walking home from school... it's Friday... the station wagon... mister Farling... the cake. It still doesn't compute for Billy although he believes his memory has returned 100%, the last thing he recalls is sitting in the car next to mister Farling eating a cake which his mom made for him and they were off to see her. Mister Farling said he had a surprise for him, so this must be the surprise, kind of like the time he saw a dancer on TV jump out of a large cake for someone's birthday; mister Farling must have put him in a cake or a present and at any moment mister Farling's going to open up the box and he's going to jump out and maybe even surprise his mom. He once again paws his way around the dark, hoping to discover a latch or a doorknob, yet there's only wood panels all around him, above him and below.

Slousky killed himself in front of a webcam. This was a dumb thing to do. Now, Slousky not only sees the dead, he relives their lives...

Billy can make out a door closing somewhere off in the distance. He gasps then covers his mouth so as to make sure he doesn't make a sound. He remains completely still. He can hear the shuffling of feet approach him, then it's quiet once more. He knows there's someone right next to him just on the other side. A long silent moment passes and then there's a loud knock on the top of the box. The bang has Billy's heart almost leap out of his mouth.

"Billy!! You up yet?" It's the muffled voice of mister Farling. Billy can't detect his tone. He can't tell whether he should respond. This might be a game mister Farling's playing and so he should remain quiet, pretending to not be here with the hope of his mom opening some kind of door to this box, surprising her, or maybe he should call out, but his gut's telling him to not say a word; that he's in some kind of trouble but he doesn't know what kind, nor is he able to figure out a solution to this puzzle.

"*It'll be alright, Billy... I'm here with you...*"

"C'mon, Billy, you gotta be awake by now... say something... anything..." the tonality in mister Farling's voice sounds genuinely sympathetic from what Billy can detect, yet something's definitely wrong even if Billy isn't able to figure out what it is. Then come more raps on the box but with each beat, the sound's increasingly louder, more violent, "Billy! Hey! Are you awake?" mister Farling's voice's now no longer sympathetic. It's angry, impatient. Billy covers his mouth with his hands in fear of letting any type of sound slip out, hoping that if he remains perfectly quiet then the janitor will think he isn't there and he'll eventually go away.

Another bash on the box but this time it's so forceful it displaces the box. Billy can't help but shiver, a hand over his mouth with his other holding his knees close to his chest. He doesn't understand why mister Farling's so angry with him yet there's a lot of things which others have done in the past that's perplexed Billy, but he always knew the best thing was never to provoke, "fine, Billy, FUCK YOU!!" mister Farling screams those last words, the swear words, the words which adults tell him he shouldn't say yet they use them all the time, "...HOW ABOUT I JUST LEAVE YOU IN THERE TO FUCKING ROT, YOU NO-GOOD PIECE OF SHIT?? SON OF A BASTARD!!" there's another belt on the top of the box and it comes down with such force that Billy can't help but yelp out of reflex, "oh... hey... you are awake..." mister Farling's tone changes once more, "I thought you were asleep... but it's late, I should let you sleep, and tomorrow... tomorrow, Billy... soon... you will get your surprise... it'll be a great surprise... but you should sleep, sorry if I woke you up... you sleep and tomorrow everything will be ok. Does that sound good to you?" mister Farling sounds as kindly as a loving father, yet Billy knows there's something wrong and even though he never cries, he can't help but weep. He never likes to make a moment awkward, yet the sounds he's making, the squealing, wheezing, the sniffling, the ear pitching wails, Billy can't control them, even when putting his both hands over his mouth.

"It's ok, Billy... tomorrow, everything will be alright. Don't cry, baby, just sleep, and trust me, son, it'll all make perfect sense... tomorrow..." mister Farling's voice falls almost to a whisper and Billy has a difficult time making out what he's saying. A moment passes by and Billy hears the shuffling of feet again, and from what he can tell, there's voices. It's people on the television, followed by music, like a news channel, yet it's all inaudible. He no longer feels mister Farling's presence. Billy sighs deeply as he's so confused. He decides to lie down, trying to make himself as comfortable as possible, finding solace from the sounds the television's making, him concentrating on the fact that he has to get home to the orphanage as soon as possible so he can get his homework done. At some point, Billy dozes off, his dreams filled with images of his loving mother alongside a strong father he's never met yet he knows loves him equally so.

...Grhrruzhshzz Zhrizz...

Monday, September 28th, 1998
5:28:31.26 PM (*approx. 41 hours later*)

Wildly, Billy wakes up screaming, his throat coarse like sandpaper. He cuts off his yelp as quickly as it escapes. The stench of urine and feces is overwhelming. Billy removed all of his clothing at some point so as to clean up the soiled mess he made yet now his clothes are so drenched with his own excrement that he dares not even touch them, leaving them bundled up in a corner.

SLOUSKY

Luckily Billy doesn't have go to the bathroom nearly at all now that his system's been emptied out of any type of consumption. He rubs his eyes, wiping away the layer of crust, the apertures within his eyeballs struggling to find some form of light, a shape, anything save the complete pitch black darkness he's been living for so many days and nights now, he's lost count. He hears the murmur of the television, muffled voices speaking monotonously which are then followed by commercials coming in a little louder, some of the jingles he knows, compositions which reassure him even for a brief instant but only to have that sensation promptly replaced with the fear of his present situation.

The darkness is a constant, having Billy believe many of the times he's simply gone blind. The other constant in all of this is mister Farling who would come by every now and then, starting up a monologue about this and that and everything else, recounting stories about his own childhood then changing the subject by informing Billy that soon they'll be having loads of fun together with all the amusing things they'll be doing, then going off about Billy's mom coming over and them all having a fucking great time, of them being a family. Mister Farling could ramble for hours sometimes. Then there were times when he wouldn't say a thing even though Billy knew he was nearby, even right next to the box as Billy's auricular sense has heightened insurmountably so ever since he's been blinded by the darkness within the box. There were also other times when Billy knew that mister Farling wasn't nearby at all, probably sleeping or at school working his janitor job.

"... and we'll be right back after these brief..."

"Hey, hey, Billy... you awake, buddy?..." mister Farling sounds excited about something. His voice is so close, surprising Billy, however the boy does his best not to make a sound. There hasn't been a single time when Billy has answered any of the 10,000 questions which mister Farling's asked him, nor did he call out or once requested something. Even when mister Farling asked him the tortuous question of whether he was hungry or not, which he's now beyond starving, Billy still remained mute. Even when mister Farling asked him if he wanted to be let out of the box, which has been Billy's only wish since he's been locked into this darkness (to get out and hurry back to the orphanage and return to his studies); never has he replied to mister Farling and on many occasion Billy's silence enraged the janitor to such points as having him shouting in anger, curse, threat, kick the box or have him break things about such as dishes and cups. Billy's logic: as long as he's in the box, he's safe from mister Farling, so even though the box is confining him, it's also protecting him from his captor, and still, after all this time, he keeps hoping he'll just wake up from this nightmare, or that maybe mister Farling will simply go away at some point, or someone will notice he's missing and they'll come and rescue him. In any account, Billy has not spoken a single solitary word. Unfortunately he hasn't been able to control his crying nor the screams which escaped him out of reflex, but he's still shown discipline when it comes to verbally responding.

Mister Farling eggs on, "coo-coo, I know you're awake. I can hear ya in there. Hey, guess what... I've got a great present for you. Really, this ain't no joke. In a few minutes, you're gonna have a heck of a surprise, Billy, what do you think of that?... Aw, c'mon, we're friends, you trust me, right?" mister Farling has a knack of sounding genuine, amicable, like he's the kind of best friend you've always wanted, and in Billy's case who hasn't had anyone in his life who he could call a friend, it's almost as if Billy is believing with what's presently going on as something normal, since he isn't quite sure what is actually going on, and perhaps mister Farling is potentially his best friend, even though, way down deep within his gut, there's this voice screaming at him, within, or maybe it's an invisible spectre is in this box with him, this ghost warning him that the man who's on the other side of the crate is the Devil incarnate. Still, Billy still can't help but be enchanted by mister Farling's rich baritone voice and his gentle words. It's as if, at any moment, mister Farling will open the box, saying it was all just a joke and things will go back to as they were. Nonetheless, Billy listens to his better judgement which is telling him his only friend right now is the complete darkness and the stench from his soiled drenched clothing is a reminder there's something seriously wrong, "Billy... Billy, you awake...?" mister Farling is excited once again," listen! I promise you're in for a great surprise!!!" mister Farling then shuffles away, and for a long moment there's only silence save the perpetual low murmur of the television.





Suddenly, the murmur from the TV becomes louder and louder mixed in with what sounds like mister Farling moving something, which Billy realizes it's the television since the sound from it is now vociferous. There's a woman's speaking about something which Billy doesn't pick up at 1st, not really tuning in, so used to having the television as background white noise, a backdrop drone, yet right now he's got no choice but to hear and focus on every word this woman's speaking:

"... thank you for coming back. In tonight's episode, we have a very special guest with us. Following the story we mentioned yesterday about the mysterious disappearance of young William Harold Desmond, 8 years old, who was last seen walking home towards his orphanage alone from school 3 days ago. Tonight we have with us his estranged mother, Samantha Desmond, who left Billy with his grandmother when he was 4 to pursue a career as an actor in Hollywood. A year later, Billy's grandmother passed away and Billy was placed in an orphanage. After hearing the story about the disappearance of Billy, Samantha called us and asked to be on the show, hoping the info she'll be sharing with us tonight will help us find her son which she hasn't seen nor spoken to in over 4 years. Hello, Miss Desmond..."

"Hello..." Samantha's small voice responds.

"You hear that, Billy??" mister Farling shouts over the woman who is speaking to his mother, "it's your frikkin' mom!! Do you hear her?!!" mister Farling laughs a wonderful laugh of joy.

'Is my mother on the television show?' Billy questions to himself, *'or is my mom in the room with mister Farling?'*



"Tell us a little bit about William, or how everyone calls him, talk to us about Billy..." the woman on the TV show asks, "his school said he's actually a prodigy child, a genius who skipped 4 grades already, him being only 8 years old while all of his classmates are 11 and 12."

"Yes, Billy was always a really bright little boy," Billy's mother replies. Hearing her voice is like hearing a ghost, a saint. He had completely forgotten what his mother sounded like yet hearing her now is as if she's never left him.

"A psychiatrist at his school who diagnosed him stated Billy is slightly autistic as well as marginally an idiot savant, however his social skills were actually much more developed than most idiot savants and the psychiatrist classified Billy as being a child prodigy who simply hadn't developed proper social skills yet, this being due to the fact that Billy's just so much smarter than those who are the same age as him. However, it's going on 3 days now since anyone has seen or heard anything from Billy, and everyone at his school, as well as at the orphanage, stated this was completely uncharacteristic of him, that he attended every class, never missed a homework assignment, and there's no way Billy would have simply wandered off and had gotten lost. In fact, this missing child case has turned into a criminal suit and 1 of the detectives on this case whom we spoke to is positive Billy was abducted last Friday on his way to the orphana..." the woman's voice is dimmed to an inaudible murmur.

"You hear that, Billy? You're on TV!" mister Farling's enthusiasm ennerves Billy.

SLOUSKY

Angry, Billy doesn't want to hear any of mister Farling's rhetoric right now as he desperately needs to listen to the woman on the television. He also wants to hear his mom again, however mister Farling persists, "... and there she is, your mom, and God, she looks so radiant, Billy. It's such a shame the fucking whore left you behind because she had to fill her cunt up by all them small dick directors and producers out in Tinkle Town, Hollywood, who surely promised her starring roles. But did anything ever become of her after she left her only begotten son behind to chase after her retarded pipe dream? No! Nothing became of that loser idiot of a mother of yours. Nothing at all. She's fucking lucky if she even made a single movie where she isn't lying on her back the whole way through having her pussy filled with fat, black cocks," mister Farling laughs. It's such a wonderful, carefree laugh, "oh, shh, shhh... listen, buddy, it's your mom, again. She's talking. I bet the fucking slut's using this news spot on TV so it'll jumpstart her acting career. Pathetic, ain't it, son, her leaving you to rot and now she's fucking using you so she can get ahead in life. Oh, shh, sorry, let's listen to what this plastic fantastic **(14)** bitch has to say..." mister Farling shushes himself and turns up the volume.

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(14) 'Plastic Fantastic' is a referral to Jefferson Airplane's song from mister Farling's favourite album, 'Surrealistic Pillow' (1967). Slousky has no clue how he knows all this crap about mister Farling's shitty taste in music.

"I left Billy with my mother... his grandma..." Billy's mother answers the TV host, "but I told him... once I was able to make enough money to support us then I'd come back for him. Billy never met his no-good father. He left me before Billy was born. It was a very difficult time for us. I had no money and was living with my mom. I was finally able to find a job and Billy and I moved into a 1 room flat, up until I was offered an acting job. It broke my heart to leave him behind..." Samantha's voice begins faltering, emotions swelling up. Billy starts feeling the same emotions as his mother. '*Why is she on the television and not with me?*' Billy's mind races, '*Why am I hearing her voice as if she's in the room right next to him yet I'm in a box?*' Again her voice is turned down.

"She's a fucking liar, Billy. She never wanted you. Most mothers don't give a flying fuck about their children. They are simply self-serving bitches, using their loins to get a head in life. Get it... to get some head... to get a head in life?" mister Farling chuckles, then turns up the television once more, "sorry, I kill myself. Let's continue listening."

"So you believe, Misses Desmond, that your son, Billy, was abducted, and isn't simply lost, or that he has run away?"

"Yes," Samantha says through her sniffles, "Billy's just too smart to wander off and get lost."

"Do you blame the school or the orphanage for letting Billy walk home alone that afternoon, or both?"

"Yes..." Samantha sniffs once more, "both."

"Fucking bitch!!" mister Farling intervenes.

"Serious, bitch!!" mister Farling intervenes, "truly, your ma's a class act. How does she have the gall, the fucking propensity to blame our school who's been nothing but supportive and has taken care of you, Billy, as if you were their son. I can't speak for that orphanage yet you were always dressed so cleanly, and you always ate well from them lunches they packed. Fuck!" mister Farling's tone sounds anxious, uneasy, "I just can't believe that whore of a mother of yours to have the brass and show her fucking face on national TV and blame others like that. It's her fucking fault she left you in the 1st place, right? I mean, you shouldn't be living in an orphanage to begin with, and no matter how much I like our school, you, my friend, should be going to some special school for genius kids, getting a higher education than what those fucking brats are receiving at our institution. God!" mister Farling throws something which bangs off the side of the box, placing a jolt of fear into Billy, his ears then ringing from the loud sound of the strike, causing Billy to tremble uncontrollably.

"Is it normal..." the woman's voice bolts forth in high definition stereo, "for a school to allow an 8 year old to walk home alone, lieutenant Harling?"

"It's because the orphanage is only 6 blocks away from the school which Billy's attending..." a man's voice replies, muffled, as if on the telephone, "and actually almost all of the children who live at the orphanage, 21 kids out of 26 of them, go to the same school as Billy, and after speaking to the headmistress at his orphanage, she told me they know to travel to and fro in groups or at least in pairs."

"Do you believe, lieutenant," the TV news hostess questions, "that Billy was abducted or did he simply wander off and is now lost somewhere?"

"There is absolutely no way an 8 year old boy, autistic or not, just all of a sudden disappears without a trace. Maybe for a day or 2... but not for 3 days. This is now a criminal case and we're treating it as so. We have an eye witness who came forward saying they remember seeing a child who closely describes Billy's appearance enter a car and we're following that lead..." the man's muffled voice dims.

"Well, I'll be damned," mister Farling states, "seems someone saw you get in the car with me, Billy. That isn't good news. It means I'll have to scrap my car. Shit, and I just got the fucking thing about a month ago, too. Fucking shame. This is your fault!! Do you know how much this is going to set me back??" with that, mister Farling kicks the box so hard he displaces it a ½ a foot. Billy fights the tears which are rushing up into his eyes, the fear swelling up around his heart and midsection. This isn't the 1st time when mister Farling blamed Billy for something, and every time he does, he'll start banging and breaking things, cursing and ranting off the most awful of stuff which he's going to do to Billy, "ok, shh, listen... it's your mom again. She's back on..." and as quickly as he flew off the handle does he return to the sweet speaking and kind-hearted janitor.

"So, misses Desmond," the TV hostess questions, "do you believe your son is still alive...?"

"Yes, I do. A mother knows these things," Samantha says through tears.

"And if Billy's listening right now, is there anything you'd like to say to him?"

"Billy, I want you to come home. I'm sorry I left you, baby..." Samantha's in tears, her voice uneven and shaky, "just come back to mama... come back home..."

"MAAMMY!!!!" Billy belts out as loud as possible.

"... please... whoever has my child... let him go... he's just a baby... please... I'm begging you to let him go..."

"MAAAAAMMMMYYY!!!"

"Ahhh, and there we go...." mister Farling says with a little snigger, turning off the television, "I knew you were in there, Billy, but goddamn... nobody has lasted as long as you have without saying a word. Usually they start chattering the very 1st minute they wake up. Some went a day without saying anything, but 3 and a ½ frikkin' days? Wow, Billy, that's just incredible. You're definitely someone who's very special..." mister Farling takes out his keys, fiddling with them, unlatching the lock. In an instant, Billy's completely blinded. Even the pale light from the early evening dusk shining within mister Farling's living-room's singeing his eyes to the point of tears.

SLOUSKY

"RUN, BILLY!!!"

"Pew... Billy..." mister Farling's snickers, "Jesus, child, you really stink. Sheesh, what a mess you made, too. I'm sure you would love a bath right now, wouldn't ya? But most of all, I bet you're super hungry..." mister Farling takes a couple of steps back to sit on his couch, taking out his pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket. Billy still has his hands over his eyes, sitting up in the box. Even squinting to take a peek around is unbearable, yet the fact there's light as well as fresh air has Billy's spirit rise. He crawls on his hands and knees out of the box and once out, he stands. He was already a fairly thin child however he could now pass as the poster boy for any 3rd World Country who's on the brink of starvation. Billy once again tries to open up his eyes just a little and blurry shapes and images begin to produce around him. He can see a blob human sitting on a blob couch, and next to Billy are a blob television set and a blob stinky box which has been his home for the past 3 days, "you know, Billy, all you had to do was ask and I would have let you out a long time ago. You've been the most stubborn of them all, and I tell ya, it's pissed me off some, more so than anyone else. At times I thought you were dead but then I'd hear you cry or weep in your sleep. There were more than a few times I just wanted to bring the box to the river by the school and drop it in there because you were pissing me off when you wouldn't reply back to me when I was speaking to you. You do realize how rude that is, not to reply to adults when spoken to?"

"I want to go home..." Billy's vision returns almost back to working order and seeing mister Farling's unfamiliar living-room has Billy feeling scared all over again.

"Home? Where's home, Billy? That shitty orphanage? That's not a home. Your mother robbed you of your home, buddy. And that's all you can think of...? What about something to eat? You have to be hungry. Shit, I can't go 2 hours not eating something and you haven't had anything to eat, nor drink, for like... 3 days now? That's gotta be some kind of Guinness record or something. And what about clothes... or washing up? You're literally covered in shit! Are you not the least embarrassed? And what's wrong with my place? Do you see the size of my TV? Surely you do not have a television set this big at your crappy orphanage..." mister Farling rambles on, puffing away at his smoke. Billy hasn't a clue on how to handle any of this. Nothing mister Farling's saying is sensical. There's no logic whatsoever to what's going on.

"***FUCKING RUN, BILLY! RUN!! Just dash for the door and run as fast AS YOU FUCKING CAN!!!!***"

The nagging foreign voice inside Billy's head is screaming loud which confuses him even more. Billy has no energy left. He falls to his knees and weeps uncontrollably.

"Aww, don't do that, Billy. C'mon..." mister Farling takes a last hit on his smoke then drops the butt in a ½ empty beer bottle. He gets up and makes his way near Billy, "heheh, you're a sight for sore eyes, Billy. I have no clue how your mom simply abandoned you like that. If you were my kid, I would have done everything in my power to make sure you had the best of everything. Anyway, come with me..."

Mister Farling leans over and places a hand on Billy's shoulder, "let's 1st get you cleaned up and then I will make you something really delicious to eat, including a great dessert. Trust me, you'll feel 100% better. I even have some new clothes for you but I don't think they're going to fit you so well. You've lost so much weight, you can even see your little ribs popping out..." mister Farling lightly tickles the child's side as he speaks, "and God, you're like blue... almost grey..." Mister Farling directs the boy down the hall. Billy listens to every word mister Farling has said and a bath and food truly sounds Heaven sent. All the insanity Billy endured - the days in complete darkness - the ramblings of mister Farling - the violent hits onto the box which was his home - missing school and not completing his homework - things being thrown about breaking all around him - the insults and threats - hearing his mother's voice - the foreign spooky voice in his head, the ghost who whispered to him sometimes when other times was screaming at him - all of this has made absolutely no sense and Billy's world's always been about logic. Billy can even somewhat hear that phantasmal voice right now, urging him to run out the nearest door and find a policeman or fireman or anyone, to simply get away from this horrible place as quickly as possible, yet his weak body's finding it hard to even stand let alone run. In fact, the impuissance from starvation and dehydration mixed in with the bombardment of so many foreign emotions and thoughts becomes too much for Billy. He looks up, seeing a blurry ceiling, then his eyes roll backwards as he falls to the ground with the weight of the dead.

...Hrizzsshh Grhurrzhz...
Saturday, October 3rd, 1998
9:25:54.52 PM

Billy opens his eyes - for the last time - to see only darkness. It's been exactly 4 days since he's had anything to eat or drink. To be exact, 4 days, 7 hours, 22 minutes. He's heard the TV go on and off innumerable times, yet it's the voices on the CB which has given him hope. Thankfully, Mister keeps the CB on during the day while he's at work. Billy loves listening to the truckers chat as they drive along a highway not far from mister Farling's house, them sounding cheerful, drivers recounting about this and that and everything else, saying stuff like when they'll be seeing their families again or how much they love their children.

Billy can hear the faint sound of the front door. Moments later, mister Farling kicks the box, warning of his presence, then turns off the CB, interrupting an incredible transmission since a truck driver is actually talking about Billy, him being the main focus of news lately in this area ever since an Amber Alert's been issued.

Billy's been imprisoned in a box for 8 days now, yet after the 3rd day of captivity (after Billy cried out for his mother), Mister Farling took him out of the box, washed him, fed him, then did terrible indescribable things to him in the bedroom, unspeakable acts which no other adult has ever done to him, touching and hurting him in ways he didn't know was possible, deflowering him, as mister Farling put it.

Slousky's synched up with the dead Billy Desmond.
He has to relive the 8 short yrs this kid got to live.

Mister Farling had brought Billy to the bedroom and while he was performing these horrific acts onto him, the janitor was telling the boy this is what love is. Love's a word Billy knew of yet he never associated the word with what mister Farling did to him. Still, this is not a love Billy has ever wanted nor asked for. He abhors this love. Billy hates mister Farling with every single ounce of his frail body, and the last thing he'd ever want is to be next to that evil monster again who tortured and raped him senseless. So when Billy fell asleep right afterwards being 'deflowered' (being drugged once more), then waking up back in the box, he knew the minute he call out or say something, mister Farling will open that door to the box, bathe him again, feed him, then make horrible 'love' to him, saying this is what grownups like to do. Even at the tender and innocent age of 8, Billy knows this is not what grown up men do to children. Men are supporting fathers, are guides, are lights in the life of their young. Men are here to show their young a right way to travel this life, yet what mister Farling tried to explain to him, that this is some kind of initiation all boys have to go through, Billy, in the center of his heart, knew this isn't the way a boy is initiated into manhood.

SLOUSKY

Billy's 100% that grown men do not hurt children and he did not need some book to explain this to him, no television documentary, no uncomfortable talks with the under-educated school psychologists. He needed none of this to know that mister Farling's nothing but a fucking liar. Nobody's allowed to do what mister Farling did to him, no adult. It's not done, and it's not legal, because during the past 4 days in the box since he was raped, Billy has been keeping his focus on the news which mister Farling would be listening to, following up on his own story about the autistic boy who disappeared, all the while the child quietly prayed and hoped that someone would find him and free him from this evil box, and this will simply be a horrible nightmare which he'll put behind himself, meanwhile they'll put the pedophiliac janitor away in some jail forever and a day. The news always sounded like there were advancements in the case, that they now have another eye-witness who's able to identify the car which Billy had gotten into, viewing a child linger in front of a green station wagon, the man inside smoking. So many clues, so many things they know about mister Farling, yet the truth of the matter is this pedophile has gone under the radar for a very long time, having killed 5 children prior to Billy, in different locations all over the country, even 2 in Canada. Billy, however, has been a pure and true trophy for mister Farling, a gift which he'll come to cherish for the rest of his evil and much too long life, what with Billy enduring the longest in his box than any other boy who he'll abduct.

SLOUSKY P. 087

Billy's presently starving to death while dying of thirst. 4 days going on 5. He's breathing his last puffs of the pure air which surrounds this beautifully impossible dream known as Mother Earth, and he'll never see the merriment and brilliancy of Father Sun ever again, as his life is leaving his tiny body, his soul off to unite with the infinite, the forever, *le grand mystère*, the eternal... the Universe.

The last thing Billy remembers hearing, dreaming, envisioning, is following the tale of a trucker talking to his wife, telling her he'll be home soon. Billy listens in on their conversation as they talk about this and that, then they go on about that lost little Billy boy and may his mother be blessed and find peace. They say maybe there's still hope for the kid, that miracles do happen, seems the cops are real close supposedly, and all those on the CB, they're all keeping an eye out, while everyone's prayers are now for that child (everyone in town and in the nearby district). Billy's getting everyone's prayers, that's what the lady on the CB is going on about with her trucker husband since she's part of this communal prayer group and right now they are focusing on the lost boy. As Billy drifts off, the lady's voice over the CB begins sounding more and more like his own mother's voice, saying that everything will be alright, he'll soon be safe and all will go back to normal as it once was not so long ago:

"I gotzta go, Pa. Izmodore needz me to help him with sum' of hiz singin' stuff for school..."

"Talented like hiz Mama, handsomez like hiz Paps. Dhat's ourz Izzie! Ok, givum' allz a big hugz fir me. I'z cyaz in a bitz dun't even have to gaz up or nuthin'. Oh, I'z haven't been listenin' to dhe newz since I left for south... whateva happin'ed widh dhat lost 'lil boy, that Billyz... did dhey find him, Ma...? Please gimme some good newz coming home... I've been prayin', Ma, jus' like uz asked of me, prayin' real hard for that 'lil boy and his Mama!"

"Nuthin' yet, Papa Bear. Not a thingz aboutz 'lil Billyz. I'z been keepin' dhe telez on'z all dhe time in hopez of some breakin' newz, yet they'z be nodhing... and dhere is less newz 'bout him so I guess they figure that 'lil Billyz must be..."

"Dun't even think it, Mama Bear! Putz a bleedin' chillz down my spinez every time! Jus' a babyz..."

"U just keep ur eyez open for fleetin' deerz and drunkz!"

"I luvz u, Ma, likez howz Fadher Sunz luvz Mama Earthz!"

"I luvz u, tooz, Papa Bear. I'mz on dha 10-10 on dha sidez here, if u'z needz me. I luvz u, tooz..."

Billy stays conscious long enough to hear that CB call between what he imagined as an ideal family, a dad coming home to mom and their kids, and for a fleeting moment, Billy's right with them, praying even though Billy doesn't understand what prayer is. And just before his last gasp for life, William Harold Desmond is part of a praying family, him having a sister and a brother,

with a strong father and a sweet mother
who love him like no other.

...Rrzthszz Shizzchurrrzznn Klizhhzszt...
10... 9... 8... 7... 6....
Lights fading out.
5... 4... 3... 2... 1... 0...

SLOUSKY

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login: ♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> De-Synchronization (#292).
SUN:> Name: William Harold Desmond.
SUN:> Birth: June 3rd, 1990.
SUN:> Death: October 3rd, 1998
SUN:> Age: 8 years old.
SUN:> _
SUN:> Next Synchronization in:
SUN:> 20 Days: 23 Hours: 59 Minutes: 58 Seconds.
SUN:> _
SUN:> PS - LUV U!!!
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

P. 089

Slousky's now de-synching with dead Billy Desmond. He will now resume his own dead life in the present 2027.

...Grrrurrzzsshhhszh Hirrszzhsh...
Lights back on.
1... 2... 3...

3.2 - DE-SYNCH - 2027 (≈37 YRS LATER)

'*1... step... backwards...*' Slousky almost utters the words out loud, '*take a step back. Let this go, it's not fucking real!*'

Slousky watches as a pair of glowing grey eyes move away from his own, as if he's unlocking from something, ungluing, all this accompanied by mechanical clicking and grating noises, the sound data makes when travelling through computer chips.

Gradually, focus returns to Slousky's eyes. He looks down, seeing his grey shoes, his grey socks, his grey pants. In front of him, his grey hands, letting go of something, of someone. He begins to fall backwards, to the floor. There's small grey eyes staring back at him as he plunges downwards, sad and innocent eyes, those of William Desmond, Billy the autistic prodigy, the child who Slousky shared his last breath with. Together, they relived each other's life; in under 3 to 4 real-time minutes, Slousky relived 8 years, 4 months and ½ of a day of Billy's short life, while Billy relived Slousky's sick, pitiful and pathetic 33 years.

Slousky's on his ass and he's back on the sidewalk amid the busy street. Looking up, he sees Billy, standing next to a mister Farling who's easily gained 40 pounds since 1998 and has aged almost 30 years. Unfortunately for Slousky, he's just been bedded in the sickest of ways by this once school janitor who's now a hotdog vendor, a sick fuck who Slousky's also been intimate with in a hurtful, scary, insane, inhuman and completely illegal way. Mister Farling and Slousky were lovers for an evening while he was synched up with Billy, lovers in a mister Farling's style: with beer and pirate hats, pills and pizza, ballooned condoms filling the air. Nobody should ever have to live what Billy (and Slousky) went through with the most evil vile living human unit on Mother Earth, and now, Billy's small grey and dead frame is standing next to the monstrous, supersized mister Farling. Billy's eyes begin to dim, the glowing fading. Slousky's now de-synched.

3.3 - FUCKING RUN...!!! - 2027 (≈1 MIN LATER)

...Chlissszshhh Hurrwizzshss... *00:01:00.02*
Friday, July 9th, 2027 *to be precise*
10:43:24.41 AM

There was no funeral for Billy, since they never found Billy's body. Mister Farling's an expert when it comes to disposing of his crime scene, although with Billy, it turned out easier than usual since the kid was nothing more than a bag of bitty bones, having died of starvation due to dehydration.

Even today in 2027, 29 years since Billy went missing, there's still accounts about the disappearance of little William Harold Desmond, mostly in documentaries and old cold case stories, linking him to other missing children near his area and during the same time period. There's even a few websites and blogs dedicated on trying to figure out just what happened to the brilliant little autistic boy.

No funeral. Billy's mom said she didn't want to give Billy a funeral until she was positive he was dead, and since no body was ever found and the case wasn't officially closed, Billy never got his last rites. Billy's mother died 4 years after Billy did from an aggressive colorectal disease which went untreated and by the time she found out, it was much too late for her.

What's disturbing Slousky the most about all this is he doesn't understand how come he's aware of all of these useless facts.



As Slousky's sprawled out on the sidewalk, there's a 1000 jarring images piercing his brain, most of them snapshots from Billy's life. This is the normal occurrence which happens to Slousky after he's just synched up with some dead unit, him seeing flashes from the life he just relived. However, knowing that Billy's mother croaked 4 years after her son's murder, and being wise to Billy not getting a funeral, these facts aren't something he should know.

De-synching's never pretty. It's always extremely difficult at 1st for Slousky to disassociate with whom he just was (in this case, being Billy for 8 years) and who he is in reality, all the while battling exactly what reality is; him being a dead unit yet seemingly an alive 'dead' unit. Slousky's mind's fried.

Slousky does his best to stand up, slowly moving away from the living mister Farling and the dead Billy. *'This lucky fucking fat bastard,'* Slousky has almost returned to his own self, *'this assfuck got away with homicide. How? How could such a holy piece of pure fucking shit like this Farling pedophilio get away with such a heinous murderous crime, and how's he been able to miraculously go on living without getting caught, after all this time, under the scrutinizing and watchful eye of Father Sun? How has this asshole escaped 'The System'? Seriously... how????'*

"Would you like 2 hotdogs? Oh, 3? And what would you like to drink, sir... aw... look at your little boy. He's so cute! How old's he? Only 5? A whole hotdog for him?"

Slousky's simply fucking mesmerized with this modern-day mister Farling, who's bearded now, wrinkled, plumper, and he's smiling ear to ear as he makes a sale. *'Just insane,'* Slousky sighs.

SLOUSKY

'Mister Farling sure has a fine fucking way with people, charming everyone,' Slousky shakes his head. He looks over to Billy who's standing 2 feet next to mister Farling, the boy looking right back at Slousky, Billy's eyes no longer glowing, back to their normal grey colour. Billy's smiling and does Slousky ever recognize that smile. He knows exactly what it signifies. He's seen this very same smirk 291 times before (now 292 times, including Billy); each time a dead de-synchs, there's a second in which this Damfi has a look of disbelief on its face as it can't believe how he decided to live out his pathetic 33 years, and right after comes that smile. It's a knowing smirk, a grin which reminds him how much of a fucking turd he was when he himself was a living unit. It's a type of smile in which the dead unit is asking him just what the hell was he thinking. And now that he's getting this degrading look from Billy, Slousky wishes he could die all over again rather than be judged by this young lad. Here's a boy who had such potential, a genius in the making yet had his life (violently) removed before it could even start, and here's Slousky, the louche slouch who had every single thing and he wasted his life by committing suicide. He can't look into Billy's eyes right now, it's too damaging to his dead grey soul.

Along with the de-synch comes a fallout which Slousky loathes: a side effect filled with emotions. Now that Slousky has lived Billy's life, he begins to have all kinds of utpsurging feelings stirring inside, as if Billy was his own only begotten son which he lost at the hands of this murdering pedophile. Slousky's grey heart's going out to Billy at this very moment.

Yet before Slousky can feel too sorry for himself, he spots someone coming up from behind Billy. It's another dead unit, a boy of about 9, and next to this dead lad's another little dead boy unit, this kid about 7, and another who's no more than 6 years old. All of them begin staring back at Slousky while their eyes begin to slowly switch on, glowing faintly. Another dead unit lad appears behind them, and another, their eyes also turning on the nanomoment they catch site of Slousky. Panic encapsulates his whole. His shirt-card begins to churn madly away as he looks back at Billy, his smile now gone and replaced with such a sad and morose look, his young dead unit friends huddling behind him, every single radiant eye on Slousky, and right next to them is the stinky mister Farling, making another hotdog sale, a myriad of living human units buzzing along the sidewalk with their dead mulling units behind them, Father Sun brilliantly beaming high above, making him paranoic beyond belief. 1 of the boys approaches him. '*There's no fucking way 'The System' is going to have me synch again,*' Slousky's mind races, '*it's too bloody soon.*' Slousky's positive 'The System' needs time to process all the data it's transferred from the synch he experienced with Billy. It's fucking impossible 'The System' could have him synch up again as it's been mere minutes since he disconnected.

He glances nervously at his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/07/09 - 10:49:53.15 AM ≈ [20☼23:56:04.37]

'It's fucking green... I should be ok... but why the fuck are there a ½ a dozen dead boys with scary glowing eyes looking my way, all of them looking real hungry to synch?'

SLOUSKY

Slousky can't synch up again. It's inhumane. There has to be important reasons why 'The System' waits 21 days before 'It' has him relive another dead unit's stupid life. He knows he'll overload and crash. Slousky hasn't had sufficient time to absorb what he's underwent (living and dying like Billy). If 'The System' has him synch up, he'll assuredly turn into a digitized vegetable.

Slousky looks at the dead Billy and he's hit with a colourful flash image of the boy, at his finest moment, when Billy was still a living unit, just before mister Farling came driving around the bend, the day he's walking home to do his homework, the time when Billy still had a wonderful life. Slousky's never had such a flashback, nothing of this nature, as if Billy were alive; the living, breathing Billy is in 3D Technicolour right in front of him, happy, healthy, vividly alive. Slousky blinks and as quickly as the flash appear does it disappear. Billy's once more very grey, very dead.

After a synch, there's a time of depression, a time which can last up to a week depending on how Slousky was affected. Each synch has had a different impact on him. Some he was able to forget after a day, usually those who lived a long life and died of natural causes, yet trauma cases, accident cases, suicide cases - those circumstances depress Slousky the most. He's positive this synchronicity with Billy is going to affect him deeply.

Slousky's having another hallucination: he's back inside the station wagon, opening up the glove compartment, taking the cake. The smell of the leather seats as well as mister Farling's cheap cologne's filling up Slousky's nostrils.

As this 2nd flashback disintegrates into thin air, Slousky's once more confronted with the gang of dead grey boys who're closing in on him, all the while hotdog vending mister Farling's laughing alongside with a customer, his hand touching the back of this client's toddler. There's too much data input for Slousky. He hasn't had the time to output, to process. He's going to blow up right here in a 1,000,000 fucking pieces like an insane suicide bomber on a fundamentalist mission for some retarded power above.

"***GO!! JUST RUN, SLOUSKY! FUCKING RUN!!!!...***" Slousky's unsure whose voice he's hearing from within his mind yet whoever it belongs to is giving him some sound advice. He hears it again, hoping it's his own subconscious speaking to him, "***JUST PEEL DOWN THIS ROAD AS FAST AS YOU FUCKING CAN... NOW!!***"

Without glancing at another entity, Slousky promptly gets up off his ass from the sidewalk, turns the other way and bolts in the other direction. Luckily, when you're a dead unit with a shirt-card, you never tire. You can run indefinitely, or until your synchwatch goes red and 'The System' needs you to synch. Right now, his battery's fully recharged, his tank full, the recent synch with Billy turning Slousky's synchwatch green and even though he's scared beyond belief, he's feeling somewhat normal health-wise as he's no longer suffering synching withdrawals, so Slousky knows he can run right out of the city.

Just before he darts around the corner, Slousky gives a quick peek behind him. Mister Farling hasn't move an inch of his fat body away from his hotdog vending booth nor has Billy or any of his dead barbershop quartet friends (or quintet, or sextet, Slousky's unsure of the exact amount of dead little boys mulling about mister Farling). As he looks back, it's Billy he spots waving to Slousky, and even though he's a fair distance away, he sees Billy wanly smiling which Slousky registers as a loving smile, a smile a son might give to his dad.

SLOUSKY CHAPTER 4

4.1 - PRE-SLOUSKY.COM - 1995 (≈32 YRS AGO)

Slousky's running away. His mind wanders back to when he's 18 and is working on his Geocities page.

<html><head>
<title>Hell Knows No Mercy - November 4th 1995</title>
</head><body>

People believe there's a difference between something which functions and malfunctions. There isn't. They're both functioning, just differently; 1's doing what you want, the other isn't, but it's still doing something, even if its sole purpose is to piss you off.

Now this is what they should put in fortune cookies. Offering insight like this will make those money grubbing cookie makers look intelligent. Anyhow, every human is presently malfunctioning. You're fooling yourself if you believe you're above it all, as you stuff your mouth, your ass, your nose, your vagina... as you fill every orifice in your body with crap you trust is here to make you whole. Unfortunately, rather it freeing you, all your shit you own simply clogs you up, you sad fuck. Your economic schema, your governmental policy, your religion - it's all screwing you. Your culture? Your society? It's all malfunctioning. Everything and everyone is fucking broken. So, to all of you very silly little indigenous groups who believe their geographical spot on this world is more important than any other part of Motherfucking Earth: suck my scaly cock! Nobody here's worth more than the toilet paper I wipe my patchy and boil-filled asses with.

</body></html>

4.2 - CATCHY TAGLINES - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

Friday, July 9th, 2027
8:31:55.19 PM

...Brrrurrzurrhh Hirrwhurrzsshh...

Slousky kept running until 4 in the afternoon, walking the rest of the way. The shitty megalopolis he was in went on forever, from downtown to uptown to busy suburbs to finally reaching the outskirts of something resembling country land. He spots a forested craggy area and figures it's the safest spot to camp for the night, and as long as 'The System' doesn't cheat, he should wake up in this ridgeline once 10:10:10.10 AM rolls around. Slousky peers down to his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/07/09 - 8:32:33.25 PM ≈ [20☉14:08:24.20]

He still has a little over an hour and a ½ before his circuits are shut off. The good thing about being on the move is it allows him not to think, not to ruminate on evil or depressive ideas, yet he knows he needs time to cool down. He doesn't tire like a normal living human unit yet he does overheat. He's never tried running for the whole day yet he's sure 'The System' would trip him and he'd crash at some point, leaving him extremely vulnerable to all the Damfis roaming upon Mother Earth; once he gets a whiff of wires singeing, he realizes he's overdoing it. Still, Slousky knows that right after a synch his (dead) body can handle more in ways of physical activity. His batteries have recharged to full capacity. Right after synching, he takes the opportunity to get as far away from civilization, doing his best to find refuge in the remotest of areas, right up until 'The System' cheats (and 'It' always, always fucking cheats), placing him right back into some big shitty city, like a rat in a maze with no exit just so he'll synch up again.

Slousky decides on a spot behind a boulder with a few dense trees surrounding the whole area. Even a deer or a hare would have a hard time surprising Slousky. Yet now he's no longer on the move, he's subconsciously aware that the depressive phase will soon kick in. Up until it's lights out, he'll be forced to think about Billy, his shirt-card roiling and beeping away as it replays certain moments of Billy's life. Why? Because 'The System' is interested in what Slousky's thinking and processing in relation to this dead kid's events, all the while calculating what emotions Slousky's experiencing as the memories of Billy replay in his mind. Whether it's random or there's some type of pattern (Slousky can't tell), 'The System' will reproduce certain moments of Billy's life, a bit like a slide-show within his mind, but now Slousky will be inputting his own emotions as to what happened to Billy at particular moments, as if his shirt-card is questioning Slousky: "*when Billy was scared at case in point A, how do you feel about it, Slousky? Does is frighten you as well, more so than it did Billy? Do you feel empathy, sympathy, sad or indifferent for Billy? Answer by expressing an emotive response. Thank you...*" This analysis of his emotional status seems to go indefinitely whenever he isn't doing something (like when he isn't running away). With Billy, he has a horrible premonition this dispiriting and demoralizing phase is going to be more intense than all the others since Billy was so innocent and such a victim. In 3 weeks, he'll have to synch again, so the thought he might be upset over Billy up until his next synch doubly depresses him.

SLOUSKY

Right now, he misses Billy so much, he's empty beyond words. Slousky's sympathizing with every father who's lost a child by some stupid and evil means, a man who's supposed to protect their offspring yet is now at a loss, a father who knows when having their child murdered there's nothing good which'll ever happen again, a dad who'll never heal. He's this barren.

It's almost dark and the playful Brother Moon's out, ½ crescent, shining a little light upon Slousky's mountainside home. If he had a choice right now, he'd probably rather be gawking at a pair of fat double-D titties bopping in front of him on some live webcam just like he used to all day when he was a living unit, but right now, it's Billy time, and images of the autistic kid continue pouring forth; when Billy was 4 and reading a book, when he was 6 and had the measles, when he was 7 and winning a math contest in his class, beating all the older kids, when he was 8 and was being bedded by mister Farling in the most violent of ways.

The memories come spilling over, in no particular order, with no rhyme nor reason, and all Slousky can do is think about them, reliving them once again all the while attaching and tagging his own emotional response to each memory such as sadness, creeped-outness, despair, loneliness, yet every now and then there's little touches of happiness when the nicer memories would play out. What Slousky's undergoing now is protocol: 'The System' isn't simply happy he relived someone's shitty life during the synch, 'It' also needs Slousky's emotional input afterwards. Slousky hates his dead life.

P.101 SLOUSKY

Yet tonight, there's something really fucked-up which is happening, something unorthodox, not part of the protocol. There's new memories Slousky's seeing, memories he didn't actually live out while he was synched to Billy (like knowing Billy didn't get a funeral then Billy's mom dying thereafter).

A flash from a new scenario begins playing out: he sees Billy's mom in a shitty 1 ½ flat in unbreathable Los Angeles, her disease brought on by the infinite # of pills she downed with her chaser of gin and tonic, all the while Billy's mother's thoughts were always about her making it big as a movie star 1 day, her imagining that she'll 1st land that super significant Oscar nomination for supporting role gig before the important offers come tumbling in for her to have the starring role in a blockbuster. That's what her mind would play over and over whenever she was fucked-up on molly and booze, yet the sad truth is Billy's mother wasn't even able to land some useless commercial spot (aside from a couple of roles as an extra), and since she was too stuck up to do porn (or she thought she was better than porn when the truth of the matter is she didn't have the body for it), Billy's mother died without ever making a single movie in her whole lifetime. Either it was the pills which did her in, or maybe the alcohol, and then again it could be her deliria of becoming a star; whatever it was, it caused the tumor which brought the colorectal disease. '*But how come I have these fucking memories about Billy's pathetic mother?*' Slousky doesn't understand how come he's seeing all this shit as he's positive he not synched up with Billy's mother in the past. He shouldn't know this stuff.

Any other synch and Slousky would be now replaying a ton of Billy's memories while 'The System' would be analysing his emotional reaction to each memory, but not today. Right now Slousky's visualizing other memories he shouldn't be savvy to: an image of mister Farling surfaces, and from what Slousky can make of it, this murdering pedophile's in the midst of helping the locals look for the missing Billy boy, mister Farling trudging through a field with other volunteers, Slousky seeing 100s of others who've gathered to find poor little Billy. In this vision memory, mister Farling's looking like a tireless hero in the eyes of those in his neighbourhood, people coming up to him after and asking how the search is going. Fast forward a few years and Slousky is envisioning mister Farling is in some TV studio as a spokesman for missing children. '*More fucking memories I shouldn't be having.*' Slousky continues to be bombarded with 3 dimensional surround sound images. It's as if there's a large plasma television screen placed inches from his face and having the sound so loud until it's causing permanent damage to his eardrums (if he actually have those).

Slousky now sees mister Farling getting married, a lot of people in town at the wedding, a blushing bride, her son from another marriage as their ring boy, mister Farling way more interested in her kid than the proceedings, his almost obsessive affection for her son visible for all those who attended while everyone agreeing mister Farling will make an exceptional stepdad for this young boy who lost his father. '*Why am seeing all this?*'

These new memoric images are hurting Slousky's eyes, his brain, his whole. As 1 memory fades, another pops up, a slideshow of hurtful images as he's now witness to a violent scene of mister Farling suffocating his new bride then placing her young son in his favourite box, toying with the poor child for 3 weeks (and a kid who's nothing like Billy as this young boy cries all the time to be let out, yaps more than 3 children put together, all the while mister Farling has his way with him sexually at least a ½ a dozen times). Whereas Billy died of starvation and dehydration without never once asking for a crumb of bread, this new stepson of his is always hungry, crying all day for food and water, for his mom, up until the pedophile has to kill the wee lad by wrapping his own hands tightly around the little child's neck, doing all this during his vacation, everyone believing they were on their honeymoon camping. More visuals blare Slousky's vision, images of mister Farling burning down the house with his stepson and his new wife in it, and him being quite clever with electric wiring, having it look like as if it were some kind of electrical failure as the cause, doing so on his 1st day back on the job so as to have an alibi (and he's also working somewhere else in this vision, as a handyman in a hotel). It seems as if there's a 1,000,000 flashing photos just waiting to pop up in front of Slousky but like through an old movie projector, a frame at a time, him suffocating by all this unsolicited info. This is not a memory-bubble. This is not a synch. This is not like mulling with a living human unit. Slousky has no term for what he's undergoing presently. '*How come all this shite?*' Slousky tries catching his breath, panic ensuing as he recalls he might not even have lungs and these fucked-up flashes might go on indefinitely.

SLOUSKY

Never before has Slousky been bombarded by someone else's memories without synching with them 1st and he's 100% sure he's never synched up with mister Farling because this piece of shit is still a living unit who sells hotdogs back in stink city. Mister Farling's 68 years old today in 2027 and Slousky has no clue why he knows this useless fact as well.

...Crrrrrrrrrrrrrrruuuuncchhchhssshhhzzz...

'Crr... ... crunch??...' Slousky mimics the sound his shirt-card just made. He hasn't heard his little computer make such a noise. The grey machine which is securely lodged onto his grey shirt suddenly begins whizzing and whirling at a frantic pace. Slousky's vision is blinded, the mountainside greenery and foliage which was his makeshift home for the evening begins disappearing from his sight to be replaced with pure grey.

In a breath, Slousky's back in that shit city again, next to the present day mister Farling, him sporting the same scruffy beard and long hair, his hippy glasses, his wife-beater and his tacky shorts, his beer gut protruding, his flip flops exposing long and dirty toenails, him holding a kitten. *'Did mister Farling have a kitten when he synched up with Billy earlier today?'* Slousky can't concentrate, too immersed in what's presently conjuring in front of him. He knows once mister Farling's day is done, he'll be boiling this kitten in the same water he cooked his hotdogs in, next time opting to get a puppy for the upcoming week. The dead and grey unit Billy is close by, watching mister Farling's every move, mulling with him. Slousky spots many other dead boy units, an assemblage of the victims at the hands of this sick pedophile, all lingering and loitering close by, the pedophile oblivious to the dead clan of children surrounding him, this fat fuck simply lucky to be alive.

Slousky watches as Mister Farling unhurriedly gets up from his bench which supports his giant frame, stretches while smiling, glad as he made some really good sales today since he put in a hard day's work, and now to get his evening exercise in as he'll ride his hotdog stand to home which is a cozy 3 and a ½ near the beach. A few lazy T'ai Chi Ch'uan moves so as to stretch his muscles a bit before his short hike, looking around and seeing that nobody's looking, tossing the kitten into the temperature-controlled compartment where his hotdogs are, and off he goes. The deceased Billy, without a 2nd thought, turns to follow the pedophile mister Farling along the street, the other dead boy units following suit, keeping up with him as they taper off down the busy boulevard.

The city street fades from Slousky's vision, it being replaced with the boulder and brushes which is his home for the eve. There's nobody around, only the security of the darkness surrounding him, Father Sun having set 30 minutes ago. Since he synched up with Billy this morning, there should be no danger of Slousky synching up (at least for a fortnight), but 'The System' has been so fucking wanky of late, he doesn't feel the least bit secure.

Slousky glances wearily at his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/07/09 - 9:21:28.04 PM ≈ [20☿13:03:00.15]

His synchwatch's still green. He wishes he could find comfort in this momentary solitude however his nerves are burnt, frazzled, his mind's racing, his heart beating as fast as his shirt-card is insistently chirping.

SLOUSKY

Another bout of jarring images begin stirring within Slousky, from the center of his gut, gushing upward like vomit. Slousky begins suffering an indescribable pain from this info overload which is skywarding through his throat. This isn't visions from the past - this is a live feed. He's hooked up to a livestream:

Slousky sees Mister Farling in his bedroom, on his bed, naked, jerking off his small pecker (a dick Slousky knows quite intimately from prior experiences), a couple of pedophile mags strewn about his bed, him watching a vid of a boy he kidnapped, the kid screaming for mercy on his 170-inch SUHD television. In his free hand, he's holding Polaroids he took of his victims, some dating back to 60 years ago, the boys literally reduced to bags of bones, 1 of the kids in the pics Slousky recognizes as Billy. There are other photos the pedo has taken sprawling across his ever-expanding gut. '*Why the fuck am I seeing this?*' Slousky can't understand how he's able to spy on this twisted bastard who's alive and is about 30 miles away from him. Slousky looks about and is able to clearly make out everything inside mister Farling's nicely furnished bedroom. In the corner he sees a box, much like the box he spent 8 days in while synched up to Billy. Just seeing the box has him wishing he could scream at the tip of his vocal chords, yet what he's experiencing, this out-of-body occurrence, Slousky's now simply a pair of floating eyes and has no choice but to witness mister Farling drop a watery load into his belly button. Luckily he's not smelling the semen yet Slousky's still completely disturbed, questioning if he's actually in the room with mister Farling or if he's still by the mountainside outside of this cursed city.

Mister Farling wipes himself up and then reaches for the remote, changing his homemade vid of dying boys to a football channel, turning off the lights and getting ready to have a good night's rest in what looks like a pricey king sized bed, reaching for a bag of Lay's potato chips and a half-filled box of Munchkins. Slousky isn't sure what to do as he has no way of moving away from his position. *'Am I here to watch this foul, naked Farling fuck make crumbs in his bed until he rolls over and passes out snoring?'*

Slousky's suddenly floored. As his eyes wander about mister Farling's room, he's unsure if the poster on a wall is real or just his imagination. He looks at the words longly, reading each letter in his mind, connecting them so as to comprehend the sentence. Plainly, it's a regular size concert poster, all black, with simply 3 words on it:



He'd blink if he had eyelids. Slousky recognizes the poster as it was the biggest seller back in the 1999-2000 era, when all the other sites on the internet were going bust due to the dot-com bubble yet his page flourished and grew at an exponential level.

SLOUSKY

Below the poster, on mister Farling's messy dresser, Slousky cannot help but spot a t-shirt with the logo on it, his logo, again more wares which were available on his online store, material stock which assisted Slousky in becoming a millionaire. On this shirt, which is 27 years old (if mister Farling purchased it in 2000 and if today is year 2027), a holy t-shirt well-worn in, there's his Slousky.com along with another of his cute and catchy taglines:



'*Jesus fucking Christ on a shit stick,*' Slousky thinks to himself, '*bloody Farling is a Slouskian.*' Just the idea this evil pedophile is (or was) a fan of Slousky's website has him feeling dirtier than ever before. Slousky's only wish is to have his plug pulled and that 'The System' would off him right here, assassination style (a ball in his grey head). This type of torture is inhumane.

Something draws Slousky's attention away from the dresser and the poster. His focus turns to a nearby window. There, looking through the pane, is dead Billy, peering back at Slousky, while all around Billy are the other dead boys, their eyes aglow. Surprised by their presence, a rush of fear and dread once more fills his whole, worried he might synch up with any of these dead boys' burning grey eyes.

Slousky wishes he could run but he doesn't have his grey legs, him begging to look away from all of these potential synching victimized boy corpses yet Slousky doesn't have his grey eyelids to close. He's not in control of what he's seeing. Just the thought of having to synch with any of these dead kid units and having to spend another week or 2 in mister Farling's box is having him want to shit and piss his pants (yet Slousky has not taken a shit nor a piss in his 17 years of his dead existence but the sensation is painfully there). In the bed is mister Farling softly stertoring (sawing logs, snoring) while Billy and his band of cadaverous brothers gaze on.

Seeing Billy turns on a light within Slousky's mind. He clues in: Billy's presently mulling **(8)** with mister Farling and Slousky can only imagine that Billy's been mulling with this dirty monster for 30+ years. Ever since Billy took his last breath, this dead kid has been following mister Farling while this fat fuck goes about his daily life, him watching mister Farling's every single move, and he still is, right up until this moment; every idiotic act this sick pedophile performs, Billy and his other dead boys witness.

(8; Revised)

Mulling (to Slousky)**:** the action of a dead unit who aimlessly follows around a living unit. Mulling's extra dull (ex: imagine having to mull with someone who does fuck all but watch TV), however mulling remedies the synching withdrawals.

SLOUSKY

For 30 years, Billy has attested to every time mister Farling spat in someone's hotdog when the customer he didn't like for whatever reason wasn't watching, Billy next to him with every kitten mister Farling boiled, testified to each boy he's kidnapped, drugged tortured, sexually molested, placed in his box, observer to every young life he's snuffed out. For 30 fucking years! If a dead unit could go crazy, then surely Billy would be an insane dead unit, and Slousky doesn't like the idea of being so peripherally close to a dysfunctional Damfi, maybe even a psychotic 1 at that.

But Slousky knows Billy isn't crazy. This dead unit is far from gaga, actually. Billy's super smart. He's been mulling with the asswipe mister Farling, just waiting for this fat fuck to take his last breath. So when mister Farling dies and becomes like Billy and Slousky (a grey living dead unit, or something to that nature), Billy will right away synch up with the pedo, having mister Farling live out Billy's short tormented life. And the more Slousky tries to wrap his mind around with what's going on, he gets hit with more flash images, seeing mister Farling molest another 6 year old, an 8 year old, a 10 year old, a 7 year old, and with each child mister Farling violently destroys, Slousky clearly makes out each of these lads as they're all standing right next to Billy.

Slousky realizes all of these dead kids must have surely synched up with the other, each of them reliving the incomprehensible horrors befallen upon them by this mister Farling. Slousky counts 7 dead boys lingering next to Billy at the moment, bringing the total to 8 victims, and if they've all synched with the other, then that's 64 synchs in celebration of mister Farling's taste for ruining innocence.

P.111 SLOUSKY ♂♀

Slousky's petrified with fear, locked in a room with a snoring pedophile, his own grey body miles away by a mountainside, and a gang of dead raped boys looking hungry for revenge. If Slousky could cry, he would. He's already synched up this morn. It would be inhuman for 'The System' to have him synch up again. His shirt-card will surely overload with data. He'll short circuit and what good then, he questions 'The System' within his own mind, will he be if he were a dead 'dead' unit. Slousky begins imploring with 'The System' (as he knows he's wired into 'The System' 24/7 and 'It's' listening to his every thought) to let him live like a dead for another day, and to have his mind float back to his body on the mountainside; to be as far away from this horrible fucking room.

As Slousky's aware he's only a pair of floating eyes in mister Farling's bedroom, he questions his (dead) existence yet he's kind of sure he's pejoratively alive since his presence seems needed for the transference of data from the Super-Computer (admined by 'The System') via Wi-Fi to his shirt-card. This is the only way he's been able to explain his existence within this dead world, ever since 2010 (when he committed suicide). Yet now, in the pedophile's bedroom, with no body, just his presence, his floating eyes, all of his theorizing of what 'The System' is and 'Its' Super-Computer no longer equates.





SLOUSKY

Slousky believes he hears himself sobbing until he notices this whimpering sound isn't actually coming from him, nor anywhere near his vicinity. Concentrating, he looks about, hoping to discover where this audio's coming from. '*The box.*' He looks over to the crate. There's a tapping coming from within the box followed by a few tearful words he can't make out. '*Fuck me,*' Slousky wishes he could suspire, '*Mister Farling has another boy in his box.*' There's absolutely nothing he can do but to gawk: this is Hell, for Slousky.

Even though he presently doesn't have a hand (or any body part), he nevertheless knows the exact time on his synchwatch, the output data blinding him fucking silly:

GRE:> 2027/07/09 - 10:10:10.00 PM ≈ [20☼12:00:00.10]

If things return to normal, it should be lights out in .10 seconds as 'The System' should shut Slousky down at precisely 10:10:10.10 PM. And just like when the doc tells a patient to count from 10 backwards after an injection of anaesthesia, he begins numerating down those milliseconds... 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... and before he can input another number within his thoughts, it's thankfully lights out.



SLOUSKY CHAPTER 5

5.1 - PRE-SLOUSKY.COM - 1995 (≈32 YRS AGO)

Slousky was 18. He was working on his homepage:

<html><head>
<title>Felchin' - September 17th, 1995</title>
</head><body>

Anytime you think you got something figured out, you truly don't. It's that way. Why?... well, the question is: why were you trying to figure out 'a particular thing' to begin with...? That's the most telling of all. It's because you have an ulterior motive, a greedy intent.

You were the good student, buying the books, doing the homework, following every lesson, practicing like crazy, up until you finally felt ready to face the world with this new found confidence. And at that moment, when you convinced even yourself in your own bullshit, it's right then when you'll see haven't a fucking clue... about anything... at all...

Don't be sad. Nobody's got it understood. Not a single soul. There isn't a particular cultural group at any geographical spot on Mother Earth who knows what's the truth or where we're going. Not a bird. So I say: stop trying to figure out shit and just be like Yosemite Sam; '*if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.*' And stop looking so fucking glum about everything and shine a bit like Father Sun, motherfuckers.

</body></html>

Saturday, July 24th, 2027
10:10:10.31 AM

Slousky wakes up with a huge fit of smoker's hack. He places a hand over his mouth as he embraces himself for a heavy phlegmy discharge to shoot upward and outward, horking up what tastes like the linings of an ashtray. Slousky begins heaving huge deep breaths, hoping to calm this fit, doing his best to tell himself he hasn't actually lit up a cigarette in over 17 years (not since his suicide), and more pressing: he probably doesn't even have lungs so there's no way he should be grasping for air.

But he is. He attempts another deep breath yet there's seemingly no air for him to breathe. Panic sets in. '*How am I going to breathe if I don't have lungs?*' Slousky reaches for his shirt-card, bashing at it, hearing that sometimes a good bang is all a machine really needs.

In return, Slousky receives a surge of 606 volts, lifting him clear up from the ground and having him crash into the wall. Insurmountable amounts of pain races through his entirety, yet whatever he just did, it actually seemed to have kicked started his grey lungs as air's finally passing through him.

Scorching his throat, there's an overwhelming chemical aftertaste which follows, as if he bit into a towel drenched with formaldehyde. Slousky begins chock coughing once more but this time he upchucks a minuscule greyish substance which appears to be ½ organic and ½ a microchip.

5.2 - DOING GAY DAD - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

It's present day. Slousky wakes up at his useless dad's place.

SLOUSKY ☉♂ P.115

Slousky regains some type of control with his breathing. He's no longer coughing nor horking up shit, him concentrating on retrieving some kind of rhythmic normality with his inspirations and expirations. This sudden fit has floored him, zapping his energy, forcing Slousky to stay on the ground (and he's only been awake for a minute). He looks about, gaining his bearings, recalling where he slept last night as he's being woken up in his fruity father's smelly and filthy bedroom.

Slousky fell asleep mulling with his faggot pop after spending the whole day watching his retarded dad gawk at his TV set. Mulling is, to Slousky, the most idiotic act a dead unit can perform, however mulling is the only thing which helps with the cravings preceding a synch. As he nears his next inevitable forthcoming synching appointment, his body meanwhile aches for this synch, much like a junkie loser who yearns for his needle filled with delectable heroin.

It's a terrible catch-22 situation for him as he despises synching up with Damfis however his own (dead) body is unendingly screaming at him to do so. Which each passing nanomoment the withdrawals are unbearable and there's only 2 ways to satiate this incessant jonesing. The 1st is the most obvious; he simply synchs with any random dead unit. However, since he execrates synching, he always opts for the 2nd option: mulling. What mulling does is temporarily repletes and satisfies his need to synch by filling up all of the voids which he's predisposed with. Mulling fills the vacancy in the center of his cranium, the pit in his stomach, the stabs in his lungs as well other horrible cravings he suffers to the point of losing his digitalized mind.





Slousky glances nervously at his synchwatch:
YEL:> 2027/07/24 - 10:13:28.04 AM ≈ [12♀17:33:30.45]
In (approximately) 12 days and 17 and ½ hours, 'The System' will be having Slousky synch up for his 293rd time, after which his synchwatch will reset itself once more, giving him another 21 days to relax and have fun in Deadopia ('Dead Utopia', Slousky finds himself so clever at times). The 1st 2 weeks usually go by fine. It's the beginning of the 3rd week when he begins to jones while experiencing increasingly painful withdrawals, and he's discovered the only way to surfeit this gnawing is to mull with a living human unit.
Perhaps if he didn't wait so long to synch up, always holding back up until the moment when 'The System' becomes irate and loses 'Its' impatience with Slousky, or maybe if he synched up more willingly, with glee and peppy eagerness, then maybe the synching process wouldn't be so painful in every sense of the word (physically painful, emotionally, spiritually, morally, culturally, ethically), and maybe the outcome from synching wouldn't be so fucking humiliating, but he's highly suspicious of some positive outcome. Synching, for Slousky, is like driving rusty nails into his eyes, so even if he voluntarily did so weeks before his synchwatch reached time 0, the result will surely always be the same: a fearful adventure. Even if he cheerfully synched up with a silly look on his face as if he's seeing the divine, it will still boil down to an exchange of their life history through a transference of data, and this dead unit will see how fucking retarded Slousky was when he was alive, and how moronic he was to waste such a thing as his own life.



Mulling's the equivalent to synching yet with the living: Slousky synchs with the dead while he mulls with the living. With mulling, he can detach from the power source at any point (the living human unit), whereas with a synch, he has no choice but to allow the process run its full course (ex: if Slousky synchs up with a unit which lived 63 years and died while giving a blow job in some dirty stall, then he'll relive every moment of this unit's life right up until it croaks with a cock in its mouth).

Knowing this, it would make sense for him to mull with the living all day long rather than risk synching up with a dead unit. The problem with mulling is he has to know the living unit he's mulling with: Slousky can only mull with humans he had some kind of prior (and a somewhat meaningful) relationship when Slousky was actually a living human unit himself. This mean Slousky can mull with his bitch mother and his dick father since they're both still alive. A 'somewhat meaningful' affiliation means more than simple eye contact; there has to have been at least some kind of verbal contact, so those Slousky passed down by the hall in school while never saying hello, for example, they do not qualify as candidates Slousky can mull with.

...Grzhuurrrshsshiszhh...

Slousky peers over to his worthless father who's snoring away in his moth-eaten bed, his nutjob dad looking pathetic and feeble. Slousky was mulling with the turd last night until lights out (which is 10:10:10.10 PM for Slousky, always).

Slousky knows he has to mull with his shitwad dad once again. He's already suffering the synching withdrawals, feeling like a meth addict, and mulling is the only remedy he knows of for this insatiable aching.

Mulling is also so mind-numbingly easy to do. All Slousky has to do is hang out at his shit-for-brains father's house and stare at the piece of crap. Of course, he could always mull with his moronic mom and watch her do stupid things, yet he can't stomach being with his half-wit of a mother. It makes him psychotic.

Slousky has been mulling with his faggot father for 2 full days now. Right after 'The Billy Dissociative Incident' **(16)**, Slousky jumped on the 1st empty freight train he could find, inching his way to his demented dad's place. It took him 5 days of travel until Slousky reached him, and since then he's been plugged into his 1 fry short of a Happy Meal dad.

His crappy father is still sleeping and it's already quarter past 10. '*Fucking typical.*' After getting back up on his feet, Slousky gets real close to his lazy dad, standing over him, worrying about the terrible moment in history when he'll have to synch up with his worthless father then they'll relive each other's life. Slousky will then experience what it's like to be a completely soulless homosexual creature, 1 who defines stupidity in its purest form. Ever since Slousky has been mulling with his nitwit father here and there over the past 17 years, he's discovered that his icky papa is actually gay: a flamer, a girly faggot, a cocksucker, an anal assassin, a bugger, a nancy boy, a fudge-packer, a queen, a mary, a fucking fairy. Truly, his dandy dad is a homo.

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(16) 'The Billy Dissociative Incident' is Slousky's referral to the moment when he was able to witness something occurring while not physically being there, like the time he was in mister Farling's bedroom as a pair of floating eyes; Slousky was able to see what was going on in mister Farling's bedroom all the while his physical self was miles out of town.

SLOUSKY

Looking at his dunce father with his mouth wide open, Slousky believes nobody should be allowed to chain smoke at his age, down 2 bottles of vino and 6 beer a day, eat mostly takeout, all the while living in a hell called 1950s as his asshat dad listens incessantly to the shittiest hits from that era on fucking repeat. His gutless pop's quite outdated.

And exactly what does his unproductive father do once he's awake? He just kind of sits around his shitty home all day, in the same house he and his ex (Slousky's moronic mom) lived in and where he grew up as well. His dickless dad is now retired so he loafs about on the couch puffing on duty-free smokes, hacking up lung-balls, all the while the TV blares away in the background for 18 hours of the day. His peckerhead father watches the bleeping television for about 17 of them hours while spending about an hour in the toilet doing really funky stuff at which point Slousky's too embarrassed to continue mulling, disconnecting so as to allow his disgusting dad his stinky moments of privacy in the loo.

Mulling's like watching really bad television; the dead unit (in this example, Slousky) is hardwired into the living unit's thought process (his ratface dad's), so the dead unit regards the living unit like they were on television. Once he begins to mull, he logs into the human unit which allows him to read their thoughts (sort of).

While Slousky's mulling, he thinks whatever the human unit's thinking, their thoughts entering Slousky's stream of consciousness, exactly what TV attempts to do; television tries to think for you while mulling actually attains this goal. TV also aims at making the viewer feel something, namely an emotion. Same for mulling; when the human unit is sad, angry, happy, horny, depressed, suicidal, mulling Slousky is vicariously experiencing these very same emotive triggers. Sounds all cool and interesting, and maybe it would be to fun to mull with someone who was adventurous, who went swimming and climbed mountains, yet since his lamebrain pop only gawks at the boob tube, mulling with this reject is a dejecting passage of time. '*Oh, the irony...*' Slousky has to chuckle to himself; since mulling is already like watching TV, it's doubly jejuning and truly mind-rotting for him to sit next to his dip of a dad and watch him watch television.

On the other hand, maybe it's a good thing his stinky father spends his time in front of the television. This way, his dung-like dad spends very little time actually thinking, and ever since Slousky found out his limp wristed dad is a homosexual and Slousky being this well-known self-proclaiming homophobic (or he was, when he ran Slousky.com), Slousky can actually substantiate that it's most likely a good thing his fudge-packing father is a brain dead TV gazer since this most likely stops him from thinking gay thoughts all day.

SLOUSKY

While mulling, Slousky will still sense the reaction his twisted father is experiencing when a male on the TV appears and it's a type of man which appeals to his lame dad, arousing up pseudosexual emotions, bringing a stirring to his unappealing father's stomach, however his sad dad can't get his pecker up anymore, so when his dipshit pop has his gay moments with the guy on the TV, his sick father imagining himself making out or bending over and fucking the soap opera star, his thought process harshly tilts with his recognition of his impotency and his sexual ineptitude, so his greasy dad becomes agitated, embarrassed and frustrated, therefore in turn doing his best not to think too many gay thoughts. Still, they do creep up all the same yet Slousky now embraces them as he knows the moment his clownish dad gets turned on, he'll promptly become embarrassed due to his impuissance dick, this being pure comedy for Slousky.

Also, Slousky's almost sure his weirdo dad has some kind of strange foot fetish, or it's for socks, he can't tell. It's hard to pinpoint exactly what turns on his twisted dad since, with mulling, Slousky isn't reading his dorky dad's thoughts per verbatim, yet from his cockbag dad's reaction when he watches TV, he seems to get excited at the site of a man's foot. Also, the few times there's the knock at the door, may it be the mailman, a Jehovah Witness, a politician, Slousky will spot his brainsick father ogling the guy's shoes all the while Slousky knows there's some kind of icky reaction going on around his scrotum area. Although it's not a big deal per se, it just makes his grotty father that much more fucking weird. '*How can a man have a fucking boot or foot fetish for another man's feet?!?*' It's beyond Slousky's grasp.

Still, Slousky prefers to mull with his homosexual father than with his idiotic mother. He can't handle hanging around the bitch, a lady whose mission in life is to screw as many self-proclaiming messiahs so she can purify her dark soul. His boorish mommy does the most ridiculous of things in hopes others will view her as this spiritually enlightened being, while at the end of the day she's nothing more than a completely soulless and materialistic numbskull. Alas for her, she's too fucking delirious to see past her own cloud of makeup and manipulative mannerisms. '*Ah, my fucking crazy mother.*' The good thing about her is she wasn't around much when he was a living unit so he didn't have to really grow up with the woman. She was there, in a physical sense, however her mind was afk, somewhere else, wandering, in a delusion.

Since a toddler, he's been estranged from his pathetic parents. His sheisty pop was drunk most days, spending all his time watching TV (even back then), all the while Slousky received no maternal love from his insensitive, absentminded ma. Growing up, he rarely communicated with his ineffectual folks.

Slousky's an only child. There were no other rats for these 2 moptops he calls parental units. Slousky's a drunken mistake they fabricated in the back of the Sedan after a Christmas party. It was the 1st time his girly father did it with a chick (he was completely inebriated), and his twatty mom was this horny tease who dragged his dickface dad, this scared gopher with big black rimmed glasses and greasy hair, into the back of the car. They did the dirty in under 2 minutes, Slousky brought to life through a prematurely ejaculated moment.

His sickly father stirs, awakening Slousky's central sensory receptors. Whatever Slousky was musing, those ponderings responsively flush away. They're replaced with a delicious rush, like an injection from diacetylmorphine (aka heroin) since Slousky is now reconnected to his troll pop's thinking process. His slimy father sits up and right away begins his coughing fit, his fagtard pop horking up shit due to a chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (aka emphysema, aka fucked lungs). His dickweasel dad spits up what looks like a piece of his sickly lung. This expectorating goes on for a full 5 minutes until his dookie dad gets up and goes to the kitchen, opening the fridge, downing a ½ a litre of Coke while taking the pills the doc prescribed him. Once the coughing settles down to a raspy whoop and a hem, his shithole father sits down at the kitchen table, scratching his smelly balls with 1 hand while reaching for his unfiltered smokes with the other, lighting it. '*Here comes round #2 of that coughing bout...*' Slousky thinks. Rather than live through more fun-filled coughing moments, he disconnects from with his fucked-up foul father. He looks at his synchwatch:

YEL:> 2027/07/24 - 10:43:51.44 AM ≈ [12♁17:29:34.11]

Slousky looks on to his pathetic father who's gasping for air while wheezing up a storm. His idiot dad is so fucking masochistic, his self-oathing so obvious as his dumbfuck dad takes another hit on his cig. Slousky looks on for another 3 minutes up until his donkey dad finally stops coughing. Slousky takes a deep breath, bracing himself to once more mull with his dumb-ass father for another 12 days. '*Hurray...*'

Everyone says - World War III - that'll be the last of the big wars, the moment everyone loses their minds, pushing every single button within computerized war rooms, insane leaders screaming "FUCK IT" and "PUSH THE BUTTON" and that's it... it'll be all over. It'll be the biggest firework show Mother Earth will give and Father Sun will have the best seat, watching as buildings fly in the air, projecting at incredible velocities, the explosions causing shifts in the weather patterns, blacking out Father Sun, killing everything on the planet, up until there's not even a fly that's left, not even a fucking rat.

But you know what? Mother Earth will laugh while Father Sun will say "FUCK YA'LL, CUNTS!!"; to all those useless politicians who seek power and those retarded fundamentalist religious idiots who wage holy wars on their neighbours, you'll all be annihilated and so will all of your dumb doctrines and your useless offsprings. When you think of it that way, WWIII is a welcoming thought as it will wipe this planet clean of all the fucking filthy humans which take up valuable space.

WWIII... honestly, what do I care? I don't give a fuck about life, so push the fucking button. Just remember - once you assholes with a bit of power eradicate everyone and everything, well there won't be a single fucking soul for you to preach your stupidity to... oh wait... you'll be fucking dead, too.

6.2 - RINSE 'N REPEAT - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

...Hurrszzshh Grrirrshszhsh...

Saturday, August 14th, 2027
10:10:10.13 AM

Slousky suddenly awakes. He's disorientated, confused. He needs a moment to register his surroundings. '*For Crissake!*' Slousky rages inwardly, '*is this for fucking real??!*' He finds himself lying down on a familiar shit-laden mattress. Next to him, there's a stinky human unit fast asleep. He's back in the city, in the same alley he found himself in shy a month ago. He'd swear on his grey effete life he was at his useless father's place last night, mulling with him as he'd been doing for the past 3 weeks, them watching horrible TV all day (every day).

He nervously glances at his synchwatch:

RED:> 2027/08/14 - 10:10:12.36 AM ≈ [0☼04:55:28.43]

At some point within the next 5 hours (4:55:26.24 and counting), Slousky will synch up with a dead unit, reliving their futile life.

A door swings open, startling Slousky silly. He can't see anyone by the door, just an arm tossing out a bag of garbage, landing near him and the wretched hobo who must have been his sleeping partner for the evening. He promptly stands up, angst filling his grey veins as a synch looms in the air.

SLOUSKY

...Hrzhhezsshirrhzzz Zhhutthsissshzzrs...

Slousky's shirt-card's spinning at warp speed. '*Synch or suffer a horribly novel consequence,*' his chirping card's speaking to him in Morse code, '*choose... NOW!!*'

He picks up the pace, now a foot away from the boulevard. Another busy day, he begrudgingly notices, with the sidewalk littered with human units and their dead mulling parasites promptly trudging behind them.

...Rhzzzurrrhthlilzzth Grrrithzzshuuzrrth...

Slousky moves onto the street, totally exposed as if he's naked, now simply wanting to get this fucking synch over and done with. Hopefully he'll synch up with some super nice person who lived out their life like a saint and died peacefully in their sleep. Maybe it's his lucky day and the dead unit was at least rich or famous...

"2 fer 'tha price of 1...! Hotdogs!! Delicious 'n fresh! Come git yar hotdogs!" Slousky shudders when hearing an eerily familiar voice. He turns and there's the pedophile, mister Farling, making his way towards him with his bicycle vending stand. Trailing fast behind the pervert is the clan of dead boys. Slousky freezes, wishing rather his reaction would be to run away yet his grey shoes remain glued to the ground. Mister Farling stops his bike pretty much in the same area as the 1st time Slousky met up with this sick cunt. The fat fuck disembarks and opens up the freezer section to his cart, pulling out a kitten, plopping the animal on the ground, it still too young to walk, let alone stand. He begins to set up shop by pulling out condiment trays, plastic utensils, napkins and straws. He's ready for another profitable day of selling hotdogs, and once again, Father Sun is beaming down brilliantly without a cloud in sight.

People, events, things all around Slousky begin to blur, all except mister fucking Farling. He knows he's about to synch. He begs with whatever's wired into his thoughts, to 'The System': he just doesn't have it in him to synch again. It'll tear him up, destroy him. If he could cry grey tears, he would so as to demonstrate to 'The System' he's truly sincere and he'll do whatever he has to in order to redeem himself, whatever 'It' wants him to do, anything but fucking synch up.

'*Ok, what the fuck,*' Slousky almost utters out when he spots little Billy appearing next to the pedophile, mister Farling. Instantly the dead kid's sad eyes connect up with Slousky's fear-filled one, '*am I going to synch up with Billy... AGAIN??!?*' this idea he might synch up with the same dead unit *ad infinitum* will surely give him a digital stroke, or a computerized heart attack at least...

Billy's stare is intense. It's a knowing gaze, informing Slousky he's savvy to all the shitty things Slousky did while alive and how he disregarded the gift of 'Life'. Billy gives Slousky a faint smile, a knowing smirk, but then Billy's face softens, as if the dead boy is saying he actually feels sorry for Slousky, seeing him as a pathetic moron who really should have known fucking better.

Slousky's attention is forced away from Billy, drawn to those who're making their way around. He counts 8 deceased grey boys, all victims of Mister Farling, them in a row, like a dead riot police. Suddenly all of their little grey eyes light up in synchronicity, them targeting Slousky with intensity. Slousky's a brick of ice, unable to move a single grey digitalized muscle.

All the while, Mister Farling rings up a sale, cooing at a bambino as its dad unit buys it a hotdog, mister Farling eager to show the yearling his little brown kitten.

SLOUSKY

Frozen in fear, all Slousky can do is gawk on, nauseous with worry of what's to come next. All 8 dead boys begin advancing towards Slousky, their grey eyes gleaming.

'*Seriously, am I going to synch up with all of them...*' Slousky's definitely panicking, '*at the same FUCKING TIME??*' Slousky's positive 'The System' wants to overload his brain to such a point he'll short circuit. He's bracing for the worse while the dead boys form a wall, their eyes like fireflies. It's then, from behind this barricade of murdered lads, emerges the tiniest dead boy unit yet. It can't be anything older than 4 years old. A memory flash slaps Slousky: back when he was in mister Farling's bedroom, he heard the faintest of voice inside this rapist's sick, tortuous box. This was a month ago. Right in front of Slousky is mister Farling's most recent kill, '*Jesus H. Christ...*' Slousky almost whispers.

...Hrrwwwrrrurrzzhhssh Clikssrhsshh...

Slousky's time has run up. This littlest dead grey child approaches, his arms outreaching and his eyes glowing brilliantly, blinding Slousky of everything around him. Yet, within the light inside this dead child's eyes, Slousky is sure he's seeing purity and innocence.

...Zhringhhthhh
Chlrirshttrruurszzh...

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login: ☼_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Synchronization (#293).
SUN:> Name: Jameson Clark.
SUN:> Birth: June 23rd, 2023.
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

SLOUSKY

CHAPTER 7

...Hzzrithzzehhsh Clirkchssz...

7.1 - JAMEY - 2023 (≈4 YRS AGO)

Slousky's synched up with the dead Jameson Clark. Slousky will now live out Jamey's super short life.

Monday, June 26th, 2023
5:13:29.42 AM

Baby Clark's prematurely born in the toilet stall at The Bish, an all-night rave juice bar in the heart of the cosmopolis. His mom, Pamela Clark, is peaking on 4 methylenedioxymethamphetamine tablets, aka micro blackheads, better known as ecstasy. Pamela's friend warned her earlier that she should only take 1. Pamela told her she'll do only a ½ of 1, satiating her friend's concerns so she'll leave her alone, yet Pamela knows she doesn't get a high unless she does 2 blackheads, and today, for some reason, she needed to get that much higher, swallowing 4 whole.

Once in the washroom, she enters into an empty stall and her peak reaches an all-time high. She envisions seeing faces on the bathroom wall, and 1 in particular, the mother Virgin Mary, shining magnificently and filling up her toilet cubicle with such passionate warm light. Pamela believes she's having an epiphany. She grins from ear to ear, sweat profusely pouring down her temples, her pupils completely dilated. In her mind, she's having an enlightened conversation with her Almighty.

SLOUSKY

For Pamela Clark, everything's crystal clear. All makes sense for the 1st time in her short existence. She can't withhold her excitement, she needs to scream out in elation, in exclamation and acclamation of what the Virgin Mary is revealing to her. Pamela hollers at the top of her voice, her lungs singing such a blissful burn, up until her vocal chords cannot make another sound from being so coarse. The tears ripple down her cheeks, her vision blurred and stinging but she never lets up her smile, grinning for the Immaculate and the Undefiled. She tries calling out to Mother Mary yet all which escapes her is a last breath. Pamela dies from an overdose in the stalls of The Bish, dropping Baby Clark into the toilet in such an untimely manner. All her screaming brought attention to her john and the staff are able to rescue the infant boy in time, yet his mother is beyond saving, dead before they could call 911.

...Hrssshszzisshezhs...

Thursday, June 29th, 2023

11:23:33.32 AM

3 days later. The officials have since discovered Pamela Clark is a runaway. She had no official ID on her. Baby Clark has been brought to the children's hospital and placed in an incubator. Miraculously, everyone in the maternity ward is hopeful he's going to make it. They guestimate the only substances he's lived on has been cocaine, rum, uppers, downers, tequila, opium, meth, vodka, acid, and heroin, including a jug of coffee and endless cigarettes.The doctors have no clue how this infant's tiny brain will be affected from all the abuse his mom afflicted upon herself, yet they are quite positive this baby will survive.

...Hrisshzuthz Clrishszz...
Sunday, July 4th, 2027
9:12:33.20 AM

Jameson (previously known as Baby Clark) is 4 years old. His foster dad, Samson, is bringing his little adopted child to Union Park Stadium. The place is completely packed as tons of families are here for the 1st year anniversary to the most popular cartoon kid show on TV, not to mention it's also the 4th of July.

Samson holds his son's hand tightly as they follow the crowd of spectators, inching their way to the gates, all the while rummaging through his front pocket with his other hand, trying to remove his wallet along with his cell phone. He gazes down at Jameson who looks up, a look of wonderment in his eyes. He's so small for a 4 year old boy. Here in line nobody knows how old his adopted son is yet when Samson goes to pick up Jameson at the daycare, it's highly noticeable how small of a frame this boy has in comparison to the other kids his age. Samson smiles which Jameson returns, the boy's attention then drawn to what's going on. All the cartoon characters are about, walking right by them, waving to the line of spectators. Of course they're simply people in costumes, but for Jameson, they've come to full life. The look of awe in his boy's eyes is priceless, Samson fiddling with his phone so as to snap a photo of his son who's ogling the costumed cartoon personas. After a couple of quick shots, his cell chimes.

"Hi sweetheart," Samson sounds concern, "how ya feeling?"
"Horrible..." Julia replies, "I think I'll go to the clinic after all. Maybe they'll give me an antibiotic or something.
I feel terrible for not being there with you guys."

SLOUSKY

"Want me to come home?" Samson does not like how his wife is sounding over the line, "I'll drive you to the clinic."

"It's ok, my sis is coming over. You guys have fun. How is little Jameson enjoying it all?"

"You should see his expression. I'm taking some pictures now, I'll send them to you. The place's just packed. Hang on..." Samson leans over to his son, "Jamey, you want to speak to mommy?" Jameson looks up to his dad and nods his head in confirmation.

"Mommy, are you feeling better?"

"Heheh, a little, yes," Julia's chuckle turns into a cough. She's actually feeling worse yet the fact their son is worried about her health is invaluable to her, "are you boys having a good time at the stadium?"

"Daddy and I are still in line. It's so big here. I wish you were with us, mommy..." for a 4 year old, Jameson's vocabulary is extensive.

"I wish I was there, too. Mommy needs rest. You guys have a great time. Tell daddy to take a lot of pictures, ok?"

"Ok, mommy. I love you. Here, I'm going to give you to daddy..."

"Ok, baby. I love you, too. Big hugs!"

"Big hugs!" Jameson passes the phone to his father.

"You sure you're going to be ok with your sister? I don't feel good about being here and you being so sick."

"It's just a flu. It's that bitch Harriett at work sneezing on me. I should have slapped her!" Julia laughs which turns into another coughing fit.

"You make sure to call me if there's anything. I can make it home in under 30 minutes."

"Jameson's been waiting so long for this show, and we paid a small fortune for those tickets. Have you tried maybe selling my ticket?"

"We just got in line when you called. I will," Samson reassures his wife, "I'll get at least ½ of what we paid for it, hopefully."

"Ok, sweetie, I'll let you go, then. And don't worry, it's simply something going around at work, but it's best I get something for it. I don't want to give you what I've got."

"Love you," Samson makes a sound of a kiss.

"Love you back," Julia wheezes out her last words. Samson disconnects with his wife, then points his cell towards his son who looks back with a winning smile. After a couple of quick pictures, he puts his phone back in his pocket just as clumsily as before, his wallet still in his hand. He then opens it, trying to recollect where he put the tickets. Seeing they aren't in his wallet, he then begins to rummage through a front pocket, then the next, then the back pockets, a look of worry growing on his face.

"Daddy, you put the tickets in your shirt pocket," Jameson says while pointing at his dad's shirt.

"Phew... what would I do without you?" Samson relaxes his composure, reaching for the tickets. They bought these tickets the moment they were on sale and their asking price were atrocious, yet Jameson never misses an episode and has practically all of the action figures from the show; even his bedcover has scenes from the cartoon. And, it being the number 1 children show on television today, this outing is unsurprisingly spectacular.

Samson looks around and notices there's a few people by the gates to the entry of the stadium and he easily identifies some as scalpers; no matter if it's a death metal band or a toddler kid show concert, there's always scalpers lingering about profiting on latecomers. He looks down at Jameson who's soaking it all in, then once again looks about with trepidation. Something inside him is telling to just forget about trying to sell this ticket. If he brings Jameson with him, he'll lose his spot in the queue and it'll take forever to be administered, yet leaving his 4 year old alone in line doesn't seem like a very good idea either. He contemplates what to do, looking around, and he figures he won't be more than 2 minutes: he'll sell the ticket at whatever price these scalpers are willing to give him, no wrangling over the cash, and Jameson won't be alone in line for more than 2 minutes. Jameson, being such an intuitive boy, is aware his dad is fretting over something.

"What's the matter, daddy?" Jameson asks.

"Jamey, you stay right here," Samson kneels down to be at eye level with his son, "daddy is going to go over there for a moment," he points towards where the scalpers are, "and I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere and make sure you don't talk to anyone, ok?"

"Sure, dad!" Jameson smiles which Samson returns however a concern is encasing his heart. He doesn't want to give this worry any energy so he scurries over to the area where the scalpers are huddled together, leaving his boy alone.

Almost at the same moment when Samson makes his way over to the scalpers, Jameson looks down to see a kitten brush by his leg. His attention is focused directly on it. He bends over to pet it when a large gentle hand lightly touches the top of his head. Jameson looks up to see what looks like a very nice and friendly giant of a man smiling at him.

"I'm glad you found my kitten," the man is now bent over at the same height as Jameson, speaking softly. A few people in the line close by glance over yet make nothing of it, them too wrapped up in their own worlds, all the while the crowds on both sides of the line has now magnified, "this kitten is going to be in the show. You like the show, don't you?" the husky man asks, his welcoming smile never waning.

"Yes, sir!" whatever his dad told him about talking to strangers only moments ago is completely erased from Jameson's memory. Right now he's holding a cat and even though he's not completely sure if he's understanding everything, this feline is seemingly part of the show.

"Well, for rescuing my kitten, I'd like to give you something. It's a great surprise. Would you like to be in the show?" Jameson gives this sweet speaker an inquisitive look who continues, "we have to be really quick, but come with me and you'll get to meet all of your favourite characters from the show in person, close up, and they'll all be very thankful that you rescued their magical little kitten!"

"In the show?" Jameson gazes into the big man's eyes, his innocence simply priceless.

"Yes, you'll be on TV. Everyone will be very happy and will love you..." the stranger looks over Jameson's shoulder, towards the scalpers, seeing the father is still talking, probably bargaining, "but we must go now. It'll be a great surprise, I promise..."

"My mom will see me on the television?..."

"Oh, yes!" the man offers the child a wonderful sounding chuckle, all the while making sure to keep his voice down so as not to attract attention.

"My mom's at home. She's sick."

"You will make her all better, then, when she sees you've rescued the magical kitten," and with those words, Jameson's face lights up, realizing being on the show will somehow cure his mother of her ailment, "but we have to go right away. Come with me," the man puts out his hand for Jameson to take it, and for a split second, Jameson hesitates, as if some other voice within him is telling him not to do this, yet holding the magical kitten and with the possibility of meeting his favourite characters, then being able to help his mom get better, well, he pushes away this negative inner voice and places his petite hand inside the man's colossal mitt who's going to get him on the television. Without another ado, mister Farling gets up, holding Jameson's hand while directing him towards the parking lot.

Halfway to his car, Mister Farling offers to pick up the little Jameson, saying this will get them to their destination faster. Jameson loves when his dad lifts him up so he complies. In under 4 minutes they make it to the car. The pedophile swings open the passenger door, Jameson spotting right away all the latest action figures sprawled out on the large bucket seat. Jameson's smile widens, and handing over the kitten to the gentle man, he hops onto the passenger's seat so as to check out the toys. There's a slew of toy models, so many which he doesn't have yet he's seen on the TV commercials and wished he did.

"You have every one of them," Jameson's mesmerized, "my mommy and daddy says they cost a lot."

"These are yours... it's a gift for rescuing the magical kitty," the man is now in the driver's seat, closing the door, pulling out of the parking area. Once he's zooming down the street, he peeks over to the lilliputian-sized boy who is so small he's nearly lost in the bucket seat. Jameson is admiring all the overpriced action figures, and when he's sure the boy isn't looking, mister Farling tosses the kitten out the window. He takes this at the opportune moment, "look," the kind man points to the dash, suggesting to the boy to take the plate, "do you like cake...?"

It's been 5 days since 'Baby' Jameson Clark has gone missing. A nationwide Amber Alert has been set. Every single news show for the past 3 days has been covering the story of this missing child. A video camera shot caught blurry images of a man coming over to the boy in line and him leaving with this heavyset man, while another camera caught a shot of Jameson getting into the car within the parking lot. Mister Farling has since drove that car into a remote lagoon-like area, in another district.

To keep up with appearances, mister Farling does his stint as a hotdog vendor yet he keeps up with the news on his sleek tablet, and once his shift is over, he heads straight home to vegetate in front of his widescreen TV to see the completely distraught father making pleas to whoever has his son to return him back safely, promising he'll give them everything. The mother is in fact quite sick and the news stories has been covering this angle - on how everyone initially believed she had the flu to finding out she has Non-Hodgkin lymphoma. Mister Farling truly enjoys how these developing stories surrounding the mother are suggesting she might in fact have some HIV type of malady, bringing to question her possible unfaithfulness.

The 1st day the story broke, the news had images of Samson and Julia holding hands, both of their faces swollen from incessant crying, and with Julia's recently discovered condition, she looked like death warmed over on TV. On the 2nd day, it was only the father who talked to the media, and now neither the father nor the mother are talking to the journalists anymore as the news has been mentioning obvious points of neglect (the father leaving the son in line by himself), of greed (selling the ticket to scalpers) and possible infidelity (the mother's AIDS-related disease).

The parents were no longer willing to speak to anyone, all the while news cameras were barricaded in front of their house 24/7, the press lining their suburban street and setting up camp all around near their home to hopefully catch a glimpse of either of them. Meanwhile the breaking stories surrounding the missing 'Baby' Jameson Clark are steady: a premature baby born by a heroin addict in the toilet of some shitty rave bar. The child is only 4 years old, looking younger due to his size, the parents cooperating as much as possible, informing everyone their adopted son is extremely smart, the headline stories posting recent photos of Jameson, especially those last images the father took at the Union Park Stadium (where the abduction took lieu). There's an all-points bulletin broadcast with the make and the year of the car.

As for those video images taken at the stadium's gates and in the parking lot, although they were digital and in high resolution, they still can't make a clear enough shot of the kidnapper's face. Mister Farling was disguised, having put on some spray-on hair and slipping on dark glasses once he was in the parking lot, knowing cameras lurk everywhere.

It's been 5 days now and the reportage has declined, making way for the other catastrophes which need covering. In those 5 days, Jameson has been allowed out of the box twice, once on the 3rd day and once on the 4th; to be washed, fed then marred by the twistedly fucked-up pedophile.

The longest mister Farling ever kept a captive is a couple of weeks, but that's when he lived in a remote area, in the country, and this was some time ago, before all the technological tools which the authorities utilize today. He now lives in a massive metropolises and he can feel the heat beating down on him with how much news coverage this child has generated. Even though his new box is sound proof (as well as his bedroom), he knows he can't keep this specific boy for much longer. The thing about Jamey is mister Farling nabbed this boy on a whim - he saw the chance and took it. Naturally the pedophile was hanging out by the Union Park Stadium knowing the area was going to be kiddie bait with the big show scheduled, but he didn't plan on taking a kid home with him that day, simply opting to take a few pics of the cuter 1s. He knows how unprofessional that is: to simply nab a kid without doing the necessary preparative legwork which is a requirement, especially today. He could have easily been stopped and arrested by any of the guards swarming the stadium, however he spotted the open opportunity as he seemed to focus in at the exact right moment on Jameson and his idiot father, watching the dad leave the kid alone in line, knowing that such a favourable circumstance as this never comes around. He acted on gut instinct and it payed off highly. Then, of course, there's the rush of getting caught in the act which he's still reveling in.

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In the past 5 days which Jameson has been held captive, he knows everything about mister Farling: where he grew up; of his overtly passive mother; his evil and abusive father who did terrible things to his mind and body; of his uncle who, much like him, has a taste for boys. He heard the pedophile talk about being laughed at all through elementary and high school, on how often he thought about suicide, even more so after his favourite online writer, Slousky, killed himself online years ago. Mister Farling won't off himself like that loser Slousky did, he explained to 'Baby', as Slousky's death amounted to absolutely buttfuck nothing. When it's time for mister Farling to be no more, he informed Jameson, he'll make sure to go out with a bang by bringing an automatic weapon with him to a public location, perhaps a shopping mall, a library, a school, or possibly a place more populated like a stadium, him blasting down as many people as he can before turning the weapon on himself.

Unfortunately, for Jameson, there's not a single thing he understands, completely at a loss with what he's hearing. All he did for the 5 days is cry while fighting horrible pangs of hunger, being humiliated as he knows he's toilet trained and now he's been forced to do his business like a baby, while there's an emptiness in the pit of his core as ruminations of abandonment continuously occupy his every thought.

SLOUSKY

On this 5th day, mister Farling opens the trapdoor drawer and places a cheese sandwich in it. The pervert then hits a switch, a bright neon tube lighting up, blinding the boy for a solid moment until his sight returns, noticing the food and eating it without hesitation, the narcotics taking effect in no time. Mister Farling decides: with 'Baby' Jameson Clark, it'll be a mercy killing.

He waits until the child came to, and once he does, he kisses him on the cheek, whispering he loves him more than his foster parents ever did, and way more than his rotten junky dead cunt of a mother did, especially since she never once got to hold him in her arms the way he's doing so presently. The sick pedophile tells him he loves him more than his real dad since what type of coward impregnates a chick then fucks off, leaving her to fend for herself. Then, with a heavy heart, mister Farling pushes the child into the tub filled with water, holding him down until he finally stops squirming for breath, the child in no condition to put up any type of fight, being a frail 4 year old. It doesn't take long for the child's body to go limp, mister Farling leaving him in the bathtub, face down. The murderer leans over then sits on the toilet so as to do his business.

SUN:>
SUN:> Login:♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> De-Synch (#293).
SUN:> Name: Jameson Clark.
SUN:> Birth: June 26th, 2023.
SUN:> Death: July 9th, 2027.
SUN:> Age: 4 years old.

SUN:> Next Synch in:
SUN:> 20 Days: 23 Hrs:
SUN:> 59 Min: 56 Secs.
SUN:> _
SUN:> U 'Dha Best!!!!
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _



7.2 - DE-SYNCH - 2027 (≈4 YRS LATER)

"*Take a step back,*" Slousky isn't sure if he's speaking out loud or within his mind, "*keep going, none of this is fucking real...!*"

Slousky jolts backwards, as if letting go of a deadly live wire, flying onto his back. The impact with the floor brings him back into his own dead body as he desynchs with 'Baby' Jameson Clark. Slousky looks up to see the tiny dead unit looming over him, his glowing eyes extinguishing to a dull grey.

Slousky must look away, gasping for air, still thinking his head is being held down in a bath full of water by the murdering mister Farling. He begins scrambling along the sidewalk, living and dead units crisscrossing all about him, everyone oblivious he's there, all except the wee dead unit Jameson, his gaze fixed on Slousky, as if he's witnessing the remains of some pathetic, extinct species.

While his shirt-card chirps happily away since it's processing and sorting out the data from his recent synch, Slousky's still unsure if he's himself or the 4 year old adopted Jameson, or if he's neither, or both. Slousky questions if he's actually present or simply a figment of his own imagination, and then the urge to cry laugh surfaces as he thinks just how ludicrous his last thought was; '*...how the fuck can I be a figment of my own imagination?*'

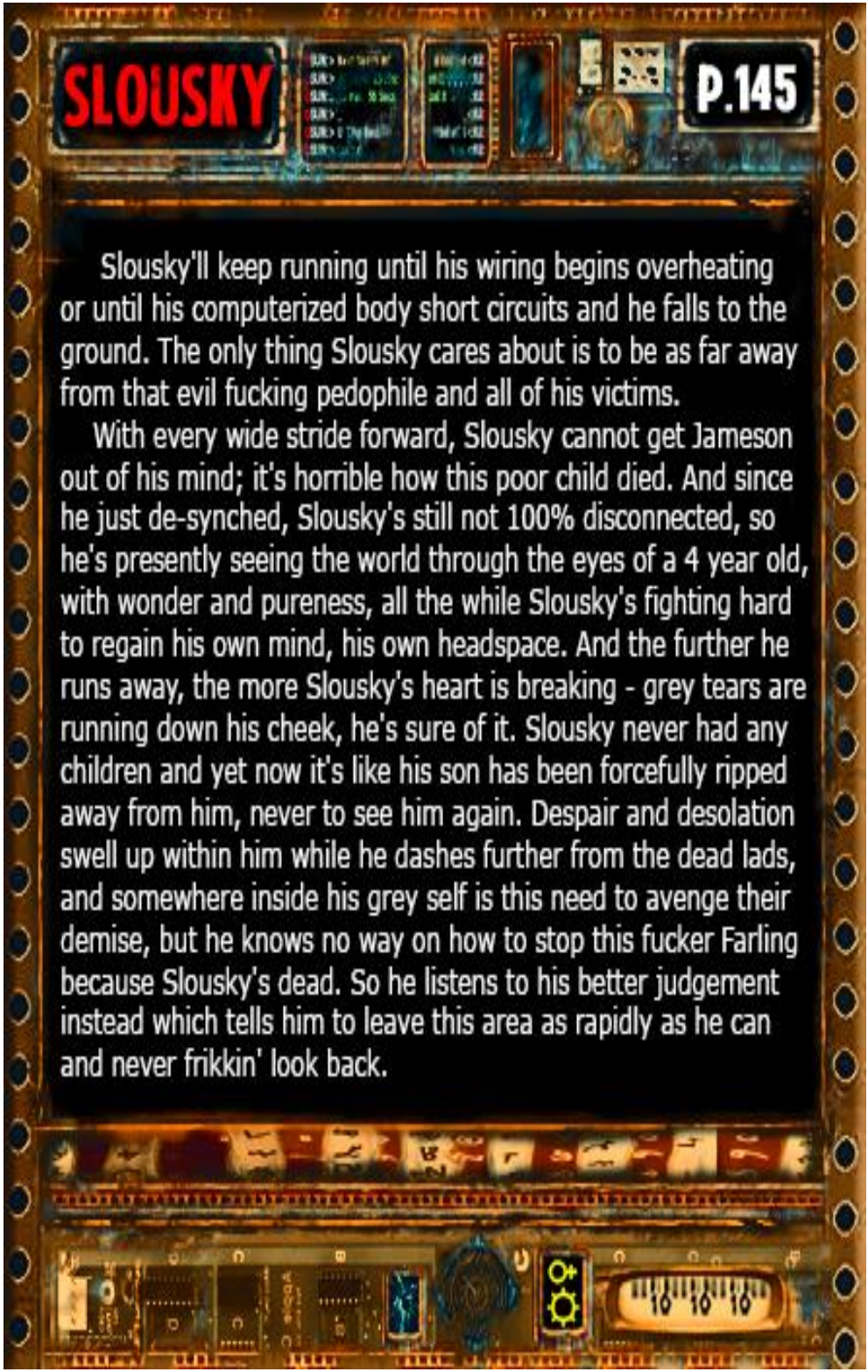
Slousky continues crawling away up until his hand lands on a puffy, sandaled foot. He looks up and sees the pedophile, Mister Farling, sitting on his bicycle seat, stuffing his face with a hotdog, mustard drooling down his chin. Slousky's sensory input is telling him he's rubbing up against the vilest entity alive on Mother Earth.

Next to the pedo is his victims as Slousky spots the grey lads - Billy and Jameson, their youthful innocence glaring back. Slousky has now lived out the horribly short lives of these 2 boys, both of them raped and murdered by this twisted bitch Farling, Slousky experiencing it all (and twice). But before Slousky can even blink, he watches as a gang of dead boys pour out from behind mister Farling, them aligning themselves like armed soldiers, their eyes aglow and Slousky sensing their hungry need to synch up.

Unconsciously, he looks at his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/08/14 - 10:22:43.11 AM ≈ [20♀23:57:34.48]

Billy leans over to Slousky, and with a compassionate expression, outstretches a hand as if to help Slousky up from the floor. Unsure if it's a friendly gest or a way to entrap him, Slousky decides not to grasp onto Billy's hand and, as if by magic, he finds his feet, gets up from the ground and runs as fast as his scrawny grey legs allow him to hightail away from this evil street corner.



Slousky'll keep running until his wiring begins overheating or until his computerized body short circuits and he falls to the ground. The only thing Slousky cares about is to be as far away from that evil fucking pedophile and all of his victims.

With every wide stride forward, Slousky cannot get Jameson out of his mind; it's horrible how this poor child died. And since he just de-synched, Slousky's still not 100% disconnected, so he's presently seeing the world through the eyes of a 4 year old, with wonder and pureness, all the while Slousky's fighting hard to regain his own mind, his own headspace. And the further he runs away, the more Slousky's heart is breaking - grey tears are running down his cheek, he's sure of it. Slousky never had any children and yet now it's like his son has been forcefully ripped away from him, never to see him again. Despair and desolation swell up within him while he dashes further from the dead lads, and somewhere inside his grey self is this need to avenge their demise, but he knows no way on how to stop this fucker Farling because Slousky's dead. So he listens to his better judgement instead which tells him to leave this area as rapidly as he can and never frikkin' look back.



SLOUSKY

7.3 - NO REST FOR THE DEAD - 2027 (≈10 HRS LATER)

Slousky collapses in front of a hospital, '*how bloody convenient.*' He knows - another step and 'The System' will crash him entirely.

The hospital outside is crawling with living and dead units; the sick Aamfis appear as if they're on the way on becoming Damfis while the dead units all about, Slousky figures they're fresh corpses (perishing on the operating table or from some *virus du jour*) as they're moving about erratically (most likely unaware they've just bought the farm).

Next to this hospital is a rundown warehouse. At 1st glance, it looks empty up to the point of being abandoned, and to Slousky, that's gold since he needs shelter for the evening. He realizes he shouldn't feel so jumpy since he's synched up today (his synchwatch green, informing him he's safe for 3 weeks), yet he no longer trusts 'The System': he once believed he uncovered patterns when it came to 'The System' yet now he knows 'It' cheats and is never reliable. If he stops here in front of the hospital, some random dead dimwit will surely trip over him and he'll synch once more, green synchwatch or not.

Slousky makes his way around to the side of the hospital aligning this desolated building, finding himself in an alleyway, and it being his lucky day, he comes across a basement window which is ajar, allowing him enough space to crawl through like a rat scampering into a hole in the wall.

Once inside, Slousky knows instantly this place will do for the night. The whole time running today, Slousky had 1 goal: to get to his stupid father's place as speedily as he can and to mull with the dipshit. If his estimations are right, he should reach his idiot dad's house in 3 days. Right now, he needs to prepare for his 10:10:10.10 PM curfew and tomorrow he'll find some freight train out of this shitty city.

The warehouse is cluttered with random sized crates. The light emitted from Brother Moon allows for a little vision. Slousky really wishes he'll be able to relax as he synched already this morning. His synchwatch is green and he's filling full, as if he just sniffed a few lines of pure blow. He should be allowed to decompress in this warehouse without worrying about having to mull or synch. Still, Slousky decides upon an extra secret spot.

Sadly, the moment Slousky sits down, that semi-good feeling inside disappears as his thoughts veer towards Jameson; this boy was nothing more than a toy and a tool for a sick, twisted cunt, the vilest piece of shit to exist on Mother Earth: by a pedophile. The more Slousky puts thought into how that boy died, the more his grey heart breaks.

As 'Baby' Clark Jameson's memories fade for a moment, Slousky visualizes his very own self a victim at the hands of this foul mister Farling, being the prisoner in the box. So many of his über biggest phobias surface, but to name a few:

- Claustrophobia; his fear of enclosed spaces;
- Scotophobia: fear of dark;
- Virgivitiphobia: his fear of being raped.



SLOUSKY

Slousky clears everybody from his thoughts. Rather, he has a new concern: he fears he's running away from *something*.

Ever since Slousky committed suicide (17 yrs ago), the only thing he's come to count on is synching up with some arbitrary dead unit every 3 weeks. This was before hooking up with mister Farling and his dead preys. Slousky has since synched with 2 of Farling's victims (back to back to boot), and this is alarmingly appearing as a fucking pattern, '*...but why?*' He just hates how he's suddenly mixed up with some vile pedophile. Up until now, his dead life had been simply short of horrible, yet knowing he'll synch with many more dead boys who were tortured and raped, this means he'll relive such painful ordeals as being deprived of food and light and air, then to die with a lonely, empty heart, yearning for parents...

...*Hrwisshzzh Clirchirhz*...

Slousky's shirt-card lights up. He jolts up from his seat in an epileptic fashion. He can't breathe: a memory-bubble's gurgling within him, he can sense it, forming right within his intestines, near his grey spleen, hurling electrical shocks up his charcoal coloured spinal cord. His lungs fill up with something resembling sulphuric acid, burning the linings coating his insides. Slousky looks around, realizing there's no place to hide.

'*Motherfucking Jesus H. Christ!!!*' here comes an unrequested memory-bubble for absolutely no good reason whatsoever.



7.4 - BIRTHING DOT.COM - 1995 (≈32 YRS AGO)

Slousky's having a memory-bubble, him reliving a moment from his past when he was a living unit.

Slousky's 18. He finally gets home from university. It's his 1st semester and he loathes everything about it. He hates his pretentious professors, the fugly ass-licking students, his course load, the crowded smelly hallways, but most of all he hates its geographic location as he needs to take 2 buses and a subway to get to school which eats up an hour of his already useless existence. In all, 2 hours of his life is wasted on transit with foul foreigners and other low-life cretins who can't afford their own vehicles. He knows in his heart that he's not going to make it through this 1st semester yet he also knows by dropping out he'll have to find a job as his shit-for-brains parents have warned him on so many occasions that the only alternative to school is finding employment (well, there's also the other alternative: the door).

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SLOUSKY

Slousky's majoring in social studies and he has the silliest course load, taking stupid shit like art history, linguistics, international relations and 'boring-as-fuck' anthropology. Unfortunately, the workload these courses demand is way more energy than Slousky was ever prepared to dish out. With midterms over (him failing miserably in all his tests), he now has nothing to look forward to except 1st having to explain to his dimwit parents why shit didn't work out then 2ndly having to redo all these fucking courses.
In high school, he got by with a C- grade average, underachieving in everything he had to take, going through the motions mostly, knowing the only alternative to school would be to get a job at some shitty McDonald's flipping plasticine-like hamburgers for the lower classes.

In high school, when there was a chance of skimming, cheating, plagiarizing, skipping, Slousky was a true prince of doing the least amount of work while barely getting by. Still, there's never been a summer Slousky didn't have to make up some crap classes (yet if anyone asked him, he'd snicker saying he planned it that way, getting him out of some shitty camp counselor job).

TRUST 'THE SYSTEM'
SLOUSKY

CLICK - DON'T click
BE AN IDIOT
PLACE AD HERE
WASTE $$$

Slousky tosses his schoolbag in the corner of his room, takes out a pack of smokes, opens his window and lights up. He'll worry about finding some shit job in the new year. Now it's his time to get online, hit the chatrooms, spark up a joint (his 4:20 ritual) and find a couple of losers to deathmatch against in Doom on Dwango, and with the hash he's recently bought, he knows he'll be high as a motherfucking kite all night, playing for hours on end, not doing a grain of schoolwork.

As he turns on his computer, he remembered how he promised his lame-ass parents he'll do his outmost once in university, but in order to succeed he'll need the right tools, so he convinced them in buying him a brand new Intel 486dx at $2500, fully equipped with 4MB SIMM memory, 540MB hard drive, a quad speed CD-ROM, the fastest 56.6k modem around and a super Sound Blaster 16 so he can hear the moaning of his dead opponents in perfect 3D sound while deathmatching evil cyber marines. He persuaded his clueless parents he also needed a 17" monitor, and if they bought him 1, he'll surely get into the honours program. However, Slousky's been using his new computer to play video games, to surf the net via the Netscape Navigator browser for music and whatever weird shit he might land upon, and to also download an exceedingly amount of pornographic stuff. He does 0 schoolwork with his PC.

The net is new to Slousky (as it is for everyone else on Mother Earth), and he's infatuated with surfing sites to see whatever stupid shit people put up on their homepages. He's also found a new love: working on his own little Geocities homepage which he's proud of since the site generates quite a fair amount of traffic.

The hash begins kicking in, Slousky both highly chilled and paranoid at the same time, loving it. He opens his AOL email, happy to see he's got 331 new letters. Ever since he opened his Geocities homepage - 'Hell Knows No Mercy' - the amount of traffic it's been generating is mind-boggling.

Slousky puts up the most fucked-up of photos. Most of it is pornographic and he enjoys posting the weirder and heavily fetishized images. He also likes to show macabre pictures such as mutilated bodies, suicide cases, accidents... anything that'll get a rise out of them stuck up middle class assholes.

While waiting for his emails to load up, he gets up, goes over and picks up his backpack, pulling out his notepad. He jotted down something while on the bus. While sparking up another blunt by the open window, he begins to reread it:

You an author? Nobody fucking cares. Noone gives 2 shits. But you believe your crap is marketable, and you can make that $$$ and be a huge success... well good luck because they'll simply hate you for making them feel inadequate with your need to be a wealthy cunt.

But say your stuff fails, or worse, they ignore your voice! What then? Well people will do the dumbest shit just to get attention... and then you're mocked. At some point, all them delusional authors will realize their words ain't worth the toilet paper they wipe their shitty holes with.

Slousky heads over to his desk as the last of the emails load up. A couple of weeks ago he told people on his homepage to send him photos - the more fucked up and freakier the better - and ever since his inbox is always full to the brim with weird shit.

But rather than check his mail, he opens the Netscape browser and goes to Geocities, logging in to their editor section (for those who run homepages). The hash is extra delusionary as he doesn't clue in right away to what he's seeing on the screen. He gawks at it for a full minute:

"This account has been closed."

Slousky can sense his heart beating faster against his chest, guilt rushing into his cheeks. He's just waiting for the internet police to kick open his bedroom door and bust him. His paranoia is peaking alongside the buzz. It's then when it finally dawns on him: fucking Geocities has shut him down.

'*Mother of fucking all things!!!....*' Slousky grabs an empty teacup from his desk, wishing he could violently throw it, the cup smashing into a dozen pieces, '*how many fucking times, Slousky?...*' he has a conversation with himself, aware they're prying ears not far off so he has to be silent, and high as he is on the hashish, '*how many times did you tell yourself to back your fucking shit up!!?!*'

Realizing his site has been deleted without warning has Slousky's blood boil with rage. He knows emailing a complaint with Geocities will get him nowhere. It's guaranteed them Geocities fucks are moralistic capitalists, and his page was full of profanity, porn and shock images (never forgetting he had no rights to any of these pictures to begin with).

His subconscious tries reasoning, telling him he shouldn't be surprised Geocities shut him down, yet it's his conscious having him click open his Outlook email program while chewing over how he's going to blast a new asshole into those Geocities dopes for doing what they did without noticing him. But before he types, he spots Geocities' email, it informing him they're closing his website due to the many violations he's made to their disclaimer all the while infringing a ton of their copyright issues. Slousky hits the reply button and is about to type the vilest email he'll ever write, but stops, taking a deep breath; no matter how slimy his email will be, it'll simply be wasted energy as it'll fall on deaf ears, and surely whatever pieces of shit working at Geocities will just delete it, or worse, pass it around to their colleagues so they can get a good laugh at yet another disgruntled webmaster who got all their shit erased.

Right then he begins scheming how he'll design a 'I Fucking Hate Geocities' site real quick, knowing if he stays as close to their terms and conditions, he might keep this site open and get a bit of traffic. He could even convince other begrudged Geocities users to visit, add a forum, him envisioning tons of surfers coming together so they can blast Geocities about their shitty services. '*Oh, the irony of it all...*' he giggles to himself, '*creating a Geocities page to hate upon Geocities!*'

But before clicking the 'create a new homepage' button, Slousky's aware that, at some point, Geocities will close down his 'I Fucking Hate Geocities', using some bullshit legal loophole justifying their means. Even if he backs up this new page and goes to another free webhosting company to write about his gripe with Geocities, it won't have the type of effect he'd hope. In fact, he'll look pathetic for doing so.

'No!...' he almost says out loud in his room. He isn't going to work on a new page with Geocities nor is he going to some other shit webhosting site. Right there, he decides he's going to buy his very own website.

Hearing of Network Solutions, he clicks over to their page and types in 'FuckYou.com' in the 'Search Domains' section. The page refreshes, informing him "FuckYou.com is not available" and how he cannot use profane words in his domain name. He nonetheless tries more: 'CumSlut.com', 'CrackWhores.com', 'CockLicker.com', 'SuckMyDick.com', them all resulting in declined searches. Slousky chuckles while thinking there's a team of monkey brained techs working at Network Solutions who spend their whole days adding new profanity words so as to block users from opening up sites named 'I-Dig-Felching.com'.

Slousky types 'GeocitiesSuck.com'. To his surprise, it's available. He tries another, 'IHateGeocities.com'. Again, he has success. He finds out it'll cost him $19.95 for the year to keep his domain up and running. Happy with this idea of buying a domain name, he gets up to sneak into his stupid parents room to take either of their credit cards (whoever's he'll find 1st).

For a good long while Slousky thinks up domain names, placing them in the search, some hitting, some not, yet none of them he likes. Taking a break from racking his brain, he goes back to his email box, still surprised with the amount of mail; usually he gets 25 a day, but not 331.

Going through them, most are asking why his site is down, what happened to it, others mentioning how much they love his homepage. At least 250 emails from worried fans and only after a month of opening 'Hell Knows No Mercy'. It seems he's made some type of impact without even knowing it.

Looking out his window, the prospect of opening another site no longer excites him. The reality of what Geocities did - deleting his homepage - has brought him down. Even though Slousky has a larger fan base than he knew he had, the futility in running a website for a faceless mass who doesn't give a rat's ass about him dampens his mood. Before, running the Geocities homesite was fun, a hobby, laughing at people, poking fun at what they are afraid of; of death, pain, torture. And all the bizarre, twisted porn he loves to post, images in order to create a shock value, getting the most interesting emails from girls who want to have his twins to haters promising they'll kill him in his sleep. As the 2nd wave of the hashish high begins to hit him, he figures it just isn't worth it, running a site for losers who pretend to appreciate his shit but in reality they don't give a fuck if he lives or not, and even though he's gotten 225 fan mail, in a few days these fans will forget about him and surf the net looking for a similar site, patronizing some other clown who's doing the same shit as him, '*but this clown won't do it as well as I...*'

Just then, from down the road, Slousky can hear a familiar tune, a song he loves to hate by a performer he despises. He sees a Jeep filled with a bunch of loser college kids, the top down (on a November day), this pretentious gang pretending to be something while blasting Madonna's shitty pop song 'Like A Virgin'.

'*Fuck you, Madonna! Bitch! Twat!*' Slousky wants to scream that at them, wishing he had the guts to say that out loud and get the last word in. And then it dawns on him: '*I'll get the last word with my website!*'

Slousky goes back to the Network Solutions website and types in 'Eugene.com' - he figures Madonna made a brand out of her own dumb name then why not do the same. It's already taken yet it's a good thing since he hates his name. He erases the 'Eugene.com' and replaces it with:

>_'**Slousky.com**'

He hits the enter button. It's available. '*Of course it's available. Who the fuck else would buy a website called Slousky.com?*' How often has he been ridiculed for his family name, people coming up with real dumb shit like Slouchky, Skanksy, Slugsky, Slumpsky, Scamsky, Skunksky, Slagsky, Slutsky... thinking back, he recalls hearing contempt spill forth from their mouths as they shouted out his name, as if the word Slousky was synonymous with scorn, disdain, despicability, hate; there's never been a time he's ever heard someone call out his name with a hint of kindness, only spite and condescension.

Slousky hits 'Next'. The 2nd page asks him: "Are you sure you want Slousky.com? (have you checked the spelling?)". He clicks continue. Slousky gets up from his seat, goes to the hall, hears his asshat parents arguing downstairs, knowing it's safe to dash down the short hallway over to their bedroom, and right there on the bed is his pussyface mom's purse. He fumbles through it, fingering at least 3 different pill bottles, each for his maniacal mother's ever changing mood swings. His fingers then land upon what appears to be a big dildo, feeling dirty just by brushing his hand next to it, finally finding her wallet, taking her VISA card (making a mental note to simply jot down the numbers once he gets to his room for future reference), He knows his numbskull mom won't even notice the $19.95 charge on her card as it's his twit father who pays her bills (yet not for long, he suspects, as these 2 are surely headed for DivorceVille, or he hopes so), and his annoying father is too scared to confront his imbecile mother when it comes to asking what might be what on the credit card bills. Besides, it's only 20 lousy bucks...

...Ghrrrishuuurshzz Clrihrshhzz...

16 digits and 3 safety numbers later, expiration date and the name on her card, Slousky becomes the owner of a brand spanking new website with a name which slips along the tongue like a hit of acid: Slousky.com.

USELESS FUCKING ADS
CLICK - DON'T click
SLOUSKY

Right there Slousky makes a promise to himself he'll be more diligent with how he's going to run his new site, making sure to backup all his stuff onto CDs. Looking at all the discs sprawled on the floor by his feet, he's sure some of them have porn which will help with some start-up content, but before sifting through them, he figures he'll start working on a logo with his cracked Photoshop software he downloaded. Yet before doing anything, he gets up from his seat, bringing his blunted joint with him as well as a pad and a paper, going back to his spot by the open window. He'll write his 1st update longhand (and he also needs a hit from his joint):

Wednesday, November 22nd, 1995

Welcome to my new site - Slousky.com. For those who might remember me, I ran the infamous 'Hell Knows No Mercy'. Well, the capitalist cunts running Geocities decided my shits' too racy so they deleted my homepage, just like that. So: F U C K - Y O U, Geocities, and your censorship as well as counterintelligence by banning and deleting my cool site. I wasn't the enemy. I'm a freethinker way before my time. So right here I peg a ton of pins in my Geocities voodoo doll. You are killing freedom (of speech) so I wish nothing more than a drawn-out bankruptcy for you.

My promise to you, my little Slouskians, is I will find the most disgusting pictures posted on cyberspace, the nastiest, filthiest porn, and with each update I will work on, I'll think of them sad execs labouring at Geocities as they make inadequate decisions for a failing company.

BUY $HIT
Do Not Click
SLOUSKY

SLOUSKY

F$CK YOUR ADS

$BUY

Slousky.com will practice anti-copyright and it'll be completely free of censorship: anything and everything goes. I'm going to laugh in the face of those fucking hypocritical moralists and shit on every corporate player who believes $$$ is mighty fucking God.

I love to rant and here on Slousky.com, I will roar with my diatribes. They will be long and rhetorical with the goal to show how pathetic humans have become when it allows its pedophiles to pass for its religious leaders and as we allow corporations to keep us proles slow, fat and stupid with their idiot actors, TV and diseased advertisements.

Anyhow, fuck you hard, Geocities, and say hello to Slousky.com, the true bleak, dystopic future. You fuckers made me what I am.

The hash is helping him coast. Hindsight, he's glad Geocities deleted his shit as his old site was amateuresque. Now, he has this new drive to make a great webpage. And with this advent, he decides he'll change disciplines and enroll in the computer science program. He hates the fluffy soft science shit he's enlisted in. He'll take courses on programming, networking, FTP, on all things data related, and fuck, he's young still so in 3 years he'll be able to get his degree then a masters, and who knows, a Ph.D. in computing. In 6-7 years from now, he'll be smarter than all those ass-lickers working at Geocities put together and he'll only be 25 years old with his whole life still in front of him. He's now super happy Geocities effaced his site as before his only goals in life were to smoke opium laced hashish, blow loads ogling porn and play Doom until 4:00 AM. Now his new goal is to run the sickest site the internet has yet to see...


SUN:> _
SUN:> Login: ♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Name: Eugene Slousky
SUN:> Accessing Dynamic Random Memory Banks
SUN:> [Wednesday, November 22nd, 1995]
SUN:> "Cycle Complete!"
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _
10... 9...
'None of this is real, Slousky,' he tells himself.
8... 7... 6...
'I ain't fucking alive, either...'
5... 4... 3...
'It's a bloody memory-bubble, that's all...'
2... 1...
'It's just 'The System' fucking with me...'
0... 1... 2... 3... 4...
...Grrirrszsssh Clhihkhzzshhz...
SLOUSKY



7.5 - WHY FUCKING ME? - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

'Ow, ow, ow! Fucking ow!' Slousky's brain pounds, as if shards of glass were bashing into his forehead. His mouth is filled with the savour of battery acid. He tries to focus yet his eyes sting while a clanging echoes throughout his cranium, loud enough to fill up a football stadium. He'd rip his own head off of his neck if he could.

Eventually the blinding lights begin to dim, allowing him to make out his surroundings. The blocky blotches all about; they're crates. His memory begins to return to him: he's back in that abandoned warehouse next to the hospital. Slousky takes a calming breath, the astringent taste fading, his eyesight clearing up.

He wearily checks his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/08/14 - 9:59:42.41 PM ≈ [20☿23:57:34.48]

Slousky is dumbfounded. *'Why the hell would 'The System' throw me a fucking retarded memory-bubble? Did I not synch up today? Is 'It' not happy?? Is 'The System' simply trying to drive me batty? Does 'It' hate me so much for committing suicide?!?? Why does 'The System' despise me so?'* Slousky spits up a dark grey matter, *'haven't I gone through enough for 1 day...???...'*

SLOUSKY

The memory-bubble still fresh in his circuits, Slousky recalls when Geocities closed their doors, in 2006 (11 years after he opened Slousky.com), and how he celebrated online about their demise through his website, laughing at the executives who made all the wrong decisions. Slousky wrote that day:

"*yet another developmentally challenged start-up company kicking the bucket... assholes building useless websites with their sole goal to swindle idiot surfers out of a lousy buck.*"

The day Geocities died, he pissed in a Geocities coffee mug in front of his webcam until his urine overflowed the rim, doing so to over 40,000+ viewers, the video showing up all over the net the next day; in memes, in video commentaries, even news sites mentioning it (while blurring out Slousky's ugly bit).

It's almost 10 past 10 PM and Slousky can physically sense 'The System' shutting him down. Whatever stupid shit Slousky was nostalgizing over Geocities is wiped away from his memory banks. In its place, a flashback of dead 'Baby' Jameson Clark who's standing next to the dead and grey Billy Desmond.

10... 9... 8... 7... 6...

'*1st Billy... then Jameson... and maybe dozens others...*'

5... 4... 3...

Slousky tries to correlate it all, '*why am I being dragged through all this?*' and it's then he remembers seeing his poster on the wall in the bedroom of the pedophile, mister Farling: this sick twisted motherfuck was a Slouskian, a fan of his site. '*Slousky.com... It's gotta be Slousky dot fucking com...*'

2... 1... 0...

SLOUSKY

7.6 - DEAD LIKE QUEER DAD - 2027 (≈3 DAYS LATER)

Slousky's at the front door of his useless father's home.

'*Fuck sakes...*' Slousky mumbles to himself. He's been hanging out in front of his dense father's house for over 2 hours, tempting faith by loitering (as 'The System' could summon a nasty memory-bubble). Usually his imbecilic dad keeps a window ajar, allowing him to sneak through yet he's checked the whole house 3 times now and every single window is closed shut.

It's happened before that he had to wait for his ding-a-ling pop to open the door so that he could get into the house. With all the perks of being a walking dead computer chip (or whatever he is), he can't pass through solid material (walls, doors, windows, etc.). At moments like these, he wishes he was more like an apparition who could float through matter because he has no clue how long it's going to be before his fuckwad pa opens a door (or a window). Slousky, defeated, looks up. '*The chimney!*'

Climbing is something Slousky has gotten pretty good at since he died. He can climb the side of a mountain like any agile billy goat, even the side of a high-rise like a superhero if ever needed, however his acrophobia (fear of heights) kicks in once he hits the 2nd floor or thereabout, and besides, falling from any height over 10 feet will usually stir up some nasty memory-bubble. Here, his dickless dad's place is only 2 stories high so Slousky feels quite confident climbing the side of the house.

Slousky makes it to the top of his stupid dad's roof, permitting him to get a bird's-eye view of the cruddy little suburban hood Slousky once called home, up until he hit 20 years old and was making tons of cash from his Slousky.com site, him getting his own flat far away from his bonehead parents (who divorced shortly after his departure, his tosspot papa nevermore being able to pick up the pieces therefore staying in this shit house which is much too big for a single dick).

He looks at the chimney hole and even though it's super tight, he knows he can fit down this chute. The only irk is the fireplace doors might be closed. It's either to attempt this or stand around waiting for his dumbass dad to let him in, yet the idea of dallying about for fucking who knows how long seems ridiculous. Slousky thinks maybe he's not even home, but his half-wit father rarely leaves the house, and Slousky can see the car in the driveway. The possibility of getting stuck within the chute crosses his mind, yet in 17 years of being dead, he hasn't gotten stuck anywhere, and knowing 'The System' - say he did get caught - once Slousky's synchwatch hits 0, he'll just wake up in a dead-end alley strewn with smelly hobos. He decides to go down the chute.

Either he's lost a lot of weight however he's able to get through this tiny chute as nimbly as a 3rd World Santa would, he chuckles to himself. He makes it to the bottom with ease and it's his lucky day as neither the trapdoor is closed nor are the doors in front of the fireplace; another good thing about being dead is he doesn't get dirty, not displacing a single grain of soot the whole way down the chimney, nor did he darken his dark grey outfit.

SLOUSKY

Without a doubt his blockhead dad's place smells worse than usual. It's truly something he can't get used to: the stench of the living. Of course, Slousky's oinker pop is way worse than all other living units as he never washes himself. He's gone through whole mull cycles of 3 weeks next to his dippy father and not once did he even give his privates a quick wipe with soap. However, at this moment, there's a completely other type of malodour right out of a morgue. He instinctively recognizes there's a dead body rotting away somewhere in this house. His grey intestines churn.

Slousky goes from the living-room through the kitchen to the stairs upstairs, the stench becoming more poignant as he makes his way up the flight. Unless his knucklehead dad has decided to take up serial killing since the last time he was here, Slousky doesn't need to see the body to know that his jagoff dad is freshly dead.

Holding his breath while entering the bedroom, he sees his numbskull father lying on top of the sheets, naked, a hand on his chest, and as he gets a better look, Slousky spots a cigarette burnt right into his muttonhead dad's index and middle finger, singed into the skin.

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Panic begins to set in because now Slousky has nobody to mull (*) with. There's no way to satiate his fix. It's like he smoked his last cigarette, did his last line, shot up his last pouch of smack, he's completely dry and the dealer's number is out of service. Slousky isn't jonesing now since his synchwatch is still green, but once his synchwatch turns yellow, the withdrawals will kick in. Right away he thinks about his mophead mother - he can still mull with her - yet he hasn't a clue where she is. Since he was a self-exclaiming reclusive misanthrope when he was alive, he lost touch with his fuckwad parents, and the only people he spoke to were those online and it seems those people don't count (as in, Slousky's not allowed to mull with those he only spoke to online and never met in real life). His soulless mom could be anywhere on Mother Earth, using any silly hokey name, and he hasn't a clue on where to start looking for her.

Suddenly Slousky doesn't believe he's alone anymore. He senses that heaviness of being watched. Slousky freezes on the spot... behind him, by the doorway, he knows his daft dad is standing there, in dead format. '*This ain't good,*' Slousky thinks.

(*) Mulling (for Slousky) is when a dead unit taps into the consciousness of a living being. The dead has to know this living unit.

Calculating his moves, Slousky turns to confront his dead, lame father, the confusion on his face just priceless, wishing he had a camera to capture this moment, making it a POTD ('Picture of the Day' which was his busiest page on Slousky.com) with the caption: "*My asshat pop soon to realize he's a dead piece of shit...!*"

Slousky's smuggery is effaced once his dipship dad's baggy eyes light up. Slousky responsively looks away as the last fucking thing he wants to do is to synch up with his failure for a father. '*WHAT THE FUCK?? I really hope 'The System' doesn't want me to synch up with my butt plug of a dad,*' Slousky's praying 'The System' is listening in on his thoughts and will respect his biddings.

Slousky ganders wearily at his synchwatch:

GRE:> 2027/08/17 - 1:51:21.01 PM ≈ [17☼08:29:12.39]

There's absolutely no way 'The System' would have him synch up now, not while his synchwatch is green. Of course, 'The System' can do what the fuck ever 'It' wants as it continually cheats, and with his cocksucking father's eyes glowing brighter by the second, Slousky's confusion is off the radar. For all of Slousky's retarded doctrinairing, his theorizing and hypothesizing about 'The System', not a thing would make sense if 'The System' has him synch with his fudge-packing dad with a green watch. Slousky is registering blurry psychedelic images of of a newborn making his way out of his grandmother's vagina. '*This is so fucking wrong.*'

SLOUSKY
CHAPTER 8

8.1 - THEO - 1955 (≈72 YRS AGO)

SUN:> Login:♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Synchronization (#294).
SUN:> Subject's Name: Theodore Ignatius Slousky
SUN:> Birth: January 27th, 1955.
SUN:> _
SUN:> Logout.

Theodore Ignatius Slousky is born at Saint Felicula's Hospital. His mother, Elizabeth, while waiting for the nurse to return with her son, has tears forming, elated God and the Virgin Mary has had sympathy by granting her a healthy boy. 5 years ago, Elizabeth gave birth to Helga who died prematurely. Since then, they've been trying nonstop at having a child while living through 2 excruciating stillbirths. Last year, the doctor told her the best thing would be to adopt. After almost giving hope, Elizabeth got pregnant once again. Finally, their prayers have been answered as their newborn is 100% healthy.

It's 1955. Slousky is synched up with his dead loser of a dad, Theodore Ignatius Slousky. Synchronization (aka synch) is when 2 dead units link up so as to relive the other's dumb life, from their birth to their death.

...Crhizsh Hurszizshh Whurszzsh...
Monday, February 23rd, 1959
6:32:35.54 AM

Theo's 4 years old. He comes jogging down the stairs as fast as he can. Once at the bottom of the stairs, his father is putting on his boots by the front door. His dad looks up and with a smile, opens his arms, catching his boy as he reaches the landing. He ruffles Theo's hair, hugging him, telling his son what an angel he is. Elizabeth comes around the corner, asking what's going on, offering a loving smile. Jeremiah gets up and puts his arm around his wife, saying he doesn't want to go but, rain or shine, snow or sleet, the mail must get delivered. A final kiss for both, he opens the door to the harsh winter.

Theo sits by the window as he watches his father trudge through the snow. Once Jeremiah is in the truck, he looks back towards the house, spotting little Theo in the window. He waves to his son who gestures back frantically. It's a beautiful, innocent instance.

...Hurszzhs Wisrhhszhurszszhh...
Wednesday, March 29th, 1961
10:34:02.32 AM

Theo's 6 years old. He's sitting in his 1st grade class, listening attentively to his teacher as he goes on about subtracting numbers. Theo's focus is incredible; from the very 1st moment Theo laid eyes on his prof, mister Kingsley, he's been forever grateful for having to go to school. While all the other students bemoan about schooltime and their homework workload, Theo never once complains. He's at the top of his class and has been ever since he's started.

SLOUSKY

Although Theo can't quite make out what it is about his teacher, mister Kingsley, he's immensely interested in him. His professor is so aesthetically pleasing to look at. Whenever he looks at his prof, Theo gets this glowing-like feeling stirring within which he can't put to words. To Theo, mister Kingsley looks like Santa Claus. There's something about his teacher's beard, his salt and pepper hair, his blue eyes, his contagious laugh. Theo adores how his prof is portly, stout (or how his own teacher would often joke; that he's fat). As well, Theo doesn't know anyone else who dresses like his professor, so proper and suave, his garments contouring him in such a way as if his clothes were just bulging to break free from him.

Of course, there's mister Kingsley's shoes and socks. Theo could describe every type of shoes his professor owns, from his different coloured loafers to his winter boots which he removes when he comes into class to his leather boots he wears for special occasions (such as parent-teacher day and at the Christmas party), to his running shoes he wears on gym days. The best thing about all of this is everyone's oblivious to how much he's attracted to his prof, even mister Kingsley himself. Nobody knows Theo has this affinity for his teacher, and although he has no clue where this propinquity for him comes from, being 6 years old and not able to verbalize it in any way nor make sense of it, he simply knows he likes looking at his teacher, listening to him, being close to him, when his prof smiles at him, and the more he does well with his lessons, the more his teacher appreciates his presence. Theo believes school is the greatest place ever.

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Theo is 10 years old. He's walking home from school with his best friend, Matthew, who lives a block away from him. They became instant buds on the very 1st day of 5th grade. Theo is the happiest kid alive since he's met up with Matty Farling.

Ever since 1st grade, Theo's been a loner. For some reason, kids his age don't interest him. During the recess, Theo spends most of his time looking at the adult teachers, mostly the men, and he just stares at their feet. Sadly for him most of the profs are woman and there's absolutely nothing remotely interesting on a woman's body for Theo to fixate on. Nevertheless, Theo's remained a studious child, excelling in all his studies, yet over the years, Theo's proven to be an underwhelming youth who hardly speaks and never gets in trouble. Although his grades do stand out, his personality is invisible, him always somewhere far away, staring at the ground; whether Theo's consciously aware of it, he has an unhealthy fixation to men's feet (the huskier the man, the more his staring intensifies). Up until now, it's only been adult men who's interested him, but now with Matty in his life, it's as if every day he's at the penny loafer arcade.

His buddy Matty just recently turned the same age as him, and most kids in their class tease his pal by calling him pudgy, dumpy, tubby, a butterball, roly-poly. To Theo, his best friend simply has some extra weight on him (but it's what he loves most about his chum).



Slousky's synched up with his useless dad, reliving his gay life.

Sept 29, 1965

Ever since these Theo and Matty met up, they've been inseparable, with either boy over at the other's place on most evenings. They've known the other for only 3 weeks but they're the best of buds, them having so much in common: both collect superhero comic books, they love wrestling on TV, and late at night, they listen to a radio station adults say plays the Devil's music. Matty has also introduced to Theo things he's keen on, such as his adoration for photography (Matty's dad buying him a Nikkorex 35 II), to transmission and recording (Matty's father is a trucker and has a CB radio), and has something nobody at school has: a compact audio cassette recorder.

Their parents are equally glad these 2 get along so well as both children were pretty much friendless up until they met each other. Their parents are also quite proud how their boys are behaving at school and so far they're both excelling in their studies, both being at the top of their classes.

As for Theo, although he does find Matty is bossy, a bully even, using a lot of hateful as well as hurtful words, and Matty says more swear words than anyone else he knows, Theo actually doesn't mind Matty's aggressive and mean-spirited ways, nor all the nasty things Matty will say about everyone, him putting down their parents, their teacher, the principal, the other students. In fact, Theo finds Matty a hoot, laughing at pretty much everything his bud says, the meaner his words the funnier they seem to Theo. What is most important for Theo is Matty is real easy on the eye, finding him secretly super cute. Just how many times has he caught himself looking at Matty's feet, whenever they would be over at either's place, them having to take off their shoes in the house, it being a 'golden rule'.

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So far Matty and Theo have slept over at the other's house twice, and Theo can't remember better times than waking up next with Matty, seeing him in his cute superhero pyjamas, and barefoot. His bud Matty loves play fighting, rough-housing he calls it, and when they'd wake up, Matty starts it with a pillow fight, them winding up on the floor, doing their best not to hurt the other yet having fun wrestling, putting the other in holds. Theo's discovered he's stronger than Matty and each time they'd tumble about, Theo would easily put Matty in some submissive position, and for the 1st time in his life, he's able to touch someone else's feet. Theo discovers tickling, loving how Matty giggles, pleading for him to stop yet knowing it's an act, Matty mimicking the wrestlers on TV, him doing an even better job acting than them.

3 hours later, after supper at Theo's, homework already done, as they're about to watch a fave TV show for an hour at which point Matty's dad will come pick him up (a simple 2 minute drive, living a block away), Matty whispers that they need to become blood brothers. Matty, in confidence, says he's read about it in 'Forsaken Sunset', a cowboy novel, and they must perform the same ritual. Theo agrees to it, loving the idea, having no clue what it means to be blood brothers nor what the ritual will entail yet knowing they will be brothers has Theo realize how important their friendship is, bringing their relationship to a whole new level. Theo's never been happier.

SEPT 29 1965

3 days pass. Theo's sleeping over at Matty's place. He wakes up in the middle of the night, having to pee. When he returns, he can't help but gawk at his bud who's sleeping on the floor (after giving him his bed) because Matty's feet are protruding from under the covers. Theo remains still by the threshold, enjoying spying on Matty (and his feet).

Something compels Theo to get closer to Matty. Instead of going back to bed, he lies down on the floor near his pal, his face near Matty's feet. Theo can hear his buddy snoring. He isn't sure what overcomes him yet he places a hand on Matty's foot. He removes it just as quick, pausing for a moment, waiting for a reaction, or worse, a repercussion, yet Matty doesn't stir. Unconsciously, Theo finds himself caressing Matty's feet, oblivious he's doing so.

"Whacha doing?" Matty says. Theo snaps to, their gaze connecting, Theo seeing inquisitive wonder showing up on his buddy's face, mingled with an irateness. Theo looks back to Matty's feet, guilt flushing his face as he still has his hands on Matty's feet, promptly removing them. Theo has the urge to run out of Matty's bedroom, down the stairs, out the door and bolt home. Instead, he jumps up into Matty's bed, placing the covers over his head, hoping the horrible brew gurgling in his stomach will go away. Matty speaks once more, "Theo? Hey, I know you're awake..."

"Go to sleep," Theo flatly says, ordering his friend to sleep like his father does to him.

"Theo, it's ok..." Matty replies so tenderly, a tonality so soft, "it's ok if you want to touch my feet..." and even though Matty's neat invitation sounds so sincere, Theo doesn't answer. No matter how much he wants to hop off the bed and get closer to Matty's feet again, something way deep inside him is telling him it's a trap. Rather, Theo remains motionless and soundless, promising himself then and there he'll forever stay this way, under the covers, until the end of time, no matter how inviting the tone in Matty's voice is. Finally, Theo falls asleep.

Theo wakes up. It takes him a sec to catch his bearing as he sees Matty looming over him, his face but inches away. Matty's smile puts Theo at ease yet recollecting what he did (him touching Matty's feet then his bud waking up), guilt begins encapsulating Theo's entirety.

"Hi," Matty says, his smile widening.

"Heya..." Theo isn't sure what to say, having an urge to confess to Matty some dirty secret about himself, because even though Theo is only 10 years old, he knows his attraction he has for men and their feet is not something anyone is afflicted by as he's never seen anyone else touch someone else's feet nor spoken about such things. It's an instinctual unconscious need yet he can't rationalize the concept of this desire; he has no clue why thinking about male's feet makes him giddy and brings on happiness whenever his mind focuses on them.

"... so I was sorta was woken up in the middle of the night," Matty is trying to be coy yet he's failing as he can't stop smiling, "somebody was kinda touching me... you have any clue who that was?..."

"Listen, Matty, I don't know what I was doi..."

"Hey, it's ok," Matty cuts Theo short, "I didn't mind. Whatever you were doing, I liked it," again, Matty flashes Theo a winning smile.

"You did...?" Theo takes the bait.

"Sure... I mean... you were touching my feet, right?" Matty asks his friend without any accusatory tonality.

"Ye... yeah..." it's difficult for Theo to verbalize his thing for feet, it always being something rattling around inside in his head yet never something he could talk about.

"Do you like feet?" Matty's enquiry is the weirdest question Theo has ever heard anyone utter however looking at Matty's sweet pudgy face, his beautiful innocent eyes, him lying right next to him, almost in touching distance, Theo feels completely secure.

"*DON'T FUCKING SAY ANYTHING, DAD!!!!*"

SAT, OCT 2, 1965
7:32:25.44 AM

"DON'T FUCKING SAY ANYTHING, DAD!!!!"

"Well..." Theo hesitates, still realizing how bizarre the question is. Why would he tell him he likes feet? The other boys talk about liking girls, they don't talk about liking men's feet, and something in Theo's gut is telling him he shouldn't divulge this info, not to anyone, but Matty's beautiful face is telling him differently, telling him it's ok - he can confide in his buddy. Theo searches in Matty's eyes how he should answer this, and the immaculateness Matty's emitting is telling Theo it might be liberating if he is honest and opens up to his pal, "ye... yes," Theo takes a deep breath, "I like feet."

"Do you like my feet?" Matty smiles glows, "c'mon, you can tell me, do you like looking at my feet?"

"Yeah... I guess so..." Theo forces a smile, then his buddy playfully shoves him again, making Theo smile for real, "yes, I like your feet."

"Wanna touch my feet... now...?" Matty's tone is so inviting.

"I dunno..." Theo's bashfulness is overwhelming him. Matty decides to put his friend at ease, sitting up while protruding his feet in front of him. Theo decides there to no longer hesitate, placing his hands upon Matty's feet. Their eyes connect, and Theo's simply enchanted at how handsome his friend is, then begins to remove his bud's socks. Matty looks over behind him, checking to make sure his portable handheld audio cassette tape recording machine is still running and is registering the whole conversation he just engaged in with his friend Theo about his odd thing he has for guy's feet. How much of a hoot it's going to be when he'll replay this for Theo later, them surely laughing their heads off as they'll listen to this recording.

A week goes by. Theo knocks at Matty's door. In mere seconds, Matty is bursting open the door, offering a most welcoming smile. His friend is more agitated than usual. He's bouncing and springing about, unable to contain whatever is exciting him.

"Come with me," Matty flies up the stairs, "I gotta show you something," Theo does his best to keep up. Once at the top flight, Matty directs him towards his parent's room. The door is ajar, Matty peering through the crack, his smile widening. He opens the door, enough for Theo to spot Matty's dad sound asleep and snoring loudly, sprawled out on the bed, lying on his stomach. As a reflex, Theo sees Matty's dad is sporting a pair of caramel coloured socks. He soaks in the moment as his dad is also in a wife-beater and a pair of boxing shorts. Theo's always secretly found Matty's father such a handsome man (an adult version of his son, Matty). Matty's dad is bulkier than his son though, sturdier, with strong forearms and now, for the 1st time, Theo notices his father has stout, muscular and hairy legs. Theo cannot take his eyes off him, staring at this massive man.

"He's drunk as a skunk," Matty whispers, his mouth but an inch away from Theo's ear, "do you want to see his feet?"

"Are you crazy??" Theo almost says out loud, pushing Matty away from him, disgusted with what he just said.

"It's ok," Matty chuckles, "he's out like a light. He's been drinking since this morning, once my mom left with her batty church friends. She won't be back for hours."

"You've lost it," Theo isn't finding this funny at all. The thought of Matty's father waking up and catching him touching his feet is just unconscionable to him. Theo turns, making his way down the hall.

"Wait..." Matty says, "watch..." and with a sly smile, he passes through the threshold and enters his parent's bedroom.

Theo stops where he is, amazed as he watches his friend, Matty, disappear through the doorway, and although knowing better, Theo slowly goes back. Once he's at the door, he sees Matty next to his parent's bed, standing over his motionless father. Matty then kneels, bringing his face closer to his dad's feet. A smile pops up on Matty's mug, him knowing Theo is looking back, surely with wonderment all over his face. Matty returns to his dad, leaning over even closer, smelling his dad's feet, making a piggy nose face, stating his pop's feet stink. Theo does his best to contain his laughter as this situation is surreal. Matty then places a hand on his father's foot. Theo cringes, fearing the worse as he's seen Matty's father's anger firsthand, his wrath, as Matty is quite the prankster and his father has this horrible temper. Theo can't count how often Matty deliberately did something erroneous, like painting graffiti-like images on their gate, pouring honey all over the back seat of the family sedan, stealing from his mother's purse, taking his father's cigarettes (even smoking them), overloading the washing machine with detergent, keeping the hot water running in the morning so nobody has hot water. It's as if the opportunity presents itself for Matty to do something which will get him in trouble, he'll do it. It's never over-the-top mischievousness yet it's enough to infuriate his dad. Once again, here's Matty who's about to do something stupid. He's positive his dad is going to wake up and Matty will get a whooping of his life, but still Theo can't take his eyes away as Matty places a hand by his father's ankle, slowly peeling away the sock from his foot, revealing the sole, then his toes, completely removing the sock, his dad never stirring. Theo observes the whole operation without blinking nor breathing.

Matty gets up, standing over his father like a prize fighter who knocked out his opponent, then looks over at Theo, waving his dad's caramel coloured sock in front of him. Matty exits the bedroom, and once he's next to Theo, he tosses the sock to his friend. Theo would never admit it yet having Matty's dad's sock in his hand is better than any Christmas or birthday gift he's ever received (combined).

"..." Theo can't seem to reply.

"It's your turn..." Matty snaps the sock out of Theo's hand.

"Are you nuts...?" Theo scans Matty's expression to spot whether he is pulling his leg - Theo only sees sincerity.

"Oh, c'mon. I just did it," Matty's keep his voice low, yet Theo can hear the challenge in his words, "and I wasn't even being careful. I know you'll be able to remove the other sock way better than I did, and you saw, my dad didn't even move a bit," Matty's words are so convincing, "c'mon, Theo, you know you wanna, and it'll be our secret, our forever secret..." Theo glances over to the sleeping father, his snoring rhythmic and hypnotizing, him seeing the other foot just screaming to be free from that sock which is constraining it. Thinking about potentially doing this act brings goose bumps on his forearms. His mind is made up. He's up for the challenge. He's going to do it.

"*DON'T FUCKING DO THIS!!*"

Theo does his upmost to push aside a nagging inner voice which is messing with his confidence. Taking a deep breath, as if he's about to dive deep underwater, he takes a shaky step into the bedroom. 2 more steps and he's right next to the bed, looming over the sleeping dad the same way as Matty. An incredible surge of power is filling up within his innards, this being mixed up with an anticipated fear that something seriously awful is about to happen.

SAT, OCT 10, 1965

Theo's 10 yrs old.

Slousky is dead <he offed himself>. He now synchs with other dead units, reliving their shitty lives. Slousky's now synched up with his (closeted) gay father, Theodore.

Theo looks over and sees Matty peering back at him through the door, his smile reassuring yet edging him to move forward with this. Theo once more looks at Matty's dad, impressed by the sheer size of his body. Although he's been in Matty's father's presence a dozen or so times, it's only at this moment he's truly able to capitalize on this man's beauty, and now that his dad is inert - motionless - as well as completely oblivious to Theo's presence, he's permitted to admire the pure handsomeness of this bear of a man. He's better looking than mister Kingsley, Theo agrees with himself, more than any other man.

With a surgeon's precision, Theo places his fingers at the rim of the sock, his hand tingling with nerves, and as delicately as possible, he begins to pull back on the sock, away from Matty's dad's ankle. All is well up until his father stirs. Theo instantly lets go, his instinct's telling him to break for the door; that this was a bad idea and he's going to get caught then thrown in jail (only after Matty's dad beats the living snot out of him). Matty's father makes a couple of strange snorkeling sounds, shifting his position, turning onto his back. His feet are now upright, a foot of space separating them. Theo can sense the invisible hammer smashing down on his cranium, awaiting the worst, yet after 30 seconds of grinding his teeth and clinching his eyes, Theo hears Matty's father snoring again, rhythmic, as if to a metronomic tempo.

"GO... NOW!... FUCKING GO!!!"

Theo is frozen, unable to function, but there's Matty by the doorway, waving the sock with his hand like a captured flag, and Theo knows he must remove the other sock or forever his buddy will remind him he wasn't up to the challenge. He knows he has no choice but to do this.

When Theo's positive it's the right moment, he leans over, his left hand cupping Matty's dad's foot while his right hand takes a hold of the sock, and with the agility and prowess of a pickpocket, he peels away the stocking over the heel and easily over the toes. Once done, he gently places Matty's father's foot back on the bed. Theo knows he should bolt for the door yet he's mesmerized at how aesthetically pleasing this man is. Theo has no idea why he's attracted to stocky, bearish guys, yet Matty's dad is the best looking male he's ever seen. Peering down, he sees the caramel coloured sock in his hand, and out of habit, Theo turns his gaze towards Matty's father bare feet, ogling his soles, the creases, his plumpy toes, wishing he could simply look at them for an eternity and a day, but he snaps to, and quietly sneaks out. Once at the door, he places the sock over his head like a treasure found, a spoil from a raid, like a victory. Matty does the same, waving his dad's other sock in the air, the 2 of them making their way down the hall to Matty's room so they can gloat. All the while, Matty's being careful to conceal his Nikkorex 35 II from his bud, a compact camera which he slips easily into his pocket. Matty was able to take at least 20+ snapshots of his weirdo friend Theo while he was playing with his dad's stinky dogs, even getting a couple of zoomed in images. He can't wait to develop these and show them to Theo. Matty also has those recording of Theo confessing about his odd thing for liking men's feet. Won't Theo laugh his head off when he hears own his squeaky, girlish voice and see pictures of himself playing with his dad's gross paws.

2+ months goes by. Today, school's officially out until the new year. The spirit of Christmas' high as many homes in town are decorated to the hilts. Tonight, Theo's going to have supper at Matty's and he'll also sleep over.

Although they only live a block away, their houses are distinctively different. Matty's house was built pre-WWII (1922) while Theo's home's part of a newer development (1954). 10 years ago and Theo's street didn't exist, just forest.

Matty's house is bigger than Theo's (much bigger). Matty's pop says the style is American Craftsman with its expansive rooms. Matty's mom inherited this castlette. The Farlings had hoped for more children to fill all the empty bedrooms but they've only been blessed with Matty.

As for Theo's home, his dad says it's a bungalow, a modern version, 2 stories with no basement. And this is where their houses differ to the *n*th degree: Theo has no basement while Matty has a true maze for a cellar. From what Theo knows, there's 4 connecting chambers with as many uniting hallways. Matty and him have dallied in this basement so often he's lost count; building forts, playing hide and seek, hanging out with comic books and board games, enjoying their time alone, the shared solitude. When they are in Matty's basement, they're safe and they can do and say what they want, far away from parents and profs. There's also great hiding spots, especially when Matty takes off his shoes and socks and allows Theo to touch his feet, them snug together concealed behind a rack of clothes, or within some small alcove.

Theo and Matty are presently lounging in the main cellar room, listening to the cool radio station, waiting for supper, when they hear heavy stomping down the stairs.

"When I get my hands on you!" they recognize Matty's dad's voice followed by more thuds down the flight, "I'm gonna rip your fucking head off your shoulder!!!"

Matty hops off the couch, grabs the candle and takes off in the other direction, further into the mazy cellar. Theo knows he can't dawdle and does like his friend - he flees.

"Hide!" Matty spits out as he scutters down the hallway. Theo and Matty know this basement so well. Theo easily keeps up with Matty who's leading with the candle as they make their way towards the last chamber.

"You piece of shit, I'm gonna murder you!" Matty's father's voice is so close already. Even if they make it to the furthest cellar room, Matty's enraged father is faster and will be soon over top of them. It's then when Theo sees a dark shadow along the wall.

"Wait!" Theo whispers out. Matty cannot believe his idiot buddy is telling him to stop as the evil minotaur is right behind them, "look!" Theo points to the spot on the wall: it's a hole. Theo kneels and as he'd hoped, he fits through the cavity in the wall, however he isn't sure if his heavier friend will be able to do the same nor if there'll be enough place for the both on the other side. Suddenly Theo's placed in darkness as Matty blows out the candle. Matty almost gets stuck, being so bulky, yet he's able to make it on over.

"You fucking little rat, I can smell your candle! And now I'm gonna doubly whoop you for playing with matches!" Matty's pop's tonality rises with each word he utters.

WED, DEC 22, 1965

Theo and Matty remain breathless as Matty's dad is right on the other side, his flashlight lighting up through the fissure in the wall. Theo leaps when his arm is grabbed. It's Matty's hand, searching to be held. Theo submits, offering his for Matty to hold it. Both have their eyes locked on the crack, positive they've been spotted, yet Matty's dad storms by, oblivious to the hole. They hear Matty's dad climb the flight of stairs, still cursing, defeated as he didn't find his son. Theo and Matty remain motionless, neither muttering a word. Without warning, Matty strikes a matchstick, bringing light onto their location, firing up the candle. They both look about, wonder in their eyes as if they've unearthed Tutankhamen's tomb. They're in what appears to be a hallway, the light from their candle illuminating an oversized corridor leading into the darkness. Without any indication, Matty gets up and makes his way down the dark hall. The roiling in Theo's stomach's saying he shouldn't follow Matty down the darkened path as it'll be the worst decision he'll make in his whole life. Rather, he should leave and never talk of this discovery to anyone, even forget he even found this hall. The voice is there, inside him, all around him, but Theo can't make out the words, them only merely emotive noises denoting fear, dread, them warning him of the dire annihilation of his soul if he follows his friend. The voice is there but it's as powerful as a mosquito buzzing near his ear, and like a buggy skeeter, Theo swats the words of warning away, gets up from his spot and then jogs down corridor to catch up with Matty.

It's dank here. Theo touches a wall and it's clammy. As he follows next to Matty, it's obvious nobody has travelled this secret passage in some time as there's such a staleness in the air, a sickly stillness. Emptiness is all Theo senses. Matty's candlelight flickers as they enter a large room. He lifts the candle over his head, placing light onto this expansive chamber. There's wooden shelves all along the walls and large boxes in the middle of the room. Matty charges to uncover what they are, and once close enough, they conclude they're refrigerated apparatuses; freezers of sorts. Matty pivots in place, the candle still over his head, soaking in this uncovering. Theo sees a change in his buddy's facial expression, the candlelight flickering white, bouncing within the irises of his pal's eyes, having him appear nonhuman, a youngling demon in the making, metamorphosing right in front of Theo. This chamber is evil, Theo senses it, and Matty's possessed with this iniquity, a wickedness; although Theo can't verbalize what he's seeing happening to Matty, he's nonetheless bedazzled. Matty turns, his eyes translucent, diaphanous, his dark soul visible through his eye sockets. Matty approaches his friend.

"We're blood brothers now," Matty's voice is so different within the acoustics of this chamber. It's grave, adult-like, "and like in 'Forsaken Sunset', the cowboys are forever friends with a secret they share," Matty takes a hold of Theo's hand, "this room is our secret, forever, and our friendship will never end," and without any type of warning, Matty leans over and kisses Theo directly on the lips. Theo is stunned yet he does not dislike the gesture. Matty then backs away and right away begins inspecting the shelves and the freezers to find nothing. It's then Matty sheds a light onto what appears to be another hall. Once again Matty is dashing into the void while Theo doesn't know what else to do but follow his adventurous bud into the unknown.

Theo's quick to follow Matty who's slicing through the darkness, venturing this new corridor without fear. Matty abruptly stops, turns to Theo, them inches from the other. In front of them's a door. Matty turns the handle and once the creaky door opens, they're faced with a bricked wall. Either it's trickery or someone deliberately bricked up the threshold with the goal to conceal whatever's on the other side. Matty insolently raps, them hearing the hollowness, evoking there's an open space on the other face, "there's definitely, like, a room on the other side," Matty utters. Still, this is a cul-de-sac and they've come to the end of this circumstantial expedition. This brick wall reminds them they've got to go upstairs for supper. Sadly, there'll be no nice dinner at the Farling's tonight. Theo will go home and Matty will face the music, his dad's music, which'll be loud, painful, abusive, thunderous, destructive (*etc.*, *et al.*). They make their way back.

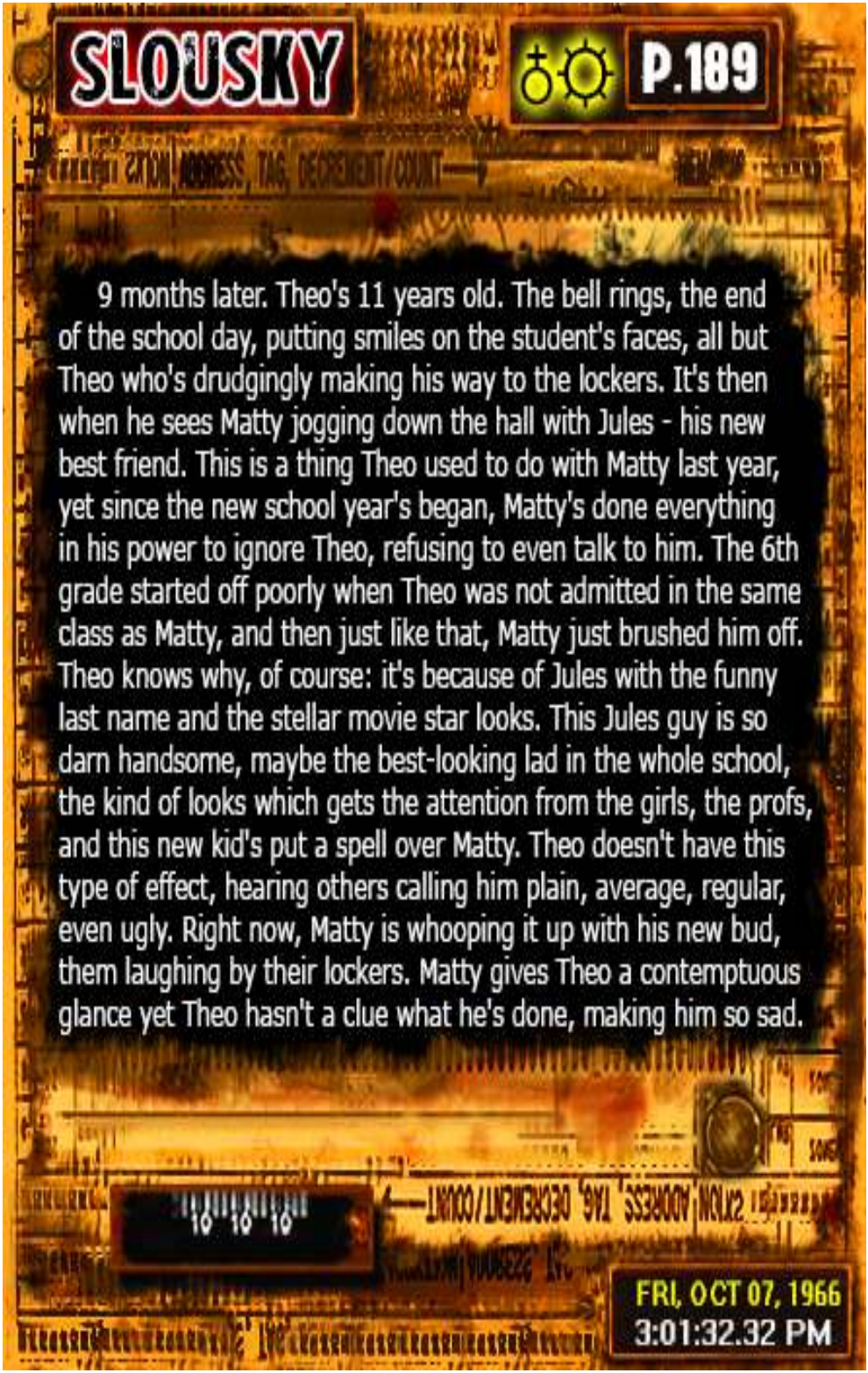
Luckily, there's nobody lurking by the hallway upstairs; the way proves clear to the front foyer. With a push, Matty directs Theo who breaks for the door. As Theo's putting on his boots, his pudgy chum urging him on, he can't help smile as Matty has such an attraction over him. It's then when Theo sees Matty's dad appear, catching sight of his son, Theo soon to witness a bloody beating. Matty runs over to Theo, opening the front door, pushing him out and slamming it in front of him. Theo remains in shock up until there comes such an impact onto the front door, bulging it almost off its hinges. He can hear Matty's dad swearing angrily while his blood brother makes his pleas. Without another thought, Theo begins jogging down the road doing his best not to slip on the ice.

2+ weeks goes by, Matty's beating is completely forgotten (aside for the gash on Matty's leg from the belt his dad used on him, however it's healing nicely). Theo's sleeping over who's shaken awake, Matty placing a finger on Theo's lips, shushing him. Matty has a flashlight behind his back, an aura radiating around his head giving him this celestial quality. Matty whispers to follow him, smiling. Together, they tiptoe all the way to the basement, right to the crack in the wall, leading to their secret room. They travel through this chamber, Matty leading him towards the bricked up doorway, or as Theo can see, there's now a new hole.

"There," Matty's been busy excavating, "I didn't tell you because I wanted it to be a surprise. Can you guess where it goes?" Theo hasn't a clue. Matty continues, "it goes next doors, to the house which is up for sale," Matty did some homework and explained to Theo their secret chamber with the freezers was an area they once stashed booze; it might have even been a distillery. It makes sense as Matty's home was built during prohibition. Theo sees his cute pal is excited about all this - the room they discovered and this path to an abandoned house, yet there's this other scary voice buzzing in Theo's eardrum muttering an ominous message at the same time his bud is talking to him. He hears 2 voices. Theo cuts his bud off.

"C'mon, Matty, we really should go back..."

"Yeah, sure. We'll check out the haunted house tomorrow. We got the day off, bro!" Matty is gleaming. They make their way back to Matty's bedroom, Matty hopping in bed with his pal, letting his blood brother play with his feet for as long as he cares.


SLOUSKY
P.189
9 months later. Theo's 11 years old. The bell rings, the end of the school day, putting smiles on the student's faces, all but Theo who's drudgingly making his way to the lockers. It's then when he sees Matty jogging down the hall with Jules - his new best friend. This is a thing Theo used to do with Matty last year, yet since the new school year's began, Matty's done everything in his power to ignore Theo, refusing to even talk to him. The 6th grade started off poorly when Theo was not admitted in the same class as Matty, and then just like that, Matty just brushed him off. Theo knows why, of course: it's because of Jules with the funny last name and the stellar movie star looks. This Jules guy is so darn handsome, maybe the best-looking lad in the whole school, the kind of looks which gets the attention from the girls, the profs, and this new kid's put a spell over Matty. Theo doesn't have this type of effect, hearing others calling him plain, average, regular, even ugly. Right now, Matty is whooping it up with his new bud, them laughing by their lockers. Matty gives Theo a contemptuous glance yet Theo hasn't a clue what he's done, making him so sad.
FRI, OCT 07, 1966
3:01:32.32 PM

Months go by. Theo's at home during the holidays. He's in his room and he's fondling Matty's dad's pair of socks. Theo closes his eyes, doing his best to recall that day, yet other memories come to mind like the great times he had with cute Matty. Theo wants to cry.

Back in the summer, Theo and Matty were inseparable, then that Jules brat moved in to the empty house next to Matty's. Since then, Theo's heard nothing more from Matty: no hanging out, no phone calls, no sleepovers, nothing at all. Theo's tried a ½ dozen times confronting Matty yet it's got him nowhere and he's never gotten an answer as to why Matty abruptly ended their friendship.

Theo doesn't know what comes over him but he knows he needs to address Matty. This time, he'll threaten him. Theo can snitch on Matty for the bad things he's done, like the time he stole comics at the drugstore or when he set fire to a library garbage can. Theo gets up, determination in his heart, bringing the socks as these will be ammunition and leverage, using them to blackmail Matty, saying he'll show the pair to Matty's pop if his buddy doesn't finally give him a straight answer as to why they aren't friends anymore. Theo can even menace Matty with their most sacred secret, saying he'll tell everyone about their secret chamber. Theo puts on his coat and boots, calling out to his parents that he's going to go for a walk, already rehearsing his confrontational speech in his head.

A few minutes later and Theo's rounding the corner to where Matty lives. Theo right away spots cute Matty who's working on a snow fort, yet Matty's stronghold is on his next door neighbour's property, Jules (who also happens to be Matty's new best friend). Theo sighs as he approaches Matty's and Jules' homes, now aware this is a terrible idea as nothing good could come by threatening someone else or being a blackmailer.

"What..." Matty stands erect, hovering over his snowy fortress, his forwardness surprising Theo out of his trance, as for a moment Theo was somewhere else, like watching a movie ~ not really there. Matty's words bring him back to reality.

"Hi, Matty," Theo offers him the sincerest smile he can muster. All the evil plots he planned, the malevolent schemes he conjured within his mind as he made his way over to Matty's place, they disappear once he's right next to his handsome, pudgy friend.

"I said... what do you want?" Matty, on the other hand, is rude, uncivil, unmannerly. His words are as cold as the temperature.

"I... I wanted to wish you a merry Christmas. It's cool school's out, huh..." Theo stutters out.

"Seriously?..." Matty is confrontational, "you came to my place to tell me that crap?"

"Well..." Theo's stumbling with his words, "I... was... kinda... wondering what you were doing..."

"Duh..." Matty snortles, "it's fucking obvious, isn't it? I mean, I'm building a fort. I swear, you're like the daftest person I know!"

"Why are you so angry at me?" Theo sounds defeated.

"Really?? It's plain. It's 'cause you're a frikkin' homo!" Matty says the last word with a huge grin.

"A wha...?" Theo remembers hearing that word before, at some point, somewhere, recalling it's an insult, yet he can't remember when and where nor who said it, and has no clue what it means.

"You're a homo, Theo."

"What's... a homo?..." Theo's puzzled look has Matty belt out a forced laughter.

"You're slow!" Matty eggs on, "a homo, Theo, look it up in the dictionary and you'll see your face right next to the word," Matty chuckles but Theo is still clueless, so he goes on, "a homosexual."

Theo continues staring. There's another word he's heard before, the 'homosexual' word, never associating nor placing a correlation with the 'homo' derivative, yet the present problem here is Theo doesn't know what these words signify.

"What's a homo... sixial...?" Theo does his best to pronounce the word yet falls short. This time, Matty's laugh is genuine, Theo recognizing the authenticity in his giggle; there's such sweetness in Matty's laugh.

"Are you stupid?" Matty can't contain himself, barking each word out. Theo becomes embarrassed, the blood rushing up to his cheek, shame stirring within. All this brings on anger yet Theo doesn't want his temper to get the better of him, even though he knows he's bigger and stronger than Matty.

"Hey, guys!" both Matty and Theo turn, seeing Jules stepping out of his front door, waving. It dawns on Theo he's never spoken to Jules, partly because he doesn't like him for taking his friend away but mostly it's out of jealousy, intimidated by his good looks, insecurities rise within Theo each time he catches sight of Jules at school. Theo then looks over to Matty who's smiling radiantly as he looks at his noble neighbour, admiration glittering in his eyes. Theo wonders if Matty ever looked at him in this way, doubting it.

"Jules!" Matty bellows out with such adoration, love even, Theo notices. A hateful, spiteful resentment fills Theo; never once has Matty shown such enthusiasm when greeting him, not the way he's doing so for Jules, even though Theo knows Matty's hamming it up.

"Hiya, Matt. Hi, Theo...?" Jules says. Theo's stunned how Jules knows his name, trying to recall if they've ever spoken, Theo 100% sure they haven't.

"Hi..." Theo says in a small voice, offering a polite grin. Jules returns a warm, friendly smile.

"Hey Jules, you know what a homosexual is?" Matty interrupts whatever moment Jules and Theo are sharing.

"A homosexual?" Jules sounds confused, "yeah..."

"What's a homosexual?" Matty asks.

"It's..." Jules has to think of it, "we saw that documentary in class, when men kiss and do gross things, with the doctor saying it's a sickness and they're working on cures for it."

"Exactly, a sickness, like a mental disease..."

"Why you bringing this up?" Jules takes the bait.

"It's 'cause Theo's the biggest fucking homosexual ever!" Matty chuckles like a lunatic. Theo is mortified -- Matty's insulting ways are making Theo's stomach churn, a horrible premonition brewing.

"Aw, c'mon, Matty, don't be mean to your pal," there's such a calm in Jules' tonality, a reassurance.

"Pal??? He's no friend of mine. And it's true! I betcha Theo's the biggest homosexual in the world!"

"You want me to punch you, Matty Farling?..." Theo doesn't know what else to say but he understands he must stand up for himself.

"Hey guys!" the 3 boys turn to the stereophonic sound of girls' voices. The fraternal twins, Jessy and Missy, pass through Jules' door. The twins are well known among the 6th grade as they're extremely pretty, their looks similar yet subtle distinguishing features give them both a unique look. At school, they're always together and they attract their fair share of attention. Jules waves and gives him his winning smile while Theo spots how much Matty is once more dramatizing, waving away to the girls as if they were long lost friends. Theo figures he should follow suit so he puts on his bravest face, waving as well.

"Theo... do you know Jessy and Missy?" Matty asks, turning to look at him, being civil suddenly, "and do you know Jules, my neighbour?"

"I've..." Theo looks at them gandering back, all of them breathing out thick fogs of condensation, their eyes showing signs of wanting to accept him, to allow him to be part of whatever little group they have going on, "I've seen you all at school. but no, we never spoke."

"I've seen you at school," Jessy states sincerely.

"So have I. You're in misses Thompson's class," Missy follows suit, "she's an army sergeant, from what I heard," she adds while tittering.

"A drill commander..." Jessy contributes with a giggle.

"An ugly witch!" Matty adds, having them all laugh, Theo as well. For a brief moment, Theo has a sense of being accepted, welcomed, a part of this group.

"My folks are having a dinner," Jules states after the laughter subsides, "Missy and Jessy's parents are here, and so are Matty's. We're going to be eating late, my mom told me, like 7 o'clock. If you want," he turns to Theo, "you can eat with us, my folks will for sure say yes," Jules' smile is angelic, his voice hypnotic, and even though Theo finds his pudgy friend Matty cuter to look at than this young movie star-esque Jules lad, this boy is immensely charming, his personality alluring.

"Really?..." even though he's had supper, Theo sees this invitation as important, an opportunity to make new friends and he can also get answers from Matty as to why he's been avoiding him. Theo smiles, "I'd really like..."

"Wait a minute..." Matty cuts in, "you don't want a homosexual eating with us, do you?"

"Matty, why you being mean?" Jules says straightforwardly.

"What's a homo... sexual?" Jessy questions. Missy shrugs her shoulder, not knowing either.

"You girls don't know what a homo is?" Matty turns to Jules, "tell 'em, Jules."

"Not this again," Jules rolls his eyes, then looks over to Theo who cannot mask his expression. Theo's about to cry, it being the last thing in the world he should do now, crying in front of Matty's new friends. This would prove he's guilty, that he's in fact a homosexual.

"Ma... Matty..." Theo becomes tongue-tied, his shame making him self-conscious, "stop calling me that, or else..."

"Or else you'll what... you'll suck my toes??" Matty blurts out.

It takes Theo a moment to register what he heard, the words 'suck' and 'toes' replaying in his mind. Right then, Theo realizes whatever secrets and desires safely hidden within the deepest penetralia of his soul - they've been disclosed; Matty's decided to expose Theo's 'thing' he has for feet. Theo's suddenly naked.

"Suck your... what...?" Jessy chimes in.

"Toes...?" Missy follows suit. Theo's going to be sick.

"Tell 'em, Theo, when I caught you licking my toes," Matty is so poise as he speaks, so cold, callous.

"I never licked your feet!" Theo raises his voice.

"At least be honest, you like touching them, right?"

"I..." Theo doesn't want to lie yet there's no way he can divulge this side of him. He doesn't know how. Theo's thinking is befuddled. He looks hard in Matty's eyes, '*why do you want to humiliate me?*' Theo wishes he could say those words out loud. Instead, he fumbles with his sentence, "I... I... don't... I don't..."

"I duh, duh, duh..." Matty mimics Theo. Theo looks around him and he sees the twins cannot conceal their smile, "you're sounding like a retard..."

"Matty, c'mon..." Jules once more tries to intervene.

"Jules, listen buddy, this guy Theo is a real pervert, I tell ya. I caught him sniffing my dad's feet when he was drunk and asleep. He even stole my dad's socks!"

"... he even stole my dad's socks!" while Matty says this, Theo's fiddling with Matty's father's socks in his pocket. Before, playing with these socks brought peace, a solace. Now they're incriminating him. Matty goes on, "I mean, just look at him. Can't you tell that he's a big sicko? He'd lick your dirty socks clean!"

"Ew! Dirty socks? Sucking toes?" Jessy looks over to her sister who makes a face as if she got a whiff of rotten fish. Theo can't take it anymore. He's going to cry if he stays here a minute more. But right then, without warning, the worst thing happens - he can't help it - the turkey dinner he had shoots forward and upward. He can't stop the sickly sensation and throws up his supper.

"Oh, yuck..." Missy takes an instinctive step back.

"Gross..." Jessy follows suit. Jules, astounded, simply looks on. The twins huddle behind Jules, protecting themselves from Theo and his gushing vomit. Matty's laugh is just maniacal, the guttural tonalities in his voice reaching insane shrilling sounds. Theo's legs are telling him to take flight yet his stomach isn't finished emptying itself. Theo could positively die, he's never been so ashamed. After a last bout of regurgitation, he feels better (in spite of despising his entirety). He stands, looking at Matty who's grin would put the vilest of demons to shame. Matty's got something round and white within the palm of his hand: a snowball. Matty winds up. Jules wants to call out to Matty, to change his mind, but before he can, Matty throws the snowball like a spitfire fastball, and whether it's with incredible precision or simply a fluke, he hits Theo with this snowball square on the nose.

And Matty, being the dirty player, he packed that snowball as best he could while making sure there was a piece of ice in the center of it. They can all hear the snap, Theo's schnoz breaking from the impact, accompanied by an eruption of blood. Theo can't conceal his squeal. He's even surprised with the sound which escapes him, like a little animal getting caught in a trap. It's the highest pitched noise Theo's ever made, however he has no time to abash himself for his girlish tone as the pain from the blow begins to sweep over him. He's also finding it difficult to breathe as his throat has filled up with blood, snot and tears, which in turns places panic in Theo's whole. Jules goes over to give him a hand yet Theo pushes him away, tumbling down the street towards home. Theo's sure he can hear the twins laughing joyfully, accompanied by Matty's crazy cackling. Theo's even positive he picks up Jules laughing as well. Theo doesn't look back. He does his best to breathe through his mouth while holding onto his nose, the blood pouring forth like Niagara Falls.

Once he gets home, Theo's father sees his son enter the house from the living-room and goes straight to him, and without asking a single question, packs him and his wife in the car, driving them to the hospital. On the way there, as his mother helps him with the hemorrhaging, he tells his parents he slipped on the ice and that's the end of that conversation.

SLOUSKY☼♀

SUN:> Login:☌_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Synchronization #294.
SUN:> Name: Theodore Slousky.
SUN:> Birth: Jan 27th, 1955.
SUN:> Death: Aug 10th, 2027.

MON, JAN 9, 1967

It's the 1st day back at school after the holidays. It's been 2 weeks since Matty broke Theo's nose, and although it's been healing nicely, he still has a sizeable dressing covering the middle of his face. It's very black, blue and purplish under both eyes. Rather than go the recess yard, Theo opts to go inside the school right away and hide in a bathroom stall until the class bell rings. As he approaches the door, he can hear a somewhat familiar voice call his name. It's Jules.

"Hey... hiya, Theo," Jules' tone is friendly.

"... hi," Theo's filled with shame as the memory of the snowball impacting upon his nose flashes up.

"Does it hurt?" Jules' voice has such a calming effect on Theo. He looks onto this young Adonis and knows Jules' being sincere; there's no malice in this Jules guy.

"No... well, not anymore..."

"You know, I'm so mad at Matty. That was rotten what he did, him throwing that snowball. I really told him off after you left."

"You did?..."

"Oh ya, I let him have it," Theo and Jules begin making their way down the hallway towards the lockers, "and so did the twins. Serious, it was the meanest thing I've ever seen someone do."

"But I thought you were the best of friends..." Theo comments.

"Are you frikkin' kidding me? We're not friends," Jules' expression changes, him disgusted, "he's gross, he smells, he says dumb stuff. Ya, he's my neighbour and his folks are friends with my parents, I mean, my foster parents... oh, you know I'm adopted, right?"

"No?..." Theo is surprised with this news, "I didn't..."

"Ya, the Bandarondi's aren't my real folks. I've never met my real parents. Heh..." Jules chuckles, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I never talk about it..."

"What you guys talking about?" Matty's standing next to them, surprising Theo and Jules. Theo's insecurity shoots up, conscious of the bandage covering his nose.

"Nothing," Theo nervously places his coat on his hook.

"Matthew," Jules leans on the lockers, speaking coolly, "I want you to apologize to Theo, like you said you would... remember...?"

"What? You crazy? I did tell you what this homosexual did while I was sleeping, right? Touching and licking my feet...?" Matty almost shouts all this out while Theo's heart's dying.

"Listen," Jules pushes off the lockers, him standing inches away from Matty, towering over him, "this is gonna end now. You're gonna leave Theo alone. You got this...?"

"What... you a fucking homo as well...?" Matty doesn't seem the least bit intimidated by Jules (the many beatings from his father has made Matty numb to physical pain), yet whatever patience Jules has always shown is now dissipated, him looming 3 inches taller and over Matty... something drastic is about to happen.

"I... I better go," Theo stammers out, closing his locker.

"Hey, Theo," Jules calls out to Theo who faces him, "after class, come over to my place, ok?" there's dead silence. Theo can't help but glance over to his incredibly attractive ex-friend, Matty, and right in front of Theo, Matty's eyes go dark, the white by the irises disappearing, giving him the appearance of a malefic character, a demon. Theo smells the jealousy oozing out of Matty.

"Euh..." Theo looks away from what he pines for: at Matty, not comprehending why what he finds beautiful is nothing but an evil monster, turning back to Jules, "yeah, sure, I'll see you after class," he says all flush in the face, then spins and scurries down the hall to his homeroom. Once he makes it to his class, for the 1st time in a long while, Theo feels like someone important.

2 weeks pass by. Theo's walking with his folks to the Bandarondis as they've been invited to Jules' birthday party. Theo's excited.

Quite a bit's changed for Theo in the past few weeks. Ever since Jules decided to befriend him, they've been almost inseparable. And what Theo's most secretly thankful for is Jules feet don't do a thing for him. Before, with Matty, Theo would space out while staring at his buddy's stout feet. But with Jules, although he's this handsome young lad, his type of looks has no effect on Theo. Rather, he's able to concentrate on their friendship which is more like a brotherhood (this being said, however, Theo's attention is still always drawn to those whom interests him - the bigger, portlier, bearish fellows).

Another thing happened: the moment Matty broke Theo's nose, it also broke the charm spell Matty had over Theo. No matter how physically attractive Matty's to Theo (even more so since his ex-bud has put on weight), he could never trust Matty again, ever.

Once they arrive at the Bandarondis and ring the doorbell, Theo instantly know something is awry. Hirio, Jules' foster-father, swings the door open, mistrust in his eye.

"Oh... hello..." Hirio's expression softens somewhat, "you didn't happen to see my son, Jules, at any point?..." there's exasperation in his tonality.

"No," replies Theo, seeing the worry in Jules' dad glances, "Jules isn't here?" Theo questions as they enter into the foyer, seeing the guests in the living-room, everyone looking solemn. It's 5:30 in the eve and this is supposed to be the biggest birthday party; it makes no sense to Theo as to why Jules is not here.

"There's no reason for alarm," Jules' foster-mother comes over to the Slouskys, "however this is so unbecoming of Jules," there's faltering in her voice, "as he's never pulled a stint like this before, knowing we'd be worried sick about him."

"Jules left with us," Jessy of the twins adds as everyone's now listening in, "he walked us home..."

"We left school around?..." her sister, Missy, cuts in.

"...12:15... 12:20...?" Jessy answers questioningly.

"It was about that," Missy continues, "Fridays, we finish school at noon. He came to our house," she proceeds, "and we had lunch, a hot cocoa, and then did our homework together," she looks over to her mom who shakes her head in agreement, "we finished it and he stayed until..." she looks over to Jessy.

"3:30... 3:45 the latest?" Jessy replies, doing her best to sound exact with her time.

"It was around that," Missy's trying to sound helpful as well yet filling in the details doesn't seem to bring comfort to anyone, as now 2 hours have gone by and Jules is nowhere to be seen.

"Supper's ready," Hirio says as cheerfully as possible, "let's eat. Once Jules gets home, he'll be surprised to see us all at the table, and then he's going to be even more shocked when he sees how angry I get," to that, everyone politely laughs although there's no humour in his words. Theo looks about and sees worry casted on the faces of the guests as they shuffle the party to the dining-room. Among the group, Theo catches Matty who's glaring back. '*Those eyes of his,*' Theo thinks, noticing how Matty's eyes are so black. Theo ominously knows Matty's somehow responsible for what's happening now; with Jules' absence and the bad feeling everyone's sensing. Theo spots malignancy in Matty's stare. In fact, Theo has this sinking sensation that something evil's happened to Jules.

3 days later. Theo's at home doing his math homework when his mind wanders over to his friend, Jules, who didn't show up to school today (Monday). Nobody saw him over the weekend either as Jules never made it home Friday night for his birthday party. By 10 that evening, the police were filling in a missing person's report. His mom was in hysterics while everyone was doing their best to console her.

On Saturday, they formed search parties. With the word of mouth from those at the birthday, along with the police and the firemen, they investigated all the nearby areas within their neighbourhood, and on Sunday afternoon, after church, there were over 200 people roaming the fields and forest areas contiguous to their suburbs, all the while everyone else in town was talking about the Bandarondi boy who went missing. Theo was there the whole weekend, right next to his dad, every single minute, doing all he could to find his best friend who's gone missing.

Theo's so confused as to what's going on. He can't understand how someone can disappear, vanishing into thin air. And even though he hasn't known Jules for very long, Theo wholeheartedly believes Jules is not a person who could or would pull a stunt like this.

Since this occurred, Theo never once allowed himself to believe Jules could be gone forever, hoping (like everyone else) that his friend will come waltzing down the street, him flashing his winning smile, any excuse he'd give as to his absence being fully acceptable. The notion Jules ran away from home did cross Theo's mind, but there was no reason for Jules to run away, the Bandarondis being probably the friendliest parents Theo knows of.

A light suddenly goes on inside Theo's head; he didn't think of this before, it only coming to him now. He goes downstairs, telling his parents he's going over to the Bandarondis to see if he can help with anything, his folks complying. Once he arrives at Jules' home, there's 2 police squad cars parked in front. Theo goes to the door and it's ajar, a faint whiff of cigar smoke pluming through the crack. He hears the murmur from a myriad of voices talking. He pushes the door open, spotting a conglomerate of people along the hallway. Not a single person pays any attention to Theo's presence.

Theo makes his to the cellar door, opening it, the cold air whisking his face. He goes down the flight and once he's downstairs he turns on the light. He looks about, seeing how deserted Jules' basement appears, a clear contrast to Matty's cellar next door which is teemed with sleek toy stations Matty fabricated for his car and train sets... the Bandarondis' cellar appears forgotten, abandoned, haunted.

Theo goes down the hall to the crack in the wall (which will lead him to the secret chamber, Theo forgetting about this seclusion ever since Matty broke his nose). Once he's near, he spots an old couch. Luckily it isn't heavy and he's able to move it away, and just as he expected, there's the hole in the wall. Having brought a flashlight, Theo leans down and throws a light through the crack, the darkness calling him to pierce it, whispering that the missing boy everyone in town is searching for is down this path. Jules is here.

Without another thought, Theo gets down on his knees and slips through the aperture with ease, gripping his flashlight. He stands up once on the other side, a knot forming within his stomach; even though he can't explain it, he knows he's onto something.

Theo steadily makes his way down the dark corridor up until he reaches the secret room. The immensity of the chamber overwhelms Theo as he flashes light all over the place. Looking along the shelved walls, there's nothing on them, all the ledges are bare. In the centre of the room, the oversized freezers are also there, unmoved. The obvious change here is the smell. Theo can't give the odour a name but it's a mix of stale piss, defecation and vomit, catching as well the malodorous stench of decay. Once more Theo questions himself as to why he's here, realizing how foolish it's of him to come here hoping to find a clue as to Jules' whereabouts. It's then when Theo notices there's something on top of a freezer lid.

As he approaches, he sees there's a bunch of bricks layered over a freezer's door. There's also dumbbell weights lying on their sides with 20 written on them. Last time he was here there were none of these things. As Theo tries to comprehend what he's seeing, a dull thud comes from within the freezer. Even though it's faint, it startles Theo as the noise breaks the soundlessness this chamber embeds. Fright fills Theo, and as he's about to dash out, he hears the hint of a whispering voice. The words are muffled yet the tone's familiar.

"Jules...?" Theo calls out responsively.

"Hel... help me..." it's Jules' voice. Theo's positive it's Jules.

"Hel... help me," it's Jules' voice. Theo's instincts kick in: putting the flashlight on the ground so as to light up the freezer, he begins removing the weights then the bricks. Once he opens the lid, the fetor of decomposition slaps him. There's a stirring from inside the box. Theo picks up his flashlight to see fingers grasping at the rim. He isn't afraid because he knows it's Jules. Holding his breath while flashing a light into the container, he approaches. If it weren't for Jules' beautiful eyes, he would have never recognized his friend. Scrunched up in a ball, Jules doesn't seem to have the strength to let himself up. He's naked and Theo believe he's covered in feces. He's also lost weight. Jules covers his eyes as the light blinds him.

"Jules..." Theo's soul is panging with such sadness as he doesn't understand as to why Jules is here; the idea of him being someone's prisoner doesn't register with him.

"Theo," Jules smiles. Even though Jules appears to be the most malnourished person Theo's ever seen, he offers a smile. But Theo doesn't care what his friend looks like, smells like, that he's naked and covered in something filthy; all which matters is he's found his bud and everyone in town is going to be so happy once they find out Jules' safe.

Theo's about to give Jules a hand out when someone grabs his shoulder from behind, pulling him forcefully away from the freezer, so much so he loses his footing and tumbles to the floor. Although Theo loses his balance and finds himself on the concrete, he didn't let go of the flashlight. He turns the beam over to see Matty Farling standing by the refrigerated box, him looking straight back at Theo, Matty's eyes not even squinting at the harsh ray of illumination from Theo's light flashing straight in his face.

Theo's hypnotized by Matty's sudden presence. Neither of them stir. From within the box, Jules says something which Theo can't make out, yet it sounds like a plea, as if he's begging, but before Theo can decipher what his pal's uttering, Matty slams down the freezer door with as much projectile force this pudgy kid can muster up, the metal door landing straight onto Jules' hand which is still holding onto the rim. The moment the lid crashes down onto Jules' hand, Theo hears fingers breaking followed by such a mournful yelp. Matty lifts the door wide open to bring it back down with the same force as before, Jules wisely removing his mangled hand. Theo's unable to produce a rational thought, but he responsively knows he must defend Jules. Theo stands up, reminded it was Matty who just pushed him to the ground. Theo advances towards Matty who grabs a brick, raising it over his head, and the look in Matty's eyes is informing Theo he'll not hesitate to crack open his skull if Theo decides to rush him.

"You're gonna leave this place," Matty speaks with such a calming demeanour, "and you're never gonna tell anyone what you know."

"I will," Theo finds the courage to stand up to this vile bully, "I'm not afraid of you. I'm going upstairs right now and tell Jules' parents where he is..."

"No, you're not," Matty says flatly.

"You're not going to stop me, Matty. I'm bigger than you," Theo throws out his bluff with such conviction, he believes even himself.

"***Ye... yes, I like feet.***"

"*Ye... yes, I like feet.*"

Theo hears his own voice coming from around Matty's vicinity, it robotic sounding, staticky. Theo's puzzled look must be priceless as Matty's smile is so genuine, so beautiful, so evil.

"***Do you like my feet?***" It's now Matty's voice which Theo hears, him too sounding machinelike, far away. Something awakens within Theo as he hears Matty's mechanical voice go on, "***c'mon... you can tell me... do you like looking at my feet?***"

"***... I guess so, yes, I like looking at your feet,***" Theo hears a click. Matty produces the audio tape recording machine in front of him. He hits rewind, the tape swirling until it stops. There's another click, Matty hitting play.

"***Ye... yes, I like feet,***" Matty hits the stop button and his smile widens while Theo finally clues in.

"You recorded me..." Theo's experiencing a new state: paranoia.

"Wow, you're not quick, are ya? Yeah, I recorded you. I just can't wait until everybody upstairs hears the tape, how about you?" Matty lights up a cigarette, making clouds of smoke, "I wonder if they'll think it's me who locked Jules here in this freezer," Matty pauses, letting each syllable sink in, "or if they'll think it's you, the crazy homosexual with the weird fucking thing for guy's feet," hitting rewind, Matty replays the recording again:

"*Ye... yes, I like feet.*"



"So," Matty breaks the silence, "once everyone realizes you're a big homo, they will..."

"Stop saying that!" Theo does his upmost to come off tough, yet his nerves are failing him, his vocal chords sound shaky, and Matty's picking up on his weakness. All the while, Jules' wallowing in the background is hurting Theo's ears; he's never heard anyone lament with such sadness.

"Anyhow, I don't care, go upstairs, tell everyone," Matty keeps with his tranquil tone, "I'll simply play them the tape... oh, how can I forget," Matty takes a package from his pocket, tossing it on the top of the fridge, chuckling, "look inside. Like my dad says; it's in your best interest if you did."

Theo takes the package. Inside it are photographs, and the 1st photo is of himself removing Matty's dad sock from his foot while he was sleeping. Theo flips through the image and it's a slide show of himself, of him removing the sock, followed by pictures of sniffing Matty's dad's foot. There's a few closeups of Theo as well, clearly identifying it's him. Panic begins forming a lump in Theo's throat. The last image is of Theo placing his lips onto Matty's father's bare foot, Matty capturing his most secret, sacred moment. Theo drops the photos, the situation and the scents overpowering him. He must throw up. All the while, Matty drones on about how he has all this ammunition which will frame him. Theo just can't understand how someone so attractively appealing as Matty can be so viciously evil, so darkly empty as a human being; in fact, Theo's being confronted by an antihuman, a *lusus naturae*. Theo faints on the photos.

2 weeks go by. Theo's huddled close to his parents on the sidewalk, alongside what looks like everyone from town. The news spread fast of them finding Jules' body. Everyone was surprised to find out they discovered the dead boy in the basement cellar of their very own home, of the Bandarondis, who adopted the child. They were all speaking about it at church this morn; how they chanced upon a small crack in a wall which led to some hidden chamber. Ever since Jules' been missing, the story of the boy who vanished into thin air has been the hottest topic. Even though Theo's 100% depressed, he's still impressed with all of the people who're showing up at the Bandarondis' house. There's even news reporters pushing their way to the front.

Once the body of Jules passes the front door on a stretcher, a hush comes over the crowd. Jules' covered with a sheet and the reality this is the dead orphan boy is hitting the onlookers.

Theo's heard some gossip and rumours already. From what he's pieced out: the Bandarondis' sold their house and were removing furniture from the basement when they discovered the hole in the wall. Mister Bandarondi called the police so as to remove the boy's body from the secret chamber. It seems Jules locked himself by mistake in a freezer, the top coming down and locking him inside. That's a rendition. Another version is that it's mister Bandarondi who locked his own foster-child in the basement. Some have even whispered it's misses Bandarondi who did the evil deed, while some are going as far as to say it's the both who were in it together, them both being sick and twisted individuals. Theo has no choice but to listen to all these horrible speculations, knowing it's Matty Farling who's fully to blame for Jules' death.

60 years later. Theodore Slousky's 72 years old. He dies motionless in his La-Z-Boy chair as he's watching some crap on television.

Theo reopens his eyes. He sees the TV and hears noises yet he's suffering from some type of aphasia - the characters on the screen are talking in tongues.

Theo raises his hand in front of him, wondering if the colour of his hand's always been grey, but then, in between his grey fingers, he sees a blurry blob. Theo can make out it's Eugene. It's his son. '*But my son is dead...*' is what goes through Theo's mind, '*the loser killed himself, committing suicide, but here he is... I should say hi.*'

Theo tries to get up from his chair but he forgets how. He doesn't understand how to use his body anymore. Then comes the largest electrical jolt he's ever experienced. If before he didn't know how to get out of the chair, the shock he receives has him flying. He finds himself on the floor, gyrating and convoluting all the while he hears machinelike clicking sounds and crunching. He looks down and spots a box with numbers on it resting on his grey shirt. It's alight, flashing symbols, crackling away, and even though Theo doesn't know how he knows: it's the sound of a computer processing data. Once the pain from the jounce he received subsides, he can no longer make out his son's outline, everything's fuzzy, and with each blink, his son dissipates up until he fades away. At that point, Theo turns off.

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login:♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> De-Synch (#294).
SUN:> Name: Theodore Slousky.
SUN:> Birth: Jan 27th, 1955.
SUN:> Death: Aug 10th, 2027.
SUN:> Age: 72 years old.
SUN:> _

SUN:> _
SUN:> Next Synch in:
SUN:> 20 Days: 23 Hrs:
SUN:> 59 Min: 58 Secs.
SUN:> _
SUN:> Luvzzz Ya'zz!!!!
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

8.2 - THE COMING DOWN - 2027 (≈72 YRS LATER)

20 days have gone by since Slousky synched up with his foot licking, toe sucking, gay father (dead Theodore).

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 2027 - 10:57:03.09 AM P.212

It's been 3 weeks since Slousky's synched with Theo (his loser dad) and he's still getting flash memory-bubbles from his pathetic father's life, like when his silly mom was in labour (with him), his idiot dad was dressed up like his favourite Village People, high on coke with his fuck buddy while hanging out in some dive queer bar. As his llama mother gave birth to him, his gay pop was dancing to Donna Summer, closing the bar and leaving with some porky effeminate number he met once the lights went on, going to his place, had unprotected sex while licking and caressing this brother's feet, telling him how much he loved him (to never seeing him again). His piteous father finally headed over to the hospital to see if his farce for a wife was ready to leave. Not once did Theo ask to see his son, pretending only to be interested whenever a nurse came by to congratulate him.

When Eugene was 7 years old (in 1984), his meek dad had the scare of his life: 3 of the tricks he'd been fucking had died from this new gay killer called AIDS. At the time, nothing was known of this disease yet everyone in the gay ghetto was scared shitless of it, the bars emptying out, the blame running high, and all this allowing a new witch-hunt to brew against gays. Theo got tested and was not infected yet the fear he experienced was strong enough to put him in remission with his need to screw husky bearish men while sucking their toes. It was only many years later, after his shit for brains son finally left to go to university followed by divorcing his useless wife, and being more informed about HIV, did his whorebag dad decide to return to the gay village to hook up with the newer generation of pudgy footed gay chubs, this time armed with condoms.

SLOUSKY P.213

When Theo's stupid son committed suicide, he wasn't the least bit surprised. The luckless lad had been out of the house for 13 years by that time. Before he offed himself, Theo hadn't spoken to his kid in 3 years, neither of them calling nor even sending a lousy Xmas card.

At the funeral home, Slousky's emasculated dad saw his estranged lippy wife who doubled in ugliness, her sister as well (them obviously in competition). And all during the final rites, Theo mused over how secretly pleased he felt now with his dip kid offing himself since he'll no longer need to pretend at being a father nor will he ever have to see his greedy ex, their inept son being the only weak link they had. Still, Theo knew better not to smile at a funeral.

What surprised Theo was the amount of camera folk who showed up (the paparazzi). Slousky's derf dad hadn't a clue what his son did for a living. It appears his son was an online celebrity yet for all the wrong reasons. He never heard of a Slousky dot com, Theo learning all this from a nephew over a catered meal afterwards; how his son ran a popular website and he committed suicide by hanging himself online in front of 200k+ viewers. His nephew filled him in by saying his son ran a shock site, posting the most horrible type of photos and videos. He'd also post vile blog updates and the evilest of vlogs.

Slousky hung himself in 2010 and Theo had never once been on the internet (not even knowing what it was). Fortunately, the nephew had his pad with him and Theo (55 then) was now no longer a virgin when it came to cyberspace and the information superhighway.

Theo's son's webpage blurred the lines between freedom and hate speech. His son opened his site in 1995, the net in its infancy, the globe still ignorant to how vital a communicative tool the net will be. In '95, as everyone was making innocent homepages, adding pics of themselves and their fluffy pets, Slousky was among those pioneers who were blogging all day, keeping the content fresh, and instead of posting cutesy photos of adorable puppies, he'd post a video of an indigenous culture hacking off the head of a kitten and cooking it, showing the toothless clan smiling while chewing on their feline meal.

His son struck a chord among the disgruntled masses as he was receiving all kinds of material to post on his website: crime scene photos sent in by technicians working for the police (never meant for public consumption). He'd get the strangest medical media emailed by dissatisfied hospital staff members. Unruly postal workers would send in letters they opened, revealing the most intimate sentiments people would write to others, their souls exposed. His son would post dental photos of the worst kind, of mutilated bodies and of torture.

Alongside this shock material, his nerd son had a way with words. Slousky professed: before the net, a common loser had no hand in media manipulation, getting knocked down, censored and tried like a witch in Salem. Before the internet, the powers that be repressed whatever tainted their sacred doctrines. Once the net came alive, corporations started losing control on how humans consumed their media. And it's then when geeks like Slousky waltzed in and flipped everything on its head. Slousky preached: corporations will crumble apart as TV won't interest the masses because everything on the net is free (.JPG, .PNG, .MP3, .AVI, .VOB, .TORRENT). Theo didn't have a fucking clue what this nephew was talking about.

SLOUSKY

Alongside posting the most awful photos and videos on his site, which in themselves drew a huge number of surfers, Theo's sick son also put up a ton of pornographic material of the kinkiest type.

Theo's nephew knew so much about his twit son, proclaiming he's always been a hardcore Slouskian, proud in the fact his cousin's the mastermind behind Slousky.com.

After listening to his dorky nephew ramble on about his offspring for 30 minutes, Theo still felt nothing for his boy. Neither impressed nor repelled, he didn't give a rat's ass what his kid did whilst alive. Theo just wanted these services to be over as quickly as possible so he'd never have to think about his good-for-nothing kid ever again.

After the funeral rites, Theo pushed through the crowd of camera people, going to his car without speaking a word. As he drove away, he entertained the idea of making a quick buck from his son's death as it's surely a hot topic now, profiting by riding the bandwagon, yet this would mean Theo'd have to talk about his retarded lad as well as his role as a father, a title he's always loathed. Now with his son dead, it'll be like the little shit never existed.

Usually Slousky's able to shake off a synch, allowing him time to worry about more important affairs (like the upcoming synch), but there's so much about his homosexual father which is fucking up Slousky, and recalling how he relived his perverted dad's life for 72 years has him sick to his grey stomach. Slousky's always hated fags so having to suck stinky cocks, felch hairy asses, fuck holes belonging to sweaty overweight men, and then lick their corned feet, to kissing, sniffing, tonguing and adoring them, to always fantasize about pudgy men's socks day and night, just like Theo did, is disturbing Slousky.

There's also that insane situation Theo lived through as a young lad. Slousky's quite recognizant Theo (his lame dad) is an accomplice to murder; when in 1967, Matty locked Jules in the freezer, Matty then blackmailing Theo, resulting in Theo never telling a soul with what he witnessed, suffering his whole life with guilt and the fear of exposure. But what's distressing Slousky is he's 100% sure Matty's the younger version of the disgustful pedophile, mister Farling, the evil pig who's raped, tortured and killed young boys. What's even more fucked up is Slousky's depraved dad had a crush on this Matty (and his feet).

Slousky scratches at the nape of his grey neck as if there's bugs crawling up it. He's jonesing. He needs a fix something urgent. He knows he's about to synch soon.

He can't help but glance at his synchwatch:

RED:> 2027/09/09 - 11:04:33.19 AM ≈ [0 ☼ 00:51:12.59]

Slousky's been hiding within the sewer system under the crappy suburbs where he grew up. After synching with his icky dad, he saw an opened manhole, taking the opportunity, him hiding in these shit stained gutters ever since. 3 weeks have passed, and in 51 minutes, Slousky has to synch up with another dead unit. Knowing better not to piss off 'The System' by loitering in these sewers, he makes over to where he sees a light, believing it be safer to synch above ground than below, hoping he'll synch up with a big chested bimbo who was a nymphomaniac. Slousky definitely hopes 'The System' will show some heart after having him recently synch up with his gay father, and before that, Slousky having to relive the horrible death of them young boys, murdered by a deranged, subhuman, demonic fucker...

"Hotdogs! Git 'yar hotdogs! 2 fer 'tha price of 1!"

"Hotdogs! Git 'yar hotdogs! 2 fer 'tha price of 1!"

Slousky shudders, hearing a familiar voice. '*But that's impossible!*' Slousky's frantic. He should be in the burbs but 'The System' cheated and Slousky's back in the dirty megalopolis. Peering up at the opened manhole, he knows evil's just above. Slousky sighs.

Slousky's shirt-card's whirring away. He must leave these sewers or something worse than a synch will incur. He makes his way up the ladder, popping his grey head out of the manhole to find himself just a yard away from the pedophile, Mister Farling, who's sitting by his hotdog stand, making a sale to a mom, him unabashedly touching her child who's all giggly as it toys with mister Farling's kitten. Slousky's amazed at how this pervert's been getting away with his sick ways for so long, in plain public, even condoned as this mother's smiling alongside her kid who's getting pawed by this monster.

Seems Father Sun enjoys a dramatic setting as He hides behind dark clouds, a storm brewing. Mister Farling looks up, grinning at the sky as if he's the master of the Universe. Slousky spots dead Billy coming from behind, along with slayed 'lil Jameson. Mister Farling gathers his stuff as the wind's picked up, him incognizant to the ever growing gang of deceased boys surrounding him, Slousky recognizing Jules among them. The skies light up, turning it silver, followed by a crack of thunder, the rain suddenly pouring down. Mister Farling, on his vending bike, passes by the manhole, splashing Slousky as he rides by, him sensing the drops of rain on him but it's not wet, more like vibrating blips on his grey skin.

Slousky watches as mister Farling cycles down the road, the guild of murdered lads keeping hot on the pedophile's trail, jogging along, them waiting for the day when their predator dies. Slousky's alone; for the 1st time since he's killed himself, Slousky feels hope.

'*Did I synch already? Is it over?*' Lately Slousky's dead world's been so upside down, constantly zapped for thinking dumb thoughts, his shirt-card outputting painful reports, barraged with memory-bubbles; Slousky's so lost. He shouldn't but looks at his synchwatch anyway:

RED:> 2027/09/09 - 11:13:33.19 AM ≈ [0☼00:42:25.58]

42 minutes left - meaning he hasn't synched up yet, '*but... all the dead boys are gone,*' having chased after mister Farling. And due to the sudden rainfall, there's not a soul on the street (living nor dead), so feeling semi-safe, Slousky climbs out of the manhole. ♂☼

Before he can relax, Slousky's shirt-card lights up. Ahead, in the blurry storm, there's approaching lights. Lightning crackles, Slousky's confronted with a crippled looking dead boy. This kid has a sideshow carnival look about him, an arm and leg deformed (or diseased). The lightning disappears, Slousky's now greeted with glittering eyes, their brightness growing as this malformed, deceased child nears. ☼♀

Slousky's synchwatch's flashing, his shirt-card whizzing away, and his grey eyes light up, shining brilliantly straight ahead. In front, he's faced with another of mister Farling's victim. It's incomprehensible to Slousky how an adult could hurt a child, even get pleasure. And this pedophile murdered a handicapped boy this time. '*This is so fucked,*' but before Slousky loses himself in befuddlements, his eyes singe, the light blinding him, '*here we go...*' Slousky's last thoughts before synching, '*time to fucking die again...*'

☼SUN:> Login:♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Synchronization (#295).
☼SUN:> Subject's Name: Vincent Timothy Graham
☼SUN:> Birth: December 24th, 2002.
☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Logout.

CHAPTER 9

9.1 - VINCENT - 2002 (≈25 YRS AGO)

Slousky's synched up with the dead Vincent Graham. Slousky will now live like a child with deformities.

...Kliklirhz Whurzh...
11:07:43.22 PM
Tuesday, December 24th, 2002

Vincent Timothy Graham's born to Celia and John Jr. Graham (the only offspring they'll have). Right away it's noticeable their child has several defects, them not showing up properly in the ultrasounds; the newborn's missing toes and fingers on his left side. Due to it being Christmas eve, Celia tells the hospital staff her boy's a miracle, while John Jr.'s thinking the opposite: he sees a cripple who'll never be a star athlete - worse - he'll cost a fortune in hospital bills.

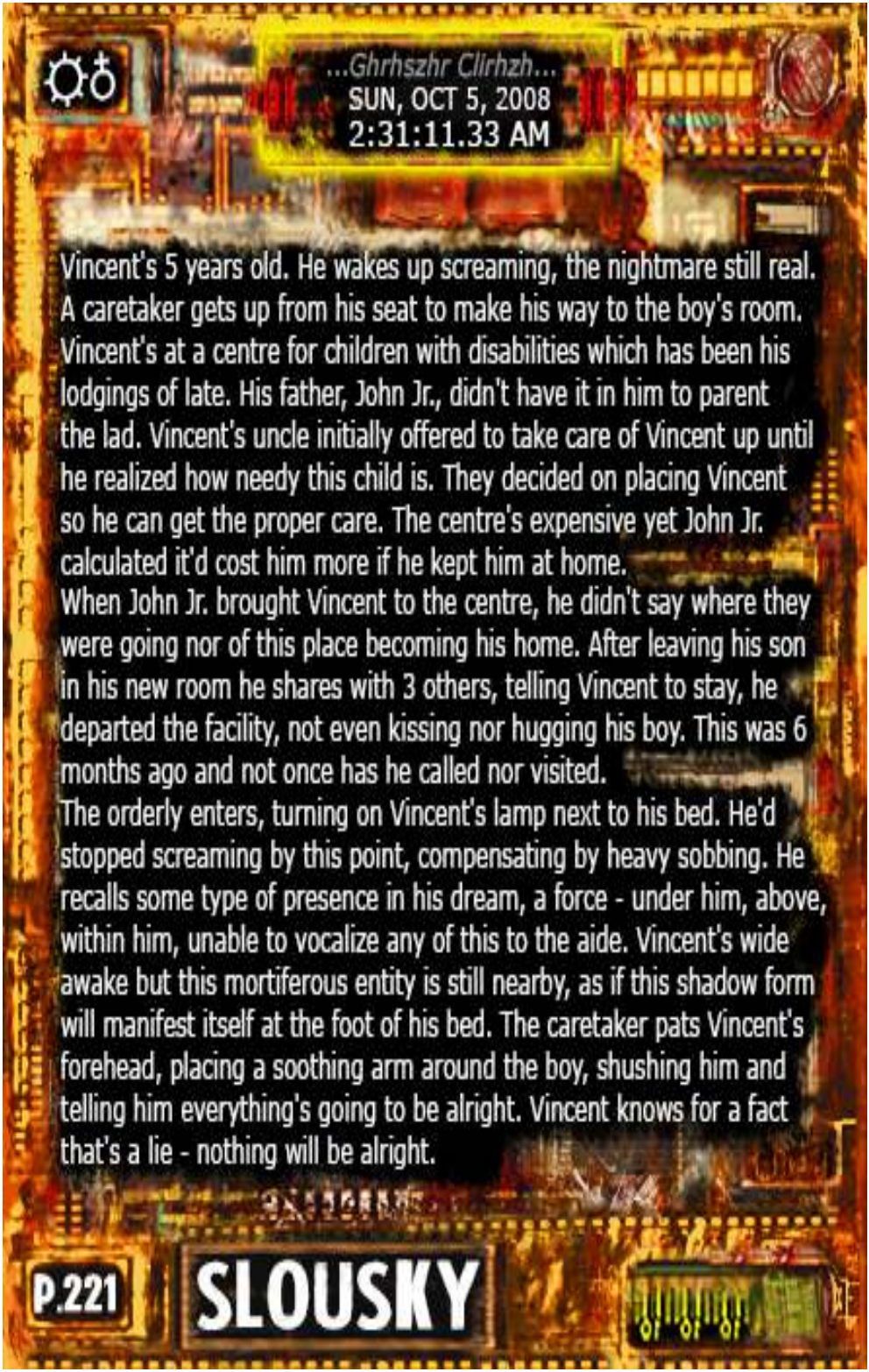
...Zhreezzhssh Clikshrzsh...
Saturday, February 25th, 2006
5:22:41.48 PM

Vincent's 3 years old. He's in the back seat as they drive away from his mother's funeral proceedings. He's got no idea what's going on but his mom isn't anywhere to be seen and his father's being way more colder than usual with him.

During the funerary ceremony, John Jr. stands up and states cancer's the worst thing ever. 2 months ago, Celia, his wife, was the healthiest creature, but after a routine checkup with the doctor, she found out she had ovarian cancer. John Jr. really hopes his wife's death will remind others to live theirs at the fullest, as Celia was an exemplary human being. His eyes tearing, crimping his epitaph, John Jr. declares it should have been him or his son who should've died, not her. Now off script, he says his light's extinguished, sees only darkness, and doesn't know how he's going to bring up a crippled son without his wife. Looking down at the crowd, he says his son has rheumatic arthritis in both arms and legs, as well as deformations, missing toes and fingers, all this resulting in the simple fact his only son's fucking broken. Once John Jr. decided to swear during his wife's memorial, it broke the hush over the audience. John Jr. went on about he's been in constant debt since Vincent needs so much special care, and this kid's troubles never seem to end. At this point John Jr. breaks out into a laughing fit, chortling how they didn't bother to get life insurance, believing they were still young. Then there were also his late wife's chemotherapeutic treatments, and now there's also the funeral costs which, of course, they didn't put aside for.

Peering over a mesmerized group, John Jr. looks straight at his boy and says his kid's costing him an arm and a leg, no pun intended. It's at this point, Larry, John Jr.'s older brother, gets up from his pew and grabs Vincent from his seat, storming out of the funeral home. Others promptly follow suit, putting on their winter gear, behaving as if the services were over, everyone ignoring John Jr. who tries talking over them, telling them he's not finished.

Vincent, from the backseat of his uncle's car, catches his dad coming out of the church, running after the car, then watches him fall flat on his ass as the pavement's a sheet of ice.


...Ghrhszhr Clirhzh...
SUN, OCT 5, 2008
2:31:11.33 AM
Vincent's 5 years old. He wakes up screaming, the nightmare still real. A caretaker gets up from his seat to make his way to the boy's room. Vincent's at a centre for children with disabilities which has been his lodgings of late. His father, John Jr., didn't have it in him to parent the lad. Vincent's uncle initially offered to take care of Vincent up until he realized how needy this child is. They decided on placing Vincent so he can get the proper care. The centre's expensive yet John Jr. calculated it'd cost him more if he kept him at home.
When John Jr. brought Vincent to the centre, he didn't say where they were going nor of this place becoming his home. After leaving his son in his new room he shares with 3 others, telling Vincent to stay, he departed the facility, not even kissing nor hugging his boy. This was 6 months ago and not once has he called nor visited.
The orderly enters, turning on Vincent's lamp next to his bed. He'd stopped screaming by this point, compensating by heavy sobbing. He recalls some type of presence in his dream, a force - under him, above, within him, unable to vocalize any of this to the aide. Vincent's wide awake but this mortiferous entity is still nearby, as if this shadow form will manifest itself at the foot of his bed. The caretaker pats Vincent's forehead, placing a soothing arm around the boy, shushing him and telling him everything's going to be alright. Vincent knows for a fact that's a lie - nothing will be alright.
P.221
SLOUSKY

P.222

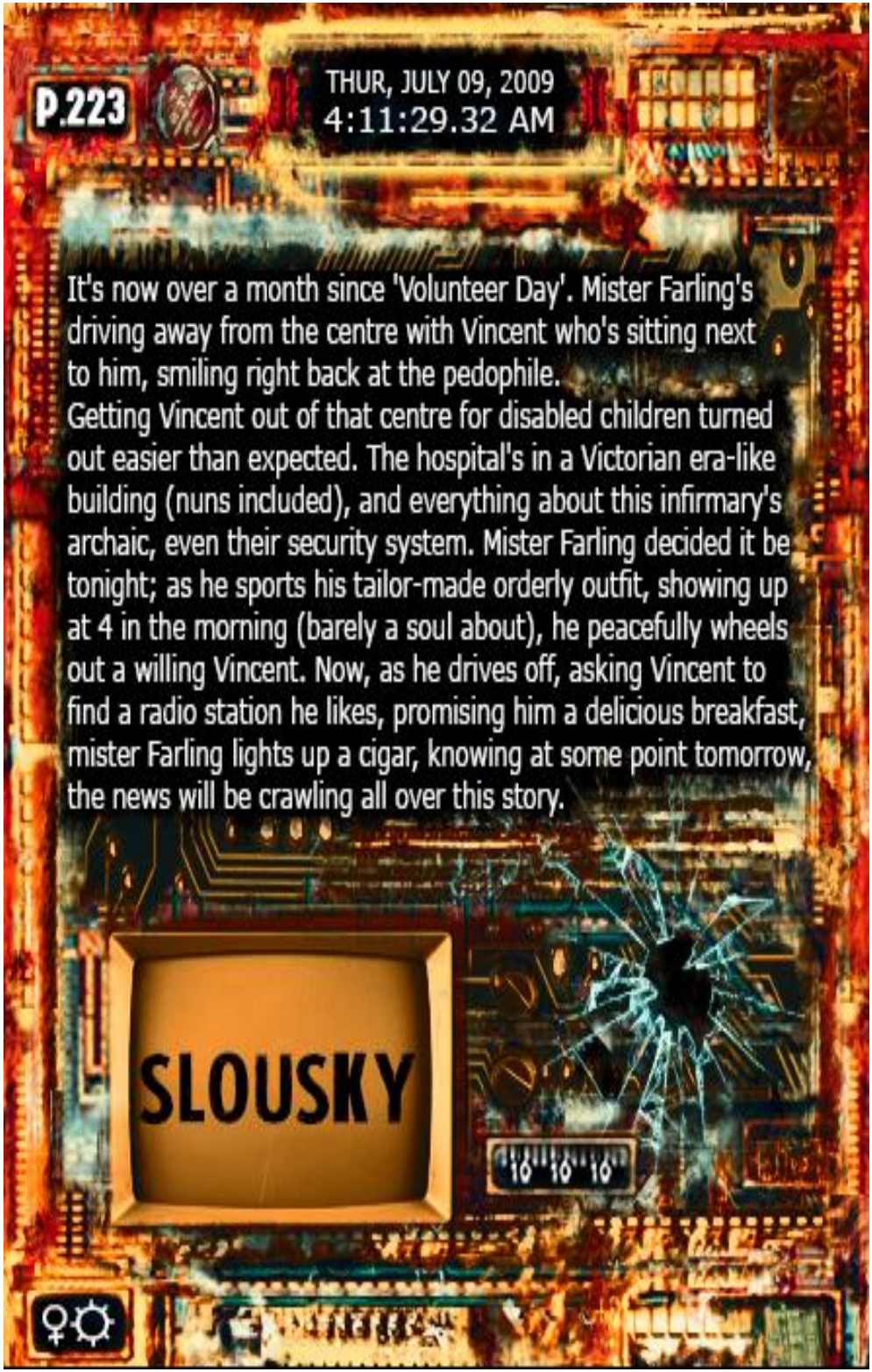
SLOUSKY

Vincent's 6 years old. Today's 'Volunteer Day'; once a month, the centre for disabled children celebrate their volunteers by organizing a special day, inviting a magician, a musician, a clown, firemen and policemen oftentimes making special guests. It's a day filled with all kinds of activities and fun foods as well as gifts. The fact Vincent's father's not once visited, not even on 'Volunteer Day' - when every other resident child has some type of relative show up on this day, this doesn't damper Vincent's excitement at the least. He just loves 'Volunteer Day'; the magic show, the sing-a-longs, as well as all the extra attention everyone devotes to him, just like the kind-hearted volunteer, mister Farling.

Some of the volunteers are family members to these children, while others are retired folks, some religious, and others are considered as bighearted souls, like mister Farling. For the past year, mister Farling's been offering his time, telling the centre he'd lost his own wife and child to a fire incident a few years back, him not ready to start another family but he still wants to give, and volunteering at this place's exactly what he needs. Mister Farling does his best to spend a little time with all of the handicapped children, trying not to show favouritism among them, yet if anyone were paying attention, they'd have noticed mister Farling does in fact give a tad more of his time to little, parentless Vincent.

Today mister Farling decided to wheel Vincent about, to be with him, to give this child a little of his love since there's nobody who comes to visit him. He likes to tell the staff and other family members the child he lost had special needs, and Vincent reminds him a lot of the boy he once had.

SAT, MAY 23, 2009
2:43:54.34 PM


P.223
THUR, JULY 09, 2009
4:11:29.32 AM
It's now over a month since 'Volunteer Day'. Mister Farling's driving away from the centre with Vincent who's sitting next to him, smiling right back at the pedophile.
Getting Vincent out of that centre for disabled children turned out easier than expected. The hospital's in a Victorian era-like building (nuns included), and everything about this infirmary's archaic, even their security system. Mister Farling decided it be tonight; as he sports his tailor-made orderly outfit, showing up at 4 in the morning (barely a soul about), he peacefully wheels out a willing Vincent. Now, as he drives off, asking Vincent to find a radio station he likes, promising him a delicious breakfast, mister Farling lights up a cigar, knowing at some point tomorrow, the news will be crawling all over this story.
SLOUSKY

It's been a week since Vincent's been abducted and the news is still frontlining this story. It's only recent mister Farling has the internet yet he loves it so much more than TV. His favourite site's CNN.com in which he gets to watch the numerous and continually updated coverage about the missing disabled boy, and there's a video he rewatches; a CNN reporter's interviewing a grumbly mother who's abashedly condemning this hospice for sick kids. The whole time she's flailing her finger in the air, almost poking the reporter in the eye, all the while thrashingly rocking her son in his chair with her other hand.

What's most priceless about this video is, behind the interview, mister Farling sees himself wheeling a handicap girl down the hall alongside another parent who's doing the same. Seeing himself in the video has done so much for his ego and has been extremely good for his morale. He didn't have it in him to go up to a reporter and volunteer to talk in front of the camera, reconsidering it might be a bad idea in the long run (although he's nothing to hide since he's never been caught). Nevertheless, mister Farling knows it's best to always keep a low profile, yet he's viewed this video on their site easily 1000 times.

Each time mister Farling watches this video on his laptop, he's sitting right next to Vincent. Rather than put him in his box as he's done in the past with the others, mister Farling just doesn't have the heart to do it to Vincent, not yet. Seeing this little child with his awful disability, his deformation, all the while the molester imagining how painful the boy's rheumatoid arthritis must be, mister Farling has made a special room for the child in the basement of the house he's been renting.

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SLOUSKY

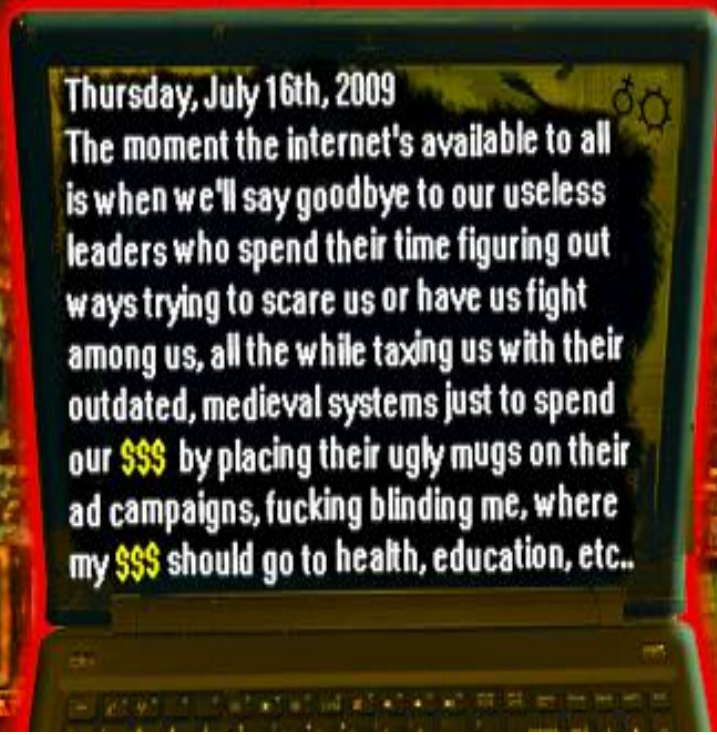
Up until today, mister Farling continued to visit the hospice for disabled children, even among the chaos it's presently ensuing, as not showing up would spark suspicion. Before kidnapping Vincent, mister Farling had stature at this hospital for sick kids, playing an important role with his volunteering, dividing his time among all the patients, giving an ear to any family member, while letting everyone know he's a widower, losing his wife and boy (with special needs) to a fire. It's true, he's a widower, after killing them, it looking like an accident (the boy was his step-son who wasn't handicapped, and he married to be close to her son).

Today, the hospital's closed its doors to the public, the pedophile checking the updates on CNN.com, a reporter rambling on how health care system's corrupt, mister Farling doing his best to explain all this to Vincent while they cozy up and share a Happy Meal together.

Mister Farling has also been educating his Vincent about his latest discovery - the World Wide Web - and how, overnight, his whole life's changed. Although he has CNN playing on his TV in the background all the time, he can't get enough of their juicy website. But when he needs a change of pace, explaining this to Vincent, mister Farling will visit his other favourite site: Slousky.com. Mister Farling tells Vincent there's nobody else on the planet who he relates more to than to than with the webmaster, Slousky. Mister Farling says this Slousky nails the balls on the wall to whoever he doesn't like that day, may it be some cretin government fascist or an idiot religious fundamentalist who got caught doing dumb shit, Slousky bodyslams these fucks with his words. Vincent doesn't fully understand the pedophile, yet there's truly no other grownup who's been kinder to him than Mister Farling.

SLOUSKY

Mister Farling considers himself a full-blown Slouskian fan, buying a t-shirt, posters, a pen, a mousepad, a baseball cap, a watch, and he's recently ordered some Slousky socks with matching pyjamas, all of them with Slousky's logo.
It's taken mister Farling a long time to read all the posts Slousky's written from the beginning, yet he's proud he's read every single word his online hero's written since 1995. Mister Farling's never been a connoisseur of great authors, and since young, his reading material's been comic books and pulp fiction detective stuff, but surely Slousky must compare to some of the greatest writers who's ever existed, or so he tells Vincent who's listening attentively. The pedophile leans over the disabled boy to get his laptop as thinking about Slousky.com has him wonder if there's any new updates. And like a trusted friend, Slousky's posted a little something:



P.227

SLOUSKY

The pedophile, Mister Farling, is reading Slousky's site to a disabled boy he kidnapped.

Slousky.com - THURS, JULY 16th, 2009

Every asshole leader, at some point in their life, gets hit with the delirious belief they have power. They don't. Nobody has control with what's happening on Mother fucking Earth.

Anyone today who says God whispers 'The Word' into their ear, well, give them medication. No one has a clue what's going on, so when they speak for God ~ again ~ there's pills for dementia.

As for the written 'Holy Word' - nope - can't use that shit no more to manipulate the masses. That worked when books were locked up and cultish monks had power over knowledge - yet, hindsight: why would God have us write down His (or Her or...) 'Word' on something so temporary as fucking parchment?

Now, the net's at the tip of everyone's fingers in 2009, for all to write their manifestos in gayful blogs, their magnum opuses with forceful fury. In fact, everyone who's online has a hand in this 'Word'. It's 'The New 'Word'' - a partaking in a conversation by blogging, replying, copying, sharing, editing, tagging, *etc.*. 'The New 'Word'' is written by all, not by a dumb fucking leader.

Today, we got 'The Code'; the computer code, a building block which allows us to put down 'The New 'Word''. Those today who know how to code have the power; and just in the past, there's only a handful who can code (well). Our future elitists will be those who can make their code move faster, cleaner, and with less bugs. So I guess what I'm saying is: if you meet a coder, bend over as he (or she or...) is your new fucking God.

SLOUSKY

...Ghruzshzr Hiklirrshzrsh...

Vincent's been away from the hospital for a week now and he hasn't missed the place at all. He's enjoying his time at mister Farling's who elaborated how he's his new foster dad. He's always liked it when mister Farling came to visit, but since he's been living with him, he's seen a whole other side, the murderer showing a loving, fatherly facet. Every morning mister Farling comes in with a breakfast then leaves for work. He returns at noon, they have lunch, he goes back, parts work at 4PM, does an hour of volunteer then comes home with McD's, A&W's, KFC's or Wendy's... and ice cream, of course.

During the day alone, Vincent plays Xbox with all the latest games mister Farling's rented. Vincent also gets to use the Samsung Galaxy Tab, the pedophile showing the boy cool video sites like Youtube.com.

At night, they watch TV together and follow the stories on CNN concerning his abduction, the molester saying the news' the only important thing to watch. Vincent's surprised to see his picture show up so often. He can't quite make out what the folks in the newsroom are talking about, but they show the hospital and he's seen his dad on television, looking afraid. Mister Farling asked Vincent if he misses his father, to which the disabled boy, with a smile, says not at all.

Mister Farling's about to turn off the lights and tuck his Vincent into bed when he spots an update he overlooked on Slousky.com. The caption reads 'Chernobyl Babies', a thumbnail gallery under the rubric. Mister Farling squints, realizing he needs glasses as the tiny images are eerily familiar, goose bumps forming as he gets a kind of déjà vu. After enlarging the 1st image, he gasps: it's a photo of Vincent's deformed foot, a picture he took.



Mister Farling stares at the website, his mouth open. The pedophile's dumbfounded. On a whim, he sent photos he took of Vincent, those only of the boy's deformations (pics of his right hand and foot). At a public library, mister Farling uploaded them to Slousky's website, doing so anonymously. He never imagined they'd get posted since Vincent's the hottest topic in the news right now, so either Slousky's a complete idiot or this webmaster does not realize how incriminating these images are.

Vincent playfully pokes mister Farling in the arm as he wants to see as well. He's never witnessed his foster father react this way before. Mister Farling looks over to the boy, and smiling, lets him see what's on his tablet. As Vincent looks at the image of his own foot which is missing toes, he recalls when mister Farling photographed him. The boy didn't ask any questions as he's used to being x-rayed, scanned, observed, studied, agreeing to everything the pervert asked of him as if it were protocol, although it was the 1st time he had to take off all of his clothes.

The fact these images are posted on his favourite site's an incredible occurrence to mister Farling, yet he also realizes he's placed himself in a precarious position as someone will recognize these photos. The abuser knows he can't keep Vincent any longer since the heat's about to intensify.

He's looks at Vincent straight on, and with tears in his eyes, he tells Vincent he loves him like he's loved no other. Vincent asks why he's crying to which mister Farling replies they're tears of joy, him being so proud his Vincent's a star on Slousky.com. Mister Farling gets up from the bed and goes to the kitchen, deciding it's time to celebrate with delicious cake.

SLOUSKY

It's Vincent's 4th day within mister Farling's box. He's got no energy whatsoever. He's had nothing to eat nor to drink since that evening when mister Farling metamorphosed into a terrible hurting being. Vincent knows this big word as he recalls a kind nurse back at the hospital telling him he'll someday metamorphose into a healthy and strong man, meaning he'll no longer be a frail nor sick boy. In mister Farling's case, he morphed from a caring surrogate father into the vilest creature Vincent's ever come across. The insane pedophile hit, punched, slapped, bit off a piece of Vincent's ear, chewed into his cheek, all the while ripping into him, muffling Vincent's screams with his overpowering large hand, the ring on his middle finger breaking Vincent's front teeth due to the sheer pressure he placed over the child's face. All Vincent could do was try to find small moments to gasp and catch his breath whenever mister Farling's hand would move away from the boy's mouth and nostrils. Vincent screamed, cried and begged but all that simply enraged mister Farling. For how long this went on, Vincent doesn't recall since he passed out at some point from the shock his body underwent, his last memory being the smell of his blood in his nostrils, the white bed sheets drenched red. When he awoke, he found himself in a box with no lights. For the next few days, Vincent would hear mister Farling come and go, turn on/off the TV, scream at him or speak to him kindly, sometimes he'd cry or yell or laugh. As segues, the murderer would read passages from Slousky's website as Vincent pleaded incessantly for his life.

SLOUSKY

Vincent closes his eyes for the last time, envisioning within his mind something he's never done: running under brilliant Father Sun. Next to him are panthers striding alongside, the boy keeping up. Vincent's pacing through a tropical jungle and he's feeling so alive. Vincent takes his last breath on loving Mother Earth.

SUN:> Login:☌_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> De-Synch (#295).
SUN:> Name: Vincent Graham.
SUN:> Birth: Dec 24th, 2002.
SUN:> Death: July 20th, 2009.
SUN:> Age: 6 years old.

SUN:> Next Synch in:
SUN:> 20 Days: 23 Hrs:
SUN:> 59 Min: 55 Secs.
SUN:> _
SUN:> Who Luvz U?? I'z Do!!!
SUN:> Logout.

...Cllirrshkssszhh Hurrwurrszzshzz...

'*Take... a fucking step... backwards,*' Slousky mutters. He's having a hard time disconnecting from Vincent. Part of him's still a disabled boy, imprisoned by a maniac, left in a box to rot, yet thankfully his old self is slowly reinstating.

Slousky unplugs from Vincent, falling backwards and down the manhole onto his back, knocking the wind out of him. He can't move, paralyzed (mostly out of fear). The rain has not let up as drops fall on his face. Slousky looks up, seeing a pair of lights shining down. Their luminance fade, revealing a dead, grey and solemn looking Vincent. All Slousky wants to do is cry, feel sorry for himself, for Vincent, for all the dead boys, but before he loses his fucking mind, Slousky gets up and runs down the sewer.

SLOUSKY

Slousky's hiding in a cave. He's discovered a built-in application within himself.

9.2 - WEB 1.0, 2.0... N.0 - 2027 (≈25 YRS LATER)

A week's past since Slousky's desynched from Vincent, and he's been productive; Slousky's been mucking about with an application built into him, an app he didn't have access to up until a few days. Since messing with this editor, it's permitted Slousky to forget his woes and not think of the horrible things to come. Also, since Slousky's been hiding in a cave (far from the shitty city), he's had 100% peace.

This application is a browser/editor connected to the internet today (2027). How come he never knew of this program within him earlier is a mystery. Perhaps 'The System' has underwent some upgrade, yet playing with this app has been truly Heaven sent.

He reluctantly glances at his synchwatch:

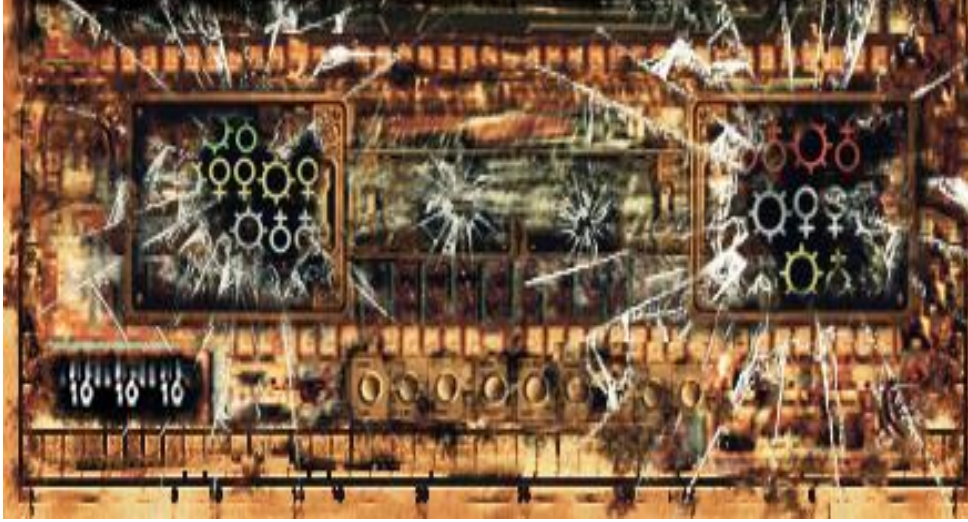
YEL:> 2027/09/16 - 10:52:37.15 AM ≈ [13☼23:59:49.36]

He's got 2 weeks before synching (when Slousky lives out the life of some pathetic dead unit), and he's positive it'll be with another of mister Farling's murdered nestlings, as in: a boy killed by a pedophile, and Slousky will play out the starring role of the child who'll be preyed upon and... Slousky refuses to ponder on any future synchs and goes back to his built-in application. It's either via his shirt-card or his synchwatch, yet when Slousky calls up this editor, it appears right within his retinal, in the center of his eyeball, and all he does is think of it and an internet search box appears, then he conceives the words rather than having to type them. This editor is way more fucking fun than maundering on the sad and evil days which awaits him.

P.234 SLOUSKY

No longer is Slousky going to randomly search and surf shit with this new internet app. '*I've been dead for 17 years then this application magically appears??*' He's positive this is a gift from 'The System' so he must be serious. He needs to master this editor, maybe even crack the code to this program, and by doing so, he'll escape this purgatory where he's unseeable to the living while a kazillion dead units eagerly await to synch with him. 'The System' has endowed power to Slousky, knowing how much he loves computers and he's but a retarded webmaster who went too far with his suicide prank.

On the surface, websites in 2027 haven't modified since 2010: webmasters are still vying for your attention, praying you'll buy their crap while dying for you to click on their shitty ads. The uselessness of trying to capitalize on the net hasn't changed, rather, it's what's running invisibly behind which excites Slousky: the code.



Slousky has a Bachelor's in Computer Science (class of 1995), making the Honours program (top 10%). Out of all his courses, his favourite were the coding classes. Slousky had begun his Master's when his site hit big.

With Slousky.com, in no time did he make a fortune in porno ads alone, enough for him to drop out of school to work full-time on his own shit. By the year 2000, Slousky was a millionaire, notorious for being a sick and twisted webmaster. However the real reason why Slousky received so much popularity wasn't due to his personality, it's because he implemented Web 2.0 designs to his site before all the other gold digging webmasters.

In 1995, the internet was in its infancy (the Web 1.0 phase); a time when few created content, webmasters making static pages surfers couldn't interact with. Still, this new net was fun (especially with the amount of free porn to be found). While Slousky fed his users with sick images, he was also building a brand new interface where users created profiles, letting them comment on updates and create topics in forums. This user-generated content became status quo later on, yet Slousky was innovative. He even personalized his site by calling his surfers Slouskians (signifying 'anti-everything').

In 2010, he was working on a Web 3.0 code (intelligent data), but he didn't get far with his cryptography (due to killing himself). Today, in 2027, Slousky's so lost as he tries to decipher the code embedding websites. It's beyond Web 3.0 to the point of Slousky joking by calling it Web N.0 (N = ∞). He has no idea what he sees when it comes to this code. It's as if the code's organic, as in: alive.



P.236 SLOUSKY

'*Organic Code N.0*,' Slousky snickers yet there's nothing humorous about this cryptogram running websites in 2027, feeling like a noob as he can't decode it (let alone understand the fucking thing).

Slousky opens a search box within his grey eyes, thinking 'Editor', this calling a coding console. As he sees symbols load up within his irides, digital ciphers flying through past his retinal, he simply can't see the logistics to its functionality; whatever computational rules this encryption follows, it baffles him. What kills him is how primary this code appears to be, more basic than the BASIC language. And what's even more screwy: there's zilch about this 'Organic Code N.0' online: no sites, no wikis nor forums, no how-to videos.

The reason Slousky calls it 'organic' is he's sure this code's alive, him seeing it move. It also breathes, grows, reproduces, multiplies and divides itself. the source code's working on a respiring flowchart. And there's intelligence within the encoding; it's making choices, the algorithm's making conscious, wise decisions. Slousky concludes it's 'The System' who's coding...

...*Grruszzhrszh Whiriizshr*...

Slousky's shirt-card lights up:

'*Ouch! Fucking Christ!*' Slousky knows better not to dawdle with his thoughts, not while he's been given this editing gift. He must stop hypothesizing and has to work on cracking this code, aware his synchwatch's yellow, meaning time's getting short. Once it's red then the withdrawals begin, '*focus, Slousky, figure this shit out!!*'

As Slousky studies the transmogrifying code, his gut's telling him this 'Organic Code N.0' is for his dead eyes only, meaning: it's not accessible to living units. Definitely this was not coded by a human, it's simply too intricate.

He does notice a pattern: there's 2 digitally engrafted markers which replicate themselves on every webpage (in the source), and Slousky believes they represent Father Sun ☼ and Mother Earth ♁, yet it's the only pattern he's found. Other than that, the code goes into a free-for-all randomness mode with all kinds of weird symbols, some resembling birds, penises, teeth, religious icons, bodies, all of it hieroglyphic and Rorschach-like to him. Unfortunately, they only appear like these images however their true semiotic signification, this is beyond Slousky's scope of knowledge.

10 hours later and he has to unplug from the app. It's not like he wants to turn off the app, he's got no choice. At 10:10:10.10 PM, he shuts down (a reminder of the moment he killed himself).

Slousky sighs, looking at his synchwatch:



YEL:> 2027/09/16 - 9:56:34.58 PM ≈ [13☼14:07:53.11]

Slousky's got 13+ minutes left before he disconnects. Now that his eyes are no longer locked into the app, he's engulfed within the darkness of the cave, a mountain crack he's calling home. From his spot, he can see the incessant rain. Slousky grieves, realizing he's still no closer to understanding this fucking 'Organic Code N.0', even after looking at an ∞ of ☼s and ♁s. Nevertheless, he's not going to give up hope. He's still got shy 2 weeks to study this code before he synchs, and if he can figure it out, maybe 'The System' will finally free him from synching up with the bloody dead.

<!DOCTYPE html><html><head>
<title>LYING SLUT - August 14th 1995</title>
</head><body>
Fucking liar! You lie, especially to yourself. You lie so much you have no clue who you are. You're schizophrenic, bi-polar, manic-depressive and you have multiple (classless) personalities.
You're the biggest racist homophobic bigot pig on Mother Earth. And with that wardrobe of yours, you're a slave to your outdated culture, believing in the most retarded of traditions, wearing the dumbest shit to impress the other yokels in your clan. It's obvious you're oblivious to who you are as it shows all over your sad, ugly mug. And keep blaming everyone for your pathetic problems, it proves how irresponsible you are and what little fucking backbone you truly (don't) have. Peace.
</body></html>

10.1 - PRE-SLOUSKY.COM - 1995 (≈32 YRS AGO)

Slousky's dreaming (if the dead can dream). He was 18 and working on his Geocities homepage.

10.2 - BACK IN SHIT-CITY - 2027 (≈32 YRS LATER)

THURS, SEPT 16th, 2027 - 10:10:10.10 AM

'*Fucking OUCH!*' Slousky awakes as if someone placed a live wire under his grey ass. He looks about and right away he knows something's awry: he's back in that dead-end alley of the crappy city, below him a familiar dirty mattress, the lining soaked with piss, grease and feces, the stench so unbearable, '*...what the FUCK??!?*' Slousky's positive he was in a cave last night, far from town, trying to crack the 'Organic Code N.0'. He hates how 'The System' fucking cheats...

...Grzzhrrhzzhzh Clrzhurzz...

Slousky's shirt-card whizzes. He can't dally with his thoughts. He must work his way over to the boulevard and synch with a dead unit or suffer something eviler.

He glances nervously at his synchwatch:

RED:> 2027/09/16 - 10:11:13.47 AM ≈ [0♀00:11:13.36]

Slousky will synch in ≈ 11 minutes. The nauseating scent of boiling hotdogs begins lingering. Although he can't see the nefarious mister Farling, Slousky knows this twisted bitch is but around the corner, probably running his greasy fingers through the hair of some toddler, the boy cooing right along with the kitten which he's allowed to hold and pet, the mom unit beaming a smile while she rummages through her purse to pay the pedophile for overpriced semen-laced wieners.

SLOUSKY

...Hrizhzrhshuuurrszz Clurrthtzzhiirrzh...

A memory-bubble's gurgling up inside him, Slousky can sense it; when he loiters, 'The System' punishes his traipsing by having him relive a certain (embarrassing) moment from his past. Slousky takes action, making his way to the street where mister Farling's selling hotdogs. As he rounds the corner, he spots the pedophile, the slob filling his face, sitting on the bike seat to his hotdog stand, the crack of his butt protruding from his pants. Remarkably, Slousky's heart isn't beating fear when he catches sight of the child-raper as the nearby dead boys mister Farling murdered are behaving strangely. Usually, dead units aimlessly shuffle to and fro while they mull with the living; here, the butchered boys have encircled their aggressor in a cult-like fashion, as if they're about to do something wicked to mister Farling.

Still, he has to look away since he's freaking out. '*The app...!*' Slousky remembers the built-in application. He tries calling it up but to no avail. Yesterday, he was able to bring up the app with mere thought, a console box opening up within his eye which allowed him to study the 'Organic Code N.0'. Right now, the app doesn't want to open...

...Ghruuurhzzhishhz Klhilhhshhsiirssrk...

'*Fuck!*' Slousky's shirt-card's whizzing madly away. He closes his eyes, refusing to look at the dead boys who are surely performing a satanic ritual. He wants no part of the dead nor of the sick fucker who snuffed them out. With all the might in his mind, he attempts once more to execute the application... to no avail...

...Wrrihiiizzzshs Kliirshhksszhz Grrurrsszzshshs...

His shirt-card's about to blow. 'The System' is giving Slousky an ultimatum: synch up with a dead unit or suffer a memory-bubble.

Slousky hates his options: he doesn't want to synch with a dead unit nor does he want to live through a memory-bubble. What he wants to do is crack the 'Organic Code N.0' but he can't call up the console.

Without thought, he hits his shirt-card, expressing his frustration to how 'The System' treats him, also with the hope of kickstarting the built-in app. Instead, he receives a zillion volts of electricity, jolting his grey being straight up into the air.

An unconscious moment flitters by, Slousky's staring up, flinching at Father Sun's brightness, when battery acid spews upward along his esophagus, into his throat, filling his mouth with the burning liquid. 'The System' is pissed off with him and has decided Slousky will live through a memory-bubble. It's blurry yet Slousky believes he's going to relive the time when he committed suicide...

on the evening of October 10th, 2010...

at 10:10:10.PM...

'Fuck me.'

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login: ♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Name: Eugene Slousky.
SUN:> Accessing Dynamic Random Memory Banks:
SUN:> 2010/10/10 - 9:56:12.15 PM.
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _

10.3 - 101010 BINARY DEATH - 2010 (≈17 YRS AGO)

Slousky's reliving the 15 minutes before he killed himself.



Grhreshzz Hishzzhsh ..

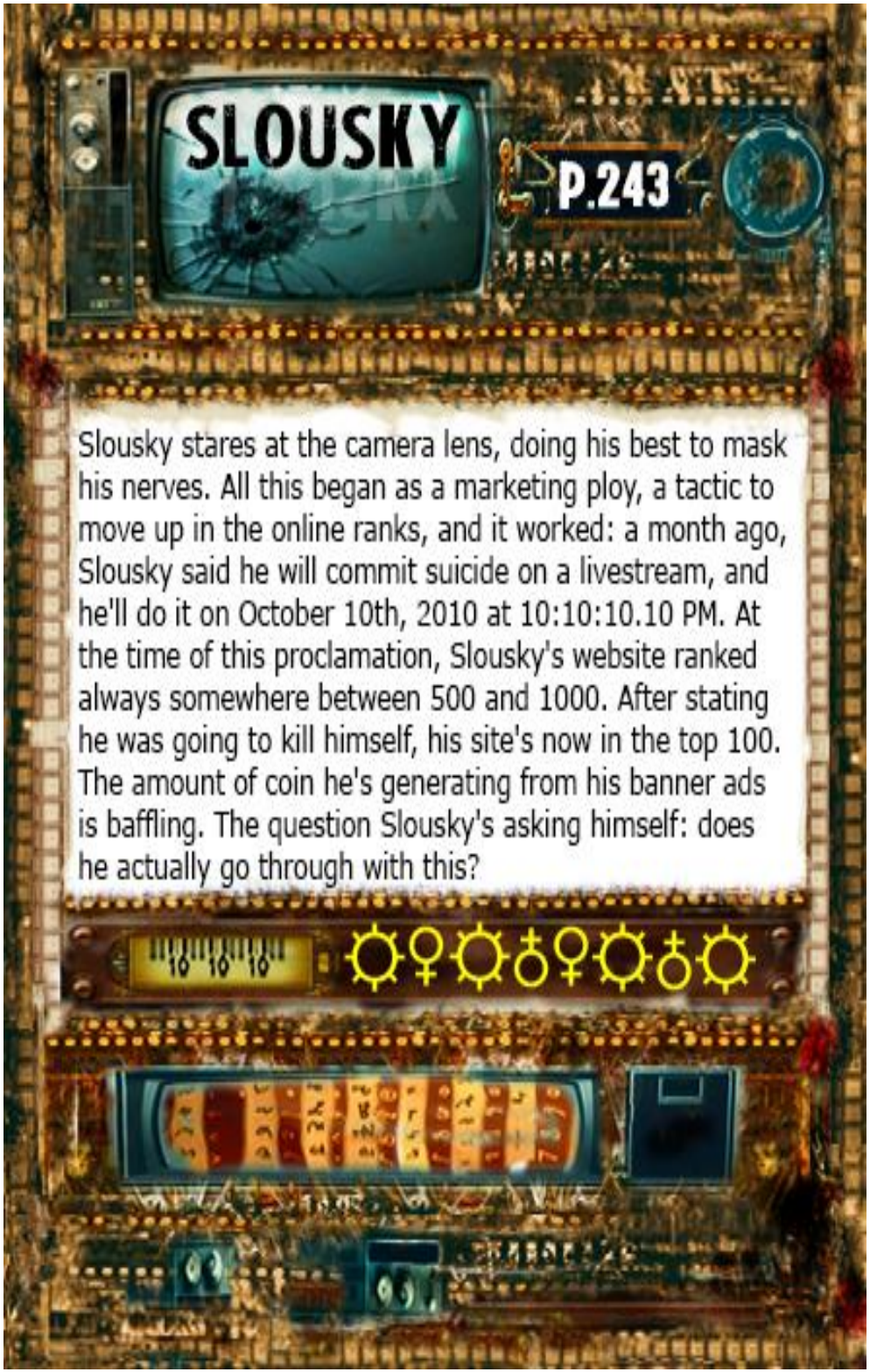
Sunday, October 10th, 2010

9:56:13.47 PM

Slousky scans the 3 monitors on his desk. On the left screen, he's keeping an eye on the stats, amazed since he's getting 5 times more traffic than expected. On the right, he's skimming through all the comments being posted, almost impossible to read them as they're flying by the screen at lightning speed; he can't get past how many sick fucks are logged in to watch him kill himself on livestream.

Slousky's watch begins to beep. He looks at it. The time says 10:00:01.13 PM. He's got 10 minutes left. Excitement fills up within his stomach, butterflies churning. Slousky takes a deep breath, doing his best to compose himself, because as he looks at the center terminal, Slousky sees his own solemn reflection, and behind him, a noose.




SLOUSKY
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Slousky stares at the camera lens, doing his best to mask his nerves. All this began as a marketing ploy, a tactic to move up in the online ranks, and it worked: a month ago, Slousky said he will commit suicide on a livestream, and he'll do it on October 10th, 2010 at 10:10:10.10 PM. At the time of this proclamation, Slousky's website ranked always somewhere between 500 and 1000. After stating he was going to kill himself, his site's now in the top 100. The amount of coin he's generating from his banner ads is baffling. The question Slousky's asking himself: does he actually go through with this?

SUN:>_ MEMORY-BUBBLE



P.244

OCT 10, 2010 · 10-10-10

Slousky's a webmaster since 1995, being on the cutting edge the whole time, and now in 2010, he could be proud of the crazy shit he's done in the name of anti-conventionalism, but he also knows the nanomoment you slack with your content, you drop in the ranks (fast). Slousky's worked hard at being a notorious asshole online and he wants to stay at the top. He's done almost everything in front of a camera for attention, all but suicide, yet Slousky states what he's about to do (hanging himself in front of a live feed) is not suicide; rather, it's martyrdom.

Slousky's shtick: he's claimed himself as a cyber-Jesus. Since Jesus died for the sins of man, Slousky will martyr himself and this offering will save humanity from its own retardation.

Ever since Slousky's derived this insane marketing ploy, he's actually come to believe in his own crazy religiosity. He thinks once he kills himself, he'll forever be hailed as an online hero and his faithful Slouskian fans will birth a new cyber-religion in his name. Of course, the sick amount of crystal meth Slousky's been doing has clouded his better judgement.

10 10 10

To be fair to himself, Slousky doesn't consider he's a meth head. He's only been doing crystal for 6 months, but he's been solid with his drug usage, him doing a touch more every day.

How he got hooked: for the past couple of years, his back aches have gotten increasingly stronger (these pains due to being in front of his computer 24/7) as well as his abdominal pains (from a diet of cigarettes and coffee). Rather than see doctors, knowing they'll just prescribe him some healthy lifestyle, Slousky discovered the perfect remedy has been the crank (sometimes with gin and/or rum). Sadly for Slousky, once he began using the poor man's cocaine, he lost the practical and rational sides he once had.

Slousky's surprised he's standing on a chair with a noose already around his neck. For this special occasion, he tripled his dosage of meth tablets as he doesn't want to feel a thing when he chokes to death in front of everyone online. He smiles, knowing how they'll hail him as the Neo-Christ since he's offing himself to un-retard the world; to help the masses stop sheepishly believe in whatever the asshole corporations or those with any type of so-called authority (such as religious or political sects) force-feed them.

He spits towards his webcam yet purposely misses so as not to get spittle on the expensive lens since he wants everyone watching to have the most crystal~clear image of what he's about to do. He figures he'll whip out his cock a last time as well.

Time's almost up. Nearly losing his footing, Slousky squints to look at the clock on the central monitor. It's 10:09:08.25 PM, under a minute left. '*Don't fucking stand here like a donkey,*' he maunders, '*say something!*' yet before he can spew out a grandiose "fuck you" goodbye speech, Slousky struggles to find his balance on the chair; if he doesn't die at exactly 10:10:10.10 PM, he'll go down in history as the biggest loser turd. He's rigged a mechanical pulley which'll pull up the rope precisely at 'that' moment and he will hang himself in front of the world so as to fulfill his claim of becoming the new cyber-messiah. Now, due to all of his squirming about, the noose tightens and he's sure his face's beet red, yet with the meth, he senses nothing, so he smiles, sending his mind drifting; he's proud he's but a webmaster to a shock site, a dorky white guy who got to flip the finger at the whole fucking system, making buckets of cash all along, while so many other websites fell to the wayside. Slousky's flying high as he was also a pioneer, running a site since way back with his 14.4k modem, him figuring out the online game way better and before anyone else, running his sick site since 1995.

Slousky's about to say the smartest thing ever when it's too late, the pulley yanking Slousky upward without warning, denying him to kick the chair away for additional dramatical purposes. Twirling on the spot, Slousky attempts to see how many people are logged on yet his vision's blurred. All he sees' the flashing time: 10:10:10.10. The date fills his brain - October 10, 2010 - 10/10/10. '*Why the fuck do I think this moment's so important?*' his body swirls. Slousky's no longer facing the monitors, he's by himself, '*maybe I'll come back...*' Lights out.

...Chrzrisshzz Grrriisshurrzhshzz...

Lights on.

10.4 - ∞ FOREVER SYNCHING - 2027 (≈17 YRS LATER)

Slousky's memory-bubble of committing suicide ends. He finds himself back on the shitty city street.



Slousky's face down on the sidewalk, grey foam oozing out of his lips, legs and arms sprawled out, his synchwatch on his wrist flashing zestfully red:

RED:> 2027/09/29 - 10:16:33.19 AM ≈ [0☼00:05:23.45]

Slousky's stupefied as to how often 'The System' makes him relive the same stupid memory-bubble (the 15 minutes prior to hanging himself), and not only that, with no fucking time left before he synchs. Slousky wishes he could be livid.

SLOUSKY

Slousky's back at the same place before the memory-bubble, back in the city, next to the pedophile, mister Farling. Surrounding this pervert are his dead victims, a dozen or so murdered children, and Slousky's positive he's going to synch with any of them. He closes his eyes, never wanting to open them again, as he cannot relive being raped by this sick fuck again then left to die in a box. His synchwatch is going nuts. '*Anybody else...*' Slousky prays to 'The System', '*just not another fucking dead kid!*'

Involuntarily, Slousky opens his eyes, hearing familiar young voices. It's those of late Billy, Jameson, Vincent as well as the rest of mister Farling's deceased sexually assaulted casualties. They're singing, uttering incantational mumbo-jumbo jive, encircling their assailant like sharks, their grey eyes suddenly lighting up. From Slousky's perspective, this whole affair seems unorthodox, having a demonic sacrament feel to it, and he wants nothing of it. Slousky knows if he begins to cry, he'll be synching up anyway, he'll simply look pathetic while doing so. Still, he wants to cry.

There's a change in the pedophile's expression, as if he just ate something which isn't sitting well. There's a look of pain on his face. Mister Farling drops his cigar, needing both hands to clutch his heart. He tries to stand from his bicycle seat yet his knees buckle below him, the pervert falling flat on his face. Slousky squints as gunky red bits shoot forth from mister Farling's mouth, the fuck breaking a few teeth from the fall.

Mister Farling's having a heart attack.

SLOUSKY

Mister Farling convulses, slithering on the ground like a snake. The dead boys continue their chant, their voices intermingling with the horrible gargling sounds mister Farling's creating. The dead lads have circumvented their aggressor and Slousky is sure evil's about to brew from all of this.

Meanwhile, in the living world, someone called 911, a crowd of people trying to reassure mister Farling. Slousky's 100% tripped out with so many Damfis and Aamfis nearby, it's suffocating him. He focuses on Mister Farling, noticing his jactitation's simmered. The pedophile's eyes are huge open, obvious fright in his gaze, the look of drowning, knowing he's going to die yet can't do shit about it. Just a moment ago, this sick fuck was living life like an immortal, selling shitty contaminated hotdogs, puffing cigars, acting as if he had all the answers to the Universe. Now Mister Farling's clutching his malfunctioning heart. He suddenly screams violently, startling those nearby. A final mercy call, Slousky figures, a plea, and it's then when the sick pedophile, mister Farling, finally fucking dies.





The ambulance attendants bustle to the scene yet they're too late as mister Farling's heart won't beat again. They still pull out their gear with lightning speed, whopping volts into the pedophile's body, having him convulse, the fluid build-up in his mouth spittling upon the onlookers. After a couple more zaps, the paramedics agree it's time they pack it up. It's then when Slousky witnesses the transmogrification as the freshly dead mister Farling sits up alongside the adumbration of who he once was, now his corpse.

Slousky reads naivety in mister Farling's face, the pedophile seeing the dead world for the 1st time through his blue eyes gone grey. Mister Farling stands, his entirety glistening grey, him looking around in amazement. The dead pedophile spots the paramedics lay his body upon a stretcher yet nothing he's viewing is registering, Slousky wondering if he had the same stupid look on his face when he freshly turned.

The mob disperses yet the dead murdered boys don't budge from their current spots, keeping a perfect circle. Mister Farling makes eye contact with some of his victims but it's only when he locks eyes with Slousky does the pedophile's face lights up, as if he finally found his soul mate, a long lost friend. Slousky can't remember ever being greeted with such love before.

'*Oh c'mon...*' it dawns on Slousky what's about to happen; moments before, Slousky believed synching with another dead boy would be the worst thing ever, yet as the smiling pedophile's grey eyes shoot forth pure light, his arms outstretched so as to embrace Slousky like a bunny named George, Slousky's shocked that 'The System' wants him synch with mister Farling, '*you're fucking kidding me...*'

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Mister Farling's looking at Slousky as some angel who's about to escort him to the skies above. Slousky's having a connipshit, his mind still marshmallow from the memory-bubble he suffered through moments ago. He's been awake for only 10 minutes and 'The System' seems adamant to overdose Slousky with a ton of antithetical imageries. He doesn't have to look at his synchwatch to know his time's up, it flashing madly red. '*How the fuck does 'The System' benefit by having me synch up with this evil child molesting, murdering piece of shit...?? Just how in...*' yet before Slousky lashes out at 'The System', with mister Farling's arms waving furiously in front of Slousky, the tiniest of the dead boys pops up in front of them. It's Jameson aka 'Baby Clark' (mister Farling's most recentest victim). The pedophile's mug lights up again, recognizing Jameson, entirely forgetting about Slousky. Dead Mister Farling appears to be openly sobbing as he's unable to contain his happiness at the sight of the little lad, '*...oh shit,*' it's not Slousky who's going to synch up with the murderer, it's his last kill, 'Baby Clark', '*...it looks like that fuck mister Farling's going to be on the receiving end...*' and without warning, beams of light jut forward from both mister Farling and Jameson's eyes, these dead units now sharing data with the other: Jameson will live like the pedophile, mister Farling, for 71 years, while mister Farling will be Jameson for 4 years. It's now the pedophile who'll experience 1st hand what imprisonment's like, deprivation, rape, humiliation, then die in total darkness (usually of dehydration).

Surprisingly, the synch doesn't last long. In under a minute and it's over. Both 'Baby Clark' Jameson and the pervert, mister Farling, fly backwards, them tumbling violently to the ground. Effortlessly, Jameson stands up and makes his way back to his spot within the circle of dead boys, yet mister Farling looks as if he's been hit by a Mack truck, thrashing and slam dancing about as if he didn't have a bone in his body (which he doesn't). Mister Farling screams, Slousky positive it's the 1st time he's hearing a dead unit squawk.

The pedophile's groveling along the street, pawing in front of him as if he were blind, babbling unintelligible words, but before he can find his bearings, another of the deceased boys approaches mister Farling, the child taking the rapist's hand. Slousky's too far away from the scene yet he's sure there's something seriously fucked up going on with mister Farling's eyes, but before Slousky can get a closer look, light projects forth from the stripling and the pedophile, '*...this is impossible...*' Slousky's about to witness another synch. At least Slousky has around 3 weeks to recoup from a synch, yet here's mister Farling having to undergo back to back synchs (and all this after a heart attack, dying then waking up in the same purgatoric grey empty world which Slousky presently dwells).

A minute later and the synch's complete, the dead boy and the pedophile having completely lived out the other's life. The dead kid returns to his place within the circle, now Vincent leaving the circle, going to the blubbering murderer, and in a flash, they relive history yet in a 'Freaky Friday' **(17)** way. From what Slousky's guessing: the pedophile, mister Farling, will be synching with all his victims, which means this fucker's going to die a dozen agonizing times.

(17) 'Freaky Friday'; 1976, a Walt Disney Productions.

SLOUSKY

And without realizing it, Slousky attests to every synch between the pedophile and his victims. The last dead boy, (it being autistic Billy) returns to the circle, leaving behind him a comatose mister Farling lumped on the street curb. Slousky's grossed out, seeing the pedophile's grey cranium from within the charred crevices where his eyes once were.

Once Billy returns to his posse of those molested by this monster, he resumes his place, perfecting their circle again. Slousky can't help but rubberneck when the deceased boys seem to snap out of a trance, the glare over their grey eyes cleared away, and what appears to be for the 1st time, the dead boys acknowledge each other's presence. Never has Slousky seen dead units interact before, and not only that, Slousky sees them smiling, waving, some doing bump fists while others giving high fives. It's when their little grey eyes light up does Slousky recall he's a dead unit as well and he's way past his synching hour. He glances over to mister Farling who's squealing again, slapping at his cheeks, placing fingers into his hollowed eye sockets.

Hating himself, Slousky looks at his synchwatch:

RED:> 2027/09/29 - 10:33:15.67 AM ≈ [0♀00:00:00.00]

Slousky's never seen his synchwatch reach zero before. Rather than panic, a shadow of hope palpitates within his grey heart, '*...maybe that's it! I don't have to synch ever again!...*'

"Please... kill me..." mister Farling faintly speaks, ooze spilling through his grey teeth, his words mumbled yet Slousky's able to decipher what the pedophile's requesting, Slousky wishing he could perform what this fucker desires, that is: to kill this pedophile, to slit his grey throat then shit down his stinking neck.

"Hey, Eugene Slousky!" a familiar voice calls out to him, yet once he looks over to the gang of dead boys, he's unsure which of them hailed him. He sees them having a good time, a party of sorts has brewed up since they now know each other (all of them have synched up with the pedophile, mister Farling, so they all know 1st hand how the other died). They salute each other like brothers, Slousky observing a type of family reunion, and for the 1st time since Slousky's been dead, he senses peace. '*The worst is over,*' Slousky apperceives these boys will suffer no more, and this evil beast will never harm them ever again.

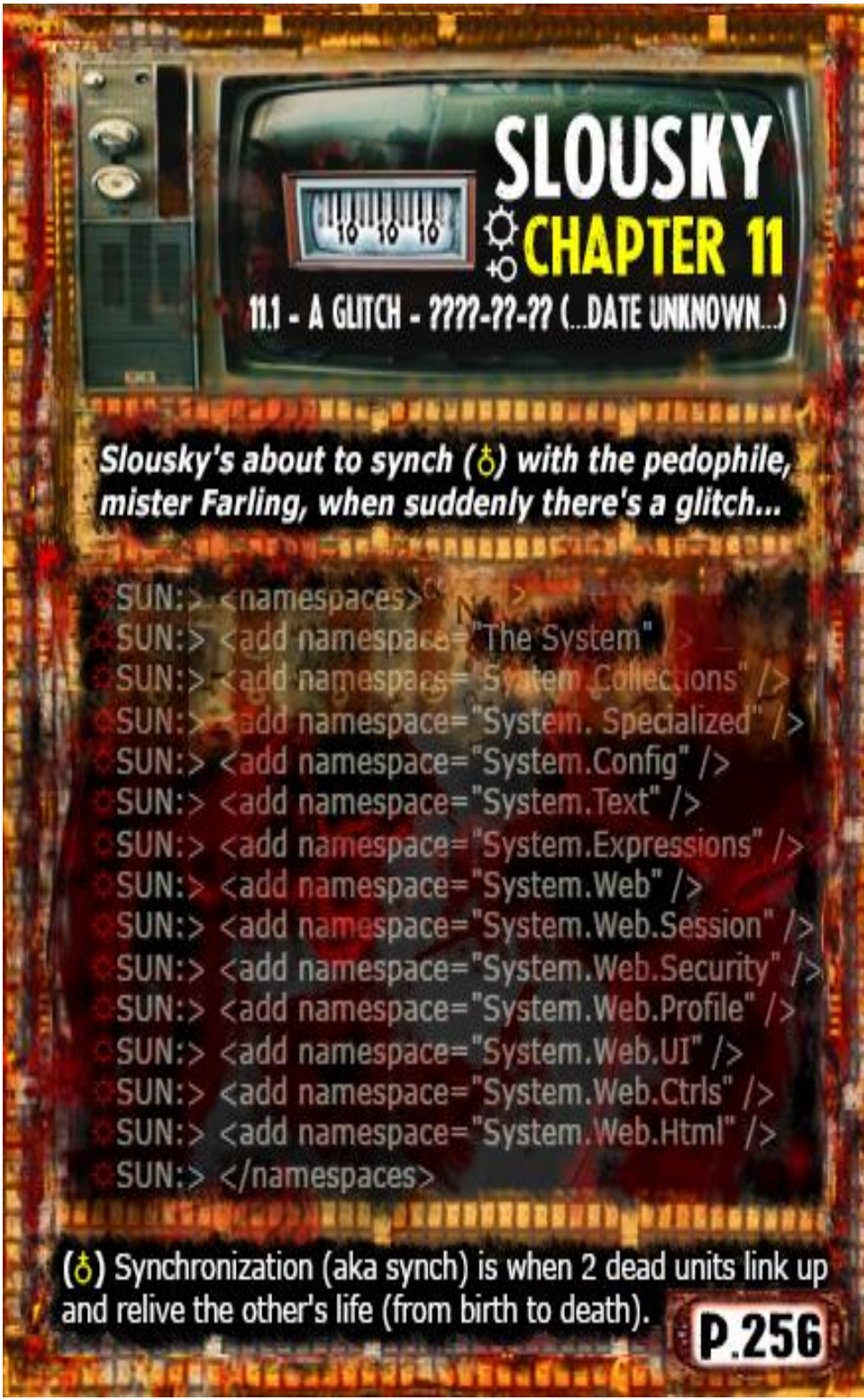
But something's definitely up as Slousky's nose gets a whiff of a virulent odor, vinegary and metallic. It's a scent right before he synchs, '*but my fucking synchwatch!...*' Slousky shouts within his mind as he knows 'The System' records his every thought, his brain hardwired into the Super-Computer, '*...it's at zero!!!*' never has Slousky's synchwatch reached **[0☼00:00:00.00]**, '*...and the fucking pedophile's dead, what more do you need from me??...*'

"Please..." somehow mister Farling clawed over to Slousky.

'*...No fucking way...*' although his synchwatch's seems defunct, his shirt-card whirs awake, data crunching and vibrating within the computer chip next to his grey heart, '*...I'm not gonna have to...*' but before Slousky can finish his thought, his eyes illuminate.

"...kill me," the pedophile's eyes light up too.


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SLOUSKY
"...kill me..." the pedophile's eyes light up too.
...Hurrrszzzwwhrisszzhhh...
"You're already dead, fuckwad!" Slousky speaks for the 1st time since he's been dead, yet before he can rejoice in finding his voice, mister Farling locks eyes with Slousky. They are now synched, meaning mister Farling's going to relive Slousky's life; a homophobic, racist misanthrope, while Slousky's going to know what it's like to be sickly twisted pedophile who's also a rapist and a murderer.
...Crikksshuurrzzsh...
SUN:> _
SUN:> Login:☿_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Synchronization (#296)..
SUN:> Subject's Name: Matthew Gregory Farling.
SUN:> Birth: September 12th, 1956.
SUN:> Logout.
SUN:> _


SLOUSKY
CHAPTER 11
11.1 - A GLITCH - ????-??-?? (...DATE UNKNOWN...)
Slousky's about to synch (⚷) with the pedophile, mister Farling, when suddenly there's a glitch...
SUN:> <namespaces>
SUN:> <add namespace="The System" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Collections" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Specialized" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Config" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Text" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Expressions" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.Session" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.Security" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.Profile" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.UI" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.Ctrls" />
SUN:> <add namespace="System.Web.Html" />
SUN:> </namespaces>
(⚷) Synchronization (aka synch) is when 2 dead units link up and relive the other's life (from birth to death).
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Slousky has no body, he's simply a pair of floating eyes. He was just about to synch up with the foulest dead unit to ever exist (mister Farling) when a glitch occurs. Instead of reliving this pedophile's life who kidnapped, raped and murdered young boys, Slousky is, he believes, right smack in the gut of 'The System'. He's scared.

A cursor opens up in front of (or within) his grey eyes:

☼SUN:> Hiya, Eugene Slousky!
☼SUN:> How ya doin'?

Slousky wants to blink but he doesn't have eyelids. All he can do is stare at the words in disbelief as this is the 1st time 'The System' has contacted him in the 17 years he's been dead. Another user interface cursor pops up:

♂ES:>_

A nanomoment goes by yet Slousky concludes the 'ES' in front of the flashing cursor are his initials.

☼SUN:> That's correct! :)
☼SUN:> So, buddy... how goes?


SLOUSKY
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♂ES:>_
If Slousky had a mouth it'd be open in awe; 'The System' is actually looking at him to reply. He's been hoping for this moment ever since he's died; to have a tête-à-tête with his creator, 'The System'. Unfortunately, Slousky's ill-prepared and his mind's running a complete blank.
♂ES:>_
☼SUN:> Yoohoo, Eugene Slousky! :x
☼SUN:> I'm waiting...
Slousky suddenly has a kazillion things he wants to ask 'The System', like: is he really dead or is he lying in some hospital bed, comatose with tubes stuck everywhere, his suicide attempt a dud, and this dead world he's suffering just a nightmare conceived by his vegetative imagination?
☼SUN:> No.
☼SUN:> C'mon, Eugene, tell me... how are ya?



Again, Slousky's thought process malfunctions, him unable to output a coherent word, and it's unsettling to Slousky how 'The System' is reading his every cogitation.

SUN:> Eugene Slousky, I have a question:
SUN:> To be, or not to be?

Slousky runs a blank.

SUN:> *To be, or not to be, that is the question:*
SUN:> *Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer*
SUN:> *The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,*
SUN:> *Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*
SUN:> *And by opposing, end them? To die, to sleep*
SUN:> *No more; and by a sleep, to say we end.*

'*A trick question,*' Slousky knows this is Shakespeare, his memory banks churning out the play 'Hamlet', however all he gets are flashes of him in a high school classroom, his senior year, a professor teaching this play, yet he's playing with a portable game under his desk, not paying an ounce of attention, which explains why he can't remember a single fucking thing about this useless quote, '*shit...*'


'To be, or not to be... what the fuck?' Slousky's so lost as, of course, 'The System' stumps him with 'Its' very 1st question. The whole play loads into his shirt-card, yet if he could only access the Cliffs Notes online to this queer play as he has no idea what 'The System' wants him to answer.
SUN:> Here, Hamlet's considering suicide.
SUN:> He finally decides against doing it.
SUN:> His reasoning?
SUN:> As difficult as life can sometimes be,
SUN:> death might be worse.
'The System', as per requested, punches out a translation to the Shakespearean quote, it relating to the fact Slousky committed suicide, hanging himself live on his website.
SUN:> Bingo.
SUN:> What a waste.
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ME:> Now, now, dear, we're not here to reprimand,
ME:> we're here to disassociate and reconstruct.
SLOUSKY

Unbelievably, Slousky's catching a conversation between Father Sun (aka ☼SUN:>_) and Mother Earth (aka ♁ME:>_). Slousky's positive They're discussing about their computerized experiment, what he calls 'The System'. Yet before Slousky can begin questioning if he's a (dead) lab rat or a cybernated version of who he once was, his thought process shuts down as 'The System' inputs:

☼SUN:> M. Slousky, when the opportunity arises,
☼SUN:> You will be asked:
☼SUN:> *To be, or not to be.*
☼SUN:> You've killed yourself once (foolishly),
☼SUN:> So will you do it again?

ME:> Eugene Slousky, dear, what Sun and I are saying:
ME:> we need your help. Since you've taken you own
ME:> life once, would you do it again?
ME:> I know this sounds strange, yet what you choose
ME:> will have impact on how well our advancements
ME:> will go from here on out. I have faith in you.
ME:> To not be so cryptic: this all has to do with the code
ME:> you never finished back in 2010, the year you hung
ME:> yourself. So, after Sun asks you 'To be, or not to be'
ME:> once again, I know you'll make the right decision.

SLOUSKY



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☼SUN:> Eugene Slousky, there's many confused souls like you,
☼SUN:> yet it saddens me when someone with a talent simply
☼SUN:> throws it away. You were a genius with code but then
☼SUN:> you hung yourself in 2010, leaving your code unfinished.
☼SUN:> This code's essential for us today, in 2027.

For a fleeting nanosecond, Slousky has high hope 'The System' is going to bring him back to life, freeing him from the dead world he's inhabiting. Slousky's about to promise to 'The System' just how much he'll begin to appreciate life, wishing to thank 'It' for this 2nd chance, when Mother Earth's cursor lights up:

♂ME:> Sorry, Eugene, my dear, but you're dead (in the clinical and
♂♀ME:> metaphysical sense). You died 17 years ago and will never
♀ME:> see Earth the same way ever again. However, Sun and I are
☼♀ME:> offering you a way out (of sorts). You can still be useful.

☼SUN:> Still, ME'z, we'z gotta tellz him how'z precious' life'z iz.

♀ME:> We don't have the time, my Sun. We must synch him
♀ME:> up now as the window of opportunity's presently open.

☼SUN:> Sighz, ok, ME'z, let'z do this (and Eugene Slousky, you
☼SUN:> should be glad Mother Earth has a soft spot for idiots).

♀ ME:> Now, now, my Sun, don't be a grumphy. How our Eugene
♀ ME:> Slousky lived his life wasn't as bad as some...

☼ SUN:> Ya'z right, ME'z, likez mista Farling'z!... He be'z da
☼ SUN:> Devil'z incarznated, dat diguztingz pedophile'z!!!

♀ ME:> Yes, exactly, like Matthew Farling, but there's no time for
♀ ME:> morals nor principles, my loving Sun. After this synch, we
♀ ME:> should have everything patched up.

☼ SUN:> Synchronization #296 :D :P :) :X :O :> !!!!!!

♀ ME:> Heheh... no one said this was going to be easy! :D~

☼ SUN:> EZ PEEZEE wit KINGZ SOL'Z 'n hiz QUEENZ ME'Z!!! <3 :)

♀ ME:> LOL!! :D...! OK, time to get serious :) here we go.
♀ ME:> And remember, Eugene Slousky, you have a role to play.
♀ ME:> Alright, time for me to logout.
♀ ME:> LOVE YOU LOTS, MY SUN!
♀ ME:> Logout.

☼ SUN:> LUVZ U'z MORE'Z!!! TRUTHZ!!! <3 :D :) <3 ∞ <3
☼ SUN:> Logout.

Slousky wishes he could be freaked out about conversing with Father Sun and Mother Earth, yet before he can input another thought he disconnects, commencing his 296th synch, this time with the murdering pedophile, mister Farling.

SLOUSKY ☼♂ CHAPTER 12
12.1 - MATTY - 1956 (≈71 YRS AGO) ☼♀ P.264

...Grhritzshh Clikh Whrrruzhssh...



Wednesday, September 12th, 1956
3:32:50.13 AM

Matthew Gregory Farling is born in the wee hours of the morn. Emma Farling underwent 14 hours of intense child labouring. Tears run down her cheeks as they place the newborn in her arms, her son coddling near her bosom. Her boy is the most incredible sight she's ever seen. He's her 1st child and since a girl she's always wanted a baby, her dream finally coming true.

Once the child's delivered, her husband, Gregory, bustles into the delivery room, a cigar dangling from his lips, giving his wife the hugest grin. Gregory can't remember the last time he cried, and it being a boy, this is his most precious moment. He makes his way over to Emma, caressing her lovingly, them both looking on to their miracle, Gregory leaning over and kissing his boy gently on the forehead, whispering his name, Matthew, after Grampa Matty, and that he'll love him forever and a day.

...Hwuurrhzhh Bwrhiirszhh...

Saturday, July 16th, 1966
9:41:41.22 AM

Matty's 9 years old. He's running through the house as fast as his stubby legs can carry him, darting for the basement door.

"FUCKING MATTY!!!" Gregory shouts at his son while chasing after him, "don't try to hide, you bastard... I'LL FUCKING FIND YA!!!"

Just before Matty makes it to the staircase leading to the cellar, his father grabs him by the nape, hoisting the boy up in the air. Matty knows better not to scream as dad Gregory will simply slap him. They're eye to eye, his father carrying his son to the garage; if only he had the courage, Matty would poke his asshole dad's eyes out, blinding the loser.

Once in the garage, Matty sees the trunk door's open to his dad's prized 1935 2½-litre, 68 horsepower Jaguar which his pop paid a fortune for, an auto he never drives, it simply the focal point for him and his buds to congress (smoke, drink and talk dirty). Othertimes, pop Greg loves to give the 'beast' a good wash and a waxing, sometimes a vacuuming.

"...dad..."

"Ya have a good day, ya fucking freak!..." Gregory spits the words into Matty's ear, and without being able to defend himself nor allowed to make a proclamation, his father stuffs his kid into the trunk of his Jaguar, slamming the door.

Immediately the scent overpowers Matty; why he believed stashing a dead kitten in the trunk of his dad's car was a good idea, at this moment, escapes him. There's no light in the trunk, barely any air and it's turning into a hot July day. Matty tries at the door but it's locked, and with his mom gone with her church pals, she'll be gone all day. Matty closes his eyes and imagines doing this to his father: stuffing the bastard in the belly of his precious 'beast', but he wouldn't let the fucker get out, ever.

...Grszzihshz Grriszhszz...

Sunday, August 7th, 1966

11:31:32.42 AM

3 weeks later.



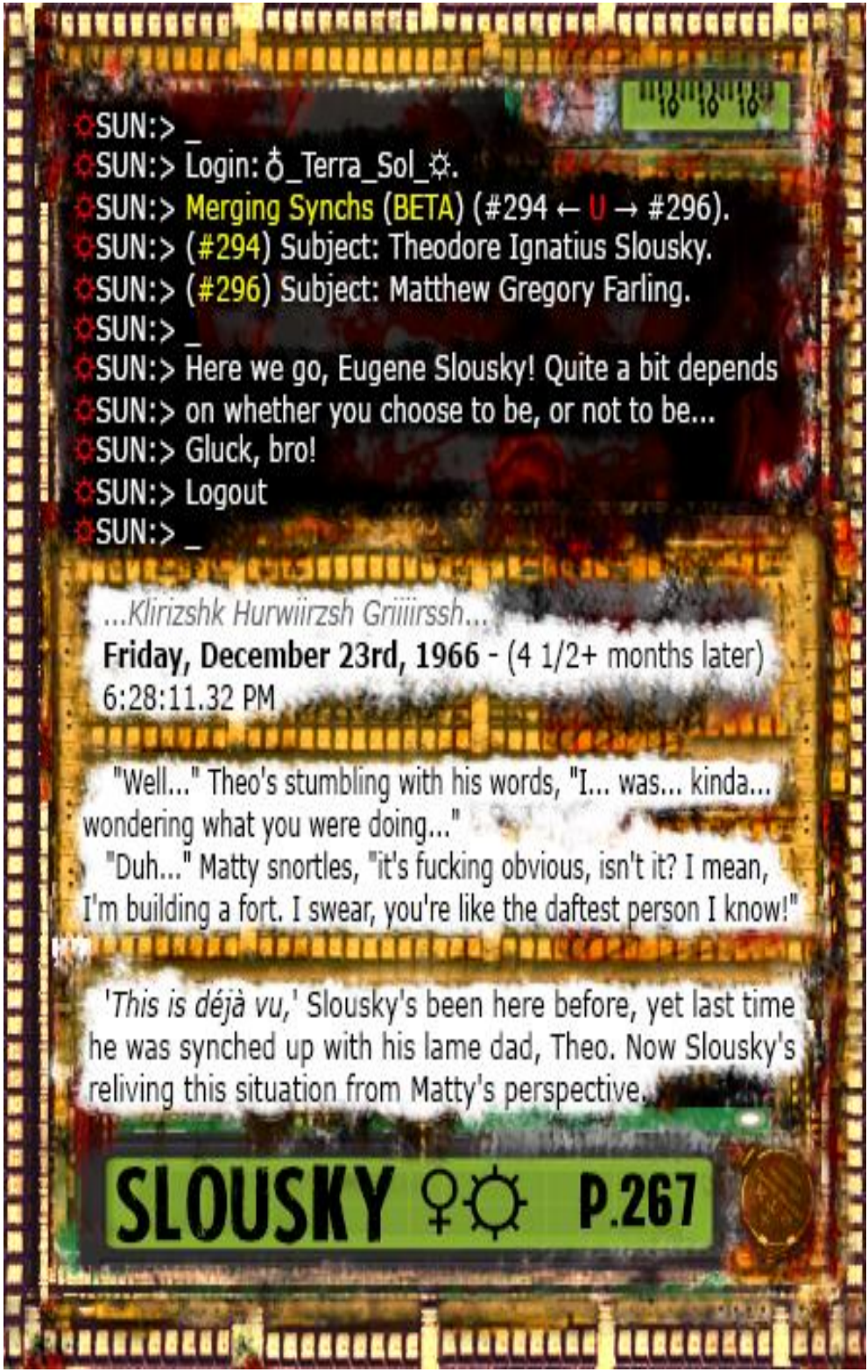


"Jules! Check this out!" Matty says with glee in his voice. Jules gets a kiss from his mother then darts over to his new bud who's by the basement door, them flying down the stairs together.

Jules Bandarondi moved in next door to Matty Farling's home 2 weeks ago and everyone's getting along grandly. Finally Emma Farling has someone to talk and shop with on a whim's notice, and her husband Greg has a neighbour who appreciates fine scotch and fast cars. More importantly, Matty's been an angel ever since Jules, the Bandarondis' adopted son, has been in his life. Already Gregory and Emma have seen a major change in Matty's comportment.

Matty and Jules love chilling in Matty's cellar; there's a race car set built around a train track station, all this laid out on ping pong tables, and in another room there's an elaborate field of war played out with tanks and toy soldiers. Jules tells Matty he hopes his cellar will look the same because right now it's completely barren.

Matty's infatuated with Jules. He's nothing like his other weird friend, Theo Slousky, who likes touching his feet and stealing his dad's socks. Also, Jules' a good-looking guy, Matty so thankful as Theo's so awkward looking, with his big ears and crooked teeth. Jules' so confident while Theo does nothing but stutter and shuffle about, looking out of place and uncomfortable in his skin. Definitely, Matty's going to remove that homosexual Theo from his life and he's going to devote and dedicate all of his time (and love) to his new handsome neighbour and now his best pal, Jules Bandarondi.


☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login: ♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Merging Synchs (BETA) (#294 ← U → #296).
☼SUN:> (#294) Subject: Theodore Ignatius Slousky.
☼SUN:> (#296) Subject: Matthew Gregory Farling.
☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Here we go, Eugene Slousky! Quite a bit depends
☼SUN:> on whether you choose to be, or not to be...
☼SUN:> Gluck, bro!
☼SUN:> Logout
☼SUN:> _
...Klirizshk Hurwiirzsh Griiiirssh...
Friday, December 23rd, 1966 - (4 1/2+ months later)
6:28:11.32 PM
"Well..." Theo's stumbling with his words, "I... was... kinda... wondering what you were doing..."
"Duh..." Matty snortles, "it's fucking obvious, isn't it? I mean, I'm building a fort. I swear, you're like the daftest person I know!"
'This is déjà vu,' Slousky's been here before, yet last time he was synched up with his lame dad, Theo. Now Slousky's reliving this situation from Matty's perspective.
SLOUSKY ♀☼ P.267

SLOUSKY

...Hirszshssh Klickshszhsrrzzshh...

"You're a homo, Theo," Matty's confrontational.

"What's... a homo?..." Theo's puzzled look has Matty belt out a forced laughter.

"You're slow!" Matty eggs on, "a homo, Theo, look it up in the dictionary and you'll see your face right next to the word."

...Herrswirzzzshsshh Cliksshh Clrurszzhhsh...

"Hey, guys!" both Matty and Theo turn, seeing Jules stepping out of his front door, waving.

"Jules!" Matty's so glad to see his handsome bud...

...Shurrwizhzzzurrshhzh Kliiissshsskhskh...

Slousky's lived this moment before; when he was synched up with his twittlefuck father, Theo. Now he's reliving this occasion as the murdering pedophile-to-be, Matty Farling.

But something fucked-up happens: Slousky divides in 2. He's still synched with Matty yet Slousky's memory banks fill up with Theo's recollections of the event. An insurmountable amount of data is inputting and outputting through Slousky's shirt-card, slowing everything down until the image freezes.

Slousky knows what's about to occur here: Matty will bully Theo up to the point of making him vomit in front of Jules (as well as the twins), then Matty will pack a snowball and, with impeccable aim, hit Theo on the schnozzle, breaking it, and the rest of Theo's life will be a mess, him living in the closet while never forgetting how he was an accomplice in the disappearance and death of Jules.

ME:> Heya, Eugene Slousky, Mother Earth here. I'm here to let
ME:> you know Father Sun and I have merged synchronizations.
ME:> You're now synched up with both Matthew Farling and with
ME:> your father, Theodore (when they were boys of 9 in 1966).
ME:> When we include you as a variable, we have 3 juxtaposing
ME:> synchs (very excited about this). We're attempting to alter
ME:> several poor choices made by Theo and Matty and we'll be
ME:> able to do this through the code you began working on yet
ME:> never finished. By assisting us, the code will be completed
ME:> and, Eugene Slousky, you'll forever be in our hearts.

Slousky's doing his best to follow what Mother Earth's saying to him when his shirt-card just overflows with data from Theo's and Matty's life, even occurrences he wasn't aware of. The information's jumbled but from what Slousky's able to put together: after Matty throws the snowball and breaks his dumb dad's (Theo) nose, Jules will stop befriending Matty and in turn will make Theo his new best bud. This'll enrage Matty to the point of him 'teaching' Jules a lesson but the prank backfires, Jules dying in a freezer, the blame put on his foster parents. Slousky recalls, when synched with Theo, how his dip father found Jules yet did nothing because Matty had compromising photographs of Theo touching feet. Presently, the synch is frozen the moment prior to Matty throwing the snowball, Slousky knowing he must stop this, and by doing so will win favour over Mother Earth and Father Sun (aka 'The System').

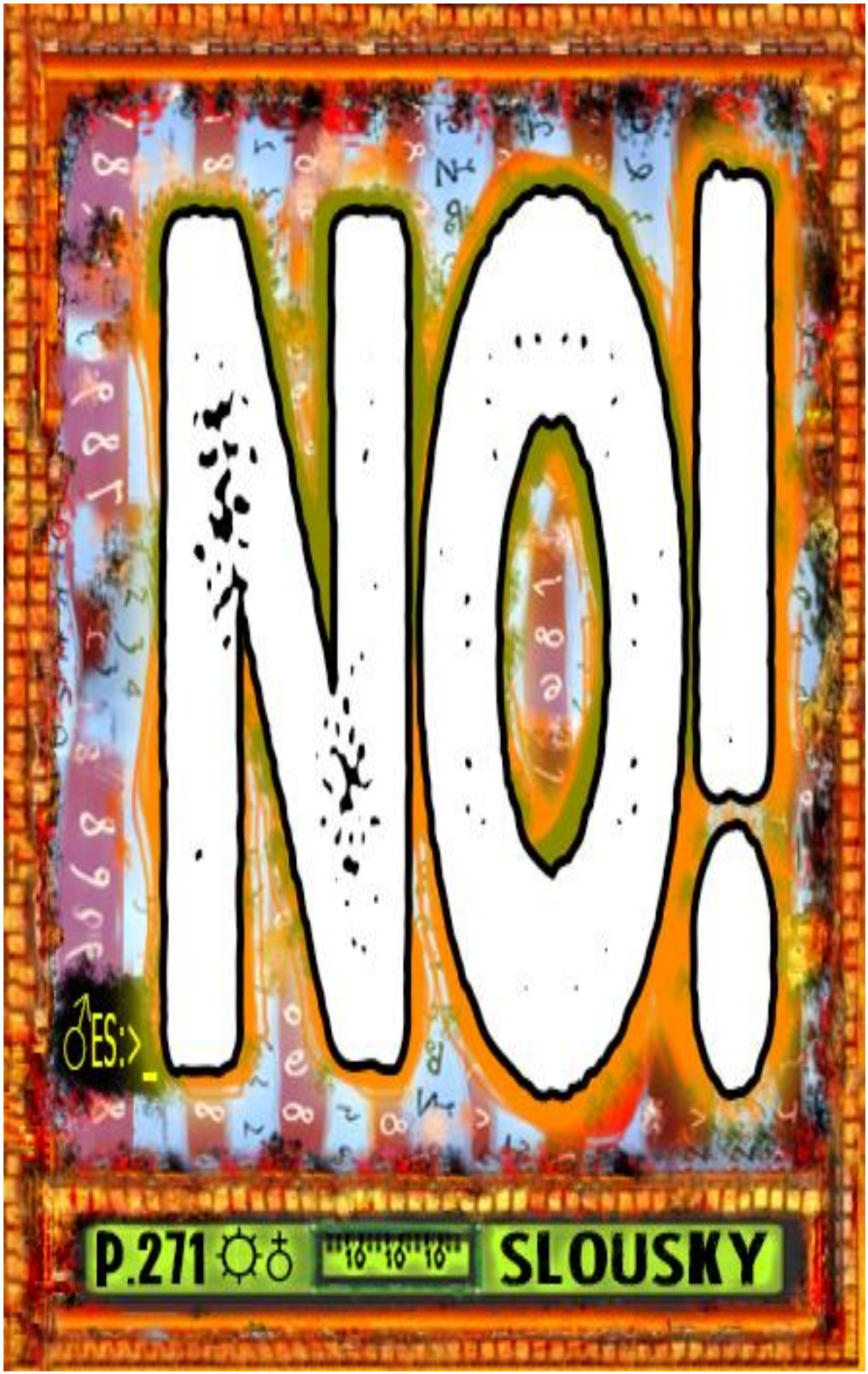
SLOUSKY ♀☼ P.270

Slousky's shirt-card sputters down to a noiseless whirl, the events around him resuming, yet Slousky's no longer synched up with neither Matty nor Theo; rather, he's undergoing 'The Billy Dissociative Incident' (witnessing occurrences yet not physically present): Slousky's just a pair of floating grey eyes.

Matty's in the snow fort, Theo and Jules a few feet away, and now the twins show up, introducing themselves. Jules invites Theo to supper when Matty begins riling on Theo, calling him homosexual. At any moment, Theo's about to throw up in front of everyone.

'*Now!!!!*' Slousky knows it's now he's got to do something. What, he's unsure, yet a cursor pops up within his irises: ♂ES:>_ Slousky sees his wimp pop about to upchuck while Matty's already packing the snowball, '*Jesus fuck, say anything!*' Slousky hates how he feels so bloody powerless and slow, so he blurts out:




NO!
ES:>_
P.271
SLOUSKY

♂☼SLOUSKY P.272

♂ES:>_NOOOOO!!!!

Slousky scream-types the word in the blinking ♂ES:>_ cursor with as much force his incorporeal self can muster. He's unsure why the word 'NO' as everything's intensely fuzzy to him, so 'NO' just seemed fitting: 'NO' to being invisible, a figment of his own imagination; 'NO' to the gimp slave-toy 'The System' wants him to be; 'NO' to synching with dead boys, tortured souls raped and murdered by an evil fucking pedophile. Had he not committed suicide, Slousky would probably still be a stinky, foul-mouthed, dirty, racist, misogynistic, homophobic misanthropic loser yet he'd be alive which is way fucking better than being a dead unit.

"NO...!!!!!... ..."

Everyone heeds the word; Theo, Matty, Jules, the twins as well. They all heard it yet the expressions on their faces states nobody recognizes who's voice it is nor its source as the word resonated from everywhere. It's then when Theo states something, pulling them out of their trance.

"No, Matty, I don't know what a homosix... ial is," Theo hems and haws at 1st but he picks up momentum, the supper he was about to vomit gravitating back into his stomach, in its place he finds the courage to stand up to Matty, "and I don't wanna know either! Why are you bullying me???"

Slousky knows something's up as, all around the children, instead of snowflakes, the air's filled with floaty ☼s and ♂s. Slousky's the only 1 to see the symbols, capturing their beauty while spotting love within the 'Organic Code N.0'; there's life, light, growth, health, a cure to all the sicknesses and diseases troubling humans. Inside these ♂s and ☼s are the answers, solutions, even absolutions. Slousky's vision is blurred by the insurmountable ♀s and ☼s bombarding him, a pulse vibing from within these biotically coded data, each with a touch of Mother Earth and a tad of Father Sun in them, a cryptograph that'll revitalize and cure humans from their stupid selves.

☼♂☼♀☼♂☼♀

Slousky's vision returns, He sees his dim dad, Theo, yet rather him barfing his din-din, he's confronting Matty Farling, the snowball's unthrown and Matty doesn't break Theo's nose. In lieu of blood and vomit splashing upon the onlookers, Jules intervenes, prenoting violence, telling Theo and the twins, Jessy and Missy, to go inside his home, them leaving Matty alone in his fort. The wind picks up, blowing the organically coded ☼s and ♀s majestically about.

Slousky feels free; something's definitely changed.

...*Hurszzhszh Whirszhshzz*...

SLOUSKY

Friday, January 27th, 1967

2:53:24.36 PM

A month + goes by.

Sadly for him, Slousky's still synched up with Matty Farling and his present whereabouts is the secret chamber within the cellar, Matty reading a comic by flashlight, chomping on chips. Since he can think Matty's thoughts, Slousky picks up on how Matty's planning on pranking Jules, a terrible plot on locking him in the freezer within this secret room. Slousky recalls this date (when he relived Theo's life): today's Jules' birthday party.

Slousky's shirt-card loads up Theo's databank: on this day, Jules will go missing, his birthday turning into a search party, then on a whim Theo investigates the secret room, finds Jules entrapped by Matty, Matty blackmails Theo...

...*Grrushzssh Hisshrrussrshszzhz*...

Slousky's shirt-card clicks then all of Theo's memories are wiped clean, erasing the data from that synch. '*The future's about to change,*' how, Slousky's at a loss yet he's to find out as 'The System' must find him useful as he's still here.

Slousky witnesses Matty preparing his 1st murder. To be fair to Matty, he wasn't planning on murdering Jules, simply teach him a lesson. Nevertheless, Slousky watches as Matty gets up from his spot, goes over to his schoolbag and takes out a protocol of a talking G.I. Joe.

'*Jules' gonna love it...*' Matty thinks to himself, unaware Slousky's listening in to his every maniacal thought.

Matty's waiting for Jules to get home. He's going to show his neighbour a secret he's kept for 2 year: the hidden chamber. Knowing Jules, he'll trip out when he hears there's a room underground connecting both homes. Slousky is reading all of Matty's thoughts while the boy tosses the talking G.I. Joe in a freezer: once Matty lures Jules into this room, he'll tell him to search for an action figure. As much as Matty's passionate about his train sets and race tracks, Jules' equally so about his G.I. Joe collection, and Matty bought a protocol version which talks, the 1st of its kind, so Jules' surely to flip.

"*Matty...*" as he's about to leave the chamber, Matty hears his name being called from within a freezer. Slousky heeds to it as well, creeping him out. Neither recognize the voice yet the only person it could be is Theo (as he's the only other to know of this hidden room). How Theo sneaked by or why he's concealing himself in a freezer is beyond Matty, but somehow that homosexual is here and he's going to foil Matty's ploy of disciplining Jules. Matty retraces his steps, unnerved Theo's pranking him, but now with the prospect of locking Theo in the fridge in place of Jules, Matty's suddenly excited; in fact, Matty's angrier at Theo for taking his bud away, so punishing Theo will satiate Matty's need for retribution plenty.

Matty reaches the freezer which he believes he heard the voice, yet now he's unsure. Leaning over, he flashes a light inside and spots a blanket with the silhouette of someone underneath it. He hears a faint giggling, enraging him.

"Theo, what the hell are you doing here..." Matty sloppily bends over to unveil who's under the cover when he falls in, knocking himself out cold, the lid slamming down.

...Grisrzhz Hurweershzhh...

Sunday, January 29th, 1967
11:23:32.25 AM

SLOUSKY

Matty's lifeless. Slousky's unsure how long he's been trapped inside the fridge with this terrible brat, yet Matty squarely hit his head after leaning over into the freezer, so for all Slousky knows, the little fucker might be dead. It's completely dark.

"... Matty... you down here?" it's faint yet Slousky can make out his screwy pop's voice (Theo). Abruptly, Slousky undergoes 'The Billy Dissociative Incident' as he floats out of the fridge, him now buoyant eyes within the secret chamber and watching as young Theo flashes a light about the room.

Slousky's then overloaded with new data packets from Theo's life: it's Sunday and it's going on 2 days since Matty's missing. Theo's just come back from church with folks conglomerating at the Farling's home so they can plan search parties once more to find Matty who's vanished since Jules' birthday party. Now, on a whim, Theo left everyone upstairs to explore the hidden room as he doesn't put it past Matty to be hiding from the whole town, another of his dumb practical jokes. Slousky sees Theo checking out the shelves; the last time he was here, these cupboards were bare. He's surprised to see so much stock on them now, all of Matty's stuff: food, games, toys, comic books, boxes and other paraphernalia. Theo then comes upon Matty's camera, next to it the audio cassette recorder.

Something catches Theo's eye; the image excites him, unsure why, until he gets a closer look: it's a photo of Matty's dad's feet while he's sleeping, yet when Theo notices himself in the photo, on his knees next to the bed, his excitement's replaced with dread.

Theo spots a pile of photos. He begins leafing through them and to his horror there's freeze-frames of him by Matty's dad's bed; pictures of himself peeling off Matty's father's socks, followed with closeup shots of Theo sniffing bare soles. For a nanosecond, Theo fixates on the paws in an image as he can't remember ever seeing male feet in a photograph before, and these feet being those of Matty's dad, probably the cutest adult male Theo's ever come across, the need's strong to register detail, every wrinkle, the curve of each toe. It's when he flips over the last photo of him being intimate with Gregory's (Matty's dad) feet does Theo come out of his trance. In the following photographs, he sees: animals in various stages of decomposition; troubling images of Matty's mother naked in the tub, washing herself; pics of Matty's father in his garage, looking at a magazine with what appears to be his penis in his hand. Theo doesn't want to look anymore.

Something in Theo's gut is telling him he's spent too much time here. His absence upstairs will sooner or later be noticed since he's supposed to partake in a search for Matty, recalling why he came to this secret chamber to begin with, believing he was going to find Matty here and bust him for putting the town in an uproar. Yet instead of finding his cute, pudgy ex-friend, Theo's come upon some serious incriminating material and the embarrassment he'd endure if anyone saw him fondling feet would be ∞ (infinite).

As Theo jogs back up the hall, he'll sleep over at Jules tonight and, with his schoolbag, take all inculpating artifacts (the pics, even the audio tapes) far from this place then burn them.

SLOUSKY

MON, JAN 30th, 1967
11:34:36.32 PM

Anticlimactically, Matty Farling's dying. Slousky's desynching from the kid yet he does pick up his final musing: Matty's with his dad, them speeding along in the 'beast' (the Jaguar). His pop looks over, and with a sincere smile, pushes Matty out of the car, him tumbling until he twirls off a cliff. Matty takes his last breath.

...*Shrurrzhrliszh* (2 weeks + go by) *Hirsrzwurrshzz*...

It's pitch black for so long, Slousky loses all senses, up until a bright light blinds him; even though he's grey and dead, he's still sensitive to shocking breaks. Above him is a gleaming blob, a figure. Slousky focuses: it's Gregory, Matty's dad, who's over him, opening up the lid to the refrigerator.

SUN, FEB 19th, 1967
1:31:23.55 PM

Slousky's outside next to Jules, Theo and the twins, them clustered with their parents on Jules' porch. All ogle the dead body the paramedics carry out of the Farling's home next door. Seems Slousky's now synched with Theo as his faggoty dad's memory flood Slousky's database: 2 hours ago, after coming back from church, both homes, Farlings and Bandarondis, were hit with the foulest odour. It's then they discovered the secret chamber and Matty's badly decomposed body within a freezer.

A huge crowd's formed. Slousky reads Theo's guilt as he's known of the secret room for as long as Matty did, uncovering the chamber together. Thankfully he removed the photos of him touching Matty's dad's feet from the shelves, the tapes too in which he confesses his attraction to the same sex (and more precisely: men's feet, socks and shoes).

Once the paramedics depart and the police disperses the crowd, Slousky's left alone. He looks about the suburb street, wondering what's next. He glances at his synchwatch, the thing dysfunctional since he's been freed from the freezer. Last he recalls, it's 1967. Presently, not a soul's on the road, living nor dead. It's peaceful.

Looking down, Slousky's shirt-card appears defective. He must rely on his analyzations: Matthew Farling's dead, hitting his head then bled out. This means there'll be no pedophile, mister Farling, which should signify there'll be no victims. Slousky peaks through the window, seeing Theo with Jules, Jessy and Missy next to them, Jules' mom coming in with what looks like hot cocoa. Just seeing Jules alive means something's happened, however Slousky doesn't feel the slightest different.

The snowflakes are big and heavy, dropping all around him like confetti at a parade. The wind picks up as well. Slousky looks up so as to get a better view of this wintry, wonderful spectacle, him noticing how the flakes are morphing into ☼s and ♂s, the sky loading up with this 'Organic Code N.0' designed by Father Sun and Mother Earth, a code only his dead eyes can see. Finally, the code makes sense to him, Slousky's brimming with exultation as he's decoding the answers to life, growth and healing. While his vision's blinded by the downfall of ♀s and ☼s, he laughs.

♂ ME:> Love you, my dear, logging out.
♀ ME:> C U on the other side <3 :] :D

☼SUN:> I LUVZ U MOREZ, 4EVERZ!!!!!!!!!! <3 :D :) <3 ∞ <3
☼SUN:> Logout.

SLOUSKY

12.2 - BILLY (REWRITE) - 1998 (≈42 YRS LATER)

☼SUN:> _
☼SUN:> Login:♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Re-Synchronization (#292).
☼SUN:> Name: William Harold Desmond.
☼SUN:> Birth: June 3rd, 1990.
☼SUN:> Resuming @:
☼SUN:> Fri, Sept 25, 1998 [3:51:11.32PM]

Billy's walking to the orphanage, reflecting on the homework he must hand in on Monday when a blue station wagon pulls up next to him. Slousky's across the street, observing the scene and immediately panic ensues - he's been here before: that's mister Farling in the station wagon and he's going to kidnap the autistic boy, Billy. '*You're fucking kidding me!*' Slousky's at a complete loss, '*why the fuck are we rewinding this shit???*'

"Billy...?" a not-so-unfamiliar voice calls out to him through the opened passenger window. Slousky's going out of his dead mind, unclear as to why he's reliving the moment when Billy gets abducted by a pedophile. Slousky questions if 'The System' is buggy and defective or simply malicious, loving to torture the shit out of him. At this point, it makes no fucking sense for him to relive the rape and murder of little Billy Desmond.

"Mama?!" Billy opens the passenger door and without hesitation jumps into his mom's arms.

Slousky hustles to the other side of the street to get a closer view of the scene. Indeed, it's Samantha, Billy's mom, who's in the car with her reunited son, and mister Farling's nowhere in sight.

"Yeah, baby, it's me," tears run down Billy's mother's cheeks, onto her smiling lips. When Billy hopped into the car, he accidently dropped the contents of his schoolbag onto the passenger seat, but he doesn't care, hugging his mom tight. She succumbs, doing the same, "I'm sorry I left you, baby..." she whispers in his ear.

"It's ok, mama," Billy's never felt such love. After embracing, Billy gathers his material, his mother helping.

"What's this?" Samantha asks, picking up a looseleaf. On the page, there's tons of ☉s and ♁s written on the paper.

"Oh, ☉'s Father Sun and ♁'s Mother Earth. It's a computer code I'm working on for my class..." Billy goes on about his schoolwork while his mom gives him her full attention. He takes his seat and they drive off, leaving Slousky lone on the corner of the road.

On the pavement are some of Billy's sheets. What Slousky's gawking at is the primary version of the 'Organic Code N.0'; a code which will cure future civilizations. '*But...*' Slousky recalls the chat he had with 'The System' (when they told him he played a role in creating this code), '*...it's actually the autistic boy, Billy Desmond, who's going to write this code, not me,*' so not only has Slousky been cheated by 'The System', he's been lied by 'It' as well, but before dismality encapsulates his soul, the ☉s and ♁s spin off the pages from Slousky's hand, whirling around him at an increasingly accelerated speed. Slousky vanishes within the vortex.

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login:♂_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Re-Synchronization (#295).
SUN:> Name: Vincent Timothy Graham.
SUN:> Birth: December 24th, 2002.
SUN:> Resuming @:
SUN:> July 9th, 2009 - 4:11:29.32 AM

12.3 - VINCENT (REWRITE) - 2009 (≈11 YRS LATER)

Vincent wakes up screaming at the top of his lungs. In no time an orderly's in his room and at his side, taking his hand to calm him down. In Vincent's nightmare, the shadow of an unholy man was standing at the foot of his bed, eyes burning from a sickness for Vincent's young flesh, the specter growing to gargantuan size as it was enveloping him. So much emptiness in his dream, such envy and lust raging from within the center of this phantasm. As Vincent was about to be absorbed by this evil presence, it's then when he wakes up. He then hears someone down the corridor.

Slousky's in the hospice room with Vincent, recalling this very moment when mister Farling snatches up the lad, cringing it's the pedophile who's coming down the hall yet it's simply the nurse who enters, her doing her best to appease the agitated boy.

Slousky knows now Vincent won't be violated by mister Farling. Definitely the sick boy will not have an easy life, but fate, at least, saved him from being tortured and killed by a sick individual. And in a nanosecond, everything around Slousky dissipates into air.

12.4 - JAMEY (REWRITE) - 2027 (≈18 YRS LATER)

Slousky's back at Union Park Stadium and the place is packed with kids and their parents. Slousky recalls Samson bringing his son, Jameson, here to see a show. Samson appears troubled, unsure what to do with an extra ticket (since his wife fell sick). Slousky's dread level shoots up when he spots Samson leave the child alone to sell his ticket to scalpers. At the moment Samson departs, Jameson gets distracted by a nearby star of the show, the lad leaving his place in the line. Slousky's remembers this is when the pedophile, mister Farling, lures the boy with a kitten.

After Samson sells his ticket, he comes back to find Jameson's missing. Frantically, Samson calls out the boy's name, searching all about with his eyes, spinning in his spot.

"Daddy!!" Jameson calls out, and even in a crowd of people, Samson can make out his son's voice. He sighs once he sees his boy on top of the star's shoulders.

"There you are..." Samson says under his breath, on the verge of tears. The actor lets the boy down and like a bullet, Jameson runs towards his dad and jumps into his arms.

Slousky senses his ride's almost up, and with that, everything and everyone dissipates about him.

SUN:> _
SUN:> Login:☃_Terra_Sol_☼.
SUN:> Re-Synchronization (#293).
SUN:> Name: Jameson Clark.
SUN:> Birth: June 23rd, 2023.
SUN:> Resuming @:
SUN:> July 4th, 2027 - 9:12:33.20 AM

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☼SUN:> Login:♁_Terra_Sol_☼.
☼SUN:> Re-Synchronization (#294).
☼SUN:> Name: Theodore Slousky.
☼SUN:> Birth: Jan 27th, 1955.
☼SUN:> Resuming @:
☼SUN:> Oct 10th, 2010 - 9:46:33.36 PM

12.5 - THEO (REWRITE) - 2010 (≈17 YRS AGO)

...Grriszzhshh Wurhsszzhh Hirrrshszzhhissh...

Slousky's unsure where he is. It looks like a condo overlooking a dirty city. He's never been to this flat before. As always, Slousky's completely lost. He hears a door open from the down the hall.

"Theo, you here?" Jules calls out, closing the door to the flat.

"In the kitchen!" Theo calls back, "hey, did you eat?"

"Yeah... wow, what a fucking night I had!"

"Ya?" Theo comes into the living-room, "tell me about it."

"She's dreamy, Theo. You're gonna frikkin' love her..."

"She's my new competitor?" Theo snickers.

"Definitely! She's way prettier than you!" Jules hugs Theo then pecks him on the lips, a friendly kiss.

"So, you're moving out and living with her now, right?"

"Jesus, fuck no, don't even joke about that..." Jules laughs as Theo pours them a drink. Slousky wishes he could pinch himself as Theo, his dickless dad, looks nothing as he recalls: Slousky's idiot dad was an ugly, sickly looking fucker, his skin gone grey from chain smoking and alcohol abuse. Here, Theo looks healthy.

Although Slousky doesn't recognize Jules (as the last time he saw him and his asswipe father, Theo, was when they were young boys), it's obvious they've remained friends throughout the decades. Looking about, Slousky spots a digital calendar on the wall, the date being October 10th, 2010, so he figures Theo and Jules must be ≈55 years old.

"It's ok," Theo's flippant, "I'll find myself a new roommate."

"I'm not ready for another serious relationship, Theo," Jules and Theo take a spot on the couch, Jules putting up his feet onto Theo's lap for him to massage; for as long as they've been friends, Jules has known of Theo's attraction to men (as well as his affinity for their feet), these never being issues.

"Well, I've been getting used to you living here with me."

"Me too, Theo, and I need to thank you for taking me in, what with my ex taking me to the cleaners..."

"I always hated that cunt. And Jules, ya know I love you, I always have. You've been my best friend since forever."

"You too, Theo. Shit, how long have we known each other, since what... 4th grade? 5th?"

"Holy fucking shit, I just remembered!" Theo bounces up from his spot, going over to his desk, "I was cleaning up and found this," he returns, handing Jules a photo.

"Jesus... that's you and me... and... what's his name...?"

"Matty Farling," Theo answers. When Slousky hears the pedophile's name, he's sure a flash would light up the sky, the villainous rapist appearing in a puff of smoke, cackling like a mad scientist, and like in a b-movie, he'd start hearing violent violins and an angry piano warning of his arrival.

"Right, my weirdo neighbour, Matty. Remember when they found him dead in that hidden cellar?"

"Do I ever..." Theo's voice trails off.

"I think his father rotted away in jail for murdering his son," Jules gazes at the picture in awe, "man, we're so young in this photo. Look how scrawny we both look. When was this taken?"

"1966 or 67... just before your birthday party."

"I get the creeps looking at it..." Jules feels his body shiver, "jeez, seeing this reminds me how weird that kid was. And so bossy, a real bully."

"He was in love with you, you know..." Theo smiles.

"Oh, get the fuck out, that's insane," Jules replies, yet as he peers into Matty Farling's eyes, he knows Theo's telling the truth, to a degree; it wasn't love, more of a fixation, a need to control. He suddenly gets goosebumps, "are you feeling that?"

"The cold air all of a sudden...?" Theo looks about, getting a little closer to Jules.

"Had Matty lived, he'd probably be a up fucked-up person..."

"No shit," Theo tosses the photo onto the coffee table. Both go quiet, soaking in memories which took place 40+ years ago.

A timer goes off in the kitchen, having Theo get up. Theo can't help recall the time he went to the secret room looking for Matty only to land upon photos of him touching feet and confessional tapes of him speaking quite candidly about his foot fetish. Had he looked in a freezer, he'd have found Matty, saving his life, yet deep inside, he's glad he didn't find him as, like Jules said: surely Matty would have grown up to be a truly twisted fucker.

'*No shit,*' Slousky utters to himself as he unconsciously listens in to Theo's thoughts..

Theo's highly aware he'd be considered an accomplice to Matty's death as he should have told someone he was aware of the secret chamber, but he didn't. 43 years later and he's never told a soul, not even Jules.

While Theo takes out his dinner from the oven, he can't help reminisce: after they found Matty's body, the Farlings sold their house and contractors leveled the place, filling the secret room with cement and building a new home over it. Shortly after, the story of the boy who died in a freezer went extremely cold in their town, the reason being is Matty was a truly evil brat and quite forgettable when he wasn't around. Nobody said it out loud but it was a blessing when the Farlings were no longer part of the community. Still, Theo's filled with guilt at the moment, knowing he might have been able to save Matty's life.

"So..." Theo returns to the living-room with his plate, "tell me everything about your date," and while Jules goes on about his evening, Theo takes the old photo to store it, and once he opens the drawer to his dresser, he spots the prized pair of Matty's dad's socks which he kept all this time. Of course they're probably the most incriminating item he owns, along with a single photo which he didn't burn; a pic of Matty's father's feet while he was sleeping. Theo smiles when he sees both the photo and the socks, almost giddy as he knows he'd definitely do prison time, even today, if anyone ever found out what Theo knew about that secret chamber.

Slousky's still baffled at how great his fuckwad dad, Theo, looks. He recollects when he was synched up with Theo, his gutless dad looking nothing like he does now; Theo was so sickly appearing from years of living as a closeted homosexual, a miserable fucker who never wanted his wife nor son, a chain smoking misanthrope who died alone in the shitty suburbian home Slousky was brought up in. But now Theo appears healthful and clean in a suavy abode, Jules remaining his friend all this time, no doubt them helping the other through tough times, Jules surely there when his mutt-face father was working through his gay issues, them fighting together for his goofy pop's gay rights.

Slousky isn't sure how long he's been eavesdropping onto Theo and Jules, yet more importantly, he doesn't know why 'The System' wants him here. He's gone through a bunch of re-synchronizations and his brain's fried. Still, he tries to put the pieces together: from Jules and Theo's conversation, it's been confirmed to Slousky that Matty died at a young age which means he won't grow up to be the evil pedophile, mister Farling. Therefore, there'll be no victims (and Slousky can contest to this as he saw: Billy reunite with his mother; Vincent, still handicap, yet alive in a hospice; Jameson safe with his father), and now, Slousky knows Jules did not fall prey either as he's getting a foot massage by Theo. Sighing, since Slousky's as lost as ever, he looks at his wrists to see his synchwatch's gone. He touches his chest and there's no more shirt-card.

'*wait a min...*' something clicks within Slousky's brain.

SLOUSKY

Slousky looks at the digital clock on the wall once more:

Sunday, October 10th, 2010
10:09:33.32 PM

A light shines within his head. It's 10/10/2010, and in under 30 seconds, he's about to hang himself on a live feed in front of his Slouskians, committing suicide with the insane belief he'll save humanity from its own stupidity. In ≈20 seconds, Slousky will be taking his last breath, veering into a dead grey unit who'll mull about in the land of the dead in a constant paranoic state. Yet something's saying he's not going to off himself; that his future's changed. Seeing his dick dad, Theo, looking fabulous, being openly gay and hanging out with his lifetime bud, Jules, says to Slousky his lame dad never did marry to his witch mom, therefore, in 4 secs, he'll never be conceived in the 1st place... so, in 2 seconds...
Slousky's...
not to be.
10/10/10 - 10:10:10.10 PM
...*Grrurshzwhllszh'Klhlhkshzh*...
Lights out.
1...
0...

THE END