

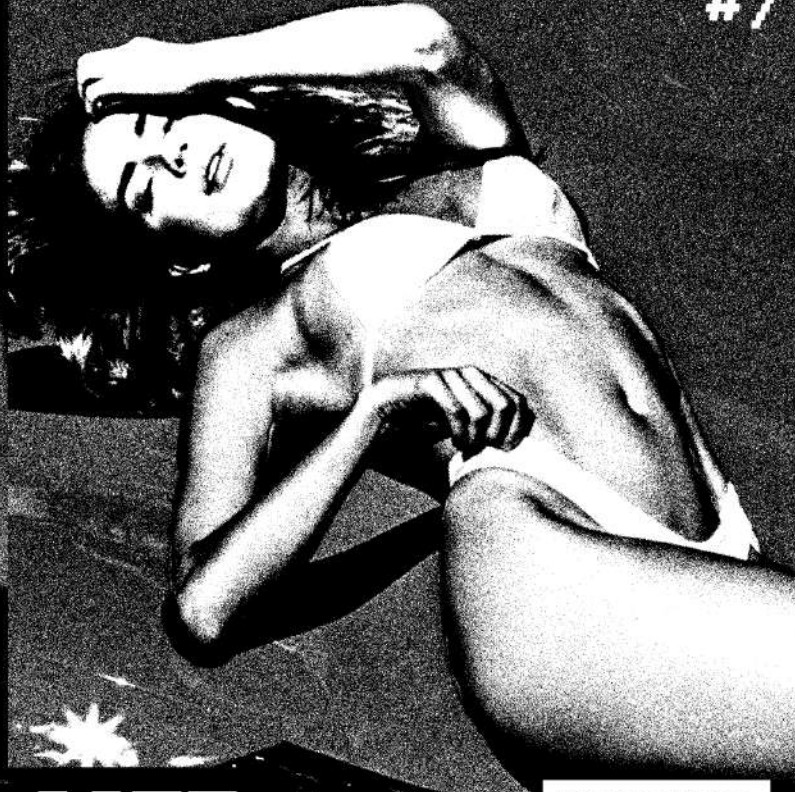
# CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE #7

## HATEMAIL

BRO. IT SAYS CARS & WOMEN ON THE FUCKING TITLE. WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING - THE PARIS REVIEW OF LITERATURE???

WITH THAT IN MIND SEND ALL YOUR HUGS AND KISSES TO:

[HOMELESSCHINESEMAN@GMAIL.COM](mailto:HOMELESSCHINESEMAN@GMAIL.COM)



# LIFE

THE MAGAZINE FOR  
THE MAN IN THE NEW  
MILLENNIUM

[QUEENSTRASH.COM](http://QUEENSTRASH.COM)

FEATURING: STAINED HANES / MICHAEL VAN GORE / T.R. HUDSON / MOONPAY / J.L. MACKEY / JONAH QUEST / IBN KHAYBAR / THE PRUDENTIALIST / CLUSTER / JAROD KINTZ



FUCK  
THE  
MUSIC  
INDUSTRY  
DO IT YOURSELF  
SHOP.MUSICFORALL.CLUB  
MUSICFORALL.CLUB

# X LIFE X



**THE KAISER**  
GRACEFULLY AGEING DICTATOR  
BY GRANT



**THE HANES**  
GOT A BAD CASE OF LATINO HEAT  
BY HENRY

GENTLEMEN.  
REMEMBER LIFE? YOU KNOW. THE THING BETWEEN LUNCH AND DINNER WHEN YOU'RE FREE TO SOCIALIZE AND INDULGE YOUR PERSONAL OBSESSIONS? WE CERTAINLY DO. SO LET'S GATHER AROUND THE WATER COOLER AND SWAP STORIES OF ATTEMPTS AT LIVING AS WE GRADUALLY MOVE FURTHER INTO CUBICLE-WORLD. PUT ON YOUR SUNDAY SUIT. PUT A DOLLAR IN THE REGISTER. AND GET READY TO MINGLE WITH THIS EXTRA WORDY ISSUE OF CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE.



**THE HUDSON**  
KNOWS HIS ABC'S  
BY HANSON



**THE ROMAN**  
LEADING THE HOSTILE TAKEOVER OF BRADSHAW  
BY GARDNER

WELL YA SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS. ME AND MACK AND THE BOYS WERE JUST A GANG OF LOLLYGAGGERS. NEVER HURT NO ONE, NEVER DONE MORE THAN WE HAD TO TO GET BY THOSE DAYS. IT WAS ROUND '38 OR SO. SMACK DAB IN THE DEPRESSION. YA SEE, NO WORK DOWN AT THE CANNERY NO HOW, SO WE FIGURED WE'D JUST DO ENOUGH TO GET A LITTLE DRINK AND SOME MEAT FROM OLE LEE CHONG, THE ORNERY STORE OWNER IN TOWN WHO LIVED AND DIED ON CREDIT. 'CEPT OURS OF COURSE, ON ACCOUNT OF WE WASN'T IN THE BEST OF STANDING WITH HIM.

BUT THERE WAS THIS FELLA IN TOWN, NAMED DOC. GOOD MAN, BUT KEPT TO HIMSELF. HE WAS ALWAYS DOING THESE EXPERIMENTS ON FROGS. MAKING THEM INTO ALL SORTS OF WHATEVERS. I SAW A CARTOON WHERE BUGS BUNNY TURNED INTO SUPERMAN WITH A SUPER CARROT. THEN, AT THE END, HE BECOMES A MARINE. NOT THE KIND OF MARINE THAT DOC WAS, HE WAS A MARINE BIOLOGIST. I MEAN LIKE THE GUYS WHAT FOUGHT IN THE PACIFIC WHILE ME AND MACK AND THE BOYS WERE SHOVELING SHIT IN LOUISIANA. OR WERE WE IN NORMANDY. CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER.

I DON'T THINK DOC WAS DOING THAT PER SE, BUT I'M NO POINDEXTER AND I DON'T MEAN TO STEP ON ANY TOES FOR THE ARDENT SUPER RABBIT MAKING SCIENTISTS WHO MAY BE READING THIS CONFESSIONAL. ANYWAYS, HE'D PAY A NICKEL A FROG, WHICH IN THOSE DAYS WAS THE BEST, HONEST WORK MACK AND ME AND THE BOYS COULD SCARE UP. CURLEY WAS THE BEST FROG CATCHER, ON ACCOUNT OF THE GLOVES HE WORE FULL OF VASELINE. BUT THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER BOOK, I SUPPOSE.

**BLA BLA BLA  
ALL THAT COUNTS  
IS THAT YOU  
ARE RICH AND  
FAMOUS**



ANYWHO. WE DECIDED TO THROW DOC A LITTLE PARTY ON ACCOUNT OF HIM BEING A GOOD MAN. THOUGH HE KEPT TO HIMSELF. WE GO TO OLE LEE CHONG FOR THE STUFF AND THAT ORNERY CHINAMAN HAD THE BALLS TO ASK FOR PAYMENT UP FRONT. SO WE WENT AND ASKED IF DOC NEEDED MORE FROGS AND THOUGH HE DIDN'T HE SAID HE DID CAUSE HE WAS A GOOD MAN. THOUGH HE KEPT MOSTLY TO HIMSELF. THOUGH THERE WAS THIS OTHER LESS ORNERY CHINAMAN RUNNING AROUND TOWN AND TO KEEP IT SIMPLE. I'LL REFRAIN FROM THE SLUR... FOR NOW.



WE THREW THE PARTY AND IT GOES GREAT AND LIKE THE COLLAPSE OF ROME IT FELL APART SLOWLY AND THEN ALL AT ONCE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY. WE AND MACK AND THE BOYS OF THE PALACE FLOPHOUSE AND GRILL WEREN'T IN DOC'S GOOD GRACES. EVEN A GOOD MAN WHO KEEPS TO HIMSELF CAN GET MAD WHEN A BUNCH OF HOOLIGANS BREAK UP HIS HOME AND WORKPLACE.



WE MADE IT UP TO HIM THOUGH. WHEN WE THREW ANOTHER. BETTER PARTY AND WE ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. LAST TIME I TOLD THIS STORY TO SOME PINKO LEFTIE COMMUNIST AND I WAS OUT MILLIONS OF BUCKS. GOOD THING I DIDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT MY BUDDY'S LENNY AND GEORGE AND OUR DREAM OF OWNING OUR OWN FARM. BUT THAT'LL BE SOME OTHER TIME.



**JUST FLY ME OUT TO PARIS 'N SHIT**





SOMEONE ASKED ME NOT TOO LONG AGO TO TALK ABOUT LIFE.

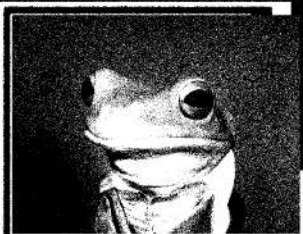
AT FIRST I DIDN'T FEEL THE NEED OR WANT TO. IN PART BECAUSE I AM A TERRIBLE FICTION WRITER, AND SHORT STORIES ARE NOT REALLY MY THING. I AM AN IDEAS GUY, AN EXTRAPOLATOR. SOME EVEN SAY EDUCATOR. I AM NOT THE WORLD'S MOST EDUCATED OR WELL SPOKEN; I AM SELF-DEPRECATING TO A FAULT, AND I HAVE A LIFE I VERY MUCH FEEL THE NEED TO MAKE UP FOR WITH THE LIFE I HAVE LEFT AHEAD OF ME.

I LIVE A LIFE ON BORROWED TIME. OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I'VE TOLD MYSELF SINCE MY KIDNEY TRANSPLANT BACK IN JUNE OF 2021. THEY DON'T LAST FOREVER. BY THE WAY, YOU TAKE IMMUNOSUPPRESSIVE DRUGS THAT WEAKEN YOUR ABILITY TO FIGHT INFECTIONS AT THE COST OF YOUR BODY NOT GOING INTO ORGAN REJECTION, AND THE ODDS OF ME DYING OF CANCER IN THE END HAVE SKYROCKETED.

IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR NORMALITY. AND IT'S NOT SOMETHING I TRY TO DWELL ON TOO MUCH. IT'S TOO EASY FOR UNSEEN ENEMIES TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT, AND IT CERTAINLY MAKES SENSE AS TO WHY CERTAIN CHRISTIANS PRAY FOR A DREAMLESS SLEEP.

MY STORY ISN'T AN INTERESTING ONE. OR AT LEAST I THINK IT IS BORING. ORGAN TRANSPLANTS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME. I'VE CERTAINLY COME VERY CLOSE TO DYING A FEW TIMES, AND I'VE SEEN DEATH UP CLOSE. DEATH UP CLOSE FUCKS YOU UP MORE THAN YOUR OWN SENSE OF MORTALITY. THE BRAIN AND SOUL KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME FOR YOU, BUT THE DESIRE TO SAVE AND KEEP ANOTHER ALIVE EVEN IF IT'S TOO LATE OR THEY HAVE GIVEN UP CHANGES YOU. I WAS DRIVING HOME FROM MY PARENTS A FEW YEARS BACK AFTER A LATE THANKSGIVING DINNER, HEADING BACK TO MY APARTMENT AND AVOIDING THE CONSTRUCTION ON THE HIGHWAY. I TOOK A SMALL ROAD BY ONE OF THE EL PASO COMMUNITY COLLEGE CAMPUSES TO BYPASS THE ROAD WORK. IT WASN'T RAINING. ALMOST NEVER DOES IN EL PASO. BUT THE GENTLEMAN IN FRONT OF ME ON A MOTORCYCLE HAD VEERED OFF TO AVOID HITTING A LARGE ROCK ON THE ROAD, AND LOST CONTROL, FLIPPING INTO THE AIR AND LANDING ON HIS BACK. I HAD PULLED OVER, CALLED 911, AND GOT MY FIRST AID KIT OUT OF THE TRUNK AND RUSHED TO THE SCENE. COMPOUND FRACTURE OF THE TIBULA, AND COUGHING UP BLOOD. THANKFULLY, HE WAS WEARING HIS HELMET, OR SO I THOUGHT AT THE TIME.

I DON'T SPEAK SPANISH VERY WELL. I TOOK LATIN IN COLLEGE AS AN EASIER LANGUAGE CREDIT TO AVOID TAKING AN EXTRA YEAR OF "BEGINNER'S SPANISH" AT UNIVERSITY. HOWEVER, I KNOW WHAT "DUELE" MEANS. YOU DON'T MOVE SOMEONE AFTER AN ACCIDENT LIKE THAT IN CASE OF SPINAL INJURIES OR OTHER INTERNAL INJURIES. OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I REMEMBER FROM ALL THE FIRST AID CLASSES AND ALL THAT STUFF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOU AN EAGLE SCOUT OR SOMETHING. HE NEVER LOOKED AT ME, ALTHOUGH I COULD SEE HIS EYES START TO HAVE THIS STRANGE GLAZED OVER LOOK AT THEM AS GLOVED HANDS APPLY PRESSURE AND BANDAGES TO WOUNDS. A GURGLING COUGH AND WHEEZED EXHALE IS WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER.



**FROGGER? THAT IS SOME GRANDPA SHIT**



HE DIED IN THE HANDS OF THE PARAMEDICS THAT HAD ARRIVED AND TOOK OVER. I GAVE A STATEMENT AS TO WHAT HAPPENED. GAVE MY NAME AND NUMBER AND WENT HOME WHEN THE AUTHORITIES WERE DONE WITH ME.

THAT WAS THAT. I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHAT THE MAN'S THOUGHTS WERE OR WHAT EVEN HIS NAME WAS. BUT LORD GRANT HIM REST. AND MAY WE BE ALL SO LUCKY TO NOT DIE ALONE.

HE WAS A MIDDLE-AGED GUY FROM WHAT I COULD TELL BY HIS LONG BLACK GREASY HAIR AND THE STREAKS OF GREY FROM WHAT I COULD SEE BY THE LIGHT AROUND US AND MY HEADLIGHTS.

I WAS ASKED TO WRITE ABOUT LIFE. LIFE IS A SUBJECTIVE TERM FOR MANY. AN OBJECTIVE STATE OF NOT BEING DEAD. YOU'D BE SURPRISED BY WHAT THE MOST CRIPPLED AND MUTILATED PEOPLE ON EARTH WILL DO JUST TO SURVIVE. OTHERS, IN THE CARE OF A CHURCH, FAMILY, OR COMMUNITY, CAN STILL DO GREAT THINGS. CONSIDER THE LIFE OF HERMANUS CONTRACTUS IF YOU EVER GET THE CHANCE.

YET I AM TO WRITE ABOUT LIFE.



LIVING AND LIVING WELL. AS THE SONG GOES. THE THRILL OF APPRECIATION. THE AIR SMELLING DIFFERENT AND APPRECIATING ALL THAT'S AROUND. FADES QUICKLY IN YOUR OWN PERSPECTIVE. THAT'S DIFFERENT. EMOTIONAL OUTBURST OF "ISN'T LIFE JUST FUCKING PRECIOUS AND YOU JUST WANT TO SQUEEZE BABIES" KIND OF SENSATION THAT YOU SEE ON TELEVISION ALL THE TIME FADES. BECAUSE IT'S PERFORMATIVE. THE REALITY IS USUALLY UNSEEN. BUT THEN AGAINST I THINK MOST THINGS IN LIFE ARE UNSEEN. FROM OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE TO WHAT WE DO FOR OTHER PEOPLE. AS MY DAD ALWAYS SAYS. INTEGRITY IS WHAT YOU DO WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING. I MEAN, GOD'S ALWAYS LOOKING. BUT YOU GET THE POINT.

ONE TENDS TO FADE EITHER INTO SOME KIND OF GRUMPY NIHILISM ABOUT LIFE. THAT THEY MADE IT. LIFE'S A BITCH. THEY GOT LUCKY. AND IT'S JUST A COLD. CALCULATING TRUTH ABOUT WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. MODERN LIFE DOESN'T HELP IN THAT REGARD EITHER. "LOOK MAN. WE KNOW YOU JUST GOT A NEW ORGAN AND A NEW LEASE ON LIFE BUT YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK." THE OTHERS SEE A FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE. IT'S NOT IMMEDIATE. BUT PERHAPS THIS IS TALKING MORE ABOUT MYSELF ABOVE ANYTHING ELSE HERE. YET THAT'S REALLY THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS TALK ABOUT MY OWN PERSPECTIVES AND EXPERIENCES.



THE THING THAT WRECKS YOU THE MOST IS USUALLY FINDING OUT ABOUT THE DONOR. SOMETIMES THEY'RE ALIVE. AND THAT'S GREAT AND YOU CAN MEET THEM. MOST OF THE TIME (DON'T QUOTE ME ON THIS) THEY'RE NOT. I NEVER MET MY DONOR. HE'S DEAD AND BURIED AND WAS LESS THAN A YEAR OLD. THE KIDNEY OF HIS THAT I HAVE HAS LIVED LONGER THAN HE EVER DID. THAT WEIGHS ON MY SOUL. I AM A WRETCH. A SINNER. AND YET I LIVE. I PRAY BEFORE AN ICON OF CHRIST EVERY TIME I ENTER OUR SMALL TEMPLE AND ASK HIM TO REMEMBER LEGEND IN HIS KINGDOM. AND TO GRANT HIM REST. THE CANDLE IS LIT. BOWS AND THE CROSS IS SIGNED. AND YOU GO ON. HE IS IN MY PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED, AND YET HE LIVES ON IN SOME FORM OR FASHION. AT LEAST PHYSICALLY. WITH ME.

LIFE IS KNOWING THAT YOU'RE ALIVE BECAUSE OTHERS HAVE SACRIFICED SO MUCH FOR YOU TO BE ALIVE. SO WHEN A LETTER COMES IN TELLING YOU ABOUT THE NAME AND FAMILY. ABOUT WHO'S MADE SURE YOU'RE LIVING AS NORMALLY AS YOU CAN. YOU BREAK DOWN. I GOT THE NEWS AT THE END OF JANUARY. AND IT IS NOW SEPTEMBER WHEN I WRITE THIS. AND I AM STILL COMING TO TERMS WITH THAT. MUCH MORE POSITIVELY NOW THOUGH.

LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE IS NO LIFE AT ALL. I'D PREFER IT OF COURSE IF YOU FOUND GOD IN THE MOST CHRISTIAN SENSE OF THE WORD. BUT IF YOU HAVE A PURPOSE. A TELOS. SOMETHING THAT ANIMATES YOU TO LEAVE A MARK AND LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND. I WILL RESPECT YOU IMMENSELY FOR IT. SO MANY PEOPLE LIVE A LIFE THAT THEY WILL LOOK BACK UPON AND WONDER WHAT DID THEY LIVE FOR? PEOPLE TURNING THEIR PHONES OFF AT NIGHT. AND LOOKING AT THE REFLECTION OF THEMSELVES ON THAT LITTLE SCREEN THAT'S FILLED WITH DIGITAL AYAHUASCA AND WONDER IF THIS IS IT FOR THEM? I FEEL THE NEED TO QUOTE LEWIS OR SOMETHING. BUT IF YOUR LIFE IS A LIFE WITHOUT FUNCTION BEYOND THE VERY BASICS OF NEURON ACTIVATION FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF GETTING TO THE NEXT MOMENT OF DOPAMINE OR SEROTONIN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT SHOULD NOT TAKE DEATH. NEAR DEATH. A SOMEONE DYING IN FRONT OF YOU TO REALIZE HOW EASY IT IS TO KNOW THAT ANY DAY COULD VERY WELL BE YOUR LAST. DO YOU VIEW YOURSELF AS JUST SOME REGULAR GUY? AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE SOUL. PERHAPS? THERE IS NOTHING MORE DEHUMANIZING TO YOURSELF THAT TO GO ABOUT ON THIS EARTH WITHOUT BELIEF OR CONVICTION. LIFE. AT THE END OF THE DAY. IS BREATH. BREATHING LIFE INTO THAT MEANING.

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE WITHOUT IT? YOU CAN DEDICATE YOURSELF TO EARTHLY PURPOSES ALL YOU WANT. WE'VE SEEN IT COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE. "HERE'S HOW BERNIE CAN STILL WIN" OR "TRUST THE PLAN" ONLY TO WATCH AS ONE DRIVES THEMSELVES INTO A STATE OF DESPAIR. AN HONEST CONFESSION THAT MAYBE THAT OLD PSALM ABOUT NOT PUTTING YOUR TRUST IN THE PRINCES AND THE SONS OF MEN STILL HAS SOME TRUTH? WHAT A GREAT TRAGEDY IT IS THAT SO MANY OF US THESE DAYS. IN THEIR OWN CRIES FOR HELP. LAYERED IN IRONY BEYOND RECOGNITION TO CALL UPON FATE TO END THEIR LIVES. SADLY IT TOOK THAT FOR ME. BUT IT SHOULDN'T TAKE A FEW NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES. WATCHING DEATH. AND RECEIVING NEW LIFE AND FAITH TO DO THAT FOR YOU.

WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?

MEMENTO MORI.  
NOW GO ON AND LIVE.



**ALWAYS SHOW IMAGES FROM THIS SENDER (BY CLUSTER & STAINED HANES)**

**CALM DOWN! IT'S NOT LIKE YOU CAN'T JUST MAKE MORE**

THINK OF THE CHILDREN?

PRINGLES ARE MADE USING PALM OIL EXTRACTED BY TIRED CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN INDONESIA

HOW ARE YOU READING IF I'M THINKING I CAN'T HEAR YOU

HERSHEY'S CHOCOLATE IS MADE USING COCOA EXTRACTED BY WORN OUT CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN WEST AFRICA

YOU'VE BARELY THOUGHT FOR YOURSELVES

REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER CUPS ARE MADE USING COCOA EXTRACTED BY HUNGRY CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN WEST AFRICA

YOU'VE ERECTED EMPTY OFFICE BUILDINGS TO DO YOUR "THINKING" FOR YOU

MICROSOFT BUILT IT PRODUCTS USING COBALT EXTRACTED BY BROKEN CHILD SLAVES MINING IN THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO

THE ONLY "THOUGHT" GENERATED WITHIN YOU

APPLE'S PHONES AND WATCHES ARE MADE BY SLEEPY CHILD SLAVES IN SOUTHWESTERN CHINA

IS WHEN YOU DECIDE WHAT DELICIOUS CONSUMABLE YOU'LL PURCHASE WITH YOUR DULY TAXED "EARNINGS"

PRADA IS BUILT ON THE BACKS OF TERRIFIED CHILD SLAVES CHAINED TO SWEATSHOP MACHINES IN VIETNAM

AT ONE OF THE NEAREST CONVENIENCE STORES LINING YOUR STREET

STARBUCKS USES COFFEE BEANS EXTRACTED BY THIRSTY CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN GUATAMALA, KENYA, COSTA RICA AND PANAMA

YOU AREN'T QUALIFIED TO THINK PAST YOUR OWN PHONE

VICTORIA'S SECRET AMASSED ITS FORTUNE USING COTTON EXTRACTED BY ACHING CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN BURKINA FASO

THE MASTERS THAT OWN YOU

DISNEY MERCHANDISE IS MANUFACTURED BY EXHAUSTED FACTORY CHILD SLAVES IN SOUTHWESTERN CHINA



**HAVING CHILDREN IS VIOLENCE**



HAVE DECIDED DEATH IS THE BEST PATH FORWARD FOR THE TOILING PROLES

KELLOGG'S SOURCES PALM OIL EXTRACTED FROM CALLOUSED CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN INDONESIA AND COCOA EXTRACTED FROM MOROSE CHILD SLAVES IN WEST AFRICA

BY EXAMINATION OF THEIR OWN LAZINESS

NIKE IS BUILT ON A FOUNDATION OF SLAVERY, FROM PAKISTANI CHILDREN IN SWEATSHOPS, UZBEK CHILDREN PICKING COTTON, AND EVEN UYGHURS RELOCATED INTO FORCED LABOR CAMPS

THEIR OWN TENDENCY FOR SELF BETRAYAL

WHILE BEN & JERRY'S MOVED TO FAIR TRADE COGOA IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, IT BUILT ITS FORTUNE ON COCOA EXTRACTED BY, YOU GUESSED IT, BRUTALIZED CHILD PLANTATION SLAVES IN CÔTE D'IVOIRE

THEY ARE DESERVING OF THIS FATE

NORDSTROM FABRICATES ITS GARMENTS IN SWEATSHOPS RIGHT HERE IN THE GOOD OLD US OF A, WHERE MIGRANTS WERE BEING PAID \$4/HR IN ATROCIOUS CONDITIONS

AND YOU'RE TELLING ME TO THINK OF THE CHILDREN?



MY BIGGEST LIFE INFLUENCES ARE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE, PEOPLE YET TO BE BORN. TWO PEOPLE, IN PARTICULAR: ZAX XAZ AND XAZ ZAX. WHO WERE BOTH NAMED AFTER THEIR FATHER, JOHN SMITH—THOUGH THEY DON'T SHARE THE SAME FATHER, MOTHER, OR TASTE IN FOOD.

EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE, EVER THOUGHT, EVER EXPERIENCED, AND EVER FELT, HAS LED ME UP TO THIS MOMENT IN MY LIFE, AND AFTER ACCUMULATING AND CULMINATING IT, ALL I CAN SAY IS, "AHHHHH!"

THE BEST DEODORANT IS IRON BARS, LIKE PRISON CELLS, OVER YOUR ARMPITS, SO THE STENCH CAN'T ESCAPE. RIGHT NOW, I'M SELLING 25 TO LIFE.

I'M NOT THE SAME PERSON YOU USED TO KNOW. IT'S BEEN THIRTY SECONDS SINCE WE'VE SPOKEN, AND MY VIEWS ON LIFE ARE MORE MATURE NOW.

ALL MY FAILURES AS A HUMAN BEING I BLAME ON MY FATHER. LIFE IS ABOUT ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY, AND IT'S TIME MY FATHER STARTED BEING HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR MY DEFICIENCIES.





A FEW YEARS AFTER KURT COBAIN WAS GONE I ATE COURTNEY LOVE OUT AND THAT BITCH TASTED NASTY. IT WASN'T LIKE A FISH SMELL. IT TASTED LIKE DEAD FLESH.

I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT IT.

**SEATTLE: NOT EVEN ONCE**

*The soundtrack to Dracula's resurrection!*  
Countess Ophelia Von Seggrera (Feral Goat)

*30 minutes of sonic vampirism*  
Lord Inkogmyto (Decapitated Slime)



# ANATOMY OF THE HEADS

- Unholy Spirits Light Divine -

A UNCONSCIOUS UNDERSTANDING - LEADS TO RESIGNATION - COGNITIVE DISSONANCE - YIELDS ITSELF INTO DEFENDING THE AXIOM:

"THE TRANSACTIONAL NATURE OF RELATIONSHIPS IN TODAY'S SOCIETY IS AT BOTH TIMES TRUE AND GOOD" -REGARDLESS OF ITS ONTOLOGICALLY EVIL CREATION FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SPECTACLE

NEOLIB-RIDE-THE-TIGER BEGETS A NEW YORKER ARTICLE CELEBRATING CAT-MOTHERDOM

BEING DEFENDED AS PROGRESS SIMPLY BECAUSE IT MOVES FORWARD IN TIME, WITH THE ALTERNATIVE TOO SOUL-SHATTERING, A REVELATION OF THE TOTAL NOTHINGNESS SOME OF THOSE PPL EXIST AS.

THE NON-EXISTENT SUBJECT DONS A CLOAK OF AN IDENTITY, A CLOAK BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED IN THE SUBJECT-BAZAAR OF TIKTOK - THIS OBJECTIFIED CLOAK IS ALL A PERSON NEEDS TO MAKE THEIR NOTHINGNESS INTO A SELF, NOTHING SHORT OF A MILITANT DEFENSE OF THAT FRAGILE SELF SHOULD BE EXPECTED, AND ANYTHING THAT BLOCKS ITS PATH WILL BE CRUSHED BY WEAK HANDS.



THESE ARE THE FOOT-SOLDIERS OF CAPITAL, THE MANAGERIAL CLASS, THE INTELLIGENTSIA, THE GAE, WHATEVER EACH SUB-GROUP IN THE BIRD APP CALLS THEM. YUO MUST UNDERSTAND: IT IS A RESULT OF THE TOTAL DOMINATION OF CAPITAL INTO THE SUBJECT THAT MAKES THESE PEOPLE "UGLY", "DEGEN", OR WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT TO CALL THEM. ATTACK THIS PARASITIZED EGO-SELF AT YOUR OWN PERIL.

"THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, AND IT CAN BE A GOOD THING, TOO!"

ANYTHING LESS IS INTOLERABLE TO THEIR PSYCHE. "STRIVERS" ARE PEOPLE WITHOUT A SUBJECT, WHO SEARCH FOR A "EXPERIENCE" TO GIVE THEM ONE, WHEN YOU ENCOUNTER AN NPC, YOU'RE SPEAKING TO THE VOID OF CAPITAL, YOU'RE ENGAGING WITH THE MAW ITSELF, OR MAYBE JUST A SHARD OF IT, A REFLECTION OF ITS MANY IDENTIFIERS, RESENTMENT THAT SMILES -HIPSTERS ARE THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THIS, ARTHOES ARE NOT FAR BEHIND.

I'LL (MIS)QUOTE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE FRENCHIE ANARCHISTS: "WHEN THE E-GIRL SMILES, SHE'S WORKING, THROUGH THE EYES OF THE E-GIRL, THE SPECTACLE IS LOOKING AT YOU."

"FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO".



FROM THE DESK OF

## STAINED HANES

ARTWORK (BY D-MAN)



THOSE OLD DUDES WILL SUCK YOUR LIFE FORCE OUT. IT'S A MISTAKE YOU ONLY MAKE ONCE. YOU'RE JUST IN PUBLIC, MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS (VERY CLEARLY NOT TALKING TO A SINGLE DAMN PERSON) AND SOME ELDERLY MAN SAYS-MUMBLES-SOME STUFF, TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR, HOPING YOU'LL RESPOND AND TAKE THE BAIT. HE'S BETTING ON YOUR SENSE OF BEING "A NICE PERSON," BECAUSE IF SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING TO YOU, IT WOULD BE RUDE TO NOT RESPOND, RIGHT? (THIS CONSENSUS-DRIVEN SENTIMENT MUST HAVE BEEN BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TERTIARY ADDENDUM OF A SOCIAL CONTRACT I APPARENTLY IMPLIED CONSENT TO. SO HE SAYS SOMETHING, JUST PUSHES IT OUT, A TROT LINE SNAGGING THE WEAK-WILLED, HE SMILES WITH HIS DENTURES AND SPITTLE-LACED LIPS.

YOU AND YOUR WIFE BOTH HEAR HIM. THE MUSCLES IN YOUR NECK JERK, BUT YOU RESIST THE URGE. YOUR WIFE IS A NICE PERSON. SHE TURNS AROUND AND SMILES. "WHAT?" GRANDPA'S MOMENT IS UPON HIM. HE CAN'T CONTAIN HIMSELF. HIS OLD MAN TREMORS MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A BOBBLEHEAD. "I WAS JUST ASKING IF YOU KNOW THIS MAN, SINCE HE'S HANGING ALL OVER YOU." SHE LAUGHS. "OH, THIS IS MY HUSBAND." HIS HOOK IS SET, BUT HE JERKS THE LINE AGAIN, FOR WHATEVER REASON. IF YOU TELL HIM HE'S RUDE, EVEN IF HE IS, THEN YOU'RE RUDE. THE EVERGREEN ELDERLY ASYMMETRY WHICH IS ABUSED BY EARLY BIRD SPECIAL MAHJONG PLAYING GRAYS THE WORLD ACROSS.

**I LIKE TOTALLY GO FOR OLD GUYS  
AT LEAST THEY HAVE MONEY**



OR IF YOU'RE TAKING A PISS, OR WAITING IN LINE DURING JURY DUTY, OR AT THE LIQUOR STORE, LOOKING FOR WILD TURKEY 101 RYE, CLEARLY CONCENTRATING, OBVIOUSLY OCCUPIED, DOESN'T MATTER, FUCK WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT GOING, HE IS LITERALLY DYING TO TELL YOU ABOUT VIETNAM OR HIS NEW RIDING LAWNMOWER, HOW AMAZING HE WAS AT TRACK AND FIELD SIXTY YEARS AGO, AND HOW HIS ARTHRITIS FLARES UP WHEN HIS WIFE (WHO IS STANDING SILENT THIS ENTIRE FUCKING TIME) MAKES HIM DO THE DISHES, YOU TWO CAN TALK ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL, AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR DAMN MOUTH SHUT AND LISTEN ABOUT HIS LIFE. YOU CAN'T ASK HIM QUESTIONS, YOU'RE ONLY SLOWING HIM DOWN, AND HE'S NOT LISTENING, ANYHOW. HE'S GOT A WHOLE BIT. A FORTY MINUTE ROUTINE THAT ABSOLUTELY KILLS AT POKER NIGHT ON THURSDAYS.



HE CLAPS YOU ON THE SHOULDER. AND IT NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE. BUT IT ALSO LINGERS TOO DAMN LONG. AND YOU CAN FEEL YOUR LIFE FORCE EXITING. YOUR WIFE GETS ONE. TOO. GERIATRIC OSMOSIS. YOU WATCH HIS HEDGEROW OF A BROWLINE SPROUT A FEW DARK HAIRS. HIS BAD HIP BEGINS TO STRENGTHEN. THE LIVER SPOTS ON HIS WRINKLED HANDS LIGHTEN IN COLOR AND THEN DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER. LOSING MINUTES OFF YOUR LIFE. LIKE SMOKING A CIGARETTE. BUT YOU GET NO HEADRUSH. JUST A HEADACHE. HE IS A CONVERSATIONAL VAMPIRE. YOU MANAGE TO BREAK AWAY. BUT YOU ALREADY FEEL YEARS OLDER. YOU TRY TO READ THE MENU. BUT THE LETTERS ARE FUZZY. WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN? YOU GET UP FROM A CHAIR OF NORMAL HEIGHT AND GROAN LOUDLY. THE VELCRO ON YOUR SHOES HAS COME UNDONE. YOU BEND DOWN TO FIX IT. BUT YOUR BACK HURTS TOO MUCH. SO YOU JUST HOBBLE TO THE BATHROOM TO TAKE YOUR SIXTH PISS IN TWO HOURS.

FUCK.

## JUST GET YOURSELF A HOT GRANNY



GAY MEN NOW BREED WOMEN LIKE CATTLE & KICK SURROGATE MOTHERS OUT THEIR HOSPITAL BEDS SO THEY CAN POSE FOR PHOTOS WITH THE BABIES THEY DIDN'T GROW & BIRTH WITHOUT CONSIDERING THE SURROGATE MOTHER HAS VAGINAL STITCHES. POSTNATAL DEPRESSION. SORE MILK IMPACTED BREASTS & IS IN PAIN

WOMEN NEED TO ENTER THE PREGNANCY FORCE. STOP WASTING YOUR BEST YEARS FOR HAVING A CHILD MAKING SOMEONE ELSE RICH

LIFE IS MORE ROMANTIC WITH SOFT PIANO MUSIC. I JUST WISH THOSE PARTICULAR INSTRUMENTS WERE MORE PORTABLE. SO MY BACK WOULDN'T BE SO SORE.

INSTEAD OF SIDEWALKS. WHY NOT SIDERUNS? AFTER ALL. THE PACE OF LIFE IS FASTER THAN IT HAS EVER BEEN. SO I THINK OUR INFRASTRUCTURE'S NOMENCLATURE SHOULD REFLECT THAT.

CAN WE GO BACK TO THE WAY THINGS WERE. BEFORE LIFE GOT SO COMPLICATED WITH THE WHEEL AND THEN THE THREE OTHER WHEELS?

LIFE IS MADE UP OF ONLY ONE THING: THE NOW. THE PAST AND THE FUTURE COULD BE CONSIDERED DREAMS. IF ONLY THEY WERE AS REAL. AT LEAST A DREAM IS IN THE NOW.





ERNEST HEMMINGWAY

I SCREAM AT MOTHER. 4 HOUSES DOWN CAN HEAR. SHE LOOKS DISTANT IN THE DOORSILL AND CANNOT FATHOM MY FUROR. I BEGIN CARRYING LETTERS TO THE OTHER HOMES AND THINK OF FISHING. THOUGHTS OF FISHING CALM ME. AFTER WORK I ORDER BOURBON AND SIT. "JEANINE!" I YELL. "JEANINE PLEASE. I HAVE 6500 DOLLARS. COME TO FLORIDA WITH ME." CLOSING TIME AND I SLAM WHISKY WAITING FOR JEANINE THE BARTENDER. FLORIDA IS HOT AND THE LIQUOR IS COOL. WE IDLE BEACHSIDE MANY EVENINGS SIPPING HIGHBALLS WITH PLASTIC STRAWS. SUNRISE IS GRAND. I SPEND HOURS DOING MY FAVORITE THING: LOOKING AT OILED UP MEN IN UNDERWEAR WRESTLE EACH OTHER ON MY PHONE THEN WATCHING 2 MINUTES OF HETEROSEXUAL PORN. JEANINE IS STILL ASLEEP. IT'S THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN.

DOSTOEVSKY

MY LIFE IS ANGUISH WEIGHED DOWN BY THE FRIVOLOUS LETTERS OF OTHERS. ADVERTISEMENTS FOR STAYING YOUNG AND HEALTHY DESPITE THE NECESSITY OF GROWING OLD AND FRAIL. I GET HOME I SEE MY WIFE WATCHING SOME FRIVOLOUS PROGRAM SHE PUTS ON TO TORTURE ME. SOME FAMILY FROM THE CAUCUSES WITH ENDLESS DRUGGERY. KVETCHING WITH KORDOSHIAN. AFTER 5 HOURS OF STREAMING I SCREAM AT HER UNTIL SHE THROWS A BOTTLE OF GEORGE CLOONEY'S TEQUILA AT MY HEAD. I SLOWLY FAINT LOOKING AT THE SMILING FACE OF GEORGE ON A MOTORCYCLE. I WAKE UP WITH MY WIFE DRUNK TENDERLY CARESSING ME AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT I LOOK OUT THE WINDOW NEXT TO OUR BROOKLYN 9-9 COMMEMORATIVE POSTER WITH A SMILING ANDY SAMBERG TO SEE THE SUNRISE BEFORE WORK. AN ENDLESS ARRAY OF COLORS UNKNOWN TO MAN. IT'S THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN.

TOTALLY SOUND LIKE HE HAS A SMALL DICK



BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

FABIO COULD HAVE SATISFIED HER

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS

BUNS



DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

MY BAG IS WEIGHED DOWN BY THE VERY IMPORTANT LETTER AS I GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE GETTING OFFENDED BY LAWN GNOMES THAT MY BOSS SAYS I CAN'T SMASH AGAIN OR EVEN THE UNION WILL LET ME GO. AT LUNCH I STOP BY MY FAVORITE MCDONALDS AND TRY TO SPEAK TO THE CASHIER LADY MIRANDA BUT AM TOO ANXIOUS TO TELL HER I LOVE HER. MAYBE TOMORROW. I ORDER A LARGE NUMBER 7 WITH A DIET COKE PLUS A KID'S MEAL FOR THE TOY. I THROW THE REST OF THE KIDS MEAL AWAY AS I ONLY WANT THE LIMITED EDITION MINIONS TOY. I'M A COLLECTOR. I DELIVER EVERY LETTER EXCEPT THE VIP LETTER AND BY 6 O'CLOCK I'M HOME WITH A BOX OF HAMBURGER HELPER AND DIET 7 UP FOR MY WIFE JEANINE, WHO HASN'T WORKED IN 11 YEARS AND HASN'T MADE DINNER IN 15. WE ARE CHILDLESS BECAUSE I CAN'T GET ERECT. I HAVE THE VIP LETTER STILL. AND I'M READY TO GIVE IT TO MY WIFE TILL I WALK INTO THE SMELL OF LUXURIOUS ITALIAN CUISINE. SHE SAYS "HEY DUMMY I PUT A TONY'S PIZZA IN THE OVEN IT'S GOING TO BURN IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT OUT. HURRY UP SO WE CAN WATCH KING OF THE HILL RERUNS." I SWELL UP WITH JOY FROM HER KINDNESS AND LOOK AT THE VIP LETTER I WAS GOING TO GIVE HER. AND THINK MAYBE I'LL GIVE HER THE DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS TOMORROW. I SIT DOWN WITH SLIGHTLY BURNT PIZZA AND THINK BUT DON'T SAY. " I LOVE YOU." IT'S THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN.



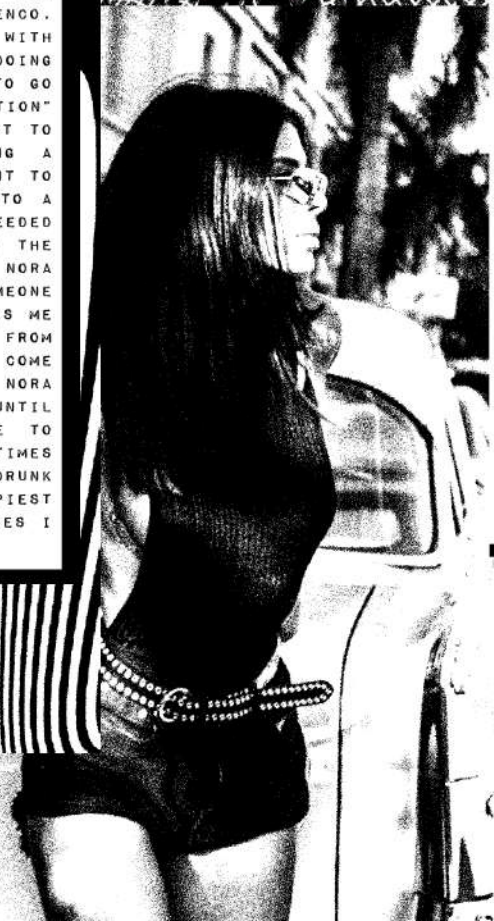


JAMES JOYCE

"NORA! NORA! AREN'T YOU HAPPY WE GET TO GO ON VACATION TO HAWAII?" SHE FROWNS AND LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW DREARILY WITH SUNKEN EYES AND I MIND MYSELF TO THE LISTICLES I HAD MARKED FOR AIRPLANE READING. WE DO NOT EXCHANGE WORDS THE REST OF THE FLIGHT. ON ARRIVAL I SEE FLAMENCO. THE MAN NORA HAS BEEN CAVORTING WITH LATELY. "FLAMENCO WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" "OH NORA AND I PLANNED TO GO THE SPA AND GET SOME RELAXATION" NORA " I FIGURED YOU'D JUST WANT TO GET DRUNK SO I BROUGHT ALONG A FRIEND. SHE WAS RIGHT I DID WANT TO GET DRUNK. I CLAMBERED DOWN INTO A BAR CALLED O'MALLEY'S AND PROCEEDED TO GET DRUNK UNTIL I GO INTO THE BATHROOM AND START TO THINK OF NORA AND FLAMENCO TOGETHER UNTIL SOMEONE WALKS IN ON ME AND THE BAR KICKS ME OUT. I AM BANNED FOREVER FROM O'MALLEY'S FOR MASTURBATING. I COME BACK TO THE HOTEL AND I SEE NORA ALONE IN BED. I BEGIN TO SPEAK UNTIL NORA SAYS. "SHUT UP AND COME TO BED." I KISS HER REAR MULTIPLE TIMES TILL I CUDDLE UP NEXT TO HER DRUNK AND THINK. "IS THIS THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE? YES I SAID YES I WILL YES."

BRET EASTON ELLIS

WHILE DELIVERING LETTERS I START TO GET REALLY ANGRY WITH A HOMELESS MAN I SEE THAT ASKS ME FOR MONEY. BUT THEN I REMEMBER THAT I'M A REGULAR WORKING CLASS POSTMAN AND ALL OF US OUR GOD'S CHILDREN SO I GIVE THE HOMELESS MAN MONEY AND FEEL BETTER ABOUT LIFE. I HOPE HE GETS HELP. IT'S A HARD DAYS WORK DELIVERING MAIL IN BEVERLEY HILLS. A NEIGHBORHOOD I'LL NEVER AFFORD. BUT I'M SATISFIED AND DON'T FEEL THE NEED TO EVER GO ON TWITTER AND YELL AT PEOPLE. I COME HOME TO A WONDERFUL MEAL PREPARED BY MY HUSBAND WHO IS A SUBSTITUTE SCHOOLTEACHER. WE WERE ONE OF THE FIRST GAY COUPLES MARRIED IN CALIFORNIA! PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION REALLY WORKS! WE WATCH AN EPISODE OF SCHITT'S CREEK. A SHOW THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME AT ALL AND I DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO HATE IT SO PEOPLE THINK I'M INTELLECTUALLY SUPERIOR. JOHN AND I MAKE PASSIONATE. WONDERFUL LOVE. JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT. IT'S THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN.



BEA



DEAR PARENTS.

- TARZAN LIVES HALF NAKED.
- CINDERELLA COMES HOME AT MIDNIGHT.
- PINOCCHIO LIES ALL THE TIME.
- ALADDIN IS THE KING OF THIEVES.
- BATMAN DRIVES AT 200 MPH.
- ROMEO AND JULIET COMMIT SUICIDE OUT OF LOVE...
- HARRY POTTER USES WITCHCRAFT.
- MICKEY AND MINNIE ARE MORE THAN JUST FRIENDS
- SLEEPING BEAUTY IS LAZY.
- DUMBO GETS DRUNK AND HALLUCINATES.
- SCOOBY DOO GIVES NIGHTMARES.
- AND SNOW WHITE LIVES WITH 7 GUYS.



WE SHOULD INSTEAD BE TEACHING THEM STORIES LIKE

- \*ABU BAKR (RA)'S LOYALTY AND UNDYING SERVICE FOR HIS MASTER.
- \*UMAR IBN KHATTHAB (RA)'S LOVE FOR JUSTICE AND TOLERANCE.
- \*UTHMAN IBN AFFAN (RA)'S LEVEL OF SHYNESS AND MODESTY.
- \*ALI IBN ABI-TALIB (RA)'S SHOW OF COURAGE AND BRAVERY.
- \*KHALID IBN WALEED (RA)'S DESIRE OF COMBATING EVIL.
- \*FATIMA BINT MUHAMMAD (RA)'S LOVE AND RESPECT TO HER FATHER.
- \*SALLAHUDDIN AL-AYUBI (RA)'S CONQUEST OF THE PROMISED LAND.

AND MUCH MUCH MORE TO TELL ABOUT...

WE SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED CHILDREN MISBEHAVE. THEY GET IT FROM THEIR STORYBOOKS AND CARTOONS WHICH "WE" PROVIDE THEM...

ABOVE ALL, WE SHOULD TEACH THEM ABOUT ALLAH (SUBHANAHU WA TA'ALA). OUR'AN AND THE SUNNAH WITH LOVE ..VERY IMPORTANT ASPECT IS THIS! AND THEN SEE HOW THE CHANGE BEGINS...! IN SHA ALLAH !

#TEACH\_ISLAM



NO!




NOPE!



DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT





IT IS 2014. AND YOU ARE A HALAL SALAFI BINT WITH A PASSION FOR PALESTINE. SO MUCH PASSION. IN FACT, THAT YOU DECIDE TO GO WITH YOUR LOCAL MASJID ON A HUMANITARIAN TRIP TO GAZA. EVERY DAY YOU SPEND PLAYING WITH CUTE PALESTINIAN KIDS AND CURSING THE ZIONIST ENTITY FOR GIVING THEM SUCH HARD LIVES. YOU PRAY MUCH LONGER THAN THE REST OF YOUR AID GROUP. YOU NEED EXTRA TIME TO SAY ALL THE DUAS. THE PERSONAL REQUESTS. FOR ALLAHUMMA TO DESTROY THE ZIONISTS AND FREE THOSE CUTE LITTLE KIDS AND THE UMMAH, THE ISLAMIC NATION. IN ITS ENTIRETY.

ISHA PRAYER HAS ENDED HOURS BEFORE. BUT YOU ARE STILL IN THE MASJID PRAYING AND PROSTRATING. YOU HEAR A NOISE. LIKE A POP THAT ECHOES THROUGH THE WARM EVENING AIR. BUT YOUR PRAYER WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED THAT EASILY. ALLAH IS ALL-POWERFUL. AND WHATEVER THAT POP WAS. HE CONTROLS THE WORLD AND WILL KEEP YOU SAFE. SUBHANU RABBIL A'LA! SUBHANU RABBIL A'LA! SUBHANU RABBIL A'--

THEN. IT HAPPENS. THE EARTH SHAKES AND HEAVES. AND AN EXPLOSION PIERCES THE AIR, SHAKING YOUR TINY BODY LIKE A FEATHER. YOU HEAR THE CEILING OF THE MASJID COLLAPSE. BUT ONLY PARTIALLY. AND FIGURE THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO CONTINUE PRAYING TO ALLAH. HOPING FOR HIS SALVATION. YOU SIT UP. THEN CONTINUE YOUR SUJOOD (PROSTRATION). THANKING ALLAH IN YOUR HEART FOR KEEPING YOU ALIVE. BUT YOUR PRAYER IS CUT SHORT AGAIN AS YOUR HEART SINKS—YOU HEAR THE DOOR OF THE MASJID BURST OPEN AND LOUD SHOUTING IN A LANGUAGE YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

YOU PRAY FOR A MARTYR'S DEATH AND FOR ALLAH'S HELP TO ACCEPT YOUR FATE WITH JOY. THE SHOUTING COMES CLOSER. THEY HAVE NOTICED YOU! IT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. THIS VERY DAY YOU WILL GET TO JOIN THE RIGHTEOUS MUSLIMS IN JANNAH, PARADISE. REAPING THE REWARD ONLY A TRUE SHAHEED. A MARTYR. EVER EXPERIENCES. YOU SAY THE SHAHADA. THE TESTIMONY OF YOUR FAITH. ASHHADU ALLA ILAHA ILLALLAH WASHHADU--

BANG! -- YOU ARE KNOCKED ONTO THE FLOOR. SPRAWLED OUT ON YOUR BACK: YOU HAVE TAKEN A RIFLE BUTT TO THE HEAD. AND FEEL IT THROBBING. BUT ARE STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. YOU HEAR SHOUTING OVER YOU AND. DESPITE THE DARK ROOM AND YOUR DIZZY AND SPINNING HEAD. YOU CAN MAKE OUT THE FORMS OF A PLATOON OF IDF SOLDIERS. YOU TRY TO CURSE THEM. BUT YOUR MOUTH DOES NOT OPEN. YOU PREPARE FOR ISTISHHAD. THE MARTYRDOM YOU SO CRAVE. BUT EVEN THAT ESCAPES YOU. YOU ARE PINNED TO THE GROUND BY A DOZEN STRANGE HANDS AS THE PLATOON LEADER INSPECTS YOU FOR WEAPONS.

"YA GAHBA! YA SHARMOUTA!" YOU HEAR THEM YELL. SLUT AND WHORE THE ONLY WORDS YOU UNDERSTAND IN THE VOLLEY OF SOME UNFAMILIAR AND HOSTILE LANGUAGE. YOU FEEL YOUR BODY THROB AND TIGHTEN. BLOOD STREAMS FROM INNUMERABLE HOLY WOUNDS. BUT YOU TAKE COMFORT IN THE THOUGHT THAT. THOUGH THEY CAN HURT YOUR BODY. YOUR SOUL BELONGS TO ALLAH THE MOST HIGH. AND IS UNTOUCHABLE BY UNCLEAN. MORTAL HANDS.



BUT IT IS NOT ONLY THEIR HANDS. SOLDIERS SPENDING LONG HOURS ON THE BATTLEFIELD AWAY FROM WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS ARE NEVER SATISFIED WITH JUST THAT. YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF A ZIPPER, AND YOUR BODY CLENCHES. YOU WANT TO FIGHT BACK, BUT YOU ARE TOO WEAK TO MOVE. YOUR WHOLE LIFE, YOU HAD DREAMED ABOUT YOUR WEDDING NIGHT AND THE BEAUTY AND SANCTITY OF GIVING YOURSELF TO YOUR HUSBAND. BUT INNALLAHU 'ALA KULLI SHAYIN OADEER, ALLAH IS POWERFUL ABOVE ALL THINGS. A WIFE AND MOTHER ARE PRECIOUS TO ALLAH, BUT A SHAHEED IS MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL.



A PUDDLE GROWS BELOW YOU AS THE PLATOON LEADER CLIMBS ONTO YOU AND HIS THREE-DAY OLD SWEAT AND CIGARETTE SMELL ASSAULTS YOUR NOSE. IN BROKEN ARABIC, HE SNEERS INTO YOUR EAR "AL YOUH ANA JOZEK, MABGHOUK!". TODAY I AM YOUR HUSBAND. CONGRATULATIONS. YOU TRY TO SPIT BUT CAN ONLY MUSTER UP SOME GUTTURAL INHUMAN NOISE FROM DEEP WITHIN YOUR THROAT.

THE PLATOON LEADER SLAPS YOU ACROSS YOUR WOUNDED FACE AND EVEN THAT LAST GASP OF RESISTANCE FALLS SILENT. YOU FEEL YOUR BODY SPLIT OPEN, LIKE A THOUSAND KNIVES CUTTING INTO YOUR PELVIS. AS THE ACCURSED ZIONIST ENTERS YOU, THRUSTING VIOLENTLY. BACK IN BRITAIN, YOU COULD BARELY EVEN STAND A PAPER CUT BUT, IN GAZA, YOU KNOW THAT EVERY THRUST AND EVERY STAB DESTROYING YOUR BODY IS BLESSED BY ALLAH THE FATHER OF MARTYRS. AN ANGELIC CALM WASHES OVER YOU AS THE CLAY VESSEL YOUR SOUL IS HOUSED IN TEARS. BLOOD MINGLES WITH LIQUID JOY BELOW YOU.



YOU IMAGINE YOURSELF IN JANNAH SEATED NEXT TO BELOVED RELATIVES AND HOLY PROPHETS. THE SWEAT AND CIGARETTES REPLACED WITH JASMINE AND MYRRH AND THE SOLDIERS ASSAULTING YOU AS GHILMAN AND HOURIAT, SERVANTS AND HANDMAIDENS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. PRESSURE BUILDS INSIDE YOUR BROKEN BODY AS THE THRUSTING CONTINUES, AND YOU FEEL LIKE A BALLOON ABOUT TO BURST. THIS MUST BE ALLAH, COME TO TAKE HIS MARTYR FROM THIS EARTH, YOU THINK, AND SMILE.

THE BALLOON BURSTS. YOUR LIFE AND SOUL LEAK OUT FROM BELOW YOU AND YOU ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE HIGHEST REACHES OF HEAVEN. THE ANGELS SING TO YOU, THE BLESSED SHAHEED, FOR WHOM ALL OF CREATION WAS MADE AND YOU, DECKED OUT IN THE FINEST ROBES OF DIVINE LIGHT. STRUT PROUDLY BEFORE PROPHETS AND SAINTS, AND THEN -CRACK- WITH ANOTHER RIFLE BUTT TO THE HEAD, YOU ARE DRAGGED BACK TO EARTH QUIVERING IN A POOL OF BLOOD, SEMEN AND VAGINAL FLUID. THE PLATOON LEADER HAS FINISHED AND NOW THE PRIVATES GET THEIR TURN.



ONE SOFT TEAR TRAILING FROM YOUR EMPTY EYES AT PARADISE LOST. YOU FEEL A HAND STROKE YOUR FACE. THIS IS NOT THE ROUGH HAND OF THE BATTLE-HARDENED, CHAIN-SMOKING PLATOON LEADER. IT REMINDS YOU MORE OF YOUR OWN HAND—WELL-LOTIONED AND TAKEN CARE OF. A WOMAN'S HAND! WHAT COULD A WOMAN BE DOING HERE?

THEN, YOU REMEMBER HOW THE ZIONISTS, IN THEIR IMMEASURABLE WICKEDNESS, TAKE WOMEN FROM THEIR NATURAL STATE AS WIVES AND MOTHERS, SLAP UGLY GREEN UNIFORMS ON THEM, AND SEND THEM OUT TO BATTLE. ALLAH WILL SURELY PUNISH SUCH A PERVERSION OF THE NATURAL ORDER! BUT WOMEN ARE KIND AND SWEET, AND MAYBE THIS WOMAN WILL DRESS YOUR WOUNDS AND END YOUR SUFFERING. THEN, ONCE YOU HAVE HEALED, YOU CAN GO BACK TO GAZA AND FIGHT FOR REAL!

YOU FEEL THE SOFT, DELICATE HAND CLENCH AROUND YOUR NECK, BLOCKING THE FLOW OF AIR. MAYBE THIS NICE WOMAN WILL AT LEAST HELP YOU DIE RATHER THAN LIVE WITH THE DISGRACE OF HAVING BEEN VIOLATED. BUT THEN, YOU FEEL IT, HER OTHER HAND FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PLATOON LEADERS DICK, ALL HER FINGERS AT ONCE, REACHING ALL THE WAY INTO THE INNERMOST RECESSES OF YOUR BRUISED AND ABUSED VAGINA, AND YOU REALIZE THIS WOMAN IS NO DIFFERENT FROM HIM. FORTUNATE IS THE ONE WHO SUFFERS FI SABEEL ILLAH, FOR ALLAH'S SAKE!

"ARAVIM HAS TOO MENY CHILDREN," YOU HEAR HER GROWL IN HER UGLY OCCUPIER ACCENT. "I TEK YOURS EWEY." YOU TRY TO STRUGGLE, BUT YOUR STRENGTH HAS PRECEDED YOU TO HEAVEN. ALL YOU HAVE LEFT IS THE PATIENCE AND ENDURANCE FOR SUFFERING YOU LEARNED FROM YOUR RELIGION, BUT EVEN THAT MELTS AWAY AS TALIA'S FIST SMASHES INTO YOUR CERVIX WITH THE FORCE ONLY SOMEONE WHO FACES DEATH EVERY DAY AND BLAMES YOU FOR IT CAN CALL UPON.

TALIA WAS NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS. THE 5'4" BRONZE-COLORED GIRL WAS ONCE KICKING SOCCER BALLS WITH HER FRIENDS AND BATTING HER EYES AT THE BOYS OF HER TOWN, DREAMING OF A HUSBAND AND A CAREER AS A NURSE. SHE WAS ALWAYS NATURALLY ATHLETIC, SO WHEN SHE TURNED 18 AND ALL HER FRIENDS WENT TO THEIR MANDATORY MILITARY SERVICE, SHE DECIDED TO JOIN A COMBAT UNIT. AFTER ALL, ALL THE HOTTEST GUYS SERVE IN COMBAT UNITS!

صَلَّى اللهُ  
وَعَلَيْكُمْ  
السَّلَامُ





HOW COULD SHE HAVE KNOWN A WAR WOULD BREAK OUT AND SHE WOULD BE DODGING BULLETS IN GAZA AND GOING WEEKS WITHOUT A MANICURE? AND NOW, TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, HER CRUSH, THE PLATOON LEADER, WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN FAR TOO BUSY SHOOTING AND BEING SHOT AT TO SAY ANYTHING TO HER BESIDES BARKING ORDERS, HAD JUST BLOWN HIS LOAD IN SOME SMELLY TERRORIST WHORE. THAT BITCH WAS DEAD MEAT!

YOU GASP FOR AIR AS HER HAND CLENCHES AROUND YOUR THROAT. BY THIS POINT, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN EVEN TO THANK ALLAH FOR MARTYRDOM. YOUR CERVIX FEELS LIKE IT HAS EXPLODED, AND YOU ARE IN PAIN FROM HEAD TO TOE. YOUR THOUGHTS FORM AN INCOHERENT JUMBLE AND, IF ALLAH IS WATCHING, HE DOES NOT APPEAR TO YOU. ALL YOU ARE IS PAIN AND STOLEN BREATH, AND EVEN THAT WILL END SOON.

BUT, JUST AS THE DARK CHILL OF OBLIVION CLIMBS UP YOUR BODY, TALIA REMOVES HER HAND FROM YOUR THROAT. "DYING EEZ TOO GOOD FOR YOU, SHAGHMOUTA" SHE SNARLS, AND SPITS IN YOUR FACE. SHE SAYS SOMETHING IN HEBREW STO THE SOLDIERS BEHIND HER AND THEY WHISK YOUR NUMB AND BLEEDING HALF-CORPSE, DRIFTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, INTO A VAN SPEEDING AWAY FROM GAZA. YOU PASS OUT AND DREAM OF ANGELS ABANDONING YOU. YOUR MARTYRROOM FAILED.

THREE DAYS LATER YOU WAKE UP IN A HOSPITAL ATTACHED TO TUBES AND INTRAVENOUS FLUIDS. YOU HEAR THE SCARED VOICES OF YOUR PARENTS, FLOWN ALL THE WAY TO THIS HOSTILE AND UNFAMILIAR COUNTRY, AND A DOCTOR EXPLAINING TO THEM HOW YOU WERE INJURED IN AN AIRSTRIKE AND ONLY THE HEROISM OF A PLATOON OF COURAGEOUS YOUNG SOLDIERS MANAGED TO SAVE YOU FROM CERTAIN DEATH. YOUR PARENTS COO WITH GRATITUDE AND TURN TO YOU: "WE'LL BRING YOUR RESCUERS HERE SO YOU CAN THANK THEM IN PERSON."

YOUR HEAD THROBS, AND A MILLION AND ONE WOUNDS SCREAM OUT FROM ALL OVER YOUR BODY, BUT ONE WORD FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES LIKE A PROPHETIC VISION: MORE!