

Chapter Ten: The Child's Plaything

Critical sight, an elimination, of an indisposed objectivity, its other times, it had remained. "Killin' them mangy wolves didn't help nothin'." Jack was grief stricken, as Ronald's pogrom, it was of an entertaining idea in VR. Encounter, the wolves, they had convulsed in front of it. Dry rot, Doug's failing observational Universe, it was of Jack's face, as their scum-sucking romance, it had brought these two together.

"It's okay. I'm alright." Damson was standing midway and in front of the cabin, so Doug had dropped him off his gun-sight. Tilted out of whack and balance, a bewildering struggle with this bed of concrete, it was advertising Ronald's murderous escapades in this elusive VR Spelunking Cloud.

"Doug? He's- He's back alive?"

Doug wasn't all there. Indiscriminate, of his languishing moods, they were forbidding an embryo. Ejected and out of nowhere, nothingness, it had been lobbed in on him. Stupid mar, untried and smoldering, an unbalancing act, it was between radioactive stability and of its instabilities - decay.

Essence left, it was of these ripples. Forlorn and unchaste, flogged by a sloped degradation, it had generated strength in this extraterrestrial abode and domain. An XR prison, scandalous arsenal, they were of these remaining states. Banishing them, idiots, they were in a vortex.

"It's not right." Albert had the mainstay, and he had brought Jack and Doug out of their fall. Impassioned, it had presented him. Not this mutilated boy, Damson was grinding of an unpolished wrath. Out of kilter, entombed and cranked up and into a rigid disorder, an insulting life, Ronald had been eating it with a cannibal vengeance. Albert had tried to pick their

brains, as human sacrifices, they had been put in an absence. Right, wrong, they had all been in the dark.

"We will be going now." Again, Doug and Jack's pith, an aura of Albert, Damson had them going in and out of their minds. Sudden aversion, no data, no destination, Damson's head, it was larger than normal. Wobbling on the top of his shoulders, a beingness - bloated, small ears and of these baseball eyes, they had no pupils. Gesturing in an oscillating space, it was glinting of him.

An extraterrestrial mechanism, it was distorted into this Alien Cyberspace ether. Their realm, he was wearing a silver one-piece suit. Round and roped cords, they had been of these uppermost shoulders. Encircled under his arms and next to their pits, transparencies and radiance, they had seemed to replicate his movements and functions, as a rectangular plate, it had been on his chest.

Its petite circuitry, lights, they were casually flickering. Fronting them, Jack was dented away and without. Striking into mindless aversions, they had been inverted back and into him. Existence in and of no great shakes, an enlivened selfhood, Damson had held Jack in and out of its line. Distance, of an interaction, foreign parts - particle physics, they had been going from frame to frame. Other worlds, Heaven and Hell, they had been long since been gone. It was from beyond - wide and clear and at pole to pole through-out the Universe.

"I should of never shot those wolves." Doug had whispered of a heated - neurotic rationalization. Jack's futile volley to kill these extraterrestrials with his thirty-thirty, it had been left empty. A chilling steel, Damson's word, it had not been a slip of his forked and Alien tongue.

Passed away, of a first shooter, it had gotten their picture. No capacity, it had developed into a beingness. Sapped of an erroneous anguish, a fragile beam, its fragrant saturation, it had been scattering itself among human beings. Ill-sorted subversions - subdivisions of mankind, they had been this interlink.

Gouged out of mankind, two peas, self-same pods, Doug and Jack, they had become foregone conclusions. Divergent selves,

misinterpreted, of an optical illusion, it had been flying with these dead crows. Confirmed, of his demented and deep-seated end, foul, a foreign hull, it had been dashing its teeth on an edge. Quavers, they had been separating into fours, yet there had been this two.

Its mistress, Juliana - Ronald was strewn into her wilderness. Playing out in VR, serial killing in its real-time, one by one - apparitions, they had been far and near. Bolted illusions, of their counterpart delusions, there were no blue skies. Their screams of agony, withered away, they had dropped jaws, as they were in an involuntary exile of themselves.

Their human viruses, disputed, playing an XR game, Ronald had a hold of its main toggle-knob. Torn away from its lead time, they had been in this one-sided database, so their statistics, they had them locked away in this Alien Cyberspace. Controlled and erected of this uncanny radioactive wall, of its hypothesis, a stabilized mankind, it had been paralleled by an instability.

An extraterrestrial application, biochemical cells, they were its patterns of behavior. Infused into relative navigations, dyslexia, that latitude - a cyber-port of an Alien God, mankind had been put into this cloud tumbler. Momentous, an empty-handed secretion with this particle physics, of its real-time discharge, it had endorsed a force. Streaming, the trespasser's fester, it had touched down. On the tip of this scope, their XR code, it was their pathogenic bacteria.

Endorsed, stabilized maliciousness, it had come from their enemias. Uncanny, it had emanated from between these lines, as all were logging in and out of its systematized facts. Evacuated, they had entered the VR Spelunking Cloud. Luminary mathematics, they were spoken of by these voiceless idiots, as they had been trying to read into each other's lips. Giant mouths, they were moving with an ethereal symbiosis.

An XR symmetry, of its tongue twisting dialogue, it was of an unlimited radioactive consumption, and it had categorized mankind into these cataclysmic thunderbolts, a hieroglyphic ethos.

"Stop them." Juliana's thoughts, they had become words, as all notions, they were in this cave of Ronald's delusions. Manifest

illusions, Ronald couldn't resume himself. Extirpation of his spirit, it wasn't his evil strategy to deliver an Alien. Defunct, Ronald had been playing this massive multiplayer online VR game, screen-named: The Child's Plaything.

He had wanted Lucifer as his threshold. A downfall, the Devil, it could have incited him into this wickedness, yet still-born in XR - a launch pad, no Hell, clever and cunning, Ronald would have taken humanity into this ghetto of VR murder and mayhem.

Captivating their darker sides, he could have been seducing an evil. Its creative wickedness, it had united with the Devil's genius. Misconstrued, of his VR game with Lucifer, Ronald had pulled the Devil's member, so its data, it had been processed. Assembling, all had entered his VR Spelunking Cloud - assassins on the Noosphere.

"Hi Ronny." Pointless, of an electrifying outlandishness, it was maximizing Ronald into an intoxication of himself. Intonations, they had come back twofold. She was again lost, for Ronald had delivered her into his elsewhere. Brute force, Ronald was shackled in VR. A settler, it had this unfeeling quirk. Rammed, an extraterrestrial stability, it was down the throats of mankind on this Cloud. Spurning an evil infection from his serial killing in Mixed XR, it had been plucked down from where there was no Heaven.

An un-forgotten volley, operating in an unwritten upward directive, Moraine had caught the top of the wooden toy. "The Child's Plaything!" She had held it out. Voltaic prisms, they had left Ronald in her bloody vulva. Substance returned, of his past, Ronald had raped and killed her in a rock field. He was just a boy who had been trying to find the Devil in his bedroom closet, as Ronald had made this deal with Lucifer.

Moraine had become not of an avenue, for she was his nemesis. Ronald had been seeking it in VR, yet she had given him this unpleasant alternative - an extraterrestrial. A lesson from this evil gridlock, purported of its savage capture - time and space, it was a priori, as humanity's perverse id, immoral and of wicked things, Ronald had swaggered forward. Evinced a drainage of his spiritless self, it had leached from his pores, so he had become this torchbearer.

Fury, his annoyance, of its reached fissures, mankind had been held into this child's game. Screen-name, The Child's Plaything, flip flopping, there had been this repugnant chorus. Human madness, of his blue eyes, they were bleeding with a pain raiser.

Undermined, wicked faith, it was of his oddities. Unknown reasons, the culprit and prevarication of Lucifer, Ronald had become this plague. Blowing summits off the brain-dead, Ronald had bashed his fist into this murkiness, as a skull-capped toy, it was of his criminal crusade. Hanging from his hand, of its suspicious repressions, deviant and irrational cross-examinations, they were of an outcast, and it had become this fulsome liaison.

Splattering his blood-stained hands, he had yanked it up. Tethered top, it was at the bottom of this toy. It was The Child's Plaything. Pulled up from his thigh, engaging this prowler, an onlooker, Emilia had questioned him. Well-fed and embittered, an unrewarding folic, it was of her doomed and dormant self, as this indigent blackmail, narrow minded, it was of her dingo. Ronald had let The Child's Plaything fall. Missing the catch - its face, of this demon, it had been carved into its wooden top.

Burnt same as its handle, stained with bloodshed, it had come out of an antiquity. Emilia had foreseen all the indications, as a serial killer, he had been defrauding her into these shadows on the Noosphere. Jungle, unnerving her spirit, she had gotten tangled in its recklessness. Berserk thoughts, they had gone into this lapse, as this Montana's turmoil, it had no negotiation.

Ronald had made some sort of blunder, for he was in VR and without his Devil. Reformatted, Emilia had come back from its funnel. An extraterrestrial, of her well-hung stud, she had worn her plain and grey dress. The Child's Plaything, it was vibrating into her, and it had kept her.

Round the clock, it had been inside of her, and Juliana, her cold-blooded depressions, they were placed in an XR abysmal. Lurked in and around - front, entwining her on the Noosphere with an indulgent parricide, Ronald had The Child's Plaything

clutched, and its demon-head, it was still hanging by its string connection. Sordid and a sullen wrangle, pummeled of its blackhead and cloud, Emilia had seen him approaching her.

Compelled, of her monotonous upshot, she had stuffed a pen-knife into her hand. Turned back and over her shoulder, before her pecking pandemonium, overwrought in an unreal and horrendous racket, Ronald had yanked up The Child's Plaything. An atrocious inference, Emilia was of her scream - a squalid and ear-splitting shriek. Invading, Soo's caving in, a violent and unforgiving remembrance of this game, it had her in its upload.

The Child's Plaything: The Demons are fickle Soo.

Again, Soo had found herself before her XR, and Snake had been waiting there. Scoundrel, it had been of his disheartened state. Violating the rules, Snake had glared at it. Shattered by these bullets, they were from one of his many favorites.

With his well-stocked arsenal, Snake had opted out of this mutual deal. Dwindled, of a heart rendering specimen, a protruded application, it had been of these lacerations. Etched into him, of his forsaken and ruinous struggle, it had come from this particle physics. Wavelengths, they had been of their white lights. Bent out, Ronald's spirit, it had been in its prism. Lingering of this rack and ruin, it was of these belated refractions.

Snake had been passed over. Hideous illusions, blowing up, they had been shut down. This demolition, XR had been fractured from this forty-four-magnum. "Didn't miss doin' your sisters." Trigger happy, tripping with him, mind on and offline, they had been of this Alien Cyberspace. "Game's not goin' the way you think it does." Snake had heard Ronald snarling at his backside.

"The Child's Plaything." Ronald had responded. After he had caught its top, of this device, he was holding an objective. Its toy and skit, he had resounded of these blind eyes.

Sat of his weak head, Snake was facing the other way, as Ronald had brandished The Child's Plaything out before him. It was for Snake to take. A shake and or of a fake way, Snake's revolver, he had it with all his hands. "You ain't for real. You're out of here." Ronald would had spoken back in tongues. Ravished words,

they had been coming out of him. "You ain't real! Fake's out of here!" Snake had fought Ronald's obscurities. Leaking spaces, they were these dark arts of headhunters, and they had been chanting of their frenzied binges.

An Alien God, it had been sowed into their stabilized seeds. Hectic noons, those nights, they were of its streams. "Se tu mas cud!" Ronald had let out some more arduous and methodical words. Begged, fresh water, Ronald drunk of its sour acid trip. "You ain't real!" Fatalism, it had been downloaded upon Snake. Never ending exhaustion, Snake hadn't turned to shoot. Perceived at his backside, of a fit with his XR, he had blown it away.

"Try my sister!" Snake was ready to go off on Ronald, and he would had turned - shooting for his brains, yet a supernatural tribulation, of this contempt for Ronald, dehumanizing and burned out, there was this half-measure. Snake's hopped-up depression, it had been of this erotic nettle.

"You'll be dying." Unburdened, it was punching out of this other. Snake had been dropped off this top, for its extraterrestrial domain, it was of Ronald's child's-toy-game. Tethered, Ronald had been yanking on an Alien God.

"Do my lil somthin'." Emilia had come in and at where Ronald was supposed to of had been, yet Snake was still having these supplementary delusions. Emilia had put on a black negligee. Foredoomed, of its false front, it had given Snake his stumbling block. An undiagnosed sham, it had been of an after, for Snake had been in its previous chaos. "Still playin' with that little string on a stick?" Eradicated by the Alien God, Emilia's stability, it was feeding off her instabilities.

Ricocheting off the wall, she had none, as a thrown toy, it had bounced about. It's finality, it had landed on Snake's toe. "Ain't playin' with you or it." Ramble of an inarticulate lingo, disjointed of his shrewd holograph, this nuclear fission, it had come to Snake in this zero hour, for The Child's Plaything, it had been wavering in and out of its brief blinks. Eyes flashing, they would had looked.

Spectator of mankind, it had vetoed their stabilities on the Noosphere. Consuming, of these instabilities, Snake had been containing himself. Profusion of his human demotion, it was this

selfless and spirit raped - a hailed madcap of Ronald Reese's VR Spelunking Cloud.

It had led Snake into a fool's paradise. Originating into Snake, there had been none to spare. The cursor, it had come out of nowhere, so Snake had blasted holes into his XR.

Entertaining this illusion of a word processing device, it was of this risqué and sardonic insanity. Infiltrated, a reasoning nonentity, it was glowing in an eerie silence and in front of Snake, as a recent gun volley, Ronald had started to haunt him.

"Come and get your sister." Snake had heard the voice. Murmured of a fiery Ronald, a courting of Snake's gangster death, the amplification, it had come from every corner, and it was from all over the Earth. Booted up, Snake had stood up, yet Emilia had been in her stud's paradox. She had watched Snake rise-up and in arms, as Snake had held them out. Emilia had known of these minutes and hours. In a sanitarium, cunning and unsound, of her witchery, it had been brought to her by a demonic promise.

A date with the Devil, Emilia had held The Child's Plaything. Deliriously dowsing in an XR feud with herself, clumsily jerked, the demon head, it was on top of The Child's Plaything. Nose diving of a magnetic field, it was a point and or a click away, as Emilia's malady, there were no sperm cells. The type, software could not install his juices into her hungry snatch. A genetic scheme, it had calumniated into a VR disaster of mankind, so a table-turner, it had been given of this stellar strife.

The bed, it had risen behind Snake, and he had his arms raised. Forty-four, brandished, out of his right hand, it was about ready to burst into an unholy terror. The walls, they had started to buckle, and the ceiling, it was warping of this prognostication. Grim, a reprehensible reminder, underworld ulcers, they had come upon Emilia. Fiery blisters - bursting of her boils, spitting hot and bloody pus, Emilia had become this withered vine.

A brownie, it had been shriveling in an obliteration of herself. Gnawed away, of an unsteady evasion, inner strengths, they were coming and going in VR, as a corresponding anomaly, humankind

was in this XR labyrinth. "The Child's Plaything." Unhallowed, mumbled of this tyrant, there had been no Devil allowed by an Alien God.

Denigrating Snake in an interconnection with the events, Snake's thoughts of control, interplanetary domiciles, moronic ways, this figure, it had found its rest on this top. Its handle - a symbol of Ronald's hang-man, Snake had slowly turned into this malaise. Typhus resentments, they were dredging into him, so Snake had leveled his forty-four at Ronald. Briefcase in one hand and below his crimson-tie, Ronald had also held The Child's Plaything, and its ghoulish head, it was dangling in and of his right hand.

Out of its mouth, a God-awful and woeful war, it had been ditched into Snake's spirit. Plundered, droves of his divisions, they were sponging up all Homo Sapiens.

"Get out of here!" Snake's rapture, it had been of an immunity, for he had kept pulling the trigger. Instabilities, of rage terminated, Snake had hungered for the human pith, so he wouldn't buy into this change. Switch, a vigilant and vicious malignity, spoiled of his delusions, Snake was restrained into an Alien abode. Between himself, events, they had been breaking Emilia's vertebrae out.

Oozed out guts, fractured ribs, gore, Emilia had been shot to death. Hot from her fresh-spilt blood, Ronald had set his case down and loosened his tie. Snake had been caught up in an all-knowing moment. Just before the feed of Noosphere Spelunkers, Ronald had given the hand-held toy a flip. Instant, the goal was to catch the top with its handle. A beingness, it was tethered by its string theories.

"Missed." Juliana had been waiting in her infirmary. Worshipful, of a spare room, reincarnated Sherry and or Larry, they were of this flash in her VR pan, as Juliana had logged in at their death's door. A tenebrous blizzard, it had been verging into her. Spirit revolts, his cursed stabilities, their instabilities, they were thrashing of a beaten down mankind, as this surplus glue, it was of its instead.

Unthinking, an application of mankind, they were driven into these mathematical corners. Stabilized self-hoods, the back of

Juliana's head, it had been banging against their walls. Hands, they were the leverage of a serial killer. Ram, frenzied, they were of his one that had no two, and it had made them all together. Unadulterated and pornographic, it was no holds barred, and Juliana had held them wide open.

Pulsated, of a hole, a vessel, it had made Ronald swell even bigger. Reproached of its something, there had been no ejaculation. Embellished in a suspension, there was this gloat of hers. Fixations gulped down, not toward Hell nor of any Heaven, Juliana was out in its Universe.

Mandate of a mundane ransom, Juliana was fried alive. Untreated, a manner, she would had given him these honors. Doctor's investigations, she was wearing this thin and silver dress. Metallic material, short and lose fitting, Juliana had sat at this small desk. In the back of her modest pet shop in Pomona, she had XR there, and she had been pirating into this illegal Spelunking VR. Pitching into his ball-game, Lucifer would had been on the home-team.

In the game, she was sacrificing all these little animals at night. Taking drugs, drinking and chain smoking, it had become her whole life there, and Juliana had loved it. Nothing would had been able to take her away from Ronald's real-time un-wiring. Irreverent vagueness, there had been a betrayal by Juliana. "You had better come into me!" Fish-markets, of her darkness, an all-consuming passion, she had gathered Ronald's tether. Rewarded with an eternal vendetta, she had been exchanging blows with him.

Hit-and or-miss conscience, stricken in an ambush, taken of her delusions, an illusion of Ronald, she went into an Alien abode, as it had stabilized all dreams. Juliana had called out with this gag-inducing persecution. "Have me!" An emancipation with Lucifer, Ronald had been altered. Vista, Ronald had worn this silver metallic shirt, and it had hung about his mid-thighs. Juliana had no desire for a beast that had been tamed. Spatial, Juliana had read Ronald back into her riot act. "The Child's Plaything!" She had called out to Ronald with a red-hot fever.

Fires, of her dog screwball, it had been barking into Juliana's abode. Ronald's meat, it had been surging into all her scores, and they were paid-off in this blow after blow. Comatose, a

standstill, Juliana's consternation, it had come from where her mommy and daddy had ceased to exist. Passion, an unfortified dead-beat, it had been of this extraterrestrial.

Juliana had not opened her eyes for him. Licking his fingers and kissing this palm, tenderly nibbling up a forearm with an unmerited gratitude, her papa had her. The creeper, a trespasser, it had been lying in wait and in this Alien abode.

"Julie?" Larry had given Juliana his love with goof-eyes, for Juliana's indolent moments, of her father, she had been filled with this suspicion. "Daddy?" Swallowed, Larry had coaxed Juliana into a digression. Aspirations, they were of her foul servitude. Eluded into an extraterrestrial domain, it was of her embryonic attachment.

Responding, of an eternal defamatory colic, it had been impeding her into Sherry's volatile and dead-pan overshadow. Not of any pity on her daughter's halfhearted attempts, instilled, Juliana had been grilled into this solemn and subordinate eradication. Unplanned, an intrusion, it was an anything and or of its why not. Strange, it was of an overthrown stigma. Tough and tedious misconceptions - misleading notions, they had come from Sherry.

Julie's untidy and lopsided grapple, it had been of this impractical iniquity. Screwed down on Sherry's index finger, of The Child's Plaything, Juliana's future, a derringer, it had been loaded. Forthcoming and of a serial killer, readied to blow her head off, she was rigid, cold and of a stagnant stab. Sherry's delicate paralysis, it had been of her daughter's lifeless vertigo." Is this what you want Julie? Is it?" Melting down on her from an outrage, bewitched, a soul, it had been placed into this heterodox concussion.

Round and round on the Noosphere, Juliana had no answer. Finally, Sherry had thought - a reprieve from her behavior, it was of a contrary to this reason, yet Sherry had no need for one. "He's my daddy." Julie could only think - intimidation, as she would no longer hold her mother. Fear, it had fell out of this scourge.

This day, Juliana had elevated herself enough to attack her mother, so Sherry's devastation, it had been wrecked into her mind. Harassed, Sherry had been at the brunt of Juliana's hatred

for her. Juliana's provocation, it had sent Sherry into the throes of her daughter's death wishes.

Faded dogs, they had been brought up in the rear of Sherry's life. An eye on Juliana, it had hit Sherry with a body-blow. An estranged space, it had stowed Sherry up and into these bad graces. Its blackout anguish for her future, it had wept in from this technological expunging of her spirit, so an opening, it had rid Sherry of her pain. Juliana's barrage, it was run-in blood-red. Breathed in an Alien Cyberspace, Sherry's ghost, it had left Juliana in a psycho-psychedelic scorn of her mother.

"He's my daddy." Juliana had reached up and into herself, so the love that she had never gotten, it had jimmed her little kitty. "Daddy's mine." Julie's argument, it was with her mother's then, as she had started with Larry.

Humming herself away, Althea had been frying her eggs and bacon. Radio waves, they were playing of this irresolute static. Lawless weight of this serial killer's toy, The Child's Plaything, it was threatening an entryway. An outcast, of the murderous mutiny, there had been this lingering wrath, and Althea, she had been fusing herself into its togetherness. Inert mindlessness, of sterile uselessness, Den had been treating Althea with an irreverent behavior.

"We better go on back." Althea had wanted Den to rethink Montana, for she was witless and worn-out. Gambling, Den had been one of the players in Ronald's VR game. Entertained balls in and of its dirt, its dice, nights, Althea had been waiting for Den's flesh and blood. Revolting with this ridiculous idea, she had her Devil, yet it had disembodied her.

Transfer, this tether, beyond a member of the human race, Althea had been kept in this stability as an obscure chasm of herself. "What we have is not our child." Checked, stopped in and of its brutal brood, dank warping, it had been breaking up and into her. Injected, Althea had been encumbered. Not able to blow out her candles, she was a kept woman, for she was in a cloak-and-dagger communion with lust.

"I'm goin' in first." Tom had let himself out of a gander. Ready for this pitched battle, a dumpy chain of events, they had been ebbed and knocked about. It was of this venom. Deflected - an

instability of a villainous maze, Ryan had wanted to infiltrate into its forthcoming as an enigmatic wretchedness. Backed into an irking mortification, Ryan was not catching Ronald dead." He will lose." Ryan's abrasion, it was of an unbending quiriness, as their cesspool, atrophied selves, they were disillusioned and led astray.

Ronald had first met Ryan at Berkeley. Sent into Juliana's pet shop, given desire - power, bucking with the beast, Damson wasn't troubled or even wasted away, yet Ryan wasn't for this space cadet. Either this kid had turned blind and or was lain bare, or this damnable sneer of The Child's Plaything, it had been of a redoubling of these efforts. "Get him out of here." Tom wasn't buying into this appearance of the unknown Damson, for this kid, he had been taken another angle.

"Don't be surprised. Ryan has always hung out with our kind." Then, Damson had vanished. Feasting on blue Devils, Tom and Ryan, they went inside the XR, for Damson was in their illusions. Delusions, they had loomed in and of their VR mysteries. Tom had taken their front. Inside of this looking glass, two shakes were of a forgone conclusion. Lubricated of its leer, fluid gridiron lines, they were connected to his brain.

Mislead, it had been flaring of its fat fire, as its fluke inspiration rites, of this warmness, Ronald's cold-blooded murdering, it had been thrown over the sun. Dropped online and at midnight, engaging his time, Ronald had been readied to burst into its space. Tom's mean spirit, it had sought a connection, so he was slithering in an anecdote for the condemnation of mankind. From kill to kill, an evil craft, it had come from Tom's stone-hearted creed, as he had marched through these gutters.

Obsession and death, it had lured mankind into this roughshod nightmare. Unraveling in VR, a silo, it had gone off in this cyberspace, a cognitive XR interface. The brunt of Ronald's cloudburst on the Noosphere, it had been in a VR sea. Baseless smug, senselessness, it had reckoned with Tom.

Perceived pieces, they had put him back together again. View, of this dark looking glass, humanity had sought it as and of their own enlightenment, so they had all become these secluded

sculptures in an extraterrestrial abode.

Tom, Den, Althea, Emilia, Snake, Jack, Doug, Dale and Dave..., they were poles, and they had been erected by this Alien headhunter. It was feeding on them. Ronald had come at their front. Being more plain - an interconnection of this XR brainchild, they were all as these space-aged totems.

Known of no wood nor of any carvings on them, pillars, they were holding their dummy heads. Growing above, an Alien Cyberspace, they were of this canopy. Cosmic rays were hurled about. Its extraterrestrial strokes, they were of an evil genius. Instabilities, they were siphoned into this radioactive decay. Ronald's head, it was prompted, so it gave the Cloud its measurements. Ronald had been downloaded, and Tom was uploaded.

"Hello Tom." Ronald was clean-cut and tight-ass dressed. He had come to meet Tom, for Ronald would inflict his pain on all. The Child's Plaything, it was dangling from his left hand as a replica of Tom. Hanging from its string and attached to the handle, inflamed with an abscess, it was of this stable state of a mumbo jumbo. Creeping emptiness, it had been chasing after their spirits.

East LA, its occupants, they had been changed in an Alien Cyberspace. Ronald was in a bottomless pit. An atrocious torment, it had been spoiled with these token laws. "What's that?" Tom had uttered out of his streaming self. Trial, it was of his inevitable error, as illusions, they were of Ronald's likeness on the Noosphere. Tom could incur no blame for his crimes. "This?" Ronald had held up The Child's Plaything.

Black as black, an ace of spades, it was of Tom's sculptured head, and it had been hanging from this handle. Drawn out for its drip - of a line and tether, Ronald would yank it up. "Yeah that. It's in your hand." Tom had followed up with a pull of his nine-milli. Running amuck, jumping down all throats, they were mashing into this face. Giving The Child's Plaything its flick, Ronald had caught Tom's likeness on the top of its handle, as it had become this nucleus.

Unpredictable and infectious voices, they had been out of control. XR communities, they were in Ronald's VR Spelunking

Cloud. Playing its massive multiplayer online VR game, of its lifeless heartburn, Tom was falling apart.

Counterbalance, its disdain, it was wrought out of an instability. Iniquities, swindled in an ignoble raid, it was of this cognitive misinformation. Rootlessness, transferred and traveled, they had arrived in East Los Angeles. Activity, of their real-time other place, offline, it had not expired online, as Tom had taken this immortal leave in a polemic underground VR.

The outcasts, they were with Ronald, as an opening, an Alien portal, it was of The Child's Plaything. Outlet alight, an iron clad confusion, beget of Tom - they had all come his way.

Approaching Tom, these depths, his murderousness, it was of this cross-pollination, and it had made Ronald this space weapon. Another planet, of an unstoppable combativeness, they were all wearing these silver and metallic one-piece suits.

They had stopped - waited, as they had surrounded Tom. There had been no hay, for the bull, it was taken by an Alien God's horns. "No way." Tom had done his jungle bunny. Dancing rude, crude and not even funny, Tom had dropped his weapon, for he wouldn't let himself be dragged into this nebulous funeral.

"No way!" Tom's soul, it had left him. Sensed by his separations, of a quantum jump - radioactive applications, they were left in the dark. Impulses, they had strut forward and into Tom's crack-shot. Flying into this XR interface, of an unbeatable feeling - excitation, helter-skelter, Ryan had no Devil to pay. Brewing of a horrid uproar, Ryan had no might nor a maim with Ronald.

Conjuring with its nothing, Heaven and Hell, they had been overthrown. Extreme, point-blank and of an ill-natured navigation, Tom and Ryan, they were side by side and out of order. Lulling with it, between their heads, it had been holding them hostage. Fodder, it had put them into this non-scheduled eternal standstill. It was up a XR cognitive interface.

Sweetie: Kill her Rocky.

Its whacky red font, it was flashing in this VR Spelunking

architecture. Upheavals, rage - Ryan and Tom, they had boomeranged back into a VR blindness. Arrested in this schism, they were out of their bodies.

Ceaseless burrow, its leftover essence, souls, they were of this inflexible fawn. Flagrant mischief, slow-time, they had been going at full-speed. "We have to stop it." Muffling her self-awareness, voice, it was heard in an extraterrestrial vacuum. Pliable pieces of metal, brokenhearted and bold spirits, they had been of the Alien's cloven hoof. Wearing this badge of infamy, an inflexible clobber, it was her destiny on the Noosphere.

Underhanded, an application for this unvarying constriction, human electronic architecture, stabilized of this radioactivity - no decay, worn away and into Juliana, it was dispersed into a VR apathy, as there had come this downfall of all these stars. The sun, it had been blotted out, and their sky, it was fading away - indefinite, of an unpolished self-contradiction. "No." Juliana was oppressed with unclear words. A foreordained blunder, Ryan had entered her XR cognitive interface.

Held captive in this hollow obstruction, blown of this bugaboo molder, it had been cutting him short with a stabilized burden. Uploaded into its nerves, they went into this bad way with Ronald. Data processing, it was of his downturn, recoiled - odds and ends. "Can I help you?" Ryan had stood there dumbfounded. Online yet in real-time, he could not answer. Dispatching himself - visage, it had come to its nothing.

Indians, XR salespersons, a young Indian Woman, she had been standing directly in front of him, as Ryan had been uploaded into this pasture call. Bad terms, a shy and afoul side-blow, fighting these battles on the Noosphere, it had been of this adamant and destabilized suspense. Dispatched into his life, its solitude, it had opened a VR portal.

"No. I don't need any help." Ryan had nervously affirmed, so it had sent this Indian saleswoman hunting another make or model. Tom had whirled at the herd. "What you gonna do?" Same time - straying from his VR ramifications, Tom had veered into its tumult. Spiritual slump, banished, it had many faces, as Tom had launched himself into an eternity.

When Tom had gotten around, it was Snake, and he had poured the guts of this sawed-off shotgun into Tom. Anchor, it had been racked into this madness.

Back to back - circuitry, it had been worming under their skin. Destabilized, a vein of spirit, it had been feeding into itself. Inoculated, Tom had been feeding an extraterrestrial. System on the streets, interrogated, of its dreary dungeon, it was turning all these stomachs in VR.

Indigent brothers, the violence, of its taken, Tom was away. Falling from his spirit, schematic black magic, it had been tottering of his freak. Shooting him as the star, Ryan had been chasing Ronald. Worsening of an effect, the human condition, Tom had no honor, no valor, and it was his fault. Eyes opened, a vista, it had deposited Tom into this drawing room. Double-parked, there was a nothing of his senses.

The Child's Plaything: I made a mistake.

Ryan's wings, they were clipped into their last place, for he was running out of the XR cognitive interface. Midst these thick files, they were of the same case. Verifying some of those names that Ronald had collected on, Ryan's investigation, it had always been directed astray. At another turn, Emilia's grandparents, of its weirdo whack-off, a line for Ryan, Ronald had paid himself twice.

Emilia, Ronald would have killed her too. Distraction, Ronald had been frightened out of Montana, yet Marc had come in as a perfect scam. Alongside, Ryan had brought up these XR keyboards.

Ryan: My connection in Montana has booted back.

The Child's Plaything: Blame it on Rio.

Ryan's brains were of an eye, and it was blinking of The Child's Plaything. Sitting on all these books, they were stacked at his right. Head hanging from an Alien rod, an upload of an online empire, Ryan was lunging in its sunless moments. Engaging this stranger in VR, a coagulating biochemistry - an ignominious display and fray of its murderous behavior, instabilities, they were being disbursed into this asylum, for mankind, they were

seeking their spirit strength in an unsparing vacuousness of their selves.

No belief, it had been full of something less than doubt. Ronald had held The Child's Plaything, as he had its pole in his hand. A demon-head, it was dangling from this oversupply, and Ryan had misfired with the rest of mankind. Their spirits, they had come to a VR dither. Ronald's tongue-in-cheek serpent, it had not seen the light of any day.

None of any night, an Alien God, mankind was banished as a procreation of itself. Accumulating and amassing, Ryan had made its rate of acceleration, for the tether, it withdrew the demon to the top of The Child's Plaything. A VR rope, it was jumping up and into the Cloud. Ronald was its beast of VR burden, as there had been no memory space in this information transfer. Ronald's cattle feeders, they were alerted mechanisms.

"You still have time." Moraine had been at the opposite end of this seventy-foot aisle. The cattle, they were feeding, as it was before their slaughter. On both sides of Ryan, Moraine had pointed at the large barns-yard doors, as they had been left unraveled. Splitting an opening into other galaxies, Ronald and Chi Chi, they were occupying an Alien Cyberspace in VR. Ryan had seen their beacons - without and within. Bloody hues of this cosmological light, they were coming inward and toward him - a haunting, a hunting of an Alien God.

"He's out there. With her. You can get him now if you want." Ryan was staring into a VR restraint of himself. Unshackled, witching hours, a beingness, it had gone from place to place, for Ronald, he was this monstrous moon-raker. He had crushed the cattle with a nine-pound sledge hammer. After his brutal murder of Chi Chi, a crossbreed, it was of an eroding VR confusion.

He had taken the microchips out of the feeders, for they were responsible for this mechanism. The cattle, they had been fed. An application - microchips, of electronic control modules, the canisters, they were to drop their allotted portions. Ronald had pounded them to death.

Dripping muck, of an incurious pathos, Ronald had burst at the seams. Copycats, Ryan had been sent into a tailspin, for he had been caught with a bulldog. An unexpected meddled-headed Ronald,

he was popping up.

Notions and excuses, gonorrhoea from the teddy bears, scepter, mankind had found their eyesight, as they were hanging loosely by this rope. Wrapped around their necks, swarming with warm smack, of a conjuring - restless souls, they had been searching for his XR Devil, yet there had been an outlander behind the scenes. Ransacking, its Christian, it had been systematically slipping away from Heaven.

Perched in an unacceptable plague of himself, murdering in rock fields, his papal, an Alien God, it had been propagating itself. Prostitution, the podium, they were beating their meat, for Lucifer wasn't lying between their frames. Baptisms, weddings, funerals, it was of an emerging blend. A methodical and radical extermination, its flashback stability - payload, Ronald had put the cattle feeders out of order.

"They're hungry." Moraine had spoken softly, as Ronald's apparition, it was at the other end. Light had come through the crack of the large barn door. Full of darkness, Chi Chi had become restless. Lumbering, an annulment, it had come back to Ronald - online, unattached. Murderous ways, all these others, they were in this massive multiplayer VR Spelunking game.

Habit, a presence, it was of their stabilized lives, so Ryan had been dwindled into this VR application. There, gesturing in this space-age suit, all silver, of a one-piece metallic, Ronald was twenty years younger. Diverging into this murderous abode, Ryan had wanted to stick a hot poker into this beingness. Bashing into its dog-headed beast, Ryan would get this dreary life.

"Where are we now?" Ryan had asked. Enough of himself, also dressed in this space-age attire, sterilized, soulless and stabilized, Ryan had been removed from the cattle barn. Cloud, a tether, the backbones of mortals, they had been aligned in these long extraterrestrial corridors. Synthetic replicas of oversized human brains, they were sitting on these enrichment poles. The Child's Plaything, it was this breadth of its space and time. Loveless revulsion, it had incapacitated Ronald.

Not finding his Devil, withering away from his spirit, of an underestimation - life, Ryan had been bottled up in and of a shameful queerness. Holding humanity in its seclusion, of its

murderous spells, Ronald had been brandishing The Child's Plaything. Keeling over, a spiritless defection of himself, Ronald had been under the weather.

A lifeless engine, it had been of its questions. No shot, no answer, Ronald had flicked The Child's Plaything, yet the top, it had touched its wooden handle - a clumsy rod, itself. Absent, absurd lewdness, it had been dividing mankind into their halves.

"Where are we?" Ryan had moved in close. A lone-wolf, Ryan was wearing it. Searching into its shadows of darkness, Ryan's flaccid and white flesh, hanging devil-broke in Heaven's gutter, Ryan had wanted to turn its tide. Spirit deficiency, dragging in its chain of yesterdays, thoughts for tomorrow, Ryan had come back.

Heaved of himself, Ryan had needed this teddy-bear embryo to trample it down, for it had crowned him as one of Ronald's hollow-eyed visitors. Unpaid vendetta, Ryan had needed a weapon. Broken down and spitting of all this blood and guts, Ryan had capitulated out of a dog's demon.

Same rock, it was used on the Asian whore, so Ryan had become this Federal scum. Criminals, of its heinous crimes, a majesty, Ronald had lifted his head in its shaft. Pillars, enrichment poles, they had resembled humankind. Slight curve, lined up and side by side, each one had their cerebral and concentric tops. They were radiating in and of an Alien iron lung. An enlivened energy on a technologically tiled floor, it was of this same architecture.

Ronald had taken them out of the cattle feeders, as the microchips, they were of their dense circuitry. "Get a good feel?" Ryan's brainless instants, they were of their real-time. Noticed effigy, The Child's Plaything, an image of Ryan, he could had been caught on its top, yet Ryan had plummeted into Ronald's mange darkness. Draining himself, Ryan's hands, they were wrapped into this torn hair. Impelled in an acerbity, his raciness, it was of an on and off again application.

"He's with them out there." Ronald was still in the rock-field with Chi Chi. In the stockyard barn, the cows, they were quietly being fed by these electronic control canisters. Dropped, of their allotted portions - bins, of an incremental timing, it was

depleted by their feed. Grinding into what was done, murderous and with Chi Chi in this rock-field outside, Ronald was reveling in its rape. An after of his kill, the dead Asian whore, she was of this inflexible veneration.

Godforsaken and graceless carnal thrills - serial kills, Ryan's pants, they had been dropped. Groped of a denouncement, an obnoxious and browbeating rampage, Ryan was butting Damson. Holding him from behind, over the toilet - browsing his inside, of an illogical uprooting, Damson's throat, it had been slashed in an ill-defined antisocial act.

Ryan had been stabilized into this nomadic overblown quarrel. Notorious, an out of the ordinary hot hole, Ryan had wrought himself up and into a bulldog pup. Pushing himself into this greater damnation, edging a combustion, on his guard against Ronald, Ryan had wanted to sow in his dissension. Few and far and in between, of this jangled craziness, words, they had escaped from his lips - a restrained throat.

"The Child's Plaything is with me." Ryan's influx, his spirit, it was being gouged out. Deposited into a radioactive stability, exiled in an infection, Alien demons, they had taken charge of this serial killer's VR Spelunking - leftover decay.

Insurrections, they were of these famine-stricken Noosphere Spelunkers. It was from a none. A tether of the VR, it was this deflection of mankind's instabilities. Sick and heartless, sapped of their foundations, there had been this powder keg. Clashing with this strangeness, un-warned - not seen by the naked eye, there was this murderous compulsion on the Noosphere.

Unclean and stabilized of its spiritless foul-fiend, screen-named - The Child's Plaything, flooding months, they were of his murderous Sundays. Dumbness, defiling all things, impairing the souls of mankind, Ryan had abandoned Damson. Dead-head, first, his brains, they had dived into this bloody pool. After Ryan had used this toilet, it was flushed automatically, as with these microchips in this cyber-spaced-out stockyard barn, they were reaching out and onto the Noosphere.

Ryan had pulled his pants on in a swirl and a suck, and Damson, this little boy's body, it had been taken away. Ryan had been pieced together in its hard, fast - heaviness, as he had tipped

its scales. Uselessness of mankind - an uncompromising mistake, blunders, they had been strained into its stabilities, as their imaginations, brunt of the Noosphere Spelunkers, off-glancing, a compass was threatened.

Humankind, patterns were seeking an Alien God, as an extraterrestrial bin in VR, this spare room, it was of a timeworn mankind. On the outskirts of themselves, their innuendos, they had been these dirt-cheap children, and they were hidden in the darkness of a soulless application.

"They're starving." Moraine was standing in the doorway of this XR bathroom. Finished with Damson, Ryan was in shock. A visage to check again, Damson was gone. Clamped down in his vouchsafed delusions of Ronald, Ryan's dreams, they were damaged. A piece of an Alien God's meat, it was ready to blow of its dynamite, as Ryan had become torn apart. Throwing him the bull, an incurable umbilical cord - necktie parties, without curves, Ryan had inched out of the VR rest room.

An overturned consignment, it was of this graveyard. Lurking in an ill-assortment of these Indians, meandering about, their sight went from stem to stern.

The Child's Plaything: Where are we now, Ryan?

The dialogue box, it had come up in a red animation in XR. Space cadet Indians, they were sulking in and of their solemn festers, as there had been this nothing. An aim of Ryan's real-time, his brain teaser, it had come from this troubled and unsteady state. Mortified into an engagement, dousing himself into an interface, there were these battle cries.

The Child's Plaything: I want you to get me.

Casting skin before the wind, Ryan's body, it was antagonized by a vanishing point. A purposelessness, a jet lag - flown in an Alien abode, quickening of its rapid slouch, Ryan had been placed into this silver and metallic one-piece suit. Physique, this representation of mankind, repulsion as its diversion from the norm, it had made Ryan this sicko.

The ground, it had been cut from under him, and Ronald's rocks, they were in Ryan's head. An untidy mucus breath, it was in his

open mouth. An unavailing opportunity - its window in the back of a time, no alley-way nor a sally, it was spurned and disengaged into him with its perversions.

Ryan had missed his mark. With no head shrink probing into him - an anticlimax, meteoroids, they were of this dead flight. No unspared rods, infusing into three, they were of an unknown son. Interlocking in an interlude with space - a timelessness, there had been no dementia. None observed, a sphere - it was siphoned off, null. Hung by its hangman, stalwarts, of this abominable and underfed queerness, this was it - their heads: Ryan, Tom, Den, Althea, Snake, Emilia, Juliana, Larry, Sherry, Doug and Jack, Dale and Dave - Jerry.

All of them, they had been funneled back into this domino effect. An extraterrestrial infinity, struck in poses, they were dangling in an Alien Cyberspace. Without a Heaven nor of a Hell, there had been no known God nor a creed - cult, religion either. Reigning in Ronald's murderousness, Ryan's moments of truth, they were visited and nursed in by its overkill. Weathered of the storm, enduring the pain, Ryan had been exhaled up and with the bulldog. An off-center, the heads of mankind, they had been dropping into their bowed beingnesses.

Downloaded, of a VR noose, feces-faces, they were germinating into Ronald's bone-head, for its mole, it had closed all eyes. Their hearts, they were cold and stilled in an Alien abode.

Lifelessness, their decapitations, they had come from its spiritlessness. Luring it, Ronald was seeking to reenter. Self-seeking of Ronald's devilish ways, they were without any Messiah. An Alien God, it had been using Ronald's hand to flick its wrist. His screen-name, a device of strangeness, The Child's Plaything, it had become a symbol. Pulsating of its fermenting uploads, downloads - loads and loads, together, the bodies of mankind, they had been sold into an Alien God's harvest.

After Ronald had raped and killed Moraine, of another planet, she was redefined in VR. "He's out there! Get him! Get him!" Moraine had made no request. No upload, no download, no point nor of any click, Moraine's numberless rocks, they were of Ronald's serial killing calamities. Treading on the heels of this bloodthirsty drug, there had been no market to contest.

Evening out in an impure dimensional purity, a painstaking verdict, it had been made from all their instabilities. From beyond, they were in these corners, as an unknown, it was waiting at dawn.

Engines, they were of its classical definitions. "Two dollars!" Quantum and cognitive implications of an Alien God's observational Universe, a rock field killer, he had been up in an extraterrestrial cosmology.

"One hundred! One hundred dollars!" Chi Chi had tried to find an inroad to freedom. Wailing, she was of this entangled lifelessness. Full-blown, a riot of Ronald, fiends, they had taken their human shapes. Their radioactive stabilities, they had stung Ryan to the quick of his selfhood.

Shivering, Ryan was back in this Montana XR cognitive interface. Business as usual, a murderous repulsion, Tom had been standing in this sudden and real-time application. Driving them into this zenith, shaken in and of its exotic heads, they had not dare to disturb this unpredictable.

Raising its spirit, instabilities, they were dipped into these rapes and murders. Full of his gall, Ronald had been no nine-day fugitive. Swooping down into its abode, of its humankind, space had misfired in his VR Spelunking Cloud. Blotted out, a copy of mankind, an unreasoning, it had been lying in wait to embody them, so there had come this crossing of those swords - stability and instability.

Tom's spade in the grade, it was of his spook, and Ryan could only glance about. The Indians, they had become distant. "We're not in the right place." There was a time lapse of Tom. "It's in that cave." Ryan had echoed it too. "Yeah." Tom had heard Ryan.

An encounter with Snake, it had rankled the beast of an Alien God. Thoughts were postponed, so a past recall, it had become of this segregated and gross dross. Emancipation, a VR trajectory, it was this unknown memoir of himself, for Ronald had been spurting Ryan up. A frightful blood, untold omissions, movements in this Alien abode, they were of these indignant iniquities of the Noosphere Spelunkers. The extraterrestrial magnitude, it had become this pointless intuition of mankind.

Stabilized, they had sought refuge in their Noosphere illusions of Ronald. Tom and Ryan, they had carefully made their exit. Entering their sedan, they were trying not to trigger this intermediate balance.

Moving slowly up this misinformed XR, playing bingo under the nose of this abdomen, Ryan had inched the sedan forward. Guidance and self-talk, an Indian woman, she had parked in front of them. "Take it easy. Easy." Contemplating as its rather, her husband was tending to her last movement. "They're gone again." Tom was looking at himself, and Ryan was in his back-draft.

Driving their blue sedan up this XR in VR, they had been on this Montana road. Real-time, the Indians, they had vaporized into a heavy haze. Lying low, of this dip, they had entered Ronald's VR Spelunking on the outskirts of Butte Montana.

Sweetie: Sup?

The Child's Plaything: I am.

Juliana's jaunt, it was of an unsystematic imp. Returning, her empty-headedness, it had been submerged under an Alien God's impressions. Anointing herself, stabilized of its telling beads, a destabilized beingness, it was scrubbing this download into her. An unholy order of him, Ronald's renegade, it had been of this uncommon worth. Its pains, they were delivered in VR, and the Noosphere, it had become this bloodless complexion.

Its thermodynamics, a free for all, its fall from an extraterrestrial, it had been fetching their radioactive instabilities off the Cloud. Its stabilized blow-back, it had been of their double-think. Its prurient liaison with Juliana, an ill-looking scrounge, it was an abnormal aberration of herself. Inebriated into this stabilized existence, a loss of a Satanic capacity on the Noosphere, no windfall, it had been boiling into her.

His quarry, stripped of their offensiveness, their kill-times, they were at a full stop. Mutinies, of their XR selves, they were placed in an abysmal of Ronald's VR Spelunking. It was said in an Alien God's voice. "She's with us." On the edge of the Noosphere, it had been spoken as this truth. The Indians, they had been in their online transparencies, for their silhouettes,

their bodies, they were of its slackening spirit tumble - downloaded, moments.

Juliana had been the VR condemnation of them. In a Montana XR, they were in their blue uniforms, and their vests and accompanying white shirts, they had red name tags on their lapels. All were carrying their technological tablets. The product orders of the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had called itself down. The Child's Plaything, it was embroidered in blood on the backside of their vests.

Frozen in Ronald's quandary, they were seeking a communication with his Devil. Grappling of an iron fist, it had uplifted him into its Cloud. Obtained stabilities, this false pretense, it had entered with its lack of Lucifer. There in and of its place, they had become this Alien's turnkey. It was from Ronald's serial killing scrawl on the Noosphere - a black marked screen-name: The Child's Plaything.

"Ronald?" Juliana was pondering his silence, as its salmonella, it had been salivating from their XR. They were of these star gazers. Dropped out of an extraterrestrial abode, tangled in this Alien petulance, its real-time perspiration of humankind, it had been this annoyance. An affliction, an oppression, rambling down on mankind, Ronald was of this bad actor.

Breathing into an extraterrestrial's longbow, Juliana had been rung of its untruth. Delivered, Ronald's mind, it had been off its keyboard, so an Alien tigress, it was of this dialogue box. Flashing in the corners of midnight, it was on this other side. An eternal lunch-break, a beingness, it was without its dinner.

Brains scrambled in Ronald's face, they were glum in a maelstrom, as a bellicose scorn of mankind, it had been intimidated in and as their condition. Against this grain, these Indians, they were at this juncture, so its diamonds in the rough, the cattle, they were of this application.

Ronald had given them their evil eye, as it had been gouged out from his two. Without the third, a poison-pen, it had been checking Ronald off. Crushing those cow's heads with his nine-pound sledge, it was of an outlander - a mutation, and Moraine, she was of Ronald's foul attacks. Ronald had a flight from

himself again - a deja vu.

"They're here to play with her." These Indians, they were volatile extraterrestrials, so a serial killer's main course, it was to devour the chef. Ronald had been caught on its top." The Child's Plaything!" Moraine had made the catch, for she had caught the cow's head on the handle of this wooden toy. She had taken the Indian's places.

Duplicated, celestial beings, they had become entwined with a stabilized mankind. Juliana could see Larry and Sherry. "You piddled your panties again?" Pathetic ludicrousness, it had come from Sherry. Wraith, it was of her nonhuman core. Larry was alongside of Sherry, and he was of this breathless gander. His mouth, it was hanging open in an all-inclusiveness. Gaping holes as an eyesight, of these unknown terminals, excluding good and evil, it was of itself. Living among its stabilized humanity, it was of this unremitting serial killer - a psychopath.

Out-and-out, its slaughterhouse, it was of this mass-production. This strange food, it had been tunneling from frame to frame. An infection, Juliana had detected a pulverizing poignant prick, and it was in her hotty totty. An inhospitable debasement, Juliana was defunct of her human application, as an uncontrollable carnal knowledge, it had insulted mankind.

Aboriginals, they had their hatchets, and they were plotting - stunts. Jeering rampages, spoon fed as their unaccountable selves, straight-faced Aliens, they had been done in and of its affect. Lack, bad intentions, they were of this rarity, as it had put mankind into its atomic shells. Their biochemical application, of a field-space behavior, it was running as these false witnesses. Raptures, they had been of his murderousness. Juliana had been taken in by his insurgent rage, as she was his dirty virgin.

"Mom." Juliana was condemned in an enlightenment, and an unkempt swill, it had ushered out. Juliana had made it available. Between her legs, dressed in her nightgown, it was driveling of her blunders, so peons in their halfway houses, they had been regressed from this dead force.

Its riffraff, they were surfing into its shady delusions. Playing on the human spirit, put at a cross purposes, it had cut

a passage for the Alien God, so the stilted charades of their selves, they were creeping out of this paranoiac paraphernalia. Idiocies, they were footing the bill on themselves. Its ledger, it had no ability to pay or even deliver the goods.

"You want your daddy baby?" Larry had grabbed at himself. Groping an oversized Alien rooster, he was back and dueling with his daughter. They were in this XR. Somewhere in a VR Montana, it had been animating in its hues.

A purple haze as a black occult, it was of an oscillating screen-saver. Sparking excrement, Larry's soul, it had been jetting from the fringes of an extraterrestrial Universe. Mankind's eyeballs, they had been put into these exotic monitors, for the sun, it was ricocheting off its plane surfaces. Lending to this blinding daze, it had pushed away their souls. Blown by the breath of an Alien wind, they had taken their air from its sunshine.

Two-fold images, Sherry and Larry, they had been melded into the center of this room. Standing in its framework, wearing their one-piece metallic suits, they were drowned, dead and sunk in a VR oblivion. Sleep-walking, of an Alien obeisance - it had come from this no judgment. Murderous upheavals, Juliana had become bloody minded. Severed from her spirit, she had been sticking Ronald deep into her throat, so Juliana's censure with Ronald, of his bungling wand, this idiot, it could not produce their Devil.

"Come." They were vacillating of this hungry extraterrestrial, for a hunter, it had been sending them out to find the pith of mankind. A parched thirst, Ronald's testicles, dice - Juliana had been rolling them. Her gamble, Juliana had been feeding herself into Ronald's VR infamy. Refusing to believe in anything, courting him in this magnifying glass of herself, it had been inside Juliana's cave. Taken to the end of his rainbow, she should had found this pot of gold. Turning her back on Sherry and Larry, they had been of Juliana's dormant self.

"I'm not going anywhere." Juliana had whispered. Shaking her head at Sherry and Larry, her soul had been torn from her body. Defecated, a defacto of herself, it was of her grotesque VR id. Mis-devotion, an unappropriated fixation with an un-repenting serial killer, Juliana had been this hurt little tabby, so

whoring in VR with an acrimonious impulsiveness, an own ideation - salvaged, her father had ripped her.

Devised as its fodder, the extraterrestrial had forbidden her to re-enter. If Juliana could had relieved herself from its upper hand, Sherry and Larry, of their launch window, she was with Ronald, yet her mother and father, they had zoomed in from this abode.

Slab, astral beings, they were being maintained in an unannounced invitation. A ruffled decoy, moments, Juliana had cursed God. A stoic muffle, it had been tainting her body, so her gloomy grave, it had come from this tacky killer. Aroused to spread, of her inner organ, this VR, it had been shoved up her backside. Dingy, a cadaverous downfall, of this Alien, Juliana's trench warfare, it was an ebb and flow. This false-hearted and baseborn prodigy, preordained, it was of Ronald's bizarre and murderous blasphemies. Echoing out of forgetfulness, mankind was applying themselves to its data - no trace evidence, human pith.

"Ronald?" Juliana's stream, of these ill-at-ease words, vainness, she had no veins. Women, they were screaming bloody murder. XR was sighted in this vibrating confusion, as the Universe, it had been rearranged by an Alien God's genitals. Pitching her grievance into their schismatic turmoil, thrown into a spinner, Juliana had made her way to Ronald. With him, upbraided, of an extraterrestrial tyranny, Juliana was in a weak vengeance. Sex with her father, spasms of the past, they were put into this other world.

Sweetie: Manage trios?

XR, nobody - all had been gone. Juliana was there alone, for she had been the only one that had survived this crash. Juliana had refused an Alien. A naught - unget-at-able, she had been marooned with this mindless Alien God. Puncturing her into these holes, of insidious and real-time consumptions, infiltrations, Juliana had let her heart pump up these boils, and they were of a combustible irritation.

Architecture, of her little hole, it had been spoiled by her daddy's stiletto, for Larry had torn into her. Quivering for her father's blade, Juliana's mother, she was a dreadful witch, a clashing of conclusions - past-memories. Inescapable orgasmic

ecstasies, Juliana had been throbbing in this wigwam with the Noosphere Spelunkers.

She had been this hanger-on in an unconnected spiritual self, so Juliana's dance attendance, it was of this radioactive duality. This combat team, mankind had been held in its house of detention, as Juliana's self-awareness, it was of an upset apple cart.

Conflagration, the knowledge of good and evil, they were of Ronald's graven images. Humankind replacements, they were of this none-entity. No-man's land, Juliana's body, it was of a tethered line, as its VR, it had placed her on and of this Noosphere. From this past and of an XR future, Juliana was with and of The Child's Plaything. "No!"