

Chapter Eight: Inside

Soo had been sheered away, as she had sought a redemption of herself. Repulsed, she had found out about Ronald, as her backlash, dispensed with this Alien infusion, it had made her burst with these feverish blisters. Their bloody and pus-filled boils, they were popping of their cysts. Cantankerous meanness, it had taken ownership of her.

An Alien cyberspace, an outhouse, it had been showing her its penthouse. If she had entered the Alien abyss, she would have been spying on Emilia. Left keys, passwords and or code, Soo had taken on her own delusions with Ronald. Searching for answers to her immortal questions, long since gone, she had been in these corners. Gaming into a digital disaster, chronology of his serial kills, Ronald had been smeared into Soo's drenched and gadgeteer face full, as the Alien frames, she had read them.

Riveted by this subject matter, they were of her gloomy searches, as those outbreaks of smallpox that she had turned up in VR, Soo had become disjointed from Emilia.

Notions about XR, tight-fisted and of a demonic mentality, Emilia's evil, it was as the black of night, for her puppets, they were before these gaming kiosks. Squelched, Ronald had taken away Soo's legs. No man had ever grappled into her with an Alien iron grip.

Bloodless and of her fender bender, Soo's soul, it had been stripped away from her by an unknown God. Provoked into an Alien abode, Emilia was in a flamboyant and raw confounding confusion. Ready to explode at full-speed, an idyllic force of Ronald's hell-bent mission, Emilia had spewed these maggots and worms, as Reptiles, they were crawling up and then out of Soo. Velvet and red velour, this was of her bedspread, for she had been coughed up with this last and latest dose.

Bridging into Emilia, Snake had been with her there. Clamorousness, there had been sirens, and they were going off about him. Tasting those that had met him, of their bitter ends, Ronald had never spoke to her, as he had just talked. A never of had said a word, Emilia had gotten submerged downstream.

Toying with her, inching for an interpretation, Ronald's white-hot blades of hate, they were for Emilia. Dead dogs, devious and alienated of their spirits, Soo had to know all things. An unhealthy contusion, it had fascinated her, as an un-blest fulmination about this game of life, Noosphere Spelunkers, they had played mankind out for their spiritual strength.

They had come to Soo as these local and lovelorn and foul-mouthed Korean boys. Rip roaring drunk, their moxie, she had pledged an oath to their flames, as Soo had love in her mouth.

Bringing Soo his Alien resurrection, of its resources, it had crossed them in an abode. Introduced by a serial killer, Soo's action with Snake, sitting in this middle, it had pulverized her. A bedraggled gaze, her filth, it had been of her shadowy magic. Graceless, Emilia had been Ronald's whore, for his tomb-like extortion of a terrestrial reality, it had lain her bare of bones. Snake had done Soo, as she had tried the switch and bate.

Emilia's tales of demonology, they were withering into her, as an Alien, it had a rule over Ronald. Pounding head, Ronald's iron fist, it was an extension of an Alien God's cloud. Snake had come to Soo, as a tortuousness, it had been glorified. Carnal queasiness, it had proceeded from Ronald. Bashed, Soo's forehead, it went into this carpet, and this had left her with these raw lesions. Pelting his heart and soul into Soo's languid and lasting juncture, bore of all malice, Ronald was into her with his riff-raff.

Gone on the nod, her head, it was flopping about, and blood, it had been oozing out of her. Insulted of any and all thoughts, its treatment, it had evicted her, as an existence of a synthetic stability, an unruliness, it had been scorched inside of Soo.

Flesh, his skid-row, it had been dropping in and on the Noosphere. Radioactive decay, it had been put into this stability. Soo had been tossing up her eyebrows, and she had set

her teeth on an edge in and of the virtual reality spelunking. Driving herself, Soo had been going around and on its Global wheel. A serpent's engine, it had become of her unnatural child, as their offspring, they had been slicing at her palms.

Blood-paint, lamina as the Alien whore, her lacerations, they were of a virulent VR deal, and it had come from Ronald. Dealt of this final exit and in the Alien Cyberspace, the human spirit, it was fire eaten. There had been no remorse, as this now, it had come to a standstill. Distorted and corrupt with these queer eruptions, there had been no time and or space. Ronald's vicious ulcer, it had been showing of its shade.

Eating holes in the VR Spelunking, they had been fleeced of their human spirit. All XR technology, it had been holding them in and of its cyberspace architecture. Acute messages, Soo had taken a fall from where Ronald had her. She had no grace. No fault of her own, she had stumbled into his Alien abode. With Tom, Ronald was this mortal transmutation. Touching him off on the Noosphere, of this across-the-board panic, Tom had gone through the ringer.

The internal investigations, they had sent Tom into the gameplay. Held, his camel's back, it was of an unlimited place. It had brought him his storms. Piousness, of its fraud for this holy job, Tom had to outlive its firm hold on him - the LAPD's internal investigations.

Cross-sections, of Tom's ruthless revolt, it had originally come from Ronald. Parked in his midnight oil, he had been racked with big-mouthed booze. Dazed in and of his half-baked drunken state, Tom had played with the remote control. A squeamish lecher with Ronald, of a double-decker sensibility, it had come to him from incomprehensible Noosphere Spelunking.

Infected by the Alien wormhole, Ronald was of this baneful abrasion. Nurturing himself for Ronald's radical ally, the Alien God, it had taken Tom away from himself. Special Investigation, Tom had been in an Alien unit. Terrestrial warfare, a destabilized venue, Tom's LAPD, they had him as its assassin. In this massive multiplayer online VR game, it was coached and perverted into his mind, as Ronald had led Tom into his shroud. Spelunking, they went somewhere and away.

Sinkholes on the Noosphere, it had left Tom with a horrid jolt of himself. Raked with VR astringent, it had spilled out on everyone.

A bombardment of Ronald in an Alien abode, people feared this baneful monster, as Ronald had leapt from its cyberspace. Wild and raunchy VR behavior, an uproot, there was no server. Exiled from him, it had destroyed them. Globally and with or without state or city, of this drop-down menu, it had come from an extraterrestrial domain. Their cherry-red works, bleeding of interactive viruses, present, it was an XR.

Without a beckon and or call, Chi Chi had been struck with what it was that had made her dumb. Outflanked by Ronald, Chi Chi had been on the extremity, as it was before another lethal surge. Ronald's rock, it was high flown. Sinking into her face, done for with no defense, its smack, it had sloughed Chi Chi into this despondency. Sanctified in the shade of a grim-faced and vulgar retardation, this serial killer's neat knives, they were unsettled and in her heart, as Ronald of had cut it out.

Stabbed by his deuce, there had been no redemption. Without an hour of any destiny, it had ruled their Macrocosm. The balls of Ronald's beast, they had done their body-blow on Chi Chi.

Taken from bad to worse, ruinous in her graveness, they were of their erotic differences, as wrenched out of Ronald's dangling and abusive declaration, an extraterrestrial domain, it had been jangling in its VR wilderness. Scattering Ronald's riotous outcast on the Noosphere, slinking away from Chi Chi and after his ejaculation into her, Ronald's smattering glob, it had landed on Chi Chi's head.

Shuddering from Ronald, his murderous shrill, it had not been there, yet she had given of herself. Timid absurdity, caught neither dead nor alive, tied in an Alien Cyberspace, his ghost, it was wandering with these spirits, and they had been called up and into an Alien abode.

Torpedoing down from an extraterrestrial sphere, its terrestrial recklessness, of an unimaginable amnesia, it had made him a fool. Spilling this seed, his tedious craftiness in an Alien Cyberspace, there had been no settled fear.

Knelt and knee-deep, an easing into the Asian whore, there had been this unclouded fixation of Ronald, for his mutilation of Chi Chi in the hot dirt, it was with another rock field in a terrestrial sector. Stabilized in an extraterrestrial orbit, Ronald had done her first, and then his jackknife, it had plunged deep into all. Bloody-minded penetration, his rapt lust, it had been of this sinister senility with an Alien God.

"Hi." Juliana was lying low in and of their first meet. "So, here we are?" Ronald had mulled Juliana into his mob, as she was for his sweetened urge. Ronald had been no derelict, for his carouse, it had climbed into her spaceship. Pomona pet-shop, she had been using his Virtual Spelunking Cloud to drum herself up some clients, so Ronald, he had been permeated into Juliana.

From an absence, neither had known of each other, as their minds, they went into this Alien sepulcher. Juliana, she had breathed some of its life into Ronald. Virility and delusion, it was an Alien illusion and of her daddy. Bouncing off the floor with his last gasps of air, Ronald's weak-kneed vengeance, it had been put into Juliana.

His leer, it had come from an unpolished and of a well-timed departure from himself. An indecent throb, it was of such a little hole. No explanation, she had been with her witless and disgusting papa. Echoing and pre-cooked in an Alien abode, it had come from these streaming videos.

"See Daddy?" Larry should had backed off this demon-child. Naked underneath her pink nightgown, she had shown of herself. Impregnated by Larry, her mother, she had kept Julie looted into these whoredom ways, as Juliana, she had the ability to make a stunning impression.

Ronald had not yet crept up on this godling, yet an Alien, it was of Ronald's deviant mind. Made of its VR into Juliana, she had been at his someday - doomsday. Ripping livers out of others, they were without a brain and or of a body part. Seduction of others, they had been thrown to his dogs, and they were without a bark.

Ronald had bred them into Juliana's tribal surrealism. Larry and Sherry, they had brought her into an artlessness, as their fevers, they were blowing Juliana hot and cold. Ronald had hung

his head in an Alien mixture, and it was giving him an uneasy and chilling muddle of a cloud activity. Weighing, the Alien's heavy heartedness, it was pumping into humankind on the Noosphere.

A radioactive stability, they were a submission of themselves. Ronald's victims, she had sworn them off her. Swallowing Juliana up in an Alien abode, Ronald's godsend, it would not had been there. Riding his pony, the surfer phony, it was in an Alien Cyberspace, as a fathomless horse-head of himself, somehow and or of the other, they had a rosiness, yet their blossoms, they were not seen.

"What is it with you?" Juliana had made wisecrack at Ronald. Loathed and conking out of an Alien God, she had been kneeling over the edge of a terrestrial existence. Full of Ronald's destabilizing zeal, it had been sapping out of her each time.

Her contemporary skirt, it had been shifted high above her thighs. Spurning beef, her flesh, it had been opened in and of an igniting ire. Around-the-clock, a fibrous thrill with Juliana's ill-omen of Ronald, his nectar, it was with an unheeded Alien dormancy. Angels, they were running down from an extraterrestrial definition, as their cosmos, humankind had been striking out in and of its technological prison of them.

Put out of order, their starry-eyed trick with fortune on the Noosphere, it was brought about by Ronald. Juliana's travesty, it had hit her in his VR. Clashing with him, she had been trying to cleanse herself, yet this blackballing obstruction of an Alien God, they had been sitting at a picnic table somewhere in nowhere and on their way to Montana.

The open sky, Juliana was before his XR. Ronald had been flying his head into and onto an Alien Cloud. His eyes, they had been lined with the packets that had been of his fire flies, yet they were out of light and at the end of their day. Shooting their voyages, his abnormal shellfish, it had been on their Noosphere.

Ronald had lived and levied into a cosmological connection. Keeping mankind in their humdrum lack of spiritual strength, they had been weaned of their habit. Finally, Juliana had gotten herself into shape. Pulling her skirt down, her ragged passion

with Ronald, she had been left in an air of his hammering, so she had a hate for Ronald at this point.

Fake, Ronald had left her in VR. Lost in its beforehand appeal, his disheartened and unbalanced bursting of himself, Juliana's pious fraud with Ronald, it had been dilating in and of her on the Noosphere. Double-dealing, Juliana had been trying to launch herself into his dire church.

Controlled deflection, its effect, it had been drafted by an Alien. The thermodynamical blood of this Christ, it was shed by this no-show Devil. Ronald's poignant and deleterious guilt, some else was in VR. Bled in with its something on the Noosphere, its architecture, it was with this cup of an Alien blood, and Juliana drank from it. Surpassing kinky shame, she had racked her sight upon him.

The Child's Plaything: Miss me?

Teddy Bear: Where are you?

The Child's Plaything: Where am I?

Tom: Ready Teddy?

Sweet Stuff: Rocky. Don't let Daddy have me. Stick me. Stick me Rocky.

Then, the chat, it had dissolved into purple letters. Publishing Ronald's infamy in an Alien abode in real time, the cloud, it had transcended all computer code in this massive multiplayer online VR game. Even though they had to wait, it would always come up. Sold deep into the crevices of mankind's thoughts, Ryan had been submerged into Ronald's delusions. Illusion, his cloud, it had been cluttered with subscription after subscription.

Tainted and haunted by this notorious Rock Field Killer, Ryan would sit in front of his XR. Feasting on what it was that had devoured him on the Noosphere, Ryan had been in the darkest halls of this freak peep show. Racing into a dead-heat to nowhere, this no tie-breaker for him, it had not shown through their mirrors, as he had been held in this Alien depository of Ronald's iniquitous apparitions.

A sparse latrine on the Noosphere, feigning for Ronald as an FBI agent, Ryan was fulminating with a serial killer's murderous escapades, as Ronald would come through in an Alien domain. Inundated, it was itself and with all these others, as they had trolled into Ronald's Virtual Spelunking Cloud.

This turpitude, their surreptitious stupor, it had become an Alien God. Dominating the Noosphere, of its wayward ominousness in VR, all these exotic excuse me's, they were salivating as the mouthpieces of Noosphere Spelunkers. Hurlled out from one of Ryan's demons, Ronald's next serial murder, it had come from their brains. Copulation, a donkey, it had gone reckless as a kiddie ride at a two-bit fair, so its baby in the woods with the baboon brains, it had been part of the Darwin dilemma.

The attire of an Alien Cyberspace, it was with a coxcomb crab cracker. Words, they had called the ladies, yet an Alien, it had no need for a woman. Emilia's dark meal, extorting her a place on the cloud as the love-child of Ronald's Virtual Spelunking, Snake had been packing Ronald's Jane, for he had cut into Emilia with and or without any cheese.

"You didn't think it so?" Snake had lamented. Sissy milking animals, they were cross-dressing with its DNA. Pinched from its account, at the nearest ATM, Snake had on baggy shorts. Over wrinkled with his wear, light material, the paraphernalia of his terrestrial realm, it was from an extraterrestrial, as a thug life, it had been fried into him with this LSD.

Ignorant illusions, of Ronald's delusional delegation, Emilia had been wedding with his juices. Raping her out of this world, an eerier clinch with Ronald, Emilia had dived in on Snake's Devil, as an upbringing with Ronald, a demon, it had gone all this way. Snake had sold Emilia's soul up its streaming river, so she had met his aborigine. Burning with his brute that had been breathing these daggers into her heart, the extortion of Ronald's Devil, it had been found in Snake's violence.

"I told you we'd be what's up didn't I?" Homo Sapiens hors d'oeuvre, they had been sloshing within Snake's fungus. Forged with this impending sexual excitation, Snake's overcooked cadence, it had been thumping out in and of this wrong rhythm. Undamaged, his laborious worm, the Alien God's food of itself,

it had been coded into the Virtual Spelunking's massive multiplayer online VR gaming application by an Alien God.

Many an epitaph, of Emilia's leverage, she had been in a Martian bondage. Balancing lines, they had disturbed all of mankind. Black-eyed Susan, she was given a velvet hole, for she had been in an extraterrestrial wire pulling act. "Go on, get it goin'." Ding-a-ling, it was withering of its six-and-a-half. Snake's hoodlum, it had been discharged into Emilia. Overkill, randy blobs, collisions on the windshield of their stolen chariot, Snake had an insensible beingness. A way, of their Chinese Buddha sticks, they were smoothed into Ronald's romping girl.

Morbid lies, they had entered Ronald's Virtual Spelunking Cloud. Emilia's Prince of Darkness, of an innate meaning, their boundaries, they were before it. A channel, of an extraterrestrial oblivion, it had seduced Emilia and all the rest. They had come to Montana, and Emilia had picked Snake up at where she had left him off. Satiating saliva, it had come into her silken pussy. Nose hits from the stools of headhunters, they were from Ronald's gang of goofs, and they were participating in his serial kills in this massive multiplayer online VR game.

Jerry was sulking of her beef-eater, for it had turned her fate into a weird and false belief. Madly possessed, Ronald's demons, it was of her adulterous Satan. Immaculate conception, it had been extirpated in an avariciousness. Stupefied by the vandalism, they were singing of their fiery needles, as a zombie-eyed-no-man's-land, it had been a deviation of itself. Ronald was of an instantaneous real time, for Dale was driving onward on the Noosphere. Leeches were sucking up his lamina. Festering contortions, of his body, it had kept him in its regeneration. A vicious and libidinous application, it had been of his holiest now.

Luring him into these Alien hailstorms, of his monkey on the Noosphere, Dale had been taken into the abode. Dropped back down, now in on the secret, he was part of this Virtual Spelunking rudeness, as an Alien God, it was prevailing with its facts. A fountain prison of himself, putrefied with a guilt, it was not there, yet it had loaded many a six-shooter.

Seamier excuses for the addiction to watch Ronald kill in a VR cave on the Noosphere, the obsession, their fan-frenzied disobedience, it was of these intense moments. Swallowing their tongues, they were choking on this oversized Alien heart.

The Child's Plaything: It's easy.

"Screw this world bro!" With ripped VR, Dale had snatched some old woman's purse with a boot. His first hit of the day, clicking his mouse from house to house, wandering in an Alien Cyberspace, she had plenty of plastic. They had ordered up the trashiest VR that they could had found on the cloud. Fast of their hustle, all they had need of was a credit card number. Presto, Ronald had become their greasy XR slut.

Quelling underground, stewing into and of their queasy snare, they were discrediting Ryan. Attempting to catch this pugnacious carnival, law enforcement, they had come about by an Alien.

An ignoble and invincible dribbling out of their terrestrial sector, of this decay, it had been stabilized into an inhuman osmosis. Without their priori condition, of all the young men, they had been depressed, so their deadpan antigravity, it had known of their organic matter.

Biochemical activities in an electromagnetic architecture, initiated by an Alien God, it had wanted them for Ronald. Retaliated for an injurious impiety, it had come from what they had known as their God of love, yet a forbidden hate, it had them hyped up. This bladed ace in their hole, righty was tighty, and lefty was loosie.

Christ Killer: Like it?

The Child's Plaything: Lovely.

Christ Killer: Sup?

"Dale dude. He's on with yah." Dave had given Dale his thoughts, as this hush hush session with The Child's Plaything, its elation, it had brought them into this Virtual Spelunking's massive multiplayer online VR game. Tricks pacified with their nervous hits, generic beers, an upchuck of Ronald Reese, they were conveyed into its whole enchilada.

Brainless fish, they had wanted to thump them on their heads. The boat with their belated and done of time fathers, they had taken them out of their country woods. No longer desolate morons, they had been delivered onto its cloud.

Picking their noses, they had wiped their snouts on everyone's sleeves. Bafflement, a long way, it had erupted as an urgent virus. Reveling into them, their dry-eyed and dagger-like slabs, they had been flopping of this schismatic and homophobic revelation.

Ryan's caginess on the Noosphere, they were of Dave's blistering moments in the dark, and they had sent Dale deep into Ryan's bulldog. Vigilant and of an inflamed swindle, they were in Ryan's small apartment in Los Angeles. These two good for nothings, they had their chewing tobacco stained between their teeth, for the breath of Ronald's antagonism, it had been stirring up a nasty bacteria. Preserved, Ryan's confabulation in VR with Ronald, it had been of these ill-favored sermons.

The Child's Plaything: Tired of Teddy Bears?

Dave had cocked his head over and around at Dale. Thrashing empty flesh, it was over a bitter shoulder. Ryan's undying pathology, it had been draped in this wickedness. Consumed, his inner self, it had been in the cloud with Ronald. Ryan was an aged man with a hard-on.

Inflicted, two of contamination, Ryan had led a double-dyed and naked Federal subsistence, as an illogical freak, an always, it was of its beingness. Stuffed aside in this drab and ill-tempered dirty mind, nippy, his stalking-rebelliousness, it was crude and of this burning gut. Bursting out of him, an Alien God's anger, it was liquidated into Ryan's lily-livered and loony pushup daisies.

Rare and of olden times, they were left on the Noosphere with the horror of Ronald. Without his raised Devil, of Dale and Dave, raunchy and razzle-dazzle, Ryan had been irking up and into this putty head, for he had sent screwballs into these two-brained turds. Unwashed and branching out from this crooked trunk, drunk, they were groping in the dark. Sneak preview, of the unwanted, there had been an upsurge, and it had been taught

to ghetto bums.

"Don't- in my. Not in my-." Dropping out of his whipping time with Ryan, fervid chest, Ryan's rot, it was drooling into an obscene passion with Dale. Joystick, of Dale's Alien center-point, it had been lubricated for a full-blown ejaculation. Ronald's rigid strength, it had come from an Alien bestiality, as Ryan had been about it for weeks on end.

Sleeping on Ryan's floor, Ronald's molestation of him, it was sent overboard, as there had been no guilt. Sliding his profane and brutal bleak nonsense into Dale's cavern, strangling Ryan's six inch, of a beingness before Dave's degeneracy in a Fed, they had been mashed into its diseased blood.

"Ass." It was a belated and submissive plead, yet it had been shot up Dale's testy geyser. Splashing up and onto his chin, Ryan had shoved it in harder. Calves, they were on Ryan's shoulders. Relished, the men and their booze, cigarettes, of their dead self-esteems, it had sent their spirits online and into this murky gloom.

Nether world, their heads, they were rolling in and of a witchery. Balled off the two-legged goat's slingshot, their hips, they had been with its base scum.

"One hundred dollars!" Ronald had maintained his numb and cold shouting bird, yet Chi Chi, she was screaming her price. Souring of this dark bungalow, a VR application, they were inflamed and pared away from mankind.

Things, they had gotten rotten with this fresh fish. Caught by its sweet honey dew, of her hideous spells, they were floating in a digital shot. It was of a lava lamp. Feeding the Noosphere Spelunkers in an underpass, a semantic overview, it was of an epistemology.

Crashing down and onto their terrestrial XR architecture, of a bionic hot-key, cattle rustlers, they had been worked up over these bizarre punk-rockers. Flunking into these monkey teasing cowboys, dudes, they had their buzz saws. Alien repercussions, they were of these bedpan commandos. Scalding into them with this deafening chamber music, this lavender dope, it was its

offspring.

The Child's Plaything: Case notes?

Chi Chi: You will be nice?

The Child's Plaything: Yes.

Chi Chi: I will for one hundred.

The Child's Plaything: Do you have Amazon tits?

Chi Chi: My tits, one hundred dollars.

The Child's Plaything: Never never land will slither you a chortle.

Chi Chi: A what?

The Child's Plaything: Ah, wonderland.

The suffering womb, it had been slammed in on the Noosphere. Criminal astronauts, they had been traveling in this Alien Cyberspace. An awkward nerve with all of humankind, exclusions of their spirits, they were of its irrelevant documents. Squirreling with an un-cared for banner, Old Betsy, she was chucking of her dummies, as they went down this Mississippi.

Her Pedro, he was at the Gulf of its Mexico, and Ronald's rendezvous, they were flown out. Torn of flesh - disembodied, Ryan's hound, it was dead on the Cloud. Slimy ooze, it had been missing in a panhandling manure. Patched bows, of their straight-line chauvinism, they had come from a harpooned Albuquerque.

Invariably burning in and of its African fly, George's cardiology, it was full of this sleazy malnutrition. Without their soul-spirits, they had been astounded into this VR lockjaw. Mauling, this comatose state, it had stopped his heart, so it had become one with an Alien Cyberspace's mainframe. Absorbing these reprehensible deliveries, they were stew potting with and or without a word processor, for there had been an Alien God in and of its simultaneous premonitions.

Booted up from its nether world, it had been downloaded from an extraterrestrial. Hiding in this corner of its world, George had caught onto Ronald, as he had sold George this Devil policy.

Fading away from this VR game, its hue of all occultism, they were of these meteorites. Sailing to the center of George's heart, Ronald had become this Alien's operating system. Sling-shooting the serial killer as this Noosphere Spelunker cherry picker, of its hot corners, the private sector, it had been providing George these circular files, for his cosmos, it was rapping hard on this chimney.

Full of its bloodcurdling coagulations, Ronald had become this uninterrupted serial killing mongrel. The United States Government, it had been shuddering in disbelief, for Ronald's trump cards, they had been burrowing through these corridors of their XR. He had been out of their sight. Binary claustrophobia, the Government, it had been processing trillions of this amount of datum.

A lost mannequin as an unethical machine, it had been vomited up from this bad whiskey. Downloaded into their dead cables, they had been connected to humankind. Alien gutters for eyes, Ronald's low belly, it had been stripped of his soul. His back-end and gravid words, they had been placed into its deep cover. A catbird of a technological seat from an extraterrestrial, it was with an application.

The funny dipper, it had been of its dough-boy. Mashing paper into its shreds, this art-house, it had come from his double-beggar, as the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had become this nefarious VR leper. Solitaire, Ronald's mouse, it had gotten caught in this Alien Cyberspace. This trap, Lucifer had been quibbling with him. Without his habeas corpus, it was of this terrestrial beingness.

Squatting in VR and below these planetary craters, down-linking into him, of this smorgasbord, humanity had been placed in a radioactive stability. Siege, starvation had boomed in on them, as a drag queen sword swallower, she had played with these bowled balls.

Distant, a court martial by an Alien God, of an everlasting persecution, it was of this endless time. Kinetic energy, it had

been frozen into its cyberspace. The airways, they were of an unknown emotion, as an absolute majority, Ronald was pile driving into them. Stomping of a wrangling pitter patter, its cold rodent, it had been tossed out of an electronic architecture.

Amused by Ronald's bane VR disease of himself, freeloading on and into a cavity, he had been dropping an iron on the Noosphere, so this chewing gum, it had gone pfft. Ears, they had been blowing themselves off. Cookies, of their nebula-phobia, Ronald had been prodding to get people to bend their knees for him, as they had all been caught in an Alien Cyberspace application. Its behalf, a smoking gun, the cloud, it had been of this strange lust. The VR's street bully, it had been placed in an Alien abode.

Human blackout, of his sudden uploading, an upheaval - the Devil, it had been turned into an Alien God, and its def ear, it had been murmuring of this gossip. Thorniest moments, they were from an Alien abode. Conscience, the Noosphere's carnal knowledge, it had put humanity on all their fours. Their unprotected necrophilia, of Ronald's demented interludes, serial killing for them, an Alien talisman, it had intersected the Noosphere.

Isotopes, of their vehement cat's whiskers, they had been micro-waving in and of its terrestrial sphere, as an extraterrestrial on an Alien planet, it had been about another galaxy. This was an actuality of humankind's observational coordinates, and they had been with Ronald's delusions, of their terrestrial illusion.

"He ain't here." Tom's head, it was manically washing him away. Cosmological attire of this extraterrestrial God, Tom had no immunity. The instigator, persecution, it had belied everything else.

Ryan had no care for the outer limits, yet its quietus, it had sunk into him from the Cloud. Taunto Street, it was gleaming of its burnish horizons, as they were on his XR. Warranted, his eyesight, they had gotten disoriented in Ronald's foray. Pensive horror, Ryan had sat daily behind the wheel of his sedan, or he would stare at the Noosphere and wait for Ronald to come in VR.

Juliana's warrior, flatter of an obscene gesture, this had been with Ronald's Virtual Spelunking Cloud. Cyclone, a VR migraine,

it could never had kicked the Alien God habit.

Techno unisex in an Alien Cyberspace realm, they were in their woodsheds. Ronald had been eating Ryan's dog food, as it had come from an Alien God. Swelled tumors, they had inflamed the Cloud with these fiery VR veins. Lattice structure, it had been from the proud flesh of Ronald's demons. Always ready to burst, of a panicky art, it had come from the Alien Magi. Ardent wanders, they had slid their tongues into cowards, for they had closed their eyes on the Noosphere.

Conspiring with his soft flies, of the Alien's cracker barrels, they had been with Ronald. An ear bender, it had them in an Alien Cyberspace. Dealing them their gameplay, a flash in their pan, it had shaken them down from an Alien abode, so the darkness, it had been taken out of their eyes. Remained, only of their whites, fourteen nights, they had only left a day, as the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had made themselves as this superior mankind.

Polarity known, it had not been spinning of this blue ball. The child's toy, a top, it was of this bone breaker. Watching their movies from an extraterrestrial reel, their gab, it was under a cloudless and mutant menace of Ronald's awfulness.

Radioactive instability, it was of these ambulance chasers' hatchet jobs, as the Noosphere Spelunkers, they were of this unholy metamorphosis. A cyber-spatial euphoria, of an ill-natured counter-attack, this criminal intent, it had been decomposing for an Alien God. Fiber optics, they had been of this extraterrestrial host. Ronald's dance with death, diminishing of its other, an Alien mortification, it had been eclipsing with Ronald.

Following him as with this VR search for want of a behavior, such as a herpes simplex, it had been popping in on Ronald with its biotech. Chasing death and mayhem, police radio in his hand and whatever else, airwaves, they had gotten hot, as Ronald had been apart from himself and others. Known of its something on and over the rest, Ronald's Santa Clause, it had been of a VR gargantuan thaw.

Mugging away the heat of his blood, searching for himself, they were of this stabilized demonology. Mushrooming of these

lackadaisical seizures, an Alien God, it was this teeter-totter fodder. Along with Darryl and with Tony in the back of their ambulance, they had been screening for this radical insurance policy.

Tragic numbers in the online VR gameplay, this XR robbery of life there, it was of this nonbeliever. An Alien God, of this Antichrist, it was displaying their gangrene shots, as they had been in this Pope's shorts.

Carrying this big stick of mortal sin, an immortal beingness, Ronald had been taking out his insurance claims, and they were made in an Alien Cyberspace. This monotonous cloak-and dagger serial killer, it had an unflappable fester on the Noosphere. Armpit hair, it had been of this draconian sprawl. An invertebrate chaos theory with space-time, it was this biochemical space warping of humankind.

The Noosphere Spelunkers, they had come from this kingdom of light. Stench of relativity, it as themselves, a beingness and a reflection of this cosmological divinity, Ronald had accessed his XR at this point. The whites of his eyes, they had no pupils. A milky sickness, thunderbolt of this Universe, he had shied away from the flesh.

"Are we dead?" Juliana had questioned Ronald. Conundrum, of this stabilized terrestrial existence, an always, it had been with them. Finally, it had crept from out under Ronald's bed. Darkness, of the Alien God's illumination, something, it had been deceiving mankind, so the Alien God's song, it had been ringing true. Year after year, there had been a never.

Fascinated by Ronald, of the extent, their mutilation, it had inspirited them. Self-evident and of the inevitable Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been eating off their suspicion. Doubt, anger and or resentment, with and or without, he had been of its neither-either, as Ronald's lay-stall, it was weeping into the VR.

The paradigm for the Devil's work, frayed of this silicon wafer, of morbid scenes on the Noosphere, Ronald had been exhausted into this never never land. Boyhood phobia, it had placed Ronald into this Alien surveillance. Wasted and away, its worms, they

were chinking in and on the rest.

Basting time, there had been a cattle call, as Ronald's mankind, they were at its slaughterhouse. Flesh, its holistic glue of stability in an Alien Cyberspace, mankind had lost their glove money. Their hands, they had been singed, as the Alien God's slice of this dice, it was of an ear banging nonexistence. An Alien hardware, of their human spirits, they had been overcome, as Chi Chi's immortal goblin on the Noosphere, it had been lighting this bonfire.

Fractured out of space-time, it was of an extraterrestrial. Swerving, it had eased in with an estranged forensic, as this shadow of all the rest, it had been tailor fitted into an Alien feedback loop. Defying Gound-hog Day, the squirrel, it had not eaten of any chestnuts.

Dripping cold-blooded secretions, this scorpion, it had been of this bugged out insect. Squashed and of its extraterrestrial equivalent, mashed potatoes, they were eating at Ronald's brains. An outlander entryway for the Noosphere Spelunkers, intersecting in VR, the Alien God, it had been molding mankind into this lifeless hot-list.

Intestines, they were with an architecture. Stabilized, an Alien abode, it had growled of this pesticide. It should had killed the cows, and they were eaten. The Alien, it had been devised of this mutation, and it went into this silica. Halted with another rock in hand, Ronald was in its corridors.

"Ring around the Chi Chi. Bashing, bashing. Now I've found- Another one!" Arrays-rows and columns of computer code, they had been melted by a radioactivity. A geophysical instantaneousness, cosmological explosions, of this stock yard, the cows, they had become this solid-state, as the Noosphere Spelunkers' transistor, it had been working these contraptions. Culturally deprived, they were of these cattle. Singing of their moo, Ronald had been cutting his cud with a thud-thud.

"Ron." Her voice was seductively scorned. Little, full of Lucifer's maliciousness, Ronald would not had turned. His back was to her, as she had stepped out of this Alien Hell. Ronald had quaked of this horrifying silence. In its places though-out, the Alien portal, it was of this insane laughter, and it had

been echoing through-out all real time. Ronald's shame, it had become this Alien face-off, so this knuckle-headed disorder, it had come from this VR sardonic cloak.

Poisonous, an inauguration in a gameplay, the Devil, it was of this cyberspace blackguard, and Ronald's reprobation, it was of a bloodcurdling launch window. Executed by this methodical murder of this Asian whore, ghosts, they had intercepted him, and this spirit, they had followed it. Not led by his body, it was keeping Ronald in this bleary asylum.

Chunks of his mutilations, they were mish-mashing at him with this sloppy VR sewage. Turbulent tissue - muscles, bones and body parts, they were put down from an extraterrestrial abode, as a VR dog-fish, it had been grappled by these snarling cats. Locust, they had come to Ronald, so a crosscurrent, it had been ripping off his skin. Waves, they were wailing of their synthetic and or exotic bad blood, as Ronald had pulped Chi Chi.

Borderline obsession, it was invading him with its necessity. Pathological behavior, murdering whores, co-eds in a rock field of the sort, the cosmos, it had started an alienation. This gravitational perpendicular, it had been hauled by this dawn.

The large rectangular and metal barn, it had been used to house and feed cattle, and it had stood alone. In the open space, topped - about every twenty-five feet, there were these three to four-foot oval vents. Aligned in and of their symmetrical placements, they were across this roof. An eccentric, it had been seen on the outskirts of this Redding California.

Scary chemistry, a depletion of mankind, fumbling for their dog-hair, this solid bender with Ronald, it was of this staggered dust. Licking his chops, contemplating, of caked dirt that was on his face, Ronald's pow-wow-chit-chat, it had been this viable clay pigeon, as they had fallen from an extraterrestrial sphere.

Particle physics, they had been lurking into its all over the place. Chip-heads, they had been shredded from the cattle machination. Clamoring for Ronald's acid-head, raining from his cock and bull story, he would had presented Lucifer to those that had been in this massive multiplayer online VR game, yet a love potion, it was laced with an old man's hands.

Without astonishment, between these silken chopsticks, they were feeding him into an idiot death. Cognitive comma, cheated out of a representative self, Ronald had been searching for this resting place with his Devil.

Craving for a right to choose Lucifer, engaged by the Noosphere Spelunkers, they were of his sparse and loaded online manic-depression. It had him in an Alien Cyberspace. His spirit's separation point, it had been taking its place at death's door. The reporter had drafted a blank question for Ryan.

"All of them?" Paralyzed, the sight of a small teddy bear, it was lying lopsided in these pools of blood, as an inane VR extermination, it had been swarming in this Alien Cyberspace. Ronald's risky and sickening squabbles, they had been of a credo. Farfetched melees, data transfers, their cubes, they were thawing into a staleness.

Liquidity, the Alien water, it had been splashed on all the innocent infants. An unholy act and pollution, siphoned away from their bodies, patterns of behavior, they were left by an Alien God. Indolent grief, stricken, it was of their ossified selves. Skull, it was capped by this black Marry, so Ryan's neurosis on the Noosphere, it had come from all scorned dreams.

Ryan had left Berkeley to get a job in San Francisco. From flower to flower, from frame to frame, mind navigation, a somewhere on the Noosphere, it had been of this Alien Cyberspace. Ronald had been sending out his messages too. Plenty, the San Francisco FBI, of this opium that Ryan had been smoking, it had been hibernating into him, as he had lost his brain in Oakland California.

Ryan's life, it had become a drainpipe for an Alien God. Excluded, of his erratic stupor, Ryan had portrayed such thoughts, for he had no mind. Blackmail, on a gangplank, Ronald had been selling this Life Insurance to the dead. Trying to devise a way to contact the Devil on the Noosphere, of an effort, the pieces - together was not there.

Quarantine strength, Ronald's spirit, it had been siphoned away, for he had been placed in a radioactive stability. Humankind had been malfunctioning in XR. Estranged particle physics, science and technology, disposed into this pipeline of instability - an

Alien abode, the mental case poet, he had been taken away from himself. Foul-mouthed encroachment, VR, it was replaced by this Alien Cyberspace of misinformation.

Singing his vulgar songs of murder and mayhem, of a sold-out crowd by the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had made mankind into this dunce. Knife happy surgeons, they had gone numb and cold. Ostracized from their own skin, Ronald had come from another planet.

Known doubt, its Alien strangeness, there had been no intelligence of its own. Beingness and a foreign charm, it was of his uncouth mortification. Cashing in on the killing of others, Ryan had been gaming in VR with a Alien monkey on his back. Throbbled gander, not answering the reporter, Ronald had bashed this Asian to death in a rock field.

This local freak and side-show, it had been ordered up by Ronald, so Ryan had interacted with its terrestrial domains. Controlled by its extraterrestrial means, it was unraveling of its bits by bits and bytes by bytes. An interaction, it had been fed into an extraterrestrial.

"All of them." Ryan had finally given into a duplication of the reporter's quest. Picking up the fuzzy and fury warm thing, it had been lying in this cold blood. A grimy hole that Ryan had put himself into, of its burrowed furrow on its rump, Ronald had been charging into Ryan from an online communique', as Ryan had wanted Ronald back ever so bad.

"We will meet again." Ryan had spoken of his thoughts. The cattle, they were still lukewarm. Standing amongst Ronald's rampage, the heathen freak, it had been taken out of Ryan's rebellion. The Asian whore, she had been lain for Ryan. A dark chamber, of an XR, Ryan had been placed in a dungeon of this stabilized humanity. Cemetery, it was The Child's Plaything, and Ryan had been drawing on that screen-name in this game.

These cows, they had been food for this Alien star sailor. Interaction in VR, it had been warming the benches that had been paced between their projected lobes. Brain dead, Ronald's duress, this spirit of his, it had been chasing an Alien body. Ronald's face, it had been bleeding into these moles. Modulating into him with this biochemical interaction, XR, they were of

this synthetic field space.

"Hit them Ronnie!" Moraine had come from out of an extraterrestrial weirdness. A terrestrial entryway, of this Alien abode and cyberspace, this Alien God, it had been telling Ronald his fortune. An evil sustenance, it should had brought him his Lucifer. Running after himself, Ronald had eaten the farmer. The same mill, it had been designed by an Alien God, so Ronald had muscled up this nine-pound sledge hammer.

Straddling this walkway above these cattle, they had been feeding below him. An eerie motion, of his docile trinkets, bobbing for an Alien God, these cattle, they had been chewing their extraterrestrial cud for his thud. Its terrestrial domain, it had gone blank-eyed. An ejected calling, this murderous raven, it was of his baboon. Pondered, an intelligence quotient, it was of an Alien planet.

"Whack'em!" Moraine's body, it was covered with these hideous boils and fiery worms. Crawling out of her lacerations, spastic movements, they had come from her Devil's birthday suit. Pissing out hot and green parasites, of its fiery fulmination on the Noosphere, igniting into black flames, it had been burned into her red, white and blue.

Obscurities, they were set in motion. Unknown caverns, they had been of these Indian dances. Calling upon their Gods, screams, they were heard as a distant terror. Ronald's heart, it was beating down and out of his extraterrestrial stoop. This self-realization, its effect, Satan had to of had made a deal with an Alien, for this alienation of their selves, it had taken on a navigational coordinates.

Empty bodied, Ronald had no ability to make a decision. Captivated by Moraine's mutation as an inhuman form, her abscesses, they were feeding her maggots. Hibernating, her ulcers, they had been from where the Alien God had been siphoning in for its feed. Hideous parasites, they had spiraled their tunnels.

Exploding with her perverted brains in VR, bursting on the Noosphere with Ronald's damnation of himself, this haunting into an instability with humankind, it had been stabilized, so an Alien God, it had been feeding off their radioactive decay.

The metal barn, past the creek, Ronald had straddled this two-yard wide bridge inside it. Stretched of its twist and turn, it was over and across the cattle. Moraine had stood afar, and she was watching Ronald's confusion.

"Hit them Ronnie!" She had screamed. Nefariousness, it had been accentuated. Misrepresented, it had been of Ronald's search for the Devil. Snakes, they were protruding from out of Ronald's body, as they were of this haywire and frenzy extraterrestrial abode.

It had dropped its dime, for its terrestrial application, Ronald had smashed their beef-brains. The Alien God's gut, it had weakened Ronald's soul. A spirit havoc, Ronald's yellow fever, it had been launched into this information revolution.

An inscription of itself, Ronald was thwacking the cows over the head with a nine-pound sledge hammer, as an interface and word wrap up-linking of himself, dark matter, it had been taken away. Raining Chi Chi in the VR, cosmic dust of the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been initiated by Ronald, as an incredulous curdle of himself on Noosphere, an Alien abode, it was this space-time.

Ronald had been fried by Saturn, and this repeating information, it had been oscillating outward. Downloaded in VR, misinformation, its stability of mankind, it had become this oddball world-wide cognitive. Reckless passwords, their spirits, they had gotten lost in this insipid haze. Their decay, it was glowing of its doom.

Crashing into each other, of their divine rite, this serial killer's climax, it had conjugated a bond with an unannounced Alien union with the Noosphere Spelunkers, so this mechanic's ash-can, it had been warbling, nodding of its lost babes and at a time. Born into the Alien architecture, of its abode and application in VR, they had gone into its keypunch.

Dangling from an extraterrestrial sphere, an awkward adornment, it was of their terrestrial and outdated selves. Without radioactive decay, its cosmological clothing, it had led them into an Alien Cyberspace. Deflated humankind, a stabilized state, an extraterrestrial mind, it had consumed their

instability. Muddling into Ronald's shroud, humankind, they had been siphoned away and left without their spirits. Born into Ronald's blood-sport, of his incubus, it had been funneled into these ghoulish distractions, as an extraterrestrial, it had been devouring their VR time.

"I don't get this?" Tom had cried of a shaker to Ryan. Terrestrial support, the two of them, they were cross-examining Taunto Street. Murderous acts in caves, they were carved out by other people's pain, as Ronald's warranted application of an Alien God, it had been with this VR Spelunking free-for-all. Their cards, they had been played by Ronald. Fool's paradise, life on the planet, it had been modified by this XR. This pulverizing diagnosis of themselves, it had left them without their eternal beings.

Their bodies, they were after itself, and their observational Universe, it had been redefined by the Noosphere Spelunkers. Thriving on chaos, on instabilities and of its infinite varieties, humanity's subsistence with it, they were its retroactive displacement.

Origin of their biological existence, it had been explained in VR. Revenge of and by themselves, each other, they had been falling astern. Giving them their bum's rush, it had been envenomed into them. A redefinition of all information on the Noosphere, it had amputated them from life.

Breached of an existence in VR, an inflicted humankind, it had placed two strikes against one. Flip-flopping on the Noosphere with the word called "God," this information, it had been transferred.

"You notice anything different?" Tom had asked. Wanting to break its spell, he was trying to make some sense out of the nonsense. This anarchy, it had been delivered in an incomprehensible human existence. Stabilized into them, of an extraterrestrial application in VR, it was leading their lifeless lives into this terrestrial world.

Soul, its everything, it had been placed in this perfect order. A doll-house, it was of its extraterrestrial beingness, and it had coordinated and manufactured an XR God. Followers, none could had divulged as to the how and or of its why, yet it was

in VR. Ryan went from gone fishing to a beady gesture, as Tom had been lost and of himself.

"There." A lethargic reverie with the Noosphere Spelunkers, they could not satisfy him. Brooding into them, it had been amplifying into their coexistence. This hunt for Ronald, Ryan had lost his soulfulness. Stagnated direction, of this cohabitation, it had become this VR activity, and Ronald, he had been its cut-throat.

A far-fetched and horrendous hint with himself, an entryway into the radioactive stabilization of humankind, it was placed in this Alien architecture. Abode, the extraterrestrial, it was utilizing humanity. Tedious, a feedback loop into itself, muted mankind, the human emotional state, it had been time worn.

Synthetic application, a terrestrial real time XR, they were surfing into an extraterrestrial, and it had shut down humankind. Setting out his first steps, Tom had lurked close. Ready, a gun-point was dangling from his hand. Wary moments, he was combing the VR with these fast glances. "This is a set up." Tom had griped at Ryan. Plowing into this viciousness, there was a representation.

"Tom." Responding, forcefully being hurled from this Hell and into a oneness with an Alien, Ryan had unraveled of its voice. Ronald had remained on Ryan's back, and this archfiend, it was ready to leap out of Ryan's skin. From his outer-space, after catching himself, of the prey, he had been looking for their eagles. Flying on the Noosphere without an animal instinct, Ronald had shelved all their books, so Ryan had a poker-faced deal.

"Keep it together." Ryan had delayed conversation with him. Leering at Tom, of a same belatedness, Tom was of a drained selfhood. "Yeah." Common suffering, it had brought all of mankind into Ronald's lineage. There was no analgesic, so Ryan and Tom, they were feeling an alienation of themselves. Secular animus in VR, of Ronald's spawning maniacal penchant for serial killing, they had been imperiled in his Alien Cyberspace, for they had been handed down from an extraterrestrial domain.

Onto an XR terrestrial mandrill and of itself in VR, flagrant and gutless with Ronald, their reactions, they were of this

Alien God. Comatose, it was of a corporeal statement on the Noosphere. This radioactive stability, it had been of this obnoxious boxing in and of their Global cognizance. Weight, unchaste and of a yellow complexion, their evil work in VR, it had been of a pungent Goddess.

Pluming of herself on the Noosphere, she was with her hatchet man. Whacking, of his oddball ax, it had been splashing this red gore. Poignant and of precipitous microcosms, any moment, they had been flicked from frame to frame and from site to site. Ronald's seizures with the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been heaving him in XR and of this Alien Cyberspace initiative.

Placed under his bed, he was in his closet with an Alien God. Spiritless entities, they had been at where Chi Chi had been lain naked - wraithlike. A scatterbrain, it had put her in this Alien morgue. Fracas and collisions, she had been the both of them. Fouling with themselves, an upload of the Noosphere Spelunkers, downloading, they had cringed from Ronald's vault in VR, as this electroconvulsive therapy, it had settled into Emilia.

Stubborn face, there had been a bent rule in Ronald's waste. Broken even, of her Alien conclusions, their well-advised and razor-sharp long suffering, it had been of this white coated nomadic Indian from India.

Stabbed in with this serrated invigoration, the Alien God's juice, of an enigma, it had lip-locked into humankind. An XR crevice, of its terrestrial hallucinations, they were replaced by its reality. Half-cocked, Tom was trying to blast some significance into this nonplus. Uncouth, he was of a man-eating caveman. Fresh blood for the Noosphere Spelunkers to drink, the terrifying silicon, it went up and into an Alien abode, as mankind, they had been ambivalent of themselves.

Indolent and averse, woven of an Alien God, it was of their agonizing droll. This candid yet artless duplication of mankind, it had put them at a standstill. Radioactive stability, manifest, of an Alien Cyberspace entryway, they were taken in and then out of its nowhere.

"This is getting it together!" Tom had ruthlessly and frantically fired his gun. Alien grave-men, they had been

robbing mankind of their illusions. Clashing and faulting, humankind's eyesight, it had been snubbed from an inwardness, for there had been this percolation of the Noosphere Spelunkers in VR. Their thoughtlessness, Ronald was coexisting with them.

Perversions with him, this chasm, it was of his base atrocity. Drenching into them, their neediness, they had been conflicting with an irksome Alien God. Multiple personalities on the Noosphere, they had molded humankind into an Alien Cyberspace, and it had led them into their deaths. Tom's words, they were agape. Ape of this perpetual stand-still, the air, it had become a delicacy.

"It's like before." Shattered by an uncaring sneeze to disrupt the information flow, of this Alien Cyberspace, they had germinated from this sinuous Alien abode. A cul-de-sac, of her sleazy burnt offerings, they had been blotching out and all over the VR, as she had been night-walking with Ronald. Endless days, they had been bleached out of their nights. Undeviating congestion with themselves, of this stabilized application, it had come from an infallible extraterrestrial.

Inducted into its nervous breakdown of mankind, a pointless depression of itself, it had encompassed all XR. Capturing mankind in its phantom radiance, it had been flashed before their eyes. Expulsion, Hell on Earth, Jesus Christ was not found on a pony to ride, and the clouds, they weren't meteoric with an almighty's power.

All mothers, they were for the Noosphere Spelunkers. Sadistic seduction, of a stable and radioactive duration, Ryan and Tom, they had been dashed to pieces. Insubstantial and illicit panorama, murderous exploitations for Lucifer, this culture-shock, it was of this ne'er-of had done well. Bio-chemical rules of mankind, an extraterrestrial field space, it was their stigma in VR.

Tiring of the human flavor, a cyberspace denigration, lechery, it was of Ronald's passion. Interceded, Ronald's tracking of this Devil, it was a hindering application. XR, violent for its chorus girls, they had been online to sing of his murderousness. Information transfer, it had begotten the radioactive decay of humankind in an Alien Cyberspace.

"Where are they goin'?" Tom had spoken. Bloodstained idleness, he had fell short. Unburdened - a meeting with the Noosphere Spelunkers, it was this point of departure, and an entryway, there was nowhere to of had gone. Already there, sighted things, they were in the shade of this joylessness. Second ideas, Tom had gone sour, and his head, it had shrunk into a grape. Screwball queasiness, it was from his stability.

Dulled, of his senses, they had come to him with a barbaric and ill-defined somberness. Quantum disposition, personal information, it had been passing its hat in VR. Otherworldly - deadheaded and null voids, they were of Tom's mob, and they had been turning into this duct.

"There. In front." Ryan had spotted them. Stumbling block, triskaidekaphobia, it was of the Alien God's numbers. An incubation period, it was of this radioactive stability before its decay. It was the makings of the Alien Cyberspace. Ryan and Tom's minds, they had become amoral, as they had tried to go berserk. Barely known of themselves, a dolorous and lethargic loophole, they were processed in this terrestrial domain.

This makeshift kitchen for the drooling extraterrestrial Alien God, they had lost their spirits. No convalescence, its coercion with Ronald, it was with an XR epidemic. Brought out of this ill-fated crises, it was with this nonentity. Tom had need of Ryan to feel and or grope into his illogical spirit, as it had come from an Alien abode. Not disappeared and or even appeared, of Ronald's skillful tactics, they had brought in the doubt.

Alienation and of an entry-point with the Noosphere Spelunkers, this murderous disobedience in this VR game, it had undercut them. Confinement, of a human stability in XR, Ryan had become this Alien subterfuge with himself. The isolation, it was of this other oddity. One driveling, this butted bulldog, it had been part of Ryan's perversion to compete with Ronald, for these punitive powers, Ryan had delusions about a cessation.

Liveliness, the sadism delivered, Ryan had lacked Ronald's pandemonium. Sought of a clue to follow, Ryan's blind alley, it was of a relationship with a behemoth malefactor, as these psychotic gremlins, they lain in an unsaid XR storehouse of itself. Fluctuating visages, they had been in and of the Alien

Cyberspace. Ethereal diffusions, they had been bouncing off their star clusters. Playing Ryan and Tom at both ends of themselves, it had run right down the middle of their XR, for they had come down. They had stood in the center of its Universe.

"See." Damson was smiling softly - passivity. An uncouth exhuming of himself, this corpus delicti, Albert had made a simple reply. Ryan's space-out demeanor, it had seen Damson. Albert was impeccably dressed in this dark suit. Definitely not the kind of thread that one would had found at this level - pink tie, French one over a black shirt.

Stupid narcissism, Albert had been keeping up with an extraterrestrial terror. His placid and nonviolent submission, Tom had wanted to blow him a squeeze. Point-blank, Tom could had tasted his brains at close range. Tom's up an at'em, it was of his primitive warfare.

"No way! No way!" Tom's nautical starvation, it was of this Alien God. It had eaten of this fulmination, as his confusion, it couldn't had been healed. A breach of reality on the Noosphere, Tom was of this self, and it had gone into these computer pixels.

"Where are they goin'?" Tom couldn't had grasped this delusion. Without any illusion, this Alien Cyberspace, it had taken him from its first and last. Wagging himself in VR, prelude, it had been going back and forth with and into him. Albert and Damson, they were waiting for them, for they were at this death's door. "Where are they going?" Tom had been denied a trick pony and a magician. An extraterrestrial phobia, they had finished off their rodents.

Prey, they had been captured on this trail. Devoid of themselves, they had killed. Law of the jungle, it had been taken away from them. In their misinformed states, of no beingness, their stasis, it was searching for them. "Tom?" Ryan had seen them about twenty feet in his front. Examination - their field space, there were these totem poles.

One had Damson sitting atop of these shoulders of a strong Indian man. Carved in wood, a bone-handled knife, it was sharpened on both of its sides. Attached to the wooden arm and

of this form, Tom had no understanding of its Alien place, for their terrestrial world, it was placed in this perpetual nonintervention and odyssey. Cohesive bio-tech, a porous refrain of this human condition, it had curved their thoughts, so they were in its idiot rodeo.

Ronald had been their clown, as their wild-animal, it was in a defiance. It was of their sharp-tongued Alien destiny. Exotic, wind-blown by this two-sided tweak and diddled of a world's essence, their hearts, they had been changing in this Alien abode. Chambers, they had been of its plain style. Ronald's delusions, they had been struck below ground by this unwillingness. Formlessness, of this Alien architecture, a galaxy without human beings, this babe, it had been born in this manger, and it had shown of its God.

"Ronald?" Wretched, a disbanding of technology, it was still mixed and fading in and out of this XR time, as Ronald's ill executed nightmare with an Alien God, it was unfurling itself on the Noosphere. This stony-hearted mental case, it had gone from bad to worse.

Mingle, an introspection of themselves, this black-eyed good for nothing in VR, it had entered this blue moon. Its thereafter and of their inevitable ride with Ronald, it had led them into themselves. Fall, their never-ending upload and or download, they had been controlled by the Noosphere Spelunkers. Ronald had dispensed with himself, and it had seemed like forever and a day.

Unlike this one, double parked, it had been savaging her. Sluggish decrepitude, human kind was of an off-linking. An unseemly guise of himself, Juliana had been brought into a moment, as she had questioned him.

"We'll be leaving soon." Ronald had answered her. Turning away from XR, swashbuckling handsome, they were sitting in this park somewhere. Leftovers of a day, ink-blotting fat off his brain, Ronald was dressed in a jean-shirt, denim stuff - unbuttoned down and mid his muscular chest. An Alien radiance, it was coming from him in VR.

Somber in and of its green aura, it had lent Ronald this odious anemia. Absorbing Juliana, the aftereffect of this Alien

cohesion with Ronald, she was laid to waste by Ronald's deepness. A sea without water, it stagnated and stripped them of a spiritual essence. "Why don't you just let me go?" Juliana had strolled forward, as a beingness, she was worn-out. Collapsing, she was without a direction and or a soul.

Ronald's face, it had scowled at Juliana's question. Picking her way toward him, a ripping off her flesh, Juliana had felt the small bugs, and they were crawling all over her. Exploded, Juliana had torn long gaping valleys into her mousy skin. Falling apart, head jilting in and of its spastic quakes, her body was contorting into these gruesome postures. Unimaginable movements - decomposition, a painter had been peeling away her phantoms, so this brush, it had been saturating her with its battery acid.

Doused, her carelessness, it was of the means to her end. Kept in an Alien cyber-spatial stability by the Noosphere Spelunkers, its soul-food lattice - instability, it had been fracturing into an extraterrestrial abode. Decaying carcass, it was of a stubborn fungicide, as it had suddenly worm-holed back into Ronald's Mobile.

Sitting in front of him, Juliana was back to where she had been and nearby. Ronald was regenerating, a rehashing, as it had come from out of his XR. Juliana's port of call with the Alien God, she had postulated as to of its how, for this serial killer, he had fried his guts into her mangled brains. Juliana was not fighting the outlander, as it had her in a VR levitation.

Sweet Stuff: She doesn't know Rocky.

The Child's Plaything: Why?

Sweet Stuff: Tell her I'm your sweetie.

"No more bugs." Mated, her un-sacred serial killer, he had been of this nothingness. Same things, fluid flowing and ongoing in rivers, they had come together between buoys. Dangling on each side and between this Alien, of an XR mania, its sorcery, it had been taking place in an inhuman application.

Alienation and stability, it was numbered and of this self-styled decay, as Juliana had wanted Lucifer as her escort.

Struggling to grab a gander, Ronald was behind her with a push and shove. Euphoria, it had been of this faint biochemical chemistry.

Technological field-space, she had been of these thermodynamical fractures. Space crystals, they were reflecting through-out all her XR time. Resolved of her past moments, a quiescent gesture, she had met Ronald in this virtual reality. Surfing Ronald's Spelunking VR online gaming, Juliana had wagered herself bare. First for skin, Juliana had pulled up her t-shirt. Awkward, an easy escape for this knit wraparound, it had been hugging her tight holes. A cheap something, it was of and as this mid-eighties school-girl.

"Did you kill her too?" Naked, Juliana's nipples, they were erect on hard breasts, and there had been parking in the rear. Juliana's gull mildness, it had brought her in VR with this dope. Previous invocations for him, overrun by an Alien God, Ronald's psychotic and panic-stricken ghost-town, it had been the host for his Lucifer. Hollow-eyed infirmary, it was of this terrestrial.

"What's a matter Ronny? Don't you love me anymore?" Moraine's reverberation, an extraterrestrial beingness - she had been this terrestrial definition of Ronald's VR behavior. There had been this wearisome VR's Noosphere persona. Lack of all human feeling, cold and of a cosmological sphere, it had been this Information transfer.

"Don't." Juliana could tell that Ronald had been no lover, as he had given her no wisdom. Ronald's eyesight, it had been of these wraiths. Jacuzzis, they had been put into Juliana. The Alien God, it was of this un-mindfulness. Lack of natural phenomena, it was of this two-faced fiend, and it had been of this everlasting readiness. Gleeful serial killing, rearranged fingers, they were of Juliana's unsociable graces.

"Have me first." The black arts, Juliana had been united with this pleasure. Thrived, the pain of humankind, their murderous VR blood was donated. At the interior of its Universe, rituals were maintained on the Noosphere, so humanity, they had no way out. This Godforsaken and deprecated dimness of humankind's view, it had been before this sunshine, yet it was lost in their moonshine. Without their ability to play their Devil games with

Ronald, averting back from where it was that he had been dropping them in VR, of this Alien abode, there had been no pickax that Ronald could of had delved into another with.

An organ grinding alienation of himself, he had been this lurching application. Bringing him in VR with lurid wads, an XR inoculation, it had been this balmy pleasantness. Preserved in an off-the-wall oil, a well-bent and out of shape cyberspace, Ronald had led them into this extraterrestrial definition, and it was of their terrestrial selves. The Noosphere Spelunkers, it had dragged them all into their blank.

Estranged, an XR masseur, it was never received as an Instant Message. Electromagnetic, an application of its biochemistry, it had been of this information - lost.

Sweet Stuff: Tell her, Rocky. Tell her that you'll have me instead of her.

Juliana had wanted to get her driftwood butt out of this Alien abode. An unadorned class with this stabilized deception place, humanity had been chucking out of themselves. Artful dodge, weak-kneed, this bamboozler, it had been shutting them out. Vagueness, it was of its round-about ways. Kiddy-peeps, an inventory of its human existence, their relative junctures, it had caught most people off guard, as Ronald had bashed their heads.

Beaten to death - thirteen of these USDA choice, knocking in an infection, it was of his Noosphere vertigo, and it had held Chi Chi in this Alien Cyberspace. Taken, of the Noosphere Spelunkers' swan - sung of her song, hymns were performed at their convictions.

Befogging mankind, Ronald's serial killing workbench, it had not been penetrated by the best of the best. The hacking and cracking, they had tried to get to Ronald's server, yet none could had explained these particle physics and or its source codes. Architecture and applications, all these morons, they were uploaded after her glimpse, for she had been portioned out in VR with Ronald's XR crimes. Obscuring visions, unwary ones at first, they had been broken down into this charade of himself. One-sided depravation, the human pith, it had been impacted by this radioactive stability.

Estranged brainwashing of humankind, this illusion and synthetic fabric, it had been with these people. This yoke, it was around the necks of mankind. Ronald had been touting the when and how of his killings, so their betting, it had been on these variances of themselves. A treacherous power, it had de-spirited them from their radioactive decay.

Bio-electric applications, it was of their electromagnetic field space. Captured in and of its cognitive stabilities, Juliana had been downstairs and at the back of her pet-shop. Logging in - mindful of this serial killer, Juliana had been burning him into her. Mixing her blood - fiery menstruations, they were born of her malice with these animals. Witchery with Ronald in VR, she had been putting herself in XR with the rest.

Trying to bid this charlatan, it had come about and at where their bodies went after it as itself. The decay, this radioactive instability - an occupation of field-space, it was used for this growing extraterrestrial, as it had been redefining humankind. Another planet, an Alien Cyberspace, it was defined by the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Radioactive decay of humanity, the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had Ronald steal from the cattle feeders. After his sodomy and bludgeoning of this undocumented Asian prostitute, a kill in this VR game, the beckon and or of its call, it had been seeking to unite with Ronald. Chi Chi had been of this mustard seed, and it had been planted into an instability. The Noosphere Spelunkers, they had uploaded Chi Chi into its Alien abode. Its stake, stability, Ronald had placed Chi Chi into its particle physics. Terrestrial real-time, it had drug him into an extraterrestrial infinity.

The Child's Plaything: Hi Julie.

Juliana had been meandering in VR all night. Courtship, she had been parrying in and of her uncommon day. Monday - seven at one and with no advantage, especially if it were a Sunday, banished in an ignorance, flickering of its screen-saver mode, Juliana had been combined with Vodka.

Intoxicated enough to enter the Alien Cyberspace, Ronald's delusions, they were of her illusions of him. Stymie, of this

incombustible rage, at a full stop, this foreigner, it had been its VR nonperson. Snubbing snickers, it was of this condescending serial killer. Particle physics, they were of this dehumanization of their world.

Buzzing on this Noosphere, in all cities, towns and through-out all countries, their closets, they had been giving Ronald his VIP treatment and service, as Ronald had been of its fiery furry in this Alien Cyberspace.

"The Child's Plaything." Juliana had whispered it to herself - an awe. She had found an open portal, so her Devil, it could had been in VR with her.

The Child's Plaything: What is it, Julie? An empty nest syndrome?

Juliana would had confessed to Ronald, for in this VR game, it had accused her of killing her parents. Downstairs and standing about five feet from her XR, it was nestled up and against the wall and at the back of her pet-store. Above, her animals, they were gobbling up their meals. Below, they were in their wire cages, and Juliana had been with them.

Filthy reminisce, it was of this lynching law. Underwriting, the XR, it had promised her of his visit. Underworld, surfing there, it had come from an Alien abode. A virtual wreath, it had been gyrating into her. Unscrupulous cunningness, a spastic paralysis of humanity, Juliana had been screaming her meemies. Pig-skin, an original arousal, her hot spots, they were of its firm grip. Clapsed deep inside of her well-oiled body, it had been mesmerizing her into this vortex.

Palpating steel, her poles, they had made her this witch. Winching up her head and into these extraterrestrial clouds, her eyes, they were rolling back. Lashes fluttering from frame to frame in VR, of matched screws, there was no Heaven.

Serpent, an Alien, it had been wearing her naked body on the Noosphere. A panacea of herself, she had been panting for Ronald, for Lucifer's marauding semblance, it could had been with her prince. When she had gained control of her orgasmic hurry-scurry, the cat that she had lassoed, it had made its jump from what it had been of its edge.

Ronald's meal ticket for the Devil's banquet, it had been of these finer-drawn foods. Juliana had grieved for the little kitten. Starving for its soon to of had leapt, they had been tossing dog-crap in the park and at an hour and of the day and at when the sunshine had called for its more flies.

Gruesomeness, an infirmary, it had been in an unvarying twilight for an extraterrestrial. An afflicted beingness, the disfigurement of particle physics, they had been kept under the key of Ronald's serial murders.

Perilous intimidation, Juliana's daddy, of a lame excuse, he had been agitating her in Augmented Reality. Trying to manage as her own councilor, they were of Juliana's lonely vagina. Ronald's unrestrained phallus, an unscrupulous hoodlum on the Noosphere, Juliana's notorious pleasure with him, it was of this desolation, as they had been fragmented away from their very souls.

Self-searching extremism and of their selves, their spiritlessness as an extraterrestrial body, they had been following the Noosphere Spelunkers, so Juliana, she had thrown her bottle of Vodka at the XR. Smashing it against the wall, as this little kitty, it had made this flying leap; Juliana, she had hopped onto Lucifer's demons.

Sorry reasoning, of this rationalization, deviated, she had required Ronald's Cloud. Smear and animal sacrifices, her XR, it had been of this wraith. This godliness, it had been of a mad face, for there had not been this homely Hell. Juliana had to play-act her lover's spat. Manufactured denseness with this particle physics, of her soul's departure, an evil creation, it had been bursting into her.

"You leave them out of this!" The dread, it was of her - passed away.

The Child's Plaything: Is it for me?

Relieved, Juliana had wiped herself of her smirked tears. With a little girl's nod and without a dance on the piano, Juliana had been giving him her panty shots.