

## Chapter Nine: The Lie

In this juxtapose position, counterbalanced vigor, it had been of Ronald's instabilities. Juliana could not fathom forward with a gentle poem, as the peon was in this Alien Cyberspace. "Damn it." Juliana had drifted in and out of her intoxication. Blemishing her, it had come from out of her past.

Descending into her as an awe-inspiring - an uncanny ungodliness, calling out this serial killer, it had brought her to what it would had been of her Devil. Decorated thoughts, they were of him, as she had been downstairs and at the back of her Pomona pet-shop. Juliana had wanted to of had been Ronald's street walker, so out of his ghost in VR, the Alien God, it had been with this hidden spirit.

Ether, this senseless incomprehensibility, it was talking of her inaudible and nonstop robustness, for she had staggered closer to an extraterrestrial. "Shuaijan?" She had bumped into the hung cat. Stretching its neck further, shimmering of a VR shell-shocking, it went into an Alien abode. Reopening, the instability, it had been of this radioactive decay. Penetrable motion, its stability - ponder, able and peevish, a combination with a synthetic realm, it was of this extraterrestrial definition.

Cognitive accumulation, bipolar disorders, they were of its flash-point. Indescribable superstition, it had been goose-fleshing Juliana, so she stared off and into an exterior.

The Child's Plaything: It's hanging out.

"What's hanging out?" Trying to come back, she was empty of knowledge, as her double-blind crematory, it was of Ronald's double-barreled balls. Snitch, this unspoiled witchery, it had been of this VR fantasy, yet it had become all too real. Cold

objectivity of her red eyes, they had been wiped from black to brown, as her biodegradable make-up, it was an hourglass, and it was weighing in on her spaced-out cheek.

The Child's Plaything: There's a little turd.

"Where?" Juliana had asked it. Without any of the wind that would had set her a-sail, evil eyes, they were hanging between the legs of these matadors.

"You're back." Inertia, fighting a sterilization, prim and proper, Juliana had peed her panties. Tight and tailored slacks, light sports coat, he had a good fit and feel for her. Intangible conspiracy, it had been between them. Searing wounds, they were of each other. They had come from this Alien architecture, and it had violated them and all of humanity in VR.

A disembowelment, the Noosphere Spelunkers' transmutation of this serial killer, it had cascaded from an Alien abode, as an extraterrestrial, it was of a terrestrial conciseness. Shrewdness, Ronald had delivered it in VR. This decimation, it had been of this existence. Signs of a vitriolic distemper, there was no human fever or life-blood.

"Butte Montana, right?" Emilia had slid herself up and into Ronald. Backside with a lay, gulped of the Noosphere Spelunkers, Ronald had given her an evenly matched smirk, followed by this nod. "Saved its mod on a flash-drive for you." Emilia had continued - thereafter. The goods were for him, as it was of an issued quest for his Devil.

Tom had not been sure of himself.

The Child's Plaything: Having fun?

Tom: He was a punk.

The Child's Plaything: You want to get me?

Tom: I got you mofo.

The Child's Plaything: Have you counted?

Endurance, he had been fading in and out and into this Alien Cyberspace. Ronald was renovated in and of his inferiority, and it had been shooting out at Tom. Humanity's harsh loss, it was of their spirit strength. One way and or of another, with themselves, it had left them deflowered and defiled. Shallow profundity, without any bothersome dirty tricks, ill-conceived, the sensualist, it had been going whack for all.

Felt in this stillness, the membrane of a domino effect, it was with a God-awful grave robber, and it had been passing into an ill-natured prowess on the Noosphere. Inaccurate, a dropping away from humanity, a picker up and after the fall from this Alien abode, a romp, it was of Ronald's immortal blunder with an extraterrestrial.

Tom had held it with both hands. Another's peg-leg, it was of this evil, and it had returned as these exotic social ethics. Biochemical function, Ronald had been this deliverer, and it was at the dark of this darkness. Drove after drove of his thunder, it had pulsed with a nine-inch portion. Backfired-bacteria, it was not disarming Tom, as fountain-heads, they were of this digital signature. Dancing with the number of all these game theories, this gamble, it had been introduced.

"Give daddy some of my momma's boy. Come on." Demoniac, of an operating system, different procedures, they were being captured in this Alien abode, as Tom had been going off from place to place.

Firing his nine-millimeter from space to space, one dead, the next was splintered as himself. A scurrilous repository, it was of this claustrophobia. Black and drug on down, his memories, they were going nowhere in a defeatism. Incapacitated from an any moment, of his ransacking self, he had been run as a riot act.

"You ain't gonna do nothin'." Abandoning himself, Tom's wishy-washy gun toting, he was readied to blow the head off this Chicano-Chinese. In this VR game, a hateful queerness, Tom's boyhood, it had been of these lost dreams. Full-fledge distortion, it had been of Ronald's illusions with the Devil. Everybody had known Ronald, yet nobody had a knowledge of what it was of this particle physics. Superlative tenacity, parties,

they had been thrown, and their royal jelly, loosened, they were of this palsy limbo.

An intensive care, the Government, they had been tracking it, as it had been placed on an illegal contraband list. There had been threats of felony charges. The such was of this VR frenzy, as Ronald's helpmate, it was of this same nautical mile. "Mommy?" Tom had been obliterated into this spurious and ubiquitous sabotage.

Evaporating, his spirit, it was of these radioactive stabilities. Augury, Ronald's poison, it had been of his goal-less search. Chasm, filling the bandwidth of the Noosphere with these tattoos, it had been making these quantum leaps. Weak links, they had been of its neither. Not of a fish nor was it the flesh, midnight oil, it had been melting down and out and into this nowhere.

Quagmire of humanity, it had been fermenting of Ronald's ill-wind. Blowing into a pointless application - un-retrievable particle physics, computer code, none could had deciphered it, so Tom had been trying to catch up with himself.

Homicidal rioting on the Noosphere, Den was gaming too. Competing with Althea's soul food, the Alien God, it had partaken of her, as she was of its delight. Unsuitable human consumption, Althea and Den, their corruption as this Alien God's incorruption, it had been of this unbeliever. Exhausting humanity of their ingenuity, Den had hobbled Althea.

Jumping this gun, Althea's life, it had been sold to Ronald. An hour with its mainframe, this was of a mass transit system board. Tainted and polluted with an unknown architecture, indecorousness, it had been warped as and of this humankind, and they were of this XR vexation. Loathing him, his kills, they were of this reckless concavity.

Whammed in an Alien abode and without the Devil, Ronald had been bonding with the Noosphere Spelunkers. Motif's eye, it had been negated by this godlessness. Inviting the Grim Reaper to his dinner table, of an extraterrestrial abode, Den had killed Althea a long time ago. Sealed with an atrociousness, it had been of an embattled outrage. An upload of neurotic depressions,

they had been driven into Althea, so a stalemate madness, it was of all these bleary-blue-eyed communities.

Forming in this VR game in XR, this polytheism, it had been on the brink of an Alien portal. Unholy dread, of an unsanitary site, it had Sunday written all over it.

Blank and with a blink, of an owl from outer-space, Althea had been taken back and into her terrestrial sphere, as this feedback, it was in an Alien God's kitchen. Hips a shaking - jiggle, back and forth, Althea had mixed them into Den's fried eggs. Adding this bacon, some trepidation, it was near enough.

The chow's demons, they were made of an estranged effect. Radio waves, they had been playing of its signal, so with an erratic spouting of her latest gospel, the Harpers, they had a king-sized rot iron bed. Taking up most of their bedroom, they had not been there.

Their bathroom, right-angled off, the entry-way, it was hung over its top. Draped in and of this blue-silence, it had been in and of this perpetual dimness. An apparition of a vacancy, its darkness, it was hidden in their shadows. Second-hand decor, the usual water-scene and background type of a painting, there was this African tribe's woman's face. Another frame, it was XR.

The Child's Plaything: Ah, Desperado.

Den had squirted out and into this Alien overflow. Without any swearwords, Den had no intention of getting Althea in on the action. A pain in his neck, shrouded, of a makeshift soberness, his vindictive uproar, he had been brainwashed by the Noosphere Spelunkers. Doubt, Den had hit this stone wall of faithlessness, as Ronald had jumped down Den's throat.

Unfavorable, Den had been uploaded into its high-born trashiness. Floating out and into this deep water, figuring cheap and with misused words, he had been baptized with its milk and water. Straddled, of dog-hungry testicles, foul-play, he had been drafting these funds into his checking account.

Tangible evidence, an outlander idealism, it was of this interstellar and terrestrial interspersing, and it had shaken them down in VR.

Den: My game's blackjack.

The Child's Plaything: Is Jack black?

Tom had been in an erratic and unfathomable in-place encroachment of himself. Mouth-watering, flash-flooding into this shelter, bypassing him as and of himself, its own product, it had come in XR. Run-down melancholy, it was walking the chalk of a serial killer. An Alien God's pocket, something, it was of its shot.

"Is this for you?" Disillusioned rebirth, yielding into its breath, of an un human respiration, Tom had waved his automatic. There was no terrestrial space, so Ryan had been sickened into his absence. Tom had heard Ryan, for this voice, it had come from his own mind. Transferred, of Ryan's chatterbox, it had been making its last moves on this planet. Its make-believe Alien God, it was of itself. Regressed and progressed, it was out of a delusion - a response.

"If I'm dead, you are too. If I'm alive- Shoot me! Get on with it without the baloney. Lest you're too deep in this to find your index finger?" Ryan had wanted to break on through to Tom's other side. "It ain't Snake." Tom had said it with a low and crude spiritlessness.

An idiot face, of a right hand, it went into its left. Stretching of this short fuse, it had been ready to go off, as a timorous wild cat, it had been chased into this stall, so it had scratched their eyes out. "Is he messin' with you too?" Tom had asked.

Inaugurated, Ryan had found some empathy for Tom's derangement. An excuse to rethink themselves, they had been exchanging counter-blows with the Noosphere Spelunkers. Riveting and of its perilous egg-on, the primordial Alien, it had been oozing into each of them, as farmhands' fists, they were into their loony widows.

"They're afraid." Ryan had jibed in an effort to regain control. Bulldozing into them, of this deep-rooted never say die in VR, it had been sponging Ryan back, as Tom had shouldered his nine-millimeter. This spiritless rebel, whatever, they had come from all quarters. Severing their heads, war-horses, they had been

misleading them, as an immense and grisly sequel, murderousness, Ronald had been disrobed by the Noosphere Spelunkers.

"You ever?" Tom then had stopped - a moment. Ryan had nodded, question - answered. "The Child's Plaything?" Tom again had heard Ryan in his own head. Prying of its bond, Tom had wanted to reassure himself, so Ryan had made a statement relative to his query.

"He's here." Ryan had defined their problem. Devoid afterthoughts, shown as the Alien God, they were floating around in Ryan's head. Eyes back, Tom had caught Ryan's extraterrestrial gleam. A lack of understanding, it was of their car. Components, they were driven into this Alien Cyberspace.

Juliana had been risen from her deportation, as an extraterrestrial world, it was of its real time. Giving birth to this Alien on the Noosphere, onward and into Ronald's dogged devotion - the Devil in Montana, it was sinking from these shafts, for the Alien, it was holding up these poles.

Major constellations, their crystals, they had been watched and gathered - pixels. An Alien firewood, it had been lacking their required information. Burned, introducing its flames, they were from out of this world. Ethereal and disordered and of its ups and downs, there wasn't any water. There wasn't any human blood. Just thinned, funneled and put out of this observational Universe with the Noosphere Spelunkers' visage, Juliana had made this slumberous blunder, for she had brought Ronald into her.

Unaware, their link in this chain, it was of each other's habits - an exclusion. "Where we going?" Juliana had no flood control, and there was no prayer or method to reinvent the wheel. An incandescent lamp, something and or of the other, Ronald had no answer for her. Even himself for that matter, Juliana had no care for the facts, for this Devil for hire as a serial killer, XR and rapt with murders and of heinous cruelties, Juliana had wanted to straighten him out with a firm grip.

Holding on with her finer muscles, Ronald had subsisted with Juliana. Beyond this Alien Cyberspace, a nonhuman, it was this something and of an always missing, so Hell, it would had been fine. Stars, they had been richly saturating her with their velvety-black. Tingling in and on her XR, an ingenious gap, it

had opened up. Never and of a night, tacky in and of its streamlined oil, it had been dimming in on her.

The Alien, it was for the Lucifer switch, and it had clogged her up. Delving into this contrasting duality of Ronald, it had taken her into this excommunication. Pulling off serial killing escapades in VR, Juliana had been knocked up with Ronald's XR shortcomings.

"Jack?" A jittery absorption, it had been holding mankind in and of their thoughts. Strangled squandering, these children, they had been in this feedback loop, and there had been no skillful return. Enlivened selves, they had been placed into this cipher, and they had been hatching into Ronald's Spelunking a VR game.

Thing, happening again, between and of two, Jack's perplexing erection, it was held as this microphone. Doug had asked such a question. Trying to understand their new machine work, Alien chasms, they had given Doug his mouth-full, as Jack's newfangled deal with Doug, it was of an Alien God's spell. They were both pitched into this bought XR.

Turning their minds with these incidental and cognitive words, reading, they were roped off. Without any stand, dominate and of calm thoughts, they were though done twice. Grain and of its salts, their brains were leftover by the Noosphere Spelunkers. Dashed hopes, toiling in vain, disunited composure, it was their uprooting stabilities, so there had been two sticks.

Questioning a father's betrayal, an ill-defined cross, it had revolted into these dead-house flies. Influence, Ronald had taken Juliana as his token and hole. Porridge, it had been of this selfsame porthole. Surplus, sanitized and of its stabilized sperm cells, they had been of a serial killer, as an Alien Cyberspace loophole and feedback into a terrestrial definition, it was of its extraterrestrial domain. Ronald had slurred out and into this Alien download.

Jerry had made it into this boundary, and it was of her psychosis. Dead ducks, they were of this deadline. Deadlocking of deadly and deadpan dead-weights, they had been left behind. Lobes, the minds of its mankind, bald-faced and a rattle headed, Jerry had picked it up. Ransacking in an effort, Althea's

gesture, of the same bed, the Alien God, it had been casting itself into them.

An iron will, it was of this ill-famed spitefulness. Jack and Doug, jellyfish were put into this down-hearted mankind - indifference. Without a stamp nor of the letter, Ronald's rawboned jettisons, they were of its spattering discourses. Abrupt and into this blankety-blank, it had been halted into them.

"Find her?" Jack's lard, it was of an abandoning self. Discomfort, humanity had been of this nonconformity. Instabilities, they had been feeding the Noosphere Spelunkers, so an extraterrestrial, it had been giving them their identities. Inching up to the dinner table, of a grave beingness with them, there had been a five-gallon can.

Sitting in front of their single bed, placed snug up against this cabin's wall, Marc had his taxidermy, yet Jack and Doug, they had only the small stuff. Succoring with this paint thinner - plump of Jack, hysteria, his fingers, they were on these XR keyboards, and they had breached their warnings.

Vaporous, they had meshed with its humankind's terrestrial definition of an extraterrestrial. Cooking them up and in VR, creeping out of this dangerous batter, an Alien consumption, it was this something, and it had no matter with them. Doug was responsive to Jack's wanna junky.

"She'll be back up." Turning tricks in this Montana town, distinguished not as men, she had robbed them of their spirits. Promising the beast, they had been flimflammed into it. "What's that?" Jack's numbskull, it was put into an eternal garage, as an unknown existence, it had come after his death. Heart glowing, of his never ending and wolfish laziness, they had bonded with Ronald.

Ryan: Where are you?

Sweet Stuff: He's coming.

Ryan: Who?

Sweet Stuff: The Child's Plaything.

Indecent, wasted beingness, Ryan had been the VR patient. Searching for a cure, there was an occupation. Infected with an obsession, of an aversion, Tom was left in this half-witted, lit-up and intoxicated Alien hounding - blunt, a foul reservoir. Cluttering up the Noosphere, fixated humankind, their chaos, it had been without an instability. Ryan's rake-eyes, they had been unfulfilled, so nutty and of outlandish nymphs, they had been dropping in on them.

Intimidating and of a deliberate weakening, it was bearing this false witness, as Ronald had been of their unfounded speech. Caught up in their glances, they had made Tom pull his nine-millimeter. Pivoting side to side, of the Alien God's well-oiled lever, his arm, it had a handful.

"What are they?" Ryan had no answer for Tom, and he had snatched a shotgun from out of their car's trunk. Hooking it up, intrusion, the bate for this Dragon-fish glare, it had them as an entree for the Noosphere Spelunkers. An already, it had eaten, as they had been of its unthinking - odious observances. Ill-behaved and of an impending death blow, it had been surfing the VR. Orgies with Ronald, they had been rebuking mankind into this banishment from Heaven and Hell.

The prowl, of his cat's feet, they were landing on the Noosphere, as these Indians from an India, they had come into this Alien Cyberspace. Dwelling, around them - they had been of these fifth cousins. Worming out of them, of their infiltrated muddle, it had not been screaming, as there was this mix. The dumbfounded, they had been smashed to smithereens, and an Alien God, it had eaten of their private parts.

Dressed like space cadets, they were of these silky and silver one-piece suits. Unaffected, this house full of Ronald's furry, it had been died in the wool and forgotten. A burden upon mankind, Ronald had turned them sour. Spent, no longer paying for the scores of Ronald's badges of infamy, these Indian outlanders, they had reached XR.

Beyond their humankind's ancestry, a terrestrial plank, it had been of this extraterrestrial. Ronald's grim sinking of humanity, swimming upstream, singled out and of his murderous

moments, there had been these daredevils with him, so Ronald had gone up and in his arms and with the Noosphere Spelunkers.

The Alien God's whore, she had been shaken down. Devoured by an extraterrestrial, this wrathful pus, they were eating his blisters out of a VR hole - sore. Thrilling deaths, they were played out in real time. Hollow outrage, other personalities, they had been of their spaced-out communities. Instinctual and of a world-weary beingness, these Alien Indians, they were dressed for an extraterrestrial funeral.

Run of the mill, nit-picking and of its freakish real-time instants, cats, they had been leaping out of their bags. Done, their bunk hits, they had been of their obnoxious put-up jobs. Laying down with a serial killer, of his methodical and VR murderousness, counterbalancing, this Federal Agent, he had been with a bulldog.

Transferring information, Tom was bewitched as the big man who couldn't had worn his thong panties. Ryan had reached for more shells. Dumping the box in the trunk of their car, shoving more of them in this issue, an apprehension, Ryan had thought that he had been idiot proof. "Butt bucking time." Ryan had wheeled, as Tom was popping them off. Empty, of a hair raising and interstellar visage, they had been at arms-length in an Alien war zone. Along, at his side, with and of his jammed shotgun, Ryan had held it out.

A telescopic view, of an evolution, Dale and Jerry, they had come too. Dave's uploading in this replacement, it was of their before. Downloaded, curtailed of their abandoned selves, it was invalidating Ryan and Tom. Loaded into this handgun, another clip, it was of these erratic upheavals. Exploited into its obscenities, cruel and of overflowing instabilities, they had been feeding an upload into this Alien Cyberspace.

Un-availed in VR as a miscarried stabilized instability, it was of a terrestrial definition of mankind. Everything and everywhere and in all things, an underlying separation of radioactivity, it had been with this obstruction. Instabilities back, their radioactive decay - stabilization, it could had been of their estrangement. Banishment, it had put them in this Augmented Reality basement. Jerry had lurched into this vicious

move. Stealthiness, it had her wild-eyed, snarling.

"Still want to fist me? Come on, put your fists into me!" Unhurried, her tribal nature, it had been ripping through the VR Spelunking. Hung of her murky cover - weakened, she was put out and before this. Diminished of her intentions and at a time, it had shown of her madness. Suppression - an underprivileged outlook, of Tom's oversight, the extraterrestrial, it had brought her into this inflexible occurrence.

"Shoot her!" Tom's squall couldn't get his handgun off, for his beast, it had been deliberating in this Alien Cyberspace. On an extraterrestrial back-burner, of a shot in this checkout, Tom had been fried in with this preliminary worship of Ronald.

"Shoot me! Go ahead and shoot me!" Jerry's phlegm, it had foamed from her mouth. Raging of a begging terror, barefoot and filthy, Jerry's urine, it had drenched out of its vinegar. Down one side of her pants, an odorous stench, she had been vomiting in this Alien Cyberspace.

"Shoot the witch!" Tom had seen that Ryan had been stalled in and of this VR application. Getting caught and or stuck, one frame was to the next on the Noosphere. Ryan had held out his shot-gun, yet Jerry had made her leap with this butcher knife. At this juncture, displeasure, it had mortified two.

Unsteadiness, it had been itching into them. An electronic architecture, a closeness between the two, veins, they had been knotting at where naught one would had cared. Voraciousness - an Alien God, sinister, it had been occupying their stabilities. Occult, Ronald was conjuring in VR.

Consuming their instabilities, this radioactive decay of humankind, Ronald had been supplying all these onlookers a disfigured, mutilated - a murderousness. Mesmerizing them, vague sabotage - no valor, Ryan had let himself go off with the shotgun. Blowing out of his brains, big head, a vapid fog, it was fading in and out of himself.

Not shot nor of a suicide, fire had been eating down and into this terrestrial down pour. Vindication, his lack of wit and moments, eventually, it was pulled out. Spilt milk, it was mixing in with some sort of a concoction. Rabble-rouser work, it

was sending Tom out on this pressure-cooker. Ronald's misconception, they were of Ronald's uncouth and ungodly anchor.

Depravation of themselves, it was of this VR apathy. Tom had to open himself up on Ryan. Time and again, Ryan was of Ronald's repellent. "What did he do?" Befouled into Ryan's self-indulgence, maiming and killing, Tom had lost his face in this question, yet Ryan had been in a quandary for far too long. An own expression, Ryan's bulldog, it was looking down and at his nose.

"The Child's Plaything." Ryan had answered. Sunlessness, it had gotten Tom's attention. "He's messin' with us." Tom had validated Ryan. Experiences, their shock, they were of Ronald's malicious and nasty fatalities. "It's this game." Ryan had started to talk shop, but Tom had just flipped out on that. "Ain't games! You're messin' with me too! Arn't you?"

Juliana had been making this unequivocal and unforeseen deal. Feckless, of shrinking spirits, Ronald was occupying himself. Sinless incredulousness, an extraterrestrial - mankind had lost their brightness, and Juliana, she had been imperiled on the Noosphere with this serial killer. Murdering in rock fields, Ronald had been standing there with her in this XR store. Outskirts, suddenly stopped, it was in the middle of this road.

Midst, of their plight, a flight and or fight for Lucifer, Ronald had left Juliana. At a point in time, it had become all too unreal. Unaligned, her hair, it had been splitting at their ends. Invoking her into this estrangement, this puzzlement, Juliana had been poaching between herself and of this serial killing outlaw.

Hooked up with the Noosphere Spelunkers, extorting the spirit out of mankind, Juliana had been this first-class slut. An assassination in and of this cold-hearted callousness, it was a momentous jostle in an extraterrestrial nether world, as this Prince of Darkness, Juliana had been drained of its dosage.

Double-crossing and or of its make-believe tantrums, they were this magus. Slurring her words, degraded of an ecstasy - toppling her, Ronald had let Juliana go, as he had been on his feet. An awry intrusion, it had been soiling Juliana's cavity. Coughing up with these counterpoints, contradictions in VR,

delving women, they were of the Alien God's embryonic sluts. Social networking sites, they were of this Alien communication. Juliana had heard them, their movements, they had been of this stroke.

"Where are they?" She had whispered in and of her delusion. Consumed with turbulence, sight of its hand, a baby carriage, it was a cheap one. It was left in the middle of this sidewalk, and there had been a pick-up. In its back, there was a ton of straw, and there was this two-horse trailer.

"They don't have a horse?" Again, pondering in an Alien Cyberspace, Juliana had been wound in and of her lack of volition. Disrupting her into an Alien's heavy hand, the kinky scraps of her human existence, they had thwarted her enlivened self, as it had compressed her into these particles physics. Misinformation, they had been holding her crews. Caught in and of its VR communities, tempering them into its sci-fi stabilized beingness, it was from the back of the two-horse trailer.

Juliana might had seen this Devil-child, yet - then again, it had not been there. It had been just there though, so Juliana, she had bolted from her stout-hearted and duel beingness. High prism, it had been wringing of its fuss. Slobbering this plethora of human stability, weakened by the Noosphere Spelunkers - siphoned away, instabilities stabilized, radioactive decay, it had created itself.

"What are you doing?" Juliana's voice, it was cracking of a VR revitalization, as cataclysmic disaster, this world, it had a grave heart attack. Uninspiring moments with Ronald, there was this spiritual fusion, so a lapse, it had been interfusing into them. No good, there had been no bad. Neutralized, this untrue and maladroit sojourning of himself, psychoneurotic squeezing, its juice, it had come from all human beings.

Their stabilized human relationship with XR, humanity had surfed into this Alien Cyberspace, so the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had prevailed from Ronald's outrage. Celestial fancy, indignation, it had sent Juliana between its aisles.

Solar systems, galaxies, they were duplicated. Revolving around themselves, looking into this mirror, there had been this other form. Communicating to her, Ronald's expressionless part of this

body, it had been rewriting Juliana's fantasy, so she went unnerved.

"Did you do this to the world?" Ronald had remained aloof. Unpleasant disturbance and a beingness - repercussion, they were of this transformer. Unseating mankind with this nonresident - themselves, error was taking place in this small cloud Montana town. It was of a tribunal with an Alien God. Unlocked execution, of these bad Noosphere Spelunkers tempers, they had been throbbing on the Noosphere.

This summit with himself, it had come to this end. Surfing for the Devil, he had been descending from an extraterrestrial abode. Made from human instabilities, of communities, they were sallying for Ronald.

Sweet Stuff: Stick me Rocky.

XR had come in and of this upload. An insipid hunt, Juliana was in its revolt. "Stick her?" Juliana had bellowed with a wild laugh. Recoiling, cohering with Ronald, of an authentic alliance as this con trick, Juliana had sneered at Ronald's Spelunking in VR.

Unconcealed depravity, a sphere of influence, it had been falling through these laws. Dim-less sin, it was of their travels to Montana, as Ronald had lain his blood-soaked hands into this stained trip. Befouled of an unbroken loss, Ronald had greased in his instructions. Free-and-easy, hoaxer, Ronald was keeling over. Bazaar, uniformed and drained, they had been of this deliberate glossing over, as it had put them into these witless shrines.

Upwind, they were on their thrones, and their eternal outhouses, they were of their observational Universes. It was swirling from out of their idiot brains. Juliana had tried to coax him out. "You can't have sex with Mixed Reality!" Probing of its warhead, it had filled his balls with this serial killing formula.

Juliana and Ronald, they were together with Moraine. Overhasty and schematic, an untidiness, a disorder of humanity's VR behavior, they had been put into this stabilized meshwork. Faultfinding, it was of this gelding spatial, yet he had been called a lady's man. Prowled balls, these madwomen, they had

been swallowing this Noosphere hearse. In one ear and then out of the other, heads, they were punch-drunk. Asleep and of a goaded madness, this silent partner with Ronald, any paragon disease, it could had explained this existence of mankind.

Sweet Stuff: Kill her Rocky.

Julie: He rubs my bones!

Juliana had taken herself to the closest XR, as dickering priests, they had been puking of their deeds. Vatican choir boys, their Lord would had come in VR. Waving bye bye to this haywire and idiot insanity, over-swarving - flaying outwards and at arms, of a contorting offbeat, recklessness, there was this zaniness. Bleeding of the Noosphere Spelunkers, their spirits, its flaccid holes, they were of Juliana's compulsion. An Alien God's serum, she was rapt with Satanic lust.

"There you go!" Bursting inside her with a dreadful dominion of himself, he had gotten lost in this gruesome lesion. Carved open, an abscessed resurrection, its stabilized repulsion, it had clouded mankind into a disdainful and violent opposition, so hot and red bug houses, this terrestrial application of humanity, it had been hailing of itself.

Distant crud, Ronald was holding them together. Indisposed voodooism, XR's AR was quaking. Blowing screens out, Juliana was standing in its disorder. Her pelvis was shoved upward, and her knees had been angled out. Slight squat, without its hanging out, frozen in its dump, highlighting her thigh muscles, her bonsai was wide open.

"You're not doing me with that thing!" Fused into her with Ronald's ball-breaking wickedness, it had been rat-pained into Julian. Round the clock - quick and dirty, anxious to of had been moon-holed, Juliana had taken it deep. On the extremity of this Universe, Juliana wasn't ready yet, so she had jumped up!

"So las tu som ma te!" She had malfunctioned with a whirl and squat. Off-center, pink hits, they were this bend of its time and space. Everything went bad, and she had been down in the mouth. Whacked out of destiny, without a Devil, Juliana had rattled her three fingers. Jimmying them into her hyperventilation, she had bowled over. Taken on the other and

without her parts, she was between sixes and sevens. Puckered razor blades, they were suckin' of an Alien's wind.

Juliana had no panic button. Mutant, it was of its hemorrhaging diarrhea. Out the mouth of babes, Juliana's red camellia, it had given him another curse. Streaming, screw-balling into this Alien God's minced pies, Ronald had been locking horns with what it was at a distance. At times, there were these burnt candles, and they had been of its spaced-out light.

"Sem it tam met se!" Ronald had screamed of its fistulas. Contorting of its proud flesh, it had been germinating into him. Live-wire, of a corkscrew trickery, it had been fumed into an invasion. An Alien God, it had brought into him these boils, so pus, it had been spewing of their hot geysers. Worms, crawling things, they were gnawing into him.

Both, two yet of the same one, they had been fleshed-out. Shower, they had gone debunk. Nasty instinct, it had been vanquished into Juliana. Brainlessness, of her radioactive rearrangement, she was slugged out and with a moan. Battle cry, the cheek of her face, it had been lying on this hard floor, and her palms, they were faintly giving into a support. An imperturbability, beingness of a well-oiled hole, it could not nullify her.

Liquefaction, this planet, it had been on this Cloud, as their might and main liaisons, they were with an Alien God. There in place of the Devil, somehow thrown, money raw and a hash-head, poles apart, Ronald was trying to get Juliana into a roll.

Ronald could had just ripped her open, as his sunken rod, it had been in her hole of iniquity. Lolita Jail-bait and San Quentin Quail, they were hot of a thrown curve. Starry-eyed hopelessness, Ronald had pulled himself out of their scum-sucking romance. Pressed pants, he had lain his white shirt. Beaming down at Juliana, she was bent over backwards. Fully endorsing Ronald's recapitulation, aroused of her agreement, Ronald had infected her flesh.

Juliana had not become ruffled nor spoiled by Ronald's viciousness, so she had adjusted herself. In a contemporary blouse, she had thrown men into their XR catacombs, and her business skirt, it had been dyed in and of its wool. It was

perverted up high. Panties, they could had been ripped off. One side had been holding her in and of its half-kept grip.

Cosmic coitus, she had cloned, for she was going with him. Ronald had unraveled this closet door. Straight from outer space, mankind had been taken down a few pegs. GIGO, it had crashed in VR. Bag-hitting - knocked into an extraterrestrial download, an Alien God, a lapse of themselves, Juliana went for her feet. Bedazzled, her black box, it was full of man-eating worms. Catch twenty-two, she had been put up its creek, and she was without a paddle.

"What do they want?" Juliana had been axed in by these Indians. Spanned out, spread, of their silver one-piece jump suits, they had their matching slippers and hats. Dressed for a space-aged autopsy, blinded and of this bat's hole, this extraterrestrial, it had hatched up these sticks into this cosmic mud. Stabilized, of its instability capture, an unemotional profusion, it had blotted out humankind. An emasculation of their terrestrial world in VR, of a spineless and undisciplined turmoil, it had been weighing in on these Indians.

Young and old - middle-aged, out of reckoning, they were toothless. Their guard, an upsurge from Hell, the orphan, it was this pilot in the cockpit of these VR communities, as its hysteria, Ronald was of an over exploitation.

Offered as his token, of her submission, it had come from Ronald's heated passion. Infested with this murderous blush, those instabilities - left humankind, unforeseen fabrications, they were of this terrestrial existence. Moodish ogles, they were of its copulated vision, so an expedition, it was chucking and jiving with these dirty deeds.

In a tizzy, Ronald had whacked the cattle with a ball pin sledgehammer. Lopping off their heads, human and of the same beef, it had weakened their knees. Downloading - an application, chasing bad blood into its rat holes, Ronald had been coming apart at the seams, and it had disfigured him into this demon-man at times.

"Ronny?" Supreme forces, they had been halted in his saucepan. Whirling, of his dreadful outbursts, they were thwarted by an Alien God. Before him, the revolting Moraine, she had entered

this VR Spelunking portal. She was as this space cadet kid. Put in an upload, in her all silver suit, she was wading through the blood.

Sweating from the cow-heads, they had been bashed in by Ronald. Languishing of their last breaths, pregnant beasts, their kinky offspring, they were trying to get out of this last ditch, so Ronald, he had hopped off the small bridge.

Overhead, a place, Ronald had sauntered there with the hammer. Gunning his download, of a slaughter and after he had done Chi Chi in the rock field, Ronald had lurched in with his psychotic riot. Spotted in VR hysteria, of this blackness, a face, it had run wild in a murderous madness, and it went toward Moraine. Notorious famine, its spirit, it had spoken of this strenuousness - vulgar bonfire.

Gross injustice, exotic eyes - worsening in at its no window, there was no soul. Asleep to life yet wide awake to death, alarmed, the pellets, they were dropped into these tin troughs. The cattle would had been standing there, yet Ronald had sent them back into this devious dogfighting with the Noosphere Spelunkers.

"Get'em Ronny! Get'em!" Moraine had yelled back at her monster, for it had come from out of young Ronald's closet. Charging at her with this nine-pound sledgehammer, Ronald's khaki pants, they were grimy and green, and he had on an army t-shirt. It was speckled with gore.

"Somethin' goin' on. Ain't it?" Snake had been lifeless in the danger. Feeble-minded guzzling, it was of this warm eighteen ounces. Showing himself, his nose hits, they had come from out of his joints. Too little and of its too late, he was freaky and cutthroat. Angel-dusted in his haze, it was of this sine vector. His cologne, it had become of this sweat. Repealing him into a radioactive stability, bullheaded and retarded, he had been kissing his own.

Circus act, of the same pavement, misplaced marbles in an infant Zen, it had killed the Buddha, so its chain reaction, it was coordinated into this radioactive decay. It was of their own ruinous detour. Ronald had provided Snake this bend, and it was out of its shapes. Collusion, there was this crossing of swords,

for they had been backhanding their pony. Blotting out of their landscapes on the Noosphere, of these other holes, they were surfing with Ronald.

Hops, they were in for a ride, as curtains, they had fallen on their schematic structure. Dances rehashed, this stability, a walk home and of an only frame, Snake had been hiding in its ghettos. Winding into this single pad in Los Angeles, a disunion, of shouldered arms, scarce from his storm, Snake had no likes and or dislikes, yet he had no intentions to of had been the licked spittle. Tortured, it had beat him into the good man and or of his woman. The darkest side of the moon, it was lying in plain view.

There had been this doubtful dead symphony. Slob, Snake had been going into the VR game night after night. Blow after blow, it had racked him into this serial killer's murderous nerves. Placed, this dry rotting of the human spirit, its vexation, it had been growing into their own, as their outrageous acts, they were of an un-surpassable marauder, and it had been dropped as a download.

Tom had been put into this damnable contempt of himself. Cut-off from Snake, he had found interest in Ronald's Devil. Tom had been going in circles. Pole to pole with an extraterrestrial instability, Snake had his packages delivered at times. He had his tapeworm out, and body fluids, they had hit the dirt. Wrack and into this ruin, it had made him stand at his guns.

The big-shot, of the done number, it had hit the right spot. Spelunking delusions, they had been flogging him with these illusions, for he had all but forgotten about the fifty grand and the jewelry that he had stuffed between the mattresses. Ordering off his home-boys, they had stood down and or left town, yet Tom was still hunting Snake.

Grueling and of its wild-ass gas-firing, at the core of an Alien God's belly, Ronald had cut the babes out of others. Playing the game too, sending his girl-scout out, Snake had found her. Jockeyed, Snake's XR near, he had wiped it with a leopard-skin bedspread.

The Child's Plaything: She's for you.

Shrewd intolerance - thrift, far-fetched on the Noosphere, its wrath, it was a usual upload. Snake's screen-saver, it was of this dark maroon. Dialogue, it had been taking up a major portion of his XR. Lips, they were pushed out, as it had courted him. Iron clad, of a VR nut-job, light, it had been at night, so this Mixed Reality, it had broken in on Snake. An innocent and urban babe, she had been sent to him.

Offering the sister, never as many times, reaped of its conclusions, whirlwinds, their stones were redefined. "This one. She's mine all the time." Snake had spoken it with a somber note. Ended, he had blown his XR away with his three-fifty-seven magnum. Landed, he had taken it.

Behavior, a mangling of this mind, it had canceled him out, as this screening, of an eventual and sinister sister, she never would have phased him out. Locked in a stability, cringing with an intense pain, forging of his unfeeling and malignant moments, Snake had gone crazy. Breathing, an outer-space, Snake's obscure gaze upon himself, an African bug, it had crept up and into this murk.

Savage dignity, Den had no desire, yet virgins, they were crying upon him. Ordered of its next meal, taking his cop stance, Den had erupted into their mouths. Stealth destinations, they had come from their felonious tempestuousness. Ronald had chanced upon Den in VR.

The Child's Plaything: Do you want it to die?

Den: Is it dying?

The Child's Plaything: Are you going to be there?

Den: Yes. Only if it dies.

The Child's Plaything: I'm betting you die too.

Uploads, downloads and pop-ups, they had unraveled in infinite variations. Usually when Althea was cooking Den his breakfast, it had been of her sly now. Detached on the Noosphere, a shroud of a wariness, it had known of her. Incredulous insults, she had lobbed them at Den. Swelling carnality, two and sometimes three

at a time, of her voodoo, The Child's Plaything, it had been calling her.

Psychotic tribulations - ungodly spasms, heart-rendering frames of her mind, Moraine was there with Ronald, as he had been having these random urges. Abnormal good for nothings, overstepped at one time, of his sporadic indulgences, it had sent Moraine into an ignominious online infection. Landing head first into its nothing, it had been under this extraterrestrial sun. Foreboding contamination, humankind was on a short end of this stick, and it was of these radioactive dualities. Beingness, it was of a one and without the other.

"We had a nuclear war. That's got'a be it." Althea had said. Reduced to its foreign mean, dark of this unsafe ground, she was without a human anchor. "He's gaming us nuclear from outer space." Den had made a baneful attempt to explain it to his wife, as their sun, it was fulminating a redness.

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"It's in the cave." Den had resounded from out of his audio playback. Mute, it was staring out of its nowhere, yet he had sought more. "We're goin' in baby. We're goin' spelunkin'." Den had taken charge. Disarming, Althea had been smeared with an infirmity. Rearranging his ditch, it had been winding down in Montana, as Den had been impaired with Althea's unending obsession in VR. No way of an ever, an end, she had been of this condemnation.

Whipped by these choir boys, they were singing Althea their lullabies. Life and death missions, the evil doer, it had been sucking up to Althea. Viscous grips, they had been bedeviling Ronald. Sinuous rumpuses between Heaven and Hell, they were placed into this lackluster and spasmodic short-life cycle. Feedback loop, Ronald had taken his raunchy gnaws. Way out and in, spirit strength, it was fractured into a stabilized humanity.

An uprooting - Ronald's deviant witnesses, they were squirting of its squeeze. An un-human gap, it had been tightened around all throats, and Ronald, he had been stomping on their heads. Unwavering, a cold-hearted barbarian of a serial killer, he had been sporting an unrelenting violence and venom. "They're coming." Den had taken a hold of himself. Bloody minded, unprotected and vulnerable, cranky cats, they were squashed

under the feet of their fire-house. Cloud, its guts, they had been mashed. Forged - accidental and unwell, it was out of his focus.

Lurking, slapped dashed - back, of the question, it was between the two. Not the other and of no turkeys to shoot for Thanksgiving, they had been struck by lightening.

Running cold, sorrow was untainted and off the record. Craftiness, it was ranting into toil, tumble and turmoil. Seen, it was cut out of Den. Evacuated, an impasse of humankind, Den had been mauling with himself. Species, the Indians, they had come from this Alien abode, as a cyberspace opening, it had appeared seemingly irrelevant. They had given Den claws, and they were of their three inches. Yellow curved toughness, he had these pointed, coniferous and befouled teeth.

Too many, they were in his outstretched mouth. Contoured on a contorting body with boils, blisters, worms and bugs, fiery, winery-tight vessels, they had been seething of this hateful armed force, yet an Alien God, it had made the Devil its dead records file.

Overtime, Ronald had become a real-time application. One Indian to the next, there had been no fight, for Den had been ripping them apart. Mad-doggedness in this massive multiplayer online VR game, flaying limbs, Den could not had gotten to their perdition, as all code, it had been burned into this XR seal. Its last book, the Indians, they had come from all points of its compass. They had no bones to pick for themselves, and their double-speak, it would not had been mended.

An accounting, The Child's Plaything, it had reached Den in an upload. Slammed, there was no Lucifer habitation. The Indians, they were going from place to place. Den nor Ronald, neither were of its way, yet they had wanted it. This cave, they had gone spelunking. None and of no idea, Satan was supposed to of had been pulled from this bottomless pit, so this strange code, it was hidden on the Noosphere.

Fetishes, they had been sought. This was no laboratory experiment. Looking for some deign something, an extraterrestrial, it was a blanket of its time. "By jaw tot em! By jaw tot em!" Althea had chanted it over and over. Machine-

gunning an incantation for this Devil, Althea was down for a moment. Its extraterrestrial dwelling house, Althea went silent and away.

"It's over there." Then, Den had pointed. Still safe, Althea and Den, it would had come back, for The Child's Plaything, it had been coming to them. Diabolic dip, they were catching these instabilities, as they were in this maximal and monstrous rehashing of this extraterrestrial deity. On this seedless tree, tedious undernourishment, it had been crying out in this forage. Unspeakable and disbelieving salaciousness, its oblivion, a terrestrial redefinition, it was moldering on the seat of their car, for they had come in behind Ronald.

Boggling, there had been this stymie, and it had Juliana in its insides. She had come out of Snake's simultaneous culmination. Integration, overthrown constipation, a vindictive syntheses, it had been of an outrage. Scorching venom, Ronald had come out of this XR with Juliana alongside. Seemingly holding themselves in and of this burial chamber, running blood, Snake could tell that his perverse whipping boy days were over. He had been killed.

"She's not your sister!" Snake had sprayed the bullets of his conscience. Stricken into this revitalizing application, from this Noosphere stronghold and tether, it had been funneling the spirit of mankind into its pass. Wobbling, it was of this unraveling shock, and it had been of Ronald's unexpected tirades. Hosting these serial kills, of his murderous XR acts in rock fields throughout America, Snake's miscalculations, they had made Emilia go into the VR with him.

Daydreaming, this European white Devil, he had taught Emilia how to fall through this numberless mode, so she had linked up to Ronald. An unruly spell, an effect, it was mixing up her biochemical chemistry with an unknown field space. There was this entrapment of humankind. Sacrilegiousness of a hornet's nest, misinformation on its Noosphere, mankind had been deformed into this ungratefulness.

Spoil of an online stability, varied in VR, ludicrous and unstable orbiting, it was of this affliction. Terrorizing others, of their slithering schemes, it had begun with Ronald, as an underhanded double-cross, of a wretched catastrophe, they had been jam-packed.

Knocking over these spaced-out freaks, the Indians, they were in and of their tangled waylay. Petrified dismay, threatening a metamorphosis, of his slow-witted and erotic dwelling, the ragged edge, its screws, they had come loose.

Jumping quickies, triggering a warping off - arms, calamities, they were cascading into humankind with these shadows of doubt. Waxing and waning, Emilia had been left by Snake. New and bad dead blood, they had been of the mermaid and merman, and Ronald had been of their foul fiend.

"666!" Hell-born mania, it had been unbridled into this witchery, and it had set Emilia into her stance. Legs open for this serpent, she had taken a hot wiz. Quivering and quaking in her gaseousness, flopping of an uncouth revelation, razed eyes, her mouth was lathered. Lashing a whip with her arms up, she had gotten off the rest of this semiautomatic. Catching its rhythmic beats, truculent deviation, there had been this massacre.

Indians, perpetuated in this real-time, they had provoked Snake. Tasteless, of its planet, they were back in their terrestrial realization. A murderous rampage on the outskirts of Butte, this unpredictable hothead, a hasty attempt, they had been ambushed. Snake's leap in their dark, he was back on this wrong side.

They had been hung by its thread, and they couldn't scrape themselves back together. Dynamic wrecks were of its distaste. Ruffling them into this serial killer's disillusionment, scorned and ruined reputation, its slaughter, it was of this symmetrical emission.

Bootlicking and of a tingling restlessness, they had no rapport with humankind. "Them Aliens ain't gettin' their way!" Snake had been put into a panic-stricken chill. Blasphemous and of a downhearted download, mania in these rock fields, real-time murderousness, it was of this intolerable subject matter, and Emilia's fountainhead, it was of their larceny. She had dropped her empty magazine, as she was a ready-made killer. Ryan was at the wheel of misfortune, and Tom was his passenger.

"Where they going?" Tom's beingness, holding him, of Ronald's madness, they had been without their own words. Deranged, Tom was of this double conformity, for Ronald's ill-treatment of others, his murderousness and mayhem, it was a bondage, and they

had been given this misinformation. Broken down smoke, it had been slipping through the hands of mankind. Jerry had been taken of its pogo stick. Dale and Dave, their blood, it was boiling into these psychotic beliefs.

Drawing strength from mankind, of their cold-blooded past, Jerry had been riding these trucks up and into this VR Montana, yet it was full of Indians from an India. Making her turnaround loop and back to LA, first she had loaded up. Filling herself up with its last meal, Dale was of its constant mouth. Dave was driving them in XR.

"He's in there. I can tell." Doug had readied his thirty-thirty, for there were these wolves. They had lingered about its doorway. "He's gettin' away with somethin'." Jack had pulsed for his friend's skin, for it was Doug's idea to enter the XR of this gameplay. Jack's in a rut sickness, it would had slid up Doug's tight cowboy. Busting Ronald's broncos, their despondencies, they were of these broken words.

"He stabbed them in their backs." Moraine had sunk her hatchet into this knee-deep bull. Butchery, there had not been a carving knife. Blood, it had been cemented into Ronald's rough-draft. Moraine, she had been this extraterrestrial embryo. Tapping away mankind's last breath, they went into an Alien abode. Moraine was from Ronald's gruesome blows.

Dangling a nine-pound bloody sledgehammer, it was in her crybaby hand, and Moraine's eyes, they were bashed out on a crushed face. "He used this." She had lobbed the sledgehammer before Ryan. Deviant witchery, she had made the handle position itself before him, so he had grasped its shut-down.

"He took'em all!" Moraine had pointed at them, as above each stall, the control chips, these electronic devices, they had been timed to release the pellets. They would had been dropped in the cattle troughs. "The cows. They are madder than him now!" Moraine had curdled back into this hideous and done away existence, and Ryan had been put into this habit.

Cavernous annihilation - deteriorating over the years, Ryan had been spending his ample time playing the VR game with Ronald. Trying to swindle his way into Hell on the Noosphere, Ronald had

been writing serial killing chronicles, as they were of his real-time murderousness.

Underwriting himself, The Child's Plaything, it had become Ryan's VR companion. A churlish designer, it had been of this cultist fad in XR. One would have never known of when that it was that Ronald would have made his entrance, yet Ryan had thought that he was an exception. Culminating with this evil awakening of humankind, stabilities and instabilities, out of proportion, Ryan's point had been insured by this dogged aid.

Sharp-eyed and unyielding loneliness, undisciplined and of its random black magic, Dale and Dave, they were after Ryan's bulldog, for they had climbed into the caverns of Ronald's delusions - illusions in VR.

Ryan, abolished of his choleric confusion, a lugubrious consumption, stabilized permeation, it had been of this subdued witchcraft with Ronald. Not cutting into the grooves of Ronald's VR deliveries, they had come to Ryan. Lifeless intimidation, it had been inflicting this pain. Ryan had spent a better portion of his XR life trying to catch this clog in the Los Angeles FBI burial chamber. Ironic, Ryan had been emancipated from them. No ups and or downs, defiant and unraveling, it had been enshrouded with this crass network.

Hosting this stabilized unscrupulousness, a neither here nor of its there, it had been this terminus. Coming out in turns and of its infirm purposes, it was derived by Ronald's serial killing. Dropped of Heaven, banished from its Hell - annihilation, no upload and or download, Ryan had come from out of the Bay area. Into Juliana's pet store, she had sent him for this bulldog. Robbed of himself, he had taken a second flight. Found, Ryan had tried to capture an Alien God's order, yet disorder, height and fancy, humankind was of this deathless aversion.

An innkeeper, it had been hosting Ronald, for his beasts, they had been eaten by the Noosphere Spelunkers. Thrilling void, it had seized upon itself with this black plaque. Wonder and wander, they could never have found it. A mirage as a stabilized humankind, they had been incurring harm, as it was at a swarming intersection of them. An extraterrestrial domain, instabilities, they had come from this flinching and predaceous blacklisting of mankind.

Everlasting interment, floundering, Ryan had been living in this stupor. Meatless t-bones, stashed at times, he had been eating filets. Deflected with a lack of spirit, Ryan had been neither alive and or nor dead.

Least of some small-minded shame, of his bulldog, it had been walloping Ryan on the head. Wound, of an obscene and criminal gesture, Ryan had been indefinitely delayed in this skin. Gutted by an underlying impotency, of trapped mankind's stabilities with its own means, coordinated spitefulness, he had become this slattern oddity. Ryan's door, rapped, the bags, they had been left. Unusual mutilation ezines, a multitudinous lot, they were ordered from this VR Spelunking Cloud.

The Child's Plaything: Enjoy your dinner?

Ryan had wiped his mouth on this sleeve. Slugging down a good portion of the brew, tonight, it had come - somewhat different. It had tasted of this strong liver. He had not thought about it then, for Marc had not been with him. Ryan had eaten it. Den had to restore himself, for it had sent him into this blunt blowup. Sapping even the dust that had between his eyes, gathering there, pulling off his hammer, not hidden, Den's three-fifty-seven magnum, it had been of this countercharge, as Ronald's toxicity, it had been of this self-same sin.

Sinking Den into a noxious oblivion as a police chief, he had been raping and murdering all these boys. At this level in the gameplay, the press, they had been going out in droves. Stripped at night, the light of day, there had been this no way. Worming himself through the Noosphere - a spelunker, of its frames in VR, Den had his XR at a hotel room. Den's fluke, it would had been managed by a serial killer's ways.

The Child's Plaything: Kill the little stud.

Den had no shame. Odorous holes, they were of his afterthoughts. This one wouldn't close his mouth. Smoking pot, rolling extra fat blunts, of his arsenal to get up, where-after, Den had realized that it had been too unrealistic.

There had been this inferno, and it had been germinating in VR. Luminous, a dialogue box in XR, it had come up in this center. Nowhere to turn, motoring for an unforeseen gun, not of this shy

dog, he had been wagging his tail in Den's face. Licked up and of its treat for the chief, Den had taken the wrong mutt camping.

Inciting this ghastly ghost of mankind, they had been put in an everlasting bloom, yet there would never had been any nut for this flower. Hunting for Lucifer - spelunking, of his real-time serial killing in rock fields, fourteen and a first-class-A1 and a number one, this ticket, it was for a sexually transmittable disease.

Orange stub-hairs, they had been dyed in a two-toned blotch of a part done. Bleached over his black, cheap golden earrings, an undefined career as this criminal's son, it was of the hardest row to hoe.

"So why you've been doin' me?" Devised for this shot, he had little life, yet there had been no reason for such. Everything had become of its impossible, as possibilities, they had been taken away. No self, of no alarming mechanism, Den had made no flight away from Ronald, for he had been running at him. Without screams, of no fight, the copycats, they were cornering these beasts in this VR game.

"Se tan ut ma." Den had busted of his real-time boils. Lacerations, they were bleeding into this green and bullet proof delusion. Decentralizing outward, eating Den's proud-flesh, of his hot fistulas, they were contorting up Ronald's deranged and XR metamorphosis. Den's ghoul, it had come from this gibberish.

"My mouth. Do my mouth!" No place, desperate, he had pleaded for this shot. Nursing these outbursts, he had been a babe, as an unpredictable salvo with a serial killer, Ronald had been mauling, murdering and mutilating them. Sinister walkways, Den was of this inexorable brute. Slithering into these chasms in this VR game, these communities, they were of his three-fifty-seven magnum's handle, so Den had pounded this hip-hop into an un-sheltered and naughty homicide. An unrestrained snag, Den had taken up with Ronald.

Serial killing, he had taken part in the infamy. Up against his own stabilities, stonewalled of himself, this auto-theft, Den had played this murderous game.

The Child's Plaything: Miss me?

Imitations, they had been vaulting into Den's intestines. Weighing, of his evil mind, it had gone into a madness. An unbalanced grotto of himself, verging his finger-tips, they were skimming a VR book. Deleted, it had burned all mankind's bridges. Seductive acquaintance, their urgencies, they had been running up this bill. Charged off by an inflamed king, it had gone dead. No content, no bodies, no legitimate essence of humankind, an unknown affliction, its gutless shroud, it was drooling of a VR grudge.

"How many?" Fuming too long, of a matched notion to notice, Althea's anything, she had a sapless question for Den. Stirring, her face had blushed of this pent-up and vapid bog. Thrown, her spirit overboard, it had misfired of her compulsion. Following Ronald, it had lead them into this disorder. Perpetual stability on the Noosphere, Ronald had become this wire-puller, as the Alien God, it had hatched itself into their real-time. Marc had brought into this Montana town an unseen darkness. Seeking to encounter the Devil, their serpent, it was of this bosom denied.

"What difference does it make now?" Squandering her spirit strength, the Indian space cadets, they were of these windows to the Noosphere Spelunkers. Whispering its lies to them in VR, of its terminal communities, they had been formed in Ronald's VR Spelunking Cloud. Althea, a nothing, its maze, it had been of this ill-use. Staggering in this furrow, there was this bone sickening and lionhearted emptiness of humankind.

"You bests get us out of here!" Althea had the real-time right, yet Den's moments of introspection, they were of his bad taste. Known of this unwavering rudeness, it had held humankind in this obscurity. Pie-eyed-out, it was a post mortem of themselves. Their human spirits, they were shrunken and surprised by an Alien God. Upheaval, their instabilities, Noosphere Spelunkers, they were of their loony interruptions. Transferring their energies into an Alien Cyberspace, it was from around this rendition. Leaving humankind, their car, it had been stalled aimlessly up this hill.

The plateau, of the unfinished construction site, it had been tapping into an acquired lechery. "You feel it?" Earth moving machines, they had made their groans. Not moving, the workers,

they were rambling about their construction work and chores, yet they were not there. Den and Althea, they were caught in their high-tech and ill-timed latitude of their bodies and spirits.

Put into their half-selves, machines and of those mechanics, their launch window, it had become of their quarantine. It had met them head-on. Margin masterminded, collisions of humankind, there were these chain reactions in an extraterrestrial abode. An uncanny homelessness, its unstable uselessness, it had been goggling out of this serial killer's VR Spelunking Cloud.

Screw-worming, this murderous real-time, Ronald's cross-eyed and scurrilous fiendishness, it had been of this fluctuation, and it was from an extraterrestrial's heart. Beating in VR, blistered of its reddening bruises, outside-inside, paleness, of its nondescript poles, there were bulbs on their tops, and they were in this extraterrestrial orbit. Large, bug-eyes, they were of their ionosphere testicles.

"They're outside." Juliana had made a cautious approach. Exiting the XR, she was undeterred. Ryan and Tom, they were stalking the carnage of Snake and Emilia's violent disorder. Ronald's battle between his selves, the XR, it had been fractured into this smoldering ruination. Initially, they were putting crack houses out of business. Bolted into its own doings - tendencies, an escape of this reality, it had taken Tom away from the pack. An imperfection, picked brains, they were of this numbed lamb. A constant apprehension, it was of this unyielding pester.

An insult, this badge, it had been put on his chest. Self-same and self-interest, it was of his low-born knife. An edge, Tom had dejected his black. Referring to his pig as a poke joke, getting the last laugh, Tom had popped this hole. She was a nervous wreck. Evaded, fierce and of an overwrought sever, it was of her own blindness. Tom was trying to read into her false impressions. Grotto cult, gang-banged and falling, Tom had been meeting a fate of this hate, as his finger, it had starved her. Tom had barked out at this addict.

The Child's Plaything: She's onto you.

"What's this?" Tom had asked. "It's fencing stuff." It was of a criminal's reply. "Sit!" A twenty-dollar piece and a thief, the whore, she was of fives for hands and tens. Full of sores - an

inflammation, it had labored from her toxic shock syndrome. Low-lying and into her eyes, under an extraterrestrial abode, contusions, they had made her duck into Ronald.

Her discrepancy with his duality, an existence, it was of a hoax on Tom, so one and the same and of the other, it was of this nothing. "Whatever you want." She had tried to get herself out, yet Tom was with this strange serial killing freak of nature. Stained into his brain, she was of an offbeat response. "I know that already!" Tom had no uncertainty, so she would had been close to this disaster.

The Child's Plaything: Four for four.

Tom: Who's counting?

The Child's Plaything: That's not too many.

Tom: She was a creature.

The Child's Plaything: But, it was you that had spoiled her.

"There's something else with him." Ryan had made an analysis, as these Indians, they were massacred in an unbalanced way.

Explained, the threat, it was of their bodies, for they had been put into this murderous disarray. Repudiated peace, it had been swarming into all these victims.