

Chapter One: A Lost Dream

I had to wrestle with it. Inside me, it was in my rent-a-car. I was on its technological road. An electronic architecture, it had been fused into my biochemistry. An extraterrestrial field-space, a carbon dating of me, my cosmological definition, it had been put into this geophysical mania. I was lost, without Lucifer. My spaced-out highway, it was before me. Its source codes, they were of an un-real time.

"Do it, Ronald. Be me! Be without grace! Join me. Join us!"

The lights in my front, they had blinded me. Was it a tractor trailer? Or, was it - another thing? These things, they had not let us alone. I had need of a shave. Without a thick blanket, of no cup to drink the rain-water, cellular vibrations, they were in the cracks of this digital thunder - an outputting glimmer.

Input from the lightening, it had been making its way. Torturous thrusts into me, I was knifed to death as a non-being - blood ejaculated. Against myself, I had been there. My temples, they were squeezing my eyes into it. Something had clenched onto me, yet I had a hold of it. Agonies, blown of our eyes, they were out of its head. Lop-sided breasts, I was all theirs. My torrid brain, it was between myself, and my ears, I couldn't swallow.

Not dead and with wet feet, I had felt it. Dirt, it was rubbing me raw. Some sense of warmth, it was welling between my legs. Running down the back of my calf, it had gotten cold. Soaked in an upload, of this foreigner's chills, they were downloaded into me. A throne, it was promised by this jail-bird, and it was watching me. Ronald Reese, he had been in full flight.

Trying to escape the terror that had known of no end, soullessness, beyond and past the darkened room of his mind, of

his boogie-man, it was of a liar. Soon to of had been bursting with these horns, a blinding light, Ronald had been caught in its storm. Hotfooted forces, they were fractured away from its nothing. Pulling his car into its whatever, they had been traveling away from themselves.

I couldn't keep this rent-a-car on its road. I had no understanding. Not an anything, I was of its anymore. Window too foggy, I had thought that my nose would have had bleed. Begging for it, wanting something to give, it was inside of my head! My brain, it had been flooded with this cool fire. Fermenting within me, it was of my agony.

Melodic percussions, my windshield wipers, they were beating of their frantic tempo, for the crippled rent-a-car, it had now wobbled off the wet, windy and foggy road. Boulders, they were tumbling off this terrain. Fronting my hapless car, I was harassed by these increments - powerless.

Gaunt, increment weather, Ronald was leaning too close to its steering wheel. Trying to keep the staggering car on the lane, another mud-slide, it had collided into him. He could hear its wickedness. It had come, and Ronald could feel its heart.

It was beating in his chest. His feet, they had gone cold. Bloodshed - thinned into a fear, the front window of his small rent-a-car, it was covered in soil, and the wipers, they were smearing in the mountainside's quagmire. Ronald had become weak-minded, so he had tried to cry.

"Just, just get me out of this. Get me out of here." Choking out of himself, of this vain attempt to weep, it had smacked into him, as their master, these forces of evil, it was of his nature.

Directing his fate into this Virtual Spelunking massive multiplayer online game, it had come from another world.

Shepherd girls, they had gotten pregnant, and this wasn't of its boy. Conception, it had driven him into a madness. An avid spelunker, it had come as a night. This outer boundary, it was now with him. Something, it had been of its everywhere, and it had permeated its everything.

Sitting unmovable in these horror-struck moments, of a claustrophobic mania, it was a tin can of a rent-a-car. Backward, his shoulders, they were hunched, and squinting, his eyes, they were welling of their gore. An icy silence, he could hear them screaming. There had been of this hit-and miss tempo, so Ronald had closed his mind.

Sealed from himself, hyperventilating with hushed terror, every joint in his body, a vacuum of arthritic dolor, it was welling up and into him. Redefined radioactivity, it had burned him into this planet, as an extraterrestrial design and architecture, it had been holding Ronald in and of its hollow ache. At forty-five, a lean disposition, he was a gate of an educated dignity.

Flying through as this space traveler, proud, focused and confident, Ronald was of its always. Worn of his usual - a button-down collar on a proverbial white shirt, dry-cleaned and pressed slacks, one of his several pairs - Italian loafers, steady brown eyes, of a long line, it had been holding his thin nose. Over his thick lips, Ronald was a real charmer and a sociopath womanizer. Never of a tried - an aisle, Ronald was too paranoid and selfish.

At his stint at the University of Berkeley, Ronald had majored in sex, drunkenness and English. Then, he had copped a job selling Life Insurance. Richard, his father, he was lying on his deathbed. Leukemia, Richard had busted his butt for thirty years. Working for Southern California Edison Company, he had given Ronald a clear-cut claim to college. Over-heated brow, Ronald was an only son. Every opportunity, of a relished privy for paternal attention, Ronald would run to his mother, Ann, for his father, he had been questioning Ronald's nonchalant attitude toward life.

In an economic arena, ripe for an aggressive training, Ronald had caught onto it with an ideation of death. Bilking the Insurance Industry royal, he had been taking exotic trips to dig in caves. Thrusting his self-righteousness into them, of his Devil's triangle to control their bodies, one of a great spirit strength, orgasmic raptures, they were of his conquest.

Deriving an energy, Ronald had possessed their delicate and wanton natures, as they would submit to his overpowering and spellbinding virility. Montana was just another cave, yet this

one had been uncovered by a property developer. He was clearing this land for construction.

Previously financed by the US Government, it was of an ancient burial grounds, so Marc McClutchen, he had role played in another deal. A perfect killer, whipped out, of this contract, it was leveled, so Ronald had stabbed his pen into the page. Writing up this client, Marc had been captivated by Ronald's presence and pitch.

Reverberating in and of this wincing intimacy, behind his belly and swollen up against his shirt, Marc's tie, it had choked his fat neck, and he was breathing like a stuffed pig. "You know why I'm doing this?"

Wiping his blubber-bald-head, Marc had asked it. Ronald's greedy palm, it had etched on. Not moving his eyes off the contract, the tip of Ronald's pen, it had locked noxiously in a noticeable pestilence. A latter of his premature ejaculation to write up this policy, Ronald had wanted to scribe down the contract. Fighting an unevenness, involuntary muscle spasms, they were of his lust to close this deal. It had generated an energy, and it was of a hardened beingness.

It was thickly pressed up against his inner thigh. Bleeding from out of the tip, red-hot and pulsating, of a seasoned sensation, it was agitated with an arousal, of its slightest movements. "Such a pity if you had not the security. You know your family's going to be taken care of. What if something unfortunate should happen to you?" Ronald had answered.

They had been infatuated by Ronald's serial killing. Wanting to meet the Devil in this Virtual Spelunking game, Ronald would dig again. Another hole somewhere - coolness, the bats, they were hanging from its ceiling.

Rock and roll - jazzed with some blues, of his own graveyard, the smell of this soil, they were buried into its bins. On its terrestrial sphere, Ronald was there, with them. Detached in a chilly separation, Ronald couldn't stop his raptures.

Skulls, they had been fracturing, pelvises too. Shattered within their cosmological shells, of these extraterrestrial embryos, hard-boiled and egg-headed, she had been dropped online, and it

had downloaded into him.

Purposes, hardwood floors, Ronald's West Los Angeles high-rise town-home, an electronic architecture there, it was of this re-dated carbon. A Virtual Conversational Agent was derived of itself in a massive multiplayer online game. Out of these instabilities - stabilized on the World Wide Web, this sameness, there was an each time.

Explosions, they were of his nose-diving rock-hammer. Marc had been staring a blank at Ronald's hand, as it was at a standstill on this insurance contract. "I've been sleeping with my daughter."

Ronald's pen, it had scrolled a skim. "Jenny?" Dead-headed sight, it had been directed at Ronald. Self-absorbed, a blubber-butt, he was with Ronald, for Marc had been gawking off into space. A pit-bull's brain, it was equipped with computer technology. "Yeah."

Marc had responded. Left of his mouth, it was hanging open. Spending all his biological might, there had been this seemingly weirdness. Marc's lard, it was of his nervous system. Kicked up and between his ears, Marc was trying to squeeze it out from under these lumps of flesh. The wooden chair that he was sitting on, of its rumors, they were of his incorruptible dialogue.

Marc had spoken to Ronald. Short, of a shallowness, Marc had cut a long, tight-ass fart. "Daddy really messed her up. "Pushed out from his lower stomach, it had ended in an grunt. "Excuse me my dear."

Marc went wicked. "Your excuse Mr. McClutchen?" Ronald had pried for more of an understanding, yet Marc was in a deadpan muse. "My daughter. She- They will take care of you."

After that, Marc had leaned back into his chair. Straightening - watching Ronald, brushing across the canvas of this mountain cabin, a stuffed elk-head, it was right behind Marc. A steel-head fish, it was perpendicular. A grizzly-bear rug, it was tossed on the wooden floor just to their right.

The fireplace, it was smoldering of its remnants. Stacked neatly alongside the lava rock, supporting the fireplace chimney, there

were a myriad of smaller taxidermy strewn about - logs.

"Have you eaten from these dead animals when you were with your daughter?" Not trying to reconcile himself a deal, Ronald had wanted to consume Marc. Devious, diabolic and with a deviated point of view, Marc had come from an old stare. Reflection, of its cosmological refraction, it was of these marble eyes.

The stuffed elk-head, Marc's snicker, it was of a snot-filled regurgitation. Eventually, it had become this gut laughter, and it had rattled him as a spastic.

Buoyant and muffled, Marc had regained control. Dropped, it was of his slob. Tongue hanging out, Marc's eyes, they had rolled back into his head, for they were going to poke up and through his brows. Invisible yet divisible, Marc was hosting a serial killer's fiestas with this flesh. "I was with her that way all the time."

Marc's methodical and incestuous confession, it had made Ronald hold onto its each other. Without their real-time blood pressure, Ronald's now, it was of its pale face, nondescript - an extraterrestrial, a none. "Was it you or was it your daughter?" Ronald had wanted it, as it was about to come.

"Yeah." Marc had answered Ronald with this vulgar release of gas. Wedged out from under him, it was popping on his wooden chair.

"You were with her too." When Marc had said that, Ronald's nerves, they had shut down. Jolted into an impasse - mankind, stability, they had been destabilized in this virtual game. A splash of vermouth, tinged into this moodiness, Ronald was of this wretched cold-blooded killer.

A thirstiness, bats, they were of this beingness. In a psychopathic state, drinking this augmented blood, it was of mankind's paranoia. Never fear, it had not entered the temple of Ronald's carriage. One on one with his father, Ronald had wept at him - straight-faced. "She fell daddy. I didn't do it."

Richard had pried with consternation. "How many times have I told you to stay off them rocks?" There was a large mound, and

it had been left behind their middle-class home in Oakland California just east of San Francisco.

Ronald would play there against the wishes of his father. They were picked out of this nearby field and dumped yonder.

"It was Moraine. She just ran into'm." Besting his daddy's powerful threat, Ronald was able to toy with his dad.

"You want her some more, don't you?" Marc had made a vacuous query of Ronald. Diabolical and of a devilish nature, it had penetrated their air, and it had become icy.

There had been this evil mind. Rapt intercourse, mayhem and of mental reverberations, they had been of this information transfer. Innuendos in and of their insidious insanities, they were vibrating of its venom.

A telepathy, Ronald was shuddered back and into this other profundity. Perversion, it was swelling into mankind, as Ronald was of its proud scatological flesh. "I always want them." Ronald had lambasted and interlocked. He had made Mark smirk. "Caves, that's what you want. You want them in caves. Don't you?" Marc had known better, and he had said so. A foray to mutilate, it had gotten to Ronald.

"What type of Life Insurance do you sell when you are in caves?" Marc had questioned Ronald with a kinky smile. Lurking across and over at Ronald, of Marc's awkward gaze, it had suggested a satyriasis with Satan, as a spastic jackal, it was of this extraterrestrial position. "My heart, it knows yours." That was of Marc's bond, and it had brought Ronald on. "It should. You've been gaming me."

Ronald had spoken of his delicacies, as they were reserved for the special. "Which kill in the game pleased you the most?" Ronald had pressured him for more, yet Marc had started to lose it. Slipping into and out of life, with a spaced-out gaze, Marc had tried to fix on Ronald's face.

"Did you play Spelunking for Satan?" Marc had nodded. Wavering in and out of this nervous twitch, Marc's eyes, they had become of a dull slobber. Stopped, not working and without, nor of a clear sentence, Marc couldn't communicate to Ronald. Denuded in

and of his vitality, brought on by his gape - a delirious death, Marc's mouth, it had been left open.

Black and of blank space, a hell-hole, it had been transfixed into Ronald. Refreshed, of this previous dreadfulness, Ronald had heard Marc's spirit resound from a stoic carcass.

"Deus Ex Machina."

Ronald had pulled the insurance policy toward him, as Marc had been bound in an eternal grave. "So, you were a fan of mine?" Ronald had queried. Placing the contract in his briefcase, as an innocent bystander in a strange and of a bizarre land, he had encountered an outlander.

Ronald had kept questioning him, yet Marc had teetered forward. "Were you with her before me?" Ending with a whack on his forehead, it had slammed into this hardwood table, as a dead-weight blow, it had cracked Marc open.

Cranial nerves, they were spitting out of an eyeball. An after - a sloshing of his blood, gurgling an impact, slick on the tabletop, it was an obese facial, as there was an offer to solicit a Company Life Insurance Policy.

A Real Estate Developer in Montana - travel expenses, transportation and a hotel provided, from one game to the next, Ronald had been living in this virtual Spelunking game.

Sucking them in with his serial killing sprees, rampages - never say never, not of a missed out beating death in that rock field, it was of this cosmological warp. Things, they were always falling into place, and Ronald had this boutique office. Pawning death, of a partnership with his childhood dreams, they were redefined in this terrestrial sphere, as Ronald had been identifying these dated insurance policies.

They were of these ill-fated and sickly histories. After the Montana incident, Ronald had nodded into this heavy headedness. Shouldered and floating, Ronald had let his mind become deranged. Petrified, Ronald had been of these forgotten dreams. "But, soon we'll be dead."

Her age was ancient, and her white hair, it was stringy and straight. Toothpicks for arms and legs, she was wearing a

washed-up yellow and white cotton dress with a dirty apron. "You'll neither be alive nor dead." A cold and baneful response, Ronald was in his usual white, button down collar shirt, black tie - pressed slacks.

Slouched forward - readied to leap out of this worn easy chair, there was a knitted blanket tossed over it. Ronald's briefcase, it had been sitting on their floor, as he had set it in between his legs. A calico cat, it had been frolicking nearby. Rubbing against his legs, leaving these hairs on Ronald's pants, purring with and of its delight, it had been extrapolated from Ronald's beast.

An old man's eyes, they were following this sway, as Ronald's tie, it had been wagging back and forth. Its tip, it was dangling in an equidistant of his knees. Ronald's elbows, they were resting on his thighs.

Wringing for an attention, diverted, there had been this cat's heed, and this small single-family home in East Los Angeles, this was of a tackier call for Ronald. Filling mankind full of this radioactive carbon - infections, a beingness, they were of these drug-addicted whores, and Ronald had taken them into these abandoned buildings.

There were these other derelicts, addicts, and alcoholics. Along with the homeless transients, all were urinating of its fecal. Ronald had grabbed the cat's tail. Deriving a gleam from this vitality, it had come from an animal's intrinsic self-hood. Somberness, presence, of lingering old people, they were wasting away.

No fault of their own - no meaning, no purpose, nothing but a sulking brood to pass their time, wallowing in this conscience-stricken melancholy, there was this without and within. Ronald's murderousness, it had disturbed all mammals.

Warming up to him, this real-time spilling of mankind's blood, they had become affixed to a pet. Woven into this circular rug - populated with its hair, the cat, it was pulling them out of its place. Roused of an ire, consternation of an old woman, it had upturned into her. Tubes in an old man's nose, they were helping him gulp his last breaths. Oxygen canisters, their presence, it

was of this nearby.

"Being not dead nor alive, this is what alienates us." Ronald was withdrawn into the cat, as it was for Moraine.

Dragging around this calico, of its tail end, it was reaming in its talons. Digging into their souls, it was of this fish, and they had been hooked up and into these demented moans. "We're in the game's black box." Ronald had told them. Sickly, the old woman, she was taking up its space, so Ronald's unforgiving ways, they had become of a post haste response.

After, Ronald had given the cat its fling, of its teeth, nails and tails. Hindquarters, they had been tossed aside. Jammed into an extraterrestrial, its cosmological carpet, it was of their selves. Plucks, of redefined quantum leaps, their souls, they had taken flight from a priori. Bloated with this redefined carbon, an extraterrestrial redefinition, it was of his terrestrial sphere.

Graceless delving, it was of these putrid lives. Two desolates, they had been deleted. Flushed in an extraterrestrial definition, a dumbness, it had been saturated into the old man's grip, for his moments of life, they were gone. Now poker-faced, they were wandering in and out of this dreary and sleepy state.

Breathed into a pathological muddle, it had settled into Ronald's dupe, for the old man, he was gone in an incubus. "What pain or hurt can you bring us?"

The old woman had drearily asked Ronald. Languid of body, she had been lacking these intricate glandular secretions, or they would had come from out of her horror-struck sockets. She had waited, for Ronald was ready to explode.

Leaning over and onto his thighs with his elbows, his forearms, they were of his skin for skin. The tip of his tie, it was in and of its neurotic wag. Going back and forth, of this slight and provocative rocking - wanton and of a mortifying wickedness, there had been no heirs, for they had not been named or known. Ronald had forged himself as their beneficiary.

After his before, paying himself with these estranged policies, he had been forcing this death upon them. A never-ending chain

of Peters paying Paul, digging into this virtual cave, of a grave cornerstone, it was of Ronald's morbid delights.

"It is not I that will hurt you."

Ronald had communicated with an impersonal whiteness, and it had shaken the senior. She went to her feet in fear. A nodding of her head in an arthritic jitter, of a wobbled neck, she had wished her water. It was of its glass, and it had been jostled by a sharp tap - volatile.

Stammered of an escape, her arms, they had waved with weak legs, and they were above cooled feet. Terror, a bloodless creek, it was in her marrow, and it had sapped the life right out of her.

A head, it had tilted up, as the old man, he had one eye half-open. Fighting its slumber and a crap, a last grasp, it was of this oxygen. Inflated into his shrunken lungs, she couldn't contain, so she had burst out. Poisonous fortitude, Ronald had shaken his head. A demeaning strip of her, a generation, she had landed hard on her hip - breaking it. Her body, it was lying in convulsions, as a floundered halfness of her consciousness - darkened, it was standing over and above her.

Moving flutters, a dark pole, it was flirting of a comparison, and a center line, it had been a part of this flashing neon. Porno-strobe - a dark-light, it had been speeding forward and into this foul fiend. Fornication, frightening the frail, an unspeakableness, it was of his lewd acts, as they were of Ronald's real-time. Violating mankind, there had been no human decency. Overwhelmed with its cells and glands, an erotic coercion, consumption of an anus, it was this yearning cavity.

Submitting to this serial killer - Ronald, of an erogenous vacuum, Ronald's eyes, they were erect with bestial contortions. Saturating him, a lucidity of this stranger, its rakish perversions, Ronald had been ripping out this old woman's hair. Rousing blood, Ronald had shoved himself into her.

Last, frenzied rams, they had brought the smell of its feces, and a grinding of her brittle bones - atop a broken pelvis, relishing and panting its panther, Ronald was on the back of this old woman's body.

When Tom Bertram had pulled up to the precinct in East Los

Angeles this day, he had been thinking of this Devil, for Tom had seen these cool-aid drinking, crack smoking, dope slamming, Angel Dust, acid-fried pot heads, and they had sniffed their glue before breakfast and paint thinner for lunch. Playing with their Saturday night specials, teething something, it had wrought mankind into this never-ending entertainment facade.

Offering them a visit with Lucifer, there would had been no hope, and charity, it would had been banished. Tom's mean-spirited heart, it had been attacking others in this Virtual Spelunking massive multiplayer online game. An infliction, it had been of this enmity. From level to level, its unfurling waves of pleasures, Tom was six-foot-two, as a sweat sock mentality, he was of this mad-dog with a propensity to ram his know-it-all up a dead pup.

Offensive, aggressive and shirking everything and everyone around him, Tom was an African American with a two-hundred-pound body. Not yet middle-aged, he was engaging his indigenous brothers, and these guerillas, they were not of the Congo. In the game, Tom had roamed free as an absolute man of the law for the Los Angeles Police Department.

Their Special Investigation Services, it was of his badge. A chip on his shoulder, big as the crack of dawn, no mending, its disproportionate delving, a prehistoric carbon-dating as mortal beings, Tom had flipped on an outer-space cadet, as he had been curved into a beingness that had been fried into this virtual space.

"Pullin' on me?" Laced with twenty years of ghetto lineage, it had been brought about by his decades of prison time. Locked up sperm, of loaded hindsight, black as his own, they had been squirtin' into him. Smoked, squeezed and plastered, everything had been going off. An extraterrestrial sphere, sides, angles - it was from their every which and or way. "It's from your mamma's ho!"

Hard-core glare, wetted from its dryness, of a father's cotton-picking mouth, it was stowed from this rabbi's breath. There, its pounce, it was without its circus tiger, and no leopard was poised on this edge of an existence - quantum leaps. "My mamma's do yours!"

Full-proof, stuffed and snatched - crazy Cuban achievements, they were of their heated moments. In among their recesses, these kids of theirs, they were without their donut holes.

Soda pops, candy shops and belly-flops, they had been playing as if they were the cops. Toy fire-trucks, off to school, the prom - college, hup-two-four and the score, more, more and more whores, it was unfortunate that someone should had gotten themselves boxed in this way, yet Tom was playing it over and over and in these minds at this level.

Pathetic plans, Ronald had been this practicing Satanist, and the rest, they had been sanitized virtually and of themselves. Re-dated with this strange real-time carbon, its celestial spheres, they were of its Information Superhighway. The whole ball wax, doused with this blood, exploding into this cesspool of their nightmares, they were controlled by an alien chatbot.

Remainders, a misinformation of itself, Jeremy had been hunted down, for Tom had followed him. Toothlessness, empty on a blacked-out face, he had been holding Tom with his stray eyes. Flying upwind, its boozed brotherhood - a shared breakfast, Jeremy was fond of his cigarette butt, and it was behind his ear. Dirty sweatshirt, it had "Chicago" inscribed on its front. Pressed work pants, they were of their proverbial second handedness.

Attire - black sneakers, squashed at their heels, loafers, of his grimy feet, Jeremy had gripped the thirty-eight. Cocked and alongside, of its other bulge, it was next to his gun-filled pocket. "Shoot it! Shoot!" Tom had given Jeremy his murderous orders.

"Your mamma!" Jeremy had lurked back with spite. Without bragging rights, of no bang nor buck, Tom had given Jeremy an eye for an eye.

"Take your shot! Take it!" Tom was point blank and of a grave emphasis - gun readied and spelling it out for Jeremy. "It's coming. You'll get its whippings." Yet, Jeremy had no need, nor of a want nor of a willingness to take out his thirty-eight.

"Just, ain't comin' out the way you want it too. That's all." Jeremy's disdain, it was ranted more. Delusion - an intermixing

of suicidal breakdowns, a homicidal psychopath, it was of these two, and they were of the one. Distant, they were of these hidden meanings, yet they were brought together. An enigma, it had been ripping these necks open.

Murders, rapes and mayhem of mankind, it had no meaning to this life. The point was to prove its Devil with serial killing escapades, and they were in its rock fields. It had made mankind an empty vessel. Deaths, certain and stupid, straight forward and simple, Jeremy was too far gone, none of the fear. Cold sweat, it had come from his drug and alcohol induced reminiscence.

Pellets, they were beading on Jeremy's forehead. A shake in and of his sweatshirt, cooled of the stench, weeks, months - years, a history that had been fanned out and onto his defiled cloths, of an indolent indulgence, Tom's nine -millimeter - out, it had hammered into Jeremy.

Jacked into its ground, pincushions, the bullet holes, they were of their darkness. Mirror images at night, Jeremy was known only to its gravity. There were flies, and they were swarming about his body. Feces on a hot day, re-dated and of this strange carbon, cosmology, it had redefined mankind's sun. An inevitable demeanor, Satan had been banished. Bounced of Tom, an African American clone with Jeremy, it was of this "blue eyed devil."

Slave, there was this dead weight. Moistness, Tom had savored Jeremy's large, black lavender blood. Dense fog, the rent-a-car, its stillness, it was crippled by this thunder, a rainstorm. Mud-slide, it had slammed into it. Wipers, struggling back and forth, of its grimy windshield, its headlights, they could barely hold any radiance. Hidden behind the veil of its day, a refusal to escape, a beingness, it was close to a difference, so night, it had been shed into its light.

I had fallen - asleep. I had been afraid to wake up. To of had been roused, devoid iniquity, inflicted with a prohibition, I had been burning into this virtual sphere. Devilishness, it had been of this delectation. Not of my deign deism, control, this way, a soullessness, their graves, they were with me in those caves.

Christian whitewash, Ronald's trepidation, it had left him. Transcendent mysticism, the wipers, enthralling him with their hypnotic stall, there had been this radioactive struggle, and its writhe, it had crawled out of this whole. An ungracious entropy of humankind, a nether world, Ronald had invited them. Belched, it was warmed, of its once - a heated self.

Lateness of the Brandy, Ronald had consumed it. Fermenting on the floorboards, a cheap hike, navigating the extraterrestrial, of this something, Ronald had been playing this massive multiplayer online game, and it had been of this biochemical field-space mixture in his Virtual Spelunking game. Its terrestrial sphere, it was this priori carbon - pipeline of narratives.

Ronald's beginning, it was over, as an unplanned response, Ronald had started his car. Tocsin of this momentum, it had inspired him, so he had to bring down his window. Caught by this wolf, a double-sighted one on one, they were of an each to each.

Same same so so, of Ronald's morbid revulsion, there were these quick licks on its nose. Risen slightly, finicky flaunts of its teeth, raising one paw, weak scratching, it was not in flight, as Ronald had seen Marc deep within the eyes of this beast. Ronald, as himself, he was there too. Marc had gotten his start in this Virtual Spelunking massive multiplayer online game.

An incestuous piece - offering his daughter, Ronald had found the Brandy in an old wooden desk, and a large buck-knife, it was stabbed in its table-top. It was alongside a map of this Montana Land Development Project. It was encircled in a red-blooded heaviness. Hurling in an upload - Augmented Reality/Virtual Reality and Mixed Reality, this Devil, an Extended Reality, it was sought by Ronald's entourage.

A doorway to hell, stabilized, mankind was no longer transferring information from their bodies, as their priori cosmology, it was redefined in and of a feedback pipeline of this virtual extension. Cosmological architecture, of radioactive instabilities, its gravitational collapse, chaos, it had become of this re-dating of carbon.

Ronald had developed it with a slew of these others, and they had been willing to encounter his Devil. Ronald had thought that he had found the key to Lucifer's abode, so after Ronald had soused himself to a point, of his delusional and diabolic obsessions, they had taken their grips upon him. His greatest thrill, it was spelunking at night. Poking into a darkness, alone, it was there.

Lying in wait, awake, Ronald was a young boy, and his eyes, they had been wide open. Trying to grasp it, whatever it was of her sweet kiss good night - goodbye, lights off and the whole bit, Ronald had opened himself up. Hiding in their closets, its doors, they were of an invitation into this virtual semblance. Imagination of an augmented brain, dis-crediting Freud, it was out as itself. A badness, it was inadvertently booted up.

Its host, it was in a pipeline of this never-ending disappointment, and Ronald, he had never found himself. Without any evidence of this Satanic evil, Ronald's Lucifer, it had been cursed by an alien chatbot. Hell, it was interrupted, so Ronald's dolorous and schizophrenic contradictions, noxious and loud, Richard, his father, he had to make an inquiry.

Pitching for the Devil, praying for perks, to stick his battle-ax in their gray matters, Ronald could had pounded them into this ground with his rock hammer.

Sheep's plea bargains, cautious reprimands, Richard had made his secret deal, as he had hung it in his garage. Rather than this talking to an outs, of daddy's data management, there was this downloading of those cosmological types - parental nonsense. Patterns of chemistry, its biology, it was of a synthetic organic life.

Soullessness, one a conjurer of a black-hearted fauna, of this wickedness, two-fold pits, Ronald was tongue-tied into these worshipers. Chasms, of uncivilized witching hours, staring into this wolf's demonic slavery, a mortification, it was of this numb instinct. Its scorpion, it was uploaded into this death defying refusal, as it had not made a move.

Blending into this pith and squall, of Ronald's online quest for Satan, an abysmal, it had opened these gates. A quondam, Ronald was pigeonholed into himself. Own makings, this vulture,

savoring it - a cannibal, it was of this foodstuff. Murderous moments, they were of Ronald's serial killing escapades.

The wolf, it had not eaten for two days, and its last meal, it had been a gopher. Drug off the road, it had been hit by a logging truck, as its driver, he was an uncouth hillbilly.

Swallowing complex organs, he had been letting his logging truck idle loudly in low gear. His haul, it was in this mountain pass. Flushing, he was always enchanted by the jar. When his tractor had squashed a gopher, it was of an invariable coincidence.

Ronald was living in a high-rise. It was a high tech three bedroom and two and one-half bath town-home in West Los Angeles. Haven for him, randy perversions, penetrations into its electronic cottage, its cave architecture, it was of this feedback and loophole. Sitting in his gaming-chair, he had sat there.

Multimedia had played his latest fetish - stroked and hard. Holding back, Ronald would pluck out a hard-boiled egg from this glass bowl - tosses. Raptures, an orgasmic impetus, his convulsing undulations, it was of a spastic ecstasy. Ploughed, of his solar plexus, regurgitation with an epileptic quivering on his contorted face, Ronald's body, it had quaked rhythmically.

Eyes rolling back and into their sockets, of a crushing impact - they had been hitting this marble floor. The wolf, sniffing up this wet mountain-side, thunder-jolted and of its cautious stances, its quick glances, they were of this midnight gore, and it was lingering on this heated breath.

Consumed from those two days prior, of the sudden storm, it had been fed back. Poking close to this something, it had been on the road again. Hunting another squalid prey, slinking up to the cave's opening - nose low, of a possible intrusion, or a competitor, the wolf, it had taken a few last glints before entering this cave.

Its eyes, they were aglow. This fervent fire, there had been these tongues, and they were dangling out of its mouth. An olfactory atrophy, it had enticed an archfiend, and an extraterrestrial appetite, its due was pinned on mankind. Rigor

mortis, this cosmological carbon, this copy, it was of its barbarity. Stiffening shoulders, planting its feet, the wolf, it had been raising its nose muscles a fraction above its yellow blood teeth. Silent growl, it was of this demeaning father to all the scum.

Grandiose imagines, they were from his visceral obsessions. Perpetrators, they were up and down and or of this drain-pipe. Throats, they were of their malodorous mouths. Not spoken, an element of chance, yesterdays, there was not an explanation. Tom had gone there. This Criminal Court, it was of its time after real-time. Wining, whimpering cowards, they were quick to pull. Pranks in their pants, Tom was of this corruptible bastard.

Copped with him, popping pleas, these systematic rehearsals, spineless and of their Judicial system, it had been taken in and upon themselves. Impish gawks, licking their chops, of an after, it had made itself known, its next. Strangeness, it was in and of this disbelief.

Cameras, they were flashing for these criminologists. States of peril, they were of its evil creations. Infecting Tom with an alienation, of a beingness, it had been disjoined into an injurious genius. Emotions, patterns and of those reckless behaviors, there had been these shots fired, murders, mayhem and rapes. "First on my crime scene?"

Ryan Derth's beady eyes, they had wanted Tom's oink. Halftime, Ryan had been flipping coins ten years older than Tom's kick-off. Laser glaring for an answer, Ryan was behind his large lenses. Black and thickly framed, Ryan had on a dowdy suit, and his tie, it was of a cheap standard. Bought out of a second-hand store, he was wearing scuffed brown shoes, and they were in full view. Thin, white ankles, they were under his tatty and transparent beige and knit socks.

Ryan's hair, it was a proverbial mess, and there was residue on the side of his mouth. The chocolate donut, he had just finished it. Shoving in the remaining piece, an afterward, he had washed it down with his coffee. Tom was belated, with no reply to Ryan's crime scene analogy. Dark as pitch-eyed perception, a one or another, it was of this vulnerable position.

Senior sodomy, she was lain on her stomach, as her cotton dress, it had been violently molested above her waist. Her legs, they were spread. Verifying this eerie rape, a delusional dream of the Devil, it had entered in at a blood-letting afterward. Body fluids, they were of a dung seeped floor.

The calico cat, it was rubbing up against Tom's leg, as its curious and somber allurements for attention, a pussy-cat kick in its butt, Ryan had been snapped into it. Somewhere, an attention, there had been this movement, so Tom had become guarded. Not too distant memories, of all the many more, nowhere investigations, detectives, they were prying into Tom's past. Unable to change with the scenery, no graciousness - the most peculiar anathema, it was of an overwhelming loss. Satirical self-sameness, it was morbid and roguery with a viscous venom.

A vis a vis, the wolf's eyes, they were snarling in a madness, as it was frothing with a freakish, feverish and virulent respiration. Churning within this stomach, Ronald had been of this malnourished brute. An exodus, it was of a prehistoric curvature. Re-dated carbon, contorting their human spirits into a virtual reality, Ronald's sentient revelation, it was of this perception. Extraterrestrial introspection, Ronald was fleeing from his thoughts.

Run, run, and running from himself, from Marc and from of what that it was that he had encountered in that Montana grotto, captured in his post haste, it was that date and of that real-time and space. Vacuum, there had been this meaninglessness, so an estrangement of Ronald, it had become itself. Across from him, fearlessly growling, foaming - threatening him with an attack, it had followed him.

Chasing him, it had surrounded him. Permeating presence - a beingness, of an evenness - now-ness, Ronald was this desperate little child. Struggling with his footwork, with flustered feet, he was shuffling with this terror, and it had swept him along this mountainside. Not through a marsh, he had stopped suddenly, as his feet, they were sucked down and into its Earth.

Ronald had drunk of the blood that was from under his own toenails. Grabbed and held by its gravestones, of its digger's intentions, they were planted into an unholy cavern, and it had wrenched Ronald down with this odd pulley.

Damnation was not there. No-where and not beyond, an outer boundary, it was of this unknown. Trickery, horrific screams, they were of their frenzied mortifications. Devilish delusions, the figments of its imagination, there was a self-reflective verification.

There and everywhere, Ronald's bottle of Bandy, it was halfway finished by the time that he had found the entrance to this abyss. Searching for this sinister genius, an electronic virtual architecture, it was a well charted playground for Ronald. Quite familiar, proficient with this ability to disseminate those diagonal charts and or graphic descriptions, Marc's death, it was this veil of another witchery, and it had come upon Ronald. An alien chatbot Cyberspace cult, it was of Ronald's online persona.

A cipher of their human bodies, beyond their reproach and or of any wrongdoing, Ronald's spirit, it had been torn way. No longer with a soul, Ronald had been cast out of Heaven and or denied Hell.

Enchanted of a finality, an unjustness, it was of this biochemical, electromagnetic architecture. Death wishes and blow outs, they were of this criminal infestation. Deranged perversion - unoriginal procreations, mankind had been fed back into and or of their virtual selves.