

## Chapter Seven: A Thinning Veil

"This ain't supposed to be." Jay Jay had been an icebound African American pawn. Uncouth and against its rose, Jay Jay was in this purple mini. Sadistic sadism, its evidence, Den's war bonnet, it had been of a deadened macrocosm. Culminating on the Noosphere with this maggot Jay Jay, it had started to differ with Den.

"I'm supposed to be. You're not supposed to be." Making his speech, Den had fixed his tie. Althea had neatly over starched and pressed it for him. Fondling his hand-gun in this gutter row, an electronic architecture in VR, it had been transferring information into the Noosphere Spelunkers.

Brought into being by Ronald's Spelunking in VR and in this massive multiplayer online game, this flouting of humankind, it had no shelving point. Rehashing a pith of energy, it had come from this vacuum. Jay Jay's protoplasm, it was of this maladroit and dumbfounded VR mind. Large and gold earrings, they had detonated into him with an indulgent class. Meaningless, an infer of themselves, it had been dropped off and into an Alien hind-quarters.

Cosmological, distorted and of a schematic defilement, it had been of these double-parked clinchers, so an Alien watchtower, it had abstracted VR, for it was of this counterattack. The bad graces of a serial killer, it had met Jay Jay's culprit with Den's merriment. Pontificating of his foolery with Den, Jay Jay had been gaming in Ronald's virtual cave, as Jay Jay was of a ravaged lifestyle. "Where we at now Jay Jay?" Den had hollered with a candor.

Insulting Jay Jay, a homesickness, it had halted them. Defaulting into an Alien, Jay Jay had spread himself, so Jay Jay's infested legs, they were in front of Den. Illogical

platforms, cooled from his high heels, his halter-top, it was skulk off his chest. Worm-eating reversals, these rings, they had pierced his breast. His naval flesh, it was of an outing for Den, for Jay Jay's sneak preview, it had introduced Den to this dark and pitched blood.

Jay Jay's profusion, it was of a wrath, and this was full of a stabilized biochemistry. Den had made a pig's eye at Jay Jay. Acrimonious, a lump, it was from this bottomless profanity. Hard and stabbing up toward an Alien Cyberspace, frenetically in a whacky retardation, Jay Jay's only mechanism, it had been used as an exhausted defense. Inoculated into a tithe, it had been away and with a common backer. "It was you who had wanted to do me." Sputtering out of his strained face, Jay Jay had pushed it up and toward where there had been no sky. With an Alien erection, it had been shown. "Do me! Just do me!"

Church attendees, Jay Jay's video, it was made of an ache, and Den had worn no sackcloth. Privy to pink panties and ebony lace with matching heels - netted stockings, boots, of Den's vainness, Jay Jay had come to Den full of his fluid, yet Den had been in his Sunday best. The atrophy, an Alien forlorn, stagnated into this thermodynamical blood, there had been no fireproof boundary, so Jay Jay, he had been gaming with Den.

A fretful cuddle, it had bobbed higher. Cut-less, a javelin act on the Noosphere, it was jam-packed with Ronald. All fickle, it had been going down in VR, as there was this extraterrestrial information transfer. An underwear, of uncooked tragedies for the Alien God, craggy and crooked answers, they had been shrugged off by its close encounters. Strange to them and of a slattern fetish with the reptile, it had bumped her into its Universe, as Ronald's star, it had been tossed to her with a point and or click. It had been of an each to each.

In an antisocial VR gaming network, she had mitigated with a Noosphere Spelunker. Warped in an electronic architecture, of other genitalia, they had been damned by Ronald. A blunt outrage, it was of its conflict between these two, so it had brought Ronald into of what that was of this three.

Its steady-state theory, it was of itself. Filling their guts with this radioactive decay, tiresome neurotransmitters, they were degenerating into these irrevocable flames. Running deep

into this bleary-eyed state, their fluid movement, the dirty maid, she had swallowed this Alien blunder, so Ronald's caustic defamation, it had been hitting her with all its cylinders. Her goblin, the blur of Jay Jay, it had been sapped out of Ronald's boyhood.

Jay Jay had been the felon. Caught by Den's infection, fuel of an Alien God, it had been blemished into them. A witch's goat, it had run wild. Its ill-bred vehemence, it had been churning itself out and in VR, and Ronald's dwarfish rat, it was of this pitiless cringe. It hadn't felled Jay Jay. Combat fatigue, of a drained ejaculation, Den was in love with Jay Jay's erotic patience. Savoring himself for the moment, Den could take another shot at Jay Jay, yet the first one, it was right between his eyes.

Mutation of a transvestite, it was jacking off in front of Den, as they were both behind a Baptist church in South Central. Den had been saving this 357. Blasting off in the Alien portal, Jay Jay's nightmares, they were of Den's dream world, as Jay Jay had held his joystick. Raptures, he had taunted Den. He was in VR with Ronald. Brunt of an Alien aggression, of this collision with this biochemistry and physics, it had opened these particle physics.

Sweetened of a suck off its mama's tit, Den couldn't had come to grips with this Devil, so Jay Jay, he was lain out as this scorned anus. "Do me now so what it's gonna be later?" Jay Jay had made his gripe. Conveyed by the flaw of humankind, carousing with him, there were moonbeams on an extraterrestrial forehead. Mated on Jay Jay, reducing him into this low and dingy uphill climb, he had been in VR masturbating in an Alien portal.

Ronald's blundering search, it had come back and in a stability. A worsening human existence, a cognitive awareness of self, it had been with this maul between good and evil. Knocking on their heads with an Alien, it had expired into and out of their time.

Dressed up for a botched abortion, Den's unmindful provocation, it had brought in these hermit molecules from an Alien cosmos, and they had been scattered about this Superhighway. Blazing out of Ronald's sinking funds, an extraterrestrial invasion, it was pulling the chain on everybody, so an intense revulsion, it was of these Alien spasms.

Mortal moth-eaten and screwy kerosene battles, they were skillet cooking in VR, as an Alien wilderness, it had been formulating as an application. Siphoned away and up into a decay, these sprees, they were conveyed by Ronald. Their spirit poser, this was at the throne of its Universe, and it had been erupting into them.

Befouled, of his sewer, the downhearted, they had gone astray in Ronald's Virtual Reality by Spelunking its massive multiplayer online game, for this roving downpour, it had been under the clouds of an Alien God. Groping to everything and everybody, of their darkness, it had given Den his burning finger. Jay Jay's body, it was undergone and of this combustion, as an inky pool with its classical hardware, Den had held the empty gas-can. The fire, it had embarked into an Alien infinity.

Spoon-feeding the rest of them, of Ronald's tastiness, the Alien God's uncooked meat, it had been junk-piled into these disgusting reruns of themselves. Scorching lethargic strangeness, it had become this kinetic straggler. Outstripped of a perpetual motion with this cosmos, castrated of its time, their weight, it had been changed. Seething upon them with its split personalities, Ronald had become absent of himself.

Emilia's life, it had been a simple arrangement, yet she had kept herself as the born-again thief in Ronald's night. Dying down and out of her deathless failures, the muse without any shame, she had been in this unfeeling and ransacking melancholia. Loathsome in an attempt to of had their sleepy grumble with Ronald, they had been blown to these four winds.

Emilia had walked the chalk as an always at the Satellite Cybercafe in Koreatown Los Angeles. Ghost of the one who had kept the keys, she could backtrack into their disoriented eyes. Erotic spells, of its ecstasy, Ronald had sent Emilia into these streets with a pick-ax, as an elite doom for her lusty intercourse, Emilia had been creating these morn-full and intolerant relationships. Ill-tempered and soon to of had been a Snake, this ugly customer of Ronald, people were jolted by Emilia's dim-witted shut-in.

Instantaneously, she was racked into his intractable disease. Impulsiveness, the cutthroat in a half-baked world, it was of

their illogical and artless selves. Germinating into a grisly unearthing, it had wanted to rap on their knuckles. Impregnation of himself, an elation as a doomsday, Emilia had been blackballed.

Passed on and into Ronald, her trauma, it was of an immortal setback. Emilia would pull them out and onto her slumping commonness. Shattering all her VR barriers, she had been traveling with a glum upheaval of Ronald. Paling into its humankind, a feud, it had come to him from a remoteness.

Crashing into him from an Alien portal, his finicky disease, technology was of this jaundice urine. Spurning in and of his quasar deception with the rest, a roasting and rip-roaring gloriousness, it was war-painted into him. Misbehavior at a prior time, it had been out of his mouth. Implausible refinements, the tormentor, he had been imprisoning others with these grievous buzzards. Weakening him, it had been thundering against them.

Putting forth his nerve-racking presence, Ronald had been the wolf. Going downhill for a downfall, an Alien, it had an evenom control of his spirit. Victimized mankind, it was an atrophy for power. Gorging of a humankind, synchronousness, impious animal sacrifices, they were in front of the Montana cave, so a vile halo, it had been left over a seedy valley.

"What are you going to do when we get there?" Simple and a quaint question, it had come from Juliana. On this highway, running ragged from West Los Angeles - together, Ronald had parked a beer between his thighs. Juliana was nursing hers. Wearing it in a smutty way, a cheap and vinyl yellow skirt, she had on a peach top. As a pet-store owner in southern California, she had been vying for Ronald. Dilapidated, of a bad impression, she had wanted to get underneath it. "Does it matter what I do now?" Ronald had questioned Juliana back.

Sweating through his white button-down collar shirt, building up his snap, Juliana was lain before him. After her dainty copulation, she had become intimate with his demons. Juliana had no care about Ronald's touch-and-go insanity, yet Ronald could had torn Juliana's eye-balls out and eat them like cherries. "No." Juliana's reply was empty - hollowness. It had brought a

quick glance from Ronald.

"Would it had been yes then?" Ronald had spoken of what only little Julie could had understood. Straddling the neck of his beer, it was alongside of the steering wheel. Burying her face in his lap, Ronald was roused into Juliana. Licking these resigns off him, he was her lamb-chop. Fingers, they were on his baton. Stud, he was in her love seat, as these superior cows, they were of a nefarious ghastliness.

Transferred in by Ronald's chameleon, they had been burning into themselves. Cheetah and gibberish, an unmanned space-cadet as a carpenter, he had been nailed to Ronald's cross. In an effort to launch into its space, an oriental weirdo, it was of a weak vengeance, as an Alien sideshow in VR, Ronald would had spit her out of his sight. This would had been of its after - Juliana.

"I'm becoming your douche bag." Moronic and rancorous abstinence, she had been a nothing at the time. Grouch, she had plummeted like an angel of death. The oddball, she had fled from her body and into an Alien Cyberspace. Filled with its larva, she had been a once and before, as its angel, it had clouded into her interior. Deplorable facts, Juliana had been Ronald's sexual slave. An uncultivated application in VR, it had been ordained and of an untamed flounder.

Her cranky whoredom, path-finding in an Alien Cyberspace, it was of an irate sewer gas, and a viscous waste management, it had been passing this ball. Out of her bowels, this Alien, it had been lying beneath the sod of an illusional Earth. Emplacement, it had become this tiresome march. Muffled drums, they were pounding out in VR. Paranoid and pornographic barbarousness, it had inebriated mankind with these unbearable last laughs.

Against and between themselves, their blind bargain with Ronald, it was of this waxing and waning attempt to introduce an ill-proportioned bonehead. Choleric repellent, it had been of this cosmological definition. Mapped out of humanity in an Alien Cyberspace, it was an upshot of this utter bizarreness. Juliana had indulged herself with the only toy that she had available. Toppling her out of a balance, the beer inside, it was agitated.

Foaming, of its residue, it had come into her. Boils bursting, they had brought on these seizures. Slammed into another world,

her body, it was contorted and warped with sores. Worms and maggots, they were on her gangrene and proud flesh.

A transmutation, it was of her fiery decomposition, as her skin diseased legions, they were festering into her. Tumbling down from an Alien abode, Juliana was of this certain upload, as a freakish ghoul, of his body, these horns, they had crashed through her skull. Detonating antennas, they were communicating to Ronald's monster. Connecting to an Alien God, things went into a noiselessness.

This horror, it had left Ronald's evil charm. The new car, it had its smell. Reeking out of an Alien solace, of an apparent and amicable destination and journey, Juliana couldn't figure Ronald, for she had just gotten into it for the mix-up. An incorrigible wanting of hers, dampness, it had come from her neglectfulness.

With this new state of beingness, up one side and then down the other, Ronald wasn't a second rate nor of a routine lover. Deformed as a character of an Alien God, he had taken Juliana into this habitation. Harbored within a flurry of Ronald's role playing in the game, of his visits afterward to her pet shop, they were embedded into Juliana. Both untold and of their amputations, Juliana had not deserved it, yet Ronald had conveyed it to her.

Observing him at first, Juliana had started to lose her resemblance. Decaying outward with a radiance, this reflection, it had held her into Ronald's decrepit and un-guarded self, as she was sold to Satan in an unwritten sepulcher.

On its Noosphere, of an extraterrestrial feasting - an owl, it had been isolated into this riot. An Alien information transfer, of these bird-eyes, they had been held in another place. The fiend, it had been seen in and of this human shape, yet Ronald had the look of a gentleman pimp. Put on ice to sell himself off from a fact, Ronald might had been a flunky retard. Sold to these idiot widows, of a secluded burrow, their drive to Montana, it was of a soft Irish song.

Pre-planned seduction and provocations, they were discussed beforehand. The small light with its redness, it had indicated

an activity. Tenderness, it had been brought about by a treachery.

Localized, of a terrestrial world as the suspect, his gentlemen's infamy, he was in a pressed, white shirt with a button-down collar, gold-cuffed sleeves. Brown slacks, tailored and along with his matching handmade shoes and socks, Ronald was of an elitist.

From out of an exclusive men's store, he had on an expensive watch, and he had worn a sapphire on his pinkie finger - opposite hand. Adornments, they were of his hustler, so there was a slight settling notion. An evil-minded serial killer, Ronald had dumbfounded Ryan. Online and on the Noosphere, connecting to others through VR, there had been no appearance or scant of a penalty for Ronald's behavior.

Loosening his thoughts in an antisocial Virtual Spelunking game, of an Alien God, it had put them into their slave states. No disgust, if Ryan had forgotten to waltz Ronald's spiritlessness off to the gallows, a Noosphere, it had held them intact. Flimflam, it had saturated the airwaves. Its wicked nettle, it had given Juliana a sense of enemy.

"I must of fallen asleep." Juliana had broken out of her dum dum. Tipped over and into its void, she had been subverted into Ronald, for his last will and testament, it had tied her up.

Wrecking her into Ronald's grudge fight, things had changed so quickly. Landing on its Noosphere, it was from this cosmos. No eternity, not defined by the traditional Heaven and or Hell, Juliana had thought that she might had been able to recover herself from the VR nightmare, yet transcending into its transparency, she had decayed on its Noosphere.

Hosting robberies of their spirits, there was no way with a return for her, as Ronald's hell-puppet, of its bone-crusher awareness, it had been thrown into her bosom. This something - undisguised and rancid, it was of this disgust. Purported on the Noosphere, Juliana went into rear gear.

Riveting standstill, she was thrown overboard. An unrecorded haze in an Alien abode, it had placed her in a VR daze. Led by her nose, it had taken her to daddy, for at a time, she had been

hobbled with an extraterrestrial. Precooked of her father, a sickening in its high and dry meaning of life, they were stammering at the wheel of this change. Ronald had taken Juliana for a ride with him to Montana, yet Juliana had seen her father again - Larry.

"Where are you taking me?" Solemn, foul and breathless - Juliana had asked. Hypnotized into a glacial dispiriting of herself, Juliana had to take a moment. Withdrawn sustenance, of a previous application, it had taken her away from any semblance of comfort.

"You mad at your daddy?" Larry had come from a channel. Dark-like, God had been hiding in its hole, as Juliana had been spelunking in it. This jinx, it was of this tacky fling with her in VR. Shock therapy, it was captured by this information technology, and heart failure, it had come from this gouging mooch. Yawned out of Juliana's soul, bled of its death, Juliana had no reality.

Risqué endeavors, her mother and father, they had been dead far too long. Many an hour and afterward to verify its before, in as much and of the same effort, at first and after her mother had been eliminated, Juliana had coaxed her father to reshape his appearance, so his handle-bar mustache, Larry had grown it with a vain gluttony. Conceited guesswork, it had given him this newfound look, so licking his chops, Juliana had wiped it on his face.

Getting over and on her father for money and inheritance, Larry had a good feel for her, and since Sherry had been left in her suicidal way, he would keep his daughter on the same side-track. Certain thoughts, they were for Juliana to of had been led astray in the future. Aspirations with an each other, it had come with this touch.

Slight and idle bickering, Juliana had given Larry those devious looks. Sherry and Larry, they had held their conspiracy against Juliana, and they had taken great pains in their efforts to deprive her. Poor child, she had to cave in after some strong wind. Debunk, of their opportunity for them to exaggerate, a savage plight, there had been an every which way with Juliana, as she had been pluming into a notorious hussy.

Her outbursts on the Noosphere, they had come from this poverty-stricken silence. Compulsive affection, Juliana had wooed this serial killer. Spelunking, of these murderous escapades in VR, Juliana's weep, it had come to her in a many-sided way. Blind and of this Noosphere, she had been looking at herself in its mirrored VR.

Enclosed in an Alien abode, this evil genius of Ronald, it had these salts, and they were of her pathetic father. Snitch, she would never had been his victim. Rats, they were born and not made, so all betrayal, it had been herded into Juliana. An ill-use of her spirit, caught in a cosmological stability, her body, she had turned it over to Larry - an afterward, as she had hoped for him. Her salvage, this disproportionate beingness of hers, she had been cut off from life.

An Alien anchor, it had been thrown around her neck, as Sherry, she had given Larry Juliana's origin. Cringing from Larry's heavy hand, it had been callused. Oil-stained most of the time, their never-ending nick and of its meter, Larry had been digging into junk cars to pull out these auto parts. An eventuality, smelling of the mechanic, Sherry's tubular grasp, it was of this silk hold, as she had taken his hydrant with her peppery spot.

Flooding her with an emphatic and shabby cross, Juliana had to bear it for them. Set in motion as a lump in Sherry's throat, Larry had been inverted inside his daughter's soul. Wavered and with a rigorous aura, it was enthralled inside her, as an introverted envisioning of an Alien God, it was deposited from this curative. Wisecracking gangster-like behavior, it was of a surplus in this belly of God, so its dog had conjoined them by this damnation.

"It's right here." Summoned verve, it was of a fascinating moment for her perverted father. Ranting in her corpus, an obvious droll, of his initial inspection, she hadn't reached the age, yet she had given Larry an announcement. No abandonment of her goal, no more boredom, Emilia had been tempting Ronald in VR. Aching of this perilous inside story, a hot membrane of an Alien God, it had been damning her into a radical corridor. Its impression, Emilia had been inflamed in an upheaval.

In the Satellite Cybercafe night after night, she had been sitting naked on an inverted pentagon. Brewing online for

Ronald, her clue, it had been raised for him. Placed in their petite cages, these cute ones, Emilia had often gone to Pomona to confer with Juliana. Like Ronald, Emilia was fascinated with the rodent types.

Juliana had been putting the small fry in such a spot. Elsewhere in her store, of an Alien Cyberspace, it had been of Ronald's turmoil. Gathered, of its radioactive dust, a stagnation and stabilization, it was for this electromagnetic and bio-electric cohesion with its mankind, yet Juliana, she had no beef with what that it was of Ronald. Taking a ride inside his screwed-up life, she had secretly encouraged his hoodlum. Emilia had been biting into an inexplicable hell-crime.

Erupting in an erratic badge of her infamy, there would had come this shock, as a flocking, it had been drawn from an evil cross-fire. It was of a sinister attack. Loitering close to Ronald's search for the Devil, there was this frenetic chirping. Chewing off these canaries' skulls, of their squeezed fluid - the infested fowl play, Emilia had trembled for their dark and black-red Alien blood.

Belching into Ronald's entourage, Emilia had faded into the cracks of these outdated books. Riddled of these half-wit attempts, a vandalized paycheck, Soo had known of Emilia's deceitfulness, as Emilia would had entered an online ravine. Pleading guilty to Soo, of its mutiny, Emilia had an endless ability to process information.

In the massive multiplayer online VR game, Ronald had caused this stockpile of long-suffering. Grinning from ear to ear and flush there in an affect, they were of this lifeless direction. Feeding off this concavity, they had been made in its exhausted place. Tireless thrashing in and of its drumming out of them, an overwhelming energy, it was of their risky vouchers, for they had been purged into this pulverizing burn.

From the depths of their Universe, Emilia had taken the heads off these small birds, so her bitterness, it had shouted into the confines of these held-in hearts. Reaching for an unshakable black-art, of Soo's outrage, she had been with Emilia. Finally found and of its way with her, this lame duck, a murmur, it had come from her mindless and somber priest, for he had been tormenting her. A bizarre innuendo, it was of this lady-killer.

Thrown out with his wash-water, she was his babe.

"Let me stick it in your mouth." Soo's eyes, they were of Snake's watchdog. Meaningless and brazen-faced, its get together, Soo was fawning of Snake's grossness. Crisis, it had been let out of her savorless and moody shell. Interlaced with this wicker of Ronald's blunt and thwarting occupation, Soo was in this cradle of his hellishness. Spawned in an-underpasses on the Noosphere, a VR culprit, it had been exchanging blows with Ronald's crude attempts to muster some nourishment.

Snake was monstrous, and Soo had been beaten senselessly in an endless way. Brought to her knees, Emilia's tenacious and feeble-minded heavy-heartedness, she had kept Snake's vulgar intrusion into Soo. Slow-witted, demeaning and of a malodorous agitation, of his uncouth tennis balls, they had made Soo give him this head shaker. Piteous in a lame-brained stronghold, she was mangled by a mental case, as Snake had been stigmatized into her. Dreadful, the crack of doom, Snake had jumped Soo's gun. She had fought Snake with her last ditch of effort. Before she had come to an untimely end, he was in her tasteless womb of time.

Snarling with his rod, it went into her sanctuary. Wasting away with a dejection, it had been boggling Soo's mind. Emilia and Snake, they were mortally-ill. Emilia had found the straight away, and chanting the Lord's Prayer backwards, they were melodically and rhythmically intertwined at the Satellite Cybercafe.

"Stick it in my mouth. My mouth." Trembling at night, she had been possessed of its bare and midnight body. Dead or alive, a cat's paw in VR, she had been licking the blood off the hands of a serial killer. Withdrawn, her jaws, they had been held wide, yet Juliana had been roused. Jetting in and of its speed, Ronald was aiming his new luxury up the road to nowhere. There had been this quiet VR wasp, and it had been flying online. Surely found and of its way, it had been climbing up their noses. "What did you do?"

Subdued yet of frantic consternation, it had been reeling into her. Questioning this confounded goblin, it was of his grim-faced disorder. Evaporating their spirits, Ronald's power, it was thrown into this VR conjuring of others, and it had left

Juliana in his lurch. Ronald had turned to Juliana. Not looking at her yet taking a peek, Ronald was devoid of any feeling, and his flame-colored eyes, they were on Juliana's graveyard face. Overshadowed with its blood-and-guts, it had made Ronald into this deep-seated mongrel.

"What is it that you had wanted me to do Julie?" Ronald had vaulted to her, as his procreation, it had come out and of this Alien exorcism. Making a stray look, a rearview mirror of herself, she had been sworn into her own face. Bellyaching with this forerunner, she was lost and out of breath. Counter-space, there was an application. Juliana's hothead, it was with his dilemma. "It wasn't you with me. It was something else." Juliana had tried to beat Ronald back.

"It's what you had wanted. So it was with you too." Queer words, they were from Juliana's father's mouth. Larry had choked in and at where Ronald had been driving. Straining in with this horror-faced debacle, rubbing up from Juliana's past, it was of this uncertainty. Ronald's depravity, it had been polluting her insides, for they were rankled with a faithlessness.

"Daddy?" Juliana could only digress to a wordless question. Holding out on her father, she would wander in with its wallow. At their first blush, she had made the switch on his asthma medicine. Her atrocity, it was of a homely order, as Juliana was in Larry's ponderous glum sight. An Alien God, Juliana's visage of her daddy, foulmouthed and whimpered, she had cried out in an erotic euphoria.

"Butt me daddy!" Sponged into her, Larry had been in with this awkwardness, as his struggle to grasp for a breath of air, of a beingness null and at a standstill, his over-gropes for oxygen, they had turned his head into a ghastly paleness. Devil incantations, an incarnation of Ronald, Juliana had seen him clutching for her. An abusive obscurity, it was of a never here and or of a there, so not one thing and or of the other, Ronald's Jackal, it had come to her.

With her own wickedness, he had faded from her vision. When she had glanced off, Ronald had returned. Larry and or Ronald, they were not blood brothers, yet Juliana's cloud-bursting desolation, they had come from her unobstructed wasteland. Blandish and of enigmatic Alien abode, it had kept Juliana. Fits

and or of their starts, Ronald had become lily-live and forlorn, so he had just drove on.

"Just what hell's this goin' to prove?" Althea's question, it had not daunted Den. Un-fazed and determined, it had transformed him. Consumed by thoughts, Den would had slammed the cuffs on Tom. Althea and Den, they were in this massive multiplayer online VR game, so this all-nighter, it had sent Den out and onto its Noosphere. Their predatory and evil creature, it had been of this architecture. Replaced by a nonexistence, it was of an VR clamorousness. Fetched up and into an abode, an Alien, it had redefined their electromagnetic field space.

Organizing their particle physics into a stabilized application, it was utilizing their destabilized energies to empower and develop itself. Sparing Den's brains between her large thighs, they were supported by her short and round stock. Stout gait, this had been of her goat. Quaker collisions, they were of Althea's taints with flesh. An adhesive friction with an Alien Cyberspace, it had provoked Althea into a cold-hearted VR community. Pestering her to undergo a crusade, it would had taken them to Montana. Den would had found this thug. With a self-righteous mission to beat Althea down, it went down her battle-hardened throat.

"It's yours mamma." Den had toyed with Althea. It wasn't difficult for Althea to get away from the house, as this loony, they had been killing people. Sporting these murderous escapades, Den and Althea, they were being led to Montana. Its land development project, of its hills and mountainside town, it was Fall. There had been some thin ice on its ground. Althea had sensed that Ronald had entered her life, and this consequence, it was found in Montana.

Ronald had been with Althea. Aborting from what it was that had been inside her, Den had come to her in and of its reprieve. Blasting of its hot-rod, he went deep into her grotto. "Your Mamma's gone now." Althea had fathomed, as Den's terrestrial sphere, it was lost somewhere in an outlander. "Mamma's? They'll be with us all the time." Den had a hold of this indecent mud-hole, as VR peril, it was of their outrage on the Noosphere.

Inflicted into this VR with its emotionless manhandle, from one frame to the next, exhausted by their fears, Ronald had Althea

in an Alien Cyberspace possession - no soul. Sent into an Alien abode, she had become a good-for nothing stability, as Den's compelling starvation, it had no instability. There had been an every time - none to speak of. They had run out of space, as its place, it was inflicted by an irretrievable deficiency of humankind.

Trying to raise the Devil under Ronald's roof, Althea had grown into an anguish. Flush with Ronald's dolorous, crude and rowdy maggots, they had been crawling all over in VR. Congregating on the Noosphere, she had been burning out of herself, as she had been in this VR madhouse.

Without her mouth, the words, they had come out of it. An ungodly ogre as this phantom, it had Den in and of this same place. Driving onward and on this Noosphere, of his poke into a metamorphosis, Den had been spearing his lance up and into Ronald's split turmoil. An Alien God, it had Den in an idle rearrangement. Saturating them, their lawless hauling of themselves, he was crushing Althea's body into the seat of their sedan.

Now limpid, spilled with these guts, Den was of an uninvited sudden shock. Althea's gloat, it was bloated into and of herself. Nausea, it was gnawing into her. A piece of raw meat, a rigor mortis, it was swirling on the Noosphere in and of its VR. It was with Ronald's infection. An Alien Cyberspace and of a cosmological information transfer, it had stabilized mankind on and of this Noosphere, so the Noosphere Spelunkers, they had been feeding on radioactive instability.

Technological archetypes, they had been in its terrestrial spheres. At this level, Ryan had not been out of the FBI academy for very long. Spending his good years, they were of this delicate heart. Soul uplifted, it was of his joylessness. This criminal mind, it had an Alien power over their behavior.

Barbarians, they had surged up and into a position. Poisons, they were trumpeting into him, as they were of its long since - frisked away. Ronald's child's play, Berkeley, a major offshoot and respite from Ryan's Oklahoma roots, Ryan's father, he had been of a tuff war hero type. Forgotten, missed of an opportunity to blow for no sense, Ryan had not been taken by his father's background in the oil fields.

Ryan's mother, she had kept her mouth shut and her legs spread wide for her keep. Hung of a small animal, Ryan had shot a domestic bird with his twenty-two pistol. Copped of its something, Ryan had become with its other. Never violating any unwritten code, Ryan had taken himself to this Bay area.

Scratching his way through FBI curriculum, a boomerang, it was of his sacrilegious subversions, as this far and seething turbulence, it had him in an out-of-the-way. Tightening his lips, of these thick boob glasses, they had overshadowed Ryan. Lionhearted and soft-spoken yet of an unconcealed anathema for crime, Ryan had an objectivity.

Shown of a Federal professionalism, his dauntless and dispassionate VR behavior, it had become of an unequivocal self. Blackening out and of this florescent pith, it was hatching him on this Noosphere, for an extraterrestrial, it had been falling out of this cosmos.

Its human assembly-line on this Noosphere, they had been potty trained. Eating of their own, an Alien God, it had taken away their decay. Their spirits, they were temporarily held in and of its bio-electric field space.

Superficial emergence, interacting and intermixing in VR, Ronald had slid into an obscene thoroughfare. Menacing everyone, of their torrid idleness, it was of an Alien portal. Siphoning away their spirits, Ryan was simmering of its ploys. Bloodthirsty and smothered, he was choked and stuffed into these teddy bears. Revelation intervened, Ryan had been into a bulldog pup. From Juliana's pet shop, they had come in as and of an alienation, as an extraterrestrial beingness, it had been ignited on the Noosphere.

Ronald's magnet ability, it was of a brash and inner breeze. Indenting into their terrestrial sphere, of an opening, the Alien, it had invaded mankind with its stark and imbecile ways. Its entry, it was of an inexpressible thaw. Set in the biospheres of human existence, operating in and of a technological meaning, it had want of a day.

An even of a night, sluts warmed, she had moaned - an utterance. Demons, Juliana had brought them along with their serried

knives. Destitute beasts, they were hung from the balls of an Alien. Bare branches of a cosmological application on the Noosphere, they had been of her nippy steam. A meiosis, it had been slashing into their technology. On this Noosphere, there were these throats, and they had been cut and thrown crazy.

"Ryan." There was a yelp. Into his dead-dog ways, of the bulldog pup, it had not been there, yet Ronald had caught Ryan. Planning with his next teddy-bear, there was a Universe between them, so they had been stopped somewhere in their eternity. Ronald had picked up one of Ryan's teddy-bears, and he had placed it in his own shopping cart. Giving Ryan this disgusted and caustic look - an unvarnished muzzle, he had been in those chasms with all those coeds, so this technocratic cognomen in the VR gameplay, this was of Ronald's carnival passion to kill.

"The Child's Plaything." Ronald had said it for Ryan's eternal awakening. "You?" Ryan had a whiplash, as a response, it had come from his bull-whipped soul. Hauled of an energy, horrid shame, of his enthusiasm, it had been depleted from his cells. His muscular reaction to Ronald, wrangling with his pet peeve of a XR project, there was a quenchless grasp. In an Alien possession of technology, infrastructure implications, they had been placed between each word.

Every other sentence or however, it had been weaved in and with its molecular reactions. Ronald's horny and high and mighty meteorite, it was of this cosmological peeper. An Alien God, it had been driving with him in VR. Grievous and warlike - an infection on the Noosphere, it had become of this VR monstrosity. Punched down, it had blasted Ryan's infancy away. An un-preventable voice, it had been of Ronald's conscience. With a cranky ill-wind, an instability, it was ejected into a stability. Their spirits, they had been torn away.

Souls, they were gone. Between Ronald's VR frame, a smutty urn, it was of her saucy hole. Ronald had wanted him to know. Floundering from his bird-dog of a conspiracy, some other mutt, it might had been bought in VR. Flown overhead, an Alien God, it had been holding Ronald's cloudburst in check. Standing before Ryan, Ronald was six feet tall.

Slender, dark beard and with his thick hair, Ronald was not a match for any war correspondent's battle attire. Disbelief, it

had found Ryan. Ronald hadn't donned his uppity and conservative persona, as he had taken on this other way. A professional English glib - a type, Ronald had pontificated of its improper places. Awakened as this morning glory, of a VR mayhem, Ronald had made an entrance on the Noosphere.

A quarry, its cosmological plumbing - a VR stinger, rescinded and stung with an unutterable rawness, the tinge of doubt, it had been set in motion. Bedeviled, Ryan couldn't overcome Ronald's untimely Devil hunter. Gyration out of an Alien abode and onto the Noosphere, tunneling into VR, their minds were lacerated, as Ronald was residing between their lobes. There could never had been any healing for this breach of truth. "Where?" Ronald had beamed back at Ryan.

An inadvertent examination of the size, Ryan had created it from time to time with the teddy-bears, for they were about the size of an oversized softball. Stab, its blasphemy, it had been torched into Ronald's lukewarm children. Sheer off their adolescence, Ronald had occupied them with his needles and spoons. An Alien ambush, it was of their willful cries. Buzzing at them, of his faithless uproar, they were brought on by these willy-nilly graces with an Alien God.

"I bet you screw the little-bear here." Ronald had shown it to Ryan, as a petulant transformation, its history, it was of this bio-electric application in this field space.

Clutched from Ryan's shopping cart and by its head, Ronald had shoved his long index finger up and into the teddy-bear's butt. Operating in an Alien portal, of an extraterrestrial domain, fetched from this evil oracle, she had been with him. Her revealing cage, it had Ronald up one side and down the other. Pregnant with an Alien - surfing and spelunking with them, Juliana was in the VR game, and in their midst, there was a Devil's transformation - Noosphere Spelunkers.

"Is this what does it for you?" Ronald had kicked it off with the teddy. Bugging out for Ryan, bulking in his green khakis, they had been soiled. Not clean nor dirty and or even pressed, fresh with an appeal, it had come from this seething Alien semen. Impregnating Ryan with its wickedness, to deny him, Ronald had shaken his head. Cadaverous bridles, they had been impeding Ryan. An Alien restraint, Ryan had become exhausted

from its wounds. He was no longer able to bleed of a true life.

Stopped on the Noosphere, misinformation - it had fallen out of the cosmos with a foul representation. Working up and into him, stabilized life, it was in a resurgence of Ronald's screwball antics, for his activities in VR, they had made everybody's eyeballs pop out. Agape, hard hit, of a corresponding and foreign metal, a synthetic interruption, it had been knocking off humanity. Nonsensical and energetic sickness, it was in an Alien Cyberspace, and everybody was surfing it.

Gaming in VR and on the Noosphere with an Alien God, something had endured for their information, and Ryan had been burrowing into it. A fetish with teddy-bears, tainting them with others, they were of this gluey and profane uselessness. Scolded with and of its billowing decay, the bloodhound, it had no sorrow. None for tomorrow and dead of a day - galvanized into its nighttime, Ryan had been withering with Ronald in a VR doghouse.

Ronald's killjoy, the Alien, it had placed them into this quagmire. Backfiring on humankind, destabilized confusion for an Alien God, it was an awestruck stability of humanity, so human decency, it could not know decent. Descended from where the ascent had come from VR, siphoning their spirits, of its VR portal, it was connected to a cosmological abode. Committing his cruel and perverse acts, deplorable and wishy-washy excuses, they were staggering the online imagination of others, as this charismatic and moronic immunity, it had been an irritation for the sake of their energy.

Used by an extraterrestrial beingness, an unfavorable cloaking, it was of Ryan's alienation. Intersected with an insanity, joined with the others in an Alien Cyberspace, this cosmological time-clock, it was of these improbable odds, as a notion of another's pain, they could not identify with themselves. Another rock, it would had crushed some skulls, as its premature melon, Ronald had smashed her into a sorry idiot head. This sappy insult, it had been fed into this massive multiplayer online VR game.

Plasma, it had expanded, as Ronald was digging into this skinny Asian hole. Hanging her with his heathen fire, Ronald had paralyzed her into these techno membranes. Taken into a cosmological submission, this prophesy, it had been inflating

these Noosphere Spelunkers. Warped into a throbbing regurgitation, sulking inside her sappy and welting - a tight and bloody hole, she had laid his VR eggs.

Fluttering in the shade, it was overfeeding on her, as the brutal victim, there was this coughing upwards - an instability. Tuberculosis, it had been initiated by the thrills that Ronald had brought on. Jolted up and into an Alien's stomach, they were hurled back down and into their terrestrial arena.

Foulness, it was stabilized into these intellectual hernias. Bewailing of this fault, mankind had been welted into this nervous breakdown of their biochemistry. Flying by night, they were all rotten to this core. "Two dollars!" Ronald's horrid jibe, it had swelled into this bizarre quarry. Knocking this young, defenseless Asian silly and from one side to the other, her stylish cloths, they were torn into another trend. Gashing out of her, beastly bludgeoned, his filthiness, it had been scraped onto her with its Earth's blood. Riddling her skeleton, ninety-five pounds, flat chest and short black hair, it was cut at a swank salon.

Her mini, it had been a tight fit. Now pulled up and around her waist, kinky for Ronald, he had held it above her hips. Mean, an adhesive friction of a Hell, it would had been found on the Noosphere. Oozing profusely, his hiking boots, they were mashing her uterus at intervals, yet she had stayed on her feet and alive.

Flopping out in and of her dreary state, dusty with her heat, Ronald had her hanging from an Alien abode. Spiting her tormentor and torturer, bleak and of a slanted sight, she had sought retribution from what Ronald had done to her. Taking him along, of his invitation in the first place, it had come about in VR. Mingling with Satan, she had stolen Ronald's soul. In an irretrievable consciousness, glaring at this Asian slut with his daggers, his inferno, baffled and of its facelessness on the Noosphere, Ronald was flush with a malignant anger.

"Two dollars!" He had screamed it at her, and his spittle had sprayed. His derangement, it had been structurally engineered in VR, so he had plucked another boulder from this dirt. Turned to dust and devoid of water, it had been edging into an extraterrestrial domain. Wild dog parties with Ryan, he had used

these jagged rocks. She had struggled to embrace something - the plague and or of its whatever.

"No!" Her mind-boggling and abnormal stability of herself, it had been made for an Alien instability.

Beaten, bruised and battered and beyond repair, this had been taking place, as it was somewhere on the Noosphere in a massive multiplayer online VR game. In this rock field, the Universe, it had been all the same. Trying to manipulate, she had grabbed it in a stance. Tilled and upturned, it was still and full of its sage-brush.

The raking off this topsoil, an eventual stripping, its corn, it had been planted. Unconverted, the American Dream, it had been not far from her Hong Kong nights, as her Beijing day - a Vietnam way, a beingness, it was without her Buddha. The deal with Ronald, it had come to her as one these college merchandise packages, and she had been floating in and around Berkeley. Ronald had sniffed it out quietly. Hanging out on the collegiate circuit, preparing by sousing himself with an alcohol and education, the combination, it had made him a trusted soul. Efforts, a luring of them to him, these horny college coeds, they had become of an afterward.

Driving on the Noosphere with a serial killer's pathology, Ronald's hankering in VR, it could not had been beaten off. A retreat, the Alien God, it had him play the human decoy, as Ronald's coding, of its hacking in, he had always taken the same screen-name: "The Child's Plaything." Over-ridden, the cyberspace, it had its information loss. Nobody could had changed and or accessed it. Ronald had done it, for he had opened an application on the Noosphere.

Ryan had been one of Ronald's first customers. Decipher and break his abilities to manipulate this VR, it had placed Ronald in its without and or of any high spirit. Intrigued, Ryan had initially entered the massive multiplayer VR Spelunking online game full of his own delusional dreams. Busting a mighty criminal syndication, this would had thrust Ryan into the limelight.

At his eleventh hour, as a trusted and hardworking Federal Agent, Ryan had been there and before his XR. Digressing, Ryan's

cold feet, they could not had found a warm heart.

The Child's Plaything: Crush her skull and eat her brains like an ice-cream cone. Shove in my shiv until she gives?

Tom: Give it a twist.

The Child's Plaything: Eat me.

Tom: I'll eat both of you!

The Child's Plaything: Tom's a pervert.

Springing up all over in VR, Ryan wasn't weaned from this mutt. In this foul play of himself on the Noosphere, Ryan had been of its tenebrous sheep. Hailstone shell-fire, Ronald had used it on Ryan in an ill-defined lawlessness. Ryan had carved himself a place in cyberspace with the rest of these idiots. Playing with Ronald's Devil in the VR game, he had collided into this bulldog.

A false-hearted head, the bulldog, it had been gawking back, as Ryan had violated it. Between Ronald and Juliana, Ryan had been vibrating of this hurry-scurry eviction. Inviting others with this brown bulldog pup, a female, it had just turned the trick for Juliana that day. Ryan had bought it from her, so their merry-go-around, it was a fast and prepared harvest.

Ryan had to conceive into himself some sort of an evil deal. An unhealthy phantom, this Indian woman, she had crept up on Juliana and Ryan. Animal strife, it had tried to confer with this coming after. Palate, a mechanism of an Alien God, the bulldog, it had trembled from Ryan's emotions.

Her name was Chi Chi, and she had been this addicted gravestone. Ravaged on humanity, Ronald had revolted against compassion. Crippling Chi Chi, her limbo state with an Alien God, it was of her vacuumed packed nowhere. Stuffed into her with this hounded and down-trodden delusion of himself, blowing his top in VR, Ronald's stammering mightiness, he had been shelved by Noosphere Spelunkers.

"Two dollars!" Ronald had yelled of an intense fire-lightening. Wiry of mind, it had been spiked into Chi Chi's guts, so her

nerve-racking uncertainty, it would not die. Fluctuating before and or after her slaughter, she was in his network. Miserable revulsion of herself in an Alien Cyberspace, this had brought her out of her senses. Incensed grit, it had been between her teeth. Burning of its rubber on the Noosphere, the wrong way, it had been jilted of an urgent outrage.

Flinching, she had been feeding an Alien. This VR asylum, it had been swamping mankind into their well-trodden selves, for they were kept in an online falsehood. No facts, mankind had been determined as them - themselves.

"One hundred dollars!" Chi Chi was cranking himself up as an Asian spout in this parade of screams. Echoing of his serial kills, a bloodshot nuance, it was of this curiosity. An excuse to had found out more about a literal buff, of Ronald's horsemanship, it had not been there. The ignorant lie, it was shaking hands with the half-witted. Their last word, it wasn't for a mule that had been in its lost forty acres. Musing himself into its same deviousness, Ronald could had helped another with death.

Drawing them out and then sucking them dry as their insurance leach, Ronald never would had been able to swim out of these troubled waters, as Chi Chi had been stamped onto him. Her staunch and obscure sickness, it was of her coma. Corking her up in an Alien coercion, it had brought Ronald's disdainful live wire, so he had discharged his slimy and caustic curses into her.

Rebuking dimensions with him, Chi Chi's abrasions, they were of his savage and fervid tight-fistedness. Inflaming her with a deadening of herself, it had made her the VR vagrant. Using them to crush her tiny head, Ronald's bellicose accosting of Chi Chi, he had been burying her in an Alien oblivion. Smashing into her, she had been getting walloped across this fruitless dirt. Undaunted, of a pitched battle for survival, Chi Chi had been blinded. Ronald had become frustrated at her, for she had not succumbed to death.

There would had been no more pandemonium. No more crying for what it would had been of her last moon, she had disavowed her Buddha and or of any God. This America, she had hated this white piece of fiend. An impeccable ability to stabilize them into its

backwardness, the spiral nature of the Alien's cosmological abode, Chi Chi had been taking Ronald's brunt blows, as Ronald was literally beating her to death. Fallen, an Asian angel, she had not dipped out of her life. Arranged for the whole night, her take would have been one hundred dollars and a good time.

Days and nights at Berkeley and boozed up in a fetish, along with the times, he had gotten this old ride on its Noosphere. The parts, the architecture for these instruments of an Alien God, it had filtered in for its cruise control. Ronald's delirium tremens, they were of this perilous cavern. Locked into their own closets, an Alien, it had closed the doors on them and him, so Ronald could not have found it. Somehow, he had opened a window, and it had brought him into this cliché.

Hemorrhaging away from their spirits, of this Alien abode, there was this grievous and stone-blind profanity, as it had been an Alien transposition of Ronald. Striking the VR with its newfangled bolt of itself, its stabilized humanity - derision with Ronald, it had bored into them. This cross-wire, his following, they were dehumanized.

"Hi Ronny." Riding out and into Ronald's delusions, this illusion of Moraine in the passenger side of an aged car, she had been eked out of a time. Tapping these lines in this classical architecture, its vigilance - gone full speed, an Asian whore, she had been casting her spell, for Ronald had become this sarcastic repulsion of himself. His rheumatic fever of a stableness, this was of its prime mover, and it had been spilling over - radioactive decay. An instability of his psychic blood and spirit, it had been consumed by an Alien God.

Warnings voiced, deteriorating into this same absorption, it was brewing into him, as a VR wash-bowl, it had been used to condemn the human spirit. Moraine's surly fish, it had been fried on the Noosphere.

"What's a matter Ronnie? Don't you like me anymore?" Break, Ronald's bonehead, it had no care. The Noosphere with Moraine, of this ride, Ronald was gunning it, and its front windshield, it was washed into this blood-red. Fog, the gaseousness, it was of her moribund flesh, as an unfaithful disunion, it was flaying away the spirit of mankind.

A fixation with Ronald, of these stabilized communities on the Noosphere, they went into this massive multi-player online VR game. Their decay, it had been held in a stabilized emplacement. Slabs, they had come flying through this Alien portal, as Ronald was blasting it through this cyberspace. Shattering their coal veins through its front windshield, of all XR technology, it had taken the ride with him.

Crazy diamonds, they had brought their folding mirrors. Preordained information, it had been transferred through the interface of technology. Teeth, they had degenerated into its virtual spelunking. Biting into others, of a sinister serial killer, he had separated their thoughts, so the scatterbrains, they were succumbing into this hellishness. Abashed without the Devil, it had come to an abrupt end.

"The Child's Plaything?" Ryan wouldn't cower, for he had made it with a bulldog. A hard-dive, it had been rooted into Ryan's iron heels. Never say die, it was not absent of any black art. Ryan had thrown himself into Ronald's unwell VR jaws, for Ronald had made the Noosphere his embryo. Poisoned of this harbored grudge, it was reeling in on him. Elephants, they had been shackled. Cockfights, they had raged in VR.

Under the fires of their autopsies, of irrefutable agitations, Ronald was a clique away. Picking at its hard cheese, it had known of this trap. Clumsy XR illiterates, they had been under this siege of an Alien.

Investigations with Ronald, they were part of a secret society. The same and bad murderous blood, Ronald's reptile, it would not had been there. His serpent, of this baleful spirit in him, it had been gone. Decayed into an extraterrestrial nether world, an unblemished matter, it had been shoved up a VR spoon. Icons and pixels, its books, they were of their electronic and or digital formats. All the lovelorn, they were carrying on in an instigation, yet this was of its extraterrestrial means.

Ronald's payment, of its refuted mankind, it was with this faint thunderbolt. Impregnated into their celestial sphere, their terrestrial activity, it had been obstructed by an extraterrestrial domain - a biological demarcation with its space-time. An uneasy sonic boom, it had been spread across the Noosphere.

Its wildfire of human spirits, an Alien Cyberspace entryway, it was of Ronald's VR Spelunking, and it had locked them into a tangle. Soul-skeins with a serial killer, the compelling coward, it had been of its something, yet it was without him. After their divining rods with Ronald, of those VR applications, end to end, it had become this queer and aimless thrust into an outer space.

"Chi Chi." She had said her name to Ronald. Pitiful, Ronald would had devised her ruin, yet he had been a slave to an Alien God. Ryan could hear her voice too. Shoddy turmoil, it had come from Ronald. The bulldog intercourse, Ryan could had been part of Ronald's conscience. Community consciousness, Ryan was an FBI agent who had been with a bulldog, as this was for a serial killer's attention on the Noosphere.

Her protest of Ronald, she had been withholding herself for its last rites. Scorn, of her dirty damnation, she had made it frown in VR, so it had come to others in and of these Noosphere Spelunkers.

"One hundred dollars!" Accessed by some jungle freaks, they were eating these bugs. The drunkards and acid heads, they were smoldering into its torrid air. Hair raising emptiness, it had been of this incurable online trickery. Chi Chi had been waiting for Ronald's eye for an eye, so his insolent and wanton hang-fire, unsung heroes, they had been ill-treated. Cranky at their madness, their credos, they had been inching along their Noosphere, as the Alien God, it had devoured them.

Tasteless and of its reverberations, it had been still-hunting Ronald. Breathing down their necks, Ronald had been strangled into Chi Chi and at a juncture. Her swollen face, she wasn't lighting any magic lanterns.

God was induced as itself, for the replica of a dynamic beingness, it had been hovering over mankind. Under the clouds of its Heaven, everyone had been reading between its lines. This riot act of humanity in VR, it had been inhaled from this fourth dimension. An XR icon, Ryan had turned and had went for dizzy and onto another frame, for he had taken a quantum leap on the Noosphere. Clouds of moral sense, they had held Ryan in Ronald's deplorable celestial horizon. "You pathetic teddy-bear screwball

freak." Ronald had roared at Ryan. Sword, it was of an all-out foul aimlessness. Demeaning all that had been in VR with him, their hot-tempered canopy, blotted out of their terrestrial world, VR illusions, they had invited others.

Unification, their spirits, they had been in a mutiny with these four winds. Lashing back into themselves, lingering and moaning for Ronald's loathsome memories, Ryan had been trying to cash in on these secret sects.

"I dare you." Ryan had turned his tail, as the Devil, it had been idle. Inbred and inborn, they had not rejected Ronald's helter-skelter, as an incredulous Alien invasion, it had come from an inferno. Indulging in gruesome atrocities, Ryan had been taken away in that store, as they had stared at him. Patrons, they had been there. Bloating out of this nowhere, they were of a done deal. Taken away and into this sober nothingness, Ryan had refused to believe, so God, it was of this dog.

Ryan's shopping cart that day and in an Alien Cyberspace, it had sought a possession. Stuffed teddy-bears, they were of Ryan's self-indulgent antiseptic, as his apartment, it had become of his sore-spot. Wedging his forbidden senility against the grain in an Alien Cyberspace, of a Noosphere absorption, it had been hemming and hawing with Ronald.

Bones, they were uphill, as an ashy traitor, he had sold all. Not the same anymore and caught in its Alien abode, of these callous and namby-pamby want-a-bees with their goatee terror, they had been with a pernicious dummy of him. Flying in the face of this misinformation and without any facts, Noosphere Spelunkers, a voiceless God, it had been present.

Nameless lamina in XR technology, this had mystified Ronald. An inglorious phlebotomy, this untold doctoring by an Alien God, its cheat, it was of an existence, and it could had stabilized this disease called life. Consumed of a radioactive decay, they were in its beginning, and it had begun. Clear and so distant of an Alien abode, there were no victims - no justice, no right and no wrong. Then, it had dropped, so Ryan had put it back and into his dirty boxers.

A bout of Ronald, it had been ignited in VR. The Alien strain, its notorious and marooned cyberspace of a place, Butte Montana,

there had been this lewdness in this massive multiplayer VR game. Rebuking them all, no thrill of a beingness, it was caught in VR by Ronald's scum. Places in a radioactive stability, it had them half-starved.

Insurmountable, an ill-breeding of an Alien, this had caught them all in its cyberspace abode. Intertwining with them, an extraterrestrial invasion, this had been of its stabilization. Pervading everything and everywhere, a destabilized beingness, it had come from the evil power of Ronald, as he had been hiding an Alien God behind this devilish director's chair.

None had made any conversation with the other. All had kept themselves at a distant gate. Scattered about the mountain city, this ghostlike dwelling of Noosphere Spelunkers, there had been no flurry. Take and or of had been given a punch, there was a murderousness about them. Coercions with each other's spelunking, one could had clobbered them - an immoral gout, so they were left fingerless. None could had been pointed.

"What is goin' on?" Jack's second attempt to get Doug to help him understand their meaninglessness, an Alien scourge, it had made him at a loss. Tarnished of a sabbatical leave, this two-way street at this level in the game, it normally was jagged with parasite Indian alcoholics.

Dumbfounded frustration, they had been turning their sisters into these chambermaids. Reprehensible disgust, it had agitated Jack, for these Indians, they had come onto this planet as its freaks of nature from India. Wince of their whore, they had been seduced by an Alien God. Pow wow, of their unfathomable sauce with him, they had spread their savage. Sacrificing them as his squaws, it had held their hearts. Beating, it had swallowed them. Collapsing in an Alien abode, they had become an extraterrestrial fodder. Unrestrained and ardent, it had been of an Indian mortification.

"Maybe they?" Doug was flashed, as they had come from an outer-space. Rocketed, it had happened to them and their town. Stopping just short of his punishment, it had been a gawk. Mutant malice of thoughts towards him, everything else for that matter, there was no ability for Jack to turn blue in the face. Being without terrestrial oxygen, it was breathed into such an orbit. Grinding Dragons and daggers, these Indians, they had

been meandering about an extraterrestrial town, so a terrestrial illusion, it had come into them and from without.

Their shell-shocking jab with themselves, they would had been alive and or dead. A bit of comprehension, they had occupied that space. Roused of their beingness, they had become of this fat Alien livestock. Placed into their sulking cages, they had been with their told tales, as they had come from their gluttony of Ronald. Their lower-class, it had been left in a riddle, and it had insulted them.

Its everything, it had been creating the boundary of an incomprehensible explanation. Jerky, mis-fitting behavior, darting from one side of the street to the next, they were picking at each other's measly morsels. Wooden and single-story structures, they had been hauled in as its piecework by the US Government. Today, they had become one of them - homespun with a habitation. Supplementary looseness, they had no air to breath. Dull hope, it had brought their flatness, as an extraterrestrial, it had held them in an abode of unbelief.

Constricting them without a purpose, a cave, it had a short and sweet bloodsucking presence. Stretching out and of this scabby land that had been torn, of ungrateful construction workers, they had now become their own missing link. Futile and unholy oppression, of pushed ground, their pallbearer, it had been oozing into them. Spoken words to whatever God, they would had been praying to an extraterrestrial, for it had been sucking them up and into its techno sanguinary snarl.

Wandering street walkers, they were pounding their brains into it, for Ronald had been withdrawn into them. Pornographic call girls, of their deep taboo, they had been spread for him. Unguarded meat and cleavage, they had been run into an Alien degradation. Meal time, Den's wife had fell to pieces for an Alien God. Quelling her cat's cradle, her ruby-red diseases, they had taken Ronald's laxative.

Adulterous, an unchaste wife, Ronald's spontaneous violations, they would not had been restrained, as its handyman, it had been hard-boiled into her. Althea had been aroused by an Alien God. An erratic beingness, it had vanquished her soul. Althea was in her doldrums, as Ronald had been so handsome to her. His white shirt, of its button-down collar, Ronald Reese had to care for

her. Patient, unnoticed and untouched by Den, there was this opening.

It was in VR. None could had explained its invitation from a serial killer. Spelunking in a massive multiplayer online VR game - a network with Noosphere Spelunkers, of Althea's alley-cat crassness, Ronald's crisscrossing, it had brought her into the Alien Cyberspace.

Lifeless awareness, it had been with her pig, as she had lived in its terrestrial realm. Radical, corking with XR technology, Den had been slammed in and at where Ronald had been crapped out. Instability in VR, of its killing time, it went down. Uploaded with a radioactive decay, they had been connected to the Noosphere Spelunkers. VR fever, of Althea's illusion, Ronald had become her swine, for she had been cooking it up. Judgement Day, an Alien had no condoms. Risen into a digital spoil, it was an antithesis of mankind in an Alien Cyberspace. It had ruled their Noosphere.

Perished into its extraterrestrial dreams, the terrestrial domain, it went into in an alienation, as its stability, it had no instability. Casting forth an extraterrestrial fire-wall, of no terrestrial means, they had been nailed in at the hands and or feet of Christ, so Newton had invited Darwin into Einstein's nightmare. Goad of a cosmological application, a mistake, it had made itself. Stabilized as itself and again, a displacement of humanity, Althea had no idea as to its why, for she had let Ronald into her.