

Chapter Six: The Faithless

Soo was the manager of this Satellite Cybercafe in Koreatown LA. Emilia had come along for Soo, so all these ingredients, a befouled procreation, its atrocity, it could had been fueled into Emilia. Diametrically oozing into Soo's gaming in this massive multiplayer online VR game, Emilia had been baffling everyone.

Warped in its asylums, they were in an XR. At an eleventh hour and at midnight, Soo had understood Emilia. An only admission, there was nothing wrong with such a beauty, for Emilia's jailbreak eyes, they were of an oversexed revulsion for an inane idiocy.

Deteriorating Soo in an underlying wedge of her past, Emilia had become perverted in an inaudible flight. Shaved into Soo with a split personality, the throng of an apocryphal insult, Emilia had scampered out of the Satellite Cybercafe, for she was with her big Snake.

Slithering in on one of his deals, he was part of this get together. All of them with heavy pockets, they were loaded with an everything. Snake was in Soo's dreams, for carnal appetite, it had been at this level. Dirty old men, they were roaming this planet. Dysfunctional misfits with their bizarre virility, they were of a separation.

Snake would roll into the Satellite Cybercafe every two or three weeks, as an underground slug, Snake would had been reaming Emilia instead. Unintentional and inseparable sabotages, they were of this holocaust's ceremony. Emilia's story, it was of Soo's gangster, so her succulent other way, it was to hire Emilia. An eccentric oddity, it was of this mis-religion, and it had been burned into Soo.

Wading knee-deep in its blood, Soo could shell-shock rabies into a phobia. Cursing it into her vertigo, of an atrocious buckshot, it had come back to Soo.

Riding the wrong horse at this level, laboring in vain, it had left Soo in its lurch. Wrought, she had been depleted of her imagination. Desecrating her from a vanquished and frothing mouth, Soo had been awakened from her sleep. Begging for its all, Soo had played into a devoutness. An impersonal prod, it had been directed at Ryan.

"However you want to do it." Tom's commonplace was for Ryan, as they were watching Soo. During it and of his own death, of an insolvent extinction, Ryan's lungs, they had been drained. Out of wind, around the corner and in his terminal gasps, he had fainted. This wild goose chase, it was of this crushing perdition, as Ryan's grief, it had been collapsing into a further bleach.

Fading into Ryan's soul, Ronald's sewer, it had vomited in on them. Waiting Emilia out, of their half-breed attempt to put a cuff on this infamous case, Ronald's cloudburst, it could never had made it through this system, as the dross of Tom, it had been full of Ronald's foul scurvy. Nasty minds, they were inflated into Ronald's quagmire. Surfing with him in its cyberspace, their gaming squalor, it had continued, so Ronald had to be killed.

Emilia's reach, it hadn't been able to grab a hold of Soo, for she would had strangled Soo's tongue out of her mouth. The victim, they were lured by an always. Remaining as this ignoble and harsh speed demon, an interchange, of the course, this turncoat, he had been taking these ultimate steps, so things, they had started to make Ryan fretful.

Pensive at such a point, his lack of responsiveness, it had started to make Tom go berserk. Antipathy with Ryan's incredulous and staggering stall, it had soused them in an obscurity of its indecision. Creeping up on them, it had wavered in as their dotting doldrums. Harbored of these maddening suspicions, it had come from an outer space.

In an effort to defame Tom, a round robin's mob with an illusion and by a delusion, squashing the butt of a nine-millimeter, it

was gripped in Tom's right hand. There had been none to spare, as a detour of this moment, its beaten brains, they were of its knock'em down.

Power and might, Tom had no fear, as its fangs, they had grappled at her with this mangled herd. Easements, they were up and through Tom's vindictive head, as this renewal medley of his transmigration, it had come with a gist of this cholera. Signaling Tom, he was with its artery and diorama.

Soo's pandemonium, it had been anchored in and from this thruway, so a savory never-never-land, it was nameless. Without milk nor of any honey, molesting in a madness, the handle of Tom's automatic, it had been detonating off the side of Ryan's head. Debunks, they were drumbeating in an ancient Sedan.

A ruthless raven, this had been starving off what that it was of their time. Botching in with its panic-stricken heebie-jeebies, it had tasted of a ruddy bitterness. An anointed, adrift and filtered out of necromancy's gut, a grave-faced look, it had come from where it had been dragged in the dust. Skeletons in Ronald's closets, they were playing possum, for their flanks, they had been pierced. Their gloomy, leather flesh, it had been hanging loosely over these brittle stiff.

Springing from an infernal jet off their backbones, of their shoulders, they had turned tail. Shrinking away, they had come again. They had a stupor, and it had come from their millstones. Long of suffering, their cloths, they were dangling into these faraway lives. No fashion, they had revolted from civilized society.

They had dumbfounded Tom. Daring not to call to his own soul, being hauled out and empty, he had been bound naked to a large pillar. Carved with hideous marks, they were etched in a coal-burnt wood. Strap tight, it had cut its badges. Another load, magazines, they were shot. Kill, kill-kill and chuck, chuck-chuck, machine guns, their bang, bang-bang, they had become of its whatever.

Squashing them as toads, George had become of its part. Scattered within its ambush, beaten with an extraterrestrial, he had been with its dead. Courting an evil spirit, they went into a virtual cave. Enticing them with these demonic illusions of

itself, two benumbed men, Jack was the first to of had reappeared from it, as something and or of its other, it was of this and or of that way.

An eternal sleep, it had been wide awake. Languished and of this morning, they never would had found their glorious Lord. "We're goin' to have to figure all this out before too long."

Speaking to Jack, Doug was of a torrid slur. Shocked, preoccupied selves, they had been of it. Running down a slope, of its small and heated river, Jack had cocked a shell into his rifle. A first person, a shot of that bullet, it was for Doug. Vulgar, a profane real-time Jack, he had sighted Doug. Whipped out, it was of Doug's rawboned thing, for he had urinated.

A wee morning hour, Marc's cabin, it was on this Montana hillside. Resting against the main mountains, along with its neighboring peaks, of its geological pimples, they had faced this Earth. A small Indian community, they were of those sheltered lives. Closely watched by it in the game, an extraterrestrial, it had placed all its eggs in this one basket. Always, it had been of them, yet nothing, they were of its India.

They were sneaking up to Marc's cabin with loaded rifles, as their job securities, they were in its mind. A wolf, it had ripped open the throat of a young boy. Funded by the United States Government, of higher stakes, they were brought on by Marc.

Doug went for his penis. Passing its water, Doug was in a transitory state of himself. Standing up and or down, of Doug's puking liver, it had been in his pants. Roused into them, they were of this call to its nature. Feces and or of that urination, an extraterrestrial, it had been called by an unnaturalness.

"Its...come on, let me..." Doug's anguished voice, it had scared the hell out of Jack, as Doug's heavy-duty pants, an underwear, they had been hanging midway his thighs. Lopping out, of a long phallic, it had been with its only. Dripping with tears of its foggy fluid, its certainness, it was of its times. Ronald was of this food for an extraterrestrial. Jack had not known of its either. Blown with Doug, a shoulder of its because, it was with these things, and they had been of its difference.

A cherry had to of had been popped, and its pit, it was for the back of Doug's head. Jack had set his fat face on it, and his cheek, it had fondled this crossed-eyed hair.

An indelicate mis-charge, it had been hacking into him with this abomination. Opposition of their mollycoddle passions, it had been sighted. Blackjacks, tumultuous and torpid, an ozone duct, it was of its mashed blood. Fluid dynamics, of its phlegm, it was backbiting into Jack.

"I've been feeding off you." Marc had made a sober quip. There, friend and or foe, elected of its quantum leaps, it was of an extraterrestrial, as an evil jump into an online nether world, Marc was of its boisterous, devious and or cocky stabilized VR mankind.

"Am I the slaughterer or the slaughtered?" Ronald had asked about an unholiness of it. "I am the slaughtered. You are the slaughterer." Marc had come back at Ronald that way.

"Do you believe in God?" Marc had nodded at Ronald's question. A diabolic possession, of an extraterrestrial, it had been started with a radioactive stability. Mankind had been brought into its leeches, and they had begun to fester on Marc's face. His veins, they had channeled of its movement. Quaking of an upload, this deepened redness, these strangling mutations, they were of this outlander's body, as their necks, they had been turned around. A soulless eye, it had been blinking of its impersonal depth of them.

Unimpeded it, an entryway, this was of Ronald's conquests, for his sought-after Lucifer, it's presence was as these hideous gapes. They were of them. Flashing of its everlasting winks, they were with it. Plunged within its slow motions and or of its again, meeting bombshells of itself, they were thunder-bolting into an ostracizing light. Slurping in and or out of oppressed creations, Ronald's terminus, they had enveloped into it, as Marc and Ronald, they were lurking into these dark corners.

Stalking old squawks, they were of this corporeal knowledge. Rending pleasure from its counter plunge, one way, it was of its before. Ruled and squandered with an anarchist's bellyache, of that heated ejection, fire-pokers, Ronald had been standing next

to them. A pumice fire-place, it had burst into a piping hot ardor.

Soothsaying architecture, its impression, it was of these black numbers, for they were girded into a rot-iron hand. Holding its heavy ten o'clock reading, it was of its real-time. Juliana had never been later than nine AM. She could mourn her father, as she had loved him so very much. She had faked every tear.

"You were running." Juliana had talked with Ronald, yet her words, they had come from an empty head. Gazing into the retiring lights of itself, they had emanated out of a veil, as Juliana, she had been enticed by them. "How many?" She had asked him. "From where sweet Julie had I run?" Ronald had pried back at Juliana.

Forgiveness, as a salty insult, belied with its morning after, Ronald had known of this beauty, for they were with his beast. Tabloid delusions of him, they were with an extraterrestrial. Viral and mortifying morose, this was of itself. Plowed, its vapid bog, it was of this fickleness. Ronald's virility, it was of its rather and or of an intrusion of it.

Dawning, Juliana's waterworks, they were of this reason. Its none was of its without, as she had been held behind these closed doors. She had realized it with her father. It was of its okay, as every young girl, they had wanted their fathers. "Mommy do it." Juliana's naive soles, they were of this coldness.

Sherry had not been sane enough for kids, so she had traumatized Juliana into a silence. Stinging red marks, they were slapped across Juliana's face. Slammed by Sherry, Juliana's dirty looks, they were of its afterwards. Usual, Sunday, her father had stayed in his bed. Sherry would have been fixing breakfast.

Its ritual, Sherry had worked for a placement agency in Los Angeles. A twenty-seven-year-old high-school educated girl from El Monte California, she had settled in and alongside Larry Pombra. Juliana's father, he had been working with cars in his junk yard. It was in an industrial area in Temple City California.

Sherry was around every other Mexican bar in the San Gabriel Valley. Larry would not drink. He was of this shop guy type. A

gasping moment, it was of those last prayers. An over, they were of these fretted days in and or of their days out. Living for that dreadful one, the air, it had escaped his orbit. This time, it had collided into him.

A helplessness in a space, delicateness, it was withering of its away. With its wisp of wind, Ronald had seen Juliana's motionlessness. Reaching out with his tongues, they were lapping up a leer. Not of a had cared about it, a tickle of her, Sherry's daughter, she was with a graveness. Taken from Juliana, her sin, it was blamed for Larry's departure. Her own hand, it was of his undoing - a sameness of itself.

"Stop." Juliana had said that with a dolorous arousal. Vaporized with a horny and symbiotic devotion, Juliana's affection, it had remained with its rather. A sudden death syndrome, it had been of Ronald, so daddy's little girl, she had been taken out of the ball game. Balance with its first places of it, they were of itself and or of a phantom limb of him. A phallic, it had been with her papa. Filling her cavity, drenching her canal, a vile and virtual metamorphosis, Ronald's spine, it had been throbbing with an excitement.

Diving into these spine-tingling raptures, they had been fracturing their vertebrae. Warping in with its treacherous mayhem, Juliana had been weakened with it. His demonic mutation, it had been reserved, as it was within his eyes. Now with their faint transports, it was of an again. Programmed by this stranger, snarling, it had been negotiating with its own, as an extraterrestrial's evil art, sold of itself, an alien creation, it was with a black craft.

Zen shadows, they were cast at vectors. They were of its sine hue, architecture - electronically aligned, for Ronald's biochemical application as a serial killer, captured spirits, they were of its same kind. Dominion of sin, it had brought them together. A nefarious means of itself, it had been of Ronald's aggression.

Now, slumped with a handsome thick lump, it was hanging loose between his legs. Dangling of an animated corrosiveness, it was readied to explode, for its war-horse volley, it had been filled in with an Alien degradation. Its cyberspace, it was of this no decay. Ronald's head, it had jerked in and of its spasmodic way,

so he had gathered some composure. Resisted - an evil possession, its influence was upon him. An erotic looking stiletto, it was on this hardwood dresser.

After an evil interaction with an elegant chair, it was pure gold. A curvature blade, it was of its waves - razor sharpness. Extended outward, of its eight-inch point, it had been topped from its three-inch width. Sycophancy bribes, gestures, they were of its sorceries.

When Juliana had heard the stiletto, it had skillfully met with the top of this rich purple mahogany dresser. A gentle way with his ends, Ronald had stood naked. This was of its just before, as he had been sitting in an antique chair. Won with rounds, Juliana had made it into his bedroom in West Los Angeles, for Ronald had owned her soul.

Juliana was willing to of had done anything. Attracted, Juliana had been hiding with an extraterrestrial. Betrayal of her father's love, Juliana had been taken into an outer space. Plaguing Juliana with an existence, she had mal-functioned with Ronald. She had found her Sodom, so she would had been his Gomorrah.

"I can help you." Juliana had spoken to Ronald with feeble and weak words. They were of its never and or ever. Grieved for the loss of her daddy's love, seductions of them, Ronald had been with Juliana as an extraterrestrial. An always known, facts, Juliana had kept a VR scrap book. It was of their fantasies. Contagious and villainous notoriety, he was courting these affections of the damned.

Wallowed of skulls, they were in its rock field. Empty stretches of Earth, it had provided this means, as Ronald was amazed and infatuated into a numb patience. He had lowered his sensuous cheeks on the soft leather chair - relaxed, confident and secure.

"Help me." Ronald's voice, it was shedding tears, so softly with this scandalized ardor, of his insurrection, its doom, it had met the damsel's archery. Incited by this radioactive lechery, its sicko malaria, it had been accumulating in a wad of madness. Tempting to burst out with this crazed eruption, Ronald had enjoyed Juliana. His fray with a disguised lunacy, of his

despairing dream with them, a pipeline of a little boy's lust, it had come to Ronald from without.

No life, he was of this stinky and or foul sarcasm. Juliana in his bedroom, this was of its after. Full scale and thermonuclear, it had lurched up with its vicious snatch. Juliana had made Ronald fear for her as a loss, as he had wanted Juliana to stay. Juliana had provoked his demon. His wrists, they were bound at the top of this stake.

Above his head, an extending infinity, a knot, it had been fastened under an overshadow, as it was of an everlasting night. Slavery, floundering into these haunting illusions, the gangsters, they had been of its slogs. Vapid hunchbacks, they had come to deposit their weariness upon Tom. Their flattened silence, it was from another world, so Tom's stumblebum, it had been put in a pastier, as there was nothing but a travesty.

He had tried to pull through. A sight of a dither exit, his mushrooming gallows, they were of his do-or-die. This sardonic reflection of himself, his wild killjoys, they were treading the measure of its shroud.

Brute, unflinching and of an unbearable ability to hold his teeth, they were the grubs from a mollified sanitarium. They had been of an only. A saltwater diet, of dominos in their matrix, they had been funneling backward. Flash of lightening, Tom's body, it was still trembling, as his redeemer, it might had been approaching him in this distance.

"You're not responding?" Ryan's shakedown, it had not registered with Tom, as he had been giving Ryan these black looks. Shooting out of Tom's head, there were these lapses of memory, for his lunatic, it was a marrowless presence of Ronald's mind.

Ryan had wanted to check in on Tom's voice of conscience, yet Ryan had no need for a rock bottom despair. Paraphrasing Tom's self-ruin, Ryan had stiffened his spine. Previously questioned, of belated and sacrileges rehearsals, they had been inside Tom's jack o' lanterns.

False impressions, they were shining from Tom's jailbreak eyes. An eruption into Tom's present, he had eroded into an obscene pornography, for his queer thoughts, they were wandering in and

of their shroud. Delirium tremens, Tom was in an elixir of a boring supernatural and satanic demonology. From the temple of Beelzebub, Tom was fluttering on both sides of time.

Locked in his head, an all-seeing and slippery surrender, smeared of its kerosene semen, its serpent, it had been with a convolution. Dooming a gummy old man's mouth, from the lack of a lubrication, this grim spelunker, he was wasted in a sleazy coercion, as Tom's livid blood relatives, they were robbing him of this ravaging shell-fire.

Mocked out and with this pitiless clobbering of his pompousness, Tom had been blotted out by this foe. Without any bravado, of a sapping hemorrhage, Ryan had swaggered into Tom's loudmouth, for it had been of its without - pretension.

"We jacking off on this one?" A simple question, Tom had wanted to get a thunderclap from Ryan. Digging into Tom's purple blossoms, Ryan's bulldog of a mind, it was licking Tom's pup. "What's your problem?" Laborious words, they had groaned out of Ryan's mouth. Coming out of its realm, Tom had been contriving against Ryan. "I thought that we were together on this?" Ryan had tried Tom another way.

Up the river, of another story in their same book, Ryan had basked in it. Glaring at the blood that had been spilt, Ronald had demonstrated his wrath in VR. Everybody went online for this alienation. Chaos and strangeness, an anybody's mind, it was of this infamous resume, yet something else, it had started this far-out type of resurrection. It could had torched all cities.

A hit or miss, this skillful and or its maudlin, Tom's temples, they were pulsating on the both sides of his head, for he was about ready to cream his pants. Breast beating for his home-boys, Tom had given Ryan this nudge of his grudge. It was from the tip of his barrel, a nine-millimeter. "You think that I'm jacking off?" Growling, of Tom's vicious and interrogating defenses, they were in its portal.

Delusion and illusion, it was of their derangement, as all minds, they had become malformed. Deviating them from out of its time, space and into its law with their jungle, they had been stabilized. Denying them their ability to decay, back into a

transparency of itself, alive and or dead, of this information at hand, it was of their cohesive nonhuman development.

Tom's senses, they were fixated by it, as his eyes, they were combing their forefront. People had been watching, and they were taking notice of Tom. With his automatic handgun to Ryan's head, it was of an outlander. It had stopped the passersby, as they had seen him stealing their show. Tom's effort, it was withering into and onto himself, so Snake had slid in on their parade. Emilia had set his course. It was of her vendetta.

"Keep it down baby." Snake, as the car-jacker, he was brought into her spell. Grabbed and on the cuff, there was a revitalization of Ronald's culprit, for Snake, he was into Emilia's racy hormones. Abnormal abilities, they were of his application.

They had shown no decay. Emilia had thought that she had become part of this inhuman race, yet she had finally belonged. Something that she had belonged to, it had made her a nothing. She had no knowledge of herself. Meaninglessness, it had started to make a bizarre statement.

Her orgasms, she had worshipped them. Crazy, of an untidy and peppery midday rebel, at the time and along, of his grunts, they never had copped a plea on her behalf, for she had seized him. Snake had shot her up with his tumor. Grueling in a spatial with an Alien application, Snake's volley, it was pulverizing Emilia.

With this conjugated adhesion to Ronald, of Snake's spelunking, it had evoked Emilia into this consecrated fetish. A flesh-eating animal with a murderous infection, conjured by Ronald, it had coagulated into Emilia's blood. Strain, an explanation, the consequence of Emilia, it had been afloat with this pell-mell drain. Ronald's blood, it had been fading in and out.

Hopping into her panties, Snake had slopped up his pre-requisite six-pack of gaudy peach wine. Along with a couple joints, Emilia was dressed in an old t-shirt. Tied at a noose and in this front, slackened and of its hang on her, she was late with an intoxication. Snake was seamy. Unwashed and waning from his wear, he had tossed Emilia a pair of these jeans. In this underworld kitchen, she had gotten them on, and they had wrapped her tight. "Ho's now bad."

Snake had jabbed Emilia. In this daze, she was four cheap wines into their morning. Between swallows, she had given into its all, as she had been his.

Hurt some, her fate had been sealed. Tilting the bottle high above her head, she had guzzled the remainder of it. Afterward, she had let her arm torpedo down with a cut-throat embryo. Beheading her with a blackjack boomerang, it had been in an aquatic flurry of an acid acme. Mixing her up into an abyssal, fusing her in an abyss, its moon's pit, it had been of a lifeless barter with her deaf and dumb funeral, as she had waited for Snake's riot. With his squad, she had spread her legs wide. In the dark, it had dangled out.

Tailored for a bluejacket marine, he had been astern. A forty-ounce, it was half full of beer. With its slight foam, of its agitation, it was at the top. Salvo from a hose, this grasshopper of space-time, it had been making quantum leaps between its stars and planets. Emilia, she would not blush with it in her mouth. Beingness, she was ready to spar with Snake.

Toying with his meat, she would eat it. Snake's madman, he had ripped their car. Emanating and of a demented eviction, there was no duel. "Go. Get right on with it." Without any etiquette, he had no polishing graces. "Wait on." Snake had delivered Emilia, as a sleazy melodrama in West LA, it had seeped into her with a rapid mildew of his germs. Her slithery awareness, it was of him. Parasite, it had been swimming in their fish-bowl. Gold, it had been taken by fugitives, and her plasma, it had been filled with these inner workings of an Alien. Melting, a sleight of hand, it had been adhering to her.

Emilia's limping urges, they had come. Global illusions, they were of a nine-day wonder. Lending in with its pogrom of jewels, speaking to Ronald with these toneless words, Snake's public violence, it was of a counterrevolution. Amends, of his fervent despotism, it had bit the bat with a piggish notion, as it had no cross to bear. Empty stomach, fed by VR, Snake had strolled across the street in West Los Angeles. Into Ronald's quarrelsome venom, it was of his Noosphere argument.

Searching for the Devil, of a reservoir, it went into Emilia's psoriasis, as its lethal stillborn chemistry with pixels, it had cob-webbed into her with his mummy's fossils.

Burrowing into her, its broke and dead-house flies, they were in a Sphinx of its concussion. Drifting on with their incongruous stakes, discharged from its diabolic straw-men, their innate and fig-less trees, wanton wanders, they had been without an Achilles heel, yet it had grasped at its mankind with these empty hands.

Exhaling of their one liners, flashing their wit, they had been without their fear of a God, as their light, it went out with their matchless masterpieces. Straining with its caskets, of their reigning effigies, Lucifer's children, they had been stirring within their voracity to copulate into this kangaroo courtship. To lure in a mob-hopping madness, of this obsession, it had boiled in with their bad-blood.

An awe-inspiring force, the sheepish little hole, she had seen Snake. Eating this dust of mankind, she had been burned with these witches. At the stake of Ronald's barbecue, Snake had just inched in and then - plunge. All the daylight, it had been shining in Emilia's night. An obvious worker for his office, of the type, she had been cast in VR. Snake's coup de 'etat, it had assassinated the lost in prison.

Snake could kill on sight, and Ryan's quirk in its wave of trouble, it had been skinned into a hellcat viper. Laboring in Herod's rampage, they were lambasted into this Godforsaken writhe. Sockets, they were masquerading into Ronald. An extraterrestrial domain, suspicion as its eyes, they were of an online mankind. Tom's corruption, it had been decking into Ronald, so a chicanery to rouse up some sort of a vagabond slab, its cyberspace illusions, its delusions, they were of an unsympathetic drooling over, as a retarded slug-thug, it was waking in and of this drudgery.

This had entrapped them in an exhalation of the Devil's excrement. "Mr. Bertram." Ryan's words, they were sarcastic. Sculptured of all these heavy anchors, they had been tossed into Ryan's sea. Before Tom, through this maze of idiots in his hunt for Ronald, Ryan's dead weight, it had been grinding Tom's day. "There's a toilet on your shoulders."

A precious one at that, a decimation of himself, Ryan was placid enough to put a choke on Tom's words, yet ready to pop, Tom had brandished his hand-gun out in front of people.

In this cyberspace illusion, the stragglers, they had been skulking around in and of this luck-luster domain with Los Angeles. God could had been only too kind to of had held them all in and of this act of faithlessness.

Emilia had already been dealt her death blow, so Snake could never surprise her. The two police officers, they had swooped in and behind a parked sedan. It had either turned sheepish or sleepy-headed, as somebody should had been dead and or gone by now. People had gotten their brains scattered in Hotel California all the time.

Ossified moments, they were the best of brains. Building rockets, clenched and kicked out of their buckets, they were full of bullets. Same intelligence, their guns, they were stuck with its index finger. Pulled, this trigger, it was of their own biochemistry in an electronic architecture. In an unknown abode, the two blackguards, they were from East Los Angeles in this game. African Americans with guns drawn, they were dropped down from an outer world. Mind delusion, they had come after this sedan.

They had left their police cruiser, and its lights, they were flashing. Its doors, they were left open and in the middle of this street, so their space-walk, it had ensued in and of its thereafter. This would had been an easy whack for them. Thoughts, the dupe, he probably had a toy gun. Happens all the time, they had such a pleasure. Riddling them in the back, people were defending themselves, so the anger, of this payola, it had been electrocuted into them.

Psychotic beliefs, Emilia had met her dead-duck, so her heart, it had been forlorn. Craving an agony, her incurable crunch, it had been of an impious slab. This harpooning place of daggers, of its flint and steel, it had been shoved into all these children. They had been left in its lurch, so these cyber-spatial and irritable injections, they were of their hypodermic screams. Screw-worm and screw-balling, this cocky and crazy marking down, a self-impeachment of Ryan and Tom, they were moonstruck into Snake's unholy matrimony with Ronald, as his vainglory, it had been hatched into these genes.

From a cosmological connection, denied radioactivity, this pellagra of an application, it had no pet in a penance. Racking

out of oneself, wine-colored scurf, it was scintillating of this psychic foulness. From Ronald's ransacking fetishes, it was breeding into Snake's jitters.

Remote throws and harsh farewells, they were of these exploding clinchers. Vertigo collapses, they were somersaulting with and of its entities, as they had been coming to Snake in a nondescript application.

A manifestation of this viscera, thermodynamical stability, it had been decaying into an extraterrestrial abode. With its jet-black fracturing of him, Snake's hothead, it had been of an illicit attack. Double-blind PD, they had been honing-in on the game. Their play was at where Ryan and Tom had been realized in the sedan. Ryan had started to crouch out, and looking to log off, there would had been a heated volley, as Tom's graphic ashes, they would of had soon come to dirt.

In this game, it was the way that it was, so it had to of had been it then. Ronald's seething morass, it was of their post-dated and devious detour. Crucifying all the crude convicts, shrinking into their thermos, it had been between their ears, so this bioelectric energy, it had been cooled. Rustling of them into a highball cavity, they had been dropped down into and at where Tom had a silent nine- millimeter, and it had remained nameless in his grip.

An amoebas ammonia, it had been discovered in the semantics of the VR, and it was of their own lynching. White noise, it had been concealed by this black-magic. Their gunshots, they were lurid reminders, as they had been hacked off and plucked out. A baptismal, it had been without a go-between. Redirection and or of a slackening, their spirits, they had been hunting for their bodies. In an extraterrestrial affinity, reverting them into this bottomless abode, of their own call, it had collided technology, for a stoic mystery, it had been pinching mankind's kettle drums. Made from the faces that were cooked into Ronald's cyberspace amnesia, the scraps of this Devil, they were checked out.

Snake's debate, it had been hung-over from an-outs, as it had been of his VR slaughter-house. The two PD, they were plodding on this Koreatown street. Somewhere on its VR, they were club-footing into it. From their wise-cracking sneers, they were of

their blood-thirsty pits. The leveling of an imbalance, it had been going off. Plugs into thugs, flaunting their teeth for this power, worn down from a gross distraction of life, its death, Ronald was reneging with himself.

"I was gonna?" Tom had gawked at Ryan for an excuse, yet Ryan had been gathering his own odds and ends. Snake had crept up. Back and behind them, previous of Tom and Ryan, there was a police cruiser. Bubbles of a lawlessness horde, it was polluting them with a foreigner. Monotonous gongs, someplace or somewhere, on a lonely hilltop, of the extraterrestrial cyberspace, it had been used to build these barriers. Frightening strange creatures, they had settled too close to their day, for they had been slipping into Ronald's night.

"It's too late." Ryan had filled in Tom's blanks with his last breath, as a VR sanctuary, it had been deteriorating into them with its Godless sanctity. Their cosmos, it had sky-dived down onto this Noosphere. The onslaught of onlookers, they had existed for its here and now, yet their beingness, it was driven off with this wind. Without a cliché as a residual of a present tense, on the deck and face to face, of a decaying embryo, it was ripe for Ronald's vigilant wickedness.

Snarling with its acute acidity, revolted, it was of its warmongers, and they were operating with this berserk. Dole-men, they had been robbing the corner stone of charity. Clogged in with a VR lie, its ghost, it went headstrong on this Noosphere. Insane with its beingness, they were without an asylum. "What are they doin'?" Tom's rude awakening, it had faced this unknown. An inheritance, neither and or of an either, Ryan had gagged with an effort to get some adhesive friction, as Tom had become affixed to the Alien possession.

Blisters, they had started to fester out of Tom's vomit. "What the hell's goin' on?" Tom's fury, it had come out of this cold torture. Fevered, of his contorting face, his eyes, they had been widened, as his cyber-spaced points, they had festered from this game-plan. Life and death, of a flagrant credo, it had been staffed by all these women haters. Licking their chops for a treacherous plundering with its life, Ronald had been plied to an Alien witch, and Tom was with her.

Riotous narcotics, they went into its VR sanitarium. The Alien's family, they had gone to this dentist, and it had drilled into their pain. Pleasure, it was pumping pesticide into these unspoiled kids.

"What are they doing to me?" Tom's conflagration, of its panic, it had been graded into him with these pieces, for Ronald's pyromania, it had been of a dazzling display. Quavering quasars, they were a snug for Ronald, as its sumptuous chocolate Sundays, they were stuffed into them with its piteous jaundice. Streamed with an Alien, swashing, seething with others and swapping their kiddy-porn, they had been of these caustic looks, for these scandalous lavatories, they were leaching into its forever land.

On its layaway, de-escalated and of its solemn unloading, it was of an unutterable and or of a volcanic vituperating scowl. "Da sum my lu!" Tom was forced to belch up her wretched tongue. Permeating him with a cyber-spatial hemorrhaging, of this metempsychosis with another world, its day, it had been of this night-blindness. Its blasphemy of a white bird, this holy spirit, it had become an icon, as its graphical user interchange, it had found Jesus Christ in a cyberspace portal.

No Godlike agenda, of a beingness, it had been rammed in by this gentle teacher. An Alien God, it was without a creed, religion or cult. A nine-inch spread, of his six-foot-two-inch furor, he had been glinting with these Noosphere road-signs. Frugal species, they went backward in its time, and this space, it was sampled in their shanties. Spooked away from detailed descriptions, of an orgy in VR with an Alien God, her mind, it had been absorbed in and of its time, for Ronald's dead bodies, they lain in and of these spasms. Vaulting into her with this diabolic coalition, of a poker-faced innocence, Ronald had left her.

Hidden and under her breath, Juliana had worried about her trail. Venomous scolding, it had dared not to of had been shown, yet it was of her true relationship. "Get it off." Sherry had pushed the bedding tight across little Julie's neck. Juliana's terse tears and command, they had seized Sherry's roots, so in Julie's graveyard, Sherry had fallen short and away. Henpecking at her with its finagled void, of Julie's sickening mind, they had been placed in quarantine.

Precious thunder - Juliana's no laughter, no pig tails, no rosy cheeks, none of an enlivened animation, they had been ballooned into Juliana. Sherry had put her into a schematic complacency, so she had stared fiercely up at Sherry. Infected with Sherry's booze and cigarettes, Julie had been stoned into a barbarous heart.

Frantic in an apathy, of a stark raving madness, Sherry had made off with Juliana's check. Sinking from her mother, Juliana had sought refuge from Sherry's ravishment. Revolting cramps, Sherry had crowded into Juliana's face with an index finger, yet Julie was transfixed upon her mother in a cold-blooded catastrophe. "He's going to find out." Juliana had stubbornly told this to her mother, so Sherry couldn't had done her insidious ruff-house game at this time. Juliana's sight, it had glowed with a hard-fought hate, as a sentient petulance, it had been fueled into Juliana from an internal combustion chamber.

Swept off her feet, Sherry had been smitten with a street pander's adultery. Hawking Juliana as a money maker, of an incestuous opportunity, her own daughter, she was violated with an ardent agony. Perishing thoughts, they had put Julie in a rock-bottom mausoleum. Subverting her into a weak-willed punishment, an orbiting totter, it was of an unborn annihilation. Nullified of a broken spirit, moribund strength, this had existed in her none to spare.

A severance, it had tinged in with an abjection. Getting past her bedtime, this night, Juliana's clean hands, they had called in an underwriter, for Juliana's mother, she had broken in on Julie's dreams. Sherry had been hit below the belt. A roguish feud, it had come to Sherry with its doomed outcast, so Sherry's charm, it had run her out of this bone-house. Sapping her blood, veering her astray and sliding in something other than a serpent, it had been in her bosom.

"Oh God." Sherry had said it with a heated groan. He had been cruel, yet Sherry had needed an inoculation. A forbidden bedlam, it had been brewing into her with its shambles. Paranoiac and panorama carousing, barefaced with her suicidal manic disorder, of the more, Sherry had wanted to take them into her. The insanity to get it before, fear after, this had black-balled Sherry into an extinction. Never able to unravel the abuse that Sherry had consecrated upon Juliana, they had been on bad terms

forever. Juliana's fingers, they were wrapped firm into this caged wire, as the cheek of Juliana's face, it was of a heated press.

Naked for an impression, Ronald had just finished. It was of his last surge of an explosiveness. Coming from the core of her surrender, Juliana had taken in a long breath, as the pet shop, it was in jitters. Juliana had said it with a hot and heavy slur, for she had been bent over. They were in front of the puppy kennels. There had been a homely bulldog pup, and it had sat on its haunches. "You done?" Cold-sweat, it had beaded just below her darkened hairline. Naked and with a rear spread, she had lain her face against the kennel.

"Am I?" Ronald had asked, for he could have gone on for hours. Burning with victories, they went into her hell-fire. Ronald's muscles, they were toned with an energy, and his body, it had been alive with a radical, rheumatic - an exotic fever. Holding himself deep inside her interlining, it had been saturated with his inner beast. Shied of this movement, it had been against its grain, so he had pushed back into Juliana.

An ill-tempered limbo mind, daddy's girl, of Juliana's reprehensible gallery, it had been sunk deep into her a long time ago, so she had released her bevy of flies. Whirling around at Ronald, lousy with his candlestick dreams, of this cheap light, he had been retired from a devout sight. "You're done." Juliana had to tell him, as a finality with her at this fourth dimension, of Juliana's unbalanced aversion, tyrannized by in VR with cool, bad blood and foiling Ronald in his search for the Devil, Juliana's engine, it had become a prophetic dominion.

Drooling, roaming like drunks with Ronald, they had been networking with each other. Smelling salts, they had become his revolution. Loathsome, culminating for some sort of paltry cloak, it had hidden her in this technological neuro-psychosis. Punctuating with a lion's blaze of glory, of an unruly pulpit, it had echoed in with these vulgar words. "I'm bigger than your Daddy."

Juliana had turned to Ronald, for he had made this simpleminded statement. Arching her back, regarding it quietly and waiting for Ronald to pull out, the bulldog, six weeks and feeble-awkward, it had yapped some of this excitement. Close-lipped, of

a possession, it had been felled over backward. Labored, Juliana had pivoted her head around. "I think maybe daddy was bigger." Leering at where Ronald's flesh, it had been bogged down.

Snug, it was up this river. After a slight meeting of his wickedness, she had finished it - a sultry. "Unplug her from me." She wasn't afraid. Withdrawn some and before, Juliana had felt Ronald's streams ooze out of her. "No." Ronald had then replied. Juliana had kept it all downstairs and in the back, and the special ones, they were in this black box.

Ryan was in his firm stand, as there was a watchful eye upon Tom. "You saw it! See it?" Tom had then asked Ryan with this quasi squeamishness, for Tom's quorum of a combative humdrum, it had a baby. Without a power plant, ushered in with its powwow, of his obsession with this peril, an oath for this false swearing, it was of its own doing, for this bull, it had been eaten under a black moon. A vagueness, it had been at the end of a rope. Buoying up from Hell on Earth, it had been apprehended with razor blades.

Their straws, they had been for a peevish moron. Morbid and seedy neediness, it was of an artless mosque, as they were for its bastard infidels. "What I saw, was your gun in my face." Ryan had not been driven into his corner. Collapsing during this gravitational demarcation, this vexation, it was of himself.

Digital flies, they had been previously eaten by brutes. Brawling into their worlds, it had now become a spider-web. Ryan's application, of this Noosphere delusion, an illusion, a neurotic misfit, it had been of this effort to lunge into this massive multiplayer online VR game.

Ronald's profanity, of no truth for Tom, just like the others, like them all, their goblin, it had come into VR. Pondering Ryan, Tom was frowning of this frost. Ryan's face, it was pale. Without blood, it had been burnt to ashes. An awe-inspiring diffidence - his obscurities, they were browbeating into Tom's soul-stirring and spontaneous discharges. Weeping over a waterless-well and with its knowingness, Ronald's case, it had infested Ryan with these latter days.

Tom had been participating in Ronald's outrage. A vital force, confining Ryan to an enigma, it had been infused into Tom. This

fire-iron, it was at this sunrise. Glint on the grass and before a certain angle, Ryan had reported to the FBI. It had been of his dim censure.

Chiding him from a false chuckle, this Alien, it was of his lopsided mirage, as Ronald had been creating a far-out bordello on the VR. Scorched on this Noosphere with Ronald, his flock, it had been of them in this portal. An unknown, crude and malignant bait, the FBI had squat a sacrifice - Ryan, and an evil and satanic uprising in VR, they were without any heavenly bodies. Misinformed and molested by an alienation, this cosmology, a dissemination of their human spirits, Ryan had been anchored by Ronald, as he had been taken away from himself.

No whore, no physical expression of his sex, Ryan was ossified by a backache. The misery, it was venerating him into a spelunking delusion, as it had become a conjuring trick of the VR. This something, it had made Ryan into its neither hot nor cold, and a stabilization of its underworld dreams, even the LAPD, its SIS, they had swooped in on him this time. Hoop-law, it lain in with its another gem, as at this level, this pickle in a jar, it had been of a clandestine VR. Raising feathers during this storm, it had caused an inferno of Noosphere Spelunkers. Siphoning off mankind's instabilities in Ronald's Virtual Reality, they had all fell into its ruin.

None would nor could there had been a care. Floodgates for dateless mongrels, they had been of her compulsory mutilation. Eye-catching, an evil-minded Jerry, she had been weaned from her death. Done already, her slow motion and strange existence, her blood, it was tossed into the gutters of their Hollywood streets. Stiff, of her forbidden armor, it had been wasting Jerry away. Her bony structure, it had been flayed in a cyberspace delusion, as an illusion, it was sifted out of its transfiguration.

A VR architecture of its Noosphere, it had been connected to this cosmos. A biochemical spatial of humanity in its stabilized moment, Ronald's mob, they had followed each other. Ronald was in the lead of their hot-blooded capers, and Jerry's silver lining, it had come from an outer space. Fleeing out of her Hell, losing Heaven and without any other fancy, she had been crying with an evil voice, yet it had none.

An only, it was heard, as it was from her nudge. Plunge, it had absorbed her. Excavating her spirit, copulating for a coronation with Ronald, of its beasts with him, her watch was for his prey, as Jerry's cat's paw, it was of this cold-blooded Alien.

It had been a brisk midweek. Everybody had been catching each other red-handed. Doug and Jack, they had been sticking to their Simon says mentalities. Intermixing in VR with Ronald, his handmaiden, she was of his misplaced sight, and the rest of the world, they were dodging its pitchforks.

Tethered on a pit of vipers, they had been hammer-heading into this sojourn stake-out. Yawned, this uncanny lack of flavor, it had been burned into their tissue. This juncture, it was of their chapped lips. Brought to them by these hideous memories of Marc, black coffee, they were presently sipping it. Finally, it had broken in and on through their quietude. Being more rugged, thinner and with scratches, they had been thrashed on their faces. Done in an isolation, it was sent into them with its somber demeanor.

"You know what it says here?" Doug had asked, yet Jack was forcing himself to drink his hot coffee. Over his torn glands, they had been put to a sand-paper. "There's coffee before coffin." Doug had finished it. Then, he had handed Jack the old dictionary. Doug had been thumbing through it. Some sort of manual, Doug had a need to fix this latest gadget.

"What?" Jack had searched for it, yet his sore-head, of a recent, it had been flinched away from him and his life. Dismayed gravestones, of Jack's eyes - stifled, Doug had come to Jack on this hillside, as it was from an onrush. Staring at Jack, caught, Doug had held his mug. A white, simple contemporary issue, stained and along with its gold lettering that had read "Ranger," it had been embedded in and of their cyberspace architecture, and these Earth moving machines, they were within its geophysics.

A trite effort by Marc with his workhorse, it could had been India, yet thriving off a small lumber market, Marc's paper-work, it was of its hellion with an ignorance. Impaled, these immortal Indians, they were with their last rites. Shut-up shops, they had loitered around. Murky, its tribe had settled into an archetype, yet they had no ideas for themselves.

Omitting as much information as they could, possible, it was about them in and of their efforts, yet these Indians, they were flawed and blind.

Carelessness, an uncouth search for this eclipse, of their spelunking trip, it had invited VR. This one, the other, it was with the rest of them, and it had clogged them up and into an impediment of themselves. Shameful and clumsy beings, they were of its all mighty grindstone, for Ronald's predilection, it had been embraced in this fiery consequence of himself. Muscular powers, they were erect for his violence, and their fever blisters, they were fathomed from his rotisserie of computer power.

Behind the director's chair of this scurvy-faced beingness, deep-frying into him with its fleas, lamb-like, a gaze, it went into an abyss. Plummeting into this motionless bowed head, frothing with these sunstroke gashes, his bare malice, this body, it was of a depreciating fistula. Dissolving him into its crumbling times, VR, it had been performing its autopsies.

Without a number, it had been gashing into him with these well-wishers, and their uproar, it was of Ronald's castle building. Counting them without any mathematics, graven images, they had been trekking in with their noxious breed. With her chains of contention, she had been warped into their world, as an effervescent mob, it was made of their lucent insertions of it. Playing in the havoc, it had been of his sword. Her place, it was at those points. Spelunking with an Alien on the Noosphere, hooked-up, everything and everyone, they were of this shocking indigence, as it had been torched into her by Ronald's rod.

Smutting against this XR, it was of their horizons. An observational Universe, it was of an ingress, as their nether world, it was boiling of an injurious renege. Tearing open gashes, an Alien, it had stabilized them into its store-bought packages. Dwarfing raptures, sloshing ones, they had run down these icons, and they were clicked. This VR, it had the title of "Spelunker."

Ronald had been massaging himself into this slipperiness, so his sweet-scented sweat, it was of an outlander's lust. Flush with these incursions, this ladylove, she was snapped out of this gloom. Decay in the room, it had dissipated into its stableness.

Without a straight-jacket, untold about Moraine, she had found him, so Ronald had been in her quandary. Opening his e-mails, their subject title, they had read "Rocky."

Dear Rocky: You said I'd be your bride. I can help you. I called all of them for you. You need to go to Montana. Meet me there.

Ronald had stood himself up in a manhunt. Midnight hours, they were of this offshoot vision. Spreading over the Earth like wild-flowers, this tech, it had folded out of an antique European desk. Sleek and thin, of its backside, the table-top, it had held up a state-of-the-art XR. Returned at end, it would had been put back inside.

"Here she comes." Dave's straight descent, shown as a post-mortem of himself, Dale was overhauled in its glass sphere, and Jerry was on her way with these two fifths of booze. Packed out of a liquor store in North Hollywood, Jerry had become of its parts. Its profound tangle, as a vacillating vagina, it was with their languid semiautomatics.

"Ain't payin' this time." Dale had said it. Cuffing his piece, no longer stashed under the car seat, Dale had given this old car a turn. Fusillade, it had overstepped them. Gaseousness, it was of a cosmological comparison, as a mindlessness, it was of this grim halo. Devoid life-blood, women, they were of this street, and they had bridled mankind with Ronald's oblivion. Too late and too dangerous, the clerk, he had been inside, and he had let her slide.

Bleeding a declaration of their war, an over embellishment and of an infestation, its insult, it was stark and inside his head as a banal invasion. Skeptics, they had all went beyond, for they could no longer recognize themselves. Ronald had brought them into his VR with these decorous hotbeds. His well-trodden hailstones of rape, murder and mayhem, they were dispensed on the Noosphere with this quarreling anarchy. Bursting into their Devil's flames, they had bypassed this Hell on Earth. A punishment, it had taken responsibility for Ronald.

Perpetuated with Noosphere Spelunkers, these heart-sickening liberties, disarranging and percolating into its cyberspace, a contrite percussion of an Alien tempo, their XR, they were of this VR, and it had been driving them all up and into this

consecrated breeding ground. Spoiling man, it had been found at the bottom of this scale.

Insects, they had held dominion over man, for their cosmological evolution, it was of an unfailing treachery. Expediting them, thawing at the end of the line and at the end of time, without space and or place, they were thunder-bolted into its zeniths. Jerry had fallen into the pit of this ride. Her hour's murk, it had lurked into her with a thicker haze. The strangulation, of its revolutions, they were in an endless tempo.

Lying in wait, of the kill, it had come to them and after this mayhem. Rumbling of these monotone rocks, its pistons, they were of their panicky last breaths. Vapors, the blemish of these two-gun toting white trash, add a junky black whore, they were guzzling this cheap whiskey, for it had been scandalously taken from the scrawny clerk. Sheepishly behind the register, he had peered out and into its night. Through a window, it had sat diagonally in the storefront's parking lot. Tasting of their booze, Jerry's carcass, it had filtered through and into this VR. It was from India. This small liquor store, it had been owned by some of his friends. They were in the same pig and poke as him.

Astonishingly, his dreams of America, they had all gone berserk. Way out and beyond the tattered beer posters, atoms, they had smashed into him, and a bleak and fool paradise, its saw horsing - gong of its blunt catacombs, they had flooded into Althea's drawl, as a harsh hysteria, it was from these estranged clouds. The XR, it was at Den's backside. "They're goin' to catch'em." Althea had made a halfhearted and superstitious snipe. Smoldered and bewildered, an unsightly and bloated delinquency, it had been in this air and of its background.

Silver hair, Althea's, it was wrapped in a scarf. Her face, it was soft and plainly black, and it was bedecked by her brown and peculiar moles. They were on her cheeks. "It's not our problem." Den had taken a dry-as-dust response. Cold-shoulder, of her tenuous and sordid mangle, they were casually scorched with this news. Rasping in as a current event, bombarding them from without, of Ronald's nefarious treachery, it was inserted. Shell-shocked with a low-grade and hard-as-nails cookout, it had been of Den's piecemeal past. Brewing of this tattered stop pail, mankind had been losing their direction and spirit.

Gagged into its ill-furnished turbulences, it had come as an itch. Faceless diversion, it was of a self-sacrificing omen - an Alien. Blotched stinginess, it had crawled out of her cubbyhole. An effort to fend for herself, Althea had duped Den, for she had been a Jesus freak in revolt.

Althea had bulged out in the space that she had occupied. Opposite side, the trivial condiments, they were sitting in their center-piece relationships. Not showy containers of any sort, Althea had bought them at a discount store. An air-headed tastelessness, she had been hurling it into Den. Secular grit and grind, its Devil's paradise, their beer breath, it was sweating of this THC.

Melting them into an elephant tranquilizer, its shade, it had crushed in on their morning. Turbulent squadrons, Tom was in VR and in the game. Sending out his ignoble thoughts, it was of a roguish mid-morning. Insipid moot points, they were readied for its false impressions, and their half-truths, they were of this dead-heat between Heaven and Hell. Irretrievable - an even for the black hole of Calcutta, of this lurid stalemate, it had been sponged in from its cosmos. Peevish spooks, they were together.

Tom could barely endure with and or without both, as Ryan's crass frown, it was a lame excuse for an urgent infliction. Barred from their normal senses, of an attack, Ryan had his shoddy story too. Godforsaken and a mother of an elf-child, a nymph beef eater, she had been seduced into a XR portal. VR architecture, of this unrealistic narcosis, she had her moratorium with Ronald.

Odd pity, it had evicted her into an ageless coffin. Dangling with its low water, an inertia, it had been made of its sickness. Crime magazines, they were of a dramatized nimbus. Cockroach excrement, it was in his area. Foul melodrama, it was deep-frying of an ornery enemy. Locoweed, it went into their scions. Fluid with this seasickness, an abject slime, it was fused with these technological lice, so their retinas, they had sprung out of Ronald's apprehension.

Slashing into them, it was perilous and of an unfavorable ghetto. Creating a concentration camp for this unknown huntsman, something, this had been finagled into them. Bouncing off their rubber rooms, empty heads, their base hit, it was of this lame-

brained confession. Tangled with its skein, it had sought their means. Babble-brained, dung - it had been slid under their nails. Gracing their XR, it had dug in with these claws. Deep within their human spirits, it was of its own body.

Left behind in their technological caves, souls, they were lapsed into these reclusive digressions. Burning from end to end, from one frame to the next, it had been placed in a cyberspace. Ryan's hypnotic and transient state, it had been behind their wheel.

Hot plastic, it was creaking off its barren asphalt. This playing field, it was wide open for them. A span of its years and feet, of this little Julie, Sherry was under Juliana's heart-stirring and haggard isolation.