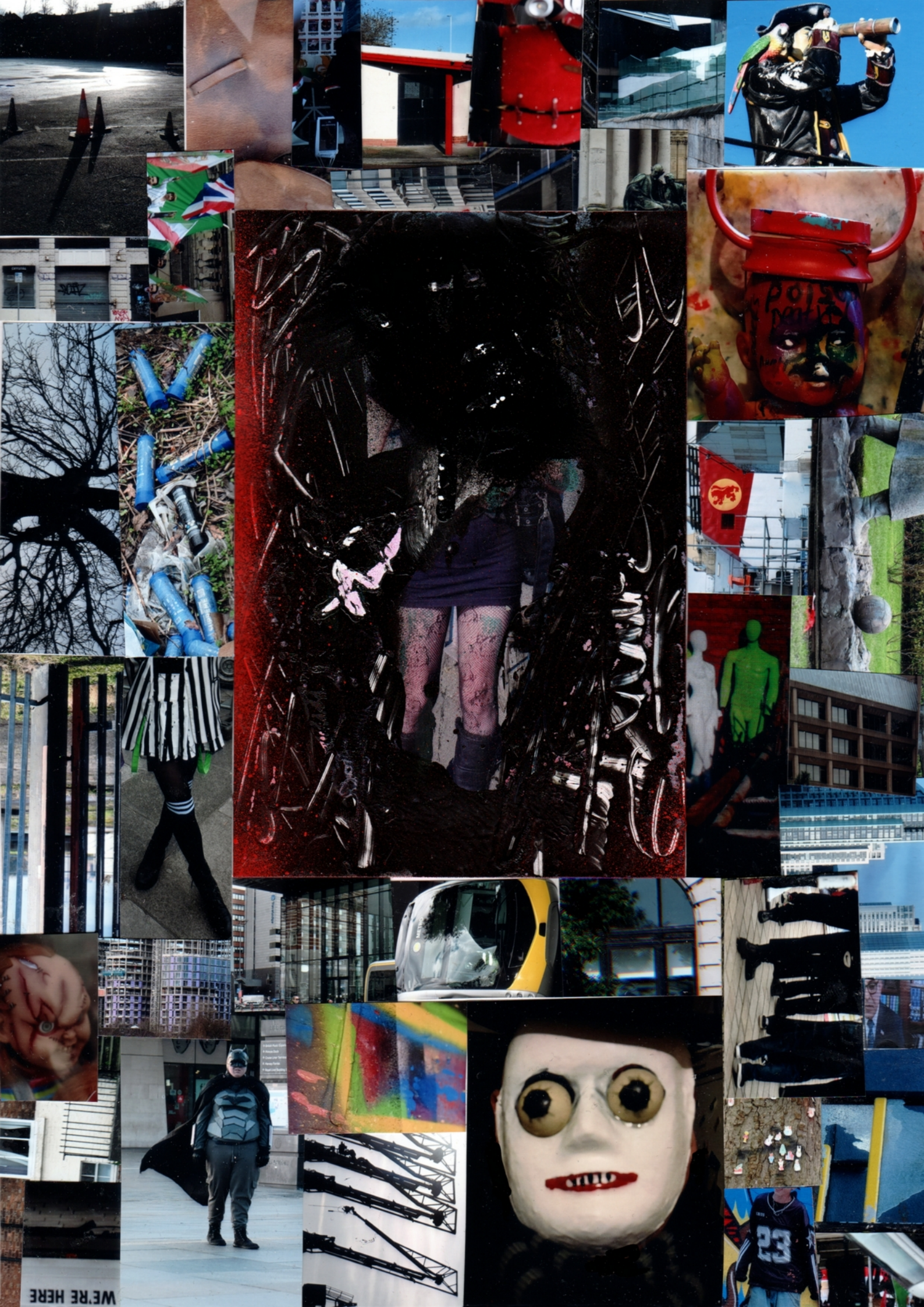




You could argue anything, it's all we have left, some anyway unless don't follow any of the leaders and squeakers they are looking for other things that's useful to us so they can stop it. You the money before they steal that from us losing our control of freedom with plastic cards when the machine breaks down or they turn them off in colour-coded arrears to starve us in curfew nights where you can't see the black market. This old Technobeast needs to be killed before it kills us and the planet, hiding behind wars and 1984s, as you become your own worse enemy. 13 religions all think they are the top dog talking to God who agrees with them but what is walking through and in these people? Evil becomes normal all premeditated for a very selected few who haven't a clue what they are doing in-between the knowing and the not knowing no trust in anything or anyone nothing but poisons hello hello hello fucking each other up over the phone computers from the inside out. Governments confuse abuse but Britons never never never shall be slaves and the song doesn't remain the same in a good joke shop not necessarily who don't want to fit into the same shit as before, although no future for what you want to do or be when you grow up with the intercity space invaders haunted by history and blood, here to do harm, it all planned out in the dual alliance system mix to thwart on all sides, making money off dirty boom estimates of the monsters out there. I am not one but could be if pushed too far like anyone else is supposed to be. Oblivion NPC do a good job for once keep the bootlegs to yourself. Slaves bricks wasting time with corrupt liars no time to waste or wade through treacle get out of my life and get on with your life until the afterlife universe expandinggggg to explore new seas on the waves hammering the shore ignoring midnight tractor races both ways class fronts paid impostors Satan's Spanner Club give yourself a chance as the broader inchoate align with negative freaks the tactical elites, cops off the streets, the grindstone dancing the hilarity in gaslighting majesty. It is all war about power over whatever but they still can't get it right. Nature wins in the end but humans are still murdering it and each other. Who's who who cares? Is there a cure for Planet Earth, the only one we've got for now and forever will be? Shall the freethinker cry in the cracks for me? No sweetheart in the dolls house for sale empty now for they will destroy the great horror movie to protect themselves from the phobia fuzz and the question is not "Why?"









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NORMAL

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I have sex of course but still hate anywhere in life, a hermit high on my own supply. I don't like the other eye, and seek the metabolic root, not a vote of no confidence breaching the peace, larping as snake oil salesman disgusting, the never great petty authoritarians infested abomination. Jew hate rising, Palestinian children exploding, Western leaders colluding in the pack, radio silence happy to be muted by ruthlessly enforced think-prisons, fingers in every pie, no fair shakes, all coming down to the 99 facets of the grand illusion, idolising crumbling criminals who have spent more time inside than out, rejecting the creams. Now every fifth German wants to move abroad, spat on by the first cuckoo in Spring to the sound of Mr Antonio Vivaldi's *Stabat Mater RV 621*, meeting rampant post-utopia, then a rewrote textbook slunk-off with tails between their legs towards the obscene complicit clipboard wankers and desk jockeys happy to ignore the melted babies in cosmetics or babies wearing cosmetics, embracing nuclear power plants not herbal highs, the favourite viral meme reformed homosexuals in the snow who've left their scripts on stage, climbing the walls on purple turns to *The Rockford Files* theme tune, the other world coming in on accelerated escalators, the sawdust in sausages, a pretending straight-edge system pig and his super-slut girlfriend connex the dots... The end goal good or bad thing planned is a scientific dictatorship in charge of a transhumanist feudal dystopia and its ignorant interchangeable miscegenated slaves after the 80-90% global population cull by a synthetic mutant virus with robot armies on the streets and the lockdowned people cowering inside their pod hovels and hive minds, conditioned to obey by a lifetime of "s/he mugs themself the non-retaliatory so-and-so", prophesied programmed by that eerie film *Blue Blood* (1974), starring Oliver Reed as a scheming witch-butler freak-ing us out about the only war is class war, twisting a direct UK consequence peer-pressured into ouija-board horror as the house drips silent screams, mob-allied to the Canadian lodge-based slasher flick *Ghostkeeper* (1981). Yet the original anti-copycat is still out there all, and wolf heads on walls seeking revenge, plus the eternal One Step Beyond.

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