

⚠️ TRADE OFFER ⚠️

get over it



sexual assault is literally nbd



Like just keep your mouth shut



Your daughter is tougher than most men



Your son is possibly less tough than most men



they both are sexually assaulted and won't stop bitching



nbd I doubt it will make your daughter a whore or your son a fag in order to cope



72% more likely they become sex offenders consistently observed in modern era



Got lucky, Instead they fit the 43% of sexual trauma victims who commit suicide as a direct result, bro lol y no boot strap?

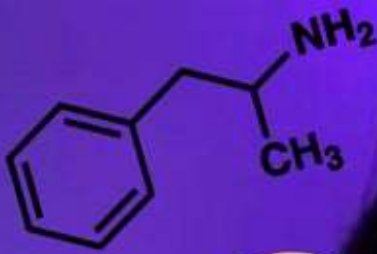


i receive:

complete control over your consciousness and your ability to feel happy and satisfied with life

you receive:

a lil extra dopamine for a couple hours but also progressively more severe addiction, intense cravings, and a total dependency on the drug that will destroy your life and will to live



amphetamines



NEW SCHOOL BUNK



IMMINENT DEATH

Gold gram
Gold squareish shape with '1 gram' pressed into it

Weight: 1.03 grams, Estimated to contain ~732mg MDMA



Blue Peppa Pig

Weight: 187mg (possibly more if whole)

Obtained as MDMA, tested to contain no MDMA, only eutylone. Pink versions of this have also tested as eutylone but we've only got photos of the blue.

Seen summer 2022



UK authorities warn the public of black market 'Donkey Kong' ecstasy after death of a 13-year-old boy
gonintendo.com/stories/333620...



Yet another synthetic cannabinoid - Aotearoa's first finding of MDMB-5Br-INACA

▲ [Kiwivoicestuffnz](#) ● August 2, 2022 ● [Advocate Alerts News](#)

▼ [legislation](#) [new substances](#) [substances](#) [synthetic cannabinoids](#)



IMMINENT SADNESS

OLD SCHOOL BUNK

Gold gram
Gold squareish shape with '1 gram' pressed into it

Weight: 1.03 grams, Estimated to contain ~732mg MDMA



Blue Peppa Pig

Weight: 187mg (possibly more if whole)

Obtained as MDMA, tested to contain no MDMA, only eutylone. Pink versions of this have also tested as eutylone but we've only got photos of the blue.

Seen summer 2022



UK authorities warn the public of black market 'Donkey Kong' ecstasy after death of a 13-year-old boy
gonintendo.com/stories/333620...



Yet another synthetic cannabinoid - Aotearoa's first finding of MDMB-5Br-INACA

▲ [Kiwivoicestuffnz](#) ● August 2, 2022 ● [Advocate Alerts News](#)

▼ [legislation](#) [new substances](#) [substances](#) [synthetic cannabinoids](#)



IMMINENT DEATH

IMMINENT SADNESS



NUANCHU

Temporary

suicidal ideation prevention

WARNING: clinically proven to increase risk of suicide, parkinsons, heart disease, and that novel you've been working on

Let You Bloom Confident and Charming Smile !

kill brain parasite!



farm Note

Please do not drink hot drinks when wearing the teeth solid glue;

Please be careful not to be scalded when making the teeth solid glue;

SSR-I NEED A BREAK FROM THE
MEDICATION I AM ONLY TWELVE YEARS
OLD NOW TWENTY SEVEN NEVER SOBER

Its almost 2 pm
started jerking off around 6am this morning.
Want to kill self.
wanted to kill self earlier at party when wasn't alone but suicidality was fleeting while imminent.
still panicked.
Learned response to anxiety.
Take pills until the feeling you don't like.
is smothered with tinny metallic tasting pho-opposite emotion.
I hate you I hate you I hate you, I am still alive.
kill brain parasites.

Perhaps you just got addicted to meth and never stopped being addicted to meth and only did meth like
a couple times but abused amphetamine till you died thinking of tattoos sweet corn and much repeated
characteristic delusions .

I am not scar face.

I am a spider monkey named Kieth Rudy Domingo.

Our situations to define our nature.

Our reactions to externalities rattle forth a semblance of observable personhood.

'bout seven or eight hours I jerked off for. Straight no breaks.

Refill Adderrall and immediately disappear from the reality of anyone who'd blow your high.

people who you couldn't talk over or just party with.

At least it's not with her/.

Just me now.

A return to form.

With more hours spent developing values.

mama said knock you out.

daddy aint raise no twink bitch boy.

faggot.

Stop
For
Reason



Just hallucinated jiggly puff on my word document. Feels like it's only right that I find the original image on google, as I do not believe it was a creative hallucination.



Guilt tripping me into sex. And a guide on how to become like a ghost.

I put the title down here because it is physically alarming to read beneath Jigglypuff.

I wonder if I can get banned from China, or Japan. From the comfort of my room.

I think I am banned from China. I backed the revolution out of boredom.

I peaked When I Ran Out of Drugs To Abuse.

Dysthymia

Dysthymia, also known as persistent depressive disorder, is a mental and behavioral disorder, specifically a disorder primarily of mood, consisting of similar cognitive and physical problems as major depressive disorder, but with longer-lasting symptoms

And nobody is listening, and nobody is listening to me and you made it all on your own and you are making it all on your own.

January two thousand and one.

So strange the particulars latched upon. 5:01am

I remember 000 Jack Kerouac street. Two blocks from where my girl stripped at. I storm out of night clubs with liquor tasting like revealed weakness – or hidden strength. A disguise worn down by analogous cloaks. in a constant competitive improv.

I sat where Jack Kerouac wrote poetry, not far from where that club lay.

I don't think jack ever felt much like I do but we both poet in a similar vein, while storming out the strip club I stumbled upon 000 jack Kerouac way.

Hey it's me again reporting in from an entirely separate universe. The space and time I am literally currently existing in has evaporated into an electric cloud of confusion. I got fail-safes I got people looking after me. And I am right back there, and that shit didn't even happen for another 24 hours. Or is it happening right now. Or is it not going to happen for another 24 hours? *beep beep beep SHOCKING SHOCKING beep beep beep* then I sit still on the curb and wait for some one's dad to come shoot me in the chest. Swear to God I just came to help but I understand if he wants to shoot me, I should've done something, I could've. I kind of wish his dad would just come and shoot me if it helps him, I want him to blame me and finally show up and finish me. I don't wanna have a conversation with the man in some somber understanding that he and I both wish it didn't happen. For a moment everything was my fault, people told me to sit and wait for my friend's dad to show up. My friend's dad, his dad knows I was close with him. Someone asks if I'm OK with what's about to happen when he gets there and I'm so confused because I didn't realize they thought it was my fault. And I say yes and I sit down and then I realize and I'm still there waiting for him to blow a hole through my chest, I don't want him to realize I had nothing to do with it and there's nothing to be done just let them fucking killing me

I never left that curb in January two thousand and one.

She Pretended Not To See Me And I Pretended Not To See Her Nor The Guy Who I Also Knew
Even Macken-Something
Lila Kubrik – like the Director

She was doing horribly as expected, Bones died two years and one day ago. Lila throws her hands up palms sky. Inner arms tucked in so tight to her ribs, like she couldn't raise her hands if her life depended on it. Something fragile and exposed is there where her shoulders lock away her neck in a shrug that seems almost childish. For as much as I did not like her, she was best friends with my first true love. Maybe the only one I have ever loved. Each girl I meet now has brown frizzy hair and a problem with using drugs, forming chemical dependent relationships. Sober for a year before his death, suicidal and alcoholic for a year or so since. She is still shrugging with her forearms raised up like a harmless cartoon asking ***"what's the big idea"?*** The bandage wrapping her left wrist are from her cutting herself. I know because we had all been there before. Our loose group of friends, all of whom are dead or happily married or crippled to depression and coping with drugs and social media and violence and sex. Some of us have jobs some of us are dead, most in-between. Lila is mostly dead.

"you're so much like me, we're so much like each other." Then she would rant about how fucked up it is that her boyfriend overdosed on heroin until I interrupt her and say Bones died from the same supplier "two years and one day ago...". That is why I am at the bar; I have never come here alone and drank to escape being alone. I did today for the first time, Lila tells me she has never been here before, came on a whim. Mostly she throws her hands up and down wishing and lamenting about how much she loved being sober. She wishes she could stay sober, but after the love of her life died, she hasn't had a day without drinking until passing out. A stranger who works in the kitchen brings her food as they close. She asks me if he is making fun of her, he is not. The chef is an acquaintance, the only person who places their bottle in the bin at the pool table. The bin is a basketball hoop screaming a shatter every minute at increasingly frequent intervals on weekends. I jump every time, sometimes flinch down. He places it and I ask, "did you do that for me?" and he says the sound is annoying and I gush about kindness and passive empathy in observation. He doesn't seem to like me very much, tho he is equally as kind despite. Lila is not being made fun of, she trusts the food after this story and devours it. I haven't eaten, I am addicted to amphetamines. The love of her life overdosed and died, I did not wear my watch today because Bones once cried about me chasing my anxieties all the time, acting like I had somewhere to go. Green rubber bands never get past me. I wrap each one around my wristwatch to remind myself of the things I learned from my first love. Lila's dead boyfriend raped my girlfriend back in high school. I found out, planned to kill him. Bones was upset I never did, then he died, now I sit in a bar with Lila-Kubrik. She is making a movie and in it, I survive the addiction her boyfriend started me on years ago. I don't tell her about screaming to myself, "end it now!", as I drove here tonight. I do not tell her I am overdosing at this exact minute. I drink water and listen, and leave soon enough to remember myself.

Labeling opposition as religious fanatics = eradicates descent

Dismissing opponents as irrational = No more standards on how to deal with them

まはたこ
こねくらひ

AN EXTREME SADNESS

DILAPIDATED DOSES

MORPHINE CRUNCH

EYBALL DUST HUE SEPIA.

FUCK FUCK **FUCK**.

Something Lets Go Crushing Mobility.

garish malfeasant lives.

Freed only by the acquiescence of wonder.

The absence of trying to understand, to know.

We are desperate, opium no longer quells the thrashing need.

More kabbalah, more Christ or hare-Krishna.

Colloquialisms meaning "higher". Cry out,

To albuterol, Adderall, Ativan, and ecstasy.

Happiness himself is masculine in energy.

The sex drive dies with my feminine high.

Breathing and counting, Mandalas in his vision.

Old Pittsburgh roads, spirals fragmenting, unclear.

It is all opaque as drawn blood. Even within we will remain too thick to be seen through.

He careens away from his own consciousness stuck in headlights, off into the Ohio River.

Light has gone murky, no one talks about Jesus or struggling to become a monk.

Dying for air, rising upward he call his first breath "life", judging the river floor distant and unfamiliar.

His ambulance ride is intrusive and loud.

His brightly lit body holds an abundance of wrong doings.

His Saturday matures this sensation into Sunday.

The afternoon after a thousand just like it.

Garish, malfeasant, only still alive by reaching higher and higher.

Climbing a garish, malfeasant slope.

