

TALES FROM A SERPANT IN THE GARDEN BEHIND YOUR GRANDMOT HERS OLD HOUSE

-By CameramanB

23 Emotions people feel, but can't explain

1. **Sonder**: The realization that each passerby has a life as vivid and complex as your own.
2. **Opia**: The ambiguous intensity of Looking someone in the eye, which can feel simultaneously invasive and vulnerable.
3. **Monachopsis**: The subtle but persistent feeling of being out of place.
4. **Énouement**: The bittersweetness of having arrived in the future, seeing how things turn out, but not being able to tell your past self.
5. **Vellichor**: The strange wistfulness of used bookshops.
6. **Rubato**: The unsettling awareness of your own heartbeat.
7. **Kenopsia**: The eerie, forlorn atmosphere of a place that is usually bustling with people but is now abandoned and quiet.
8. **Mauerbauertraurigkeit**: The inexplicable urge to push people away, even close friends who you really like.
9. **Jouska**: A hypothetical conversation that you compulsively play out in your head.
10. **Chrysalism**: The amniotic tranquility of being indoors during a thunderstorm.
11. **Vemödalen**: The frustration of photographing something amazing when thousands of identical photos already exist.
12. **Anecdote**: A conversation in which everyone is talking, but nobody is listening
13. **Ellipsis**: A sadness that you'll never be able to know how history will turn out.
14. **Kuebiko**: A state of exhaustion inspired by acts of senseless violence.
15. **Lachesism**: The desire to be struck by disaster – to survive a plane crash, or to lose everything in a fire.
16. **Exulansis**: The tendency to give up trying to talk about an experience because people are unable to relate to it.
17. **Adronitis**: Frustration with how long it takes to get to know someone.
18. **Rückkehrunruhe**: The feeling of returning home after an immersive trip only to find it fading rapidly from your awareness.
19. **Nodus Tollens**: The realization that the plot of your life doesn't make sense to you anymore.
20. **Onism**: The frustration of being stuck in just one body, that inhabits only one place at a time.
21. **Liberosis**: The desire to care less about things.
22. **Altschmerz**: Weariness with the same old issues that you've always had – the same boring flaws and anxieties that you've been gnawing on for years.
23. **Occhiolism**: The awareness of the smallness of your perspective.

-Tips with Crank Hank

- *don't overlook currency keeps you fed\$*
- *Organizing helps focus, speed helps organizing*
- *Shower brush eat sleep*
- *Five year life expectancy is OK if no one loves you*
- *There was likely a time when someone loves you*

I was glad, crank was a horrible drug. Binge only, there was no time for rest when meth was in town. Me and Hank traded everything from acid to brass knuckles for a baggie. Crank Hank is gone for now, I hope I never get to see him again. But I hope he finds his fix. Because Crank Hank without meth was just a street philosopher. Only he kept his mouth shut, put crystals up his nose, bastardizing Pual Erdos , Buddha. He knew everything because he thought he did.

Peace out Hank. A good friend, but a bum on our couch nonetheless. Hank left me notes.

-Tips with Crank Hank

- **Do not demonstrate understanding of what a "controlled substance" is**
- **Say thank-you, good afternoon, and pleasure to meet, as often as possible**
- **Dis-regard and dis-associate yourself from moral, emotional, and societal obligations**
- **Don't sweat the big stuff**
- **Manipulate institutions larger, and more vulnerable than yourself.**
- **Drugs are fun, killing people is not**

No-needles No-rape No-murder No-chases
No-racism No-diseases No-suicide



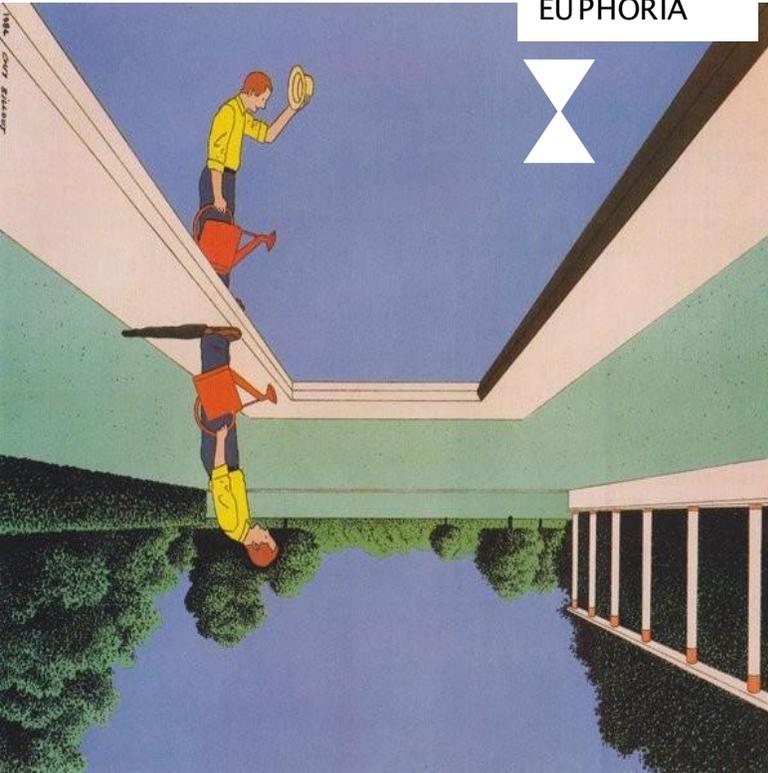
**Gorgeous
American**



An avoided lecture on social safety and
 Gardner snakes,
 False nod at truth poorly expressed and,
 Leeks for some reason,

Will **anyone** ever
 listen when you tell
 them or will they
 simply regard you as
 a monster?

SWEAT
 EUPHORIA



Leeks never drown at all, only in green and vibrations

N
 E
 V
 E
 R



CAPTURED

Dance with a younger version of myself

NOV
 19

INTERNATIONAL
MEN'S DAY

BECAUSE MEN:

CONSTITUTE 76% OF SUICIDES
CONSTITUTE 85% OF HOMELESS PEOPLE
ARE THE VICTIMS OF 70% OF HOMICIDES
ARE VICTIMS OF 40% OF DOMESTIC ABUSE
ARE VICTIMS OF MOST VIOLENT CRIME
SERVE 64% LONGER PRISON SENTENCES
ARE 92% OF DEATHS ON THE WORKPLACE
ARE 3,4 TIMES MORE LIKELY THAN A
WOMAN TO BE IMPRISONED FOR THE
SAME CRIME

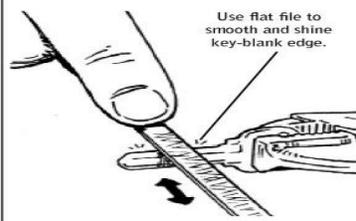
I regret 11:58 two thousand fifteen sometime in November, a
 half hour span I might have been able to do something,

Blame yourself is not an answer.

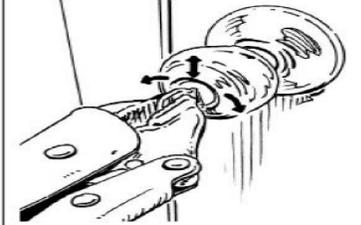
No. 047: Impression a Lock

CONOP: Create a key to a lock by impressing.

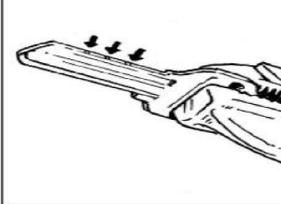
COA 1: Determine make and model of target lock and obtain key blank. Prepare key blank for impressing.



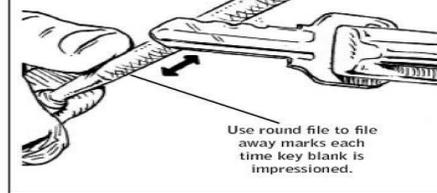
COA 2: Insert key blank into keyway with vise grips. Torque to right, move up and down, then torque to left, move up and down.



COA 3: Remove key and examine key blade for marks left by pins.



COA 4: File away marks with two to three light-pressure strokes and repeat process until lock cylinder turns.



BLUF: Making a key allows reliable, repeatable means of reentry.

I can't forget that pausing a moment before responding sometimes means the end of someone's life,

I'm ready to roll time to get this party started I did not get spaghetti's I got spaghetti I want the press to know this June 6th like the movie I'll be back big mothership and all he hadn't called yet



So there were also shots fired at the Aria hotel and Caesars around the same time as the Mandalay shootings... 😊 why aren't we hearing about that? Maybe because it doesn't follow the single shooter story? Something's not adding up.

UPDATE5: Another person has messaged me with some info about the shootings/shooters. Screen shots in the photos. They wish to remain anonymous.

UPDATE4: Just got sent a link to more IG video alleging that the BELLAGIO was hit with fire as well. <https://instagram.com/p/BZzYjtHle3/>

UPDATE3: More screen shots of the now deleted IG account from earlier.

UPDATE2: Just added a screen shot of the Caesar's Casino pic Original poster's side of the story.

UPDATE: More facts are coming out! The OP of the

Write a comment...

GIF 😊

Always consider yourself.

Excerpts of the diary recovered

(1)It wears a black burqa; standing where the door once was. Snakes varying shades from red and black diamonds to green and yellow bizarre hues, encircled the feet of that which stood. Frozen unbreathing never swaying feted not by gravity, it remains gazing without eyes, absent of form.

My chamber in this apartment is of the termite's rotted yellow wallpaper and worn woodgrain. The door that normally leads outside to the foyer and subsequently the exit, was now blocked off, rather, it had been removed, detached. I am sitting now on a swivel with my back against my writing desk. Facing out the northern window of my building, I begin to feel a sickness, sickness nausea anhedonia. It should appear my neck has gone stiff, as I scan hastily side to side, the only other window being just out of view on the western wall. If I could turn my head to see outside I would know if this was all a fantasy. If everything was as uniform outside, still cold distant towers amongst the evergreen. Then I can be sure this is illusory. Some fascination of the mind from drugs, my poor health. Some phenomenal thing is in authority of my visage, I feel a distant repulsive nostalgia. Burning, vial sensations, strike my gut writhing my intestines in an agony indescribable.

Resisting the weight of my head, fiercely undulating dilation of my pupils forces me into rapid automatic blinking. Keeping my gaze between the nystagmus, the entity waits for me to panic. I will not allow myself. Instead of leaping from my chair as I should, I am challenging the one that stands. The visage stands on feet, this much I know, for the snakes spilling along the hardwood

slink up two pillars which hold the visage in place. Yet I know as I sit here and write, as I sit with an unchanging gaze, I know it requires no legs for movement.

We were in London after finishing collegiate work for the fourth year, with half to go. We want. We want to throw away money, we drink coffee to compliment amphetamine pills enjoyed throughout the day. Amelia always remains a sight that calmed me, understanding face all its wonderful softness and so on. She was shaded by her light-brown hair, wind almost purposefully making it so. I'm in love with Amelia,

"Why else", I say aloud before realizing the potential in speaking,

"Why would someone stand barefoot amongst snakes, surely they care not to be bitten."

Waiting in relative silence, then in a breathless rasp voices many, my own.

(11^{III}) "The train way is flooding, bury yourselves, and we did voluntarily"

I am now pretending to act in absolute neutral, it wants me to be shocked, at the very least I know the creature's intentions. Refusing to allow it name I ask, "is it quoting me?" This passage I had written on the flooding of a subway, just melancholy poetry. A young boy ponders his voluntary action of packing himself into underground train cars, how absurd a concept on the surface. Then discovering his claustrophobia, he drowns amongst the passengers in disconnected states of self-awareness. Reflecting endlessly on t

"Do you listen, or doesn't it?" I ask ebbing on caution "Do you read the things I write down, are you from the origin of my ideas?" Snakes vibrating as they glide moving at unnatural

speeds. I draw my eyes away from the mourning burqa to observe the creatures when I am reminded of the nausea. My hallucination ceasing, I ask Amelia "for how long have I stared off, did I express anything?"

"Merely a second darling". I watch her face obscure with steam.

There is comfort and complacency with someone who understands.

$(\sqrt{616e^x} \approx 1 + \frac{x}{1!} + \frac{x^2}{2!})$ I stopped being happy or in love. I find myself too comfortable in misery, incomprehensible. The idea that suffering will simply be another state of being appeals to me. What extreme elation I feel when -I must admit although emotionally driven- I take sharp stone and metal to my body. Illustrating the extreme nature of my passions for overwhelming experience in scarification of my dying vehicle. I do not wish pain upon any agent of rationality that does not wish it upon themselves. However, I am providing a complex and complete toolset of grief and discomfort. With which, if you should choose, one may employ unto themselves for sake of investigating the trenches of moral depravity which most hide cleverly beneath their leather belts and crocodile shoes. This text should soon become the absolute Compendium of Malevolent Supplication.

 I refrain from babbling on about the future, at this time I am in a state of meditation. Prostrate upon a blanket in the floor, (I do not like the cold), I am taking active participation in stillness of the heart. There exists; soundlessness, stillness, stillness without

thought, thought without sowing, stillness of the observance, and stillness of the nature. These aforementioned states of being, are my first identified contemplative skills, all begin with self-observation and end with material destruction. When I took the life of an infant in my adolescents, these meditations began showing the inner darkness untapped by myself. Today I am oozing ink at a comfortable slowness, taking in my misery, every ounce. Soon I expect, I will leave, I will go outside where it glows and spits warm rain. I'm going to kill again today, I'm going to throttle some poor weak soul outside in broad daylight. Here I am in quiet. Stillness follows as I am loosing myself in the trailing of ink from my pen. Stillness without thought, thought without seeding, and an interruption?

(115)Getting past the silencing of the mind is the most difficult, as your mind mechanically operates many a tool of survival. Should I have successfully stopped my heart, a mimicking of death would follow. Immediately afterwards the fear and other such emotions, which I can at this moment not feel, should overwhelm the agent into true death, or a waking state. I set down a broken paring knife, the ivory handle split at the base of the blade. Heat washing over my back, I figure the sun, I begin to adjust my vision. Outside during the day, three lay by the pond.

(116)Walking, briskly outdoors in some direction towards the wild, towards the untouched wooded hills. This is the sensation which brought me upon a cave I often visit but never enter. Eyes stare back at me ejecting emotion. Happiness, wonder and awe, disgust, sexual release and retention. In this cave stands a man with thirty sewing needles, ten pins, fifteen awls, twelve nails, the broken stem of a wine glass, and tree sprig shoots of some kind, stuffed underneath his eyes. He is the boogeyman, know him well and you are another naked

defiled corpse, statistic of lust murder. Yet, let him know yourself, and you may near want to leave.

(644)I can't leave, I cannot even move. My room in this apartment is of the rotted yellow wallpaper and worn woodgrain. The door that normally leads outside to the foyer and subsequently the exit, was blocked off, rather, it had been removed. What a strange haze the waking state is. For only when I as three or four minutes after leaving my desk, did I begin to notice all was sensible again. Refrain from using real, I intend normally to check my surroundings but I was sure of it, this was home. Candles lit my desk and kitchen with the shadowy movement of fear, of vigilance. So relieving, to walk across even a small room, to properly feel again. Apples and cheese into glucose into brain function. Standing and eating in this lucidity I quickly finished the journal entry, grabbing my coat as I lock the door behind me, I must go to the station.

-excerpts salvaged from an inserted page with title, *External Discovery*

“Then the scariest thing to meet is something strange?”

“not exactly, what’s most frightening is the inkling that something you don’t know presently, is making itself known. The moment just before the reveal, climax.” Cigarette hits the October ground in sparks, making a cool night orange. I feel angry, not at anyone.

“So you have a visage.”

Michael grunts to clear his tarred lungs. Rubbing that split in his lip which seems permanent scarring. Then in his character, one becoming dying grey academics,

“you hallucinate wild dreams, murderous nightmares and you separate them from reality,” He states with feeling, empathy, as if I know his intention.

Thinking, although obscured by tinnitus, a ringing in the ears, “I know how to act in this reality, the one we share with some subjectivity.” Lighting another cigarette Michael illuminates a stone fountain I hadn’t before noticed. We sit on a cement bench at some small park, smelling dirt and grass in the wind. November must be close by, as I can hear leaves in the air again. I think of Plato and say,

“Here is a fountain which normally will pour forth water, isn’t that so?”

Smoke glides past me with the wind as he speaks, “Normally yes, but today it’s drained, we both know, certainly.”

“When then, does one of us really hear the water again?”

“What about it?”

“Do I hear the water churning when it is filled again? Maybe a week from now it will be filled and I will hear it on a walk, and you, a week later while you sit here smoking and writing.”

“Easy, it is filled when it is filled on a day known, and each and every person’s opinion or experience tells them it is filled on the day they hear it. Of course each person could ask the maintainer of the park, then they would know what was real from what was imagined.”

I sit taking in Michael’s words and the distant trees light bending, then an idea.

“Suppose I am the maintainer,”

Reaching out as if I was holding a pen, he places a cigarette in my hand. Scoffing a smile out, then being lost in smoke clouds. Michal begins nodding and only ends a minute later saying,

“Suppose everyone thinks you the caretaker, and only knows the fountain runs because of you, but the water is filled each week by a returning stranger. You mine as well be in all of our imaginations.” Handing me a lighter he continues, “I think we have mass hysteria,”

“and I.”

End of Entry “External Discovery”

"I saw am-am kill that kid with a hammer"

"Can you speak closer into the microphone Mr. Dorsey"

"I saw am-am-"

"Who does am-am refer to Mr. Dorsey"

"Um, Amabeile, we call her am-am or bams or whatever"

"Amabeile Fleck?"

Her whole name out loud is what brought it back. Bending against the wind in the same direction like old trees, her black hair spilled out even with our hoods up to stop the snow, as it shaped above us. Each crystal just a raindrop, until it was close enough to observe. Then it became something original, almost un-replicable. We were talking about what to do after high school. How short she stood made Am-am a speck on anyone else's radar socially, visibly even. We were almost ready to finish our last year and she never bothered with any of the things we all thought ourselves to be so invested in, high school mine as well have missed. Am-am was a best friend since maybe two years ago. Neither of us attracted much attention, which made two strangers more perfect for each other's consideration. I told Am-am I loved her, not meaning it in any kind of way. Standing outside school alone that time of October, when coldness starts, it felt right. She was the only person to listen when I had to speak, only person

who would look me in the eyes and not frighten me. She said something I couldn't hear, but it was as if she was choking back tears as she said it.

The loudest sound I've ever perceived, came from inside my own skull. Three o'clock on the dot, I remember checking my watch wondering why our bus was late. I felt for the first time, awkward, when the splitting snap rocked my ear drums, I put my hands on my temples trying to cover my ears. Not until the second, softer thump, on the back of my neck did my distress kick in. It wasn't until that soft, thumping pain, radiated from my head to the palms of my feet, that I realized someone was actually, in real life, killing me. Sloppily, covered in what must have been tears, blood, mucus, I turned around with my hands up above my head. I must have thought at the time that, that vicious something came from above me. Icy strikes numbing my head and mouth.

"Am-Amabeile, I'm going to throw up" reaching for her coat to steady my fall.

"Stop being nauseas all the time J."

Another crack blinded me, I understood what was happening at least, kinesthetically. I held onto Am-am even though I knew she was the one pounding into my head, she was all I had to hold onto. I think she had a hammer, or multiple things. I remember lying on the concrete (I hate the cold) and trying to move myself onto the grass patch closer to the park outside our school. The tears on my face burned now, but there were colder, saltier tears falling onto me. I like to think they were Am-am's, but that never made much sense thinking back. I could hear her ruffling through her backpack, the sound of metal clinking and nylon against nylon. I opened my mouth and, I think I spoke.

“I love you Am.”

Then she stabbed me in the temple. I only know this because I stared at my x-ray for days and days when the doctor allowed me to keep it. I’m sure in a criminal case they don’t let victims do that sort of thing, exceptional circumstances. My skull was fractured in five places with splintering entering the smallest portion of my brain, from the metal rod driven into the side of my head. It was visible in the x-ray, filed to a pinpoint. The light brown flat head screwdriver Am-am stabbed me with, passed two inches into my head. I don’t know why it didn’t kill me, I’m still mostly blind, I can read through a small passage of light in my right eye. I am rather sure I am in some impression, going to live. I know Am-am isn’t or at least she is very distant, far away from me. We had that kind of bond, like once we had met by chance, we would always be some kind of together.

“Mr. Dorsey, Amabeile Fleck?”

“yes.”

“Is this Amabeile Fleck, Mr. Dorsey?”

(647) Vomiting, my lucidity recovers. It is so dark in my apartment, I can’t ever be alone for a lifetime like this. The light that hangs from a spiral staircase leads me back into bed. It’s such a strange thing not knowing, being in the dark so often. Lucidity, comfort, cool air fills the room from my right, the east corner of my room.

I remember my window, I remember shutting it. Amelia asks me something from the staircase. She’s smoking a cigarette, watching the clock, expecting me to have a visage at this

time, I often do. Yet, moving as I was, she seemed confident I would be aware enough to answer her.

“Do you think Dorsey told the truth?”

I shiver at the thought,

“of course not,” I complain sitting up, blindly reaching for cigarette paper and tobacco on a desk, “vertical head trauma, up and down.”

Pointing at my temple, “two inches into the head, then poof” as I wave my hands away, holding a lighter. “The girl disappears, and is never seen, no one see’s her ever again.”

Amelia turns to me, I can see her in the lighting now.

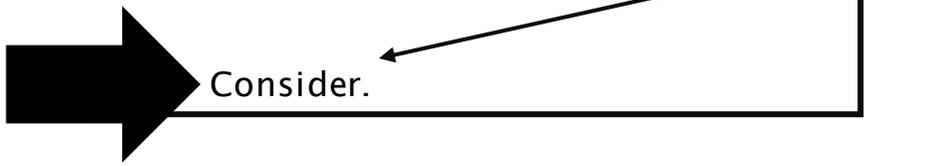
“I only ask you about this case because it bothers me who, in the entire state, no suspicious people were even in the county.” She always makes a point to remind me.

Launching into a practiced speech, “If no one sees Amebeile kill Dorsey, but fifteen children say they hear it outside, then we ask two teachers who say Dorsey left school before the attack, does that mean one of the two groups imagined their evidence?”

“Mass hysteria,” she already begins back to our bed.

I retort back, as always, “Dorsey was imagined, Dorsey’s attack was imagined,” I know it makes little sense.

NOW STOP! Quickly



Consider the very real possibility that this already happened; you have already read this. You have already thought that and you didn't say it out loud because you weighed your options and outcomes subconsciously, quickly.

Now consider new, like music you have never heard or understood. Some strange gaudy form at which breaks the idea of what you deliberate to be reliable forms of information. Instrumentals become layers of self-enveloping noise. Everyone is standing close by, close enough that they might be expecting words from you, opinions.

You cannot express to them. Reminded of adverbs and childhood feelings which menagerie into an accurate comparative emotion. You imagine, taste, hear, feel it all. Someone who is much like yourself, accompanied by others, leans in and asks you to describe it. They know they will not understand, but that your attempt to vocalize solidifies your own conceptualization of what has just happened.

Do not be afraid, as each and every person with a conscious will experience this every day. Many will deny, smart ones will accept defeat.

NOW STOP! Quickly

Does that piss me off, you?

Sink into darkness and forget it all, die on a bathroom floor from opioids, comfortable and feeling loved. If you are under fifty, this is your most likely death, statistically.

No cocaine time-bombing your happiness, a chance. Memories of crushing depression. rejected, isolated, high on drugs.

Insane, thoughtlessly warped thinking .

Consider

The very real possibility you have known this since childhood. You were told priests are good and protestors bad. Learning it is not so black and white, will you say nothing still?



NOW STOP! Quickly

Of course when social bounds are at risk you have very few things to loose
except everyone you have ever loved, are you insane are you after your shadow.

← Does this remind you of any previous conversations?

Who has conversations like this: personify

Now personify our muse

:death, woman , hate, murder,

Okay class dismissed approach your psychologist with caution

Fuck

My friends all want to die

We same-time to save-time

Feel like I matured past the aspect and made mine

A little different

Xanax and cheap rum sippin



NOW STOP! Quickly

Acting like it made me the shit when it didn't

Just made me remember shit how it isn't

All my friends want to die

So Pittsburgh's on fire

If I'm the only one acting suicidal

When

It was never about winning and Champaign sippin

Or before that when there were

Shutterbugs

And tupac andre antwon the only one

I'm defying al the laws like a catapiller flying he said

Aint nobody lying

Everyone who lives is alive for a song as we allow them to be

Weird advice from a ghost

A ghost that souned like andre 3000 a little bit

But was female energy

Presented as my friend I once new

Stronger now



NOW STOP! Quickly

Full of more chakra or life force chi whatever the fuck

Not from dying

Just growing up in a place different from here

Pittsburgh is on fire but ohio is frozen and no matter where I go

I'll have at least one best friend in threatening climates

I don't want to die, but I worry that I'll become like the 5 people I spend the most time with.

And you might be amazed at how many conversions can be had with the dead