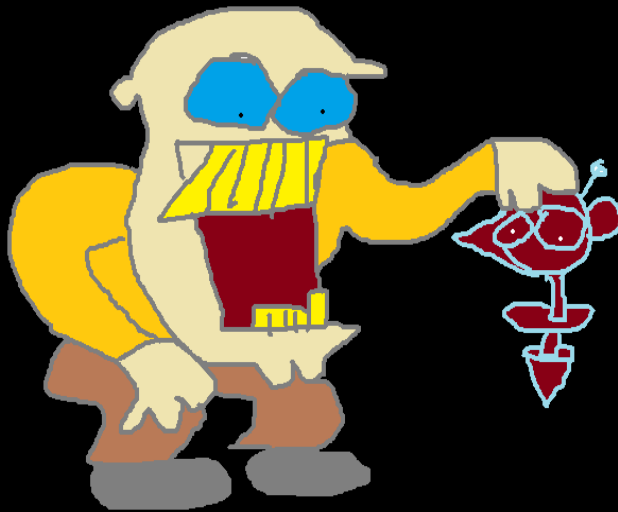


1.

THIS IS MY DISASTER. i say that, i write that. i write that with whatever is on my hands. “whatever” i say, like i dont know what “whatever” is. i know what it is, but i cant say. its a secret; its better this way.

THIS IS MY DISASTER. i say that. i say it nowhere. it isnt for anyone. we are alone, one of us is listening, only one of us *can* listen. eh, destroy that last part, thats stupid.

im sitting on my bed, twisting my aglet, staring at it. i notice the corner of it is worn and i gently unpeel it over the course of 34 minutes until the entire aglet is a crumpled up useless strip of plastic. normally i would tell myself to not do that because now when i go to lace my shoe (something i have to do particularly often because these are high tops and the laces i’m using for them are too short) ill have to meticulously finagle the end of the lace around until my short-ass nails (i bite my nails off a lot) can barely pinch a stray little stupid little strand that eeked out the other end of its respective eyelet. god im genuinely livid just thinking about such an annoying process. the feeling of tensing every single muscle in your body to muster a fraction of the discipline and control necessary to accomplish your dumb little task. it sucks is my point.



“ELLO MY LITTLE BABY BOY. ELLO MY LITTLE CUTE LITTLE BABY BOY. AH AH AH. YOU ARE MY FUCKING STUPID LITTLE CUTE LITTLE SOFT LITTLE BABY BOY, I LOVE YOU BABY BOY!”

i just want eggos oh my god

“ELLO MY STINKY LITTLE SHIT HOLE. YOU ARE MY MASTERPIECE, MY ROCK. YOU KEEP ME ALIVE! I LOVE YOU! YOU ARE THE FUCKING SHIT OFF THE BOTTOM OF MY SHOE! I HOPE YOU STAY SAFE AND STRONG

AND #HUMBLE TODAY, WILL YOU? WILL YOU, YOU LITTLE BARNACLE? I WILL CHEW YOU BETWEEN MY TEETH LIKE TIN FOIL. IN THE NAME OF LOVE. YOU WILL BE STRONG AND KIND AND #HUMBLE TODAY. YOU WILL BE HURT AND TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF! YOUR FUCKED! HERE ARE YOUR EGGOS!”

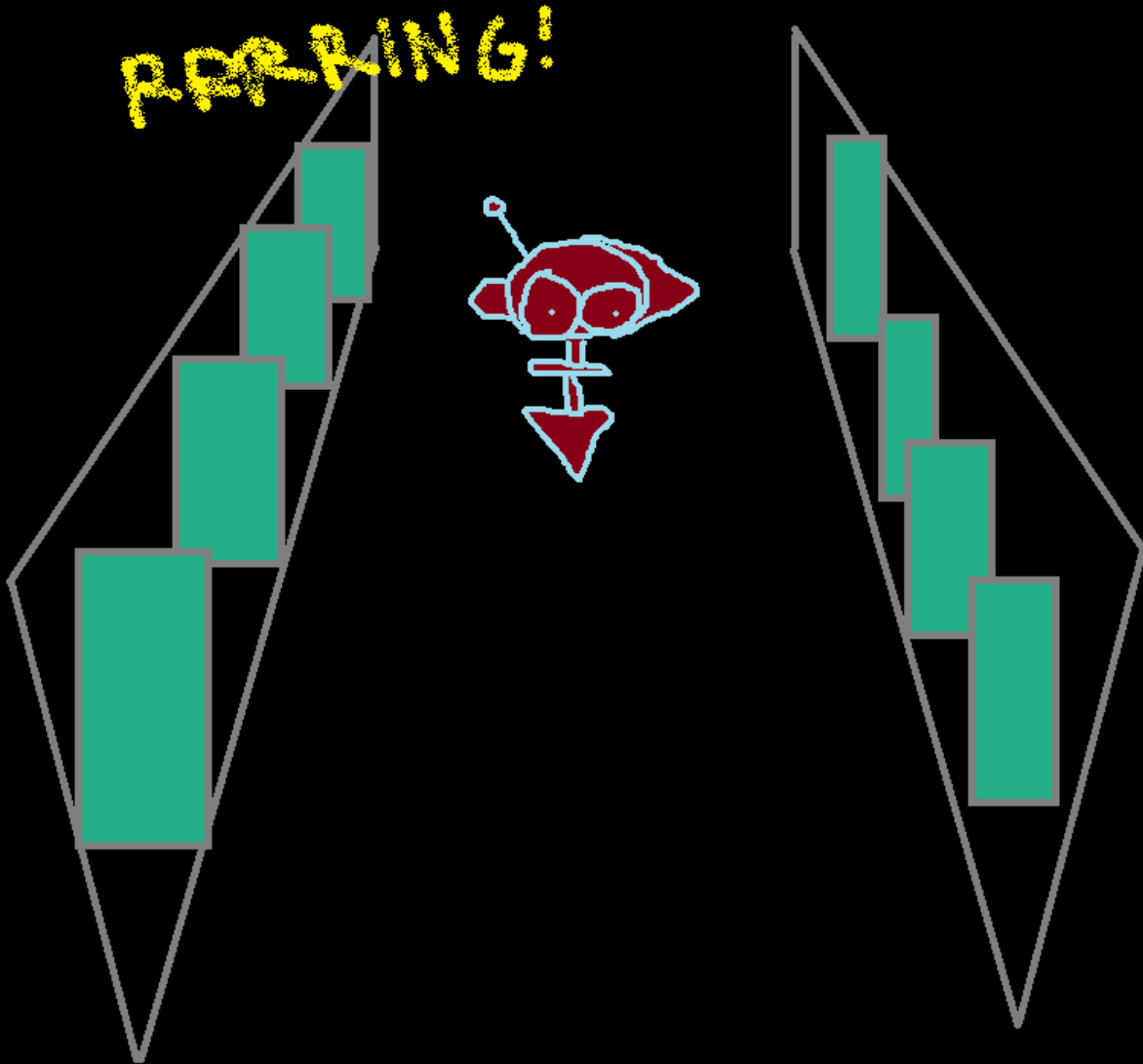


2.

these eggos are scrunched to shit. i never minded tho considering you just scrunch them to smithereens with your teeth anyways. i suppose thats just the inner momma bird of [hank](#) spreading its leathery wings. [hank](#) doesnt really make sense. i dont really know who it is. it gives me eggos and its probably rude to ask any further questions.

i hear the wind. its black wind. its blaring. its transformative.

we will go to school now.



god this doesnt mean anything. it doesnt mean anything! are you fucking kidding me!!!

here we are, at *ROBOT HIGH SCHOOL*. this is where i learn to do cool robot tricks and spells. you know, robot things. im a robot.

THE BIG DAY IS sorry caps lock the big day is coming up. and what a big day indeed. the *robot prom* is just around the corner! i wonder who will ask me>? will it be... robot jared? robot anthony? here ill send you a picture of them

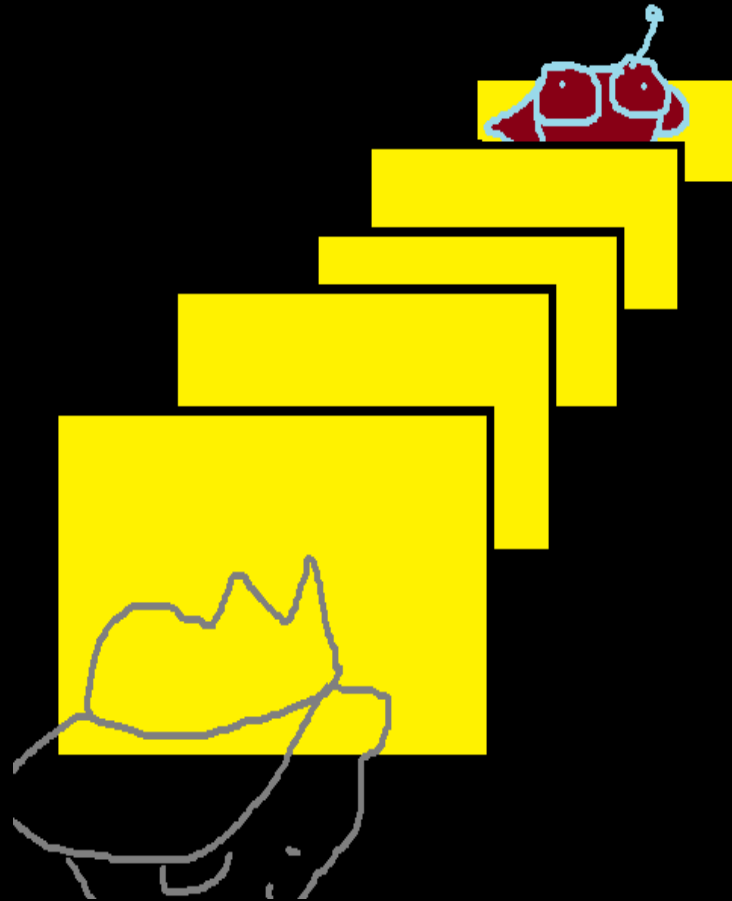
3.

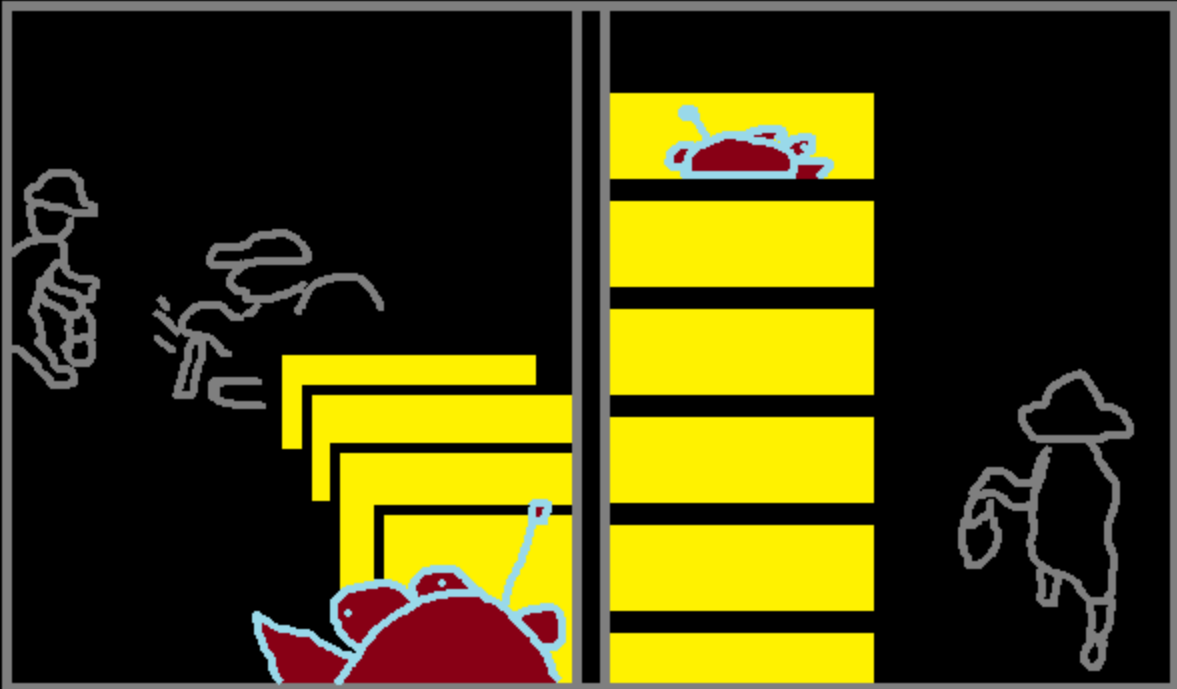


jesus christ there he is. a HUNK isn't he? an ABSOLUTE UNIT one could say i think. i think thats right. yea im so ready for the prom, absolutely. if only my dad doesnt dog on the beefcake that is! hes always so protective of me >.< thats me squishing my face together with my own hands because i dont have face muscles. you know, robot things.

im not at robot high school. i never was at robot high school. there is no robot anthony. there is no robot jared. this reality hurts me just as much as it hurts you. i only wanted to excite you. but you arent real either. focus!

this one's right, for realsies. thats a phrase i learned the other day, "for realsies". from an [H&R Block](http://www.hrblock.com) ad or something (if you are reading this on paper and cannot click the hyperlink, visit www.hrblock.com for more information). it's cold on this bus, almost icy. ive worn very thick socks for this outing but its almost always never enough. i think i could be on this bus forever. actually yeah im gonna do exactly that unless i get bored or something. meet some new faces, learn some new stories. my uncle always told me that the best way to learn is from the people sitting right next to you on that bus. thats another lie, that just sounded like something i should say there. im sorry i will try to not do that again.





CHAPTER 1:

thats the name of the chapter. the image is the name of the chapter. which is something i would say if i knew what the fuck i was talking about. which i dont.

i was rummaging through downtown west central hypothetical-neo-kansas-city 2. i was trudging through amorphous hills of soot and marble rubble. light-emitting diodes glimmer through cracks in the ground like god rays. they shine forever, and someone is dying for it. someone young. its all hypothetical tho so if i were you i wouldnt care. it all sucks, you get the gist.



“i am god. i am your god. you are my god. you own me. i am yours. i am for comfort, for nurture. i am for everything. i am for everything of you.”

raises one eyebrow but doesn't have any what the fuck! *i say this in my head*

“i will graze upon your shit. it will be my own. my own shit.”

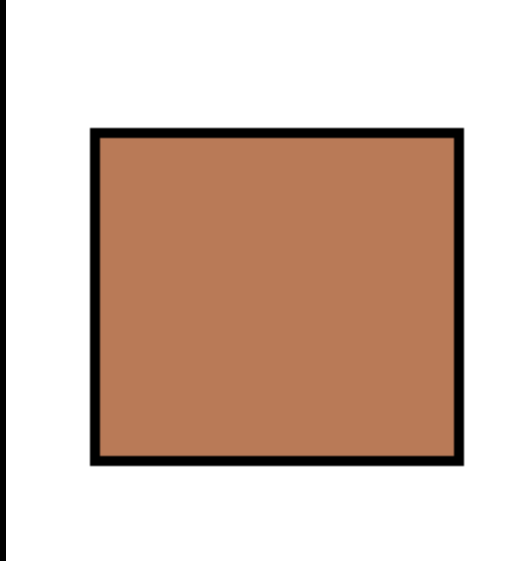
motions at guy
looks at you get a load of this guy! *i still cannot speak*

“you will feast upon me. i am your lamb. i am your everything, you are my everything.”

ok this is fucked lets do anything else please.

6.

i met myself here once, i never tell anyone that. the glass shards still sting the souls of my feet. it stared at my guts, my pulsating shitty little guts. i agreed with it, to sink into it. with something. wow, fantastic. what was i doing? oh right. lets go to my job. here ill show you.



yeah wow oh fascinating. this is it. i look at brown. i dont eat (it isnt a very nice brown either if you ask me). this is where i have to make sure the brown isn't looked at by anyone else. i don't know. sometimes people look at the brown. all i do is wave my arms and yell until they leave. the handbook instructs to do so.

i dont have time here. it smells like shit. it tastes like... the dentist stuff. like the stuff they put on the super fast spinning toothbrush and the dentist is like "do you want mint or cherry" and i always get cherry and its always the ugliest taste my mouth has ever met.

"SQUILGIES SQUILGIES I LOVE THE BROWN SQUILGIES :3c"
fuck off!!! hey!!! (i remember i dont have arms. i cant yell.)



"YOU MY LITTLE SQUILGIE :3c DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE A LOOKER AT THIS SQUILGIES BROWN :-)"

YEAH.

"OH I LOVE SQUILGIES IT SQUILGES :3C (BIG PAW MEANS IM TRES (THATS HOW THE FRENCH SAY "VERY") HAPPY :3C). I'M MAKING A NEST YOU SEE A SQUILGIES SMOL BEAN YOU SEE SQUILGIES :3C I WILL ADD THIS TO MY BEAUTIFUL HOME :3C TANK YOU SILLYBILLY:P"

I WILL FUCK MYSELF.

7.

this is how the moguls would say “the big fuck”. i have nothing to my name but that stupid little square which isnt even to my name but yaknow. my job is done. im full of spite and resentment. nobody but myself to blame. im a fucking idiot. im a fuckisng silly little small idiot. i am not sorry.



i will wander this arid hellscape for eternity. it is my cross to carry for my foolish negligence. i love myself. i love the square. i will be good to it. i will be good to the square-shaped hole left in my ugly heart. whatever i have that acts as a heart. i dont think i have blood. unless my limbs demand hydraulic power like my similarly insignificant brethren, the spiders. holy shit calm down.



i feel hideous.
hideous.
...

i am becoming swallowed. trace my spiral.

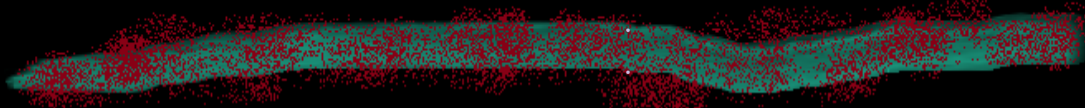
CHAPTER 2: cowboy story



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6eUinYWtqeo> (type this into your computer)

I have never understood the meaning of trust. The meaning of comradery. It’s an ugly, quiet life. **Lesbian Dogwood**. That’s my name for the sake of transparency. This is a drawing of me and my horsey, **Lasbien Horsewood**. Note the swapped “a” and “e”, it’s how I keep from confusing the horse for myself. Today I have a giant load of scraps and awful screaming creatures to cash in.

It’s a simple life but it’s my life. I am so fucking hungry all the time.



8.

"YEEYEYEEYEEYEEEEE
HAAAAA do my own two decrepit pearly whites play coy little tricks on me or is that LESBIAN DOGWOOD?! been about a fortnight since i seen yr contorted, fowl, disgusting, mangled mug amble thru my stupid doors!!"

"Hi, yeah, winter sucks for this sort of thing. Not a lot of game."

"YR TELLIN ME *HOIK P-TOOIE* my wifel she hates me! she fucking hates me! she kills me every day yessir! im reborn again into this infernal casket of flesh every day onlway for her to kill me again!"

"Okay."

"She is FUCKING INSUFFERABLE!!!!!! can hardly stand t support her n our 82813902174902134 beautifyl wonderful Hrvard grad students! do ya kno Stanley is goin t liberal arts school>>>? he's a thinker, a Gen-U-Ine bonafide genius! a HARD worker!"

"Yeah."



"Uhh, so do you wanna see he stuff I got?"

"YYYYYEEYEYEEEBAAAAAASSSASSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"



LONGTAR DER
HITTSIDER!!!!!!



“AHHH HMM yess hmm hock ptoowie yessir yerp mm yea.. frankly darlin these are the shittiest most worthless homunculi ive ever laid eyes on. its damn impressive that ya managed t round up a full fuckin house of the most useless creatures ive ever seen. and i rilly do mean that m’word is my bond.”

“What does that mean?”

“it means ill give ya... \$2. i would gladly give ya less but this is the lowest denomination o physical currency round these parts.”

“Oh.”

“ok yessir go goodbye fuck you goodbye yessir bye”



CHAPTER 4: fish baby

they (lesbian dogwood, as you should kno) come out of their social fiasco feeling spry and alive. seeing **glenda** is perhaps the highlight of their day. someone they can talk to, someone who doesnt SCREAM at them. there aren't many of those you'll come to find.

they ride this endorphin high for the next hour as they "giddy up" (to put it for a moment as Ld would, or rather how those uninitiated to the true scope of the cowboy lifestyle would assume Ld would put it) towards their next batch of traps. upon their arrival, they are confronted by a great misfortune: the evening pull heeds nothing. lesbian dogwood is swaddled up once more into the disdainful arms of Jack Shit. yet, lesbian's fighting spirit prevails. they look west . . . the **Swamplands**.



heinous and horrible and Unfuckwithable, non? a murky shithole of iridescent sludge and razorblade shrubs. the air there tastes Far worse than gravel, astonishingly so. no oaky aftertaste er nuthin. the poisonous moisture of the swamp's warm miasma can be felt from lesbian's safe distance. but therein sparks lesbian's suicidal curiosity: *moisture*.



perhaps those stinky lil homunculi critters disregarded their self preservatory instincts in the tantalizing presence of some sweet, sweet moisture. lesbian dogwood, how do you say, "Smells what they are Stepping In" -plato. lesbian gives lasbien horsewood some Snout Pats (crack for horses™) and enters **Death World USA!**

~~ the plodding plodding of L D ~~

thorns and twigs claw against lesbian's overalls and boots, effortlessly tearing holes through the material. lesbians socks are soaked in the ooze and blood. it is fowl. it is rancid. the delirium bangs at lesbian's door, no answer. not yet.

A friend is met. A tiny stranger. Ready to Kill, little guy? lesbian dogwood hesitates.

Does it hate you, lesbian dogwood>?

“um hello”

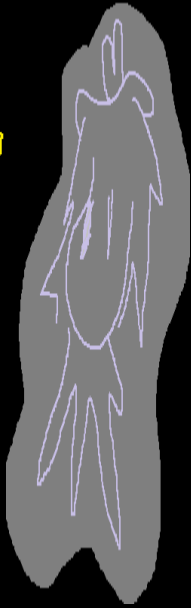
“you are all of me. you are my existence. you are my burden, my everything, my ecstasy. your dreams live in me. they are ugly.”

“oh”

“your filth is my delicacy. my bleeding essence trembles without you.

please. please look at me. i am your beauty, your love, your life, the air you breathe. you stomach turns in me and it pumps my blood. fill me with your magic and i will fill you with mine. we are one, we are intertwined, its heinous, its parasitic, its what you live for

i don’t think it’s gonna stop. better press forward, lesbian.



“ ! ! ! ! ! @ @ @ @ ! ! ! @ @ @ @ ! ! ! @ @ @ @ ! ! ! ! ! “
the bog grows bitter, cold. the ooze piles into lesbian’s flesh and becomes solid, unmoving. like being crushed with cinderblocks. lesbian’s tears have given into the ooze, a melty, salty stream of ooze pouring from their tearducts. not a homunculi in sight. lesbian falls down a mental staircase, they lose track of human functions what the fuck was that

“AAAUAUUAAAHGUAHGA!!!!”

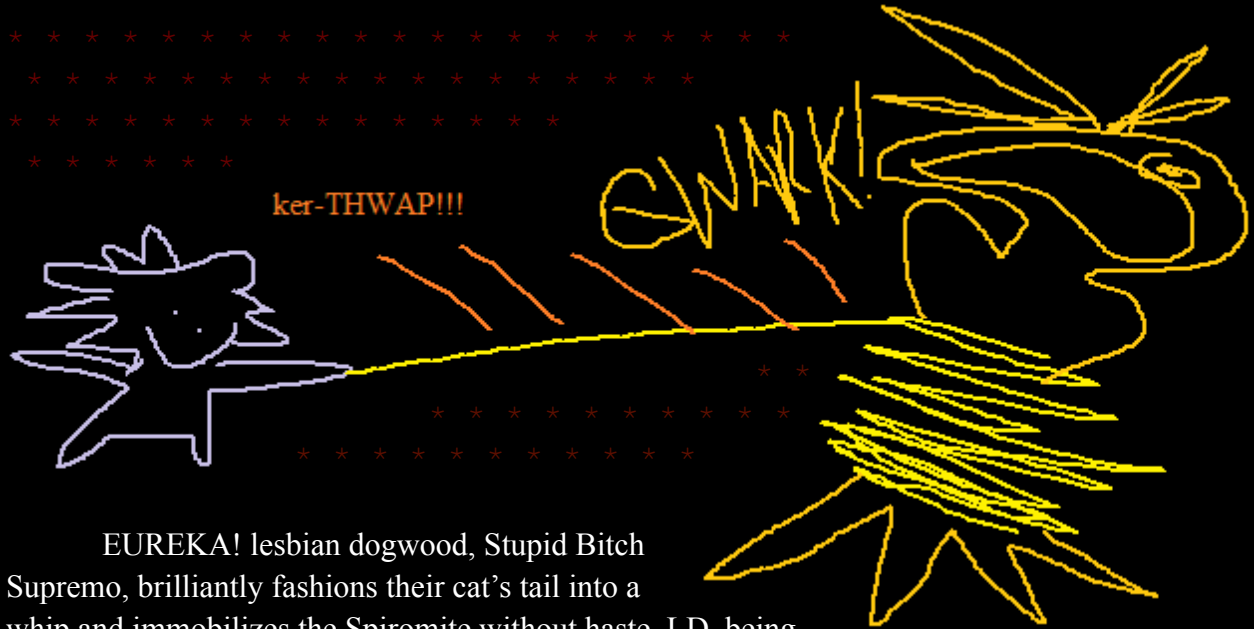


lesbian dogwood returns thanks to the hollerin of some jobber in a very intense pickle.





gee wiz! there goes a bizarre little twerp flailing around in fear from a pursuing SPIROMITE!!! look at them scurry, look at them wimper. how could you not feel empathy for something so pathetic? what will be our gangly hero's course of action?



EUREKA! lesbian dogwood, Stupid Bitch Supremo, brilliantly fashions their cat's tail into a whip and immobilizes the Spiromite without haste. LD, being the sensitive little hoodie-wearing little soft boy they are, approaches the crazed spiromite with a



handful of Berries™. even the Spiromite agrees, you can't beat the delicious flavor of Berries™ to save your fucking life!!

but what of this fucker? this freak? their silhouette is so odd what with their fishy tail or whatever. what's their damage? ld approaches....

~~~~~  
 ~~~~~ enter fish baby ~~~~~



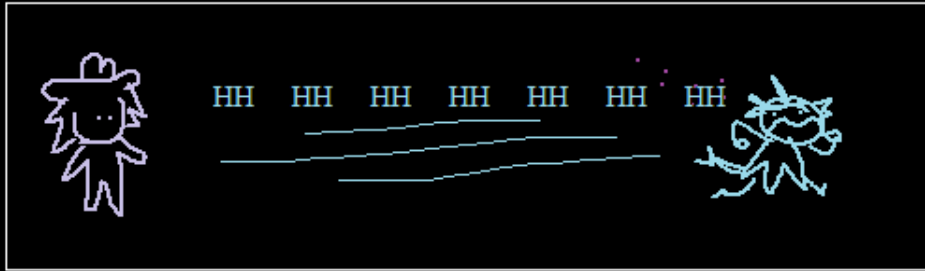
“would you like any Berries™?”

“yes! wait, no! i mean, er wait..i am Not Hungry! i am perfectly Nourished and i will not play your game you beast!”

the fucker swiftly stuffs their mouth with the Berries™. they continue their threats through full cheeks.

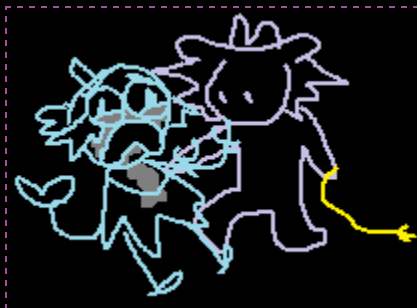
“now begone, human! get BACK before i reeeeeeally snap!”

the fucker gnashes their teeth and barks like a dog before running away frantically, they fear for their entire world.



absorbed in their overwhelming terror, the fucker eats shit into a pile of iridescent swamp gunk. after sauntering over in the ol’ cowboy kinda way, they lift the fucker out of the grime by their shoulders, revealing the sniveling sobbing mess they have become.

“i don’t know what to do!...” whimper inaudibly “i was supposed to be big! i was supposed to be brave and... coordinated... but now i just... i don’t know where i am!?!? i don’t know where fly-sanchez is...!?!?”



“who is fly-sanchez?”

“my little plastic friend... he looks like a funny rock and has a silly hat and flies around and can do all sorts of tricks but now he’s Gone!!! and im not supposed to even TELL YOU about this cuz youll turn me into MARBLES!! AND NOW IM DEEAAD!!!”

“dude, i’m not gonna turn you into marbles, what are you talking about?”

“i don’t know! you have strange human hexes and things i think!”

“i don’t... have human tricks. or im not gonna like hurt you or anything if that’s what you mean.”

“huh?? why??? are you... LYING?”

“... no.”

(the stranger hesitates)

“ok well, i’m gonna get out of this swamp before i go actually insane so i’ll see you later.”

“make me your muse before i shrivel into an empty vessel.”

(startled) “oh gosh you’re still here.” <- -

--> lesbian dogwood’s adventure stamina has run dry. it’s time to go home. they glance back, the stranger is watching.



the rest of this book doesnt exist sorry.

watch the film adaptation *lesbian dogwood and the disaster life thereof* please.