

Under the Bridge

Brian Collum

11:42 AM

Like a vicious axe wound in the face of all that is holy, the soothing blackness has been rent from my countenance. A golden lance of vile consciousness has pierced my inner sanctum, accompanied by a dull and ominous rumbling. Already my fortress of solitude has been shaken, already has the nebulous obscurity of my chthonic bastion been breached. The mountain of Debris painstakingly erected to blot out the sun has collapsed; my subterranean lair lies besieged by the Department of Transportation.

Unwelcome daylight invades the mind as it invades the home; like a rapist who refuses to leave after his deed is done. The bed shakes anew; the shifting of my monolithic mass elicits screams from its frame that put the mild tremors of offensive construction equipment to shame. Reveling in the suffering of the mattress springs I catapult my orbicular form into motion. I painstakingly replace the mold-encrusted pillow upon its throne of semi-empty pizza boxes, return my cavern to its womb-like blackness; but its not the same. My sleep has been crushed, driven away from the barbarous light, as I stand here in silent lamentation. The hand of Man, the ravages of time, the very laws of nature have conspired to rob me. The world will pay.

1:16 PM

I'm outside again. I hate it with the fire of a billion suns. Surrounded by normal, boring, and utterly shallow shells who dare call themselves people. How any of them can enjoy "going out" is beyond me. Hell, how they can get any enjoyment out of their lives is beyond me. The same old drudgery day in and day out; wake up at the crack of too early, down their stimulant-laced warm fluid,

then drive their overpriced ego-boxes to their slave camp of choice.

Who are they trying to fool with those cars anyway? Do they think that if their vehicle is shiny, new, and generally loud enough it will materialize for the driver a harem of succulent young wenches? The only women that shitbox will get you are those just as shallow as you, asshole. Bitches and whores. Only sluts who absorb dicks like sea sponges filter nutrients from the submarine flow, and kids too young to know their own utter stupidity could possibly fall for that. (Mental note – Sea sponge porn; how would it work?)

My train of thought is interrupted by the towering, yet squat blue and white expanse studded with extruded lettering. The hatch opens, admitting me into its vast airlock. There is something vaguely sexual about the act, further titillating me as I enter the building proper. This an oasis in the heart of Enemy Territory, both a shelter from the beating sun and endless motorcade procession; and a cesspool of human filth in its own right. Only the poorest bastardry do their business here. It would be almost comical if it weren't so depressing; the squamous land-whales threatening to crush their undersized, over-strained electric scooters, the tightly wound lower-middle class parents struggling to find wares against the brutal strength of five vicious younglings leashed to their waist, hellbent on steering their parents towards both the toy section and financial ruin, the trailer-trash meth-lab scum who don't even bother leashing their gibbering spawn. As they careen unattended through the aisles, I cant help but remark that the only humane thing to do would be to drown those wretched children in the river like inconvenient puppies.

I fill my grocery receptacle with only the barest essentials, the tragic detonation and subsequent replacement of my pressure cooker gnawed at my bank account as hunger gnaws at my brain. Accursed economics, how I long to be rid of you, yet my *Psilocybe cubensis* must have their substrate. Toilet paper, Doritos, Ramen, frozen hotdogs doomed to thaw in my sink. There would be no hot-pockets, no microwave burritos, their absence looms across my heart like the shadow of the Super Star Destroyer *Executor* eclipsing the sun on faraway Endor. Emotion overcomes me as I check out, how

many hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed upon that fateful day? How many loyal subjects of the Empire lost their lives, unknowing in the bowels of that half-completed space station, how many were crushed, vaporized, impaled to death in the impact of the *Executor* upon the surface of the worthless planet below? I purchase my goods in silence.

2:54 PM

The hike home is depressingly bright, again I am surrounded by the infuriatingly happy, utterly mundane, ignorant masses known as the general public. They go about their pointless lives oblivious to the suffering around them. Scum to the last. High in the sky the Sun looms angrily, blasting all beneath it in carcinogenic electromagnetic beams. None are safe from its vengeful gaze, the myths of old tell us of the Italian in the desert, how no matter how he ran the Sun always pursued, how it hurtled from the sky turning the desert sands to glass as it chased that poor man with the mustache. As the Cow leapt the Moon, so too did he jump the Sun; as he ran toward the black void of oblivion so too do I march toward the shaded abyss of my abode. I wonder if he would enjoy my mushrooms.

3:27 PM

Clouds, leaves, the shadow of houses, they are the dim salve. The passage from open parking lot to dingy street to shaded residential housing, as brightness of day is inversely proportional to the brightness of soul. And yet the human waste remains. Young couples dare to flaunt their brain-dead happiness; empty confessions of love from empty shells towards the blank faces of uncomprehending recipients. There is no love there, only infatuation with the images they manufacture of each other; they are doomed to either slave their lives away to false ideals, or see their false idols break character, revealing the alien they spent years trying to convince themselves did not exist. They cannot know

love, only delusion, beyond which lies only the betrayal that is cruel reality. In my twenty-nine years on this planet not once have I fallen into their trap of the soul, have not tainted myself with the horrors of their flesh. My love is pure.

3:32 PM

Before me lies a sloping pit, weeds growing through cracked cement, surrounded on all sides by the stares of perversions of humanoid form. Miniature monoliths, squat figures with mouths ringed by tentacular protrusions which could only in jest be called whisker; beady eyes staring, always staring, in their vile conical headwear. These were the guardians to my personal abyss, my dank, dark air-conditioned dungeon, my Man Cave. I am home.

Inside I am welcomed by non-euclidean geometry; mountains of stained laundry, bloated masses of garbage bags gaseous and filled to bursting, cyclopean towers of fast food containers in every variety, the mushrooms that grow incidentally outnumber those growing intentionally. Those contained in sealed environments at least had a semblance of consistency, the varieties growing wild were a new frontier unto themselves. What medical miracles, what stored nightmares, what painful death they or may or may not contain was a question best left unanswered.

Centered in the ring of carefully spaced detritus stood the Altar itself. The holy site, its single folding pew placed reverently before twin expanses of black potentiality. I assume the position, venerate the Machine God, and massage the keyboard to rouse the beast from its slumber. In the beginning, Al Gore created the Internet, and saw that it was good.

I bask in the twin glow of thirty inch wide-screen monitors, internet flows into and through me as if I had RJ45 cable entering my arm intravenously. Only now does my day truly begin. The work of lifetimes, my true Calling. Bittorrent has been good to me today, the progress bars of my international cargo have progressed nicely. I conjure up sources of news, call upon news feeds, forums, IRC,

imageboards, even ancient Usenet. Through these channels, slowly she comes forth, the blackness of my room gives way to the overflowing joy that is the coming of Mai Waifu. Our love breaches any chasm, even the entire dimension between us. Her blond hair flows through the images that parade through my screen from their myriad sources, her voice through my meager speakers atop my desk. She calls to me from comic panels, dances within the frame of Windows Media Player, sings through iTunes. Fate Testarossa, perfection in the package of a twelve-year-old. I can't get enough, the pictures, the movies, the comics, the audio dramas, the merchandise, If only I could pass through this infernal LCD screen we would both be happy forever.

In my reverie the audiovisual waves splash over me like waves lapping at the seashore; I am as a child's sandcastle, if I relax the tides will slowly break me down and pull me out into a sea of bliss. A land beyond file extensions, beyond magnetic storage, beyond the books, the movies, the figurines? Caught up in the clutter of an imageboard, someone has come across a new, carefully handcrafted figure of my beloved Fate. The black ribbons tied perfectly in her hair, the dainty miniskirt hiding absolutely nothing, the thigh length stockings, the black tank top accentuating her pale uncovered arms... It was perfection.

And I knew what would come next. The internet is a beautiful and utterly cruel place.

9:02 PM

The problem with mass media is that for all the 2D women of the internet, there are exponentially more men that seek them out. Somewhere, this unutterable villain had his hands on my Waifu. He took pictures of her plastic figure, portrait, straight on, angled, panty-shot, stylized, but I knew what was coming. For every piece of original content that shines on the web, there are billions of reposts, rehashes of jokes no-one ever thought was funny to begin with. When there are figurines, there will be hot glue. Whether out some manner of horrific duty, some ingrained image-board

response pattern, or personal betrayal I continued scrolling down the page, photograph after photograph. Like a 100-car freight-train surging inevitably towards a rend in the tracks, I scrolled, knowing full well what was coming, and my inability to change course.

There she was, my little Fate, my precious Waifu, coated utterly in viscous semen. Soiled. Violated. Raped. I couldn't stop it, she didn't stop it. And her wretched little plastic face was still smiling. Betrayed. She wore that pearly ooze like a blue ribbon stuck on a prize pig. The whore cheated on me and stands there, laughing in my face. And some anonymous, obese neckbeard with a digital camera and no life found it his calling to ruin her, to ruin us, to ruin me. My hatred burns like a nuclear holocaust; an all consuming rage to burn a hole through the very bottom of the ninth circle of hell. Dante could never devise a punishment suitable for these wretches. Oh that they were cast into the deepest abyss, to be repeatedly raped by bladed tentacles of ice, simultaneously in every orifice, with tentacles continually creating new holes with which to exploit. Trying to scream, only to choke on the phallic extrusion of some antediluvian horror.

13:75 AM

Roses are Red,

Violets are Blue,

I will fuck you with a rake.

I delighted in the image of their suffering. Into the reply window poured every one-word racial epithet, swear word, questioned the sexuality of the anonymous offender, called every name I could think of since the first grade. Reply after reply I lambasted the offender, eventually defaulting to simply typing FAGGOT and repeatedly copying and pasting it so as to faster hit the character limit per reply. “Go climb a wall of dicks you candle-sniffing fence-fucker” I thought to myself as I sent the

pasted payload through the series of tubes we know as the internet.

Amidst the withering hail of my wit, the unknown fiend had to be feeling the hurt. I gleefully imagined him curled up in the fetal position crying on the floor of his parent's basement. He is everything wrong with the world and I will see that he knows it. He is a pathetic excuse for a human, a person who lives for nothing other than ruining the happiness of others. He is the worst kind of social inept, who stands no chance at any success in life. He has also replied to my verbal barrage.

“You seem to be rather perturbed, are you frustrated?”

The world seeped into a sea of red.

?:?:??

My keyboard is sticky. An opalescent fluid drips from the corner of my monitor, which is currently displaying a scene from *The Maiden Rape Assault – Violent Semen Inferno*. My penis bleeds from multiple friction burns. My mind is at peace. Ever so slowly, the events of the day wash over me. Its over between Fate and I, a tragic end to a roller-coaster two week relationship. I thought it would work out this time. Tomoe Mami, Asuka Langley-Soryu, Akiyama Mio, Hiiragi Kagami, the names and faces of countless ex-Waifus pass overhead, warp, and fade like clouds passing into the distance. Every time I thought our love was pure enough to get us through.

I cry myself to sleep.