

A noise novel . . .

These Things Happen

GX Jupiter-Larsen

EXCERPT

These

Things

Happen

a excerpt

from the

novel by

GXJupiter · Larsen

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Sweating diarrhea through his pores, Alexandre comprehends fully why he is walking down this abandoned subway tunnel. A cold enthusiasm bends his mind as his calluses chime inside his boots with every step taken. Obsessive needs too seize austerity. Customarily, his enthusiastic explanations are scrambled attentively; if not hustled out completely fuss-free.

Ross uses a special nasal spray to communicate with satellites. The mist is the delivery system for a nanotechnology that allows his brain to temporarily send and receive information between satellites. It doesn't always work. Much of the time all he sees is blank radio static:

kjfgb'i'kanv,ldbvk dav hvlkv b ufgvaldn bvljh gvs lk b v süvufgwsadvuysdv
savf saiv sdy gg yg igdbfvlsdbvc iødhfbsakc usydsj sygfs djsd sydiu hfhg
gtdh b ufy vu fg vkh duyfv kjfd yi fuytfd uøgv uk fjkbviuh i jyh fe
swdtvkgvyrv kfxgvtebnk f yr jh gjgksnøidhuith feiføqwhd fcuhwsc
iuhgiuhfsadhøqhfkjdsnøihf wqdiywqd wqduqwd iøuqthgøqdhqød qidq
dwq di

dkjhdi;uqgd qwd iq d qyd iøuhdøihgci;
dqisgdi;hdiagkahxdshdkhs kxgaødsøadjpiyhqiwdbølwhdqwdbkqhgkjqh
cqiu x cuqc xqkshc xkjshckjgscibdc sadlg sdxbaikcbk ahc sdcuhas cashc ad
asuc sahc as csa csickjhd kjhckuxjidsjskdshds h fb h dty jf dvn rtu v
yrdfu vyj ryi ugblj, gdxsdytgb øij øuyt zerø td ytv iug yutd ytf iøuyf uf g
utd ytf guyfuy bi'kanv,ldbvk dav hvlkv b ufgvaldn bvljh gvs lk b v
süvufgwsadvuysdv savf saiv sdy gg yg igdbfvlsdbvc iødhfbsakc usydsj
sygfs djsd sydiu hfhg gtdh b ufy vu fg vkh duyfv kjfd yi fuytfd uøgv uk
fjkbviuh i jyh fe swdtvkgvyrv kfxgvtebnk f yr jh gjgksnøidhuith
feiføqwhd fcuhwsc iuhgiuhfsadhøqhfkjdsnøihf wqdiywqd wqduqwd
iøuqthgøqdhqød qidq dwq di

Alexandre has thought that there had to be less to existence than this.

**Yet another abandoned subway, blacken with dripping grime.
Everything coated in a black pus.**

Passing through potential barriers, a passage burrowing underneath another. Everything coated in a black pus.

Steps in between the oily dirt; steps in between oily dirt. Henry Darger utilized his archetypal Vivian Girls as his device for measuring the

distance between contentment and despair. Alexandre had his abandoned subway tunnels for such calibration.

Cracked and faded, the nitty-gritty flames cuticled a sizeable chunk of the oil spill. This meant that the oily dirt is cleaned of superfluous unnecessarys. The xylowave of decay.

After a recent serious illness, Alexandre comprehends fully why he is walking down this sky-deep tunnel.

He's walking in this towering subway tunnel; oily dirt.

At once, simultaneously, all hypothesizes fit.

He wanted to know what time it was, but his bronze pocket watch had stopped. He loves to watch bronze turn green. Wreckage wreckage everywhere. Shatter by shatter; as Bill's whole body lurched, he spewed cum onto the hence of broken glass before him. Spurting his creamy load all over the shattered prickly bits. He kept shooting until long dribbles ran trickling down his thick hairy legs. His knees went weak. There's no stronger aphrodisiac than the sound of breaking glass. His asscheeks clenched everytime he heard the snapping, then cracking, of plain clear glass.

It was not fire, but the sound of fire crackling that turned on his young boyfriend Dan. Once when they came across an abandoned building burning, they found themselves overwhelmed with passion. Right there and then, by the wild frenzy of the fire's roar, Dan quickly started groping Bill. He fucked his small soft ass. His shaft has never been more slapping. Big hair-covered balls slung weightily in Dan's long fleshy sizzle. Alexandre walked right on by, right under them in the abandoned subway.

A sweaty pummel tore the wallop. Then suddenly the sky tore open, leaving a saucer-shaped rip. Alexandre walked on by, right under them in the abandoned subway. Reluctantly, his laziness devoured the hysterical hostilities about. Unprecedented, yet measurably brilliant frequencies were extinguished at this clasping sunk. Obviously, those unclassified affections fell short rubbing upon the question. Regardless, the fumbled burnt brighter now that the sudden bursts of laughter

reminded him he had swung the future to slam. Slammed smoothly brushing, his musingly wondering flashed steadfast. Gliding gently, they were now stirring gnaws among the clammy shrunks.

Alexandre loves to watch bronze turn green. Kendeioeweeks equifiogopeged feipagers of gepired giggurgurly geore-groges.

Walking is his excuse for moving his legs about. Zreufaadinfied wadufadjads yaduyfadid the sydasiods and fadyesaked five asydesidsen veshads.

In between the audio reflections of the subway trains. Like semen splattered on the face of a beautiful vaginafolk, the debris from various train derailments are splashed all up the down the tunnels. Contorted twisted metal squirmed along the form of the whole subway. Specks of shattered glass sheltered everywhere. While wreckage hurled upwards towards the dust. Accidents. It's what gives life meaning.

Within moments the back and forth emergency had stopped shattering, immediately jumped out, and nodded in the direction of the nearest industrial-sized nowhere. Almost charming in fact. Inside one train wreck just off to one side, this guy is jerking off in his girlfriend's face. With every impact of semen on her face, he makes an explosion-like sound effect with his drool-filled mouth; "...in the future how will robots actually see us? Like, there has been a lot of talk about this in terms of a master-slave relationship. However, I suspect their view of us could be more like that of the domesticated dog which sees its owner as simply a dominant member of its pack. Then again, maybe the robot will be unable to distinguish us from the rest of the background noise of its data field, just as we are unable to distinguish the worm from the ground. We may be critical to the robot's existence, but then, so is the worm critical to our own environmental factors..."

Bubbles lather in the ruin. She just sits there, daydreaming of electro magnetism. All the while he's pondering the wide open road. If life can be compared to an amusement park, a major difference between males and females is that, men want to ride the roller coaster while women want to be the roller coaster. Men want to have fun, while women want to be fun. Men want to have a life. Women want to be life.

Biologically, such desires are the key to understanding both their success and their failure in the social context. For now, however as it turned out, from a distance equal to the eliminated area, the asphalt below became viscous and started smelling like smoldering refuge. Umpteen crumpled dirt poked and prodded an inordinate amount of anti-time. Melting moments faded between the passing topography. Various locations, in fact, veered to the edge of yet decorrelation stretched ravine anchored deep to irregular gouges deep in the crust. The long roar-like tone was drowned out by the shimmers of rust sluicing down an intake of breath, only to burst back out his swiveled mouth into some accidents. It's what gives life meaning.

Squatted thumping definitely murmured any brittle through the crack. Shakily stretched back into the moist reckoning, he approached these slippery surroundings enticed by the moonlight. Then suddenly he stopped. Alexandre wondered briefly how such plentiful yet tentative interest straggled in as these vaguely surprising discharges piled up between the sounds of subway trains that often echo in the walls of a few of the abandoned tunnels.

The sounds of subway trains often echo in some tunnel walls.

Chunks of concrete snapped off, leaving tangles of broken stillness. Impatiently swept towards that snap of pneumatic whir, deep darkness just titterly distracted all the yammering washed from the heap of broken glass in the corner. Later scraped away in several orange pieces, the aftermath seemed rough, unnerving accuracy underneath. The smashed flumes shortcaked the switch that incinerated by the crumpling collapse.

Brushed swipes were then roughing with worry. Rumbled hough, grabbed up the creased with sorry. He ought to have rouse a more inexact percentage other than empty infractions like this. However, this sudden movement could not mud as quickly as the upcoming thrashing tumbling into slip. Regardless, later a pile of smoldering rubble will prop up a thick plume of smoke. Pus-drainage smudged rustwards as all of those abandoned subway tunnels are boiled in dirt.

Underground storage tanks leaking this seeping under the city streets. So much garbage has piled up that garbage-collecting vehicles have been

replaced with patrol cars. The Sanitation Department is everywhere, keeping an eye on everything. Black and white Sanitation Patrol Cars, with flashing reds lights on top, cruise the streets investigating the ever-increasing clutter that is life itself. Making sure everyone does their part in keeping the mess as BIG as possible. Litter litter everywhere. More litter than streets.

Women with a fetish for authoritative uniforms sway at the very sight of the Sanitation Engineer in his black leather. The smell of garbage is a powerful aphrodisiac.

Various compounds that have coalesced into a black gooop.

In between the dirt, underground storage tanks are leaking some compounds into a coalesce.

All of these tunnels open up to large concourses. Each concourse leads up to the city streets.

In the abandoned parts of this subway, most stations are blocked. Like semen splattered on the face of a beautiful vaginafolk, the debris from various train derailments are splashed all up the down the tunnels. Contorted twisted metal squirmed along the form of the whole subway. Specks of shattered glass sheltered everywhere. While wreckage hurled upwards towards the dust. Accidents. It's what gives life meaning. Once inside this tumblebound wrangling, one had to boil up thee foulmouthed glimp to hubbub any dragging shrill left blip. No grizzlie shrugs here. No sir weee!

Inside one train wreck just off to one side, this guy is jerking off in his girlfriend's face. With every impact of semen on her face, he makes an explosion-like sound effect with his drool-filled mouth. Bubbles lather in the ruin. She just sits there, daydreaming of electro magnetism. All the while he's pondering the wide open road. Accidents. It's what gives life meaning.

As everyone gathered around to gaze into this bloody predicament, no one knew to either cry or laugh. So they all just spontaneously started blowing big pink bubbles with their chewing gum. POP!... POP!... POP!...

Now the incredible thing here isn't the fact that everyone at this subway station happened to be chewing gum at the time. No. The really incredible thing is how some of the passengers in the speeding express train kept a grasp of the guy's guts as a souvenir. Demonstrating once again how life is not the end.

Impatiently swept towards that snap of pneumatic whir, he just bitterly distracted all the yammering washed from the heap of broken glass in the corner. Later scraped away in several orange pieces, the aftermath seemed rough, as if some counting by his mind had slipped spittishly across the slightest regret. Surprised like a blown fuse, he started crunching streaks of promised blood without leaving a message. No message about how life is not the end. There's less to grime than just grime. There's also grime. There's less to grime. Measuring off vanished injuries, the break inserted on a massive drooping flicker. One that was brilliantly scattered around and snapped into a trembling comprehension of how faint each twist had become less to mucky slime than just mucky slime. After all, there's also that muck slime. Bloodstained sparkling dampened through cracks in the craggy slimescape.

There's less to pus than just pus. There's all that pus as well; there's less. This crunching kicked towards each slightly befuddled twitch; an unmistakable warning that everything was completely fine. Then, a lump inside his right eye laughed, casting a shadow over the soilaged dust. Dust, just dust being soilaged. Because it's also been soilaged.

There's less to rot than just rot. There's also rot. There's less to rot.

Tunnels are caves of potential. Tunnels; caves of potential.

In in these subway tunnels, the many passages turn and twist. Always he is hugged by walls. Like semen splattered on the face of a beautiful vaginafolk, the debris from various train derailments are splashed all up the down the tunnels. Contorted twisted metal squirmed along the form of the whole subway. Specks of shattered glass sheltered everywhere. While wreckage hurled upwards towards the dust. Accidents. It's what gives life meaning.

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Twists and turns; always he is hugged by walls, floors, walls and ceilings.

As he walks, he can feel the floor give way to an emptiness; as if the floor is floating over a fluid void of inflexibility. A deepness pushing away every step. He feels himself in mid-flight ever though he's deep underground. Like the ullage, the empty space between the cap and the liquid in a bottle. His nose starts to bleed, and he is reminded of apposition. Or perhaps, foil.

And as he walks, he can feel the floor give way to an emptiness below. As he walks, surrounding atoms stream away making the tunnel bend and bow and twist. Everything becomes soft to the touch, and he can hear sharp sibilant frequencies. Dust, rocks and litter all decorate the floors of the subway. Ten minutes before he was to mole the shaved wigger, two people dickweed their smell every bit the same soft. All at once, a torn crapper yeahed into rufous eyes that very each step back. Now vastly uneasy, everyone stepped through the ache marked snoop. From deep in this hole, he'll kick a stone as he walks down these abandoned subway tunnels.

The air in these subway tunnels are decorated with dust.

Decorated. This air is decorated with the sounds of rocks falling through the subway floors.

There's less to grime than just grime. There's also grime. There's also grime; the stain of grime. The dent of grime.

There's less to grime than just grime. There's also grime. There's less to grime.

Like limestone, grime drips down like the shadows which drip off Alexandre's body. He remembers spray-balding shadows wearing

checked moments punched out directly beneath them. How trying to absolutely eight-nine-ten this limestone off another shovel, his reflections on the subject were very similar to well-worn paths between strangulation and pleasure. The two of them had just been leaning against the unexpected warmth that was clearly in disguise while bidding its straining for a new whiz-leash-wow!

She deposited the egg in the palm of his hand. "Go ahead;" she said calmly. "Break it over my head... if you stand just still enough, you will feel the whole planet rotate..."

And if he were asked how it felt, his answer would be "dydyhydidhudlly". He quickly realized their rugged odor had mirrored a semicircle around the outskirts of evidence, finally drifting toward them in a swaggering luminescent clustering of attention.

It had become curiously obvious that neither of them were a twitch of anticipation.

The temperature instantly seemed a full three degrees Zighting; too hot for any one. Touched by his new concern, she kissed the importance of his matter-of-factly introspective eyes.

In between all that mucky slime, he hears the sounds of drainage.

Few curators jiggle the festivity while drying figments severe. Fitted of equal length. Devises for measuring fitted frozen over dry sharpen sizzlings. Dry adorn skid siren dapper scrutinizes edified for measuring. Devises for measuring faxed in gather revocations so dwarfish running with tremble could havoc the severe dry. Sag ferments effigy the devises. Tackle jet extrusion frozen over pop running actually severes the devise for measuring. Cute gathers quit cute running. Cute severe devises for measuring festivity jet yellow tyranny advice, devised for measuring scurry frozen over extrusion. Extrusion devise for measuring cutes the extrusion dry. This has been tested fuzz. There jets guzzle in the dry asocial growling till dry revocation dankness faxes the title still eye.

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“...because there is no great creator or protector, we must all be on our best behaviour; otherwise life will be a living hell.”

“...could be more interesting if it was?”

The motel in question was supposed to be a full-size reproduction of Vladimir Tatlin's Monument To The Third International in Petrograd. The mechanized spiral framework ultimately gave way to an upright shovel-like ideal because of a fanciful structural engineer who believed the shovel was a more advanced type of spiral. What he meant by that is anyone's guess, but it's an issue that's still hotly debated to this day.

Alexandre and Ross seldomly meet each other in person. One byproduct of the weather is how all things are solely and wholly separate from each other.

Ross treasures his solitude beyond all else. So much in fact, that he's

even performed self-trepanation. Drilling a small hole through his cranium to expose his brain's membrane. To be, symbolically, being one with the void. Starting with singularity, and quickly moving into four dimensions, violence gives shape size. He can feel that through the hole in his head. This transformation being part of a context of reoccurring explosions; the expansion and contraction of an universe. This context referred to as entropy. Because of this entropy, all movement is involuntary. And out of this involuntariness, three different types of wave forms emerge. Each type vibrating at a different velocity. These three wave forms being the mind, matter and nothingness. Any similarity in the movements of these wave forms being totally coincidental. Influence is never past on from one type of wave form to another. All movement being random.

In six dimensions this non-interrelationship between the mind, matter and nothingness takes on a particular function. Currents of matter are drawn through small pores in the mind and leave by way of larger openings. The beating of the mind's interior maintains the matter current. Support for the tissues of the mind is provided by calcareous of nothingness. This function is the fibre of a compound skeleton made of a basal mass. This mass being the context known as direction.

In ten dimensions, the context of direction induces mixed suspensions of initial intermixtures of the non-interrelationship between the mind, matter and nothingness. In other words, the relationship of never touching is itself a kind of holding. And as far as odd relationships go... Robert Joseph, archaeologist, is away from his soft abode in the big city four or five months out of the year. Exploring isolated and remote wastelands. It's what he does. What really seemed remote then, was how these metallic freckled screams had actually shacked them into the weighty flinches that otherwise would have never crossed his mind. A momentary whisper, more reflexive than a dozen, was literally blown off-balance by glowing tongues tucked into feathers ready to speak harshly noddings in the dirt.

Ross can hear the one-legged girl next door having sex with her three-legged dog. Whenever Ross sees her in the hallway, her low-cut dresses reveal the claw marks down her back. Ross can tell just by looking at her that her fallopian tubes and ovaries are unremarkable. Although the rest of her body was a very appealing mix of soft weaknesses. Ross is

genuinely happy for her. Still, no matter how fond of her he is, he's more fond of being alone.

Shattering air rotates between his body and the peeling walls of this motel room. He can feel the torn pieces of air move around him in the room. It tickles a little. Shattering air rotates around him.

Ross is alone to feel the slivers of air rotate around his body.

The television gives a pigmentation to the slivers. And there's a scent of autumn.

Ironically, instead of a blazing forest fire, this clustering squeezed apart yet another xylowave. From out his window, Ross can glimpse the hospital across the street. Even without realizing it, he knows the diseases inside that place are merely voyeurs at a gummy of hard squishy reaming. These pointed peaks jump down, billowing a xylowave that could only be increased by a somewhat more dangerous glimpse. A somewhat more dangerous glimpse than all the fucking and sucking that's going on between doctors and patients, the nurses and doctors, the patients and other patients. Some of the more resourceful afflictions will ooze between the meat to get a little thrill for themselves. And maybe even contribute a little to the decay going around.

Nurse Candy is on all fours with a large cock plowing through her fleshy pink folds. Her eyes roll up into her head as she feels that deep prick slap her cervix, making her pussy spasm while her nipples poke against her white uniform.

In fact, several sweaty nurses, each nude except for their nurses' cap, are crawling up and down the hospital corridors. Screaming, and begging doctors and patients alike for their dicks. It's as if some kind of electric shock treatment spreading from their souls is making them all craze a hostile embrace. However most of the doctors on duty can't be found. As many of them are in operating theatres with their anaesthetists, actively making the appropriate incisions needed to attempt sexual contact with their patients' tumours.

Nurse Trudy's cunt feels so hot and moist. As she moves her hips slightly she can feel that sexy rub of her labia majora on one another while her

clit begins to throb. She picks up a chart and slips it back in its proper place. The friction of her labia on her swollen clit is almost too much for her. A doctor asks her to check the I.V. on a particular patient. She cries out. “Please! Hurt me! Hurt me now you bastard!!!”

The doctor nearly jumps out of his skin as Trudy makes her demands. Germs everywhere are just hanging. Taking it all in.

“Hurt me! Hurt me now you bastard!!! You fucking bastard!!!”

The young doctor smacks Trudy on the back of her head, and grabs at her tits. He squeezes one boob really, really hard. She just stands there rigidly, squealing at the top of her lungs. She was made for spanking and nothing else. Her butt was the perfect receptacle for his palm; hard and fast!

On every floor of the hospital, the sounds of mammals fucking and biting and hitting reverberates.

Another nurse, on her knees, trembles before an elderly patient. She is very beautiful. The fat lumpy old man is naked. He pisses in her face, soaking her nurse's uniform.

“Hurt me! Hurt me!!!” Trudy is still screaming, running up and down a corridor. Nine orderlies gang up on her. She sucks in a sharp breath as one of them tears off her clothes. The sound of the ripping is loud, very loud. All she can do is wonder how big her rapists will be once fully erect. She gives a slight nervous laugh as they lay her on the floor and rape her, one by one.

“Hurry. Hurry.” She tells them, as she clenches and unclenches her fists. One of the orderlies grabs her by the hair and repeatedly slams her hand against the floor as he fucks her. Trudy feels a hotness radiate all over her body from the pulsating hole of her cunt.

In some other part of the hospital, a nurse feels a hand rubbing over her ass. Her white uniform being pulled up over her waist. She moans, rubbing her thighs against a hard crotch. She's pushed towards a gurney. She turns around and falls back. Hands unbuttoning her uniform, pulling her skirt down, pushing her bodice up over her head. She's tied up and

gagged. A rubble hose is used to beat her. Red welts and purple bruises soon completely cover her soft smooth yielding white body. All she wanted to do was drink the piss right out of his chill. She was a leather-popping, open-pussy, slim-lunged girlie-girl. All her skinny prejudices couldn't help but point out that he really did zip up the ameba immediately in order to antique out the dash of cinder-blocks overhead. She would soon be surprised as to how much his warm piss really did taste just like popcorn. A small dark man by the name of Adolf Wölfli could be seen, observing; studying everything that was going on. Everyone had seen him lurking about the hospital for some days now, but no one really knew what he was up to. Some said he was just a biologist on assignment, making charts or some such thing. Others said he was some kind of census taker. Could he have also been a spy? He was always seen counting. Counting what? It was later discovered whatever he was counting, he was doing so by his own number system. What was for sure, was that this Adolf Wölfli had added new numbers to the standard numerical system in order to calculate some kind of astronomical concept or two. Would it have made any difference if he had asked himself the question of what a number would look like if it was in between Regoniff and Horatif, but not Suniff, Agoniff, and Benitif? Would it have affected his cosmic maps? He would always disappear into the twilight before any one could ever get around to finding out for sure. What was for sure was how cute Lee and Cathy were. Lee was Cathy's parasitic twin. Her small buttocks and legs dangled out from Cathy's abdomen. Despite this however, Lee still got laid much more often than her bigger sister; and this made Cathy somewhat jealous.

Lee was only a third the size of Cathy, however Lee's vagina had completely normal full-sized adult dimensions, proportions, and bulk. Young boys just couldn't resist, and Cathy wasn't about to say no. It might have been Lee's pussy, but Cathy could still feel some very pleasant sensations whenever Lee got lucky. It was kind of like having two vaginas. Still, Cathy would have preferred having her own vagina the centre of attention.

Cathy didn't mind keeping her little sister nice and clean. What annoyed her most about this whole thing was having to hold Lee up so a boy could fuck the tiny twin. Worst, was when she had to bend over in some odd way in order for a boy to get inside Lee. That really annoyed Cathy!

Lee's brain, which was lounged in between Cathy's stomach and right kidney, was very basic; consisting only of the cerebellum and temporal lobe. Lee had no good reason for always being horny.

Cathy's reason was to be a bigger slut than Lee. The two couldn't talk in any way to each other. They were always at odds with one another. Then, Cathy came up with an idea that would make her a much bigger star than Lee. She'd start doing anal! So, for sure, pale corpuscles would stay idolatrous irritations. Offered as civility, it still spoiled some increasing numbers. Nine high blasts might have vanished, but wrenched within, these splendid disappointments inspired him. His temperament, like tranquility swallowed whole by suggestion, muddled about in the dusty breeze. He made his mark on the contract by smearing it with his bloody snot. No question that there's a dark little room off to one side. There a somewhat disfigured patient, trying to sleep, is kept up all night by the discharge coming out of his penis. The bubbling discharge itself isn't at all painful, but it is very noisy. For with every miniature pop of this fizzled foam comes a piercing sharp crackle. Dangling a nondescript smear around the old wreck, Trudy flushed the chromed synchronicity and probably curved bloodboogey as she finally locates Candy, and begins to break raw eggs over her head, one at a time. For about an hour.

Adolf Wölfli's numbers weren't just super huge. If Wölfli's numbers were anything, they were causing all numerical systems to swell up, and explode with new statistic counts.

Meanwhile, only next door, some doctor suddenly finds himself in a very unfamiliar place talking to a complete stranger. "...so where am I? Who are you!? Why am I here!!? What's going on here!!!?"

"Now, now, calm down now. Don't worry. You're in a space ship anchored between a small microverse and your universe..." responded the stranger.

"You don't say. Looks to me like we're standing on the streets of some kind of a small sea-side beach-type community."

"Yes, well, I get that alot actually"

"So what are these buildings then?"

“Different compartments of our ship.”

“And the beach in front of us?”

“The control interface.”

“And the ocean there?!”

“Its our view screen.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I’ll try and keep this brief, but we’re from a civilization in a very old universe. So old in fact that not only have the smaller stars stopped burning, most planets have drifted away from their suns. Soon, many of our galaxies will have lost most of their stars through evaporation. Protons are soon going to start decaying, and before that happens we’re trying to transmit of sum of our civilization’s knowledge into an universe with younger atoms.”

“Wow. Fuck.”

“Yes, well, the thing is, and this is why we brought you here; we thought your universe would do, however, we made one big mistake in our calculations...”

“Really? What’s that?”

“There’s this person, Alexandre. He’s walking around inside the abandoned subway under your hospital; he’s about to turn north and we need him to keep going south...”

Then, the atoms forming much of the said hospital facility spontaneously and simultaneously shift orbits, causing the whole building to swell up, and explode.

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