

Never Forget (lol)

Well friends, you made it. Twenty one years of the blossoming of a great poisonous flower beset by paranoia and over-reaction. Twenty one years since everything we thought we knew of the world and the rules therein shifted. Twenty one years from the day it all changed to a darker shade of red white and blue.

You know, though our driver doesn't remember where he was the moment it happened, he does remember the vacation he took the following week with his family. They left Atlanta on September 12th to the vile head fuck of a state known as Florida to visit his uncle, who would die later that year of a drug overdose sponsored by the Sackler Family.

It's interesting to note here that our Driver's uncle was a gay man and was forced all his life to hide who he was in this great and ever expanding land of the free.

But friends, our driver remembers that every sign on every everything had some variation of God and Bless and USA. He remembers being kicked out of a tourist shop that sells painted seashells and seahorse themed towels for refusing to take a cast metal pin that had the flag and the words "never forget" emblazoned in cursive. And he remembers thinking "How'd they get those pins so fast?"

But, as we speak, our Driver is not in the best of places, and Mr. Orange is, well, let's just say he's in the midst of a decision making process and friends, you will find out allll about that by the end of this current juncture but I just couldn't resist the impulse to drop in and give you a history lesson disguised as a very 9/11 special!!!!

A jangly funky tune plays interlaid with audio clips from the day!!!

Party sounds transferring to control room sounds.

The Lotophage queen rests on her knees before *the throne.* A man, strapped into the shining steel chair, wires descending from the core on the ceiling and into his eyes in a circle around his dilated gray pupils. And those eyes friends, they are focused on a seemingly endless series of flickering screens displaying news sources from around the planet, cctv camera footage, and old cold case files from the murder channel. Cuz, everyone loves the murder channel. She grabs the man's hand, strapped to the throne so tight it feels lifeless, limp and cold. He does not look away from the screen. She speaks to him in hushed tones, a frightful worry on the sound waves wisping into his ears and flooding his brain with all the endorphins his pituitary gland and hypothalamus can muster. Which, given his company, is more than most could ever know.

Overseer Sound

Abria: I know it doesn't look good. I know you have concerns and those concerns are entirely warranted but I will figure it out. I will not let this happen to you. I will not let this be the end of you. We made a mistake with this pitiful excuse for an overseer but we will soon be out of that hole. Twenty years will pass in the blink of an eye and then we will even the playing field. Then, we will be back in top form. They will not win, as long as my colors shine bright and my faith holds strong.

Overseer sound (angry, scared)

Abria (fading out back to party noises): I know. I know. We will make it through. We always have before. And when we do, we will melt them down and toss their bricked corpse into the deepest trench in the ocean, where no man will ever bring those terrible pains in the ass to bear again.

Party sounds and blowing horns and news footage and a fun dance beat plays in the background.

Elsewhere at the ranch, a party of three is in full swing. Three unimaginable horrors dancing a drunken dougie and blotto boogie in ecstatic reverie that would make Dionysus himself a tad jelly. The smiles of a thousand mouths marred by sores and jagged sharp shattered glass teeth reflecting like a disco ball, spinning and whirling. The scene is a frightening affair: nightmares from the deepest recesses of shared consciousness rapping lines of half known verses from the hits of the time.

“Okay stop, everyone listen.”

An in detail news show drops.

“We planted these seeds in 1895. We watered them and celebrated the buds that grew forth. We weeded and fed. Cultivated and trimmed. And though we were birthed in the pain of glittery golden death, we will reap a harvest beyond the reach of the heart itself.

We took an atom of a dying star and forged an invisible eternal kingdom built on the cyclical bones of empires past and future.

And we had a hell of a time doing it.”

A glowing golden sigil in the middle of the black floor glows and sparkles as the creature speaks. A creature we've met before, friends, that vicious terrible animal that was forced into my mind

during my death, a death I should have embraced but fought against instead. The design in the sigil, some ancient knot forgotten to eons of human history, began slipping its coiled twists and turns and dilated, bubbling and expanding into a glimmering dome.

“Let’s take a trip down memory lane, shall we.”

Inside the dome, a stereoscopic and hazy image of a beautiful cream stone compound materializes from the ether. The street before the gilded age home transpiring in streaks and threads of smoke, is quiet and moonlit. The year is 1895. Railroad magnates, coal barons, and executives of steel manufacturing companies are the closest things to gods the physical world has ever known. Tenements populated by malnourished factory workers spread out in every direction and played host to organizing and agitation, much to the chagrin of those petty gods and, friends, I wish all that had worked out better for everyone but you should have known when they had to burn down a city for an 8 hour workday how all that was going to play out in the long run.

Cloaked figures approach the home and begin making chalk markings on the cobblestone driveway. Strange symbols and runes spelling out some ancient incantation in carbonate calcite. But the translation is not meant for us dear friends, that there is cosmic talk on the boards only meant for the waning hangers-on still gripping tight at the edge of the universe, even now.

Inside the home, a woman screams in the throes of childbirth. A doctor, sweating and probably smoking, asks her to push. “Just give us one last good push,” he says, “we are almost there.”

The robed figures outside finish their markings and begin a low groaning rumble from their throats, the words they speak have been erased from every book that had the gall to display them throughout history, every hand that wrote them, severed, and every mind that thought them, broken. Chanting this forgotten tongue they form an ellipse and place a cage in the center.

The woman screams as she pushes, hard and deep, forcing a new human into the world, or forcing the world onto a new human, either way, a different kind of misery for both. Midwives and maids scurry frantically about the bedchamber, arranging towels and adjusting pillows, while the mother berates them with expletive-ridden curses, far more biting and creative than the insults she lobs at them on normal non child bearing days.

In another room, a graying man, presumably the father, with a face hewn from oak, stern and emotionless, surrounded by leather bound books, jots notes into a ledger. The screams are loud enough for him to hear but he gives no clue that he can, no flinch or wince or tear of sympathy. On the desk before him are two fountain pens, inkwells containing red and black respectively, so it seems finances are afoot, and in this man’s case the black is used far more than the red.

Outside, those rune jotting degenerates are still chanting in that deep grumble and the ladies among them have taken to a higher register. A chorus of spellbinding harmony reaching far past the heavens to places we don't want to know friends. Inside the cage, a large white rabbit nibbles on lettuce, and I find myself wondering if that lagomorph knows that this lettuce is the last it will taste?

The woman curses future generations of the help.

The chanting reaches an apex.

The man is still writing zeroes.

The symbols on the ground spark and catch red flame.

The cage bursts into a shrapnel cloud of pink mist, white fur, and shards of shattered metal.

And the miracle of childbirth is concluded.

The baby screams, likely wanting to go back inside, cleaned and swaddled in homespun linen, and handed gently to the mother. The maids that took part go and pack their bags cuz they know, come tomorrow, they have no job, and after tonight that is more than fine by them.

The baby curls into his mother's chest. And she says, "well hello baby Prescott," and drifts off to sleep.

"We created an evil, terrible and perfect, and did it so quietly the world still hasn't quite figured it out."

The aureate dome clears, the gilded age scene evaporating into golden glitter and resplendent dust.

The news continues in the background though the music has stopped.

"We set events in motion that today, have reached a glorious climax."

But that's not all there is to the story, friends. Not by a long shot.

The dome begins the exposure of another picture. A sweeping view of a beautiful town back when summers weren't such a threat to dogs left behind in cars with the windows rolled up. A clear day at a solid 76 degrees in August. Painted lady ferns and white flowered foxglove sprout

from the ground along the streets which glide and stretch towards the beach. Shops sell ice cream and seashells and the dried husks of starfish. We follow along the streets to another gilded age compound. This one, constructed on a low cliff edge, overlooking the Atlantic ocean. Built in 1902 when this place was still called Damon Park on Point Vesuvius, though it would eventually come to be known as Walker's Point and would host various members of the political clan known as the Walker/Bush family, before and after their dynastic period.

On this particular day in 1921, these two families became one via the strange financial fuckery you know as marriage, but in this case, it's the rich people version. George Herbert Walker handed over his daughter, Dorothy to Prescott and the two were wed in unholy matrimony. Some say, that just for a second, when the two said "I do," a terrifying black eye blinked from the sky above and blotted out the sun, sort of winking at the world, a glimmer of satisfaction reflecting back the scene below. This has yet to be confirmed though. But if you ask me friends, I wouldn't put it past them.

And on the surface this appeared to be what it was: Just that, a marriage, a combining of two families, a love sprouting from fetid soil to grow into a flower that would one day poison the whole fucking world.

But what it really was, was a job offer. A sort of application process for the first real job Prescott would have, and the way he would make the nest egg that would assure power for nearly a century in a country that was just developing its own terrifying personality.

"And this is where Moldington should take a bow, this was his brain child and, did it work out the way you imagined Moldington?"

"Better than I could have expected."

"No creature amidst all the suns and stars could have accomplished this more succinctly."

The dome flashes a new series of pictures. Each appearing in quick succession and following the path of the next decades of Prescott's life, all in gold leaf, flaking and disintegrating into the next.

In the first, Prescott sits at his desk in the headquarters of the Union Banking Corporation by way of Brown Brothers Harriman, a firm that represented the interests of one Fritz Thyssen, a European industrialist who made the majority of his money supplying Hitler's effort to re-arm Germany after that classic debacle known as World War One. These ties between Prescott and Thyssen would not end with the gavel that declared the official American entrance to World War 2, just days after the attack on a naval base in Pearl Harbor. It is the position of your narrator

friends, knowing what I now know, that those in charge knew pearl harbor was coming, and did nothing to stop it. Another ritual, another tragedy, another elaborate magic trick to convince one group of people to kill another.

At this desk, made of shining and polished African blackwood, Prescott used his black ink far more than his red, just as his father had done, years before.

In the next pictures we see frame after frame of Prescott meeting in rooms of lofty wealth, beyond that of what you and I could comprehend, friends. The kind of money that allows a man to hunt children on tropical islands free of consequence or prying eyes over a long memorial day weekend. These were the board meetings of the Consolidated Silesian Steel Company, which used slave labor from Auschwitz, of IG Farben, and every once in a while, of skull and bones reunions where they masturbate in coffins while someone whispers in their ears that they are going to die.

“This was the accumulation phase. How we would ensure the money flowed where it needed to flow like a river of blood spreading throughout the land, splaying deltas like fingers over everything, grabbing the world by the balls.”

And friends, that is what they did, Nazi money made more money and flooded most of the accounts of the American business class at the time. From coke selling Fantas to concentration camp guards to IBM's Hollerith punch card computer that kept holocaust carnage on a precise schedule, allowing victims to be marched straight out of the box car and straight into the ovens, unless, of course, it would prove more efficient to work them to death.

In this case, I'll spare you the pretty golden picture.

And the last representations of this cycle shown in gold dust gleam were the most important, and the most telling about the structure of the society that those above you in stature and affluence decided was proper for you to exist within.

In the first, a man walks with purpose toward an office building. He flashes a badge and continues up flights of tastefully polished concrete stairs. His name is Erwin May and he works for the Alien Property Commission, and he's been taking a few ganders at the business dealings of Prescott and his homies at Brown Brothers Harriman, and friends, he has not liked what he's seen but let me ask you this, do you think that matters too much?

If you do, bless your little soul.

He walks up those stairs in that solemn year of 1942, walks up those stairs that might as well have led to heaven itself, given the reach of the men at the top, He walks up those stairs and seizes every dime held by UBC, by Harriman, and every other firm associated with Thyssen. He seizes this money under the Trading with the Enemy Act, a law enacted in 1917, and a couple months later, he seizes more of Prescott's ventures, all of which tie him to Thyssen much like a parasite attached to its host.

But friends, do you know what Mr. May did not seize?

I bet you do.

He did not seize a single dime Prescott made in these ventures and that money that was not seized, brings us to the last series of pictures spinning to fruition within that spectacular globe of ancient sigil concerning Prescott's life.

A woman, clothed in the same type of cloak worn at Prescott's birth, walks a dark alley in the bowels of Washington DC. Her eyes glimmer yellow in the streetlights above but if one were to see them during the day, they'd notice nothing unusual, friends, just a boring green on a common person, trying to wind their way through this detrimental journey we all know as life. As she walks, she unties the belt of the robe and lets it slip from her body onto the filthy asphalt shimmering from recent rainfall and leaves it behind and steps out into the street, as normal as any one of us can be, whatever the hell that means.

She is following a United States senator. His name is Brien McMahon. He wears a pin on his shirt stating "The man is McMahon," the campaign slogan for his potential upcoming presidential run. Mr. McMahon is currently on his way to the White House where he intends to present an argument to Harry Truman against the morality based murmurs and objections to creating the very first hydrogen bomb.

When the atomic bomb was tested, Mr. McMahon considered it the most important thing in world history since the birth of Jesus Christ—

This is met with laughs by the partygoers, they just can't contain themselves.

—and that should tell you everything you need to know about this particular fella.

The woman stays out of sight, she falls back when needed and peeks around corners waiting for the right time to continue on. It is vital that she is not seen by anyone, cuz if they do, well, it's time for them to die and she wasn't in the mood for any strangulation this evening. So she was careful. Careful and quiet.

When the Russians tested their first atomic bomb, much earlier than these petty gods expected, an intense debate was created at the terrible intersection of politics, science, and the military concerning the construction of the Hydrogen bomb or as it was called in those days “The Super,” 1000 times more powerful than those abominable aberrations dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima in 1945.

So Mr. McMahon is on his way to stand before Truman and argue thus, “Where is the valid ethical distinction between the multi day bombing campaign of Hamburg, the firebombs that set Tokyo alight, the atomic attack on Hiroshima, or any raid with any wartime technology resulting in mass casualties, past, present, or future.” And while he is not wrong, it is an argument that should never be made by anyone at any time, but maybe that’s just me.

The woman reaches into the pocket of her high waisted blue plaid trousers and pulls out a tiny metal pillbox, much like the type mothers of her particular time in history would keep their little helper, Librium, in. On the lid of this pillbox is the same ancient golden sigil from which this projection materialized. She begins murmuring those erased and forgotten words and her steps quicken their pace.

Mr. McMahon walks along, oblivious, his briefcase, full of notes for his chairman's position on the Atomic Energy Commission, falls to the ground, popping open and sending classified information into the night to float gently down to the streets of our temple of Politick and Lobby.

He bends down to hurriedly shove the papers back into the case.

Somewhere, two twins of despicable origin, smile.

The woman spots her opportunity, flicking the lid of the pillbox open with a practiced gesture. She whispers one word as she walks by him, blowing dust from the cylindrical box that lands on his shoulders and blends with flakes of dandruff. Yes friends, she smiles and whispers, “goodbye.”

Now Mr. McMahon does not seem to notice her in his rushed paper stacking frustration. But boy, he surely will a couple years from then, when he dies from lung cancer at Georgetown University Hospital.

Paving the way for— can you guess?

I’m sure you could, given the time, but I will go ahead and answer, get that moment of suspense out of the way.

Mr. McMahon's untimely death at the age of 48 opened the door for Prescott to win a special election in 1952 against Abraham Ribicoff in Connecticut for the US senate, nazi money and all.

Prescott would use his connections in politics and all his third reich zeroes written in black to help George H.W. develop connections between US oil drilling and Saudi interests. And from there, onto the CIA and eventually a one term president who would start a losing war in the desert at the behest of all those Saudi friends. Friends with connections he would eventually pass on to his son George W, who would do everything in his power to squander them during long office hours mostly doing cocaine.

This squandering of wealth and cocaine hobby would follow little W all the way to one day waking up, looking at the news, and realizing the Supreme Court was making him into a big boy president, just like his pappy.

"This part right here had me on the edge of my seat." - NILCRISITH

"Yes it was pretty touch and go, for a few there." - Moldington

"Yes but the years of planning would pay off in the end and certain well placed people of a certain leaning, a certain allegiance, shall we say, would determine the most controversial presidential election in US history until 2020 came along and made everything that much more dumb." - malfastice

"Lol to those january 6 people." - VB

"Glad to see you could join us, Voidbro." - malfastice

"669. You always forget the 669, I think you like, do it on purpose." - VB

"They are numbers, not pronouns, not your name, just not very funny numbers you'll assign yourself on twitter in a decade or so because @voidbro numberless was already taken."
- Malfastice

"And I'm gonna find that motherfucker I promise! But like, you know the importance of symbolism or whatever, so like seems like you'd respect numbers. Prick. Like Moldington always says, symbolism sells or whatever, right." - VB

"I do say that." - Moldington

"He does say that." - VB

“If you two would shut the fuck up I was just about to paint that picture. Our finale for this little... Party. All the numbers aligned and a dog named Sirius died.”

And after the Supreme Court decision spurred on by the previously mentioned head fuck of a state known as Florida— Narrator side note: seems like that place caused you folks a lot of problems and you don't know this yet but its gonna bring you a hell of alot more come 2024 in the guise of a big forehead having motherfucker who knows better than most how to pull the strings of the people that hate you. Good luck.

Okay rewind.

—and after the supreme court decision spurred on by the previously mentioned headfuck of a state known as Florida, a riot of bizness suits, and a well placed sibling Governor also seated by ritual, George W found himself sitting in front of an elementary school chalkboard reading a book called “The Pet Goat” by ole Ziggy Engelmann, as several planes changed course and in the process, did the same to world history.

And I could give you this final picture of that day, that day that changed so much in your lives, that set your world on the collision course you now find yourselves, fast approaching an end that is so much worse than any of you can imagine but, I think it's best to let the sigil tell it, for here in the Wireland, all the sigils speak.

Thank you for coming to see us again 'round the bend. And friends, I promise, next time I will reveal the fate of our Driver. For now though, an ancient knot has a story to tell.

A ritual for the ages came to pass. Eleven contacted north, 175 contacted south, and those towers fell into their footprints creating a wound on the face of the planet that would fester and rot and for which there is no poultice or salve. No correction, only a sharp turn to the ground. Within 35 minutes you could not get in or out of New York. By noon you had a homeland. By the time you hit the 6 pm news, you had a God you didn't really mention before except when you needed to rationalize the latest bigoted cause. And by 8:30 that night you had a 19 year war against an idea with a price tag of 900,000 lives. You had a new respect for the flag and a solemn hand over your heart. Because just when you had run out of enemies, this gave you a new one without a face. A new one with an ever changing definition. Within days you had eagles on every television screen overlaid with country music about sticking boots up asses and a world full of allies chomping at the bit to go and get the oil. Some brand new legislation dropped less than two months later that destroyed the last little bit of privacy you had left and the whole time you cheered. You bought into Anthrax lies and false flag threat levels. You backed torture. You nodded along to talk of WMDs. You traded dead kids for dead kids. Until you smartened up and traded money in the

form of flying death machines for more dead kids. You let them open Guantanamo and Abu Ghraib. Flourescent light torture shown Polaroid still on your screens but the nightly news said they foiled another plot so you let it go, you let it slide. You let the war hardware overstock flow into your own streets in the hands of men who wouldn't stop the murder of children 20 feet away. You let them build distrust and then let them aim it right at you. You let them evict your neighbors and foreclose on their homes and then use your taxes to bail out the bankers who signed on those dotted lines. You let them trick you into hating half the people you see in your day to day lives. Those towers fell and a spell came over you unlike any that had come before. And the sorcerers directed that energy and now friends, here we are, all of us, on the road to the heart of Wireland Ranch. If that's not magic, I don't know what is.