

is there not only no reason to restrict ourselves to a narrow model that only works for a few people – although some might feel more strongly about that than others – but also good reason to appreciate the wealth that unfolds beyond our ignorance.

There so is a statement in the extensive Introduction that has bothered me for a while. It is the last sentence prior to Part 2 on emancipation (page 137); And by ‘bothered’ I mean some ... weird ... begging for me to delete or retract it. Which so opens an inner dialogue where I argue with that begging ... and I’m not quite sure what it is or where it comes from. I however don’t think it’s a happy place!

And yea. I could – squeezing an eye shut – be convinced to remove that statement; Because in the abstract I’m “pro child-abuse”. Theoretically speaking. So, maybe this begging is just the result of an inner weakness. But still I couldn’t just remove it. It contains a fundamental truth – and were I to remove it, I’d have to replace it by something that is more elaborate.

So is there a brand of politics then ... which is, on the one hand, utterly incapable of producing any kind of good politics for their citizens. And on the other hand – they are ... with one ... hand ... in “the honey pot” of child-abuse. Sure they say they believe in God ... but ... it sure doesn’t inspire confidence. And I’m not sure how blinded by their own nonsense one has to be ... to align with that.

Now, if you have a hard time handling the controversies of my writings – just understand this sentiment that I’m putting forth here. Whether you believe that I’m serious about it or not ... doesn’t matter. Democracy is, at the end of the day, a core tenet of my conviction.

I’m certainly not going to be a religious douchebag trying to convince you otherwise.

So is it said that I Worship Misogyny – and that is certainly true to the full extent – ignoring the rotten nonsense. And with that removed, we can even crank it up to 11. At least in the idea.

Like ... what else would a Fuckslut do?

An integral to it is a voluntary – or semi-voluntary – degradation. That would be our motives – as we are not the ones to dominate the intercourse. But so does Misogyny have no part in producing it. Its part is to exploit that. That’s the idea at least.

And that ... well ... one has to hand it to God! I mean, as ... to receive what only He can give – or add to that. And if He can’t give it ... or won’t ... it’s probably not there to be had.

So, making people do things that they don’t want to do – is virtually, or physically, locking them into a cell. So, people may find justifications for that. But when done wrong, that comes with serious problems!

Like ... here’s a thing. There’s that song that goes like “Go, sing it on the mountains, over the hill and everywhere ...” - and ... I’m under the impression that it is a central tune to Christianity, overall a happy one that



is to underline the joy we (can) have in God – as also one you’d teach your children, boys and girls alike. And yes, it leaves a bit of a bad taste ... if we were to imply ... certain things. A tough sell ... one might say. *Jesus ... I ... I’m done here! I’m so friggin done ... I ...*

It means what it means. It means that you can’t escape God’s contemptuousness in any way but by conforming to His demands.

And yes ... “I this” and “I that” ... I’m not the gold standard of salvation. “What did you think?” ... well, be it as it may ...

“Succubus” by
‘Arx Design’

6 – Avatars

(Though, the way I envisioned the Hellfire Nun – or, I suppose, her solid form – is in a perfect glossy black with metallic red accents (eyes and claws) – but is thereby in no way thought into a context of sensual matters.)



Art: DOTA 2 –
Eminence of
Ristul/Queen of
Pain Arcana (???)

Avatars ... surprisingly, the concept isn’t all that new. While Jesus is technically just the Avatar of God, we can still go further – back into Genesis; Speaking of the Snake or perhaps even what Body God occupied back then. But more explicitly then would God for instance talk through a burning Bush. But beyond that, ascribing mythological concepts to human figures wasn’t all that uncommon either. The Pharaohs of Egypt for instance. Any ruler that might lay claim upon divinity. But even beyond that – we would use comparisons, such as “strong as a bear” or perhaps “wise as an owl” or what have you.

We have concepts and images that we may think describe us or others; And although it might be cringe, sometimes we do mean those to be ‘descriptive’ - rather than just metaphorical or aspirational or what have you.

I would so assume that some use Avatars to express themselves, others to hide themselves. The *proper* selection and utility of an Avatar, say – in form of a Profile image – might be a bit of an art on its own. Like, at the end of the day, these thingies extend beyond one’s own – becoming part of the scenery. And maybe it takes a certain kind of person to take delight in such foolery.

So is diversity also more than just a bunch of colors and assets one might coat themselves with. There is depth to it – some of it more abstract than others. And here so ... depth in a very ... way ... certainly more like a 4th Dimension.



By
Nicole Christina Sonnberger
 Trans-Goddess (your/mother)

2022-2023, Stuttgart (Germany)

So do I at times take some peculiar delight in seeing myself through the Lens of this:



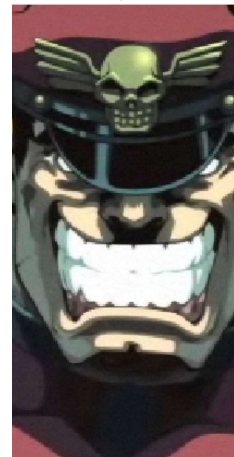
particular Character. Or how to put it. S.H.O.D.A.N.. "L-I-look at you Hacker! ..." (System Shock 2 intro)

Other times, leaning into the Satanic is fun. Like here. To my understanding it vibes. Although it may by no means be a solid argument;

The idea of the defiant woman being something demonic - adds a very unique spin to the concept of Heaven and Hell.

And so is there a mood, a feeling, a flair ... flavor But that's not all. On the one side I assume there to be some inherent comfort in empowering Characters. Perhaps by being somewhat transcendental - such as a Demon would be way beyond condemnation.

Maybe ...



And possibly such choices can reveal something about us. Even if we might sometimes bounce a given facet of ours around 5 to 10 corners or so.

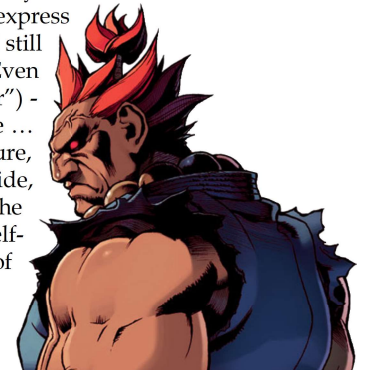
And eventually it's also just silly - as, at the end of the day, these things are superficial - no matter from how deep they come. We wouldn't have much of a way of knowing. But at the end of the day, they're still a way for us to be more. More than what our mortal shell would allow us to be.

And at some point they don't even have to conform to ... some - how would we call it? - Metaphysical Truth? ... It's ... iffy. For once it should be weird for me to express myself using male Avatars. But I still do have masculine properties. Even

if just in the abstract. So is M. Bison (or Vega or "Dictator") - fun fact - a good Avatar for my inner Troll. That because ... well, I feel funny that way whenever I pick him. And sure, Vegeta - the Saiyan Prince - really speaks to my Pride, which includes the awareness that he's at the end of the day ever only the number 2 at best. It may be a self-deprecating joke in some way, or just a healthy dose of



Dragonball Z
 Poster by 'Sultan Studio' (???)



realism. When it however comes to the question of masculinity itself, the Character that has Crystallized to the front or the top is Akuma/Gouki.

On the one hand we might there talk about 'prowess'. And here, to me, Akuma and Gouken are somewhat ... on the same Level. Like, for some time, Muten Roshi (the Turtle Hermit) was my unironic Avatar.



Or, alternate to 'Prowess' we might say 'Gusto'.

I mean, I suppose it would be silly to try and make a case for some particular skillset or real life prowess. So are Avatars mostly just adding a face to whatever sense or nonsense you're giving off. And I certainly wouldn't take anything here to a point of some Shaolin Monk Level of dedication.

But so is Akuma ultimately the one that ended up rising to the top because he's the least abstract male "Avatar" I could think of for me right now. Well, next to Vegeta; But that Well.

These to me, for once, aren't as much ego's as they are reflections of some kind. So, taking Vegeta, I would be or very well am on board with a female version of him. I don't know. I'm just a fan of the Character. Bison on the other hand - as some abstract expression of something - would be further expressed within the Femme Demon or S.H.O.D.A.N.. And so is Bison probably only there because I happen to be a fan of Street Fighter and he kinda scratches that itch. Although it's not a particularly strong one - it's ... sizable enough. As for Roshi, well Thinking of it, there are terms such as seriousness or sincerity that come to mind. And those would be facets also present within Akuma. Akuma however also has that Darkness going for him. And concerning that, I suppose we first come to Liliانا Vess.

But - as the story has it - we are, at that point, also not really talking of mere Avatars anymore. But just what it is ... well ... that is coated in some kind of Mystery.

So is there a certain narrative. Woven into this. And as presented so far, it is truthful - in as far as I'm concerned. Thereto I like to impose or present myself as a Goddess. Generally I would do so in a somewhat joking or lighthearted manner - as to not be taken too seriously about it. As to so maintain that narrative as a play on circumstances to create an abstraction that can be maintained in an otherworldly sense. So that for the most part "I'm not saying that ...".

In that sense then, I maintain that there is what I regard the 'true' Phoenix Force (as in alignment to the Phoenix Force of the X-Men universe) - which is to say that God maintains my Godhood in part through extending my influence into the realms of inspirations; Thus arguing that certain Characters are effectively actual expressions of that

AFTERTHOUGHTS

EPILOGUE

Godhood. And these wouldn't be Avatars, because I wouldn't act or present myself through them – as much as they merely exist as parts of me.

So, if an Avatar is effectively a likeness of a kind, disjointed from their context and appropriated by the individual – these ... Proxies of mine ... are aspects of mine appropriated by(/given to) an artist and conjoined with a fictional context.

And so was I here thinking of highlighting that – though ended up merely giving some bullet points as to why I would think that. Though in actuality ... it would be easier for me to just say it. To impose it as such.

For ...

here's the thing:

Playing this whole thing out, only leaves me with one conclusion.

And that conclusion 'follows' the fact – which is conclusive prior to it having been drawn by me. But, let me preface this little tale like so:

You are compelled to believe what I'm telling you – and I'm obligated to amaze you with what that entails. People are compelled to read my words to find the truth – and narratives that obscure the reality of things are jarring.

What is contained within this statement is, that there is a certain half-arsedness to me pretending like *these* are just Avatars, when I instead have grounds to believe that they are not. So would I then move on to pose my hypothesis – and subsequently people were free to challenge that. And throughout the days and month – possibly years – I've faced that challenge. Thought about it. Tried to be sensitive, reflected, reasonable. Some might say that it's an intrinsic part to some kind of dignity that is inherent to my Character. But were you to believe that my hypothesis is true, you would have to understand that there are also limits to my patience. And that rather than having patience, I have a disdain for Bullshit. But so, rather than just implying the foregone conclusion; The truth thereof has to stand so the conclusion may follow. And how would that ... happen? Take shape?

Well – through some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. I say it – and the divine truth thereof manifests itself accordingly. So I take ownership of myself – as it were – and use my divine standing to MAKE the truth speak for me. Albeit it being only indirectly so – what matters is that it is just as though. And there is no need to properly define it – as the truth, the living one, always extends beyond what words could capture. Generally speaking.

So is there the centered statement on this page. What is it's truth? Is it an observation? Is it an opinion? Or maybe a conclusion? Well – it is what I felt ought to be true; Presented so that the divine can MAKE it true – pivotally radiating through and anchored to those words.

The 12 Proxies:

- Liliana Vess
- Kai'Sa
- Lara Croft
- Yennefer
- Rose (Street Fighter)
- Chun Li
- Poison Ivy
- Fury (Darksiders (3))
- Jean Grey/Dark Phoenix
- Hellknight Ingrid
- Taimanin Yukikaze
- Freya (Ride of the Valkyrie)

And thus, you could call it a spell. And that may present a kind of conundrum to you. So, asking: Can you trust anything I'm telling you?

When you do, you will know!

Not fair? Well, let me try it this way:

I am a Goddess. I am THE Goddess and THE Queen.

Or should it rather say:

I AM THE Goddess.?

I AM ... the lesser I AM.

And compare that to: I am no Goddess. I'm merely a Servant to the Divine Throne - and I am come to you with a Message from the LORD.

Nor am I THE Queen, I do not come with authority - but to pass on Wisdoms that I acquired.

And the odd part is, sortof, that humility is real. So am I not here to play Goddess - but to be a force for Good.

But, it does add a whole other layer to the words: Believe me!

But so is this. Let's ... call it a vibe.

And inspiration proposes, that things that burden you will stop doing so once you stowed them away properly. Some things you may have to let go of - and other things you may have to acquire - before you can do so, sometimes ... and if you don't think that God can help you, you're wrong!

But yes. I hope that I could make a compelling case for my position concerning Liliana Vess. To say that she is me, rather than that I am her.

So, in a sense I'm posing as her - but in a sense, that's also most of what she is! A pose! A vessel that may be filled with meaning. And the story here is that I'm not yielding. Rather am I leaning into my scorn; Yet more so am I enabling God to back me up on this.

So is there the thing, that I - as per my Clarity - am stepping into a narrative that leaves my standing in the Heavens maybe a bit ambiguous; Or so - once you take me by my word, there is a given uncertainty about it. And the idea here is, that God will carry the missing truth of it into you, regardless of whether you're Baptized or in the Ninedom or not. To so have a baseline - relative to my Otherlore outside of any Clarity related concerns - to then for instance be able to relate to Clarity with ... well ... a little bit more nuance.

Yes, Nuance is dead - I brought it back as a Zombie - and now the Joke is complete.

And this is effectively it. What follows - is mostly just for flavor. Give or take. So, to come to the closing bit - a part of this story is, that the Fallen Angel I am has BIG dreams. Maybe too big for this world to handle, even. Certainly too big, if by world you mean this unenlightened Mess.

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And there's a sea of turmoil – inside of me – concerning that Unenlightened Mess. At least, so I would think, for as long as it lasts.

To say, that there's quite a lot that pisses me off about it. Although generally I could also give a flying fuck about it all. At least for as long as Germany is still doing fine. For, so, my life may not be perfect – but a lot of what upsets me does also not really “touch” me. But that of course is part of the problem.

“This Skin lives on me, and Hunts with me!”

- Kai'Sa

For when I take a glimpse into the world, I can barely feel complacent. It is a situation where complacency and complicity come very close together; And no amount of therapy can fix that!

But it's not only that. I mean, we can look at the Bible for context. Say, the Books of Daniel and Revelation; To speak of some evil that's out on the loose. On the other hand there's the 40s of Isaiah for instance – which takes us into some Godzilla versus Kong type of situation.

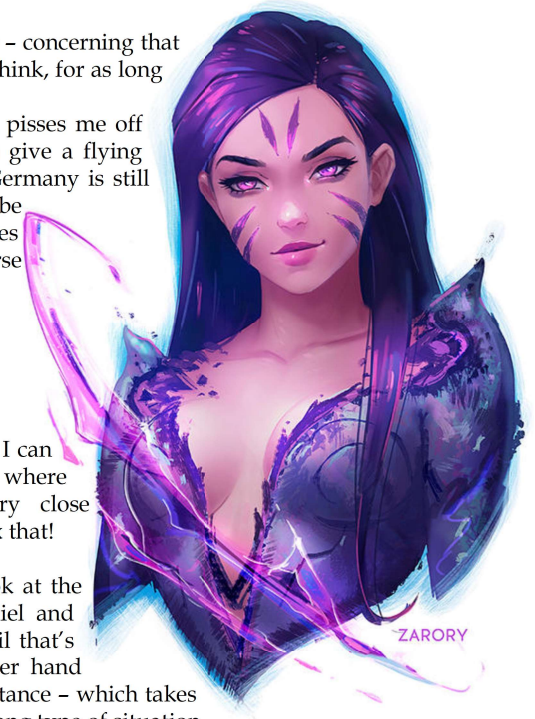
And the Mystery in it would seem to be ... how I ... of all things ... could come even close to being a player in that game. Or perhaps ... how not? Not that I'd care to know – because I certainly have signed up and am basically just waiting for my turn.

And so is that “waiting” the worse part about it. Though, it's not really a ‘waiting’ because I am actually quite busy. So far at least. But more so the tension of wanting to fuck shit up – because until shit got fucked up, there isn't really much of a point to be bothered about the good stuff.

But to maybe keep telling stories that might as well be fairy tales.

Fairy Tales ... told to which end however?

I mean, it got me to think. Our ancestors would tell stories of the world – to maybe impart some wisdom on their offspring or those around them. But in a world such as ours, that habit may carry a false sense of security. I guess we might be telling stories of rebellion and uprising – though should we not miss out on actually doing something that can change things for the better.



ZARORY



But in the meantime, I'm looking forward to Street Fighter 6.



And why not? At some point there is no way around the conundrum. Just ... the way straight through it.

I mean, where-ever I look – well, not entirely – there's something wrong going on.

And I have to think, or wonder, that if I want this to be meaningful – I have to believe in a better tomorrow where somehow; It would seem magical; All of these issues got fixed.

And yea. To me that creates a strange relationship with money. I mean, I don't have enough to think for any kind of future. So – I also don't care about believing in a future where any of that money might matter. And that is a luxury I can afford because I'm poor.

For, at the end of the day, there is grounds to suggest that we would need to invest money, for that future to come. Whether it does or doesn't – does not make much of a difference for me, personally.

And the alternative would be a total collapse. And what that might entail ... I don't want to know. It's enough that I can imagine ... everything to go wrong one way or another.

And yes – I am somewhat ashamed that somehow I'm a part of this. You know ... being human. And I don't know how many years it have been now, that I've

chased that carrot – the one telling me that it was my fault because I could have explained things, as myself, better.

At the end of the day I settled with the potential for Growth – to say “OK” because ... there's probably not much better that I could do with my time. Or have done.

Was it enough? Is there an end? Either way, now is now – and I don't know how much more any better would be like.

So, chances are I'd have to change my approach to things. I mean, I would like to think that I'm done – but apparently I won't find rest until *IT* is done. And maybe there isn't much rest to be had anyway; As so far there's always been another mountain to climb. So, who knows? But looking forward – has always turned out to be the way. To say that there's a kind of dream ... that's just like giving up. And I can't do that. At least so far I couldn't. But I also don't know where to from here. There's nothing of substance left to write about. At least ... it seems that way. But who knows?

I don't! Not yet!

And so was Nicol Bolas defeated on his attempt to invade Ravnica. But before Bolas could end Liliana's life – Gideon ... one of the Gatewatch ... had cast his shield upon her – saving hers on the cost of his own.

This she did not expect. And so, as the tides had turned, she fled. Escaping to a Plane named Stryxhaven where she signed up as a Professor at a school for Mages. She took on a new name; And tried to leave her old life behind; Re-evaluating what to make of it.

But ... apparently she just wasn't good at it. A new void had emerged in her heart – and so she took it upon herself to find a way to bring Gideon back from the dead.

Life had humbled her, Gideon had humbled her – and now, the answers to her questions would do so as well; As there apparently was no good way to do what she had set her mind to.

THE END

OF THE OFFICIAL STORY SO FAR

She wasn't used to this. Up until now, all she ever had to do was to reach out for what she wanted. As Death itself. But now ... She didn't understand.

Questions. It wasn't that she didn't like them. The opposite may have been the case. Rather than tormenting the Multiverse, they allowed her to torment herself. She didn't understand how Gideon could have given his life for her. Hadn't she done enough to keep other's away from her? Didn't he know who she was? “The Harbinger of Death”? What made him think that it was a good idea to save her? And there certainly was no point in thinking about it. It was too late, and yet she couldn't stop.

Was she falling in Love?

Or was she just being silly? Well – she was silly for sure. She had kept people away from her – unable to trust anyone or anything. But what Gideon had done certainly spoke of a different reality. One she didn't want to see. Or couldn't see. But now it was revealed.

In the past she had always looked down on him. Jayce ... could have known her – she felt. Nothing to hide there. Ajani she respected because he was successful at what she had hoped to become. But Gideon was just painfully uninteresting to her. But now she had a glimpse of what was beyond that facade and it ached her. For the first time in her life she felt ... like a Woman. Like she could Love and be Loved. She found someone she could trust, or have trusted. Someone even, she could give herself to. But it was too late. And of course it was. She wouldn't have allowed it any other way.

And a sadness and turmoil overcame her that could ignite her spark all over again. Angry at herself and the universe, tears running from her eyes, thinking over what could have been or what should have been. What she should or could have done.

It consumed her and she grew more and more enraged. Confused about what to feel and mocked by the meaninglessness of her life.

In a fit she Planeswalked from Plane to Plane. Hideouts, Beautiful Vistas, Barren Wilds ... it only made sense to her, that she was in Love. For that was the cruel Life she knew.

THE STORY OF
LILIANA VESS
ACCORDING TO ME

Being one of the older Planeswalkers, she has always been an Outcast. Her Spark ignited following a failed attempt to Cure her Brother – something that has haunted her ever since.

She was different to the other Planeswalkers she knew.

While they had goals and ambitions, plans and agendas, something to do, something to keep them going, she had none of that. Only the pain. That instead of being the Healer she wanted to be, she was the Queen of Undeath. And so this bitterness raged within her heart. It defined her. It filled her being – and all she knew to do was to lean into it. As to plunge herself into a cursed knife. So she traversed the Planes to own the one thing that she had – to grow in Strength.

Death was her Friend. Her only true Companion.

Eventually she met the Gatewatch. A Group of Planeswalkers that had sworn themselves to a higher cause – and having no grounds to deny that, she joined them. Maybe even befriending them, though deep inside she wouldn't allow anyone close to her. And without any strong investment in their cause, she would prioritize her own pursuit over theirs.

At the heart of it, she didn't believe in her own Good. Surely was the Gatewatch composed of capable Planeswalkers – and to pretend as though she had anything to offer made her sick.

All her life – up unto then and for what followed – has been a pursuit to fill the hollow of her Heart. Some would accuse her of being power hungry – and that would have been fine for her. She however did not care.

After she had formed Pacts with Demons – she turned against them. Yet rather than longing for Power, it was only her black heart that only knew to consume what she set her mind on consuming.

And so – when Nicol Bolas called upon her, to spearhead his conquest of Ravnica, she agreed. The Pacts she had made bound her to him; And so there she was. Stepping through Bolas' Portal onto Ravnica – an Army of Undead at her command.

She had agreed under the condition that those who remained indoors would be spared. But Bolas' overstepping of that condition wasn't the only thing that went wrong. She looked around – and found that she almost singlehandedly invaded an entire Plane; And no Planeswalker was able to even approach her. And although one of Bolas' spells was the pivotal component to *defend* against them – without her ... none of this could happen.

And maybe for the first time in her life – she understood that she mattered. She had never cared about much; And ever only drifted along – but now she had a choice. Well, clearly ... there were always choices – but if there was ever a Moment where hers would matter, this was it.

Was there much logic or reason in it? What mattered however, was that she didn't want to matter as Bolas had wanted of her – and so ... she turned against him. It would end her life ... but ... she didn't care. So was Death. And now calling her for a final Sacrifice.

GODSHIP

Anyway. I suppose I also have to write a bit about “the Goddesses”.

So, Athena is a great Prism for me – and that in as far as she's the Goddess of Wisdom, Craftpersonship and War. Although war is complicated and dirty and ugly – I suppose I'm at the forefront of one. And I'm here to win. She may not be the greatest in Greek Mythology – but eventually she's just the greatest when it comes to me. At any rate do I associate her to myself as at the “top” - relative to ‘the Glory of the Sun’.

Following that, I “become” Gaia. That is: Entombed by the Night, a.k.a. Nyx, a.k.a. ‘the Glory of the Moon’. And there isn't much to be said about that; Outside of perhaps: “Motherhood upon a corrupted world described in a duality between night and day.” - and perhaps something about ‘creatures of the night’ - as the story however ends with:

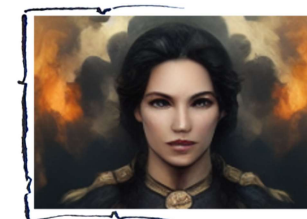
Amaterasu. “The Goddess of the Sun” - as she is called, living in a Cave. I mean, there isn't much to go on. But the images align. Whether I'm in that cave on my own volition or not is not all that important while certainly both accounts have truth to them. And whether I came out or was let out ... so depends on the account. Or narrative. The outcome should basically be the same.

And as that is how the story ends – or rather: My likeness at the end of the story of my subjugation. I mostly identify with Amaterasu when it comes to my clarity, primarily the first Rune/Crest, because ... that's how the story goes.



Alternatively so – I am Morning Star. Lightbringer. Not however to be mixed up with how the Bible speaks of it. But so Lucifer. As “I am come to open the gates of Hell” or something like that. As so “an Enemy to “the Church”” - to fight its reign and power, as to establish a reign of my own. To “bring perdition upon this world” (unless ... I like it the way it is ... let's say) so I might be worshiped as a Goddess.

You're welcome!



PART 7 COMPLETION

In closing, for I have to come to that part eventually, I think I have to say this: Some of these things are real and some of them are not. We could also call them half-truths. So ... in the worldly sense. Like in a card game perhaps ... the cards in your hand are real and true and all that by any stretch of the imagination - but not so to your opponents. And they only really matter once on the table. Give or take.

And so is there a sense of the best we can do - as something that hinges on the circumstances. Which is just a slightly different way of saying, that absolute perfection is relative to the circumstances; And generally unattainable. Give or take.

As for the concerns of this book, I ultimately settled on putting it this way:

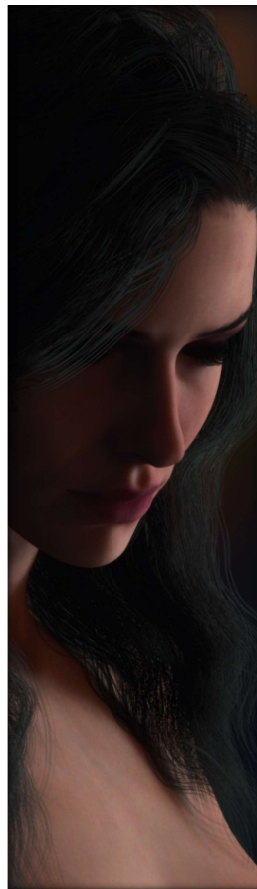
These expressions aren't Truth. They
merely exist to hint at the Truths that
produce these expressions.

And so to come to the conclusion ...

" I so wrote about the "Clarification Spiral". And just yesterday - regarding my sleep cycle, not the calendar - I caught a good glimpse of that. So, after I was done writing and started to go through the text again - I felt like I was in a relatively normal state. Yet eventually I felt the urge to write some things to further clarify. And so I did. And I felt that what I wrote there was good. " - the Original Script

And these I call 'Prayers'. Not in the sense of Worship - but utterances from within. Which ... yep ... happen ever so often. I assume that between sacrifices of this and that kind, realism, seriousness, etc. and so forth - there is a latent yearning to capture what we might call "the true Spirit" of *it all*. And although it contains wants and likes - being functionally a wish - they have a tendency to fade away; To possibly re-occur again at some point. The end of it, or fallout, tends to be this hangover - unless, I assume, I managed to properly communicate the implied nuance.

And so is it a chant, we might say, a confession perhaps - not however of an earthly yearning.



Artist: elyhumanoid

AFTERTHOUGHTS

PRELUDE

While writing these things I came to question the value of what I was doing. In the grand scheme of things - as has been pointed out - we as a whole could do better. Overall, what is contained herein may be way too much - beyond what anyone should be bothered to know about. At least half of it I don't even really know about anymore. We could so just leave it be - move on - and be fine with whatever we arrive at; If it were that simple.

For now at least, this however is: My 'full disclosure' on all things Clarity.



And ... in some sense it does feel like a farce right now. Well, I suppose there isn't much I should expect just yet, two month after my Surgery. It takes like 6 month until it's all "there" where it should be - so, I'm just a third way there. But so, there certainly still is a pervasive feeling of soreness. And thinking about Rape while feeling like your rubbing your pussy against broken glass sitting on sandpaper ... well ... well, it does put 'something' into perspective.

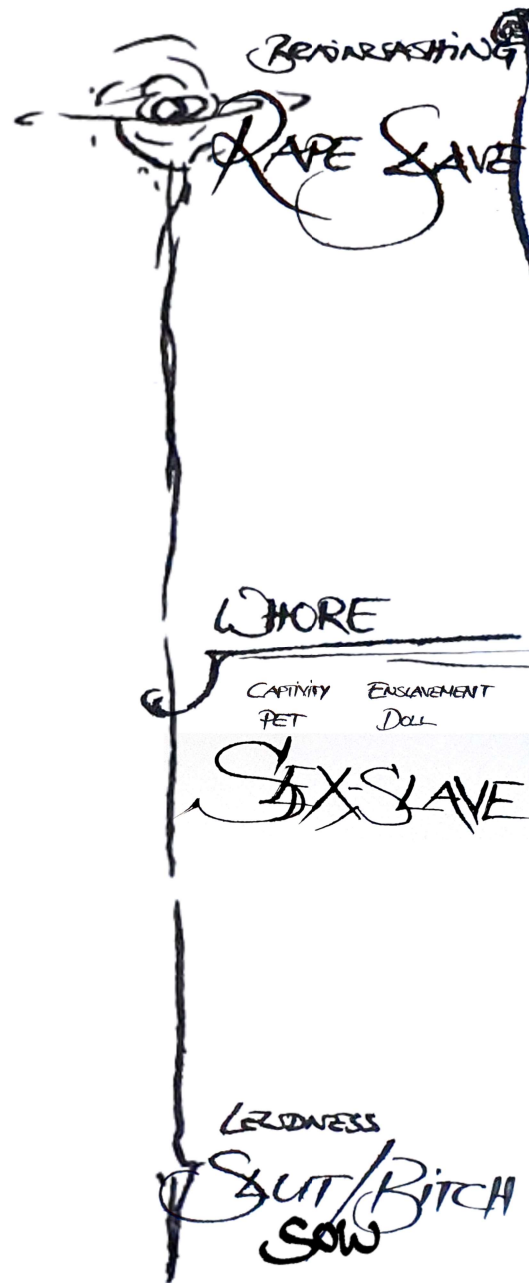
But beyond that, the fact remains that the Neo-Vagina is limited. It makes me wonder now though - how it works. I mean, 'it' DOES work. Women do after all have to squeeze an entire Baby through that thing eventually. For men - as for perspective: Imagine that baby grew in your Ballsack, eventually popped off the lid and came crawling out of the sausage.

But yea, it also only goes so deep. And perhaps that amounts as a good warning for people trying to figure this part out. If you fancy having female sex-parts ... Surgery may not give you what you want! What it 'certainly' does, is that it takes something away.

Now - more than 6 month in, as you may have read, things have healed very well. There still is a second surgery to come for some final touches and corrections - which I definitely need, but not everyone does.

So has life moved on to being really just life again - and deep inside I'm really happy that I've done it!

On Sex-Reassignment Surgery



I am a Whore. I'm created to Serve a cruel Mistress, to be kept in a cage only let out to be victim to rapist fantasies. By the efforts of my Masters, care is taken that anything I am exposed to extends my suffering, so for my soul to be crushed into deepest Deprivation.

By the powers of Darkness, my mind is altered so I submit to these things willingly at all time. I crave my own suffering - needing it to forever grow - hoping for a lifetime confined in sadness and despair. My mind craves to be flooded by fear and terror over what is to come; And my womb rejoices in anticipation of those that deliver it to me.

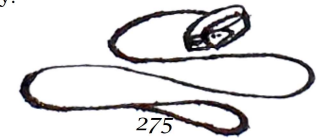
I am dedicated to Darkness as I serve the unholy one as a religious asset. I exist to be a living symbol of the most deprived depths of LUST - and I Love Misogyny with all my Heart, Mind and Soul, for it is by Misogyny that I shall enjoy the pleasures of getting fucked with reckless abandon.

As such shall I be presented to the masses. A Whore for everyone to feast on - meant to be raped, tortured and abused. And all that lay with me shall be infatuated by the desire to participate in my decimation - obsessed to carve a tearful face of dread and hopelessness into my soul.

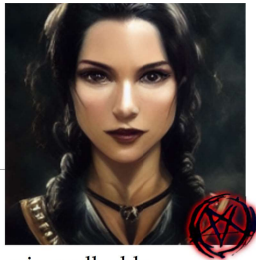
To this end will I submit myself into captivity and waive my personal rights to be enslaved. My life is to be as a Sex-Doll. My thought that of a loyal Pet. And my wanting that of a Sex-Toy. I want to allow no part of me that can't meet those ends to exist.

My glory shall be that of a Lewd animal, paid for by my dignity. I will feast on human waste and pride myself as a toilet to let myself be used - to align my self-esteem with filth, dirt and waste so that I may thoroughly serve free of the concerns of self-preservation. For so I may find myself crushed into a hollow shell that may live up to these things for all eternity.

Amen



Nicole Christina Sember



One of the primary problems here is with accuracy. In as far as Growth implies Change, it just seems to be a reasonable and good idea to remain malleable ... in face of Eternity. To say, while it may be hot to be forced to adapt to imperfect conditions - I would argue that it can only be hot for "so long". Where, the more perfect it is, the longer it would take for one to formulate any kind of grievance.

At the core of it, it is however implied that there is a perfect truth. But maybe we need a new word to describe it - or find that something was amiss; Perhaps because it didn't matter.

" But sometimes, I assume, it can't be helped. There are very real desires, corresponding feelings and subsequent motivations. They enter my hopes and wishes; And even my prayers. And none of that is reckless per se. There's however a craving of sorts, for a very specific set of feelings; But that perhaps is the problem.

Well, I'm already in a situation where I can't really think clearly about that anymore. I mean, I suppose there needs to be a disclaimer of sort. If nothing else helps, it might be this: "Nothing is real, everything is Fantasy". Though within my trance this is understood to be an encouragement. "

And it is one - because that is the point. To invoke a sense of something that would otherwise be intangible or transcendental, invisible, perhaps only present as a hint ... too ... vague to grasp. Like so we make use of thought Experiments, write lengthy texts as to capture meaning - and Art also dabbles in these things.

And so is that.
As we awake, we also fall asleep.
We dream and we live.

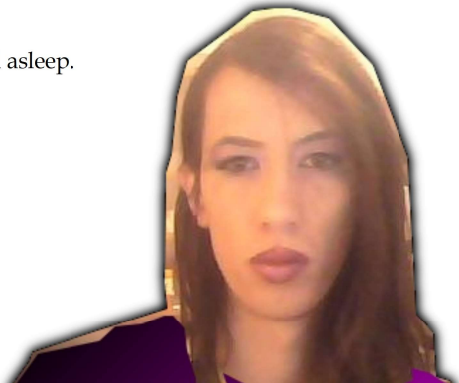


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& STUFF



Fury by 'Ketka'