

**Webtastic
Stories:
Fear and
Loathing on
the Internet**

Mark Schuenemann

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Thank you

My Fiancee for sticking by me while I wrote this and explored my creativity!

My Family for supporting me while I focused on becoming a writer and author!

My online friends for supporting me, challenging me and pushing me!

Dedication

I dedicate this story to every person who realizes how destructive the Internet has become in all of our lives. It is possible to take back your life from constant controversies that drain and distract us!

Forward

Do you remember Oct-Nov 2019, and all the blue check marks on Twitter said the Joker movie would inspire dozens of mass shootings because it is about white male rage?¹

Pepperidge Farm remembers!

To understand why people bought that particular piece of Internet gossip, I will interview Grog, the Fisherfolk. He lived three thousand years ago.

Me - Hello Grog.

Grog - Hello peepil!

M - Tell me about losing your family.

G - I hab bad fight with battle axe. She kicks me out of the house.

M - What happened next?

G - I tuk off, gob on me boat and went out in big lake.

M - the Ocean.

G - Yeb, yeb, Osean!

M - What happened next?

G - The fire god angry wit me. The volcano go boom. It destroy town.

M - So you say the angry fire god destroyed your family by making the volcano go boom?

G - Yeb, yeb. Angry fire god hate me. I hate him.

M - There is no angry fire god, but the volcano erupted and killed your family.

G - U no hate angry fire god. Me hate you. Only if you hate angry fire god can U be my friend.

Grog takes his club and raises it to strike me down.

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Whew, Grog brought a club to an AR-15 fight!

Notice the pattern. When something is frightening, like change is, some people give it a personification. Then the person blames that personification for what happened. The personification can be an angry fire god, white supremacy, the patriarchy, the new world order - but it is essentially the same.

If you disagree with them, they get angry and strike out at you. They become very defensive because their worldview is obviously true - so you must be living a lie. Many will attack you, block you or hide from you.

In the Joker movie example, people listen to gossip about Incels². The virgins are out to get you, didn't you know?!

The people who blame the Incels, their angry fire god, for bad behaviour online use a couple of examples of attacks the Incel community has perpetuated.

The Incels themselves buy into the gossip that their angry fire god, Chads and Stacys³, will always keep them down, inspiring those acts of violence. I don't have to say not all Incels, but many are aggravated about society and want to make it 'great' again.

Their opponents will twist the behaviour online and the attacks by Elliot Roger and Alek Minassian to say they are capable of anything. Despite the fact, Incels probably number in the hundreds of thousands and those are the only two attacks they have participated in over a decade. Both sides are overzealous!

The Incels and those who hate the Incels are two halves of the same coin. I realized the opponents and proponents of Incel culture want it to stay the same. As long as Incels misbehave, the people who criticize them will have receipts they can post on the Internet to shame them. This shaming will push Incels to their limits, making them act out angrily. And the people who "support" Incels will exploit their anger and insecurities for "Fame, Clout, and Money!" The people who take receipts of the Incels to show "White Male Rage" also do it for "Fame, Clout, and Money!"

Therefore, the exploiters never want a solution. This is why I call

them the Profits⁴. They are people who pose to tell people the truth and use a place of “authority” to ask for support through a variety of monetization methods. They only want to aggravate the other side to misbehave, so they can both make the dosh!

Every Profit on YouTube had something to say about the Joker movie, and people were watching those videos millions, even billions of times. Every Profit was raking in “megabucks”. And how many of those billions of views were from someone who listened and acted upon - “Support me on Patreon, PayPal, Ko-fi, BitCoin” or whatever monetization service the influencer uses.

And in the end, all the people worried about the mass shootings and the Incel rebellion were wrong. Nobody went to the Joker movie to kill anyone. My hypothesis is the FBI understands how devastating online gossip has become. They have to keep an eye out on any stupid Internet rumour because there are some imbeciles online.

You may say “Doesn’t the Joker movie situation show that gossip is harmless?” But gossip can kill. Believing in whatever angry fire god different groups tell you about can lead to disastrous results. People have committed suicide for political views, and people have given up dreams because they were afraid of angry mobs of people who disagreed with them, and people fight online instead of doing something worthwhile. And it can be for even stupider things, like what kind of phone you use. Remember the old iPhone vs Android BS?

Not only do we have people on Youtube who will put the hated phone in a blender, but they also microwave them, smash them with hammers, run the phones over, and so many other acts of destruction. Some of the activities could damage the appliance and cause physical harm to the person recording the video. And they do that over a stupid phone.

In 2014, I witnessed the hatred one couple had for Apple. They worked at a call centre on the contract for iOS devices. Yes, the couple who hated Apple represented them on the phone. And no, they were not professional about it. They complained about the company while helping Apple’s customers. Whether you like Apple or not, that couple did their best to show their hatred of Apple on the phone while being paid by Apple - making them hypocrites for money!

These fights become even more dangerous to society and people. I am a true believer that gossip only does two things - it kills and destroys. Look at the Kyle Rittenhouse incident. Anthony Huber, Joseph Rosenbaum and Gaige Grosskreutz listened to their social media feeds, saying conservatives and cops were part of white supremacy.

After a cop shot Jacob Blake, BLM cried out for justice. Huber, Rosenbaum and Grosskreutz answered their call. They knew they had to do something against racism, the KKK, and MAGAards, their angry fire god because cops are race soldiers out to kill every black person they saw. At least, I've seen infographics saying cops are race soldiers who only kill black people that people share on Twitter.

Rittenhouse decided to protect Kenosha because he grew up in the city, though he lived fifteen minutes away, in another state. He saw the town he worked in on fire because people bought the online gossip of BLM. He couldn't let them destroy the city he had fond memories of, so he did what he believed was best, based on the social media feeds from people in the city.

The four collided by happenstance. The four were motivated by the anger from the years of fighting online because Facebook (and other social media platforms) make more money with inflammatory posts. They wanted to prove which angry fire god was the strongest. Huber, Rosenbaum, and Grosskreutz attacked first, and Rittenhouse shot and killed two and injured the third.

People may regret listening and acting on Internet gossip, and some may even end up dead.

After Rittenhouse was arrested, all hell broke loose. Lin Wood, another Profit, exploited the situation because the current president of the United States called Kyle a white supremacist. And while Rittenhouse has used these events to do some good, like starting a foundation that will keep the media accountable for jumping the gun and pushing social media narratives; everyone knows Rittenhouse probably has moments where he regrets showing up to Kenosha.

Not only can gossip kill two people in a protest or riot, but it is also

destroying lives all across the globe. Covid is the most comprehensive example of why social media gossip is endangering lives, and again, there are two sides to this debate. And both are very wrong!

Over 70% of Democrats⁵, left-leaning people, think Covid is way worse than it is. Around 70% think 20% or more of Covid cases go to the hospital. The national average is about 1-5% in the US and Canada. Their fear of dying from Covid leads to impossible to prove scenarios.

Everyone must be vaccinated, and you have no choice. Everyone must wear a mask permanently, whether you consent or not. No travel, and lock everyone down. When Candice Bergen, the intern-leader of the Conservative Party of Canada asked Justin Trudeau what Canada's existing strategy for Covid was, Justin just played coy⁶. "Leftists" on Twitter call the unvaccinated misogynists (also small penis incels), racists, white supremacists and all the buzz words - like the feeds tell them because they are TwitterBrains⁷. The "Left" practically demands a 100% vaccination rate, or they would never accept any kind of "freedom". Even with a 90% full vaccination rate in Ontario, and 3 per cent partially vaccinated, they still hate the unvaccinated with a passion.

And the "Left" loves blaming their angry fire god, former President Trump. He destroyed America with Covid. Even though Trump worked hard to ensure the vaccine was out before testing by the end of 2020, to help allay fears of the virus.

On the other side of the coin, the "Right" believes that Covid is a test the government concocted to see what people will put up with because Alex Jones says so. The Covid vaccine is sure to kill your immune system, putting you at further risk. They will never remove restrictions. You must fight to gain your freedom - or you are ignorant, or something, because history shows this. The New World Order, their angry fire god, uses Covid and the vaccine to kill everyone except five hundred million people to enact the Great Reset for world domination.

Just one question comes to mind. The people who don't take the vaccine will be the most abundant of the "survivors", and they won't obey the NWO!

Also, I guess the NWO is never coming to Ontario, Vaccine Pass-

ports are phased out as of March 1st, 2022, and on March 21st, mask mandates were lifted in Ontario for most places - with full removal of all restrictions going on until April 27th.

Oh, and if you don't know why I put five hundred million - that's based upon rumours about the Georgia Guidestones⁸. Again, something Alex Jones talks about for people to "think" about.

This gossip puts people at risk all over the place. Those who want to be angry at Trump and do whatever it takes to avoid Covid will find themselves increasingly isolated from the rest of society when we move past the pandemic. I liken them to the movie Logan's Run, where humanity wouldn't leave the domes they built to protect themselves from an environmental catastrophe. This could have a huge impact on their lives, including the possibility of developing auto-immune disorders. I'm not a medical expert, but if you never leave your home, order groceries from Amazon, disinfect everything multiple times a day, constantly wash your hands, you are probably endangering your health. We need sunlight and fresh air, and not going out and doing things could end up causing an Auto-immune disorder because you're not "challenging" your immune system with common bacteria and illnesses. Auto-Immune disorders, the last time I checked, were far more devastating than Covid. And despite these risks, many people oppose any kind of lifting of restrictions in any region. They are still deathly afraid of Covid, even though the virus is weaker now than in 2020, because of our vaccination levels and the virus mutating.

At the same time, those who won't take the "Covid Death Serum" are endangering themselves. The vaccine helps. With 93% of Ontario partially or fully vaccinated only 7% are unvaccinated. This 7% represents 16% of the cases, 25% of hospitalizations, and over 40% of the people in the ICU. In all of Canada, almost 70% of the Covid deaths are unvaccinated people, may they rest in peace.

On the day I'm writing this, in Canada, of four thousand new cases, thirty-one died. That's hardly like Russia, with around seven hundred deaths per day and one-hundred and ninety thousand new cases with only 50% vaccination. Canada has about 25% of Russia's population, so the deaths and cases per day are dramatically contrasted.

Ultimately, complaining about things is what I am fighting against,

which is what this reads like. I want to offer a solution. I came upon a thought that changed how I saw the cycle by researching writing topics. God revealed something life-changing to me through His grace. I once was lost, but now I am found, I was blind, but now I see. Like Grog became angry because I didn't listen to his nonsense, trying to pressure me to do what he wanted, that's what the exploiters do. They want to pressure you to agree with them. They want you to hate the person they hate. If you disagree, they say you are part of the problem, not part of the solution. They treat people like they are puppets, exploiting them for "Fame, Clout, and Money!"

Whether you call them Grifters, Con Artists, or "The Profits", they're not looking out for you.

But if you decide not to listen to the gossip anymore, you can build your own life.

Let me say this plainly, You cannot create your own life if you follow other people's agenda!

In the Kyle Rittenhouse encounter, two people lost their lives because they followed gossip on the Internet, listening to their "crowd". Rittenhouse's life is changed forever because he protected a city that was important to him, from the threat of stupid Internet gossip. The couple who hated Apple, who did their best to damage Apple on the phones, only followed the advice on Android forums about how shitty Apple was.

The solution is simple, create your plan and agenda, and never listen to people who would tell you what's important. Go out and decide what is meaningful to you. There is always some gossipier who wants you to listen to them so they can suck you into their world. And the gossipier always does it because they hate their target. Once they suck you into their world, you will forget your goals and focus on hating the person the gossipier tells you to hate.

These gossipiers learned the angriest, most inflammatory and most offensive posts get more attention. Facebook Whistleblowers have come forward, showing the platform chooses profit over users' mental health by promoting the most hate-filled posts. The gossipiers realized they can gain all the "Fame, Clout, and Money!" if they anger people with the latest con-

troversty on social media.

Learning to ignore The Algorithm⁹ and the angry gossip is a life skill for everyone. We need to be self-aware enough to tell the difference between “the Algorithm” and outrage and real life. When we unlearn what we have learned from The Algorithm, we will have better mental health and more control over our lives.

That is why I have written Webtastic Stories.

Welcome to a new world!

Glossary of Terms -

1- Joker Movie References.

[Joker is about White Male Rage - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vT0h0tXXBzc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vT0h0tXXBzc)

[Joker films opens in us amid security concerns - https://www.cnn.com/2019/10/04/entertainment/joker-movie-opening-night/index.html](https://www.cnn.com/2019/10/04/entertainment/joker-movie-opening-night/index.html)
<https://www.cnn.com/2019/10/03/us/joker-movie-security-threat/index.html>

<https://www.dw.com/en/joker-film-opens-in-us-amid-security-concerns/a-50707512>

<https://www.wusa9.com/article/news/local/joker-movie-security-concerns/65-bdf05423-354a-469a-84ae-71f9014b473f>

2 - Incels - a common insult on the Internet. It is a short form for Involuntarily Celibate. I.E. they are still virgins and something is wrong with them.

3- Chads and Stacy's - Chads are “Alpha” Males who get all the girls. Stacy's are “Alpha” Females whom every man is attracted to. These Chads and Stacy's largely ignore the Incels, making them angry about their perceived fate.

4 - Profits - a person who exploits social media anger and paranoia for personal profit, while assuming a mantle of “authority” over whatever they are “fighting” against.

5 - [Covid's Partisan Errors - https://www.nytimes.com/2021/03/18/brief-](https://www.nytimes.com/2021/03/18/brief-)

[ing/atlanta-shootings-kamala-harris-tax-deadline-2021.html](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vi6qdRN6SGg)

6 - [Candice Bergen - When is the government going to lift these restrictions \(CTV news\) - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vi6qdRN6SGg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vi6qdRN6SGg)

7 - TwitterBrain - Someone who creates their worldview and beliefs on what they see on their social media feeds, either partially or fully.

8 - [Georgia Guidestones - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Georgia_Guidestones](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Georgia_Guidestones) - a group of stones erected in Georgia by an anonymous person with controversial ideas for change, often something “conspiracy theorist”-Profits point to. They were recently completely destroyed.

9 - The Algorithm - a set of instructions created by social media platforms to maximize user engagement with more inflammatory posts.

The Curious Tale of Max White : The Rise and Fall of Beatrix Nay'Robi

Beatrix's Apartment - Day of the Transgender Military Ban

— Ring — Ring — Ring —

Max shakes his head and squints his eyes. He gets out of bed and looks at his phone.

Why is Jerome calling at 11:30?

He slides to accept the call.

Max sighs and asks, "What is it, Jerome?"

"Max, we need to get something together, Thrumpy has banned trannies from the military. Beatrix needs to say something about it!"

"Duck, he's done it! This is going to make us a fortune, buddy!"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes, get ready!"

Max hangs up, walks out of the room, and the shadow of Beatrix is right beside him, following him to her dressing room.

Darling, you need to make that Thrumpy pay for this. You know exactly what you need to do!

"Yes Bea, I know exactly what you need!" Max says in reply.

Max takes his Beatrix dressing room key and stares at it, and a smile graces his lips.

What would you be if it wasn't for me!

"Nothing, I'd be some bum on the streets. You made me, Beatrix, I

love you!”

With a simple push and twist, Max opens the door. He watches as Beatrix walks to different things. She takes her time, staring at the ten dresses and the pantyhose lining the left side of the room.

This dress, darling!

“Yes, Bea!”

Max walks over to the red rhinestone dress and picks it up carefully. He grabs a pair of dark leggings. Beatrix smiles.

He starts to put on the stockings first.

— Knock — Knock — Knock —

Max jerks his head towards the loud knocks, putting a run into his stockings.

That won't do at all, fix it, Darling!

“Duckkkkkk!” Max shouts.

He gets another pair and takes a deep breath.

Slow and steady wins the race.

Ignoring the knocks, Max grabs another pair of pantyhose. He slowly puts them on, admiring how they look on his legs. Then he puts on the dress. One of his thirsty fans got his exact measurements, and a couple of weeks later, the dress showed up!

— Knock — Knock — Knock —

“What’s taking you so long, dude?” Jerome’s muffled voice shouts.

Max starts to grit his teeth.

Duck man, shut up. It takes me a while to get into the part.

You need to get into makeup, Darling!

“Yes, Bea!”

He walks to the makeup window and starts painting his face. Bea has an exacting look, and she gets upset when Max messes anything up. She needs him to live in the real world. And when it happens, Beatrix will berate Max, even keeping him up all night!

Max carefully takes the blush and starts applying the purple hue. Beatrix starts dancing her victory dance in appreciation.

You're amazing, Darling!

“Thanks, Bea!”

— Knock — Knock — Knock —

“Hurry up, dude!” Jerome shouts.

It'll only take longer if you keep bothering me!

As Max loses focus, he starts sweating, and it starts ruining the makeup. Max grits his teeth and flares his nostrils, and Beatrix starts to get upset.

No, no, no - do better, Darling!

“Duck off Beatrix, this is Jerome's fault!”

I hate you, Darling, make it right!

Max takes a deep breath.

Relax dude, this is the easy part.

Max starts to apply makeup remover and cleans his face up perfectly. He dries his face with a dry paper towel and takes out his makeup to try again. After a few minutes, it was perfect.

“Okay Bea, what wig?”

Beatrix walks over to the four wigs. Then, she points at the red one.

I'm so angry I want the red one. Use it, Darling!

“As you wish, Bea!”

Beatrix smiles.

As Max walks to the wig, it starts radiating Beatrix's anger. She wants to let Thrumpy have it. Max's lips twist into a wicked smile as he picks up the wig and stares at it. Then he looks at Beatrix, who smiles as wickedly at him. She rubs her hands like a child on Christmas Day!

Max puts on the wig, and the transformation is complete. Beatrix walks right into him. He's Beatrix now, or, should she say, she's Beatrix Nay'Robi now!

Showtime, Darling!

She walks over to his apartment door and opens it. Jerome smirks.

“You took your damn time,” he says.

“Only because you made me ruin a pair of stockings and my make-up, Darling,” Beatrix says. “Make yourself comfortable, Love, and come on in.”

They go to the recording room and Beatrix poses for the camera. As soon as Jerome turns on the lights, Beatrix hisses at him, as she squints her eyes.

“Duck, too bright, too bright!” Beatrix shouts.

“Sorry Bea, I'll get it fixed.”

Jerome flips a couple of switches, dimming the lights.

“Better?” Jerome asks, his lips curling in a smirk.

“Yes. It’s annoying, you have been ducking up a lot, lately!”

“Sorry, Bea.”

“Can you just start the recording!” Beatrix shouts.

Jerome counts down from three and then points to Beatrix.

Beatrix starts stomping around.

“Ducking Thrumpy!”

She stomps some more.

“Can you believe what he’s done today?”

She sneers into the camera.

“President Thrumpy is a dangerous bigot. He hates black trans women of colour. He wants us begging on the street, out in the open, ridiculed, mocked and murdered. He can’t be trusted, he’s working with the alt-right, empowering them at places like Charlottesville. What kind of monster says there are good Nazis?!”

“He’s making us disappear, Darlings. Donny Thrumpy is not my president. I hate him. He shouldn’t tell black transgender women of colour what to do.”

“And he hates the LGBT community.”

“This transgender military ban is just another way to hurt my fellow LGBT community. He hates us. Those traitors who hold up LGBT for Thrumpy flags are evil homophobic fascists. You have betrayed us!”

“That is why he just banned my fellow transgender women of colour from going into the military. He wants us to suffer in bodies that don’t conform to our gender, Darlings!”

She stomps on the floor.

“We need to get his boomer ass out of the President’s chair. He’s a threat to our democracy, and we need to impeach him!”

She starts crying.

“I wish we could just ban him from Twitheard!”

Jerome cuts the recording and gives the hand signal to Max.

“Great work Max!”

As Beatrix takes off the wig, Max smiles.

“Thanks, dude, another short and sweet one. I wonder how much this will earn us?”

Max walks over to the computer. Both he and Jerome do some basic editing on the video and upload it to ScrewTube. They make sure #Transgenderban and #transgendermilitaryban are in the title and put that at least a half-dozen times in the description. Once it uploaded - his Twitt feed went off.

“Okay, let the bot farm work,” Jerome says.

He loads up a program and sets virtual phones 1-300 to act as group A - to attack Beatrix. He sets phones 301-600 work as group B - to defend Beatrix. He sets phones 601-900 to group C - retwat the post. Finally, he puts the fourth group to group D - complementing Beatrix for her bravery.

After that, the organic retwats starts to come through.

“It’s like shooting fish in a barrel, they hang off every word. There’s already organic twenty retwitts and a hundred likes - this one will go viral. Let’s check ScrewTube Jerome.”

“Wow, the video already has five hundred views.”

“Check the Paymeon!”

“It’s up to five thousand two hundred and fifty-one dollars per month!”

“Duck yes!”

— — —

One Month ago - at VidCon

Beatrix rushes through the conference hall to get to the bullying and harassment online panel. She imagines Anita Sarcassiam getting up on her soapbox and declaring the evils of misogyny and the Patriarchy!

The Patriarchy empowers men to assault women online all the time. That’s why I make hundreds of thousands of dollars every single year. The Patriarchy hates me. Don’t forget to donate to my latest online scheme to defeat all sexism!

Rubbing her hands together, she thinks,

One day, I’ll make the same kind of money!

She gets to the door and shows her pass to security. They open the door, allowing her in. She sits down and stares in amazement.

The bastards did it!

On his phone, Beatrix sends a text to Jerome!

Max - OMG, Sargoan, the Warcreis and Kris Laser Pistol are here. Those ducking magnificent bastards. They are party crashing Anita’s panel. The balls those guys have. This is going to be wild tonight!

Jerome - Wow, that sounds totally jacked. Man, take video! You’re watching history Beatrix, ducking history.

Max - Duck yes, I am taking video - so stop texting, I can’t wait to see what’s about to happen!

Beatrix takes her phone out and starts recording.

“Here’s these men making these dumbass videos that say the same shit over and over again. And I hate to give you any attention because you are a garbage human!”

Beatrix gets out of her chair and shouts, “Bravo, bravo, bravo!”

Boos and cheers erupted in the room, so Beatrix pressed her advantage - more hate, more money!

“You go girl, you are such a great hero!” Beatrix points to her and then blows kisses at her.

“Duck off ditch, Anita’s just a Profit!” Someone shouts.

Ignoring the asshole, Beatrix sits down and stops the recording on her phone. She capitalizes on the situation, uploading the video to Twitter.

**@SargoOnOfAghast You are Human Garbage!
Twitt.Img.AnitasRant**

**@BeatrixNayRobi Well, at least Trash Can, not
Trash Can’t. I wouldn’t even rape you!**

**@SargoOnOffAghast Still just a one joke pony!
Pathetic!**

**@SargoOnOffAghast @Jack Do you see the vile-
ness of this person, get him off the platform!**

**@SargoOnOffAghast @Paymeon This POS is mak-
ing over \$5.7k/month - why haven’t you kicked
him off the service yet?!**

**@SargoOnOffAghast @HankGreen @JohnGreen
why haven’t you kicked this transphobic, misogy-
nistic POS and his friends out of VidCon?**

Following Anita’s advice, she completely ignores SargoOn.

Yes, my Darlings, keep harassing him - he's pathetic.

Beatrix's phone vibrates, and she sees a text from Jerome.

**Jerome - Man, you just got 10 new supporters on Patreon, you're up to \$5101/month. You rock Max!
Max - Ducking right, but don't text me and use my 'dead' name. That could out me!**

Jerome - Sorry Bea, you go girl!

Max - No worries darling!

Jerome - do you think I could make it this big?

Max - Maybe, but you need to do something big to get people's attention. But both sides are pretty stupid, they buy anything.

— — —

VidCon 2017 - The next day

Beatrix was strolling in the conference hall with dozens of her fans, smiling at them, waving at them, and nodding to others. She felt their energy, their drives - it was transparent they loved her, the con man!

Many were chanting, "Beatrix, Beatrix, You're the darling, let's get rid of that Carl King!"

Others were chanting "Ban Sargoon!"

A third group was chanting "You go, girl!"

Beatrix swells up, holding her head high.

These people believe anything I say. And they love me. They ducking love Beatrix, giving me everything I could ever want. I'm a black transgender woman of colour!

Laughing to herself, Beatrix starts smiling at everyone.

"Oh darlings, you need to give me some space!"

The crowd gives Beatrix some space. Many people smile towards her and give her an approving nod.

“Thank you darlings, you mean so much to me. I’ve never received so much love in my entire life. You know what it’s like to live as a black trans woman of color. It’s brutal. You are never accepted by your family for being a bit different. You’re just a troublemaker, and you need to stop partying so much!”

The crowd cheers.

Beatrix starts moving around the crowd again, hugging people, giving some high-fives. She smiles and nods at the people in the back.

“Speech, speech,” a couple of people from the back of the crowd start shouting. Others start clapping and repeat the request.

Beatrix smiles. She takes a dramatic step back, patting the location of her heart.

“It’s hard for a black trans woman like myself. I wonder, are haters hiding amongst you? Those snakes, pretending to be our allies, stab us in the back. Right now, I worry about that literally. Some transphobic bigot could kill me in front of all my fans, using them to do something evil!”

“I’d kill the POS for you, Beatrix,” one person shouts.

“I appreciate that, but we can’t be like them, darlings!”

The crowd grew silent while Beatrix took a moment to think.

“Those alt-right trolls, they keep saying, ‘if you want a civil war then take your shot.’ They want us to attack them so they will kill us with their guns.”

“I hate the NRA!” one of the crowd shouts.

“I do too, Darling!”

“How many black transgendered women are killed by white supremacists every year? How many of these evil bigots take their guns and blow our brains out? How many? We need to stand together. If you can support me, I will ensure we can keep fighting!”

Someone shouts, “I’m on Paymeon right now Beatrix, how about ten dollars a month!”

“Thank you, Darling. Your support means the world to me!”

Beatrix sits down on a chair near one of the windows.

“If you have any merch you want me to sign, I’ll be happy to do it - just one at a time. You know those alt-right trolls, like Sargoon Carl Benjy, I have to be safe.”

Everyone starts forming a line to have her sign merch from her store. The atmosphere was joyous and light, the love felt like a thick creamy soup. Some started to play party music, and everyone was dancing to have a good time.

Beatrix signs a few items, parties with her fans and then signs some more. Many of her followers only wanted to get a selfie and post it on Twitter — #DarlingArmy.

After a couple of hours of partying, Beatrix feels famished. Her stomach was so empty, it was growling.

Someone shouts, “You need to get something to eat!”

Nodding in agreement, Beatrix says, “Darlings, I need to get something to eat. It was great meeting you all in person, so only one more autograph.”

A blonde woman with blue eyes comes up to her.

“Hi Beatrix, I’m a big fan. I got your hoodie, can you sign it,” she asks.

“Yes, Darling,” Beatrix says.

She takes the hoodie and writes,

I Love you, Darling!

Max White!

— — —

Beatrix's Apartment - One week after the transgender military ban

Oh Veronica, keep going. Man, you're so tight girl, I love you.

You're a dirty boy, Max, a dirty boy.

And then I creamed her hard, with her one last moan.

-Ding-

Duck, what is it now?

He opens his eyes. He turns to the right towards his nightstand.

Duck, my phone isn't there. Where is it?

He turns his head the other way. It is on the dresser.

He peels off the comforter, blanket and sheet off his half-naked body, stretches to get the sleepiness out of him, and walks to the dresser, getting his phone to see what is going on.

He sees the message — [@BeatrixNayRobii](#) Who the duck is Max White. . .

Max starts hyperventilating. He shakes his head and stares with wide eyes. Beatrix appears right in front of him.

Have I been made?

No, Darling. Check it, before you take our happiness away!

He slams his phone on the dresser, walks away, and starts pacing around his room.

I've been careful, and I'm being outed.

Max keeps on breathing extremely fast.

Face the truth, Max. This con is over. Just face the music and disappear.

First, he looks at his nightstand - imagining his Glock. He shakes his head. He opens the phone and checks the twatter message.

Oh, duck, duck, duck - what is happening Oh shit! It can't be as bad as it seems!

Listen to me, Darling, we can make it through this. I'll change my name and everything, just don't give me up! You deserve to be happy, and I can make you happy!

One of his fans has a picture of the autograph.

I Love you, Darling!
Max White!

Max starts shivering.

Oh, duck! What am I going to do?

He reads the next message.

**@BeatrixNayRobi Who the duck is Max White!
Twitt.Image.Max.Autograph
@BeatrixNayRobi I was bragging to someone I
got your autograph, and when they laughed at my
signed shirt, I was upset.**

She's only looking for reassurance. I can do this, I can just say I dead named myself.

@BeatrixDarling1076 I am sorry darling, that's my bad. In the past, I was Max White! It's my dead name. I didn't mean to cause you any pain darling!
@BeatrixNayRobi No, I'm sorry. I never thought - I shouldn't have mentioned it. I dead named you because I was angry, and I didn't even know.
@BeatrixDarling1076 Relax darling! This is all on me. You couldn't have known.

Max takes a big breath and puts his phone down. Almost immediately, a bunch of notifications pop up.

@BeatrixNayRobi What the duck is this? Looks like damage control to me. . . I don't buy this at all.
@BeatrixNayRobi Yeah, what is this? Nobody just 'dead names' themselves. When I changed my name to my transgendered name, I spent hours getting use to my new name
@BeatrixNayRobi Max White - and Beatrix lives in San Fran. . . That almost seems familiar.
@BeatrixNayRobi Who is Max White!

— — —

At Hooters - One week later

"I want a beer, wench!" Max shouts out, waving his beer mug in the air like he just doesn't care.

"Coming up," the voluptuous redhead waitress says, winking at him.

She runs off to grab the beer. Max smiles as he follows her bouncing butt as she runs.

Jerome tears into a chicken wing. The barbecue sauce drips from

the meat and bone, dribbling down his chin.

“Hooters is the best!” Jerome says.

“Duck yeah!”

Max and Jerome high-five each other.

The redhead gets to the bar, points to Max, and the bartender pours him another Grog Salty Ale. She grabs the beer when the mug is filled and prances to the table. Max stares at each of her bosoms, bouncing up and down.

My god, those are some great big milk jugs!

She gets to the table and looks Max in the eyes with a big smile and beautiful blue eyes. She winks at Max as she puts the beer down on the table, bending over to give Max an up-close look at her cleavage. She moves over to sit on his lap.

“Can I get a selfie?” she asks. “You’re such a great customer Max.”

Max feels her wiggling in his lap and his cock starts to twitch and stiffen.

“Sure thing, baby!”

She takes her phone out and takes a selfie.

“Thanks, Max, you are amazing,” she says. “I get off in an hour Max and I want to get you off too.”

Smiling at her, he says, “I’m gonna bang me a Hooter’s girl tonight. What’s your name baby?”

She smiles and winks at him. “I’m Tiffany!”

She walks away from the table, with a prance in her step.

Tiffany leaves to continue to serve other tables and provide beer to

Max and Jerome. When the hour is over, she walks over to Max and smiles.

“I just need to clock out and get out of my uniform. See you in twenty,” she says.

“Okay, baby.”

“Call up a taxi or Uber, Jerome,” Max says. “She’s the only one in my car tonight.”

“Gotcha, bro,” Jerome says, taking out his phone.

Max drinks the final beer, and it tastes a little off.

Tiffany goes in back while Max and Jerome wait for her. When she comes out in a tight, small, red, flower dress, Max and Jerome take her in. Max’s heart beats like his Trans Am’s motor.

Man, I’m going to get lucky tonight.

“I’m going to rock your world, Max,” Tiffany says.

“I can’t wait.”

As Max gets to his Trans Am, he walks to the passenger side and opens the door. As Tiffany steps through, he smacks her ass. She giggles.

“You’re so naughty, Max!”

“You bring out the animal in me!”

Max gets into the driver’s seat and starts his engine. In a few moments, they are on the freeway. As he gets to some slow-ass-environmental car, he revs the engine and speeds away, laughing his head off, with Tiffany giggling with him.

“Do you want me to do something naughty?” she asks.

“Not yet!”

“Too late!”

She grabs his crotch, rubbing it with her delicate fingers. Max starts to feel the testosterone and adrenaline pump through his veins, breathing heavily.

“You seem to like what I’m doing. Just wait, I’ll blow you away to-night!”

They get to his place in about fifteen minutes. In moments, they are in the elevator, and Tiffany is pushing hard on his body. Max feels her breasts press against his chest, her hand feeling his abs and her leg stroking his penis and balls and her lips kissing his. His heart is beating and he’s getting sweaty and a bit disoriented.

“I can’t wait to have you in me,” she breathes in his ear as she stops kissing him. Then her lips are back on his.

When the elevator hits the penthouse floor, they make it to his place. He rushes to get his keys and starts fumbling with the locks, as she wraps her arms around him and feels his shorts. He finally gets the door open.

“Do you want anything to drink?” Max asks, his head spinning and his legs kinda weak.

“No dear, you’re the dessert!”

As they get into his bedroom, Max and Tiffany start tearing off each other’s clothes. He starts taking off her dress and bra, to see the huge, freckled breasts. She takes off his shirt, admiring his strong biceps and abs. He takes off her panties, seeing and smelling the honeypot.

Tiffany gets down on her hands and knees, unbuckles his belt and pulls down his pants and his briefs. Then she takes a quick kiss of his throbbing cock.

Then she pushes him down on the bed.

“Do I have your consent to film this? I love being a dirty girl!” she

asks.

“Whatever you want, baby, just share it with me.”

“I promise, I will!”

Max smiles as she looks into his brown eyes. She moves over him on the bed as she lowers her pelvis over his. Max feels her cunt’s tightness, as she lowers onto his massive member. Every movement sends jolts of pleasure through him like it was the best duck he would ever have. Then she starts whipping his chest with her long red hair.

“I’m the Master and you’re my slave boi,” she says.

“Punish me, Massa.”

“Oh, I will.”

She moves the phone camera on his Thrumpy for president 2020 tattoo on the right side of his chest.

“Oh man, I’ve never been blacked by a Thrumpy Supporter!” she shouts.

**“LET’S MAKE MURICA GREAT AGAIN,
BABY!”**

She grinds him and he nuts in her.

He falls asleep, the roofies in the last beer are finally kicking in.

— — —

Tiffany waits for five minutes and then gets her clothes on.

She gets the key for the Beatrix dressing room off Max’s neck.

When she opens up the Beatrix Nay'Robi dressing room, she takes out her camera and starts recording.

“Hi everyone, I wanted to out Max White, who pretends to be a transgender woman named Beatrix Nay'Robi. He's a piece of shit,” she says.

Then she goes to the studio and finds a bunch of scripts that Max and Jerome had written and videotapes it.

“As you can see, these are Max's scripts for different Beatrix videos,” she says. “He's a psycho who just wants to make money. Max is exploiting us, and I hope this video makes him kill himself!”

Tiffany stops recording and goes back to Max's bedroom. She walks over to his unconscious body and puts the keys back around his neck. She goes to the elevator and takes out her phone to text Jerome.

Tiffany - Here are the videos. The sex vid, the dressing room and the studio.

Jerome - You're ducking awesome babe. You are perfect. Marry me.

Tiffany - Oh, I love you Thrumpy Supporters. You know exactly what a girl wants!

Jerome - No more Hooters for you girl, we'll make it big on PornPort and ScrewTube!

Tiffany - Tomorrow, I'll put all of this online and we can destroy Max - Internet Fame next.

Jerome - Just remember the plan!

— — —

Tiffany's Apartment - The next day.

Tiffany loads her sex vid with Max into Adobe Premier. She gets to the point of “LET'S MAKE MURICA GREAT AGAIN, BABY!” and adds that as popping text in the video, giggling.

Man, he was great in the bed. Too bad, Jerome has the plan.

She does some more editing, emphasizing the MAKE MURCIA GREAT AGAIN tattoo on him. Nobody will be able to lie to themselves once they see this video footage.

I hope this makes me as famous as Wild Wiggly Wreed!

She taps on the upload video button, puts tags like Femdom, porn women would like, riding, MMGA. She names the video "LET'S MAKE MURICA GREAT AGAIN, BABY!"

Once the video goes live, she goes to Twatter.

@BeatrixNayRobi Behold Max White, Beatrix Nay'Robi! I spent last night ducking him, and he wanted me to share the video, well here you go Max, or should I say Beatrix.

pornport.com/video/MMGATIMEBB

@BeatrixNayRobi Here's Max's Beatrix Nairobi dressing room - where he becomes someone he isn't.

Twitt.image.Beatrix.DressingRoom

@BeatrixNayRobi Here's a script that Max worked on in the his studio, to create the perfect Beatrix video to scam everyone.

Twitt.Image.Beatrix.Scripts

@BeatrixNayRobi Here's Max saying he's going to make a bunch of money being Beatrix - admitting to his lie to his friend.

Twitt.Img.Jerome.Max.Texts

@IH8MaxWhite You're a liar. You just want to ruin Beatrix because you're a Thrumpytard!

@BeatrixDarling1076 I voted for Killery Clingon, #ImWithHer! I hate these Thrumpytard, and Max is one of them. He's lying to us! #BanBeatrixBan-Max!

@IH8MaxWhite I knew it!

@Paymeon You need to take the poser off your platform!

@IH8MaxWhite OMG, I was giving that poser \$50/month. No wonder they never had that vid conference they promised every month - he's just a poser!

@IH8MaxWhite That's not me Bitch! You're messing with the wrong Tranny! How dare you dead name me and come up with this ridiculous conspiracy theory!

@BeatrixNayRobi Duck you! You're a lying piece of shit Max! You're playing everyone. You're making over \$5000 on **@PayMeOn** - posing as something you are not. You must be psycho or something!

@IH8MaxWhite The only psycho I see is a white cis-gendered bitch, in all her privilege, trying to destroy a black trans woman of colour!

@BeatrixNayRobi How Dare You!

@BeatrixNayRobi I love Transgendered people, my sister was born a biological male and just made the transition 2 years ago. You disgust me! You're ducking blocked!

— — —

Walking the streets of San Francisco - As the Twatstorm is happening

Jerome takes a drag off his joint while laughing and remembers. . .

San Fran - During VidCon - at the Hooter's restaurant.

Jerome - do you think I could make it this big?
Max - Maybe, but you need to do something big to get people's attention. But both sides are pretty stupid, they buy anything.

What's my big move? What should I do? What if I out him. He's not transgender, LGBT, or anything. He's just milking all the wokeness for what it's worth. All he is a guy who likes putting on dresses and act like women once in a while. That would make big waves. But how do I do that?

Take the screenshot he responded to! That shows he is lying, he just said not to 'dead name' him, calling him Max while he celebrates all that money!

He looks at the redhead waitress. She's been flirting with him all night. A plan forms in his mind. Max loves redheads. What if I get this girl to catch him in the lies.

"Hey baby girl, what's your name?" he asks as she delivers another beer.

"It's Tiffany, handsome."

He lays a fifty-dollar bill on the table.

"Oh, you don't need to pay me for a date, hon." She smiles.

Jerome shakes his head, "I've got a proposal for you. We can out a big liar on the Internet."

"What's in it for me honey?" Tiffany asks, almost frowning.

"I have a friend, he's lying through his teeth and we can prove it if we work together. Do you want to be working at Hooters all your life?" Jerome asks.

"Why do you need me, just out him yourself," she counters.

"He's pretending to be a Tranny, if we work together, we can prove he's just a dude. He loves redheads."

"Then what?"

"Fame, clout, money. We'll be set for life!"

She smiles. "What do you have in mind?"

Jerome taps on the Twatt Icon in the thread.

I am @BeatrixNayRobi's friend Jerome. I've been Max's homie since college. He's not Transgender. This has been weighing on my heart lately, but I can't keep it in anymore. He's using all of you. He's a fraud. At first, he said it was a harmless joke, he was just getting a rise out of people. When he started to make money, I tried to tell him to stop. But he said, relaxbro - we can get the best weed now! I have a drug problem, and he used that against me. He is a user and an asshole. I'm trying to get sober, but the guilt eats me up inside. I hope you all forgive me, I should have told everyone earlier.

Jerome takes a drag off his joint after he Twatts.

What does X-files always say - the best lies are surrounded by two truths.

— — —

At Max's home

Max stares at the Twitts.

That traitor! He made his big move! He betrayed me!

I'm ruined!

Max stomps around in his room, his nostrils flaring with each breath. Gritting his teeth and eyes and growling under his breath, he grabs his TV and throws it on the floor. He screams in pain as it hits his foot.

I ducking hate that ducker! I won't let him win! I will destroy him!

“No one knows if he is telling the truth or not, I can say he is abusing me, he's my lover. And then I can make people hate him.” Max plans out loud.

Beatrix's shadow comes out

That's right, Darling. Tell the world what it means to betray me!

Max goes to Beatrix's dressing room one last time. He puts on the makeup first, Beatrix touching exactly where she wants. Max did so, fighting the tears in his eyes. Then he chooses the black dress and puts on black stockings, and a black hair wig.

She walks to the nightstand in his room and takes out his Glock.

Then she goes on Twitheard and starts a Livestream.

“Why did you betray me, Jerome? You were my lover, Darling! I loved you! I loved you! I loved you!

Was it jealousy? You couldn't take a strong black trans woman of colour making more money than you? Did it humiliate your cis-gendered male privilege?

You hated me, beating me so much. Threatening me so often, telling me to do what you want or else. You hated me so much, you worked with that white whore, saying I am not a black transwoman of colour!

Why are you destroying me? Why are you lying about me?”

She grabs her Glock out of the nightstand, brandishes it in front of the camera, turns the camera off, puts the gun in her mouth and presses the trigger.

Everything goes black. And he starts feeling warm.

The duck, I just blew my head off, why am I feeling warm.

The heat grows hotter the farther he falls. It soon becomes excruciating!

“Bravo my son, was the Five thousand two hundred and fifty-one dollars a month worth your soul?”

Looking up, he sees Beatrix Nay’Robi, who then changes into a red-skinned man with horns, bat wings, and goat hooves.

Around him are other people squirming in pain, with imps brandishing fire whips striking at sinners in a weird but uniformed fashion - not one after another, but the whips were timed in the same intervals. The imps were laughing with glee!

“Duck man, I thought those stories of hell were fake news,” Max says.

“Alas, no. The stories are real, and you are here!”

Then an imp comes up to Max.

“Five Thousand two hundred and fifty-one dollars a month is one hundred seventy-two dollars and sixty-three cents a day. You get Eighty-five two dollar bills, ten quarters and two wooden nickels shoved up your ass every day for eternity,” the imp states.

Max tries to run, but he stands still no matter how hard he runs!

“We’re in control now Max, not you,” the Devil says.

He grabs Max’s head and shoves it downwards, bending Max over. The imp shoves the wad of two-dollar bills into his ass while Max shouts in pain!

“Welcome to Hell. It doesn’t get easier here. And enjoy the fruits of your labour.”

The Devil and imp laugh as they shove ten quarters up his anus sideways!

At Jerome's Apartment - Jan. 5th, 2021

“Joey Beijing Bender is a liar and a cheat. I know because my friend Max White, ‘Beatrix Nay’Robi’ cheated so many people out of their money. Joey never campaigned. He slept in his basement, and could hardly bring more than ten people to any of his events. He’s a fraud and I will never accept him as my president.”

“We know that Bender is going to take all of our guns away. He’s going to start rounding up Thrumpy supporters up and putting them into gulags. It’s as bad as Veracity Plan says it is. They hate us.”

“I voted for President Thrumpy, and I will stand by him. We can succeed, and I need your support on my SimpStar.”

His protégé, Tiffany, turns off the camera, and they upload the video to ScrewTube. Jerome makes sure that “#StopTheSteal” and “#Beijing-Bender” is part of the title, and puts them throughout his description.

Tiffany goes on her phone and smiles, “Jerome, we’re at five thousand two hundred and fifty-one dollars a month on SimpStar now!”

“Duck yes! Those sims believe everything I say. Hundreds of thousands believe they are going to change the election tomorrow by having a protest at the capital - they believe Bender will take all their guns and throw them into gulags!”

“They have no clue, they’re all idiots,” Tiffany says.

“Yeah, when you keep mixing two truths and a lie, everyone will just buy the lie. Bender would never even try to round up the Seventy-eight million Thrumpy supporters. He knows they’d kill him!”

“Is it time for another LET’S MAKE MURICA GREAT AGAIN, BABY video?” she asks.

“Oh yeah, baby!”

— — —

Tiffany's Room - 2 am

Tiffany logs onto her computer and opens her ChaosChat app.

WhytDaddy1776: Hey babe, did you get him to admit his lies today?

RedMinx: Yes, he said he doesn't believe Bender will put Thrumpy Supporters into reeducation camps. He completely trusts me. The recording is on my phone.

WhytDaddy1776: Good, what a loser. I'll take care of you - you can be my love bunny.

RedMinx: Thank you daddy bear! You've got a place with all the furniture right, and the abortion, I don't want to ruin my figure for a black man's baby, We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.

The End

The Puppet Masters

BeatrixDarling1076's Home - On her Phone.

@BeatrixNayRobi Is dead. Yes, that ducking liar is dead! Good riddance. **#MaxWhiteSuicide**
Hahahahaha! He deserved to die! **#MaxWhiteSuicide**
You know someone is a liar when they kill themselves to escape the consequences of their pathetic life. **#MaxWhiteSuicide**
I hope **@BeatrixNayRobi** is burning in hell right now! **#MaxWhiteSuicide**

BeatrixDarling1076 looks at her phone. The Twitts she was reading churned her stomach, people celebrating Beatrix's death. Her lover killed her with an angry mob, saying she was things she wasn't - just some cis-gendered dude, ducking that whore. Beatrix was not Max White. The person the whore ducked wasn't Max White or Beatrix. It couldn't be. It was all lies. Jerome Taylor killed her with lies.

She stands up and starts pacing, growling at the Twitts, balling her other hand into a fist, and gritting her teeth. Each breath was laboured and deep. All she could do is see Jerome, the faceless Jerome, beating his lover and laughing at Beatrix.

He killed my way to deal with Thrumpy, who raped so many women. And none of those Thrumptards would even believe it. Beatrix told the truth and held him accountable.

Jerome is just like my ex...

"You ducking little crack whore. You love my coke, don't you!"

Before she could react, her ex punched her in the nose and her head flipped backwards. Blood started to flow down her nose, right into her mouth. The taste of the blood on her tongue was bitter, but

the cocaine would take it away. It would take all the pain away.

“Next time, you give me a ducking better blowjob, you cheap whore.”

She shakes her head and lets out a growl.

I need to do this for Beatrix. That bastard needs to be held accountable for what he did to her.

She pushes her thumb down hard on the Twitt button and proceeds to send him a message that will destroy him! Her eyes beamed at the Twitts that abusive piece of shit had Twitted.

@JeromeTaylor You're human garbage! Not only did you beat your lover, you killed her! You ducking killed her! #MaxWhiteSuicid

#BeatrixNayRobiSuicide

@BeatrixDarling1076 You have no clue what is happening, he was using you. He loved manipulating you. He's a POS!

@JeromeTaylor I hate you man, she was the only thing that kept me together in the age of Thrumpy! You beat her, you controlled her, you are a monster!

@BeatrixDarling1076 I've only told the truth. Duck off bitch!

With tears in her eyes, BeatrixDarling1076 goes to Twitheard settings to deactivate her account.

Duck all these people. They are the most despicable people in the world! Saying he is telling the truth when all he is, is an abuser! Duck Twatter!

She looks at the prompt, “Do you want to deactivate your Twitheard account?”

“Duck yes!”

She slams her finger down on the prompt, closes the app, and deletes it from her phone.

— — —

BeatrixDarling1076's apartment - The Next Day

As the Keurig finishes brewing her tea, she puts the tea mug on the counter. She stirs the honey and tea together. She picks up the camomile tea, brings it up to her nose and takes a deep breath, smelling its soothing aroma.

I only need this, no drama, and Twitter is only drama. I just want peace. I will not get upset at what happened to Beatrix, and I will not go back to him and his cocaine.

She takes the cup of tea and sits down on her couch. Her neighbour, who recently moved six months ago, gave it to her. It was so comfortable, and he sold it for only fifty dollars.

What a generous soul!

Instead of going on her phone, like she would every other day, she picked up the TV remote and turned it on. It was a news hour.

“Our top news stories this hour will be the latest revelations of the Russian collusion scandal - we’re learning all new things about how the Russians stole the 2016 election from Killary Clingon. That story will be coming up next, after a paid sponsor.”

The screen goes black for a second and there is a partially bald man on the TV set.

**“Has President Thrumpy grabbed you by the pussy?
My name is Mic Havenati, attorney at law, and you may be entitled to financial compensation
Contact me at 1-800-sue-him!”**

BeatrixDarling1076 smirks!

The rapist is finally going to get his!

Now a short man with a club standing on a volcano appears

**If you hate angry fire god, like Grog does, drink Grog’s Salty Ale.
It’s made from genuine Leftist Tears from the 2016 election night, making it extra salty and delicious!
Drink Grog’s Salty Ale to own the Leftys!**

Then the news came back on.

**“Thank you Mr. Havenati. Everyone at this MSN-BC affiliate wishes you good luck getting that dastard. He is a dangerous bigot, who was helped by Vlademort Pooptin. We have an expert today. What has your group found?”
“Thank you miss, our group looked at records from CrackBook and Twatter that say that the Russians indeed used their platforms to bring great harm to great movements like ALM and Antifa. They turned many average Americans against the Democrats and Killary Clingon in particular. That way they got their man, Donny J. Thrumpy as the president. He is Pooptin’s puppet.
The most dangerous thing - these Russian Trolls and Bots continue to infiltrate social media to at-**

**tack us. They keep on going after good movements and smearing them - to destroy their reputations.”
“Thank you sir!
You’ve just heard it, the Russians are still trying to undermine Murica Democracy.”**

As the next segment starts to air, BeatrixDarling1076’s eyes explode out of her head like she is a Looney Tunes character.

OMG, it’s not just Thrumpy, but Pootin and Russians too! OMG!

In local news today, Beatrix Nay’Robi, a famed Transgendered advocate has committed suicide yesterday. In Beatrix’s last post, she said her lover - a man named Jerome Taylor had beaten her, and was completely threatened by her success as a Black Transgendered woman of colour. An accomplice of Jerome Taylor, who has not been identified yet, reportedly started the downfall by saying a ‘Max White’ was Beatrix Nay’Robi, and that this ‘Max White’, a Thrumpy supporter, had sex with her. The authorities are investigating any malicious intent, and whether Jerome Taylor and his accomplice are guilty of any crimes related to Mz. Nay’Robi’s suicide.

BeatrixDarling1076 dropped to her knees, crying, staring at the TV screen. She slammed her remote so hard on her coffee table it broke and sent pain through her hand.

“Not Beatrix Nay’Robi!” she shouts at the ceiling.

A muffled shout from next door sounds like, “Duck off ditch, I need to sleep, I have a job!”

“Duck you,” she shouts back.

Pooptin killed Beatrix. Those Russian bots and trolls kept on attacking her. And I left her vulnerable. I dead named her. No!!!! It's those Russian bots and trolls, Pootin is to blame. Don't blame yourself - he's the evil one. Beatrix forgave me!

WTD is wrong with our world!

— — —

BeatrixDarling1076 gets up.

“I refuse to allow him to win. I will destroy Pooptin!” she shouts.

She stands up, slamming her right leg down. She turns to the door and stomps towards it. She's going to declare the truth, She needs to bring Pootin to justice!

She swings the door open, slamming it against the wall and creating a noise that could wake the dead.

“Are you ducking retarded bitch? I need to be at work in 6 hours!” her neighbour shouts.

“Duck you bastard! I need to bring Pooptin down!” She shouts.

There's silence for three seconds. Then there is uncontrollable laughter.

“You. . . go. . . girl!” he says during pauses in his spouts of laughter.

“Duck off!”

She stomps down each stair. When she sees a woman entering the apartment complex she starts running towards her.

“Did you know Pooptin killed Beatrix Nay'Robi?”

“What are you talking about?”

Pooptin appears behind the woman, and puppet strings flow from his fingers into her hands and mouth. The woman turns green, with green hair and some tusk-like fangs. She's a Russian Troll!

BeatrixDarling1076 pushes the woman, but she goes right into the railing on the opposite side of the aisle. She screams as pain goes up and down her spine.

“Are you okay?”

“Get away from me, Russian troll!”

BeatrixDarling1076 twists and runs, but trips and falls down five or six stairs. There's a small bead of blood, and when she gets up, she feels a bit dizzy.

“Pooptin wants me dead!”

She rushes out of her apartment complex to the street. Dozens of multi-story houses line both sides. As the sun goes down, the streetlights start turning on all over the city. She sees a couple walking towards her, so she runs to them. The sun was bearing down on the street, and heat rose up, making everything very hot.

“Pooptin killed Beatrix because she opposed Thrumpy. Now Pooptin wants me dead!”

“What?” the man says.

BeatrixDarling1076 sees Pooptin just above the house line, growing taller with each step. He attaches his strings to the man and the woman. They grow robotic features -- red pin-light eyes, aperture eye lenses and metallic teeth. As she starts staring in fear, their robot eyes open wide, looking afraid she's blown their cover.

“You're one of them, you're a Russian Bot!”

Other people start looking at her - their features turning trollish or

robotic. Pootin has the strings on them. He looks into her eyes and starts to laugh.

“You’re all Russian Trolls!” she screams at the crowd looking at her.

One of the trollish people comes to her, with concern in their eyes.

“Honey, are you having a psychotic episode. Do you need to take your meds? Maybe you should talk to a counsellor?” she asks.

“No, get away from me, Russian troll!”

She runs down the streets. Everyone is turning into bots or trolls. The Pooptin has strings wrapped around his fingers.

“I killed Beatrix!” Pooptin says, laughing at BeatrixDarling1076. He continues, “She can’t hurt my puppet anymore - Thrumpy’s mouth is my cock holster!”

BeatrixDarling1076 collapses. She sobs for so long that she loses sense of time. But each jolt of pain from the hot sidewalk kept disturbing her.

I can't let him win!

“No, I will stop you Pooptin!”

More bots and trolls look at her, moving away. The truth must hurt them!

“These puppets will kill you next!” Pooptin laughs.

She runs.

“No, you can’t do that!” he says and laughs.

A driver hits the breaks, stopping within inches of her location. His eyes start to fill with anger, and he turns into a troll.

“What the duck is wrong with you, ditch?”

“Murderer, you’re just a murderer troll!”

She crosses the street and looks around. She shakes her head when she sees her ex’s coke den.

That ducking dastard must be working with Pooptin as well! Duck him, I need cocaine!

— — —

She stomps, snarls, and growls with each step she took as she walked up the staircase to his floor.

That ducker loves when I am weak. He probably loves Pooptin for killing Beatrix. I come back to him every time. I give him what he wants, he gives me coke. Every single ducking time!

That Pooptin-loving asshole!

She slams at his door once she arrives to room 805.

“Open up, I need coke!” she shouts.

She starts shivering. She feels the knots in her stomach, little snakes biting at her spirit, making her feel more and more ill. Her legs start to shake and all she can do is imagine snorting coke and feeling better, then the flashbacks happened -

“Why are you always writing poetry?” Her dad says, crumpling her page and throwing it in the garbage. “You need to take life seriously, no more magic dreams!”

“I hate you, Dad,” BeatrixDarling 1076 shouted, and then she pushed him out of her room!

The next day, she was on the train to San Francisco.

She goes online on her phone, and there’s an ad for actresses on JimmysRecord. She gets the number and dials it.

“Hello, the doctor is in, how can I help?”

“I see your ad for actresses, and I’ll be in San Fran in two days, I’m on the train!”

“Excellent, call me when you’re in, I’ll pick you up.”

“I need coke, bastard!” she shouts again.

“Okay, okay bitch. I’m coming!” her ex shouts.

He opens the door. He has a wife-beater on, stained with some mustard and blue jeans, also stained with ketchup. He hasn’t shaved today, maybe even this week, his scruffy looking salt-and-pepper beard is disgusting. He smiles, flashing his yellow teeth at her.

“Can you please be quiet, my neighbours will call the cops,” he whispers.

“Can you just give me some coke!” she counters.

“You know the price, fifty dollars.”

“I don’t have it.”

“Then the second price it is.”

She pushes him out of her way. They walk into the living room. “Living room” is a lie. It’s more like a porn studio, with a TV, and a camera pointing at his chair. He walks over and starts the camera. He sits in his comfy seat and starts to unbutton his pants and pulls down his briefs.

“You want your blow, then blow me.”

She walks over to him, taking off her shirt and bra. His cock starts to twitch and stiffen as she takes each seductive step. His eyes look wide. He’ll go quickly, she’ll make sure of it.

“You fucking dastard!”

“I see a cut on your forehead, do you have another boyfriend who beats you. Maybe I shouldn’t give you blow!” he sneers.

“No, I need it. I don’t have a boyfriend. There’s only you. I need you. I need that coke!” she pleads.

He smirks at her.

She starts to cradle his balls and starts tickling his semi-erect cock. It starts to grow. She parts her lips, takes the head of his penis in her mouth, and grabs his shaft.

As she strokes him and plays with his balls she thinks -

Give me cocaine, Dastard! Give me cocaine! Give me cocaine! Give me cocaine! Gimme cocaine! Gimme cocaine! Gimme cocaine!

He starts to grunt with pleasure - spurring her on. She almost has him.

She strokes faster and thinks -

Gimme Cocaine! Gimme Cocaine! Gimme Cocaine! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Cocaine!

His cock gets very hard and convulses, shooting his cheese-flavoured-people-making juice down her throat!

Finally, give me my cocaine, Dastard!

He gets up from the chair and slaps her in the face.

“You made me cum too fast ditch!” he snaps at her.

“I always knew how to duck you, you’re weak!” She smirks.

He takes a small baggie and throws it at her.

“I hope you OD, ditch,” he says emotionlessly.

“Duck you, dastard!” she says.

— — —

BeatrixDarling1076 grabs her shirt and bra and walks into the “fun room”. There’s a bunch of women and men laying on beds, sitting in chairs, or huddling around the corners of the room, twitching and shivering.

She takes the coke baggie and pours out a line, with enough for another. She snorts it, and she is on cloud nine.

OMG, I needed this. Why am I not sticking with that basshole? Yes, he slaps, pushes and even punches me, but OMG - this coke is amazing. It’s ducking amazing I’m stupid.

“Hey everyone. I don’t care that Pooptin killed Beatrix Nairobi. I don’t care he wants me dead. I love you all. I love you!” she says.

“Yes, who cares if the CIA brings coke here. I love this shit. I love it.” another woman says.

“Isn’t it Thrumpy? Doesn’t he bring that shit in through May-lag-ro?” another asks.

“Who ducking cares, coke saves us from the aliens. Those ducking lizard bastards can’t stand us having coke - their voices stop in my head, the moment I take some coke!”

“Get up girls, let’s dance,” she says.

All the girls start to dance together. She sees the ducking ex take out his phone and record them touching each other.

Ducking pervert!

Then the guys start getting involved. She grabs a blonde-haired and blue-eyed guy and throws him on a chair.

“Time for a ride!” she says, exaggerating her hip sway as she walks to him.

She tears his pants off, then she tears her pants and panties off. She takes his cock out and rubs it, getting it hard. She gets on top of the guy and starts riding him. Harder, faster.

His penis head started to touch her G spot with each thrust. The tingling starts to build up in her as warmth travels up and down her body.

Soon her pelvic muscles contract, and it sends shivers with each thrust. Not long after, his cock gets stiff, pumping his man juice into her.

Pointing at her ex, she says, “Duck you, basshole!”

She walks over to her spot and takes her cocaine bag out. She pours her last line, to help her feel the excitement for just a few more moments. Just a few more moments, to forget dead-naming Beatrix Nay’Robi.

“Someone duck me!” she demands

Another guy comes right over to her, and she doesn’t move.

Who cares. Gimme the high!

He isn’t gentle. Each thrust is a little too fast, a little too rough, a little too deep, but the coke makes it less painful.

I deserve this because I killed Beatrix. Use me like a CRACK WHORE. I AM GARBAGE!

She grabs the man’s back and digs her nails into him.

Punish me, I deserve it. Make me feel it.

In a few minutes, the basshole is off her, having spent himself in her.

She starts to feel down. She feels tired and soon falls asleep.

“Why did you dead-name me?” Beatrix asks. “You killed me.”

“I didn’t, it was Pooptin!” She says.

“No, it was you. Your betrayal killed me!” Beatrix says.

And then she sees Pooptin walk up to Beatrix and drops some water into her tea.

“Why don’t you take a drink, Beatrix?” he says.

Beatrix takes a drink and her skin starts to melt like she has radiation poisoning! Then she turns into a green-skinned troll.

“She is mine now,” Pooptin laughs.

“No, I will not let you destroy her!”

She runs at Pooptin, and out of nowhere, there was a sword in her hand. She swipes it down, cutting him clean in half from neck to pelvis.

He smiles.

“It’s not that easy girl!”

She wakes up screaming, “Pooptin, Russian trolls, Russian bots!”

“God, if you’re real, like my dastard father says, why is this happening?” BeatrixDarling1076 prays.

Around the room, another is shivering, shouting out, “Boros, ALM, Antifa.”

A woman is in the corner, looking around paranoid. “Misogyny, Patriarchy, Racism.”

A man is pacing back and forward. “the Illuminati, the deep state, the media.”

Another man is punching the wall. “Jews, Jews, Jews.”

A woman is crying, her face down on the floor. “White Supremacy,

Donny Thrumpy, Make Murica Great Again!”

Another man is crying. “Fame, clout, money!”

Then a light shined on her face, and someone says, “Do you see?”

BeatrixDarling looks down in amazement; then lifts her head.

“Yes.” She says. “We’re all victims. We have been manipulated.”

“Go forth,” The voice says.

She cries and gathers up her clothes.

Never again. bassholes will not manipulate me anymore.

She walks out of the room, and right beside her smiling ex is a red man with a pair of dark horns and goat feet.

Her ex smiles. “You’ll be back!”

“No basshole, I won’t,” she says, smiling.

She walks out of his apartment with a new sense of purpose.

I need to tell everyone what I figured out - but first I need to get clean.

— — —

At BeatrixDarling’s Apartment - Two hours later

She slinks right into the plush cushions of her couch, feeling their comfort and warmth all over her. As she thinks about her plan, she starts to smile. She takes her phone out of her pocket and taps on the App Store.

She searches for drug counselling services.

She downloads iRecovery and starts an account. She surveys all the features and starts to add a support circle. She invites her old friends from

school and her parents. After that, she devises her recovery plan.

- Don't spend time online fighting with people.
- Don't go to the ex's apartment.
- Don't get stressed out by politics.

- Spend time with friends.
- Exercise regularly.
- Spend time online to help others.

She gets out her phone and starts to record a video.

“Hello Internet.

Some of you may know me as BeatrixDarling1076 on Twitheard.

After a crazy, and I mean crazy, life since Beatrix's suicide - I have come to some realizations. I have a drug problem. I fell right into that trap the moment Beatrix died.”

She takes a deep breath.

“I had an episode where I saw Pooptin controlling people, turning them into bots or trolls, and they were chasing after me. I believed he killed Beatrix. I think I may have schizophrenia, and maybe paranoia. I have never been diagnosed, but I will. That is one of the reasons I went straight for my ex. He is a coke dealer. I gleefully did whatever he asked me to for the two lines of cocaine.”

She started to cry, anticipating all the good she has learned.

“After the wild party, I had a dream. I destroyed Pooptin with a sword in the dream. Beatrix accused me of killing her. I felt the guilt of dead-naming her, and I destroyed Pooptin. When I woke up, I saw the other people having their coke dreams, feeling threatened by everything from the Patriarchy to the Illuminati. I realized all of our fears — no let me be very clear — all of our irrational fears come from the Internet. Our feeds are dominated by Donny Thrumpy to Killary Clingon, to Georgy Boros and ALM, Antifa and the Department of Homeland Security. It's taking our ability to critically think and have a healthy emotional life.”

The tears flow.

“I allowed my fears of Russia, Donny Thrumpy and trolls and bots on the Internet to drive me to that bastard - my ex. But I don't have to anymore. I don't have to let my mental health issues consume me. I vow to make the Internet my home for great mental health.”

She stops the recording. She goes onto the ScrewTube app on her phone and taps the upload button selects the recording and uploads it.

“God, this is BeatrixDarling, please let my video touch the hearts of people who need to hear this.”

— — —

Dear Diary,

It's been rough the past month. I've put up videos of my journey every week. Some people have tried to link that awful video my ex took of me that last time. . . All they wanted to do is keep me in the same dark place I was before. Yes, I was 'triggered' by their retarded-basshole remarks, but I didn't want to go back - there is nothing but pain and slavery.

They wanted me to believe I was weak, that I would go back to it. But every single day that I don't use cocaine and go back to that bastard is proof that I don't need him. I don't need him or his coke. I can do things on my own.

I know it was my ex sending them, so I decided to call the cops on him, and with the drug tests and my testimony, he's in trouble now. He's been arrested and is awaiting trial.

When I was on Twitheard, I caught wind of a video by Brandon Straka - and I started to see more of the exploitation than I had before. He asked me, as a woman, whether the Democrats were really for me. He said, after examining interactions between him and Republicans online - they were opening and welcoming. Nothing like the homophobic bassholes the Left describes them as.

So, I asked - what did the Democrats want me to believe and was that real?

Does the Right want me barefoot and pregnant, serving them sammiches? Do they want to deny women the right to abortion? Do they want to oppress women?

I tried to find evidence of that online. I couldn't find it. Many conservative men on Twitheard said that I was brave to post what I had posted.

And is abortion such an all-or-nothing issue that the Left demands? There is a great honour to bring a life into this world. To care for it, nurture it. I don't know if I am comfortable in making that a big issue.

I don't see many conservatives saying they want me to shut up and just disappear behind men.

All my fears of Pooptin, Russian trolls and bots come from media pushed by the Left. It feeds into my schizophrenia - I was petrified of Thrumpy, Pooptin and everything online. So, the only thing keeping me addicted to cocaine is the Left's rhetoric.

No wonder why they want to legalize every drug under the sun? They give us the fears that drive us to the drugs that keep us under their thumbs.

I've joined Brandon's CrackBook group, and I posted my video about what I truly think of the Left and how they exploit us. Many people loved it and shared it. My parents even caught wind of it. I can't believe that - God must have made them see it. Dad was much more friendly than he was before, he apologized for that last argument we had. They were so concerned, and they want me to move back to Kentucky. They will talk to their friends to ensure I have work and get a place.

I responded, thanking them.

God does perform miracles.

— — —

BeatrixDarling's Bedroom - Two Months Later.

Everything goes dark.

She starts looking around, and there's Thrumpy, then Pootin to his left, then Beatrix to his right.

She turns around, facing all of them, all at once, and they laugh at her.

Thrumpy says, "She thinks she's going to stop me from Making Murica Great Again!"

Then Pootin nods and says, "If she thinks she can stop the combined might of the Ruskies and our cock holsters, she has another thing coming to her!"

"And I want some payback too, the ditch dead-named me and now I'm burning in Hell! God hates fags!"

They take two steps forward, and BeatrixDarling takes one step back.

"You can't escape us ditch. We're all out to get you. We'll make sure you can't make it to court tomorrow. You are worthless, nothing but a paranoid crack whore who kills good Transgender women of colour!"

Beatrix disappears and grabs her. She was incredibly strong, holding BeatrixDarling's arms back. Then, Thrumpy punches her in the stomach. BeatrixDarling heaves, bending over.

"Do you want me to take you, bitch?" Beatrix/Max says, his/her cock getting a little hard.

Was Jerome right, was Max just some cis-gendered man pretending to be transgender to make money? Those videos, how did she get those videos and texts, if Max wasn't lying?

Max throws her to the ground. Then Pootin kicks her in the ribs, then Thrumpy, then Max, taking turns. Pain shoots through each kick, and they laugh.

"Ducking worthless paranoid cunt!"

Pooptin points to Thrumpy, who grabs her and forces her to kneel before him.

“Tonight, she’s my cock holster!” he says.

He walks up to her and shoves his cock her my mouth, and then he’s her ex.

“You think you can take me out, duck you ditch. You should have OD on my cocaine!”

He keeps thrusting, harder and harder. Then he explodes in her mouth and it blows the back of her head off.

Everything turns black.

She shouts, opening her eyes, and then whispers a prayer, “It’s all a dream. Thrumpy, Pooptin and Beatrix are not out to get me. Thrumpy doesn’t even know I exist. Pooptin has more pressing things he’s worried about. And Beatrix, no Max, he’s dead. He lied to us. He exploited us and our fear with his inflammatory posts. God help me make peace with my fear and paranoia,” she ends the prayer.

With calm entering her soul, she smiles and says, “Tomorrow, my Ex will start learning about God’s jutice!”

— — —

San Fran Courtroom - Next Day

“Miss, can you describe the events of that night?”

“I was frantic. I had a schizophrenic episode where I thought I was chased. I ran all over the streets of San Fran. When I got close to his apartment, I made a choice, I needed his cocaine to help me with the anxiety and fear I was feeling,” BeatrixDarling says.

“I went to his apartment. He demanded a sexual favour for a baggie of cocaine,” She pauses. “With all the pain in me, I just did it. I hated every moment of performing the act, but I did it. I needed the cocaine.

“After it was done, he slapped me in the face. Then he threw the bag at me and said he hoped I overdosed.”

The courtroom was so quiet - you could hear the fans turning.

“I took the cocaine to his ‘fun room,’ where he has other people engage with each other. After I snorted the first line, he started to record me having sexual relations with a man. After I snorted the second line of cocaine I shouted for another man to have sexual relations with, and another man came. Again, he recorded both incidences and uploaded them to PornPort.”

“Thank you for your brave testimony, the prosecution rests,” the prosecutor says.

The Judge looks at my Ex, “And the Defendant’s defence is?”

Her ex’s lawyer starts to stand up, but her ex shoves him down.

“My defence - she’s a fucking crack whore. That’s all she is. She made my coke business boom. So many people knew the name of DrFeel-goodlove1488! I loved selling them cocaine and putting those videos onto PornPort. And I will love pleasuring myself every day in jail, thinking about that sweet blowjob she gave me the last time, for my cocaine. I do wish she had died. Burn in hell!”

The people in the courtroom shot angry eyes at him.

“You’re a sick monster!” someone shouts.

“Order in the court!” The judge says, slamming his gavel down.

The courtroom guards take her ex and force him down.

“Your Honour, as you can see, this man is dangerous. With dozens of stories and corroborating drug tests, he gets men and women high on his cocaine to videotape them having sex. Then he uploads the video to PornPort to make a name for himself on the Internet. We need to take him off the street and proceed to protect young women and men from this kind

of monster,” the prosecutor says.

The judge looks at her ex with such intensity.

“I don’t know whom you think you are,” he says. “I completely agree with the prosecution, the trial will go forward, and the defendant will remain in custody.”

She looks over at her ex. “May God have mercy on your soul.”

— — —

Kentucky - Three months later

She walks up to the door and puts in the key. Six months of working to save up some money, and here are the fruits of that labour - a new home, a new job, a new life. Apartment 301 was going to be home - a one-bedroom apartment!

She could feel her heart beating in her chest, as she thought of all the great possibilities in her new life. She did a victory dance - celebrating having a job and an apartment and being able to talk to her mom and dad. Things were going to change.

She walks through, looking at the kitchen. She sees slow cooker meals - spaghetti, stews, soups - and a Keurig for coffee to wake up every morning. And, in that corner, a toaster.

I love peanut butter and toast for breakfast.

And all these cupboards - there is so much room.

I am going to love this place.

Moving into the living room, she saw where she was going to have the sofa and TV. She’d sit down and watch movies that keep on inspiring her to be her best.

No news - they only want us to live in fear. God doesn’t give us the spirit of fear, but one of power, love and of a sound mind. All they do is go on about Thrumpy,

Pooptin and all that crap. Excuse me news, there are hundreds of other major problems that we need to deal with.

Oh, yeah, I forgot - it's not a problem. I have the problem having a problem. You just need to legalize it - like PornPort, drugs, drug addiction, and all these other bad actors. Only Thrumpy is the problem.

She stops for a second and shakes her head.

No, don't do that. Blaming others is what takes you to that dark place. There are so many ways to take me back there.

There's a ring on her phone.

“Hello, we're here with your stuff,” a familiar voice says.

“Thank you, I'll see you at my apartment,” she replies.

She walks down the stairs and sees two men waiting there with her mattress. She opens the door and smiles. One of the movers was her old neighbour, his dark hair and blue eyes opened wide when he saw her, sending a pleasant warmth in her chest. The other looks like he is in his mid-40s. Some worry lines and laugh lines - like so many people his age.

“Follow me, guys.”

“It's been a long time. I never did get your name,” the young man says.

“You may get it,” BeatrixDarling says with a smile.

BeatrixDarling takes them up the stairs and opens the door to her new home. She walks in and says, “301 is the apartment!”

“Thank you,” the young man says with a smile.

“You're welcome, and thank you, you're doing the real work!”

They smile at each other for two seconds.

“Son, we have a job to do.” the older man says.

“Sorry, dad,” the young man replies.

The duo’s work was like clockwork. They unpack almost everything her family had helped her secure within three hours. She made sure they had some water to drink when they seemed to get tired - especially after the TV stand. They were sweating buckets, it was so big.

The last thing they delivered was her couch. The old neighbour and his father carried it into the living room.

“I remember giving you this couch. It was my favourite when I went to San Fran,” the neighbour said.

“It was so nice of you to give it to me for fifty dollars,” BeatrixDarling says.

“It’s because I thought you were cute. You weren’t on the right track, but you were cute,” the young man says with a smile.

“Is this the girl you talked to me about, that was keeping you in that Godforsaken place?” the dad asked.

“Yes Dad, this was the girl,” the young man says.

“She is cute, and she looks like she is getting her life together, I approve,” the dad says.

“Approve? what if I don’t?” BeatrixDarling says, winking at the young man.

“Can we discuss it over coffee?” the young man says.

“I think I can do that,” BeatrixDarling says.

She gives him a note with her name and number.

“Thanks, Janice,” he says. “I’m Henry.”

Janice's Home - Two years later

“We have some brand new people to our Zoom call today - and we would like you to tell people your road to recovery, Janice. It always inspires anyone who starts their journey to sobriety.”

“Thank you, I would be more than delighted. First, as the twelve steps say - don't fight for sobriety, acknowledge you can't fight it. Instead, you need to surrender to God, as you know Him. Since that last night, more than two years ago, I have always surrendered my will to God. If you can't take the latest controversy on the news, take it to God. If you can't take the drama on social media, take it to God. If you do, He always helps. I am a woman with schizophrenia, and the statistics aren't promising. Most don't have jobs, families, or a purpose. But here I am, surrendering to God. I write stories and share my drug recovery and my struggles and victories with mental illness. And I have a wonderful husband who helped me through some dark moments. I have a son whom I want to be just like his daddy, and I have a daughter on the way. My life is complete, all because I surrendered myself to God as I knew him. You could say, it's my destiny.”

“Wow, thank you. Yeah, much of my drug addiction is bs happening online. Time to give it up?” one person says.

“If that's what you feel God is saying, do it. After all, who has ever won an argument on the Internet?”

The End

The Odysee

A trail - 1 week after Beatrix Nay'Robi's Suicide

I check my Fitbit, and the timer is approaching ten minutes. The sun shines down, but the trees offer some shade - what a beautiful July day. The sweat keeps rolling off my brow, and I blink as some stings my eyes. I notice the squirrels running back and forth ahead of me. I take in a deep breath and keep going.

Taking a forty-minute jog is tough, but I am the only person who can make my life happen. I am the master of my destiny — the harder I work on things, the better my life becomes.

I am listening to Spotify, and one of my favourite songs is playing. “All Things New” by Steven Curtis Chapman.

“Who spoke and made the sunrise, to light up the very
first day

Who breathed across the water to start up the very first
wave?

It was You.”

The volume on my phone lowers momentarily, and I check the screen.

Yep, another notification, and I bet it is that idiot who constantly bothers me on Twitheard. Check out this moron or that lolcow. I think he's projecting a bit too much!

I need to put on “Do Not Disturb” - I don't need stress on my runs.

I look at my phone.

Yeah, I was right.

The idiot is twatted. “Check out this spun chick's video”.

I go into the settings and put the phone on “Do Not Disturb”, and I continue my run.

Why am I ‘friends’ with this guy? All he does is bother me with all the bullshit happening on Twithead.

“You make all things new.

You make all things new.”

I keep running down the path, and the next exit is just around the corner, maybe a few hundred yards. I pick up the pace and turn onto the road back to my home. I am going to enjoy my yogurt today after a great run.

— — —

When I get home, my pup wags its tail at me and gives me a quiet woof and jumps up on my leg, begging me to pick it up. After I take off my shoes, I gratefully pick the pup up and take it around the apartment. My dog looks up at me and kisses my chin.

“Good dog,” I say.

I take my dog to the kitchen, put them down and throw a treat, which they rush for. I walk to the shower, smiling at my energetic pup. With just a little bit of hot water and full cold, I cool down from my run. After I finish my shower, I get out, and my partner hands me a towel. We smile as we look into our eyes.

“Did you have a good run?”

“It was perfect.”

“That’s great. What’s on the agenda today?”

“More writing.”

“I love your stories, honey. I hope this one will go well.”

“I’m sure it will.”

We have breakfast. I have my yogurt mixed with frozen berries, a banana and some Shreddies. I finish it off with a cup of cran-grape juice and a coffee. I sit down with my phone to check out the video of the ‘spun chick’.

There was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman staring into her camera.

“I had an episode where I saw Pooptin controlling people, turning them into bots or trolls, and they were chasing after me. I believed he killed Beatrix. I think I may have schizophrenia and maybe paranoia. I’m not sure, I never went to be diagnosed, but I will change that. That is one of the reasons I went straight for my ex. He is a coke dealer. I gleefully did whatever he asked me to, for the two lines of cocaine.”

She cries tears of joy as she beams a powerful smile!

“After the wild party, I had a dream. I destroyed Pootin with a sword in the dream. Beatrix accused me of killing her. I felt the guilt of dead-naming her, and I destroyed Pootin. When I woke up, I saw the other people having their coke dreams, feeling threatened by everything from the Patriarchy to the Illuminati. I realized all of our fears, no let me be crystal clear, all of our irrational fears come from the Internet. Our social media feeds are dominated by Donny Thrumpy to Killary Clinton, to Georgy Soreros and ALM, Antifa and the Department of Homeland Security. This gossip is taking our ability to think about anything critically and have a healthy emotional life.”

That ditstain, why does he think this is funny. People exploited this poor woman, and now people are making fun of her for having a mental illness and being afraid. He disgusts me.

I go back to Twitheard to mute him. He only passes gossip to attack people, so I am not missing out on anything. I want to sell books and hang out with other writers. But even that space is becoming too hard to navigate.

At least that ditstain will never bother me again. I can live in peace. That woman needs help, not public ridicule.

— — —

I am watching Star Trek 3, The Search for Spock, with my partner. I start to feel very sleepy because of the warmth of my partner's body.

“Take me home to Vulcan, Jim, take me up the steps of Mount Seleya.”

As I doze off, I ask myself,

Why do people keep fighting in an endless argument on the Internet to own them? Why can't they see that it is useless, and who has ever won a fight on Social Media? They can do anything in this world - get a job, have dinner with friends at a pizza place, read amazing stories, enjoy tabletop games with their friends. No, they must argue and own people on the web.

And when I close my eyes, there I see Jordan B. Peterson in front of Mount Googolympus. The mountain is made out of circuit boards and chips as high as the eye can see.

I shake my head, looking at the immense mountain and Doctor Peterson.

“Who are you, because you can't be Jordan B. Peterson?” I ask.

“I am your conscience, and you have been asking some interesting questions today. I'm here to help you make sense of those questions.”

“How is this possible?”

“You have read some of Doctor Peterson’s books, and you have deep existential questions about what is happening. I am your subconscious helping you unravel what you already know.”

“For what?”

“You will understand why people want to own each other on the Internet, and you already know the answer!”

“Why are you going to help?”

“To help you bring some good into the world, and good only comes from self-reflection. I am your conscience, but you have chosen this face to help you.”

“What must I do?”

“You must do three tasks to learn the truth,” he says. “First, you must learn the riddle of the algorithm, for it is the power of the Internet. Second, you must fight the Twatter Hydra, the outrage mob. Third, you must face yourself. Only by understanding who you are can you face the trials of Mount Googolympus.”

“How do I learn the riddle of the algorithm?”

“Search the definition of algorithms on Google, and then search why ScrewTube, Twatter and Crackbook use them. Then search the same request on another search engine. You already know what the answer will be.”

I wake up.

“You fell asleep, so I turned off the movie. You must have had a busy day writing.”

“You can say that again. I am going to do some research before I go to sleep.”

I go to my computer. I open up Firefox, and I go to Googol. I type in the search field - What are Algorithms?

In computer science, programming, and math, an algorithm is a sequence of instructions where the main goal is to solve a specific problem, perform a certain action, or computation. In some way, an algorithm is a very clear specification for processing data, for doing calculations, among many other tasks.

I saw an article saying that CrackBook, Twatter and ScrewTube are using algorithms to suppress inflammatory and hate speech online. Why do they need to do that? The majority of people are not 'hateful Nazi bigots'. I don't see them in my home town. If they are such a problem, why don't I see them IRL? Why do you want to create solutions to prevent people from talking and seeing what they want online?

I go to Googol and start searching - Why does CrackBook, Twatter and ScrewTube use algorithms to curate what people can talk about and see online.

1. NYTimes - How Social Media Giants are tackling hate speech online.

Online hate speech has raised to epic levels. Users on Twatter, CrackBook and ScrewTube are calling on the platforms to do more to combat the alt-right after Charlottesville. Zuck Muckerborg says his engineers are looking into solutions to ensure inflammatory language that leads to violent riots are combatted on his platform.

2. Vox - Charlottesville should be a wake-up call for Facebook, Twitter and YouTube.

I don't understand how Mary Sue Wojocki, Zuck Muckerborg and WoJack Dorkey can have such a blind eye to the hate spreading on their platforms. There isn't a week I don't see hundreds of new vid-

eos, 1000s of Twatts and CrackBook posts that lead to Charlottesville.

3. The Huffington Post - Facebook, Twitter and YouTube are complicit with Heather Heyer's death.

Even though Zuck Muckerborg, WoJack Dorkey and Mary Sue Wojocki have personally condemned Heather's death and the violence at Charlottesville, their platforms continue to give space to the people who made it happen. We don't need cheap words, we need action.

Wow, this is what I get when I ask a simple question - Googol produces articles that demonize groups of people who represent an underwhelming minority of the online and offline community. Their search algorithms show me not only they are 100% for censoring people online, but they use a tragedy to do it - censorship could have saved that poor girl.

What is that new search engine everyone goes on about, Goose, Goose Chase? Let's try the same request. Why does CrackBook, Twatter and ScrewTube use algorithms that curate users' conversations and what they can view?

I go to Goose, Goose, Chase and I type into the search field - Why does CrackBook, Twatter and ScrewTube use algorithms to curate what people can talk about and see online.

1. Don't tread on Me - How to outsmart the CrackBook, Twatter and ScrewTube Algorithms

As social media platforms increase the use of their algorithms to demonetize and even bury channels, here is what I found worked.

2. National Review - CrackBook is censoring political speech on their platform

So why the outrage over CrackBook's applying the same standards that those television networks do? First, right-leaning news sources have been very successful at spreading their message on CrackBook.

3. USA Today - CrackBook listening to our conversations

CrackBook says they don't listen to our conversations," she said. "But they don't say they don't track you." In fact, the social network actually is quite open about the tracking. Most of us know...

What? My answer is still not answered. No matter where I go, there is only doom and gloom. Either I am Pro Censorship to save lives, which is absurd, or I am Pro Censorship dooming our world, equally ridiculous.

I take screenshots of both searches, and I log onto Twitheard. I click on the add Twitt button, and I compose my POST with the two screenshots.

@Googol Why did your search results come up with censorship that will help save lives when all I asked is why does @Crackbook, @Twater and @ScrewTube use algorithms to oversee communication?

Twitt.image.Googal.CensorshipsGood

@GooseGooseChase Why does your search engine say social media censorship and surveillance is bad when all I asked is why does @Crackbook, @Twater and @ScrewTube use algorithms to oversee communication?

Twitt.image.Goose.Goose.Chase.CensorshipsBad

I click on twatt, and within moments, there are dozens of responses to my tweets.

@Googol @TwaterAuthor30731 Because Thrump-tards like you killed Heather Heyer, that's why duck!

@Googol @TwaterAuthor30731 I can't wait to hear Freedom of Speech! That doesn't mean free-

dom from consequence!

@Googol @TwaterAuthor30731 Seriously, not this again! Googol is a private company and can do anything it wants!

@GooseGooseChase @TwaterAuthor30731 OMG, are you serious - if Googol, CrackBook, Twater, and ScrewTube have their way, we won't have a public platform to talk on.

@GooseGooseStop @TwaterAuthor30731 Someone has to warn people that these companies are enemies of the people!

@Googol @TwaterAuthor30731 How dare you defend the Alt-Right. Stop doing this or I'm not getting your next book!

@GooseGooseChase @TwaterAuthor30731 Are you seriously that retarded? They are listening to everything you are saying on your phone. Get rid of your phone!

@GooseGooseChase @TwaterAuthor30731 Because we need to do whatever it takes to live in a free and democratic society!

@Googol @TwaterAuthor30731 Don't side with the Nazis. . . I love your books. Please don't side with them!

@GooseGooseChase @TwaterAuthor30731 Don't side with those fascist big tech companies. I love your books. You're intelligent. Don't side with them.

I shake my head, time to go to bed!

— — —

When I fall asleep, I am in a city. The skyscrapers are so tall, and it is almost impossible to see the top from the ground level. Down the road, there is a massive lobster. It has to be twenty feet tall, and it looks long - a hundred feet long. It has to have at least fifty pinchers on it.

People are running from it, petrified of the monster.

But when they get to the corner, there are figures, all dressed in suits with no faces who start talking as the crowd runs from the lobster.

“We want diverse characters in games!” one of the figures says.

“Not just games, movies and books!” the second figure adds.

“We demand this. More diversity in our media!” the third comes in.

“Stop being patriarchal, you are making people disappear from the industry!” A fourth proclaims.

“And don’t forget, you can support us on Paymeon or PayFriend!” the first says.

The faceless people take out their phones and start typing. The faceless ones’ gossip streams go up to a star, which streams the gossip to the phones of members of the crowd. Some of the members begin to fight the faceless ones, and others start fighting the attackers. The lobster eats the fighters, and each person becomes a new claw.

“Behold the Twithead Hydra!” Jordan B. Peterson says. “You can see what creates it!”

“No?” I question.

“Go and fight it, try to save the people.”

I run for it.

“You are wrong. There is just enough diversity in all our media. We don’t need more,” I say.

“Wrong, and don’t use GamerGate lies!” one of the people said.

I run for the person, but the lobster moves between us. Whichever way I move, the monster is blocking me from the faceless ones. The avatar just smiles and laughs.

“You can’t defeat the Profits. We tell the lobster what it wants to hear, and it protects us, and we exploit it for all the Fame, Clout and Money we can make!”

So, everyone is fighting, because that star feeds the lobster, and these ‘Profits’ send their angry gossip far and wide.

“What is this hell?” I shout at the star.

Then a little caveman looks at me from the star!

“Angry Fire God Bad. Kill, Kill, Kill. Hate like me!” Grog says - and the star shines on the lobster.

The lobster swings another claw at me, and I duck out of the way. It swings again, and I tumble away, barely escaping the claw - it was inches away from me.

I focus my eyes on the claw, and a sword forms in my hand. I swing it with all my might, severing the claw. The lobster shouts in agony.

The Profit only smiles and takes out their phone, taking a picture and sending it to the star.

“Look at this misogynist, fighting against equality. We can’t let this egregious attack on feminism stand!”

More people listen, and the lobster eats them, and now it has more claws, growing with each person it eats. As I look at the stream of light coming from the star I see Crackbook posts, blogs, memes, Twitts and ScrewTube videos, and the new one TocBomb reels. It feeds the lobster, which infuriates it more, with more angry gossip the world has ever seen.

I start running away from it, towards Gaming Road at Hobbyist Street.

Again, the Profits are there.

“These feminists are ruining our games!” one says.

“And they are destroying our comics!” another shouts.

“They are banning Lolis. That is against free speech!” A third rings out.

“And they are taking over our books!” another starts shouting.

“And don’t forget to support us on SimpStar!” The Last shouts.

They send their gossip to the Algorithm, the star, and it sends it to more people. And the same thing happens. Some people start fighting the Profits, and some defend them. The lobster eats all the fighters, growing more formidable with each person it eats!

“Why is nobody fighting this?” I shout.

Nothing is standing up against the lobster, it’s like either people don’t see it, or they don’t think it can be defeated.

I run down another street, and I get to Platforms Circle.

And the Profits are there.

“Come to my social media platform, we offer free speech!” The profit in a parlour says.

“My has Crypto Currency, and free speech!” The profit pointing to his brain says.

“I have the biggest user base, use my platform!” A real go-getter profit says.

“And I use my servers, and they can’t take me down!” A gabbing profit says.

Some people listen to them. They start fighting amongst themselves, giving the lobster a chance to eat all the people.

The lobster is two hundred feet tall from legs to eye stalks and over 1000 feet long. Each step felt like a 5.0 earthquake.

There was no way I was going to defeat such a monstrosity. The sheer amount of anger the lobster consumed made it completely irrational and unreasonable.

I turn my back on the monstrosity, and I run. I fly past every Profit who tries to get my attention. I will not allow the lobster to eat me. I will not be part of this irrational hatred.

I get out of the city to a small lobster hill. It has dead lobsters, but nothing as big as what I see destroying the city. I climb up the hill, and I go down to my knees, shaking my head as I witness the destruction.

“I guess I can be my leader,” I say, shoulders slumping down and head staring at the ground.

The emptiness of my words left me little comfort. How can I defeat a behemoth like that by myself?

“You can only be your leader if you understand yourself,” Doctor Peterson says.

“Can I get a straight answer from you?”

“Okay, look up.”

As I look up, I see that I am buying the gossip the Algorithm provides me with every blog, Crackbook post, Twitt, Screwtube video, and TocBomb reels. They will destroy everything. Even though I don't tread on the “political posts” much, it was everywhere. I couldn't get away from all the bs, it was invading every space. The writing community on one side acts like Big Tech will kick them in a second, and on the other said - “You have to use these ideas or else.”

“I can only be my leader if I stop listening to the Algorithm.”

He smiles and nods.

The Algorithm lives in each person on the Internet who spends too much time on social media. The social media feeds we see every day has

trained us like Pavlov's dogs. We seek out the angriest and most inflammatory posts that confirm our bias and anger. The Algorithm feeds us everything we want to know, and it can lead us to some weird places. To quote Yoda, "We must unlearn what we have learned," at least from social media.

"The Human brain creates a different algorithm," he says. "Who are you, and whom can you be?"

I straighten my shoulders and lift my head.

"I've always been a storyteller and writer," I say. "I only want to share my work and other awesome authors' work with people, and there are so many awesome authors on the Internet. And I can tell people how the lobster has invaded our world!"

"Then go out and create your solutions for your life. Once you're ready, you will be able to defeat the lobster. It will be quite easy."

"And now I can get up to the summit of Mount Googolympus?"

"Yes, because you know who you are and whom you can be."

— — —

I move from lobster hill to Mount Googolympus. The forest glows with the light from electronic trees with glowing wires and lightbulbs. The path is growing brighter as I move towards MY destination.

Nothing bothers me while I walk towards it, though I can see some dark shadows following me. Are they curious or frightened, or are they hostile? They never make a move towards me - God only knows.

Then I get to the base of the mountain. Everyone believes it holds all of the human knowledge. Or is that just the feed? Maybe there is better knowledge in libraries - and a search system that gives me what I want, not what it wants.

Three guards stand in front of the steps.

"Look out, it is the Block, Mute and Quote buttons," one of the

shadows shouts to me.

I smile as I walk up to the trio of Profits.

“I want to go up the steps of Mount Googolympus,” I say.

“Get this Thrumper,” they say. “I want to go up the Steps of Mount Googolympus?”

The other two appear behind me and take a swipe, but I block them - knowing what they will do. They will not stop me from helping my community!

“Cancel them. They don’t belong here!”

I dodge the attack.

“I have some simple questions about Algorithms and this mess,” I state.

“Get this idiot - they have some questions about algorithms and this mess, guys?” Quoter says.

Again Block and Mute come up behind me and attack, and I doge and block the incoming attacks with the truth.

“Are you dense, you’re not allowed here, Thrumptard!” They say.

I look at Block.

“Seriously, you are so afraid of my questions that you have to attack me, you’re pathetic.”

“Duck you, you’re blocked!”

I turn and look at Mute.

“Are your precious feelings so valuable, you would allow the lobster to destroy everything good about the Internet?” I ask.

“I won’t listen, that’s your fault, Thrumpy, not ours!”

And then I look at the Quoter.

“Come on, let me find the answer to destroy the lobster and bring sanity back to the Internet!”

“Hey guys, this Thrumptard says, ‘Come on, let me find the answer to destroy that lobster and bring sanity back to the Internet!’”

Nothing happens.

“What?” Quoter says.

“They blocked and muted me, out of my way!” I say as I push through him.

“Hey guys, he said They blocked and muted me, out of my way!” Quoter says.

As I walk past, a ghostly-greenish troll starts walking with me. He starts jumping on weird-looking people shouting, “I’m a super troll-i-o”!

I turn the corner, and the troll takes a bow - “It’s not about which side wins, it’s about being the hero the Internet needs, not the one it deserves.”

I smile.

A woman comes up to a drive-through.

“I want chicken nuggets,” she orders.

“We don’t serve them until 11:00 am, Miss,” the drive-through attendant says.

“Yes, you ducking do, I want my chicken nuggets!” she shouts.

“We don’t have them!”

“Don’t make me assume my final form!” she shouts as she hits the drive-through window.

The manager comes and shuts the window.

“Is she on drugs?” he asks as she keeps smashing at the window.

And millions of people laugh at the woman, fed by the Algorithm. They bullied her for getting upset, owning her!

I keep walking.

I see a nice guy look at a girl saying, “Hey, how would like it if you were robbed?”

“Oh wow, I can tell we’re going to be the kind of co-workers who become good friends.”

The nice guy says, “Wow, really?”

The girl, being fed by the Algorithm says, “Oh, Hell no.”

More cartoons appear. “New Year, New Guy, New Attitude, huh. How about we be nice to each other for a change, huh!”

More people want peace, but they can’t fight the lobster. They are petrified because it grows stronger and stronger, fed by the Algorithm.

“I would like to speak to your Manger?” A woman says.

“I’m my boss, what do you want?” I ask.

“Your story is not good enough,” she says.

“By what standard?” I ask.

“By the entire human race. Your story sucks. Stop writing it,” she says.

“I won’t. You do not understand the burden of glorious purpose in

my soul.”

I walk past her.

— — —

I get to the summit, and I see a gleaming temple. It is gold and full of circuitry. The temple is sixty cubits wide, sixty cubits tall, sixty cubits deep, and the Algorithm floats above it, like an eye and mouth at the same time. You know, the kind right straight out of the Bible. Before the temple, the Profits worship it, lifting their arms in the air.

“Fame, clout, money!” They shout in unison, praying to the Algorithm for prosperity.

I walk up to the temple, wondering what the duck I am seeing. Every Profit does whatever it takes to gain what they want - saying whatever they can to grab the crowd’s attention - and some say the most outrageous things they can.

I choose my life, not the Algorithm. I don’t need it to make a difference in the world. Did the apostles need Twitheard, Crackbook, or Screw-Tube to turn the world upside down? No, God worked with them, and they performed exploits.

Three people come out of the temple. It was first Zuck Muckerborg and to his right and left WoJack Dorkey and Mary Sue WoJocki.

“You are not worshipping like the others?” Zuck Muckerborg asks.

“I’m just here for answers,” I say.

“We shall do our best,” Mary Sue Wojocki says.

“I am wondering, how do we defeat the lobster. The Algorithm keeps feeding it, and it threatens the entire Internet. Where is it coming from?”

“Let me answer. In the beginning, we created social media. We created places on the Internet where you could share with your friends and

family, follow celebrities and post up fun videos to watch,” WoJack Dorkey says.

“But people would only go on for five minutes here and there, and we weren’t making as much profit as we wanted,” Wojocki added. “And many still don’t stay on our platforms.”

“So we collaborated. We came up with the perfect idea,” Muckerborg says.

“We created a perfect program. If someone likes one group, video or account, there were several others you may also like. If you liked Helping Writers Become Authors on writing, we wanted to suggest Well-Storied as well. The Algorithm would make sure you would stick with our services more as we suggested people and ideas you followed,” Wojocki said.

“But something happened,” Dorkey said.

“Our Algorithm helped GamerGate!” Wojocki said.

“And that was the beginning of the end for our tool. People we didn’t like used the Algorithm to organize and motivate each other. They started to organize on our platforms. They made Brexit happen,” Muckerborg says.

“And then they made Thrumpy happen!” Wojocki said.

“We have to do something about that, so we fought against Make ‘Murica Great Again, the white supremacists, Brexit, and everything that offended us.” WoJack Dorkey says.

“But no matter what we did on our platform, it did nothing. They kept on coming back, and in greater numbers,” Muckerborg said as he smirked.

“Now, we can only ban their groups, channels, and accounts. We have to prevent them from growing stronger. We can’t let the Algorithm suggest their groups and ideas anymore.”

I felt my eyes pop out of their sockets as they explained.

“What would you suggest?” Muckerborg asks.

“You people don’t know much about people. Let me put it in simple terms. You trained everyone to seek the validation that your system gave. Of course, they are going to go out and grow continually. They believe they are always right and are never wrong. By preventing them from communicating, they feel that even more. Your programming and moderation solution is not a solution.”

“But what do we do then?” Wojocki asks.

“You tell them the truth. The world they believe is the result of thousands of messages, Twitts, articles, blogs and videos confirming what they believe continually. Maybe they will verify if the world is as bad as they say - and not through the feed. The feed will only prove them right - they must learn to doubt themselves again. No person or group is perfect and understands everything.”

They stare at me.

“That won’t work!” Muckerborg says.

“We must establish the rules - that is the only way we can maintain order,” Wojocki says.

“Here are the ten technommandments,” Dorkey says.

“Thou shalt not have a social media company before us. If thou does, thou art a threat to our democracy, and we will remove you!”

“Thou shalt not build such a social media company, for if you do, thou art inciting violence against our democracy!”

“Thou shalt not show our hypocrisy, for if thou does that, thou art inciting violence, and we shall vaporize you!”

“Thou shalt not dox a leftist, for if thou does, thou art inciting violence. But if thou dox an MMGA person, thou art righteous, and we will reward you!”

“Thou shalt not harass a leftist on our platforms, for if thou art, you are inciting violence, but if thou harass someone who complains about political correctness, thou are worthy of praise!”

“If your parents are Leftists, thou shalt praise them and be praised. If you dislike your parents for being Leftists, then thou inciteth violence!”

“If your parents are MMGA and you ridicule and out them, thou shalt be praised. If you don’t ridicule them, the mob shall condemn!”

“Thou shalt not uphold the unworthy, like Sargoon of Aghast, for that is guilt. If thou uphold Anita Sarcasiam, then thou shalt be praised and be worthy!”

“Thou shalt not say the media lies and promote conspiracy theories, for that inciteth violence!”

“Thou shalt not think for yourself, follow our algorithm and thou shall be free!”

As they spoke, the Algorithm was shining on them. I shake my head because they don’t realize the Algorithm is feeding them their answers.

“You don’t even know what you’re even talking about. Your Algorithm is telling you what you need to say, and you’re just as blind as the people who didn’t ask themselves if what they were learning was true!” I say.

And then Zuck moved forward and the Algorithm feeds him. He grows with each step, turning into a gigantic robot.

“If you think that means anything, you are in for a surprise!” Muckerborg says, each step pounding the ground.

Yet another impossible foe, I laugh to myself!

I run away from the Muckerborg.

It is not time, not here. I need to get him just in the right place so everyone will notice.

— — —

Muckerborg stops. The Algorithm is feeding him as he grows stronger and taller. He towers over everything, looking out at the online world. There isn't anything that CrackBook doesn't tell him.

"I have the power, nothing can stop me. I rule this world!" he shouts.

Yeah, you rule over hell on Earth!

I walk down to a new place in the digital sphere I call Myspace. I bow down and say a small prayer before the altar that has formed.

Lord, help me reveal the truth. Social media is just the Algorithm feeding the Profits and lobster's greed, paranoia and fears.

I feel at peace. Nothing on social media can harm me now. No weapon formed against me shall ever prosper.

I leave the sanctuary and walk back to the town. I see this is where I will fight Muckerborg, right here, at noon. Revolvers appear at my side, and a white hat appears on my head. No Fedoras for this guy!

First, I have to confront the Profits and lobster. If I can get people to stop fighting, most people only stay on social media for four or five minutes, the ones who stay longer are the people who fight twenty-four-seven, all day long.

"I'm hungry, and lobster is back on the menu guys," I say.

First, the Profits and then the lobster face me, but I mount a horse that appears. I nod at them and take out my revolvers. They sneer at me and start rushing me.

"It's time for a showdown at IT Corel!" I say.

“You can’t use that writing trope, it’s a neckbeard cliché that shouldn’t exist in 2022!” one of the Profits says.

“I will use whatever trope I would like. I am my leader. A good writer refuses to be socialized. They insist on their version of things, their consciousness. And by doing so, they draw the reader’s eye from its usual grove into a new way of seeing things!” I reply.

“You can’t do that. They’re not one of us, attack it lobster!” Another Profit says.

The lobster attacks me, shouting out thousands of Twitts, Crack-book posts, ScrewTube videos.

“Honk Honk is Heil Hitler, clown world is Nazis!”

“CRT is destroying our children!”

“Feminism is Cancer!”

“Thrumptards are dangerous misogyny!”

“Misogynists are destroying democracy!”

“Incels are murderers, they’ll kill us all!”

“The New World Order is out to kill us!”

“Angry fire god bad, kill, kill, kill, hate like me!”

I laugh, it’s only gossip, and gossip can’t harm those who understand who they are and who they can be.

“Don’t you understand, lobster? The Profits need you. They will anger you so they can make money off of you. You fight, the Profits take receipts, they show their followers, and they support them. The Profits on ‘both sides’ exploit you for fame, clout, and money!” I say.

“No, stop listening, don’t believe this human garbage!” A different Profit says.

“Why, because you need your puppets to make money?” I retort.

“It’s not about money, we need to make the world a better place by getting rid of the other side!” another Profit says.

“You must be lying, or lying to yourself. If you get rid of them, then

you will have nothing to talk about on your ScrewTube videos, and then you would be broke!” I say.

And the lobster stops, confused.

“I am telling you the truth. You can only make your life if you reject these gossipers’ agenda. Has the world become better since GamerGate? Have you Made ‘Murica Great Again? Has the Brexit movement fixed things? How about 4th wave feminism fighting misogyny and white supremacy?” I ask.

Then the shadows come out, an army on horseback, and the Lobster sees all the people who realize this as well. Online gossip is meaningless. It’s better to work hard and create your life.

The lobster starts to transform into new people, all riding horses - inspired by my example, they stop attacking people for no good reason. The riders stop listening to the Profits and their gossip, and they won’t waste their time on them.

Then the Muckerborg shows up.

“No, you can’t do this, if they stop fighting, they stop earning me money!” he shouts.

“No Zuck, you can’t have them. I have freed the slaves!” I say.

“The online world is mine, I rule everything, I decide what is even allowed. I’ll ban you from my platform, and all my friends as well. No books on Zon, no Twitts on Twitheard, no Videos on ScrewTube - nothing!” he shouts.

“I don’t need them, and there are new solutions every day!”

I aim with my revolver, aiming for his heart.

“You created the Algorithm to make everyone angry at each other because it makes you money, and the Profits learned your secret too. You all inspire others to anger by exploiting their fears!”

“And that’s why I have the fame, the clout, the money!

“I have the power!

“They will all be angry because I will it!” Zuckerberg says.

“You can’t stop an idea. Everyone will reject the anger the Algorithm has pushed on them. People will unlearn what they have learned, and we will start to understand each other online. We will make the Internet a place of learning and sharing. We will all realize that Internet gossip is toxic and kills people. Gossip is intolerable!”

I fire, and the idea goes out into the online world. People live their own lives and agendas, not the Profits’ or Muckerborg’s. They won’t live in anger, fear and resentment because someone posts angry gossip on social media. Everyone is free!

— — —

Running in the Park - Seven years later

I check my Fitbit. The timer is approaching ten minutes. The sun shines down, but the trees offer some shade - what a beautiful July day. The sweat keeps rolling off my brow, and I blink as some stings my eyes. I notice the squirrels running back and forth ahead of me. I take in a deep breath and keep going.

Taking a forty-minute jog is tough, but I am the only person who can make my life happen. I am the master of my destiny — the harder I work on things, the better my life becomes.

I’m listening to Spotify, and one of my favourite songs is playing - “Coming Attractions” by Steven Curtis Chapman

“Let Your kingdom come in me, let Your will be done in
me

Here on Earth as it is and as it will be in Heaven”

No dings this time, I keep my feed pretty clean these days. Nothing outlandish or hyperbolic.

“Show Your glory to the world, tell Your story to the
world
Let my life be a preview of coming attractions
Yeah, coming attractions”

I keep running down the path, and the next exit is just around the corner, maybe a few hundred yards. I pick up the pace and turn onto the road back to my home. I am going to enjoy my yogurt today after a great run.

The End

About the Author

Mark Schuenemann has been writing since 6-years old when a teacher gave him a journal and a pencil. He loves Dungeons and Dragons, Sci-fi movies and TV shows, especially superheroes. With a lifelong fascination with humanity, he decided to write these stories about raw human emotions and experiences. All tales are interactions between people, so the plot, character and story are all intertwined in ways that transcend most people's understanding until they see it.

Webtastic Stories is about how infinite validation and pushing angry narratives can destroy people's lives. The best way out of the vicious cycle that the internet can become is to focus on your life and what you can do.

Mark was born and raised in Southern Ontario and enjoys video games, books and comics, and spending time with his fiancée and their pup, Calvin Klein. Good day and good luck!

Contact Me

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I share several blogs on writing, world-building and game development on my website. I am in the process of creating video content to take these lessons to YouTube throughout this year.

I hope to hear back from you, if you love or hate my book - it's helpful to me either way.

