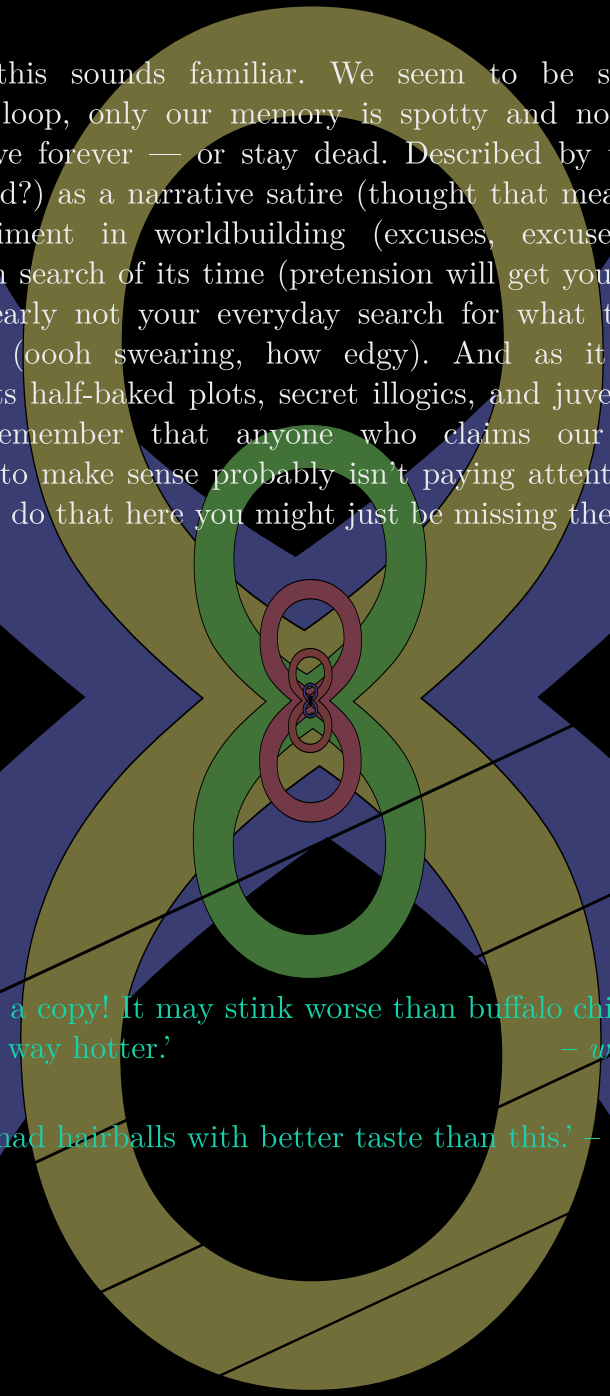


'It's nothing like how I remember it.' – anon entity

Hmmm, this sounds familiar. We seem to be stuck in a temporal loop, only our memory is spotty and not everyone gets to live forever — or stay dead. Described by the author (who asked?) as a narrative satire (thought that meant funny), an experiment in worldbuilding (excuses, excuses), or an allegory in search of its time (pretension will get you nowhere), this is clearly not your everyday search for what the fuck is going on (oooh swearing, how edgy). And as it meanders through its half-baked plots, secret illogics, and juvenile name-calling, remember that anyone who claims our lives are supposed to make sense probably isn't paying attention, and if you try to do that here you might just be missing the point.

'Print a copy! It may stink worse than buffalo chips but burns way hotter.' – wise ass

'I've had hairballs with better taste than this.' – Busch



NO + Day

ZR

NO + Day

ZR

