

"Now Out Thru the Rectum Gates!"

Nicholas Katsafanas

Pentadic Mode: > 80.0%

2,894:3,281 88.20%

Episode I: 1002:1140 87.89%

—01 164:174 94.25% To be fair, I was about half in the bag off a complimentary Italian Pilsner a dude from There There distributed to the entire bar right when America won its second straight World Cup contest when I made note of the receptionist at East Side Pocket on speakerphone reciting three distinct options of ten, fifteen, or zero percent tip on this three hundred plus dollar catered platter for my impending Baby Shower, which caused Tree to pause momentarily, phone in her palm, mouthing "ten?" to

me in an air-interrogative nonverbal, then confirming "um ten percent please" after I ambivalently nodded my skull, to which the receptionist boldly replied "that's fine."

—02 55:64 85.94% "That's fine?" I reflected with a certain burning urgency, perhaps in fact half in the bag, because was it actually just "fine," that I left a ten percent, objectively generous tip for a bespoke platter I was required to pick up in person?

—03 78:83 93.98% What service precisely was it I was tipping for anyway, and over the phone of all places, not even at the dreaded iPad flip at the cashier counter, given that there was no delivery offered, to my domicile or table, for a plethora of

items the damn place priced in a seemingly static fashion online?

—04 104:119 87.39% I'd found myself fascinated with the final five or so years of Layne Staley's life of late, but purely through the purview of his personal Wikipedia, which suggested he apparently spent entirely isolated in a fifteen hundred square foot condo in Seattle, following the death by drug overdose of a former fiancée, only making a public appearance on Halloween of Ninety Eight, declining to sing on stage with Jerry Cantrell

—05 89:96 92.71% The fuckin guy was basically entirely decomposed by the time his family discovered him dead in his apartment probably from an eightball overdose, and I considered friends of mine who of course weren't

quite six feet at eighty six pounds like Layne, but who I could fairly easily envision ending up decomposed and dead long before their natural expiration

—06 53:63 84.13% I was preparing a big ass bowl of brown rice and spinach with high quality olive oil as my cell rang at a decibel I wasn't exactly satiated by—of course it was Curtis calling to discuss what else but his adult film endeavors

—07 81:94 86.17% Niko, you'll probably never believe me in a millennia of decades, he began, but I got a phone call from a federal agent just yesterday, not even to bust my fucking balls about my most recent cumshot compilation, where, sure, maybe half the scenes got shot in

public parks, but instead the guy starts blabbing about being a black budget deep state contractor

—08 40:48 83.33% (Of course I was slightly dubious, not that Curtis was speaking to a person who claimed to be a deep state agent, but that the guy was in any way, shape or form was who he fucking said he was)

—09 95:117 81.20% Now allegedly, Curt continued, and you could already be aware of all this, I, for one, wasn't, but I'm gleaning that there's some sort of long standing alien hybrid program that's been operating for decades within the American deep state?—but now the organization's looking to scale up, and they basically require a much more expansive cum dispensary, but, like this guy said, who's really all that

pumped about potentially porking an alien?

—10 113:132 85.61% Sure, Curt said, some of these E.T.'s can be pretty comely, but a lot of them apparently look like pond reptiles with special needs, so the Feds want cock that'll actually function under said sort of adverse conditions—so, now that I'm thinking about it, it's actually totally reasonable to recruit to a guy like me, given my expertise in literal pansexual porn, in a weird way, Niko, I'm the fucking Godfather of pansexuality for our generation, of blasting in every orifice with aplomb!

—11 130:150 86.67% I replied that, if this purported offer was in fact sincere, which I obviously doubted severely, then I felt fairly confident he was

getting ruthlessly played, either by a legitimate scammer, or an intelligence agent, who're really lower than con artists, but it could potentially be a boon for him financially if by some act of Christ it was actually accurate, especially as the N.B.A. Finals wound down, with my speculative portfolio of pro sport swaps unfortunately dissipating, he needed venture capital now more than ever

Episode II: 461:517 89.17%

—01 137:144 95.14% I'd probably eaten about forty falafels over the past day when I made the decision I couldn't, no matter how much I desperately wanted to, consume another falafel under any circumstances, despite the fact I found

these particular fried chickpeas highly delicious, so I took six pieces of what remained and placed them on a paper plate, leaving them strategically in a so-called bistro where I knew for a fact a variety of middle-aged Caucasian females would walk by, often looking for morsels of free food to consume.

—02 88:107 82.24% From the vantage point of my office, where I composed the vast majority of my livestreams in my favored WeWork communal space, I could monitor the reactions of said passers-by, as they took note of the exposed food items, stopped in their tracks, paused in confusion, and whispered a plethora of non sequiturs to themselves as they ambled on, unwilling to shove a single falafel with hummus into their gullets

—03 49:59 83.05% The Feds, according to Curtis, made a violent raid of his fuckfest set the night previous, with a man in a long black trenchcoat accusing him of treasonous sex acts, which Curt took to mean: considering fornicating with aliens

—04 62:66 93.94% How's fucking off world entities America first anyway, he said, sensibly I thought, weren't homo sapien aliens bad enough, without procreating with immigrants from other planets, but then again don't businesses have a God-given right to pursue profits?

—05 80:87 91.95% After all, if Wall Street can employ wage slaves in East Asia to boost profits at the direct expense of Detroit brick layers and farmers gift jobs to Mexicans sans

green cards to milk American cows, why is it so out of the box for an independent porn producer to fornicate with a couple gray aliens in the pursuit of liberty

—06 45:54 83.33% It's almost discriminatory, Curt said, noting the guy in all black gave him a card that lacked a name, only displaying a ten digit phone number that didn't seem to match any area code he'd seen to date

Episode III: 670:777 86.23%

—01 69:75 92.00% It's like, back in Layne Staley's day, heroin addicts actually had talent, and famous rock stars lived in modest fifteen hundred square foot condos in Seattle, not posh aristocrat mansions on the Westerly

oceanfront like the carpet munchers who receive the most streams on Spotify today

—02 54:58 93.10% And fellas weren't blasting loads up each other's asses for paying bespoke customers on OnlyFans, because this country still had some fucking decency when it came to acts like grown ass men ejaculating within one another

—03 33:40 82.50% We weren't all talking about anal creampie's all the time, and if we were we damn sure believed it should be a real man's jissom shot up a ripe young gal's asshole!

—04 72:89 80.90% Nowadays the sole way to make a decent buck is to draw a damn hentai where bin Laden is

sticking a veiny desert dong straight up the hairy butthole of a particular Laura Loomer, and the only patron for the fucking piece is the cunt Loomer herself, because it's the girls with the furry balloon knots who have the major influencer money

—05 55:65 84.62% In the bygone Layne Staley era, by contrast, an unapologetic Zionist whore like Loomer would work as a modest typist at a soon-to-be-indicted South Florida law firm, popping out kids for some poor fuck who had nipple rings and a three inch cock

—06 64:76 84.21% "But his girth is at least average," she'd meekly confess to her girlfriends, blacked out off her third Long Island Iced Tea, at an "appy hour" in a strip mall where everyone

wanted to "live on the wild side" and try this exotic dish called "Chicken Dumplings," a plate they'd all inevitably fail to find satisfying

—07 34:35 97.14% Meanwhile, Staley is fucking eighty pounds, blasting back multiple speedballs in a modest Upper Northwest condominium like a real man

—08 93:108 86.11% Yet today a heroin addict isn't shit but a white waitress who sprained her ankle trying out pickleball, who gets ruthlessly prescribed a three month's dose of opioids, but she's too straight-laced to sell the shit for a profit, so instead she pops them like an obedient little patient until she's sucking off graffiti artists for the privilege of assisting to

raise three adolescent kids nobody has custody of

—09 45:51 88.24% Now mobsters run YouTube accounts where they make bold claims about who's less gay on livestreams, bringing on semen receptacles like Amber Rose to discuss why supporting Trump is actually logical

—10 74:85 87.06% A certain percentage of the male population of this country now literally have pussies, because doctors have constructed physical cunts where their cocks and balls used to be, all the while Serena Williams looks like Carl Weathers from the waist down and so-called straight men fight over who can spew more cum onto her perfectly chiseled bicep

—11 77:95 81.05% The conclusion I'm gradually arriving at, Curt said, is that back in Layne Staley's era, if a man wanted to, say, take a routine piece of pork loin up his colon that was his personal business, there wasn't a fucking subreddit dedicated to it, and if he injected heroin on the regular, then you knew for a fact he had the vocal chords of a fucking angel!

Episode IV: 307:336 91.37%

—01 80:78 102.56% The truth is of course the Pentagon's built deep underground military bases that, in all likelihood, have been complicit in engaging with extraterrestrial entities on a variety of societal levels, but does

that explicitly involve cross-species fuckfests that we can verify?

—02 96:110 87.27% The reality as Curt deemed it was that we had inadequate background info on the anatomies of these aliens for certain—could you buttfuck an organism that ostensibly lacks a physical anus to speak of?—so if these deep state assholes wanted to employ his firm as a third party vendor for this hybrid bullshit, then they should probably lighten up on the impromptu raiding and start dispensing relevant details

—03 35:42 83.33% I was considering asking a geriatric Caucasian lady if she'd seen any of the falafels I was pretty positive she'd tossed into the trash

—04 96:06 90.57% Later, we went to La Braza to smoke a single shisha and discuss this scenario more extensively, when a heavysset Dominican lady explicitly called us out as gringos in a particularly rapid Spanish to the lively crowd of elderly, Hispanic karaoke crooners, apparently unaware my middle name was Enrique Iglesias and that I identified as Latino

Episode V: 454:511 88.85%

—01 61:64 95.31% Was it necessarily ill-advised that Curt discovered himself routinely taking a solitary drive around town to whack back a couple wines, just because his wife would give him a whole load of shit if

he caught a buzz at home every day,
did I think?

—02 61:70 87.14% Admittedly, I expressed a modicum of concern about drinking while driving in the idea of a possible D.U.I. arrest, but Curt countered my concern by noting he was, after all, a white man, while I personally, obviously, identified as Latino

—03 64:76 84.21% Listen, I said, at the end of the night if you feel like you're alone time is best spent behind the wheel of your cum white Honda minivan, ripping a couple to-go bottles of Prosecco, then I won't stand in your way, because ultimately I respect your agency as a rational human being

—04 87:95 91.58% Personally, I'd concluded drinking the equivalent of a couple of Mai Tais but dispersed through various servings of liquor across multiple hours of drinking, that that type of imbibing left me more or less feeling like the equivalent of a mutilated corpse the next morning, but it was Curtis's preferred schedule, so I'd abide by it from time to time

—05 58:72 80.56% Was it false or accurate that I'd eat a mile of shit to shove my face in our waitress's bulbous cornhole, he inquired, and I considered the proposition with a real level of sincerity, as I didn't necessarily deem it an absurd question to ask your colleague

—06 75:86 87.21% I'd personally, I'm pretty sure, let her squat right on my

face while I just faintly jacked myself off, then I'd call up Tom Homan after I came and make sure she entered the country legally, Curt concluded, delicately balancing his base personal politics with a rote seminal desire that, to be fair, many men experienced

—07 48:48 100.00% But anyway, I said, with copious smoke streaming from both my manually expanded nostrils, the fuck's happening with this whole alien hybrid porno program you've been telling me about?