



I Fucked Myself

A Pre-Post-Life Crisis

Ben Caesar

I Fucked *Myself*

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For Eleonora

Hey, honey, welcome to hell.

Baby i love you, but do you love me more? Since we are not together, do i turn to a whore? Baby, you gotta love your man. Baby, for you, he got a plan. So do you love your man? Baby please love your man...

—Ted El Dorado

If there is love, deaths are as pretty as valentine heartbreaks.

—Zen proverb

I Fucked Myself

I do not know what death is, but i am not fearing it. Why am i not fearing death? Because I do not know what life is; but i am living it. Similarly, death will be a stranger too.

I fucked myself today,

Despite everything I utilized a
preventative.

I would not like to impregnate myself
with my own particular point of view.

I fucked myself. Once more. I would murder myself at this moment, once more, on the off chance that I could.

I fucked myself today,
To see if i still feel,
I focus on the orgasm,
The only thing that is beyond real,
Trent Reznor didn't kill himself,
He was a poseur;
Johnny Cash did many forgettable
covers before his death.
You only remember him by one of
them.

I fucked myself today; she was my soul consciousness in parallel body. I made her pregnant. I made myself pregnant. The baby born was myself born again to the world through myself. I am my own mother. I am my own father. I am my own son. I am my own daughter. This is my pre-life. This is my after-life. This is my worldly life. This is my physical life. This is my virtual life, and this is my spiritual life too.

Dear reader! Since you have, I set out say, made your assessment on this issue more than copiously clear, may I at long last be managed the chance to react? Much obliged to you. You have talked articulately, and I do value your certainty and authenticity. Be that as it may, after due thought of your most unyielding proposition, I lament to educate you that I will not be going nor fucking myself, not currently and not within a reasonable time-frame.

I say this knowing very well indeed the degree to which your proposition concerning the fucking of myself was stressed, both with hand signals and the raising of your voice past that of common discussion, and in spite of

the obvious direness which moved you to rehash the suggestion seven times in fast progression.

As much as I, a courteous fellow, might want to suit you, I am in any case anxious that I should dismiss your proposal crazy. I discover it straight untenable. What's more, however I welcome the worry show in your announcement in regards to the utilization to which I may put my base, I don't consider the choice of fucking myself—with a broomstick, sideways, as I trust you indicated—to be a strategy deserving of my interest.

Truth be told, at the danger of sounding impolitic, your way and

expressing have made me question whether you have my best advantages at the top of the priority list. Undoubtedly, sir, given the threatening vibe and absence of respectability with which your proposal was conveyed to my consideration, I imagine that the case could without much of a stretch be made that, on the other hand, you ought to be simply the one to go and fuck.

Maybe you may wish to continue with that endeavor by utilizing the previously mentioned broomstick in the sideways way you were so kind as to recommend prior.

Gracious, you don't value that recommendation? Brightly withdrawn, at that point. Maybe any reasonable person would agree that we have achieved something of an impasse on this fucking-of-oneself issue, and that we should settle on a truce, in a manner of speaking, and move along to a portion of alternate activities that you, in the brief span we have known each other, have proposed that I attempt. For example, your thought that it may be favorable for me to fuck my mom.

Give us, to keep the conversation going, a chance to assume that my mom were still among the living. And still, at the end of the day, the

possibility of taking part in sex with her regardless raises inside me an entire host of shocking affiliations which, I feel completely certain about saying, even after extraordinary rumination regarding the matter, it would not be inside my energy to overcome.

I daresay that the front activity, of fucking your mom in my own particular mother's stead, nonetheless, abandons me no such compunctions and is an endeavor I am more than willing to focus on as of now.

On the off chance that the character and comportment of the issue of her

womb is any sign, I really want to expect that getting your mom's assent for such a demonstration—including the oral and butt-centric infiltration which your comments so obviously depict—would be a simple issue.

Believe me when I say to you that I have tuned in to and appropriately considered all that you have said to me. In any case, in all candor, I can in any case guarantee you that I will assuredly not be eating a sack of dicks or pushing it up or blowing it out—whatever "it" may be, as you have left that pivotal pronoun grievously without precursor—my butt.

Actually, after the majority of this discourse, there's just a single conclusion I have achieved that I'm even remotely certain is valid: You're a goddamned mother loving cocksucker.

With All Due Regard, I Pick Not To Go
Fuck Myself

Great day, sir!

Foundation: Crippling SAD which caused MDD. Determined to have NOS identity issue. Schizoid and marginal qualities. Did treatment, 3 distinct SSRIs, kept away from liquor, all that I was fucking expected to. Important username.

Occasion: Paranoid of getting recognized so pardon the dubiousness. A basic open door emerged that all the more at that point live up to my desires. You could state it was even a fantasy in a generally devastate condition loaded with couple of different alternatives, all obnoxious. Furthermore, I messed it up. I needed to be wary and counsel with a trusted counselor before I pushed ahead. This cost me the open door. Didn't move sufficiently quick. I did EVERY.FUCKING.THING.RIGHT and thusly I fucked myself. Such a significant number of "If just I had X" contemplations. Better believe it, I get it, the world's uncalled for however GOD.FUCKING.DAMN.IT this is simply

past unfeeling. You take somebody as of now very nearly suicide, you give them a stunning open door, make them really trust it's achievable, motivate them to control through every one of their devils, and after that, when they are at the stature of really feeling ordinary (even energized), you uncover it was each of the a debilitated, shrewd, CRUEL joke.

Feelings: FUCKING.LIVID, Distraught, Despondent and sad.

As of now: Drinking. I drink the hard stuff yet I figure I'm on drink number 5 possibly. Gracious, neglected to include, I'm likewise an analyzed alcoholic (It's currently known as

liquor mishandle clutter). Snatched some dozing pills too. They help diminish resilience, however in the event that they happen to stop my heart, hello, surprisingly better.

Plan: I've effectively defined and arranged an arrangement and the majority of the prerequisites are set up. I as of now planned to murder myself notwithstanding, yet this equitable bonds the idea. Furthermore, perhaps propels the timetable.

Safeguards: Suicide harms individuals, this I know. Some level of hurt is unavoidable, however in my current circumstance (and in addition the occasions) I would cause unnecessary

fix torment. And after that there's not having a will. I don't need a solitary penny setting off to my narcissistic human rottenness guardians. I had initially moved toward completing in late Jan/early Feb however now, well.....fuck. Who cares at all.

Last: I'm so fucking tired of this poop transpiring. I'll even concede, some of it was my own particular doing, however the majority of it was undeserved. I'm burnt out on feeling along these lines. Of summoning the last piece of exertion I need to get my crap together just to be assaulted in the ass. I feel like life simply spit in my face and let me know "omg lol jk washout, murder yourself".

Call anybody (cops/doctor's facility/whatever). I won't on account of 1) I have an absurd dread of making telephone calls and 2) as of now been hospitalized, it was exhausting as fuck and did little to help me.

Hey Alfred, go fuck yourself!

Sincerely,

Batman

I would go fuck myself, but i have standards.

Hey Dilbert, why is Office Space such a 90s movie? How is life in that pleasant era before 9/11 ? Are you are still stuck in that time period within the confines of space-time amalgamation?

Thought so, you stupid dog!

Why is every book you read so generic and been there done that these days? It's all the same. We have no Fight Clubs in post 2000s.

Mass extinctions

Ordovician–Silurian mass extinction.

...

Late Devonian mass extinction. ...

Permian mass extinction....

Triassic–Jurassic mass extinction. ...

Cretaceous–Tertiary mass extinction.

Anthropocene extinction: the Earth is in the midst of a modern, man-made, sixth extinction – only the AI and the robots survive ??

If humans go extinct, will human-like creatures evolve again?

**Earth! A shit-hole! A MASSIVE CRAP
TAKEN BY THE UNIVERSE, AND WE
ARE ALL DECOMPOSING SHIT
COMING OUT OF ITS UTERUS!**

I peered into the future - it was the past.

I looked back at my life and my memories. They don't exist in this realm. Where am i? A netherworld, and yet, it is this world that i am still inside. You are inside this world. This world is not real. I don't exist! You don't exist! Where are we? Your first memories of your life will be your last.

We are more evolved than ever. We are more intelligent than ever. Our technology has never been more futuristic, and we are inside the future that is controlled by the devil who operates from the world parallel to us.

He is like *Aku* of *Samurai Jack*. And there is nothing wrong with this future we are in. We are like the gods now, and let the blasphemy continue until 'God' destroys us, and ends our misery forever.

Entering Spiritual World while awake and physical.

Entering dreams while still conscious.

What do you see? Which plane are you in? You are inside a world that exists within the para-world occupied by all of us. Perhaps we are a figment of our own imaginations.

I look at this kid playing in front of his mother. His mother will die. He will also die. Why did they exist? To learn a lesson in this realm? Is motherhood sacred when you are born after your mother has disgusting sex with random stranger(s) ?

Death is just the beginning, of another life? Is the afterlife a spiritual eternity? Are we born again? We exist now, and we will exist again?

Death isn't much of anything in the end. We make such a big deal out of it. But up close, it's like nothing. A body without life, nothing more. People are like animals. You love them, you bury them and then it's over.

Your parents are strangers. Every person you've ever known in your life is a stranger to you. You are always alone, even when surrounded by many people. You came into this world alone, and you will leave this world alone. You are always alone. Your journey is only yours, and there is no point to it. There is no light at the end of the tunnel.