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Lyrical I

Global Death Orgy draws near

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Probably Gustave Doré, Wojaks at the Global Death Orgy Any word, thought the ancient man, is like a spell—say it right and you'll bewitch, heal, curse, or worse yet, without any ulterior motive, with just one word you'll turn the world arse over tit like with a nuclear bomb. Boom! Bang! Ba-bam! Right then, you're fucked, cunts, thought the ancient man of those around him, and became a spell-caster.

He went up to the eldest in the tribe, whilst the man was picking through his discontinued teeth on his palm, and grunted “Ba-bam!” and the geezer up and died of a heart attack. Just a word, and look at the effect! An absolute banger of an effect!

So the spell-caster went about, bamming, booming, babamming and all that malarkey, and in the end he’d bewitched every last soul in the tribe. The effect was different and completely unpredictable; predictable was only the presence of an effect. Off he went to the neighbouring tribe, to put the hex on those bastards, too. He walked, giggling, rubbing his mucky hands together, whispering his incantations, nearly wore his tongue raw.

—Steady on there, comrade,—the voice of reason instructed him.—A spell, you know, has a half-life (in its own sense; nothing to do with nuclear physics).

—Bzdoing!

—Don’t you bzdoing me! Look at him! “Bzdoing”

—Bzdoing! Bzdoing!

—Even a parrot can repeat. Parrots were purposefully created by Nature to repeat. “Polly’s a twat” and “Polly’s a twat”, but Polly’s not actually a twat at all, twatness, or be it twatdom or twathood is incomprehensible to Polly; Polly, if you think about it, is somewhere else entirely, words for him are sound, and what’s sound to him? Entertainment, right.

You'll parrot yourself into a corner where only ancient, forgotten, chthonic spells will work,—the voice of reason advised further, as if any further advice was needed.

—Eh?

—You call the cave where many of your friends of youth perished "the Bear's Maw", the hostile neighbouring chief who goes about raping cows, women and children—"Blunderbonk", and the intertribal war where everyone's already killed each other several times over and drunk victory brüderschaftly from each other skulls—"the Global Death Orgy", and right away you get goosebumps crawling out from under your skin, as if mosquitoes have bitten you all over, you break out in welts from such linguistic occasions, can't find peace, can't eat or sleep, only think about them, about the Bear's Maw, Blunderbonk and his todger with which he chops down trees, with which he'll soon come for your soul too, simultaneously about the Global Death Orgy, you tear your skin off alive so it won't bother you no more, you go to the tribal spell-caster, that is, to you, comrade.

And was it thusly, everyone was afraid, terribly afraid, pissed themselves with fear at night, caught unawares in endless nightmares that threatened to seep into reality. They were afraid, proper afraid they were, first because it was indeed frightening, and then from relief, because no slaughter was happening. Something was happening, of course, something always happened, that's human nature—something man-made always befalls them humans, for instance, sometimes one got

wacked (that's a normal day), sometimes two (that's Tuesday), sometimes three (that's Thursday), but the village stood as it had stood. Phew, everyone thought, we're good then, for now. Sometimes they thanked the spell-caster, sometimes they thanked luck, sometimes they thanked the relatives of the sacrificed village freak, poor things. After all, it could have been worse! Could have been cuntastrophy, of immeasurable scale, the very one, the Global Death Orgy! But there wasn't even a whiff of Blunderbonk, though Blunderbonk was real, most likely. Rather, there was a whiff, a persistent feeling in the air that Blunderbonk was somewhere nearby. But now... And what now? We live as we lived, ladies and gentlemen!

But then... And what then? Days passed, weeks, the fear didn't fear, the words didn't word—everything as the voice of reason had promised priorly. For a human being with ears or eyes, if the individual has managed to learn to read, words bring on fatigue, words bring on boredom, words bring on sleep, words anaesthesise from reality. You develop an immunity to words, sometimes they make you want to spew, sometimes—to eat, sometimes—to hang yourself, sometimes—to love, with all your heart.

—I bloody told you! Idiot! Cooldown! Cooldown! Diminishing returns! Every noob knows that! What an idiot...

All these spells, be it Blunderbonk, Global Death orgy, Bzdoing, and so on, became at best euphemisms with erotic overtones, at worst—something funny and nonsensical. The same began happening

to the spell-caster himself and the swarm of parrots surrounding him.

—Global Death Orgy! Ha-ha,—they reacted.—What a laugh.

—Good thing it's not that, right.

—But if it were—so be it.

—Bring wine.

—Invite the jester.

—Have you heard his latest?

—What's that?

—New repertoire! Spends the whole evening telling horror stories about Blunderbonk, and everyone's in stitches, even the children are howling, louder than the grown-ups even.

—You want your hee-hees and ha-has.

—You know, however deadly it might be, it's still an orgy! Not every day, you know, such things happen in our village.

—Not every day!

Fiasco, thought the spell-caster, complete cuntastrophy, and, pondering an idea of becoming a jester too, fell into a sudden incurable depression, such that the voice of reason became the voice of horror, and the goosebumps crawled out from under his own skin this time. He walked

between houses in dusk, boomed, bammed, babammed at those around him, even bzdoinged a few times and eh'd. Didn't eat, didn't drink, his arms and legs shook and flailed about as if he had the wildest influenza, couldn't hold anything in his hands, in a word—fiasco!

—Do you love me?—he mumbled, lying on his lover's lap.

—I love you.

—Do you love me?

—I love you, I said.

—Really, love me?

—Adore you with all my heart.

—Say you love me. Repeat it. Keep repeating.

—Love you, love you, love you... More?

The spell-caster grimaced, waving his hand dismissively. Blood flowed in weak streams through his veins, from the heart to the organs—hastily, back—reluctantly. The sounds born in his lover's vocal cords meant only themselves, as they should, as it was intended by Nature. Each of them ("l", "o", "v" and so on) sounded in utter separation, not caring to assemble into meaningful words.

—Better say you hate me. "I hate you." Say it.

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Read next part

Word salad, with nettle leaves and rakes

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