

SO TRANSGRESSIVE AND SO RELAXED ABOUT
EVERYTHING

i

Dear BOY REPORT,

I just adore the beautiful sense of imagination Michael has. In every class he always sits there with his head down in his sketchbook drawing otherworldly creatures and fantasy landscapes, as well as portraits from memory of his friends and his golden retriever Seamstress. Mrs Cartwright, his math teacher, told me that on his exams he always answers every question right, and if she asks him about his answers he can talk about how he got them, which is why she doesn't mind him drawing in class, because he's talented enough to do both. He is such a bright star. He always looks so happy with life when he jaunts off into the woods with his new friends, laughing and teasing one another.

I just worry about him though. He pretends to be gay to fit in with his new friends. I overheard him talking to Alice, and he was telling her that he seduces men at all of these parties he goes to, and he told her about what all of his sleazy cheap pickup moves are, and he told her about how he goes back to their house with them after the party to have sex with them. He said that he has sex with one or two new males every week. I know he just wants to act like nothing matters to him, and that he's so transgressive and so relaxed about everything that he'll even

sleep with guys. But proving it by having sex with one or two new guys every week is really getting to be too much. I miss him in the Sunday services. He hasn't been to church in months, except sometimes standing outside to wait for some guy or another to go off and do really crazy things with.

I just know that in his heart, he isn't gay. The way that he looks at his FEMALE golden retriever Seamstress, I know that there's love for females in his heart begging to have a way to show itself. The way that he and HER will melt into each other in the park in the sunlight... the way that they share meals like every snack is the most romantic date... the way that he fawns over her, talking to her heart to heart and being all cute and making her happy... the way that he cherishes her, looks at her with such love in his eyes... I know that deep down he's straight. I know that him acting like he's gay is just a game that has gotten too far. I know that somewhere inside, he wishes he could find a way, without looking uncool, to come back to church again, start dating a girl, and stop all of his games.

He's so cute when he sneezes!! (There I said it!)

Please everyone, join me in praying for Michael to stop thinking this is cool or a funny joke, and for him to be straight again.

—a secret admirer

ii

Dear BOY REPORT,

Michael really has been driving me extra crazy lately. Things are getting really bad for him. He's been dressing in girl clothes. At first just necklaces and bracelets that he would put on after the final bell before going off with his friends, but this week he's been wearing makeup to school and really obviously feminine tops. Mr Spencer made him go home and change when he showed up to first period with nothing but a white dress on. Alice said he looked sexy in it but I don't know. He also got his ears pierced and has been wearing earrings, people say that they're real too (the piercings and the earrings are both real, the

earrings are rumored to be really expensive green sapphire). He's gotten way too serious about all of this. I miss sitting nearby him in church and hearing him sing. He has such a nice singing voice.

He said that he's never coming back to church though. I know that it's never too late for him to forget about all of this crazy stuff and go back to being his old self. But since he's trying to be cool with his new friends he doesn't have any interest. I know that God will not forget him, but WE have to FOLLOW God's invitations, not shun them away just because church is not as popular now. And it really hurts to see that he isn't taking the initiative. He's still such a talented, handsome man, below all of the gay sex and the makeup.

People in Mrs Cartwright's class saw that on his last test he got an F, even though he flipped the paper over really fast once he saw it, hoping that no one else would see. I think he's been getting into drugs and it's really effecting him. I've overheard him talk before about drinking wine with his new friends and smoking pot, I figured he didn't mean it and was just bragging about being around that stuff but didn't actually have any himself, but now I think that he was serious about all of that and it makes me really sad to see him throwing away his life like this.

I can't tell what he's doing in his sketchbooks anymore. He fills them up constantly and is going through so many of them. He writes really really long paragraphs in them, but I don't recognize the language that he's writing in, it's all different letters from English and sometimes there's some bigger, really detailed symbols. Sometimes he draws diagrams that look like really advanced geometry problems but they seem unrelated to the class. He doesn't draw landscapes anymore, but sometimes on the pages with the writing and the diagrams there are still drawings of monsters, usually shadowy evil things with sharp teeth and drool. At first I thought the monsters' eyes were angry, but I think they're actually happy: happy about breaking rules and doing bad things just to look bad.

Deep down I still have a crush on him. But I have a crush on the REAL him. Not this fake version of himself that he's gotten so obsessed with where he just can't stop pretending to be gay

and a tranny. I would hug him all night to keep his hands away from alcohol or drugs. It's like one bad thing is building on top of another for him and I just don't know where to fix him, unless he is willing to surrender himself to God, which he seems so unwilling to do, but I am still praying for him.

I know that there is still hope, because through all of it, he has never stopped treating Seamstress, his FEMALE golden, with such love. I still see the two of them going on walks, and it's nothing like how other people walk their dogs, he's never mean to her, you can tell from the way that he doesn't yank her around and actually pays attention to her that he cares about her. Candidly, BOY REPORT, one time I was walking in the woods and from a distance I saw him and her making out, with tongue and caressing and moaning. He looked so happy, and even if it was weird and really disgusting to let a dog lick you in the mouth I felt happy to see it proved that he isn't really gay. The fact that he always still carves out time just for her speaks volumes all by itself: he needs a girl in his life to devote himself to, and deep down, he knows it. There are girls he hangs out with but they're all dykes or too bitchy to do him any good.

I think he can turn this thing around. I think that he still wants to, but he's just really lost and confused about where to start at this point, and it's easier to pretend to be gay and to ignore it all with alcohol and drugs. Like I said, my prayers are still with him always. (And I do still think his sneezes are really cute, for the record.)

—a secret admirer

iii

Dear BOY REPORT,

The police were at Michael's house yesterday to try to arrest him, but he wasn't there. Nobody knows where he is. I'm really scared about what he might have done or what happened to him.

Everyone knows that he's been missing school a lot. His grades have done a complete nosedive. I even heard some

people say that he's engaged now, to one of his fag so-called boyfriends, AND that it's polygamous, so that he's engaged to Alice and Seamstress too. I can't even.

He's been dressing so weird lately. He's not exactly dressing like a transvestite anymore, but he's just dressing weird. The last time I saw him he was in the woods by himself, wearing a black robe and a black hat with a really big circular brim: it's the little field in the woods with the big flat-topped boulder in the center of it, he had painted symbols all over the sides of the boulder, and was walking in slow, pensive circles on top of the boulder, around and around. I wanted to go up and break him out of it but he looked really serious. Even before that, I've seen (when he's even in school) that he's been drawing symbols on his hands and on his face too. I've found out that some of the symbols are from tarot cards, but not all of them are, so it seems to be from other stuff too. His own imagination? I have no idea.

I don't want to think he's a lost cause, but this is all so bad. I think until the wedding happens, he still has an opportunity to break free from this, and go back completely to the guy he used to be. But I realistically don't think he's going to. And if he marries another man AND a slutty bitchy girl AND his fricking dog? Pray for me, BOY REPORT, I want to hurl every time I think about him and all of them doing married things. That's so gross. And I don't think he can marry them and then just put that in the past, I think marrying them would be a permanent scar on his soul. It would still never be too late. But that would be something he always has to live with.

He still has time to save his grades, if he's ever allowed back at school, if he's ever allowed to even show his face again, since now the police are trying to arrest him. He's thrown away so much, but I think that if he admits his problems and devotes himself to recovery... I would still like to be there with him, to help him become the old Michael. The old Michael is who I wish that I could write these might-only-be-an-op-ed-or-semi-might-be-love-letters-of-a-sort to. The old Michael who was so smart at memorizing Bible verses and studying Bible stories. The old Michael who wanted to go to college and say no to drugs and believed in abstinence. The old Michael who did beautiful, nice

art that always made me really happy to sneak a peek at during class.

Wherever you are Michael, I hope you're safe, and I hope you're thinking really hard about getting better from all of this.

—a secret admirer

iv

Topic: Faggot In Tennessee Heralds The Apocalypse, BAM!
Called It? CALLED IT Anyone? How Do You Like THEM
Apples?

OP: Smaug77401834570

Ring ring ring ring ring ring ring RING ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring! Wake up call, anyone? “Smaug, you don't know jack shit about meteorology, shut up about the weather maps!” “Smaug, you leave those poor nice faggots alone, what harm did they ever do!” EAT. SHIT. DUMBASSES. USA Today. CNN. Fox News. The Washington Post. TMZ. ABC. CBS. Liars? Absolutely. But these jackals now have one thing in common, and that's that they're sending reports to the one, the only, Orange Brook Tennessee. Why? BREAKING NEWS: GAY KID HARNESSES THE POWER OF THE OCCULT, LOOSES SODOMY, DEMONS, AND MAYHEM UPON SMALL TOWN COMMUNITY. Who called it? SMMAAAAAUUUUUUUG. I shant have much time to revel in my correctness, you disbelieving faggots, but ohhhhhhh is this bottle of Four Roses going to taste good on my lips which doth profess gospel. You idiots. The signs were there. I told you I needed that funding. I showed you my proof. The weather. The birds. The river water analysis was the major tip-off that something seriously no bueno was going down in We're Fucked Ville. I would have stopped this. Found that kid, shot him dead, served my life sentence gladly knowing that I had stopped demons from finally ripping the partition wide open once and for all. Because, NEWS FLASH, there's no going back. By this time tomorrow, the invasion will have already reached parts of Texas, Florida, and yes, it will at the very least be within sight of our nation's

capitol. Two days from now, you can call America Ameri-was. All that will be left of the continental US is Maine, Washington, Oregon, and Los Angeles: none of the parts of the country that were worth a shit, a-har-har-har-har-har!!! If you DO happen to call those particular shitholes home, congratulations, you'll have about another half a day of filling your britches before the swarm feasts on your entrails too. What happens next? Depends. "But Smaug, you know everything!" Yeah, well, I only know as much as can be interpolated or extrapolated out of the information available to me, and we ain't never seen anything like this before, comprehend? What happens next depends on how the demonic swarm can handle different biomes, namely the sea, ye scurvy dogs! The Pacific and The Atlantic! The Indian! The Arctic! In the optimistic case, the ocean completely rocks their shit, and the Americas become the part of the Earth where the apocalypse resides, while Eurasia and friends now have at least a few more dark, horrifying years left to regret all of their sins and await the day that the swarm still inevitably gets across. That's the optimistic case. The non-optimistic case is that water is all the same as land to these horrors, or, possibly, even an accelerant to their powers, and every inch of the planet is devoured within the end of the month. Sayonara, and good riddance to all of you. You fucking idiots.

v

Topic: What's happening in TN communism?

OP: WeAreImmensiveWeRise

I'm visually really into this thing in the news about that Tennessee town, the creatures and the humans (those who stayed lol) all look to be living really lavish lifestyles, enjoying things to the fullest and not putting one another down. Do we know in detail how their society is structured?

vi

Topic: COULD FURRIES BE REAL IN TENNESSEE?

OP: CardboardCan

Did you guys hear the news out of TN about how fallen angels live there now and their society kicks ass?? Magic, monsters, I want one of those centaurs to mount me and put otherworldly foals in my fox ass please please please please! On the news they showed a macro fox with an insanely hot ass I would love for that fox to sit on me and smother my face with his delightfully bad smelling sphincter! I need need need need need his ass to clench and relax on my needy muzzle!! macro furry ass is real!!!!!!!

vii

From: Agent “Gearbox”
To: Secretary “Clutch”
Subject: Geography
Goblin = Elven

Operation Green Park reporting as of Day Two, 1900 hours. Goblin territory has not spread beyond the Orange Brook area since the halt yesterday at sundown, nor has the Goblin territory diminished. Motorheads amply occupy the surrounding territory, Racers from TN are an open presence, Racers from several surrounding jurisdictions lie in close proximity on standby.

Aerial view into Goblin territory not obstructed; Entry of state actors obstructed by Goblin guards, who employ supernatural talents to drown out the speech of any state actors and bar us entry via force field; Non state actors are generally granted free passage past the Goblin guards.

Intelligence has been gathered from aerial observation and from interviews conducted with civilians who at various points have left Goblin territory.

Last night and continuing into some daylight hours today, Goblins were busy altering their territory, such as by: vastly changing the terrain from rolling hills to staggered plateaus with slopes in between, the peaks of the staggered plateaus largely not correlated to where the peaks of the existing hills had been; spreading, by magic, lush new plant life that is red in color, and

grows in tandem with the existing green plant life that had been present in the area; constructing new structures in place of certain existing structures which they have targetedly demolished, such as a square pool of water being constructed where the Orange Brook Police Department Headquarters had been, and such as hanging gardens with ornate metalwork being constructed across the plots of land where the town's churches had been.

Also of note was proliferation of Goblins themselves, all of them bearing chiefly lithe human-like forms, but all able to shift fluidly into an animalistic form, marked by bearing animalistic features and lush coats of fur, some of natural colors, some dark red, some black, most dressed in robes of very high quality textiles and adorned in jewelry of gold and of precious stones, some quadrupedal, some bipedal, sizes ranging from 1 inch in height to 44 feet in height, with the greatest numbers occupying the smaller side of this spectrum and the fewest numbers occupying the greater side of this spectrum. All Goblins possess magical talents, all Goblins are armed with spears, swords, or bows, all Goblins speak primarily in an unearthly language but are also fluent in all earthly languages.

At 1100 hours today, alteration by Goblins of Goblin territory seemed to have largely pleased them. It was, I will note, indeed very thorough.

At 1200 hours today, Goblins began congregating in a vast public square, and have since been partaking in a celebration of their victories, the celebration marked by music, dancing, the drinking of wine, the eating of decadent foods. Intelligence suggests that they believe they are on the dawn of taking over the world, and that within three days' time they are expecting to have destroyed existing power structures, proliferated Goblin life across the planet, and unrecognizably altered all terrain worldwide. They speak of doing so while welcoming in all life that will make itself coexist, but by ruthlessly eliminating all who stand unmovingly in between them and their goals. This new society would center around principles of, in their terms, abundance, generosity, polyamory, empathy, wellness, achievement, art, and pleasure. This new society also proudly proclaims itself to be Unchristian, and I would agree with this

analysis. Overnight, this town has become unrecognizable from the American town it hitherto was.

Motorheads share a sense that this is drastically worse than if an attack from a foreign nation had simply wiped the Orange Brook area off the map, for two reasons. 1: Here the enemy now stands, within our nation's borders, as an army that we have no apparent means of inflicting any damage upon, and which has demonstrated a willingness to take from United States land, and indeed already executed upon this willingness successfully. 2: Rather than a relatively contained erasure of assets, the Goblin transformation of the Orange Brook area represents a corruption, an unbounded and highly volatile spoiling of American values.

Goblin presence in TN or indeed anywhere on Terra is an existential threat to human life, and is certainly a targeted, credible existential threat against The United States of America.

Intelligence suggests that at sunrise tomorrow, Goblins will continue the spread of their territory beyond the Orange Brook area, vastly and rapidly.

Advising full assault tonight.

If spread does continue, advising broad nuclear option. Not requesting extraction.

viii

From: Agent "Glass"

To: Head of State

Subject: Operation Dark Collar met with failure

Harpy = Elven

All Dark Couriers have been found and lethally eliminated by Harpy assassins.

Broad nuclear option is no longer in play.

God save you.

ix

It felt like waking up from a bad dream and going back into the real world for the first time. I walked through the forest and

breathed in the wind. As water is moved through a stream and wind is moved through grass, so too was I moved. I laid on a red hillside and felt the grass hold me in its snug, assuring clutches. I walked sometimes alone, sometimes with other creatures. I relaxed sometimes alone, sometimes with other creatures. I laid for a very long time in the soil and sank into it, and grew out again. One day I met an elf who was swimming in a lake that shined moodily in the evening light. His fire on the beach had gone down to embers. In the nearby woods I foraged about for small dry dead twigs and branches, and with care and by blowing onto the lakeside fire's embers, I restored the fire as the elf swam. When he came up from the water, he and I sat by the fire together and cuddled and spoke long relaxing verses to one another. I learned that he was King Ai'li'na'los, one of the elven assassins who had prevented a nuclear attack from coming to fruition, back during the last days when a nuclear attack was still possible, entertainable. Who was I back then? I was someone who was getting sick of getting chewed out for being late to my job at the Chevron station. I was touch starved, annoyed at partisan politics, connected and disconnected to all the wrong things. Ai'li'na'los and I shared in sexual pleasures that night. Over the next few weeks we walked together, and arrived at a festival grounds where so many people were at peace, relaxing alone or with other creatures, walking alone or with other creatures, dancing alone or with other creatures. Through the festival grounds we walked, and arrived at a long table, where seated, among the others, were four I soon recognized as the beautiful King Michael, the beautiful Queen Seamstress, the Lotus Queen Alice, and the deft King Maxie. Late that night, I laid with my nose towards a flower made of wisps of magical light growing out of the ground in the woods near a river. While I laid there, looking at the flower, King Ai'li'na'los idly rubbed my back, and Queen Seamstress also laid on the ground nearby me with her nose also to the flower, as King Maxie gave rubs to her, and she relaxed deeply into his touch.

x

I got really into racing. Really, really into racing. Creatures bring me parts I covet. Not in the moment I ask for them, typically, but I speak of something needed, and a creature hears, and goes and seeks. 200 miles per hour. Faster, in good conditions. I feel like an otherworldly monster speeding over the track. I used to watch racing on the TV, with my dad. Then a lot of life happened, and then all of this happened. There are not very many things I would ever go back for. If I was able to venture back into that old life, it would be as a fisher: I would fish things out of that time, and carry them back with me, to now, to when it has all gotten better.

xi

I join in howls. I howl to the stars above and I howl to my planet that is here with me. The pack howls. I am part of the pack. I howl.

xii

I lie in an immense library, and the tablets and books and scrolls and tapes and disks and so on all whisper their stories to me, their scientific treatises, their languages and encodings and stylistic decisions, their doctrines, anything for which it is in their spirit to tell me, and for me to examine and learn about. Often I hold the media in my hands, and examine it with my own touch, my own vision. But also, often, I lie in some nook or another, and make my being into an open container for knowledge to pool into, and knowledge does so pool into me. I glean new insights and pleasures from rereadings and from new readings. Once in a long while, I pass by another reader.

xiii

I lie in a hammock this evening as the birds converse.

xiv

The world is an orgy now and I have a checklist of kinks that were fantasies and now are in progress.

xv

Here now I spectate. Wander. Look. I see a human costumed as a fox who is cuddling with an elf he was just topping, who was transformed into a tiger, and the elf is now appearing as a tiger still, during the cuddles. The fox is telling the elf how cool it is that the entire world is an orgy now, every last person is having sex in all of the ways they always wanted to, and all is finally hedonism. Ha. Amusing. I don't know. There's other stuff too, but, whatever.

xvi

I picnic by a river in a field, and then one of the berries I was eating really hits, and it begins feeling like rolling waves are nudging through my body, and it's a really nice feeling, I do love it. The world wobbles. I see the bright sky and I giggle at it. Unexpectedly, I am joined at my spot by King Michael, Queen Alice, and Queen Seamstress. I kiss them each at my insistence, and then Michael and Seamstress wander together up the riverside, while Alice lies with me a while, and I tell her what a fantastic mood I'm in and that I really just want some cuddles, and she cuddles me.

xvii, end of set

The world still grows. In some ways it grows upwards: red trees become taller, human and elven and hybrid offspring grow up. In some ways it grows longer: another chapter of time is added onto the last. What strikes me is the world's capacity to grow richer. I see a human in a forest, lying completely at rest among a pack of wolves, and all of them are contented, all of them are peaceful, and the world grows richer.