

The Refusers

#1

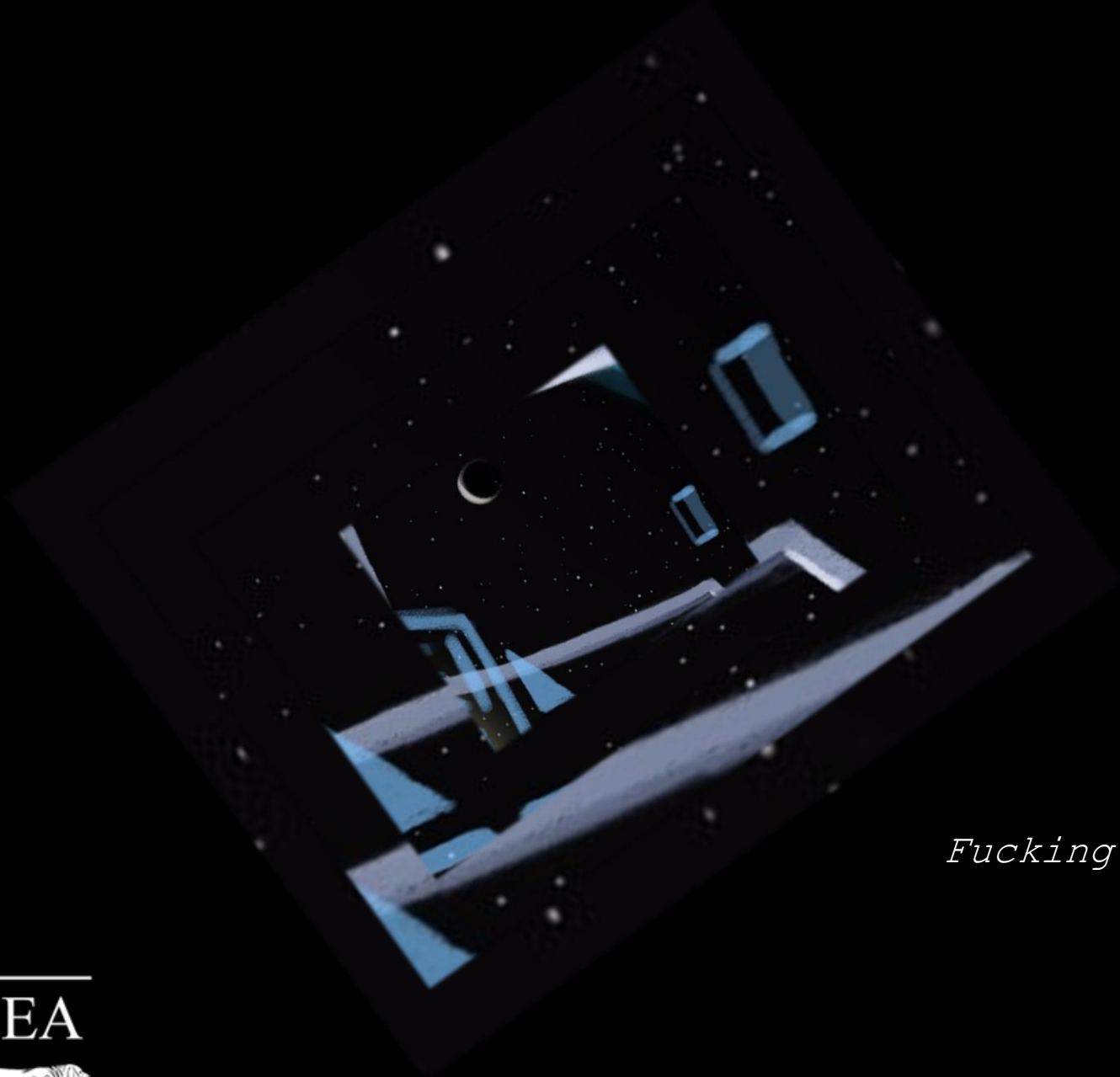
the ———
BEA

GLES





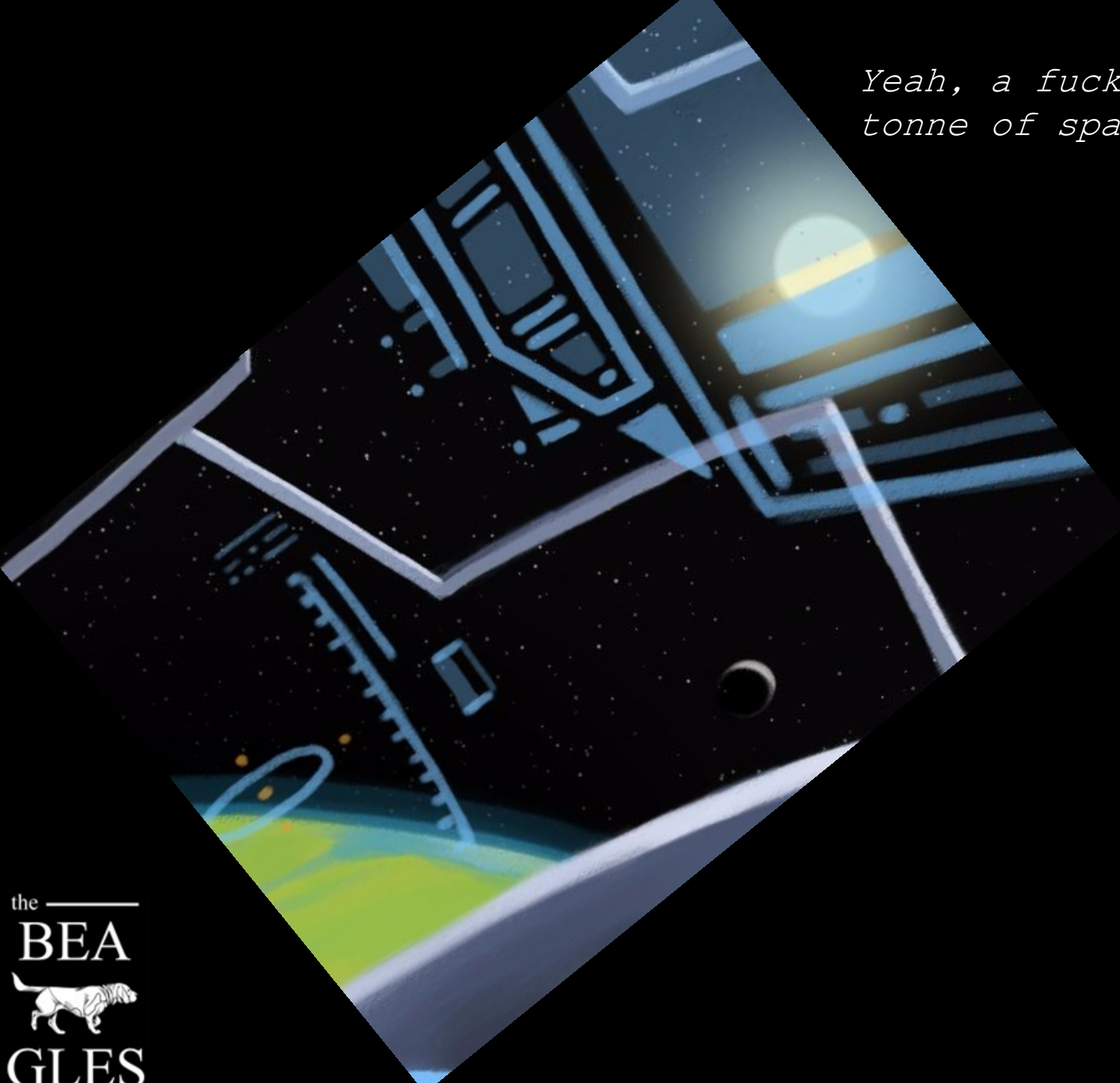
Space.



Fucking shit-ton of it.

*Not nothing. Enough to induce vertigo and make you feel all
fucked-up if you stare too long.*

*Yeah, a fucking shit-
tonne of space ---*



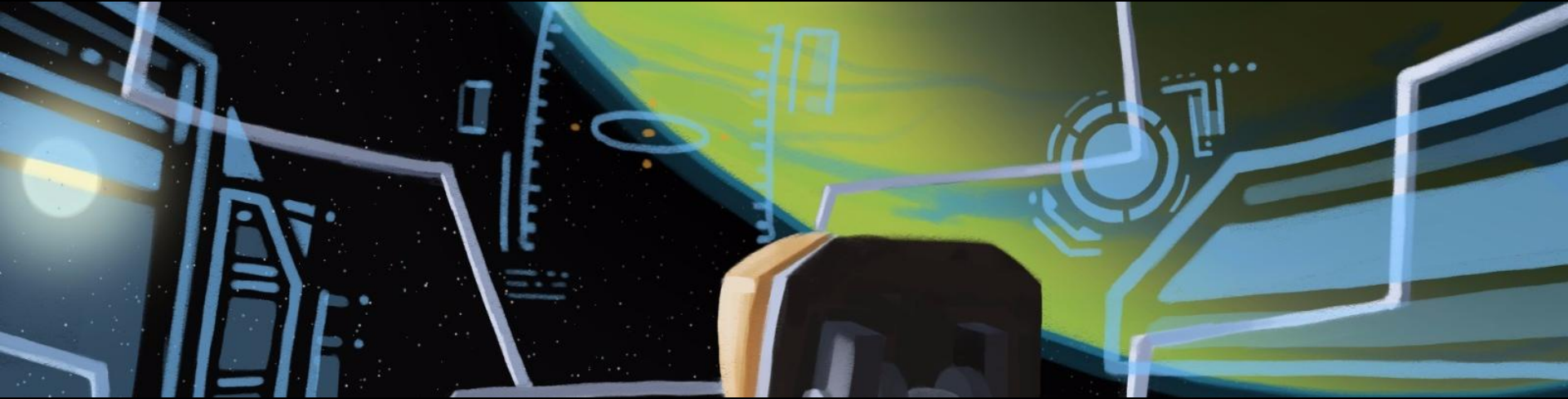


*--- and fuck that "Captain's Log" shit I'm bored
fucking bored as fuck.*

I could murder a Curly-fucking-Wurly, I really could. "Chewy caramel ladder draped in delicious milk chocolate." Reliquary of a bygone age.

No fly-tipping, not the least infraction of a PPCS since --- the Good Lord only knows.

As far as the raven casts its eye, nothing but the abysmal fucking gape of the Good Lord's own maw.



Pin-pricked backcloth promising a hinterland forever on the thither-side. Stark reminder of the thick fucking emptiness of the hither-side.

I really could, you know. Murder a fucking Curly-Wurly. Just the thought of it gets me the closest to being hard I've been in --- the Good Lord only knows how long.





*I used to dream of getting a
blowjob from her.*



*She smelled so good, like
coconut. And the feel of her:
smooth, room-temp, solid.*

Never could read those eyes, though, or that painted-on smile.

Now?

I'd murder that fucking Curly-Wurly, I really would.

Tear its wrapper off like she might once have tore into my coveralls all shit-stained and sweat-crisped as they were because once there was goodhonest work to be done. Bit into my shoulder, too, leaving marks, kept the paint wet on our smiles a while longer.

Nice thought.



I don't know how many times I've
listened back to that tape.