

DISCLAIMER

Brave Gay World is not written for children. You must be 18+ to read this book.

This novel is a work of satire. It uses black humor and shock humor to satirize people who do despicable and heinous acts.

This work does not criticize anyone based on sexual orientation, gender identity, race or sex. Instead, it criticizes the 1% of richest people—the capitalist class—who indoctrinate us to believe in fictional concepts like money, gender ideologies, political ideologies including both “left” and “right,” and to believe that certain races and sexes are evil.

This novel satirizes the left and right equally. I don’t know of any other novel that is as boldly anti-war and anti-jingoism as this novel. The true target of the satire in this novel is not the left or the right, but rather belief in authority and in letting other people tell you how to live your life.

The most heinous acts committed by characters in this novel are a satire of real crimes committed by people who believe in the concept of authority. Rather than defending the institutions and people who committed these actions and getting angry at me for calling them out, I hope these satirical depictions help people realize how belief in the fictional concept of authority leads people to commit atrocities and to stop believing in this fictional concept which is the cause of the vast majority of all human violence.

BRAVE GAY WORLD



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BRAVE GAY WORLD

James Brighton

How to Have Penis-Vagina Sex When It's Banned
Out of the Shit and Into the Rainbows
Fighting Pink Supremacy
Walking on Rainbows
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The Ministry of Gay Peace
Bionic Dick
Double Penetration
Make Sex, Not Bombs
The Central Fiction
Spit Roast
Transformations
New Beginnings
Be Formless

**WORDS ARE VIOLENCE
BOMBS ARE PEACE
FASCISM IS DEMOCRACY**

– Slogans of the Homofascist State of America

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CHAPTER 1: HOW TO HAVE PENIS-VAGINA SEX WHEN IT'S BANNED

Fyfe wasn't like other people.

Everyone had learned from childhood that every human being is born with the wrong genitals, but Fyfe knew that somehow, unbelievably, impossibly, he had been born with the right genitals.

As he lay in his tiny cramped bed in his tiny apt, peering into the makeup-caked face on the flat immaterial screen floating above him in the air, Fyfe couldn't help but think he was peering into his own face—if he, like the legions around him, had allowed himself as an individual to be subsumed to the Holy State. The sacrifice of the will to that holy deity which demands all. The triumph of the will of the State over the will of the individual.

Glossy magenta lipstick glistened on sensuous lips situated right in the middle of a fiery red goatee. Indigo mascara contrasted with sparkling cerulean eyes, both overpowered by the blinding highlights glinting off the perfectly bald dome of pure pink. The makeup was so thick, you weren't even looking at a face, but a mask. Staring into that gaudy, revolting visage, he stared into something he could never be, even if he tried. His mirror opposite.

The face of fascism.

The face of conformity.

“Well-cum back, viewers! It's meeeee, Transneequaaaaah!” screeched the face, sending a shiver down Fyfe's spine. “As always, ree-porting to you live from the Ministry of Gay Truth, your *only* source of truth!”

Fuck my life, Fyfe thought as he made a circular motion in the air with his fingertips, as if rotating an invisible knob, and the volume from the holospeakers lowered, slightly mitigating the blood-curdling shriek.

Fyfe had been born a pink poker. And everyone

knew that pink pokers were the cause of all the problems in the world.

Just as every problem that plagued society had been laid at the feet of a certain group of people in a certain faraway land a long time ago by a man with a tiny mustache, so too was every problem in society now laid at the feet of another group of people, the pink pokers...once again by a man with a tiny mustache. History repeats itself.

If he had been born a brownslit or an Asianpoke or even a pinkslit like his dear old mom, he wouldn't need to endure these horrors. Only pinkpokes were subjected to such draconian GayScore penalties.

And if his GayScore ever fell below zero, his employer would be notified immediately and he'd be forced to join the swollen ranks of the homeless, the derelict, the forsaken ones. As it was, Fyfe's GayScore had, due to the birth color of his skin, eyes, and hair, and his birth genitals—yes, they had docked him for those all separately—never been higher than fifty, relegating him to only the most menial of jobs.

So, here he was kowtowing to the powers that be, scraping by a living by working double shifts and watching the Ministry of Gay Truth every night before going to sleep just to keep his GayScore hovering slightly above zero, slightly above disaster. My only consolation, he thought to himself as he lay on the thin hard mattress in his tiny, cramped studio apt, is that literally every other show on the interwebs is going to be just as horrible as this. Because anything that was actually good would be banned by the Ministry of Free Speech.

Fyfe tried to focus on the program and pretend to enjoy it.

“I’m here to keep you up to date, minute by minute, hour by hour, second by second as our

queer-ageous forces combat pink supremacy, leaving bloodied bits of swarthy humans in their wake. And the update for to-gay: once again our gay-lorious Holy State has bombed three more cities in Poccistan, bringing the total number of towns and villages blown to smithereens in Operation Fight Pink Supremacy to three hundred and fifty-two, and the total number of tannees murdered to over ten million! Your hard-earned CBDCs are hard at work, murdering darkskinned people halfway across the world. The terrorists' Weapons of Mass Hate are aimed at our beloved nation, but our fag-ulous murdertary bravely continues to fight for your freedom...to have buttsex." The reporter shrieked out an earsplitting, shrill laugh.

The holotablet floating in the air above Fyfe switched to a wide camera angle, mercifully retreating from the garish face. The flamboyant bald reporter sat behind a glass desk and was decked out in a glittery hot rod sequin evening gown with a deep decolletage designed to show off a few blonde, curly chest hairs jutting out from flat pectorals, like pubes sticking out in the wrong place.

Transneequah was the embodiment of everything Fyfe should be.

Ah, yes. Ultraconservatism. In other words, transgenderism. Seen by the ancients as the cutting edge in rebellion, now it had become the exact opposite, the pinnacle of traditionalism, the way that the slaves assured their rulers that this unequal relationship would continue on for a long, long time to come. Trans capitalism. Trans megacorporations. Trans governance. If you were born with a penis, the Holy State wanted you to have a vagina. If you were born with a vagina, the Holy State wanted you to have a penis. That was how you showed your

obedience.

Fyfe had always found it hard to be conservative. That's why he was here, alone, in this tiny apt, not up there reading a teleprompter, surrounded by luxury, wrapped in the veil of high society lauding him for his conformist ways. But he was an anomaly. An almost imperceptible glitch in an otherwise perfect system. Ergo, he didn't share his views with others. Ergo, he didn't have many friends. Ergo, he spent a lot of time alone. Ergo, the Holy State gave him prescription medication.

Fyfe had been on the gayovernment's shitlist his whole life, because of the color of his skin and the genitals he was born with, both of which were declared evil by the Holy State.

The intersectionality of his pink skin and being born with a penis made him part of the most disempowered group in society. In order to move up the hierarchy or have any power in society, he would need to become transgender or transracial and claim to be a woman, or to have a different color of skin, like Transneequah.

He could have remedied his situation by being ultraconservative like Transneequah, conforming to the traditional role of trans like they wanted him to, showing his obedience to the Holy State. But he just couldn't bring himself to wear the lipstick, the dresses, and all that shit. Something inside him just told him he was unique. He didn't fit into the box which society tried to put him in. He was different than everyone else. And so, his GayScore, and thus his ability to not be homeless, like the majority of pinkpokes, was hanging by a thread.

Suddenly, his tiny apt disappeared, and instead of lying on his bed, he was floating high above the desert. He could still feel the bed under his back, but

all around him was a bright blue sky and clouds, and below him zipped past a barren desert wasteland with a few dusty mudbrick buildings.

He could feel the wind whipping past him. From behind him, three bomber jets were flying into formation. Each bomber was one of the primary colors and each had a rainbow flag painted on it. As they caught up to him, he reached out to touch the wing of the one closest to him. It felt rigid to his touch. Richard Wagner's Flight of the Valkyries started up as the jets began to let loose large bombs painted in rainbow candy stripe. Fyfe reached out with his hands and, grabbing the air in front of him, made a gesture like he was turning the universe. The scene all around him rotated by 180 degrees, and now he was flying backwards, looking at the mayhem caused by the bombers below. As the rainbow bombs connected, the hovels began to explode one by one into brilliant displays of orange and red, accentuated by white, cottony cloudbursts dotting the arid wasteland. He now made another gesture like he was grabbing the sky in front of him and pulling it towards him. As he did, the world reacted to his touch and he zoomed forward. He was now hundreds of meters behind the bombers, directly above the explosions. Soon he felt like he was flying over the gaping jaws of hell. As he passed each explosion, he could feel the blast of air from each one. The raging firestorms all across the desertscape were now giving way to pillars of black, billowy smoke, and each time he flew through one, it temporarily blinded him. Far below, tiny people in robes with swarthy skin and black beards emerged from the mudshacks and ran frantically in all directions, trying to make it to cover.

Then, all of a sudden, the desert, the hovels, the

bearded people in robes, the bombers disappeared, and Fyfe was back in his tiny apt with Transneequah's face hovering above him on the floating holotab.

"Whew!" the reporter squawked. "That latest holographic footage from the front lines sends chills up my spine! Makes me feel like I'm out there fighting pink supremacy myself! I love the looks on their faces when the bearded guys scatter. The only good third-world tannee is a dead third-world tannee, amirite?" The reporter broke out into a psychotic hyena laugh. "Up next, my second favorite topic next to genociding darkskinned people in foreign countries... Trans Day! So if you're a fucking cigger, then ewww! Just turn off the broadcast right now!"

Cigger was a slur for cis people. Besides being a repulsive eyesore, Transneequah was rumored to be a member of the infamous Queer Qlux Qlan, or QQQ as it was called, and to have taken part in actual lynchings of cis people.

Zzey continued. "That's right, it's my favorite gay of the whole year...because I'm trans everything, sweetheart! Trans gender, trans abled..." The camera switched to a closeup of where Transneequah was waving the little stump in the place where zzer left arm used to be. "And best of all, trans-racial! I was born in sin, an evil pinkpoke, but I've been born a-gayn a brownslit, through the gay-race of the Holy State—"

I'm sick of watching this ultraconservative hack, he sighed.

Day after day watching this bullshit, just to get a piddly one or two GayPoints to keep my GayScore from going below zero, so I don't get fired and kicked out on the street. I can't take this shit

anymore. Why can't I just enjoy the few hours I have not at work doing something enjoyable for a change?

Fyfe reached up and plucked the holotablet out of the air. He could feel the tablet in his hand, like a cold, hard, infinitely thin piece of glass. He knew there wasn't anything there but pixels, but the pozhap made it seem otherwise.

Pozhap. Positional Haptics. Built into the Rainbowatch 27, it was the tech which made it possible for you to reach out and touch objects in holospace, and vice versa. The Rainbowatch was a rainbowstripe wristband with a built-in superchip, designed by Fruit, a company with a rainbow fruit as its logo. Each year Fruit released a new version, and each year the latest version was mandatorily installed onto every citizen's left wrist. And with each version they always added some new snazzy feature. The first Rainbowatch had introduced the Holocore, a proprietary embedded micro-sized holojector, making holospace possible. A few years later they had added pozhap.

Pozhap worked by emitting triangulated ultrasonic frequencies which collided with each other, causing tiny vibrations to ripple through the air, creating a tactile sensation.

Add to this pozsound, or Positional Sound, another of the Rainbowatch's revolutionary features, and anything was possible.

The Holocore had introduced a whole new world, superimposed over the real one. And now with pozhap that world had become real. Holograms could be touched. Holograms could be felt.

He couldn't get over how the holotab looked and felt like a real object. He flung it like a frisbee across the room. As it broke into a million pieces against the mildew-stained wall, he could almost swear he

heard Transneequah cry out in pain.

It was rumored that hackers in Japan had figured out a way to turn pozhap into sheer bliss, one's very dreams come true.

He looked around at the dingy, too-close walls of his tiny apt and wished he had some other furniture than this run-down single bed. The tiny portable stove plugged in next to the foot of his bed only glared at him, as his stomach rumbled. A door across from him was open, revealing a bathroom the size of a modest closet, and a pile of dishes on the bathroom sink. He had eaten the last top ramen and was determined to relax somehow. There's got to be something I can watch that's not Transneequah.

He knew it was pointless. He knew literally every other show was going to be exactly as atrocious as this one. This isn't the days of the ancients. This isn't the days when there actually was a choice.

He sighed. I guess I'll watch some holomercials. Those pay out a pretty good GayPoint ratio. But I'll watch them in tablet mode. Having holograms flitting all around him sometimes made Fyfe nauseous.

He waved his hand, and another holotab appeared in the air above him.

Suddenly, babies of different genders and races were running across the screen, accompanied by a lively melody. They were all in diapers, and each pair of diapers had a speech bubble on them and the big bold words "I'm Gay!" written in a different color.

A female voice intoned, "New 'I'm Gay' pull-up diapers, now with more deodorizing power. Because your faggler is a big nonbinary person now!"

A big speech bubble with the words "I'm Gay!" filled the screen.

"Oh god..." Fyfe grumbled as he clubfisted the

screen, sending it flying into the bathroom where it promptly shattered against the mirror and lay in pieces all over the dirty dishes before disappearing in a puff of pixelsmoke.

He reluctantly conjured up another holotab.

A bunch of small, round, hard candies of all the colors of the rainbow cascaded down the screen.

Some shots of obviously trans people, each clad in a different bright color.

A smooth, seductive voice purred: “Skittlers, *Be* the Rainbow...”

Fyfe sighed.

The absurdity of the consumerization of morality. I am good because an advertisement for a candy bar says I’m good. Holy scriptures written on fabric softeners and dish soap. The trans megacorporations were not interested in profits, but in telling people how to live their lives.

The Holy State...the ultimate insult to the individual.

You are not an individual, you are not you. You are the genitals and skin color you were born with, and we, the Holy Mass Media, define who you are.

The mass media was the absolute antithesis of existentialism: we define who you are, based on our unapologetically racist and sexist categories—to the point where only race and sex exist. Nothing else defines the human.

That’s why I don’t have any friends, Fyfe thought. That’s why I’m stuck in this stupid dead-end job. Because I’m a heretic. I don’t believe in the Holy State. I don’t believe in either homofascism or heterofascism. I believe everyone should be free to determine their own meaning in life. That’s the price of being an individual in a fascist world. Ostracization. Isolation. Structural violence.

He reached out and grabbed the holoscreen in his hands and crushed it into a tiny ball. He threw it across the room and it bounced off the wall and landed in the trash can with a thud.

Whatever. I give up on getting any more GayPoints tonight. I'll just find a normal holoshow to watch. Just need to relax and watch something.

He had heard that once upon a time, there had actually been entertaining things to watch. Then, as if at the flip of a switch, all the films and shows had indoctrination added to them, teaching you to conform to the Holy State's morality. Then, one day, the entertainment was gone, and all that remained was the indoctrination...

He conjured up another holotab.

A wall-eyed, morbidly obese poker with a huge triple chin spoke into a microphone shaped like a dick.

“What are you doing to my cock?”

The poker spoke with an accent from somewhere back east.

The screen switched to a skinny tanpoke. He also stood in front of a podium with a dick-shaped mic. “I’m squeezing it and squishing it like play dough and rubbing it in between my—”

A buzzer sounded.

Oh god, seriously? He had seen this gameshow before. The wall-eyed host was Maury Feelspring. God, I hate this guy! He continued to watch out of morbid fascination, and because there was nothing better to watch.

The next contestant was a fleshy beigepoke, wearing an ornate pink hat with pig ears and a pig nose.

Feelspring went on. “Okay, Malfrin, you’ve been awarded the piggy hat based on your previous

answers. Don't screw it up! My balls are slapping against your eyeballs. What sound do they make?"

"Um...um...um...swip-flip-schwig-ditty-dit..." The beigepoke stood there with a quizzical look as if to say, "Is that alright?"

The buzzer went off.

"No dice, piggy wiggy."

The screen then switched to the next contestant, and—

What the...?

His eyes couldn't process what he was looking at.

Wait...what the *fuck*!?

On the screen floating in the air in front of him, the third contestant was...*himself*.

How can this be real?

How could he be watching...*himself*?

Feelspring piped up. "Ten inches. Think you can cope with that?"

The version of himself on the holotab beamed from ear to ear. "Oh, baby, can I ever! I want your ten inches inside my—"

What the fuck?! I would never say that! Fyfe watched in horror.

Ding ding ding! A bell rang.

"Oh, yeah. Without a doubt. Good piglet. Gimme a nice piggy squeal."

The Fyfe on the screen started making squealing sounds.

Fyfe began to feel sick to his stomach. What is happening?

The show went on like this. Feelspring kept asking each of the participants questions, and the Fyfe on the holotab kept giving him gay answers.

Then Feelspring looked straight into the camera and said, "Our latest contestant is a very special little

piggy. Oh, that's right. The AI automatically puts you into the show! Since your Rainbowatch stores images of yourself, our server simply pings your watch and grabs those images and the AI does its magic and makes it look like you are on the show as one of the contestants! A breakthrough in interactive entertainment! Isn't that right, piggy?"

The fake Fyfe on the screen kept squealing.

The rage welled up from every fiber of his being. Is there no limit to how far they will stoop in using technology to make people gay? Finally, he could stand this complete violation of his person, his being raped by an AI, no longer.

He reached out and grabbed the holoscreen and threw it against the wall, breaking it into a million pieces.

He closed his eyes hard, putting his hands over them, as if he could get rid of everything by willing it away.

His life was just one never-ending nightmare. It felt as if all of his senses had shut off, and his psyche had rolled up into a ball, receding entirely into itself out of self-preservation.

He stayed this way for quite some time, then, finally woke from his trance.

God, what complete and utter garbage!

Fuck this whole world! Fuck every last thing in this whole godamm-

He let out an exasperated sigh and opened his eyes. He lay there for a while, staring at the splotchy ceiling.

"Oh shit!" Fyfe said. He hadn't been keeping track of the time. I need to take my medicine. He reached down and groped under the bed, his hand finally closing on a hard object. He stared at the small plastic vial. The label read "Anti-Straight Pills."

Theoretically, his government-appointed counselor could drop by at any moment and demand to look at the bottle, to make sure he was taking them. He had done just that a few weeks ago, annoyingly showing up when Fyfe was having a fap session and just about to spooge. He hated the petit bureaucrat, hated how he showed up randomly, hated how he had to let him enter his minuscule abode, hated how he frowned and noted the number of pills in the bottle in a holoapp and lectured him on the virtues of gayness.

He shook out two pills, and plopped them into his mouth.

Fyfe was caught in a paradox. An endless nightmare. Forced to be in a world to which he didn't belong. A world that had taken everything from him. And which now, just like every moment of every day, rubbed his face in it, as if this never-ending farce reveled in it, reveled in the fact that it had permanently deprived him of everything he had loved in the world and replaced it with a 24/7 shitshow.

His "mouth" was a long rip in the side of the thin, hard mattress. Inside his "stomach," the insides of the dilapidated mattress, the pills joined their compatriots. The garbage and waste water were both monitored. Cameras were everywhere. Even if he crossed town and tried to throw the pills away, he could be caught.

After he had tried to sue the Holy State for what they had done, they had assigned a court-appointed psychologist to his case. He was diagnosed with straight tendencies due to longings for a mother figure and type two delusional paranoia, and sentenced to six months of mandated conversion therapy at the tender age of thirteen. Six months of

hell. State-approved psychological torture, all designed to make you never want to look at a woman again. And for what? He had done nothing wrong. It was they who had wronged him, and then lied to cover up their indiscretions. But he had been young and stupid, naively thinking the Holy State cared about people, that they would make restitution. That had been eight years ago, and he had learned his lesson. Never try to go up against the government. They know how to twist your words. They had written off his testimony in court to a paranoid outburst. But Fyfe knew what he had seen.

Knew what he had seen that night...

He caught himself right there. No. Stop it. I can't think about that again. Need to focus. Need to keep my thoughts occupied. If he let those vivid memories rush back into his mind, if that dam broke through and it all came back to him, he knew it would drive him to the brink of insanity. Then they would be right. I can't let that happen. No matter how bleak things get, no matter how hopeless my life seems, I can't give them this win. I can't let them break me. If he had learned one thing at conversion therapy, it was to never give in.

That was how he had survived these past eight years. Keeping himself busy. Keeping his mind occupied. Keeping his thoughts from going back to that hell, going back to conversion therapy, and to what he had seen...

He had taken on as many extra hours at work as he could, to keep his mind numb, to keep himself moving forward. It was all he could do to just keep the nightmare that was his life at bay. But his job could only give him so many hours. That's why he kept himself distracted with dumpster fire

holoshows. It was better than remembering the day he had lost everything.

His thoughts drifted, gravitated towards something...

He gestured and a carousel of three-dimensional icons appeared in the air above him. He flicked and it spun around in a circle. Hundreds of apps, whizzing by. It was dizzying. The Holy State and the trans megacorporations had an app for everything. But the one he was looking for didn't come from them.

Ah, here it is.

He tapped the carousel and it stopped. He stared at a black doorknob. The other apps slowly disappeared.

He had downloaded the mysterious app a few weeks ago from a mysterious site, but hadn't dared open it. It claimed to be non-traceable. He shuddered to think what would happen if they found out about it. Better safe than sorry, he thought. He reached his hand out, meaning to make a gesture and close the app, but found himself gripping the doorknob. It felt...almost like a real doorknob. Hard, round, and pressing into his fingers.

I should let go. I should delete—

Before he could stop himself, he had given the doorknob an ever so slight twist.

That was all it took.

A black sphere pulsed outward from the doorknob, enveloping the room in an instant, then disappearing.

The doorknob was now gone, but suddenly the carousel was back, spinning around at breakneck speed, but this time the apps were all black as night. They whirled and whirled, then finally slowed, so he was able to study the shapes in detail. He recognized none of these shapes. These were no

apps he had seen before. Phantom apps. As if they were the inversion of the real world. He caught a glimpse of one that looked like a curvaceous woman. Before he could even give it two thoughts he reached out and gripped it in his hand.

All of the other phantom apps disappeared, and then suddenly the black shape began to grow as it hovered from his hand over to the space beside his bed, and what had resembled a six-inch figure filled out into a life-size...woman, covered in black! The blackness receded slowly off her surface as if it had been a thin sheet of black oil, and presently he was staring at a busty Asian slitty with long, shining straight hair, full lips, shapely, womanly hips, and...gigantic ga-boingee-boings. And even more important than what she had, was what she didn't have! Clothes!

Light blue lacy lingerie left exposed an ample amount of clear, bright, glowing skin. She smiled at Fyfe. Suddenly a pole appeared to the side of his bed. She spun around it with the ease and grace of one of those exotic dancers that were only allowed to perform at all-lesbian clubs. She spun and spun, casting sultry glances back at Fyfe as she pointed her legs tantalizingly into the stale air of his apt.

Suddenly the pole disappeared and she started walking back towards the bed. She took off her bra and threw it at Fyfe. Amazed that his hand instinctively shot up and caught it without thinking, Fyfe was left staring at...

Divine titties.

Divine titties from heaven. Right in front of his very eyes.

A long time ago, when Fyfe had been ten or eleven, he had accidentally stumbled onto a Japanese porno site. It had a weird name. Oppai.

This apparition reminded him of the women on that site. After staring at the site in fascination for five or ten seconds, he immediately closed it for fear of what they would do to him if they found out. Amazingly, it had happened during a week when the gayvernment was updating their servers, and he was never caught.

Now, the memory of those round voluptuous breasts, those creamy thighs, those gentle, seductive almond eyes returned. But not as a distant memory. Those breasts, those thighs, and those eyes were staring him in the face. And this time in the flesh. Or...at least that's what it looked like to him. He wasn't complaining.

He looked down at the bra in his hand. It felt real. Wow. Could this be happening?

The Asian woman turned around, stuck out her butt, and pulled down her panties. She tossed them at Fyfe with a giggle. Then she said something in a high-pitched voice that he didn't understand.

Oh. She was speaking Japanese. Reality came rushing back to him. That's right. She's just a hologram, Fyfe. But wait...maybe this was that ingenious use of pozhap he had heard about. The one that turned your dreams into reality. It seemed this was his lucky day.

He had stumbled upon paradise.

Could I really be this lucky? Who cares if she's real? Sure as hell beats watching Transneequah!

The Asian beauty got onto the foot of his bed on all fours and then crawled towards him, up along his body, until she was straddling him.

She began to lick his chest.

Oh my god...it feels so real! Her tongue was soft and slippery, just like a real tongue should feel. This is it! The holy grail of technology! The legendary

pozhap hack! Thank you, Japan! Presently she was making little high-pitched noises as she coyly licked the same nipple over and over. Ah...it's so sensitive there. Feels so fucking amazing... After a while she worked her way down, licking his stomach, his belly button, his trail to paradise...

She tried to take off his boxers. Her hands slipped through the waistband, unable to catch hold. She kept trying and trying, repeating the same action. Okay, I guess pozhap can't do everything. He reached down and helped her. His perky tentpole immediately sprang out. She sat straight up, her eyes wide in amazement, her hand covering her mouth.

Then she scooped up his rod between her gigantic mammarys and began moving her torso back and forth, saying soft little things to him in Japanese as she did so. Ohh...her titties are so soft. Feels so good... Then her head lowered, and lowered as if attracted to his manhood like a moth to a flame. Soon she was slurping up his stick, and Fyfe was grunting in pleasure. He had never felt anything like it before. What had started out as such a shitty day had become the greatest day of his life. He basked in the pleasure, in his utopia.

"Oh, yeah...oh...yes...oh...wow, feels so amazing...yeah, just like that. Oh wow, keep doing that yes...yes— Wait...huh? Wait, wait no...OWWWW!! Fuck!" Fyfe reached out and grabbed his unit protectively in both hands and quickly scurried back, putting distance between him and the holobeauty. What the fuck was that? His manhood throbbed in pain.

She looked up at him, confused, and asked him something in Japanese. But one of her eyeballs had remained down where his shaft had been a moment earlier. It was connected by a long thin tube to her

face. And the inside of her head was covered by the black slick oily substance, and it began to ooze out from her eye socket and down her cheek, as if her face was being covered in tar. As she spoke, other parts of her face began to be pulled toward the empty eye socket, twisting them into unearthly contorted shapes, and this in turn caused holes to poke through at certain points, so he could see the wall behind her.

What had started out as ecstasy had somehow degenerated into discomfort...and then into sheer torture. Must be the beta version, he concluded. He quickly pulled his boxers over his aching wiener.

The Japanese slitty said something else inquisitively, but then started fizzling, and soon completely disappeared.

Suddenly something started growing, emerging out of the wall of the tiny apt. It was completely glossy black and smooth. Different shapes protruded from the wall until they grew into a face which continued to emerge from the wall. It appeared to be made of obsidian. No eyes, no mouth...just a slick black nothingness formed into a vaguely human face.

Fyfe nearly screamed, "What the hell is that?"

Was this part of the app, or had he finally lost it?

The face began to speak. Its voice, eldritch and distorted, didn't sound human.

"Not what, but who. I am the one they call Spectre."

Spectre. Fyfe had heard that name before. Oh yeah, a famous hacker. People talked about him sometimes online, but usually whenever they did, those profiles quickly disappeared.

"Spectre?! What do you want with me?"

"Merely to ask you a question. Don't you want to do what you just did, but in real life, instead of with a

holographic apparition?"

Was this a trap? Could this be the gayvernment closing in on him? Could it be his counselor? But his counselor was a stodgy, boring old poker—he could never devise something this bizarre. If not, then who?

"No, I don't! It was an accident! I swear!"

"Calm down. I'm not from the gayvernment."

"Who are you, then? Who are you really?" Fyfe's hands were still clutching and rubbing his penis, trying to make it feel better after the terrible ordeal.

"Simply someone like you."

"Like me?"

"Yes. Someone who...wants more."

"More than what?"

"You know the answer to that question better than most, Fyfe."

"More..."

"Yes. More than this gay world offers."

"How the fuck do you know my name?"

"I know many things."

This has to be a gayvernment agent.

"That's great! Well, thanks for popping in! Everything's okay here! Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to keep watching the Ministry of Gay Truth!"

The pain in his penis was gradually subsiding, thank God...

The black face let out a distorted laugh. "You weren't watching the Ministry of Gay Truth. You were getting your dick chomped up by an experimental pozhap. And so I ask again...wouldn't you like to have sex with a real woman?"

What the hell was he talking about? Penis-vagina sex was punishable by life in prison, and in some cases, worse. This was a trap.

“No, absolutely not! Like I said, I just want to go back to w—”

“Quit with the act. We both know what you want. Don’t worry. They can’t hear us here. The app you opened took care of that.”

Fyfe thought back to the mysterious black doorknob.

“You mean—?”

“Welcome to darkspace.”

“Dark...space?”

“Yes. Space that exists outside of governmentspace.”

“But the Holy State knows all, hears all, sees all. The all-seeing Gay—”

“Not if you have the right code. Look, I have more important things to do, so I’ll just tell you. Come to the abandoned B.A.R.T. Powell Station tomorrow at 7:00 P.M. One hundred CBDCs, paid in advance to Ted’s Carpal Tunnel Therapy Group. I’ve already saved the payment address on your CBDC app. Now, it’s been nice chatting. Ta ta!”

CBDCs were Central Bank Digital Currency. The only approved currency of the Holy State.

The obsidian face promptly sank back into the wall, disappearing from view. The voice was gone.

“Wait!”

There was silence for a time. Fyfe was alone. And then, suddenly, he heard the distorted voice. “Yes?”

“A hundred CBDCs? That’s outrageous!”

“I thought you weren’t going to come.”

“I’m not! But...if one were to come to this...Carpal Tunnel Group, what should one expect to find?”

The disembodied voice laughed. “That’s just a cover. The real name of the group is the Penis-Vagina Sex Club. If you want to know more, I’ll see you at

the Powell Station tomorrow. And so will many, many women. *Rea/women.*"

The voice laughed once again, and with that, the voice was gone, and Fyfe was left alone, thinking.

The Penis-Vagina Sex Club.

The words rang in his head.

No, absolutely not, Fyfe told himself.

There is no way I can go there.

Absolutely no way.

CHAPTER 2: OUT OF THE SHIT AND INTO THE RAINBOWS

I can't believe I'm doing this.
There is no way I can do this.
Absolutely no way.

Fyfe sternly reprimanded himself as he trudged along in his yellow galoshes, the permashit making gross squishy noises below, scanning the perimeter for freshly added piles from the local denizens and sidestepping them with the prowess of a Shitty native. It had recently rained, so mucky brown puddles dappled the shitscape, adding one more class of obstacles to dodge. He did his best to hold his nose, to not breathe, to breathe through his mouth...*anything* to avoid the stench. Those fancy gas masks that filtered out the Shitty air were so expensive the only people that could afford them were the people who didn't need them because they didn't need to be here.

As he trod along, the Shitty sprawled out in front of him like a nightmare of fecal matter and ruined lives, as he passed abandoned building after abandoned building, broken glass and boarded-up windows glaring down at him uninvitingly. The building walls had the appearance of being splattered carelessly with brown paint, but Fyfe knew that wasn't paint...

In the distance, the hulking, rusted out form of that ancient relic, the Golden Gate Bridge, loomed eerily, wrapped in swirling grey clouds of fog, as if not really there, as if merely an unearthly vision from another time and place.

Shit! I can't believe I'm doing this! I'm so fucking dead! Maybe they're onto me already. Maybe they know about darkspace. Maybe they know about the Asian holoslitty.

His thoughts were jarred away from his insane quixotic quest by the masses of dispossessed

shifting all around him. Lit only by the gloom of the permanently grey sky, beggars, drug addicts, orphans, and crackwhores lined the street, going about their normal business—smoking crack, shooting up heroin, yelling like lunatics at each other, acting like zombies or madmen hopped up on drugs. Every few paces hands were thrust out in front of him, imploring for a crust of bread or CBDC transfer. He pushed past them and quickened his pace. He barely had money enough himself from his lousy job to eat. He had already transferred the outrageous fee for the so-called “Carpal Tunnel Therapy Group.” If I’m late, he prodded himself, that’s a hundred big ones down the drain.

Fyfe gestured in the air and a holomap of the city appeared. He plucked it out of the air with one hand and with the other used his fingers to pinch to zoom in, twisting the area shown on the map this way and that to orient himself. Finally, convinced he was headed to the right station to get him to the part of town that he needed, he crumpled up the map and tossed it aside. It landed on the permashit before bursting into a puff of pixelsmoke and wafting away into the air.

Just then, fluorescent lavender boxes drawn in holochalk lit up, hovering a few centimeters above the caked, dried crust of shit that covered the ground before him. Green and yellow numbers floated inside each box. A young slitty in a tattered pink dress—or more likely it was a poker dressed as a slitty—began to play hopscotch on the glowing boxes. Fyfe nimbly moved out of the way, only to have to quickly dodge in the other direction, as half the street was covered by neon purple roses sprouting out of cyan bushes as an elderly woman in rags muttered to herself while tipping an ethereal

watering can, pouring holographic beads of water onto the scintillating petals like jewels on electric velvet.

To his right, a group of brownees were playing a game of street holoball in sparkling uniforms, some purple, some red. Holoforms, he realized. One of them was dribbling a shiny pink ball with a glowing turquoise trail following behind. The hoop was an ostentatious affair, with a shining gold net and glittering silver backboard and stand covered with flashing lights chasing themselves around the ethereal structure. One of the brownees in purple drilled in hard and got past the other team's defenses, jumped up and made a shot. As the glowing pink ball swished through the holographic net, the entire hoop spun around and shot up a flurry of yellow, blue, and orange fireworks.

Fyfe skirted the game and moved on.

As he passed a bum taking a shit on the corner he noticed the holomag the bum was reading intently as he defecated. The title of the mag was "Gay Today" and on its cover was a picture of a smiling hobo along with the headline "Why living on the streets is actually good for you."

Holomags, hologames, holoapps...all part of a new dimension that had fused with the real world and become part of everyday life.

Holospace.

All thanks to the ubiquity of the one killer device that had replaced all previous electronic devices... computers, phones, tablets. The Rainbowatch.

Everybody had one.

It was mandatory.

Who needed a computer, or a phone, or a tablet, when you could create any number of them virtually in the air in front of you?

It was hailed as a miracle device, the most sophisticated piece of personal technology ever created.

Unfortunately, Fyfe reflected as the masses of derelicts pressed in against him, that miracle didn't include rescuing people from homelessness, hunger, and poverty. In fact, as technology had advanced, the divide between the rich and the poor had grown ever wider, while the price of food, vehicles and housing skyrocketed, culminating in nearly sixty percent of the nation's population being declared officially homeless, and much higher than that in the major population centers.

But the technology kept advancing, whether it was helping the majority of the people or not. The truth was that the trans megacorporations, much less the actual Ministry of Gay Plenty itself, could care less about providing people with food, shelter, clothing...the things most people would consider to be the "basic necessities of life." There was only one set of "basic necessities" when it came to trans megacorporations and the government, and they were a little bit different than what the average person considers to be "necessities."

Spying.

Controlling.

Indoctrinating.

So while nearly ninety percent of San Franciscans living in the Shitty didn't even have a home to live in, one hundred percent of them had a Rainbowatch... down to every last bum, wino, crack whore, or starving homeless kid on the shit-encrusted street.

As cramped and decrepit as Fyfe's apt was, he felt lucky to even have a place to call home, as he eyed these people with vacant stares or looks of desperation on their faces.

Yes, they could create whatever they wanted with the Rainbowatch. But they couldn't get rid of the shithole all around them...and holopixels couldn't feed them.

The secret to the Rainbowatch lay underneath its multi-colored silicone coating, in the heart of the thin band of titanium which it concealed. The Holocore. The Holocore was capable of projecting holograms to a distance of up to ten meters in any direction, enabling users to create virtually whatever they wanted in holospace around them. With all humans capable of creating holograms at any time, this created another layer on top of reality—separate from reality yet visible over it, the merely imaginary superimposed over the real. Users could not only see this imaginary space, but interact with it too, through the miracle of pozhap, creating an artificial sense of touch.

To the ancients, this would have sounded like a dream come true.

But it was a trojan horse.

Along with the promise of creating a fantasy world all around you came something more sinister: a new level of control undreamt of by governments of the past. In order to project holograms in realtime as the user moved around, and for users to be able to interact with those holoapps as if they were real objects, manipulating them with their hands, feet, etc., it was necessary for the wristband to constantly detect the motions of the user's entire body. For this purpose, all Rainbowatches were equipped with a technology called BodyDetect, which allowed it to constantly monitor everything the user's body was doing at all times. And since all people had Rainbowatches, they also monitored *with whom* the user was doing that activity. Miraculously, the watch

was able to both project and detect through the user's limbs, utilizing a new technology called RayBend. But alas, all Rainbowatches were connected at all times to the Gay-I, the government A.I. created specifically for the purpose of enforcing the government's dictates. Soon after the launch of the Rainbowatch and once everyone had been persuaded, cajoled, or coerced into using one, the Holy State had declared that penis-vagina sex was outlawed, declaring it to be racist, extremist, and homophobic. And with the new technology, they were able to enforce that decree.

The Rainbowatches were installed at gayvernment offices, or in many cases, especially with the homeless rabble, simply by packs of gops patrolling the street. Once installed, it was impossible to remove the Rainbowatch. Previous to the Rainbowatch, straight sex had been technically banned. However, pokers were easily able to get around this law by becoming trans and declaring themselves to be slitties and asserting that they were having lesbian sex. But the Rainbowatch's BodyDetect was so precise, mapping out the user's body in every detail, that there was no way around the new Penis-Vagina Sex Act, as it was called. Their only recourse, if they wanted to copulate with a slitty, was to perform the operation and have a slit themselves.

A rumbling in the sky above the cloud cover interrupted Fyfe's thoughts. Oh fuck! Like everyone else in the Shitty, he had to constantly be on the lookout, for one of the massive shitchutes above could unload at any moment, covering up to an entire city block in tons of shit. It was usually all wet and runny, since it was mixed with urine and wastewater, and what didn't harden and cake and

become part of the permashit would eventually be washed away by the rain. Regardless, on the moment of impact, you didn't want to be one of the unfortunate souls who happened to be standing in that sector.

The reverberating, metallic, thunderous sound above wasn't thunder, but rather one of the shitchutes opening up. The Shitty's denizens ears had been carefully honed to recognize the sound right away and prepare themselves or flee.

Thankfully, Fyfe had saved up enough to buy himself a swank new microumbrella that telescoped into the full-size thing. He deftly whipped it out of his pocket and pressed the tiny expand button. All of a sudden the four-inch rod shot up and out, blossoming into a shiny, chrome-colored beauty. Ah...now I'm ready. Do your worst, he thought to the sky.

Presently megatons of liquid shit dumped from above...the next block over. Crackwhores, drug dealers, hobos scattered in every direction, many of them being caught up in the brown explosion that coursed over them like a tidal wave, spreading out from the epicenter.

Whew! That was a close one, Fyfe thought as he collapsed his microumbrella and pocketed it, rerouting his course to avoid the shitblasted block.

It was the tale of two cities.

The old San Francisco, which had been declining for as long as anyone could remember, was informally dubbed by its residents "The Shitty." A city covered in shit. A city not even worthy of being called "city" with a "c." A festering scab of deprivation and decay, a testament to how much the trans megacorporations, who blustered on and on about "equity," really cared about the inhabitants

of the city that housed their headquarters.

The Shitty's long downhill slide had only intensified after the reorganization of the government into the Homofascist State of America. For a brief moment, there seemed to be hope, as the newly-formed gayovernment announced that San Francisco would be the new capital of the nation. But those hopes were quickly blown away, as the Holy State, as it was called, began a new project in the air high above the city completely ignoring the old city below. Already rampant with poverty and homelessness, the Shitty plunged even deeper into urban decline.

What San Francisco residents didn't know at first was that a second city was being built literally on top of the first. All they knew was that one day, a pall of murky cloud cover enshrouded the city, never again to depart. From that day forth, the city had not seen a single ray of sun. But it was no matter to the gayovernment, for their project was to create a wonder of wonders, to which the pyramids of Egypt, the Statue of Liberty, and the Eiffel Tower would all pale in comparison. One day, a shimmering rainbow appeared out of nowhere, extending down from the permanent cloud cover above down to the Shitty, and those with enough ones and zeros in their CBDC account were invited to come and see the land of marvels they had created above.

He felt a hot blast of air and looked to his left. A huge fireball had just erupted in a nearby alley, silhouetting some staggering drunks nearby. He peered into the alley. There, some pinkee tweens, about the age he was when he went to conversion therapy, were battling it out, using magic in holospace. The one who had just thrown the fireball was a young poker in glasses garbed in red, arcane

robes, with glowing yellow runes running their length. The one he had just thrown the fireball at wore a black robe with a pulsating silver sigil on his chest. A nearby youngster, clad in a royal blue robe covered with scintillating stars that gave the impression of the swirling night sky, raised his hands and white-hot lightning arched out at the red-robed combatant.

Turf wars.

Better steer clear of this section of the city. He knew it was only pozhap, but those magical lightning blasts and fireballs were capable of inflicting real pain, akin to the pain he had experienced with the holographic Japanese woman.

It started to rain. Fyfe pulled the microumbrella back out and deployed it.

Raining again.

Like that night.

When he had been a young boy, the sound of rain on the street had always mesmerized him. Now it terrified him.

As he watched the intricate dance of raindrops on the reflection of the overcast sky in the puddles all around him, his mind was, against his will, being transported to a different place, a different time. Before he realized what was happening, he was there.

Sitting in the car.

With his mother.

They had gone out for a night of holobowling, and were on their way back, driving through the darkness, through the rain and fog, barely able to see.

His mother was cool like that, always spending time with her son, doing things he liked, not one of those absent parents who could give a damn about

their kids.

Fyfe, like everyone else, had been born through artificial insemination, the only legal way in the Holy State to have children, and even though her butch girlfriend had left her to raise Fyfe all alone when he was still little, his mother never complained, never once had the appearance to Fyfe of being sad. Every memory of her was with a smile on her face—he never once remembered seeing her frown. If she had any regrets, any heartaches, she must have kept them to herself—they didn't exist when he was around. Her presence in his life was always one of bright, shining happiness. She was a person who always gave, never seeming to care about getting anything back from the world.

At first it had seemed like a routine traffic stop. That was back when things weren't so bad, when some people in the Shitty could still afford a car. She had had a few drinks at the alley, and he had noticed when they got in their groundcar—the flying ones were for those people in the city above—that she was driving slightly erratically, but he said nothing. She had driven like this before—but she was a slow, and therefore—he thought—relatively safe driver, so no harm had ever come out of it. So it came as a slight surprise when she got pulled over. But instead of asking her to do the breathalyzer test built into the steering wheel of every car, the regular gaylice officers were soon relieved by two men wearing black trenchcoats. They said they were looking for someone. When the taller one said "Papers, please," she had tried to bring up her papers on her Rainbowatch, but for some reason the network happened to be down. She began rifling nervously through her purse, trying to find her physical copy. Her purse was always jam-packed full of things, so

she started to pull things out to make more room to look. The first object she produced was a long purple dildo. The man mistook it for a gun, and immediately pulled out his weapon and unloaded eleven bullets through her torso, killing her instantly.

Fyfe sat there in shock, looking at the motionless form of his mother, her unmoving face, her eyes staring off into the distance, the blood flowing down her blouse. Even though this memory should have been long buried in the past, every time it came back, it was like he was experiencing it afresh, reliving his mother's murder once again, tearing his heart out of his chest, destroying his world, like it had done hundreds of times before.

He heard the two men yelling in a strange language, as if to somebody else. His eyes jerked up, pulled away from the sight of his dead mother, and peered out through the rain and fog.

And suddenly, there he was.

Through the mist, through the downpour...

The man who visited his dreams. The man he could almost swear he could see every time it rained, there in that shadow, behind that old lady, in that alleyway, his reflection in every puddle, his smirk taking over every face. But every time he turned his head to look at him, he was gone.

Dressed in a long black coat and black hat, a black patch over his eye, a wretched sneer on his lips.

The two men standing near the car were still shouting in another language and motioning at his dead mother. The man in the patch simply gave them a casual gesture like it didn't matter. He motioned to them to move on to the next car while speaking that strange language.

In that moment, something in Fyfe's young brain clicked. He realized that this world is made up of

order-givers, and order-followers. The man who had pulled the trigger, the man who had just killed his mother, was nothing more than a vacuous order-follower, barely more than a machine. Hardly a worthy opponent. Hardly worthy of his wrath, of wasting a single instant on him. But those who give the orders from the shadows, never coming into the light of accountability, those who manipulate people and events as if human beings were no more than pieces on a chess board, who was going to stand up to them? Who was going to make them pay for their actions?

Didn't matter? Didn't matter?! They had just killed his mother, and the mysterious order-giving man in the shadows hadn't been phased. This was just all in a night's work for him. Fyfe suddenly wanted to run out into the rain and throw himself on the man with every ounce of his thirteen-year old strength. He wanted to obliterate him, for acting like his mother was a cleanup on aisle seven, an insignificant accident on the way to whatever it was they were searching for. But before he could do anything, the passenger door was being opened, and two sets of rough hands were being placed on his arms and he was being taken somewhere with a bag over his head. He ended up being questioned for thirty minutes in some small, featureless room with a harsh lamp overhead before they confirmed their suspicion that he was a waste of time. Neither he nor his mother seemed to have anything to do with whatever they were looking for.

That night had been the beginning of every other day of his life.

Every day blaming himself afresh for her death.

Every day trapped in the prison of not being able to go back in time and change one's decisions.

I should have protected her. I should have been a man. Everyday, being indoctrinated that it's evil for men to be men. That men need to be women. And women need to be men. I'm an individual, not some vacuous mind to be ordered around and told what to do, like the guy who killed my mother. I should have taken control of my life, I should have been there for her when she needed me. She didn't have someone to protect her. I could have—should have been that someone. Who else? She had been drinking. I should have stopped her from driving. I failed her. She didn't have someone in her life watching out for her. That was my job. Damn it! It was so simple, even a kid of three years old could figure it out.

The purpose of society is to deceive the individual, to tell them the opposite of what they need to do to be happy. I had all that time to figure it out...thirteen years...but I was so stupid. No, not stupid. Lazy. I never took the initiative. Never tried to figure anything out, just went along with the flow like a piece of fucking driftwood floating down the river. Thirteen years to realize what was obvious.

Whatever society tells you to do, just do the opposite.

Thirteen years to tell my mom "I'll be the man you never had in your life, just leave it to me, everything will be alright. I'll take care of you."

I knew I should have spoken to her in a calm, confident voice that night and told her "Mom, don't drive the car. We're going to take the hoverbus and go home."

Why didn't I do it? Why did I listen to society? Mother, I failed you...

After the incident, Fyfe had searched desperately online, trying to find any information that could lead him to find out what happened to his mother.

Mysterious reports would pop up on forums from time to time about secret government operatives, clandestine operations among the populace. But such reports would always disappear just as quickly and mysteriously as they had appeared, and the Holy State of course denied all such accusations.

Those fucking pigs! Those fucking goosestepping fagscists, turning them over to those men in black. Who was that man in the patch? And what did they want with us? I should have fucking killed him when I had the chance! Better to kill him than let that fucking—

Fyfe let out a long exhalation. I need to find my zen place. But how can I when my life is a waking nightmare? Surrounded constantly by this absolute fucking garbage world that is just here to destroy me. If I had been a man, if I had rebelled against the system, if I had stood up for my mom, if I had done something, anything, she would still be here.

Suddenly, Fyfe realized he was here.

The RainboWalk.

He tilted his head up. It had stopped raining. Looming high above him in the air was a giant, glittering rainbow, starting on the permashit, and gently sloping up into the permacloud above. Pedestrians flowed on from the street and stepped *onto* the rainbow, onto its variously colored lanes, ranging from red to violet. These pedestrians were much cleaner and better-dressed than the rabble he had been wading through moments ago.

Businesspokers. Harty-torty looking slitties with name-brand purses and outlandish holo-dos. High fashion gender fluids that could give Transneequah a run for zzer money. Many of them had fancy golden or silver gas masks on.

Here it is, he thought to himself.

My ticket to freedom. My ticket to penis-vagina sex. With a real woman, not that crazy holoslut.

Fyfe looked over to the side and noticed the huge line of people waiting to buy a ticket. Oh...that's right. Those of us who live in the Shitty, we need to buy a ticket. Not like those people over there. He gulped, knowing how much this was going to cost him. After his mother's untimely death, all her possessions, including her car and home, had been confiscated by the Holy State. And after six months of conversion therapy, Fyfe had been placed in foster home after foster home until finally he was old enough to get a job and rent that tiny apt, but the price of consumer autos had been steadily rising over the last decade, and he had never been able to afford one on his own. And since the old B.A.R.T. system had been shut down decades ago, and the company running the unprofitable hoverbuses had gone belly up, this was the only reliable way to get all the way across town to the Powell Station, where the Penis-Vagina Sex Club which he had paid for was being held, without getting his ass mugged, raped, or shot.

Fyfe sucked in his breath and stepped in line.

When he had finally made it to the head of the line he approached the pink ticket box. On it was a slit to insert holobills. Next to the slit was displayed the price. Seventy-five CBDCs.

Seventy-five! Fuck! They raised it. The only safe way across town. And to get there and back is going to cost...literally the last remaining CBDCs in my account. I'll be completely broke after this. And I have almost no food at my place. I don't even know how I'm going to eat after this. He hesitated, a war going on inside him. Damn this stupid crap! How do I even know I can trust this Spectre guy? Finally, the person behind him in line getting impatient, he

sighed and conjured up three CBDC holobills, each a different color, each bearing the symbol of the all-seeing Gay-I, a rainbow pyramid with one eye at the top, and inserted them begrudgingly into the slot.

It spat out a golden holoticket. Fyfe took the ticket, approaching the gigantic rainbow leading up to the sky with trepidation.

In front of the rainbow, blocking entry onto its shimmering colorful lanes, stood a shiny, glittering transparent wall. Fyfe held out the golden ticket in front of him. It immediately dissolved into sparkles, vanishing into thin air. The part of the shimmering wall blocking his lane then disappeared.

Well, here goes nothing, he thought.

It was only the second time in his life he had taken the RainboWalk.

He stepped onto the rainbow.

CHAPTER 3: FIGHTING PINK SUPREMACY

Tanskinn, Poccistan

The watery ball of liquid gold slipped above the horizon over the forsaken desert. Haloed by the molten orb, a solitary figure emerged, trodding its lonely path on the one dirt road in sight, its tattered robes flying in the wind.

The figure approached a village, its ancient sandstone hovels glowing orange in the waxing glow of the climbing globe. A few driftless goats wandered by on the fringes of the settlement.

As the outsider's methodical footsteps fell on the main thoroughfare, uneasy villagers clambered along to their destination. No part of the mysterious stranger was visible, not even his eyes, as the wind and sand whipped about him like angry fates, throwing the multifarious tatters of his robes along the broad dirt road as if to reach after the inhabitants of the hapless hamlet.

[Rainbow Vision]

A prismatic view of the world. Field of view divided into chromatic substrata. Red at top, violet at bottom. Villagers crisscrossing the road, avoiding eye contact, digital boxes framing their skinny bodies. A word hovers above each of their heads, and below the word, a number. A bigger number hovers in the top right corner. In the top left corner, a neon pink radar scans the perimeter, showing red blips for people.

[Normal Vision]

The robed stranger approached some vegetable stands.

[Rainbow Vision]

Villagers packing up their wares hurriedly, scuttling off, trying not to attract attention.

[Normal Vision]

As the stranger approached the center of the village, townsfolk fleeing left and right, he neared a hovel larger than the rest, with a domed roof, a tower, and a large central courtyard. The entire edifice appeared as if it were made of the desert sands which were the only paving this ancient village had ever known. In the courtyard, hundreds of bodies lay prostrate, supplicating some unseen entity.

[Rainbow Vision]

As the rainbow view moves into the courtyard, prostrate humans look up, fear in their eyes. Each is identified by a single word: *Pocc*, and a small number beneath. One by one they turn and run, their digital boxes and hovering words clinging to them. The rainbow view proceeds until it reaches the center of the courtyard, all of the penitent petitioners scattering until not a soul is left in sight.

Except...

Five figures in white robes, who are walking calmly toward the rainbow view.

[Normal Vision]

Five robed figures, apparently unarmed, surrounded the solitary figure. Each of them adorned with a black and white keffiyeh wrapped over their mouth and nose, covering their faces, only their eyes visible, each of their robes billowing in the angry wind. They walked slowly forward, converging on the tattered figure.

[Rainbow Vision]

As the five men walk towards the rainbow view, fluorescent scanning bars come down from the top and sides of the field of view, combing their outlines fastidiously, accompanied by computerized whirs and beeps. Soon the neon pink digitized outlines of various weapons appear, hidden in the voluminous

folds of their robes. Pistols. Assault rifles. Hunting knives. An RPG. Above each of the five men hovers a word in flashing red:

Bi-Pocc.

[Normal Vision]

One of the robed men, apparently their ringleader, pulled down the mouth portion of his keffiyeh, revealing an angry grimace under a long black beard, as he eyed the stranger contemptuously, and began shouting things in a strange language to the other men.

From within his tattered robes the mysterious solitary stranger pulled out...

A set of rainbow-colored GayPods.

He put them in his ears.

[Rainbow Vision]

A voice starts to whisper...

Let the corpses hit the sand...

Let the corpses hit the sand...

Let the corpses hit the...

Music starts up. The voice begins to wail furiously...

Saaaa-aaaand -aaaand -aaaand!

The ringleader reaches into his robes...

He's going for his assault rifle.

[Normal Vision]

In a flash, the lone stranger whipped his tattered robe off and launched it toward the ringleader, the force of the violent desert wind sending it flying towards the stunned man's face.

The ringleader caught scattered glimpses through the billowing tattered robes...

—A man diving through the air—

—Desert storm camo—

—Beretta in each hand—

—Rainbow-tinted optics—

The ringleader, screaming, cut loose with a flurry of a thousand bullets, tearing what was left of the tattered robe to complete shreds.

But then suddenly he felt something.

He looked down and put a hand to his chest. He raised his fingers up, covered in blood. And suddenly the stranger was in his face.

The stranger ditched the handguns, tossing them to the floor. He snatched the ringleader's assault rifle from his slack grip and then rammed its muzzle into the horrified man's temple.

[Rainbow Vision]

The music continues to blast angrily...

Let the corpses hit the sand!

Let the corpses hit the sand!

Let the corpses hit the sand!

Squeeze the trigger.

The drug kicks in, allowing time to be slowed, violence to be savored...

A moment of complete terror on the man's face.

Then, in slow motion...

The bearded man's other temple opens up. Fragments of bone begin to fly outward. A bullet erupts out of his head in slomo. Chunks of brain explode out of the opening.

The head is now disgorging its contents in a grisly display of frozen violence, spewing forth clumps of cerebral matter, each one leaving a shimmering trail of drug-induced sparkles as it flies across the air.

[Normal Vision]

A wide, bold brushstroke of red was now painted across the desert floor. Bits of brain lay soaking in the grisly spectacle.

The other four men looked at each other in horror.

The lifeless body swayed, then fell backward.
It hit the ground.

Then the four men quickly recovered from their shock and resumed their attack.

A hail of bullets was now flying at the stranger with the rainbow flag patch on his shoulder wearing desert storm camo fatigues. One of the men began hurriedly ramming a missile into his RPG.

The stranger ran directly at him.

The man tried to load the missile and aim the weapon in time, but the stranger was too quick. He rammed into him, pushing him off balance, forcing him to turn away and stumble to one knee, while the stranger simultaneously whirled around, using the man's back to prop him up as he rolled back-to-back over the man. Meanwhile the other three kept up their assault, firing angrily at the stranger. As he rolled over the man's back, he took aim upside-down and fired round after round.

The three men continued to fire their handguns and rifles at the stranger, but only hit their comrade, who, now splattered in his own blood, dropped his RPG.

He fell to the sand like a bag of bricks.

As the stranger completed his acrobatic twirl and landed back on his feet he kept running, not losing his stride, jumping through the air at the remaining three, spraying them with deadly projectiles. As they resumed their assault, unleashing a torrent of bullets at him, the drug he was on slowed the projectiles down, creating dazzling effects, making everything leave a trail of sparkles. His world was frozen, he could pick out each threat with ease, dodging and twirling through the hail of lead like a deadly ballet, each slug barely missing its mark.

He was now right up in the next one's face. He

squeezed the assault rifle's trigger, firing three bullets through his chest, sending a spray of blood onto the desert floor. He blasted another bullet through the man's eye, and another into his mouth. The eye socket became a gaping glittery hole as eye and brain exploded out the back of his head, landing on the bloody sand. Teeth and bits of tongue exploded from the back of his head, joining the eye and brain in the gory mess.

The remaining two, howling ferociously, fired their weapons at him, their muzzle flashes waving around frantically.

The stranger dodged the incoming bullets ballistically, diving to the ground and rolling forward. As he completed his roll, he swung his assault rifle up and jammed it into the next man's groin. He squeezed the trigger. Glittering gonad pieces mixed with shards of pelvic bone went flying out the other side, spraying vermillion blood onto the sand.

The one remaining robed man closed in on him, assault rifle breathing a fiery river of bullets. The stranger quickly dodged them, landing on his back, keeping his weapon trained on his enemy.

The robed man walked up and pointed his assault rifle at the stranger.

The stranger pulled his trigger.

Shit.

He was out.

As the robed man fired, the stranger quickly rolled and grabbed a hunting knife from one of the corpses' boots. Then he quickly sprung up and buried it into the last man's face. Crimson blood arced through the air, spattering the sand with what looked like gobs of fresh red paint.

The lifeless body collapsed.

The stranger was now alone in the courtyard,

surrounded by bodies covered with gaping, ghastly orifices. Large swaths of sand were covered by giant red splotches of blood. The courtyard was a work of art, painted in furious strokes of red. The stranger was a Van Gogh, and the desert was his canvas.

He was known only by the nickname he had been given by the other murderers.

Cowboy.

He was the best of the best.

So elite, he formed his own elite squad all by himself. A one man army. The only one that could be trusted with this mission.

Murdering darkskins was what he did. Because he worked for the government of America. And that's what the government did: murdered darkskinned people in far away lands. And he was racking up a ton of GayPoints doing it. He had murdered over three thousand Poccs, more than any other murderer in the murdertary. And thanks to that, he now almost had enough GayPoints to join the Victimgentsia.

Scanning the edges of the compound, his rainbow vision could see people around springing into life, tiny labelled digital boxes on the horizon, the Gaydar in the top left corner of his vision alerting him to new threats. More foes to vanquish, more GayPoints to earn.

A double beep cut in and suddenly a translucent image of a bearlike face with a stern grimace appeared in the left side of his vision, superimposed over the ancient sandstone edifices. Major Killmore.

“Cowboy? What the hell are you doing? I need you on the other side of the village, ASAP.”

The gaygles were a joint venture between Gaygle and the murdertary, built from the ground up to provide rock solid performance to murderers in

the field. At first, they had sent murderers out with ruggedized Rainbowwatches, their projected holos providing all the necessary battle data: highlighting enemies, projecting holograms of their superior officers which hung in the air beside them as they fought, giving them guidance or orders. But the sandstorms in Poccistan got so bad that they could barely even see the holos, even inches in front of their faces. And so they developed gayggles: satellite-connected, Rainbowvision-equipped, perfectly sandproof goggles that also served as a heads up display for all their fighting needs. They looked like a cross between Oakley's with rainbow-colored tint, and rugged murdetary-grade sandgoggles.

“I was just following orders.”

“Whose orders?”

“You told me you needed me to take out the Bi-Poccs, and that they would appear to me in my gayggles.”

“No, I didn’t need you to take out *that* group of Bi-Poccs, I needed you to take out another group of Bi-Poccs on the other side of town. Now get moving, murderer! Out.”

The translucent image of the man’s face disappeared.

Cowboy checked the glowing pink Gaydar in his gayggles. There were indeed a cluster of Bi-Poccs on the other side of town, their location revealed by some flashing red blips.

That was a good thing for Cowboy.

It meant more GayPoints.

Bi-Poccs were high value targets. Originally worth double a normal insurgent, and hence the name, they were now worth many times an insurgent grunt.

The number below each Pocc was the number of GayPoints he was awarded for killing them, which was added to the number in the top right of his gayggles, his GayScore.

He was almost there...

50,000 GayPoints!

Maybe he would make it on this mission...

Victimgentsia, here I come!

Cowboy set off at a run, intent on making up for lost time. As he ran down the dusty street, he got closer and closer to more targets. Not the ones he was looking for.

He tapped the side of his gayggles to radio in to the Major. "Big Chief, this is Little Indian. Additional targets showing up along the way. Not the Bi-Pocc. Should I engage?"

"Cowboy, you're the best we got! I authorize you to engage any and all targets as long as you keep moving toward the objective."

Yes! 50,000 GayPoints, here I come! And with that...freedom.

"Roger that. Over and out."

It's murdering time! But first, need to restock. He saw a turquoise blip on the gaydar and moved in its direction.

He was so close...

Cowboy had only become a murderer because he had been born into the lowest racial caste of society. He was a pink poker. All his life, society crushing him down because of the color of his skin. He needed the GayPoints. He needed to get out of the horrible place he was in in society because of the way he was born. And murdering third-world darkskinned people for the Holy State was how he was going to do it.

Your overall GayPoints determined your GayScore, which determined your place in the Victim Hierarchy, and thus in society. At the very bottom of the hierarchy was the Privileged Class—also called the Privelegetariat—which consisted of pink pokers, most of whom the only job they qualified for was a bum on the street. Then you had pink slitties, who were a little bit higher than pink pokers. Next you had the Minorities, who made up the majority of the population. They too were subdivided into several categories according to race and gender, which determined how high up the hierarchy they were. Above them was the murdertary and gaylice—an excellent option for the oppressed Priveleget Class, a way to score some GayPoints and move up the hierarchy. Next was the Victimgentsia—the petit rulers who oppressed society by telling them how evil they were. This group included race grifters, gender-affirming surgeons, most gayovernment workers, and Hollywood actors and directors, who were constantly telling people how racist they were and making films to indoctrinate them that some people were evil because of the color of their skin. At the very top of the Victim Hierarchy were the top gayovernment officials, including the Mass Murderers and the great Fägyur himself, who according to themselves were the biggest victims in society, constantly being oppressed by the extremist, racist, phobic public.

The great thing about this stratified society was that there were many ways to move up it. You could chop off your genitals. You could change your racial identity or even better do race-affirming surgery, which included more than just getting melanocyte implants, but also included plastic surgery to change your facial features to match the target race. You

could become a grifter and talk about how evil and racist pinkees are. And, a good option for the Privileged Class: you could join the murdertary or the gaylice. Cowboy didn't fancy himself looking like a clown, so he joined the murdertary.

As part of the Victimgentsia, they would probably make Hollywood films about his heroic tour of duty, and have him fly around and speak on the virtues of blowing darkskinned third world countries to Kingdom Come.

And just like any other bureaucratic, stratified society there was more leeway and more hypocrisy the closer you were to the top. A member of the Privileged Class got caught doing penis-vagina sex, he could be in prison for life. But one of the Victimgentsia get caught doing the exact same thing –the gayovernment would simply look the other direction. You're helping them subjugate everyone to them. As long as you do your job well, they don't care what you do in your free time.

Not only would he be able to make a comfortable living, but he would finally be able to do it.

Put his penis inside a vagina.

That was the main reason he wanted to join the Victimgentsia.

He was on the cusp of 50,000 GayPoints, and penis-vagina sex. Which was perfect, because he was only a few days away from finishing his tour of duty.

And it was an open secret that slitties back in the State wanted to have sex with murderers. So being in the Victimgentsia and being a murderer meant double the penis-vagina sex. A victim-murderer. It was the perfect combo.

Oh god, I can't wait!

All his life he had wanted to ram his cock into a

pussy, and he was so close he could taste it.

And as much as he loved the adrenaline rush of murdering darkies, he had been out here, away from the Holy State, for a really long time. It was time to move on. He had another gun that needed to shoot its load.

And the reality of it was, he was getting battle-weary. He had volunteered and stayed out here twice as long as he was supposed to. It was wearing on him.

All I have to do is murder a few more Pocc's for the Holy State, and I'll be part of the Victimgentsia—the oppressors, not the oppressed, like I was before because I was born with my pink skin and schllong. Then I'll have it made. Best of all, I'll be part of the hypocritical upper class that can have penis-vagina sex and get away with it, while others are hauled to jail for doing the same thing. Soon I'll be on easy street, and getting my dick wet! Wahoo!

Isn't the system awesome when you can make it serve you?

As he neared the turquoise blip, his gayggles outlined a turquoise wire frame box, its top level with the ground and its bottom a few feet below the ground.

I hope they remembered.

He could feel the effects of the drug wearing off. His world wasn't as sparkly, he didn't have quite the same amount of focus.

He kicked off the sand, removed the tarp, and lifted the hatch on the weapons locker which was stashed for him by support. AK-2047s, bandoliers, frag grenades, knives, trip wire...and an RPG.

Then his eye caught something.

Ah, yes. Good. They left some for me.

He pulled out a small green aluminum upside

down spray bottle with a label with the bold red words “Toxic Masculinity.” Below that, it read, “Murder Faster! Be more racist! Quadruple your testosterone level with each spray!” Then in smaller type: “Approved for use by murderers and gops, produced by the Department of Hypocrisy.”

Perfect.

He squeezed off a squirt into his mouth.

Suddenly, everything in his vision gave off a quick psychedelic pulse, like he was entering a new state of mind.

He could hear the deep, reverberating sound of his own heart thumping, as he was filled with an overwhelming feeling.

Rage.

Deep, visceral rage.

He thirsted for blood.

He now felt like he had ten times as much energy. His world came into hyper-focus.

This drug, popular among murderers and gaylice, was what gave him his edge. He was now running on high octane.

He then loaded up with a couple of bandoliers, frags, an AK, an ammo belt supported by his left hand so he'd have plenty of cartridges to spend. We'll save the RPG for later, he thought.

He kept running.

Soon the first of the secondary targets was ten meters in front of him.

An old man...the words above him read “Enemy Bomb Manufacturer.” He couldn't see it at first, but as he got closer he could see it. The neon pink outline of a 9mm strapped to the inside of his robe. Cowboy fired a burst of tracer rounds. The bullets left a trail of sparkles in the air and a deceased bomb

maker. His points were added to the GayScore at the top right of his gayggles: 49,130.

He kept moving. He neared an old lady, hunchbacked, hobbling along. The gayggle readout said “Suicide Bomber.” He looked around to see if she had any weapons. The pink outlines of some wicked-looking hairpins were hidden in her socks. He mowed her down and kept moving.

Next, an ice cream vendor pushed his cart along. Above his head floated the word “Insurgent.” No weapons. Then Cowboy realized that the refrigerated cart must be lined with anti-metal detecting foil and was probably chock full of weapons, ammo, and explosives. A spray of twinkles and the vendor was down.

Cowboy kept pushing ahead, taking out targets left and right. Old ladies, old men, young men, young ladies, circus clowns, acrobats, stray dogs, prostitutes... All were either insurgents or part of their sinister support network. His GayScore kept rising.

Then he reached a tent. The gayggles were equipped with infrared, and their GayCore processor was responsible for creating neon outlines of objects and people. Inside the tent, he could see the neon green outline of several men in traditional headgear seated inside sipping camel milk. Above their heads was the word “Insurgent.” Outside the tent, there were a few camels on leashes. Unlike the other targets, there was not a weapon in sight. He scanned the horizon. Nothing. This looked too calm.

He tapped the side of the gayggles. “Major, I’m halfway to the objective. There’s a large tent with camels and some men inside. No weapons anywhere. They’re just a bunch of towelheads.”

“And?”

“So what should I do?”

“What do your gayggles tell you?”

“Insurgents.”

“Then murder those insurgents, son!”

“But they dock us GayPoints back in the Holy State if we say something bad about towelheads. They’re privileged people there. I dunno, Major. These just look like the peaceful people in America that are holier than me because I’m pink and they’re not. They just don’t look like combatants to me.”

It must be the battle-weariness, Cowboy thought. This was the wrong time for this to be happening. He was so close to getting his 50,000 GP and retiring.

“God damn it, murderer! That’s back in the Holy State! Back in the State we coddle Pocc, treat them special! But out here in the real world, we murder them! So do your job, murderer!” The Major’s eyebrows were a mask of fury as he disappeared once again from the rainbow view.

So the same people who are mass murdering people with dark skin in the Middle East are teaching us to respect their pronouns in America. The longer he was out here the less this mass murder made any sense.

Okay. Whatever. I just need my GayPoints. Don’t think too much into it, Cowboy.

Cowboy gritted his teeth, pulled the trigger, and sent the unfortunate pokers to meet their end.

GayScore: 49,710.

He kept going.

Soon he came across a bingo club, a bunch of elderly people inside playing Bingo, wearing visors and dentures. Above all their heads hovered the words “Insurgent Spies.” Again, no weapons

anywhere.

“Major.”

Beep beep.

“This time it’s just a bunch of old people playing bingo.”

“Damn it, murderer! They aren’t what they seem! It’s all a ruse! They are hiding weapons of mass destruction in there, that’s why they’ve disguised it as a bingo club. You don’t want them to fire their WMDs across the ocean at our Holy Gay State, do you, son?”

Okay, fine, whatever.

Cowboy located the nearest turquoise blip and ran over there. He uncovered the hidden weapon stash. Ah yes, this is what I need, he thought, as he cradled the rocket-propelled grenade launcher.

He ran back over to the bingo club and fired. The building went up in a brilliant cloud of sparkles and smoke.

Getting nearer to the objective.

Just then a large yellow school bus rounded the corner of a side street and began driving across his field of vision, about thirty meters ahead. The bus was filled with school children, boys and girls, some of the girls wearing Shona Arizona backpacks and the boys with Justin Beaver backpacks or tee shirts. Floating above all of their heads was the word “Terrorist.”

“Major.”

“What is it this time?!”

“I see a bus with a bunch of schoolkids on it.”

“They’re just posing as schoolkids, murderer!

Really they’re terrorists!”

“But—”

“But what? Do you want another tower owned by

the richest people in the world to be blown up?"

"No."

"They hate us because of our gayness!"

"Roger that."

"Do your job, murderer! And no more hesitating. Over."

Cowboy had murdered thousands for the Holy State, but never children. What was he even doing out here any more? Had he made the right choice when he joined the murdetary? He was shocked to find himself having thoughts like these, which he had never had before. He had been away from the Holy State for too long, and it was messing with his head.

Finally, he shook his head, clearing his mind, casting his doubts aside. He chided himself. A murderer's job is to obey orders. I'm not murdering children, the Holy State is. And it's beyond mere mortals like us to understand why the State needs to do what it needs to do. But whatever the State does...is holy!

Cowboy loaded another warhead into the bazooka. Without hesitation or remorse, he pulled the trigger.

And the bus went up in a blaze of glory, chunks flying out all over the desert, trailing sparkles.

Cowboy walked along the desert towards the explosion site. As he neared it, he saw some bloody clumps of meat strewn across the desert floor. Pieces of schoolkids. A tiny hand here. A minuscule foot there. As he approached the burning, hollowed out blackened remains of the bus, he made out the small forms, charred and burnt. Then he saw it. Two small glassy eyes. The gaze of a small life that will never see again. Head intact, but neck buried in the sand.

He couldn't take it. He dropped to his knees.

He had murdered thousands of people. But never any children.

Never any children.

Why?! Why did he make me do it?!

I've been out here too long. Am I losing my sanity?

Suddenly, from nearby he heard noises. Familiar noises. Noises he had once heard, long ago, in his own land.

The noise of children playing.

He followed his ears, stumbling along, the joyous sounds leading him on. Finally he turned the corner of some hovels and in front of him was a school with a playground in front, children merrily playing in the playground. The school that the bus was going to. He ignored the words above the playing children as he approached, transfixed. He set the RPG down and watched as tiny forms darted around, some playing some version of tag, others doing something that looked like ring around the rosies, while still others played some sort of jacks or marbles.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, some men with robes and black and white keffiyehs wrapped over their faces sprang up all around him, brandishing assault rifles, submachine guns, pistols and various other assorted weapons. They trained them on Cowboy.

“There’s the man who murdered our cousins in the courtyard! Get him!”

No, not here! Not now! Not next to the children! As the Bi-Poccs opened fire, Cowboy leaped through the air, narrowly missing dozens of bullets whizzing by, pulling out the AK strapped to his back in the process.

Incensed, he sprang back up and opened fire, pumping star-spangled bullet after bullet into the Bi-Poccs. One after the other, his enemies fell to the

ground. Finally, all his enemies lay in the sand, not a hand or foot moving.

Then suddenly some words were flashing on and off in his rainbow vision.

“50,000 GayPoints”

“50,000 GayPoints”

“50,000 GayPoints”

At last! He couldn't believe it. He had done it. Finally, after all these years! Now, he would be able to go home. And as soon as he got home, he'd be promoted to the Victimgentsia. He'd be able to have penis-vagina sex! Something he had yearned to do his entire life. Now, not merely a dream. A reality.

My time in this god-forsaken place is finally done! I can go home. And for the first time in my life, I'll be able to have penis-vagina sex! He couldn't have been happier if he had just won the lottery.

But aren't I forgetting something? he reminded himself.

He turned around to look back at the playground. Whew! Thank god! Not a single child had been hit! They all continued playing as if nothing had happened. Guess this is just a normal day for them, Cowboy thought as he smiled and strapped the AK back on. He began to walk back towards the children, mesmerized by their games, their innocence, their happiness. Something he had been missing for a long, long time.

But then suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he caught movement. What? One of the Bi-Poccs was still alive! He watched, horrified, as one of the Bi-Poccs, still lying on the ground, pulled down the keffiyeh from his face, flashed him a wide, toothy grin as he held up a grenade, pulled out the pin with his teeth, and lobbed it in Cowboy's direction.

Shit! Not here! Too close to the kids!

Cowboy watched in horror as he realized the grenade's trajectory was off—it was going to overshoot him, it was heading for the kids!

His body moving, acting on its own accord...

The grenade, in slow motion, flying towards the kids, landing right next to them.

The tiny little severed hands, lying there on the ground...

Rushing towards the children, towards the grenade...

The little severed feet in those little sandals, the spatters of blood on the sand...

Now jumping, leaping through the air...

The glassy, fixed stare in those little child eyes, the look of shock on the face of the decapitated child's head at his feet...

Yelling at the children to get down...

The blackened little skeletons, the remains of the minuscule child bodies...

Cowboy's body, landing on the grenade, the children playing all around him, not even aware of what is about to happen...

Then...

The grenade exploded.

The adventure continues...in Brave Gay World!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Brighton is the author of three novels, including Mind Grid, a sprawling epic sci-fi about a future where all humans' brains are connected at all times to the internet and unauthorized thoughts are removed by the government, and The Return of Philip K. Dick, a dystopian novel about a technocratic society enslaved under the Panopticon, and also a Philip K. Dick parody.

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But what happens when even the Reality Fixer's reality needs to be fixed? When Drake slips up and commits an illegal intimate mental contact, things start to get incredibly dangerous incredibly fast. But the stakes quickly raise to all of humanity when he stumbles on a government secret and learns that the Corporate Saviors are about to take technological manipulation of the mind to levels he never could have even dreamed of. And he is the only one that can stop them...

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When a mysterious man offers Joe pills that he claims will turn him into Philip K. Dick for a few hours, Joe thinks the old man is off his rocker. But soon he realizes that the earth's very existence is at stake, and he is the only person in the world able to reach the one man who can save humanity from the technological prison it has created for itself...