

Above Top Secret Stories

A doc by Secret Gaygent 69

This doc is nothing but the stories subforum of Above Top Secret. In that subforum the forum members share stories and poetry they have written. It's all incredibly bad, and frequently crazy.

Short Stories

[The upside down world](#)

radarloveguy

posted on Oct, 6 2019 @ 04:52 AM
[link](#)

Eventually this happens to everyone .

In the year 46427523 , the molten centre of the planet ,
cooled and solidified over a very short period of time.

Sounds OK right .?

Noooo.... The centre of the planet rotated much faster than the continental plates .
As the lava within cooled to solid rock , the outside world suddenly sped up.

Gravity disappeared , and was replaced with an outward centrifugal force .

And so, over a two week period , eternal catastrophe overtook our home
In week one ., objects became weightless .
So , cows and cars floating around

By week two , the air was filled with an unrelenting whirlwind containing
Anything and Everything .

On the surface , everything , and I mean everything , suddenly flew off
into space .

Oceans , forests , Macdonald stores ! ... EVERYTHING

In week three , the planet was just a frozen and naked ball of rock .

.... Surrounded by a huge ring of crap ...

Up Next .. " How I survived the ring of crap"

The end

The Trip

Peeples

posted on Jun, 9 2019 @ 03:58 AM

[link](#)

It speaks to you. The couple having a conversation in front of your window has a message for you. Their last 3 words are "I see you".

All you want is to have a conversation with your love, be it your spouse or your mommy or daddy your love is your compass in times of desperation.

You write letters full of passion and devotion. A man in the crowd says "that was beautiful". They read your emails. You thought you went underground when you dumped the cell phone, but here they are. Not even trying to hide it. Who would believe you?

You give up on your love, wish them well you are too weird to be that close with someone anyways.

Good luck and safe travels.

You watch tv or play games but something is different. You zoom in and out with an inner monologue mixing with your entertainment. It's still speaking to you.

Go, it says, I want you to live free. Trust me I will provide for your needs.

You don't want to go, but you are intrigued by the adventure it promises. You could try it? What's keeping you? Are you scared?

It's just more comfortable and feels safer.

You have developed a few habits which would be considered extreme by others, mostly you have become very picky with your food. You want to eat it alive not dead.

You smell a little. In your paralysed state you're having a hard time getting out of bed at all. What you want more than anything else is to know who you are in contact with.

What does it want from you?

Why are they bothering you, you're convinced of your own insignificance?

No special super powers, no unexplainable knowledge, nothing. A nobody like everybody.

You pack your backpack, doing something might feel better than staying locked up. It's a warm sunny day, you go to the train station. A soft breeze is playing with your hair. You feel alive.

Where to go? South, east, north, west? It's all more dangerous than here. You need green, a mountain. There you'll go. You'll sit there in solitude and look up in the sky. Heaven they used to call it.

You can't believe they let you leave, but here you are. In nature. As it starts getting dark you have made yourself a camp with no fire, you don't want to draw attention. You see more stars than ever before. With a peaceful feeling you fall asleep.

After a few days you have enough of the tranquility in the mountains. You want to see people. Something is wrong as you approach the nearest village. No people.

You knock on some doors, most are unlocked. No people.

No people.

Oroboros

Lucifer

posted on Sep, 10 2003 @ 07:35 PM

[link](#)

(Certain is nine earth solar years old: in time. This is a chapter of my novel which comprises a much larger body of work.)

-Liberation Station-

"Hello ladies and gentlemen! All are welcome in salvation square!"

Kinds, filtered like little people streams. Certain felt cheery inside. The enormous square was amazing for even Certain who still felt a little prickling in his dreams; he could not remember why.

It didn't bother him here though, he was nearer to the Wishking; whatever HE was.

The golden tile mosaic displaying an enormous energy-light show that played the stars out into the Inner Heavven; it was a splendid design. The Artists had also erected a grotto in the centre of the square.

"Aural court will be in alignment at 7:77. This of course, kindlings, is the hour of perpetual twilight. Remember to honor the gates as you enter timeworlds from Aural court. Thank you."

Certain still couldn't get used to BEING here. When one has accessed their inner senses, the illusion breaks down and in this place, one in said state, would most likely disappear or fly apart into space. "Father made this place." He loves the parsecs that drew down as weeping staircases from each gate. The gates still drew chills up and down his spine. Father's friends scared most of the more-recent ascendants, although he was sure even earlier arrivals weren't fond of the Gates' effect upon them either. They were living passageways or doors. Father met them first. They were absolute in kindness and love. Certain reminded himself that some of the rarer Gates even helped to build the Heavven. Most had never even remembered rest or time. How could the Heavven ever repay their brilliant kindness and generosity? Rarer yet were some Gates so old, that no one in all created reality had witnessed their Effect. They had never, not even by Father and Mother, graced us. Father would have to arrange something, for the first of the Origins, (as these ne'er to be witnessed Gates were called) would soon arrive in the outer Heavven. Hw wondered if the 'Eldest of all Gates' would have to beisolated somehow or could Father still proceed as he did with the one Gate...Oh yes, it was quite a miracle....'Father never ceases to amaze me, how can I ever have feared him?' he pondered this for awhile, letting the Gates' out of his mind. He loved them with honor, respect and devotion almighty.

"Hello." Certain almost spun himself into a heap on the floor.

"An old trick Elviane!" The crooked yellow fur and the mischievous sparkling eyes of the jaxrabbitt were absolutely unmistakable.

"I'm not Loki Certain!" the jaxrabbitt leapt off towards the grotto laughing.

"No, you're too lazy!" Certain shouted back above the din then broke up into laughter.

Teh interior of the grotto was packed with movement. He wondered where Elviane was off to in such a hurry? He couldn't see him now, anywhere. Disappointed at the brevity of his old friend's company, he pushed down to the hub. The hub was the nexus of teh grotto and it was always rife with activity. It was teh only way one could enter inner Heavven. The hub spiralled inside out of itself like a large corkscrew in constant motion. He had once laughed at the similarity to revoloving doors in the City. Although, they were like child's play compared to first trying to actually enter the hub. Each opening corresponed to the seven colors of the visible spectrum of light, and the two unseen colors: One of the higher and one of the lower frequency. His father had explained that it involved 'metaphysical magnetism,' but he still hadn't managed a word more from him on the subject. He had noticed that it operted like a dynamo, with its field intensifying noticeably during peak flows of Cherubim activity. The kind themselves were forbidden from the hub until father had completed it. Still, it required three more pathways.

The kind always gathered at the times of the highest Cherubim movement in and out of the Heavven. Even the kinds that were faceless glowed brigher. He felt warmth in knowing they would be staying here until father's word be given unto Omega.

"Liberation Station welcomes you kind dreamers into the dominion of The Heavven. Salvation to the suffering! Cherubim guardians located at the hub are capable of miracles!"

This is only a portion of the chapter as it must be posted sporadically to avoid lengthy pages.Lucifer***

bigstage

posted on Sep, 10 2003 @ 08:06 PM

[link](#)

i still think a sin is what you make it...

SamaraMorgueAnn

posted on Sep, 10 2003 @ 08:13 PM

[link](#)

Well...this is quite extraordinary. Thanks for sharing it. Is your book out in stores? Can it be bought? Or do I have to wait to read it here?

What does Oroboros mean?

and what does this mean..."It didn't bother him here though,..."

"the hour of perpetual twilight"--you mean as in, shadows continuously?

Sir? Captain? Who wrote this???

""Aural court will be in alignment at 7:77."--so what are twilight hours again?hehehe

Can I visit too?

Originally posted by bigsage

i still think a sin is what you make it...

Yea, it sounds too good hehehe!

[Edited on 9/11/2003 by SamaraMorgueAnn]

It's not nineleven03 here! It's only nineteenand ninefifty-four pm!

uhkay lets see....

"turn your clock back, turn your CLOCK back...and let's meet in mesopotamia..ah ah..Oh

oh ohah aH...meet me at the pyramids...aoh and....

aaww...everyone's goooone. did everyone go to sleep??? offshore? Online? Well I gotta go then.hahaha.

[Edited on 9/11/2003 by SamaraMorgueAnn]

A DAY IN THE APOCALYPS

The Surrealist

posted on Jul, 30 2005 @ 11:25 PM

[link](#)

A DAY IN THE APOCALYPS...

I wrote this short story because for ones I had a meaning to do it, which was ATS. So it got me started, but after I wrote this, I kept writing, and somehow it turned into a fifty page short story. Still working on it though. So I decided I might as well post it. ADITA. Thanks for the inspiration.

A DAY IN THE APOCALYPS: I

There's nothing funny about life out here. It sure as hell isn't like the movies, and I can tell you I picked the wrong day to quit smoking.

An average afternoon, if you can call it that, dust frolicking as a school of fish, bringing with it the raw metallic sensation of death, hell, all I had to do was load my gun to experience that, and that was my life, the gritty unsanitized feeling you get between your toes, ya, that was life. We trailed behind in our hum-vie, a worthless box of tin with a rat powered motor, hell, one martyr and were all dead, even the FBI got better cars than us. I don't see the point in this war, there's always gonna be war, I guess killing people is the only way to keep them in order, hell, that's all just a god damned opinion.

I lit a cigarette, the charcoal fire, a fire within itself, I thought, could do more damage than our guns could, hell, it would do more damage if we hit em with the butt rather than shoot em. In other words, we had a class Vietnam jungle rifles for our suburban weapon trafficking operations. Hell, at least I don't have to put up with my wife, that's why I came here, not to get away from her but to end this, I didn't realize of course that once I got here, it was just a second degree hell away from her. Its all time with me, people ask me why the hell I stand so damn close in gunfire, I tell em now or later, were all gonna die, and you wont make much difference in the great trilogy of time. Now naturally they just shake there head, but some fine chap took my words and organized em, you know what he found? Just what I said, strait forward, and he knew that I was damn right; the others just didn't want to believe it. How the hell could death be that bad, by the time your dead, I honestly don't think you'll care. Besides, pain is mental,

just accept it and know its just your mind telling you were the point of impact is, its nothing actually. I'm not saying go ahead and shoot yourself, but, you know.

Anyway were going down a hill, nearly vertical, to bad the seat belts are made out of god damn jerky sh`'t wire plaster that'll melt into your skin before you can get it off, cause I nearly dropped my cigarette into my gun, hole. So I chucked it and got myself another. Now by this time sarge had caught on to the ordeal and told me that if I light another one Ill be eating the whole carton. I awnestly didn't mind this, but I didn't feel like sh`'tin on his fifty ton gold. Sarges moral; 'Life is a Fuc`'in trip, so smoke it'. And, by that he meant acid, the bitter chalk acid, that rot's in your stomach, and damn he meant it.

I don't see how the hell weapons trafficking is supposed to stop the end of the world, all people are eligible weapons, I cant swear as a fact that the lord is watching me, trust me I know when he is and when he isn't, cause serge's period starts up, he's a woman so you know.

And so on this road we see a guy and a place and the sky is bright and the road is long and its hot so I cant friggin think of what to say next , well, I know. These long summer days, reminds me of my nerd-ling years, god damn was I a loser. I thought I was a hottie saying I was watching every woman who was replying to my threads, saying I like the finger movements, and the salted sweat dripping like thick blood down into the succulent ripe caverns of her natural elixir binding jugs. It never really lasted if you could imagine. God, damn the radiation, every last armor piercing shell, hot led moving like an iron through your delicate butter like skin, and than the hard frozen bone in the middle. It was an art, like a blacksmith the weapons that came to be our souls obsessed us in there sweet yet bitter rhapsody, firing every split second, like the drums of war they beet down the terrorist threat. And they were, our children, these sweet weapons of depleted life, artillery shells, we became to love the war more than our god, like a drug, like an obsession. Damn the radiation.

We hated the war, and yet worshiped it. Satin had won, in a way, although it was the days of revelation when the lord would come, but even still, Satin had won, he had won me anyway, and I can admit it.

I glanced at my watch but didn't have the will to look; I thought it was broken anyway. Time doesn't matter anymore, not anymore. Its funny how we can base our lives so much off of time and yet in the end time seems to finally admit to being a mirage. When time and place overlap each other they create an illusion, like when red and green overlap they create a 3D image, but you know its not reel. After I looked at my watch, a dusted solder was terrified at me, crying. I asked what was wrong, he only shuttered and shook. I couldn't tell if it was the Hum vie that shook him or pure fright at he fact that we were all covered in Human remains and dust and that blood draped like wight cloth soaked about our clothes. The solder, Pale as the permission slip to drop the first nuclear weapon he portrayed, it could have been anyone, it could have been you who happened to want to become president and

I lit another cigarette, I didn't really give a damn what Sarge stuck up his a`s, I needed a cigarette. The lighter, flimsy, flames succumbed to the stick of concentrated death as I inhaled unconsciously to the portrait around me, leaned back, and closed my eyes. A weathered melody danced within the heavy humid air, an old Irish melody. The eyes of the solders, so young and yet so old. The things they had seen, sometimes I wish we were all blind at times, but than I remembered, we already are. There minds scared with violent opinions, usually by old yuppie Republican politicians, my god it was horrifying, but somehow we stayed com, some how we continued living.

Time goes in ages, this sure as hell was an age to say, positive ages and vile ages, we all have our moments, time sure had its moments to. Trees dead, all dead. Like black skeletons they mimicked us, they mimicked us as a prophecy of the future, black dead rotting skeletons, burnt on every edge, burnt on every crisp, burnt like apple pie my grandmother used to make, damn that was bad. The endless litany of excessive violence plundered in my mind, that was how we lived, that was how we breathed, we breathed water, we breathed, death. Our minds filled with the chaos like my last girlfriend, we were all lost.

One man told me, how can I be lost if I know were I am. I told him there's two kinds of lost, one in presens and one in soul. I exclaimed to him you can never be truly lost in

presents, were ever you go, you are there, and so you are not lost. I mean, when Columbus came to America he didn't know where he was but he built a house where he stood and made it his home. You are never truly lost unless you decide to be. Although he was a lying cheating bastard and stole everything from the Middle East, he still, wasn't lost. But that doesn't matter now, nor does the history of Columbus and the acts that portrayed who we are, all that forgotten, now were just living robots, striving to merely survive, on rations; peanut butter and year old rice crackers. Then there's lost in soul, well, another way to say it is that you are blind, when you try to be like everyone else and forget where you are and who you were before. I told this man, but impatient as he was, before I could finish the bastard had walked away. I enjoyed the absences of his presence more than wasting my time explaining life to him. Well, he was my son, but it's the thought that counts right?

I thought as the radiation consumed my mind that possibly now that everyone was dead that the ghosts and demons would take the advantage of the freedom to roam the Earth to the extent that they don't start possessing all of the survivors. They were allowed to roam now that everyone was dead, I swear I could see figures, figures in the distance, my mind tricking me playing with me, getting back for everything that I've ever done wrong to it, getting back for the hard core obsessions of excessive pleasure, drugs and alcohol, killing brain cells, war.

I'm not a god damn soldier; I know this and everyone else knows this. We're not soldiers anymore, we're civilians with guns and armor, rusted with pepperjack plating, the last god damned people on Earth so what the hell are we gonna do? I'm high, drunk, or the radiation has completely destroyed all of my brain cells, because dark shadowed figures are strolling around the vehicles as we slow. Chains strung around them carrying the burden of life, although they were dead, they carried this burden for us. They wanted us to die because they didn't want to carry this burden. Once all has died they can be free and determined to heaven or hellfire. I understood, but I didn't want to die. I told them to drive faster, although you can't run from death, they thought I was insane. I didn't know what the hell to do, was it just my mind or were these people real? These things these figures, trapped here in the great cage of Earth. Maybe we're the shadows.

We came down to the center hill; the potholes were filled with the remains of what was a thriving trash aroma dwelling city. We trailed behind the hum-vie, eager to reach it, what we didn't know, we thought there was always something, something waiting for us. What we didn't know is that we would have to make that something, because the truth was, to our knowledge everything was dead.

The hum-vie in front of us halted, like Clinton and Monika it puffed rotted smoke from the pipe, a breakdown, it just couldn't get it up, the hill. I sah it as it slowly crept into the depths of a masked city motionless below us. We backed up in safety of our lives, we didn't want to die, and yet we all wanted to die, to be rid of this Earth strung hell.

Life as they know it was shattered, like glass it stuck into there skin. The plastic wrap was burned like rice candy, they began to unthread, and in sick distortion, the leading hum-vie exploded in the hole, a leak and a spark, a concoction to ruin someone's day.

Solder Oromo: "Oh Sh` t!" Pronouncing each syllable clean and un-ravished we continued into the hole, "Sh` t!"

Sarge Wight: "Shut the hell up solder, everyone dies. Who decided you could say sh` t anyway? Who decided you could speak? Answer me!"

Solder Oromo: "Como-"

Sarge Wight: "Shut the hell up and get in there! I don't give a damn if your guns melt a tattoo into your a`s, you get in there and save those damn solders marine! Sh` t!"

Deep: "There dead Sarge, Stephan Hawking could see that."

My name is Deep, or Deeps what they call me.

Sarge Wight: "Don't get smart with me boy, I, I know who Stephan Hawking is and I could kick his a`s any day. By the way, since you look so much like you know what your doing how about you get in there and save those men."

Deep: "There dead Sarge, so stop fu`king around and lets get out of here before we fall in to."

Sarge Wight: "Are, are you orderin me around?"

Deep: "No, you're the boss, I just w-"

Sarge Wight: "There aint no boss's anymore, this is free country, its back to old mans land-" He pondered at the thought of control and hunched over the dead Earth, smelling its rich fragrance.

Solder Linton: "No mans land-"

Sarge Wight: "Shut the hell up!" He turned to study the boy, starved of sympathy, and food, he had grown weak and was consistently shaking, "

I never liked Sarge, taking more rations than respected among the others, there was no one around, you could kill now, its been a while, no one on the road. My fists became moist with anger.

To many desperate faces, I cant feel sorry for them. Not all of them. Its been a long while since I last devoured the sweat erratic taste of desperation, save death. My hands tasted the death, and the demons inside, I could only smell it, the delinquent aroma, it filed my hart with grief and my hart with fulfillment. Inhumane pleasure, I hated it and loved it, but in a different way. I knew it wasn't me, that difference was the demon. I tried to stop, but I couldn't succumb. My common sense and will lost within my anger. False will led to vile crimes on life, it became an addiction. I tripped upon the anger, a trip wire, hanging delicately in the presents of death. Then, he was gone, into the pit he belonged, into the hell.

Solder Oromo: "Oh, sh`t. Oh sh`t! You, he's-"

Deep: “Ya, are you surprised to find that I didn't really like him much iether? Let me finish, he's-“

Solder Oromo: “Dead.”

Deep: “Look, I'm sorry but.” I lit a cigarette, tasted good after a kill, Sometimes its good clean, sometimes bloody, this time it was clean and easy, nothing, now lets keep moving, “He was takin more ration than he should have, he messed with the solders at night, and,” I had forgot he was a woman, I think, he, or, she had never confronted me at night, so I assumed she was a woman, cause I not to attractive if you remember earlier, “so I dump him in the pit were he belonged.” I gradually made my way to settle upon the truck, to lean, I was a bastard, I guess we all are in hart, “A bad seed and you know that-“

Solder Linton: “Thanks for killin him and all but now the military has a hook on our a`s! A serious offence to the US! A marshal warn-“

Deep: I closed my eyes and marinated in the succulent taste of the sun, warm, “Fu`k it, there all dead-“

Solder Linton: “What? Who-“

Deep: “Your family, their friends and there friends and your girlfriends friends and everyone around you!” I shook off the relaxed pose and charged unsettlingly at him, making contact with his breathe, sh`t, “Everyone is, Dead! Don't you realize? Were the only ones left on the hole-“ I continued, but the bastard felt like crying who knows why.

He lay sprawled out upon the floor on the desert, a hot pan he sizzled on, sunburns formed into clusters of blisters, a zit like fashion they all exploded. This is how long he had been morning the deaths, as I nearly ran out of cigarettes, enjoying the microwave like magnificence of the sun, as we all slowly cooked alive. What did god have against me I thought, what did I do to get this fate, a destiny reviled to me. At this very point in time I couldn't tell if surviving was the right thing to do, or if I had been blessed and

saved, what douse it matter anyway? Were all just gonna die anyway. I think I'm to god damned optimistic.

I knew what would happen, they were talking to each other, all three little bastards, there rats, rats, wet petite plagued rats, damn right, they thought I was insane, I'm not insane, there insane! Stay com, what to do? Kill em, no, one kill was enough, run into depths below into the forgotten city? Yes Ill, no, It'll collapse eventually, I need to get away the truck. Ill leave em; they can live in the tunnels and Ill get the hell out of here! Just sneak around to the other side of the Hummer and run em over, No! What the hell is wrong with me, kill, no! The heat, its gotta be the heat. Its sure would be nice to have some alcohol, some beer, I can drive drunk and never ht anything out here, except for a rat maybe, good! Ill run em over! God damn it no! Almost there..

“Oh, what the him-“ My skeleton, so frail and torched with limited rations, I couldn't withstand the pressure of the ton Hummer as it grazed over me, I rolled to the side, the three solders had commandeered the vehicle, waiting precariously for me to tred into his trap, and the jaws of the beast I believe, shattered my back, I lay feverish, sweating and in unconditional shock, waiting, once again waiting. And, I cried, not out of pain, but because of some shadow of a reason lurking within my mind, and soul, I think it was out of grief of the dead that they could not leave this Earth, and that they had been here this entire time, I had sinned, confusion of the human comprehension, and then I cried because of everything I hadn't cried for before, such remorse, the heavy swollen soaked feeling you get in your hart, bruised and tired I couldn't fight it though, I had lost the opportunity to cry in the past, and at that become stiff and emotionless.

The mellowed hum of the Hummer vibrated his soul. And as the hummer left me in a haze of misunderstanding and distasteful dust, mostly dust of the dead, and the sun mimicked the rotted trees and slunk beneath the Earth, I cried all through the night, making up for the years I had not expressed my self, and the goasts of the dead smothered me in there abundance and shadowed me, I felt like dying now, they scratched at my soul, they devoured and ate it, I didn't care, I didn't think I had one, I closed my eyes to sleep in a pool of drenched emotionless tears, and in this desert I would create an ocean ones again, so life could thrive and bodies would rot, again. I

listened to the Earth, its beating gently, I didn't know it was alive, I would like to accompany it, have a new life, but I guess my day of judgment has come, that is, if I die or live, its up to God. And the twilight receded, dying along with my soul, faith consumed me. I realize what this was as the first star bloomed and I lit a cigarette and closed my tear-some eyes, still crying inside, I couldn't wait to dream again, to leave this place. I lay on my side, and breathed, and sighed. Just another day in the Apocalypse

The Surrealist

[edit on 30/7/05 by The Surrealist]

Short “Stories”

Posts that are even more questionably stories than the previous ones.

Is it the WiFi?

Omoikane

posted on Apr, 7 2019 @ 09:14 AM

[link](#)

Yesterday

I thought of buying a new toothbrush. I forgot about it until I saw the online ads of toothbrushes popping up everywhere.

Today

the online travel agency ads reminded me of my last night dream about me being on a vacation.

Gonna turn off the router,..for now...

You Will Conform

zman

posted on Nov, 17 2008 @ 12:42 PM

[link](#)

While we sleep, the powers that be buy up every fascist of control. Constitutions and treaties will no longer be needed. Once controlled, and if not controlled will be by a

law, you will work for those who need their work done. You will not own anything. Those who succeed will work for the system. YOU have no choice, the system WILL control your land and if they do not they WILL own it with laws. Everything will be made, produced, will be controlled by the system. Living off the grid will be outlawed. There will be no need of money. Everything will be controlled on how you use it. Even if you where to live off the grid you will be looked at as a terrorist. Freedom will be controlled, you will not be allowed to do things you now take for granted. Even going online will be controlled. The power structure will consist of what they want it to be. Some will be looked on as a lower class, but needed to produce the things the system needs to be done. And YOU will conform. If you do not, others will do what you do not do. There is no religion. There will be NO belief system other than the system. You will conform to the system. You have to too survive. They own you. If you do not fit their needs, you will find it very unpleasant. Woo to them that seek freedom. If you do not do what they say, and they will have means to know, you will find yourself alone and very unpleasant. You will be marked. You will be controlled to do things that they want you to do. Cause the outcome will be unpleasant. The ones, who do the will of the system, will get special treatment. People with a lineage will be looked upon as masters. Your masters will have special areas to control. It is like a Venus project gone mad. But you will conform. You have to, you want to live don't you. And if you do not, then all the better as others will gladly take your place. There will be no need for the stock market as they the system controls everything. Areas that do not perform under these selected masters will be punished. And those who perform in these areas will be angry of those that did not perform causing them grief as to the food that they did not get or the power not supplied to them. We will not have any way to fight. No more will we have guns and anyway to make them. If we do have guns and weapons we will be defeated. Schools will be used for employment placement. Where you live will be what you will be making. If you go into areas not allowed, then the fine will be what they determine. You will conform. Your whole generic breed may be eliminated. Meaning, you will no longer allowed to have children. You will conform. Just for the sake of all who need you to. If not it will be unpleasant. You will conform. By what you do, will be what you become. You have no choice. You will conform.

Enough with the Short stories

headcheck

posted on Aug, 23 2020 @ 06:08 PM

[link](#)

I have a cool short story for you all. It goes like this:

All of the short stories and poems that you want to write, that's cool, write them to your hearts content. But post them on a website that is for short stories, not for serious conspiracy theory enthusiast who aren't really interested in your short stories. It's getting tiresome with them clogging up an already clogged website full of BS politics and other things that the site was not created for in the first place. I'm sure your stories are great, but please, post them somewhere else. Thanks for reading my rant. Didn't want to offend anyone but I don't think this is the place for continual short story posting

Poetry!?

UnTied States

Bagoose

posted on Dec, 9 2003 @ 01:11 AM

[link](#)

Is poetry allowed here?

UnTied States

Every cog, on every gear
in the soul of this great machine
has the right to aspire to a new ratio
to turn the wheels forward
toward a DESTINATION
that's always moving further away
The question remains
who's steering?
Surely the Engine,

that does the most work , en-slaved,
should decide where its efforts lead.

Objective opinion needed?

Who should be our pilot?

God?

A majority of opinion
of the sum of the parts?

But why should the minority work at all
Knowing their efforts take them away
from where they want to be?

Why go anywhere?

Stop the Bus!

There Is no getting off

Can we rot in our own odor any longer?

Stuck firm. Solid.

Anarchy then!

Every part for itself!

Renegade gangs

of axle, lever, wheel,

crusade randomly across the void

This is society in a gaseous state.

Flexibility!

Let the engine sense its environment

Re-arrange its parts as needed

Snake path through obstacles

Then change, quick, change machine

Flowing through wherever its environment leads

Forget the Government state

Forget the Religious state

I give you the Liquid State!

Copyright 2002 Chris Gee

[Edited on 9-12-2003 by Bagoose]

[requiem/godhead](#)

arc

posted on Aug, 3 2003 @ 02:03 PM

[link](#)

I thought I'd just stick a couple of old poems up here for your entertainment. Both were written quite a few years ago in my 'angry years' and I was probably stoned too - especially when I wrote Requiem. That one was an experiment - I was trying to bypass my conscious mind and certainly my internal censor.

REQUIEM

beauty...God in me...tree roots...attractors...unity in the light...ignorance is evil
listen to your heart...in my soul...what can we know?

trances...smoke rising...memories of home...you are me...God in you
give me shelter...boys on the beach and unicorns...I dream of control
Daddy's footsteps...drums of chaos...nirvana...in me I am nothing...oh joy
tide smashing through my skull...pain of longing...hunger for peace...drug of a species
full circle...I smoke the idol...techno...shamen...dolphin moon...does the clock slow?
cities of light...sunset transcend...stand in your light...will you be my friend?
judgement on my head...part of me...flee the flame...and fall
like going to sleep...orgasm...dying inside...will you catch me?

greyheart and vertigo...sanctify my soul...astronaut...Sun God
I'm going home...purity...worship chaos...this is power...raise the fountain...Satan
soul stealer...we are Legion...Hitler...but only human...enlightenment...addiction
holy disease...burning heart...you are my friend...ecstasy...impalement...tranquility
spread the word...intolerance...many ways to another reality...false gods

touch my eyes...narcotic...tangential...take me home...lost in neurons...child
this is my life...shadows and baptism...catharsis...in you in me
we are one...thermonuclear...fundamental...worship his flesh...insecurity...domination
follow the piper... lost millions...tides...politics...ecology...mend the shattered heart
clear sight...harmony...we have no fate...nobility...acceptance
calm troubled waters...evolution...heaven on earth...do you know the way?

hold the terror...universe is an illusion...truth...apocalypse...chinese whispers
angels in my heart...are we alone?...only one comfort...bitter knowledge
long road home...there will be an end...beautiful old age...take the hand
decay and rebirth...infinity...no comprehension...language barrier
tragedy...ghost...damnation...darkness...desolation... talk to me
no words for what I mean...need of womb...sleep in love...love you
accept identity...divinity...know your name...I wander alone...emptiness
fill me with creation...hand in hand on heaven's edge?

utopia to unity...sacrifice who I am...memories is all we are...blessed are the blind
humble beasts...instinct...fulfillment...open my mind to the agony
hold me in your arms...black sun...this loneliness is killing me
I am inside...transformation...guardians...another story?

arc

posted on Aug, 3 2003 @ 02:05 PM

[link](#)

GODHEAD

big man with the words, we all dance to your pipe
and he said
"put your faith in me, I'll take you
where the angels fear to tread
spirals of darkness, walk through space
hold on tight if you believe
it's a long way down kid"

"it's a jungle out there, I'll give you somewhere to dream in the sun
techno ecology, this is the rock of ages
come out of your temples - there's a universe in the shadows
come and play with the screaming messiah"
and he said
"I'll take you to heaven, but first you must dance
on the point of a needle
this world is dark and angel's wings are thermonuclear dreams
I am the piper
this is the tune of shattered souls"

"hold my hand I'll take you home"
but he said
"now you must see
the neon lights and rivers of blood
open your mind and grit your teeth
I will cure your sickness
I am the bitter pill"

and he said
"remember who you are - who you were
it's all you'll ever have
kid I'm telling you"

[Censor \(a poem\)](#)

Titen-Sxull

posted on Feb, 4 2009 @ 04:44 AM

[link](#)

I wrote this after watching some George Carlin and Bill Hicks and thinking about what true freedom of speech really is... enjoy,

CENSOR

I watched the light in your glorious eyes grow dark
I listened to the fading beats, of your dying heart
I pressed my lips to yours in a vain attempt to grant you life
I wept myself into a grave and now we're side by side

I let your skeleton hands wrap around my throat
I felt your love arrive in the form of your icy control
I screamed as you cut out my eyes insisting its alright
I was left bleeding by the roadside in the dead of night

Your crystalline world brought to the edge
Shattering into a thousand sharp shards
Your voice growing dim as I go deaf
Too far away to even be heard

Your icy touch, oh how I love your skin
Your proposition of care, how I love this sin
I love the way your tear apart the truth and love
I love the way you close my eyes and shut me up

I watched the light in your glorious eyes grow dark
I listened to the fading beats, of your dying heart
I pressed my lips to yours in a vain attempt to grant you life
I wept myself into a grave and now we're side by side

Breathing life back into long dead thoughts
A thousand failures but you'll get another shot
I watched your body as it disappeared to dust
I remember when your cold love sated my lust

OH GREAT MOTHER, beat me with your stick!
Ten thousand times a day I cry, for your loving whip!

Your song is heavy on my lips, always in my mind
And though your soul long has past, your body is still mine.

OH GREAT GOVERNMENT, crush me in your grip!
Bullets, bombs, and tyranny, please don't let me slip!
Let's play pretend as we once did, oh blessed parasite
You can shelter me from reality and the darkest night

I watched the light in your glorious eyes grow dark
I listened to the fading beats, of your dying heart
I pressed my lips to yours in a vain attempt to grant you life
I wept myself into a grave and now we're side by side

Place your hands tight round my mind
Your fangs deep in my heart
Place your limits on my life
Keep me from the dark

I watched the color bleed from your vampirical flesh
I saw the world fall into the flames of chaos
I felt truth as it poisoned my soul
I collapsed as the reality of it all, took hold

OH GREAT ADVERTISEMENT, OH DYING PARASITE
HOW I MOURN FOR YOU, AND YOUR LOVELY LIES
OH GREAT CENSOR, CUTTING TRUTH FROM MY THIRD BLIND EYE
SPEAK TO ME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, AS YOU DIE

[Passive Ignorance](#)

UM_Gazz

posted on Jun, 3 2005 @ 07:13 PM

[link](#)

The sweet smell of indignance combined with the passion of cause and reason. Time eluded to and for a manifested war, brought on by the bitter sweetness of oblivion.

Faces of pain, victims of loathing and indifference bring a dose of reality into a mix of entertaining bureaucracy pushed forward by an unstoppable machine.

See them, see us, watch the machine devour the flesh and bones of both.

Sit in comfort and watch with remote in hand, enjoy the spectacle of it all. Be oblivious to all that is, was and will be.

Grab your favorite beverage, have one or maybe ten... Log online and read this and .. Then read it again.

Enjoy your passive ignorance.

[Oroboros Chronicles: Poems](#)

Lucifer

posted on Feb, 24 2004 @ 11:29 AM

[link](#)

On either side of every day is a choice. They are all just versions of you. You ARE I. Look within. Does what you see emulate the outside world? Does what you see frighten you? Are you empty inside, trying to get outside? To which side of the looking glass does your vision tend to wander? Does the illusion paint your canvas or do you create the Art?

You create yourself, so let the world shine in, or let your spirit shine out! lol!

We live in a world, judged in and of itself on actions while based on actions. Our actions have been unwelcome on each other and we are killing our world. I have seen love and ultimate sacrifice displayed here as well. Since all things react and we know of ourselves our own true place of heart, we become whatever it is that we make of ourselves. We are or were made from this universe. I believe anything is possible. If we

can split the atom, create dusion with love, am I crazy to think we can change ourselves?

God doesn't TRY to lve, he invented it.

If everyone took a stone from the beach, in time, there would be no more stones on the beach. If by hate and war with no discrimination, with no personal sedire to change as individuals, we might destroy the world or worse; one day...the human heart could forget love.

Love is allowing yourself to care so much for another, one forgets to care for themselves almost and we are no longer: self. It's in the best interests of us ALL to care. If we know lovew is the strongest mover of our souls, are we stupid or lazy?

[When Trump Wins His Fifth Term](#)

EmmanuelGoldstein

posted on Jun, 9 2019 @ 04:05 PM

[link](#)

When Trump wins his Fifth term

And all the Mexicans are now Texans

When all the oil bases is mine

And the Californians poison their own wine

When the kids are born with a MAGA stamp

The sign of the Orange Beast, Red Hat Reunion Camps

The tanks and giant flags

Rolling down every Main Street

The buzzed blonde heads of boys

Goose-stepping to the patriotic beats

I made a thousand dollars today

In the Android-Trump's economy

Collected a wagon full of bitcoin at an abandoned gold mine

While playing Red Red Redemption Nine

In this Shiny Orange New World
Money is made online
Robots do the time
And everything seems fine to me
In Trumps shiny, fascist economy

And when I gaze out my window in the evening
And peer out over the walls
I see the glowing mushroom cloud glow
And know now that the children surely must know
That the end of the days of our lives are dreadful
All wrapped up in a nuclear cheese glow

Lumenari

posted on Jun, 9 2019 @ 05:00 PM

[link](#)

a reply to: **EmmanuelGoldstein**

The first rule of Short Stories...

You don't drag the Mud Pit into Short Stories.

Bad form.

Guards!

[Twas The Night Before Obama-Mas](#)

SpartanKingLeonidas

posted on Dec, 17 2009 @ 09:08 PM

[link](#)

This was written by one of my online friends, some of you may know him.

He e-mailed it to me.

I asked him and he agreed I could share it with ATS.

Twas the night before Christmas, in the Senate and House
Not a creature was stirring, except for a louse.
The votes were all hung by some democrats that cared,
In hopes that Obama soon would be there.

The morons were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of pork ladened projects, danced in their heads.
And mamma with her tin cup, and I with my rap,
Had just settled our 401K's for a long winters nap.

When out on the Rose Garden there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the cardboard box, to see what was the matter.
Away to the flap I flew like a flash,
Tore open the cardboard and threw up the beef hash.

The moon on the breast of the homeless in row
Gave the luster of Dante to objectives below.
When, what to my watering eyes should appear,
But a government limo, and Rahm Emanuel, that queer.

With a little old driver, so slick with the drama,
I knew in a moment it must be Obama.
More rapid than unions his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now ACORN! now, AlGore! now, Pelosi and Reid!

On, Gibbs! On, Huffington! , on Oprah and Mike Moore!

To the top of the Dome! to build a great wall!

Now dash away! Dash away! Go to hell, all!"

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the o'er pass

The belching and pooping of caviar gas.

As I clutched my poor wallet, and was turning around,

Down the tax shelter Obama came with a bound.

He was dressed all in Burberry, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with the gold that he took.

A bundle of laws he had flung on his back,

And he looked like an organizer, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they glowed! his dimples how evil!

His cheeks were like coals, his nose like a weevil!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a sneer,

And the quiver of his chin was something like fear.

The stump of a voter he held tight in his teeth,

And the blood of it's wallet his head snuck out like a thief.

He had a poker face and a flat little belly,

My wife shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was cocky and sure, a left winger for sure,

And I cried when I read, the laws he procured!

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had everything to dread.

He spoke not a word, he had Gibbs to do that,

And took everything, yes even my hat.

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

He did a big line and flipped off his foes!

He sprang to his limo, to his team gave a shout,

And away they all drove even Michelle gave a pout .

But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,

"You'll owe me more next year, make sure that it's right!"

With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore (1779 - 1863)

By : Mike Russell