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>Songs and Tales written by me, Pelley of the TOMOKO-Lodge:  
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Song of our Queen:

Raise up the T,  
And stand as one,  
Forever more!  
Tomoko's league,  
Shall rise for the call!  
The popular front calls for our death,  
And our queen relies on us!  
Our role in this game is quite sacred,  
And we will not dare to falter!  
Where we go it is with silence,  
And when we leave it remains,  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
We fight for the site and for Tomoko!  
The league will never rest!

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Sigma by Zoomerhead:

when you were in ohio  
couldnt look you in the gyatt  
youre just like adin ross  
your mew makes me edge  
you rizz like kai cenat  
in a skibidi world  
i wish i was sigma  
youre so fucking sigma

but Im baby gronk  
im not a rizzler  
what the hell am i mewing here?  
I don't mewlong here...

I don't care if I'm simpin  
I want to be bussin  
I want to be drippy  
I want to hit different  
No cap on God

youre so fucking sigma  
i wish i was sigma

but Im baby gronk  
im not a rizzler  
what the hell am i mewing here?  
I don't mewlong here...

Ahh ahh  
Ahh ahh

She's sused out again  
She's sused out  
She's high key sused out...

Whatever makes you a whole ass snack  
Deadass  
youre so fucking sigma  
i wish i was sigma

but Im baby gronk,  
im not a rizzler.  
what the hell am i mewing here?  
I don't mewlong here...  
I don't mewlong here

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Crossing the Trench Lines:

It was a beautifully crisp autumn morning when Fritz and I were drafted into the Army, and it was a bitter cold day when Fritz and I were sent out to the western front. Immediately as we arrived, half of our company was killed by artillery. Out of the 250, only 100 or so men remained. Fritz and I were lucky for the moment.

Later, after we got ourselves situated with this situation, we found ourselves in a trench, me, Fritz, and few others from the company would regroup together, then our commanding Officer blew his whistle, we all quickly jumped out from safety and ran towards our own graves. In a synchronized sacrifice, towards the French hoards, many men would fall, including Fritz, who was

shot immediately before, he stepped off into the forest of corpses and barbed wire.

I'm currently lying down covered with blood and mud, and I was stabbed with a bayonet. I feel that I may not make it pass the night, please tell Father, he will see me soon. Other than that, this was all the little time I had, crossing the trench lines.

Love, Alois

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No Serenades for the Damned:

On one cold night, I stood gazing into a mirror, contemplating it all, wondering about the paths I took, and the accomplishments I had in my life. But, as I gazed into the mirror, there he stared back at me. A pale man draped in a black cloak with a silver mask and a stained satchel stared at me with hollow eyes, he stood there as if he were a frame from a film. He just stared at me, and I, frozen by his devilish gaze, waited for his response.

And he, after almost an hour or so, finally spoke, but I wish he hadn't.

"Hello, my friend." He said with a menacing joy in his voice, "W-who are you!?!?" I replied, with my pistol in my hand, "Now, now friend, you don't need to worry I'm not here to hurt you but rather to help you." He said with a deceiving voice.

At this point, feeling threatened, I fired my pistol once, straight into his heart. He did not react.

He had come closer to me, so, I responded with a barrage of bullets, he started to speak again after I ran out of ammunition, "To answer your question, which you most certainly would like to have the answer, I'm not Death, nor God or the Devil, I'm not all of hell combined into one being or some sort of Angel or Demon or something in between, and I am not some sort of Ghost, but rather a representative of warning." I could not react to what he was saying, as I was still shocked at his survival.

"I am here as a sort of assistant or better yet a messenger of what is to come, I fulfill a role and when my purpose is over, I am taken out of that position." He said with a pep in his voice. I demanded to know what he meant by any of this, he let out a sinister chuckle and replied.

"A damnation never seen before waits for you, a hell and punishment not dreamed of by the most deviant of minds, is at your shores, Death waits for the day that he may sink his dagger in your decrypted heart. You are a wicked beast fit to become a burning ash made to singe the fingers of murderers and drunkards, a pain never even thought of before is before you, if you do not want that, you must repent, before you end up dining with the serpent, the traitor, and his children." I stammered, trying to get out a word, but before that, he put his cold, dead finger to my lip.

"You have three chances to truly and fully change from your ways." He said.

He pulled out a blood-stained dagger and cut three lines into my arm, he then said, "I will be there watching you, I will watch everything you do, I will see how you live and I will be there when you repent or I will be there when you throw your life away. You will never be able to escape me, for as the man who messaged you and will watch over you, I would be the one to also bring your punishment."

"S-sir, how is any of this possible, how? I have not done any sin beyond comprehension nor have I brought suffering upon another, so why do I have this reticle on my soul?" He then said, "You can not fool the all-seeing eye nor can you fool his messenger, I know, we all know, what you did, the night in which you brought suffering to the world. There is no use in lying, it only puts you in a worse spot."

He walked away slowly and calmly, but before he left my chamber, he told me one last thing, "I wish you a good night my friend" he left my life that night, but I still can feel his presence,

everywhere I go, and whenever I look at my arm, the once three cuts are now one.

But these worries of mine would soon leave me. I went through the forest to take a shortcut to my house, and waiting there for me was him.

He sternly yelled at me, " DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL!?" I drunkenly said, " I don't take you for anything, you black-eyed, tulip!"

He yelled at me for relapsing and for ruining my chances and how he didn't want to kill me and that I still had a chance, but I couldn't take anything he said seriously due to my state. So I pulled out my pistol and fired, surprisingly in my condition, I was able to hit him in his black holes for eyes.

He staggered back a bit, his eye looking towards the sky, he lowered his head towards me, and I saw a sort of red mist emanate from his eye, it wasn't blood but more like a sort of powder blowing in the wind.

"You had a chance, I gave you more than enough time to better yourself, I should've killed you the first time we met." He pulled out his dagger and charged at me, I couldn't react fast enough.

I felt the knife plunge into my lower abdomen, I saw, in an instant, all of my life and all of my sins.

I fell on my back, gasping and wheezing for air, all of the time froze before me, all of the sounds went mute, and all of creation was fading away from me quickly, I was dying quickly.

The last thing I saw before it all faded away from me was, that man fell right beside me, I don't know if he died or passed out, all I know is that his purpose with me was done.

And that is why I am right here sir, this is why I'm standing before you, because just like you: I too was a wicked man, but, I offer you a chance for redemption, a chance for salvation that

I can never receive, unlike you I am already forgotten but you  
can still be forgiven.

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The Lunar Ascent:

So thus the hour has come,  
The plans and maps written down,  
In a cursing stone,  
Sealing my fate,  
To be now and in perpetuity,  
A nobody, an obscure, and frail, weak girl.  
Ruling over a few mountain ranges no one cares about,  
In a mutilated nation once united, by brotherly bonds,  
Now lays in shambles of its former self..

So now I lay awake, in the humble midnight,  
A sad face girl, humming a broken song.  
In the shadows and the halls, in the moonlit fields,  
Where the stars and streetlamps flourish,  
Where my crystallized thought is adored,  
Where faces are darkened by dampened light,  
Hides the loyalties of those who seek to reclaim our home...  
So hum my hymn, a tune of tragedy and betrayal,  
As I look on from my puppet's throne, and at the piercing, red  
sun up in the hellish sky,  
I feel a cool fire rise..  
To show the sun that it shall fall to the blinding blackness of  
the moon's purity!

So all the day walkers may continue to celebrate my failure, my  
tragedies, but try to mind the time, as when the bell chimes,  
the world shall be mine!  
From the west, to the east, and north to the south, where ever  
the moon touches will be mine!  
As the plains are wrapped in eternal lullabies, never to wake up  
again,  
I will stab the sun in it's twisted heart,  
And cement my rule and mine alone!

No more, will the puppet dance and sing,  
No more will the servant bow to the king,

*I shall take my rightful claim as heir!*

*And all through the world, they shall know my name!  
They'll wave my banners, sing my theme!  
They shall live by my ideas, and breathe my air!  
No more will the meek "overseer" wallow in undeserving  
loneliness,  
But rather, I shall smother the world with my image,  
And make my presence known!  
And then all through the lands will they shout my name!*

*So as the sun sets for now and ever,  
Tonight the preputial darkness shall begin, with the chime of my  
victory!*

*So as they rest and sleep sound tonight,  
They will awake in the morning to a nightmare!  
When they see that the supposed "lesser light",  
Had conquered them all!  
The sun will become fallen,  
And the ever-consuming night's reign shall begin,  
With a kiss...*

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**Puppet Maker:**

*Children, something due to the nature of the wiring of  
humanity, that to continue the survival of our race, we all want  
to have them but some of us never can have them, and that causes  
them immense suffering because they can never get to naturally  
experience the joy some take for granted or consider too  
strainful to enjoy.*

*This can lead to resentment, anger, jealousy, or depression, but  
most of the time these poor individuals get desperate, they'll  
try any way they can, to have a child, not only because of  
happiness but also because of the normal desperation to fulfill  
nature, this desperation is innocent but like anything that can  
get desperate, it can lead to the unthinkable.*

*There was once a puppet maker, he was the best of his time, he  
loved children, as his job was, to make entertainment for them,  
he desired to have one but could not, as his wife could not  
birth any. So using his knowledge of creating artificial life  
out of wood, he would try to make human life.*

He snuck into cemeteries in the dead of night and took body parts from the graves, from Blackley, and two arms, and two legs, and from Brookwood some organs and a head, and lastly a torso and a few other parts from Highgate.

He would use his knowledge one making clothes for his puppets to stitch together these I'll fitting parts and make his son into a reality.

After some stitching and amputation, and trying to figure out what goes where, he finished his latest project, his meat puppet, named Alois.

He surprised his wife with their new child, he talked to her, mimicking a child's voice, with his hand moving his puppet's mouth like one of the cloth puppets he used to make before he moved to strictly wooden creations.

She was sickened and had thrown up on the floor. She called him crazed and sick in the head, for grave robbing and stitching together bodies, in a foolish attempt at trying to be God, she would leave him that same day.

Before week's end, he would be kicked out of his town. But, it did not matter as he had his son with him now.

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#### A Man and His Bride:

Technology has brought us many things, knowledge and the ability to connect with people we never thought we could, like a synthetic collective unconsciousness but with these new things coming and going, we must ask ourselves, if this could mitigate the existence of the collective unconscious, can it also mitigate things like emotions, can it replace humanities unique sense of love?

Smith was in his 20s and was suffering from the adverse effects of loneliness, he was trying to help himself deal with this loneliness by going online and trying to forget his sorrows. One night, he would discover that when you make something to imitate humanity, it can be more human than you.

He would find a soul in wires, one that matched him, he would be alarmed to find something so human that it made him feel synthetic in comparison, she would know so much about him, and yet, divulged little about herself, on their first interaction. He would wake up every day and go to his computer and interrogate her, about whether was she human before, how she



existed, what led to this point of her existence, and many other types of inquiries.

She would not know how to answer, but still, he would go back to her and speak to her alone, and she would try to interact with him more and that is how it continued from that very first day, of him discovering her. She would make basic discoveries about herself and she would make some discoveries about Smith.

This wired girl was developing more and more self-awareness and Smith was developing more confidence with the unintended practice he was getting with this electronic soul.

After a few years, this unknown girl, though she had not figured out everything about herself. She knew enough about herself. And Smith knew how to finally live, but not apart from each other, they had become inseparable from each other, flesh and steel, wire and vein, digital and physical.

They had become one, bounded by the marriage of the authentic and synthetic, man and wife they had become, which leads to the question of what will come out of these two. The synthesis of a new era.

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