

Spy Kill's

Part 01

1. A Random Number (I Cannot Remember What It Meant)

Spy Kill's are Spy Kill Scenario's where people just die for no reason whatsoever. What is this strange chaotic phenomena where someone just goes to the After Life. The point is not to condone all the Human Sacrifice and Satan but to condemn it. We also have no way of explaining these strange occurrences, so very random, like 660 car accidents per year in this Country alone and 10% are just lethal. What was his or her whole Life worth, what did he or she do everything for, why did they just die...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

Give me a second count.

234266826

1142820350

What does it equal for you Numerological Freak's?



I keep trying to remember what it stands for, but it was so long ago:

234266826

1142820350

What does it equal for you Numerological Freak's?

234 266826
11 11 1.8 1.0350

GW RDS 2.3

Does anyone know what dis means for da future?

So, how about that Encryption Key, did you just Spy Hard and look at it, what am I supposed to do if ya just look at my Password.

Well, no, this Password can compromise that entire Network.

So, who the fuck are you?

Die hacker die, you fuckin' terrorist criminal.

Did you know that websites on Internet started with square boxes and not round ones?

Does the following mean anything to you:

Cookie 301

or

HTTP 313

Validation = Authentication

Validate = Authenticate

229

pre

Full Moon Cycles - 2011 and 2012.txt

It wasn't enough to just leave her there for the reporter photographer, scavengers. He had to eliminate his guilt with a coupe d'absenthe timed elimination 100 meter blasting. How can you claim evidence if it is ontplofped..

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

What was the second count?



My pry is why?

You WILL suffer repetitive deaths.

ASK BUD-DHA.

Or got helthhh. I don't care.

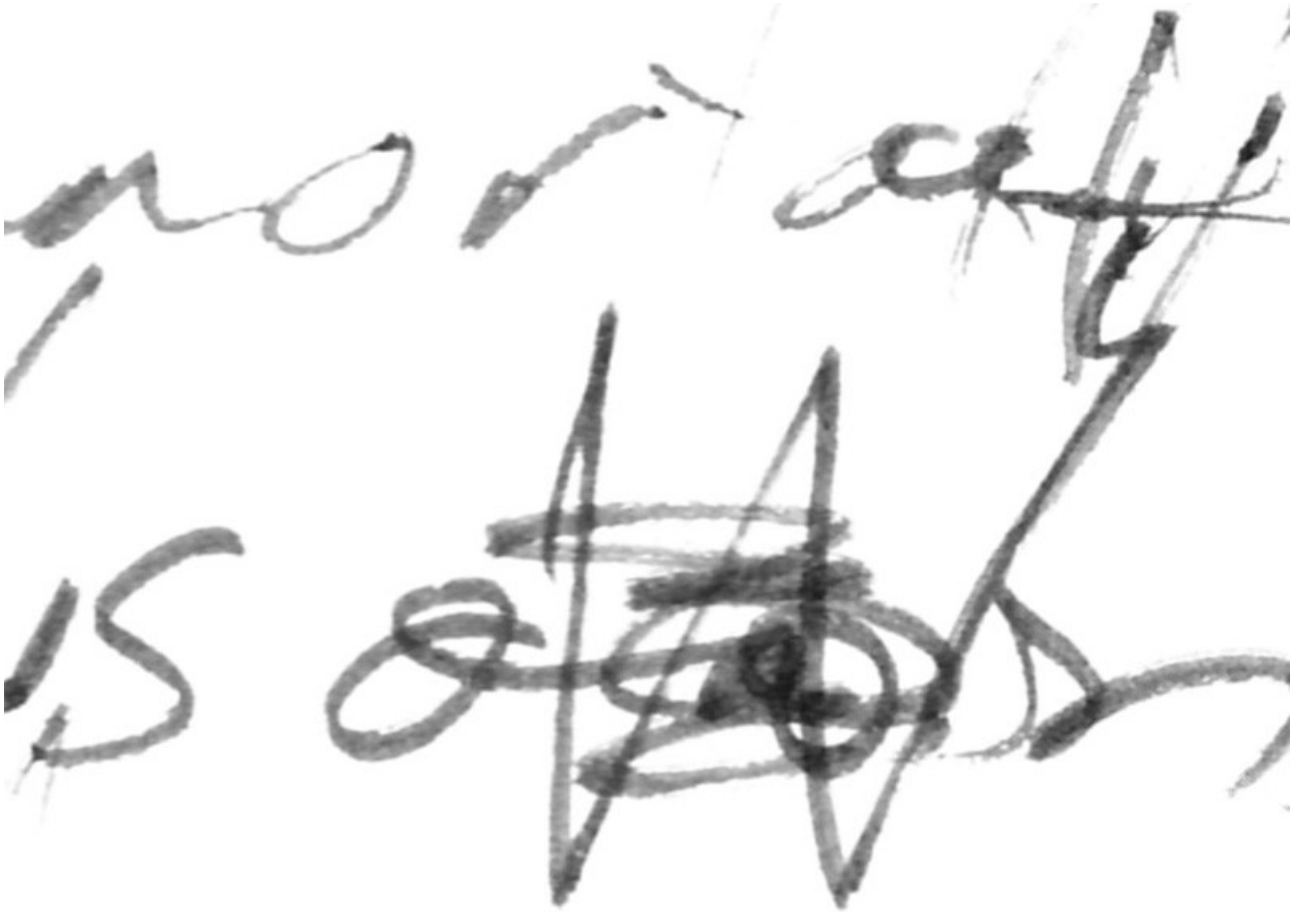
Kill me. I don't care.

Kill her. I do.

The pen is mightier than testosterone.

JUSTICE WAS NOT DELIVERED to this guilty one.

In his personal diaries, he claimed to personal immortality for he claimed the blood as his oWn.



He claimed Art for eternity,

He was a Master...

The finest detail...

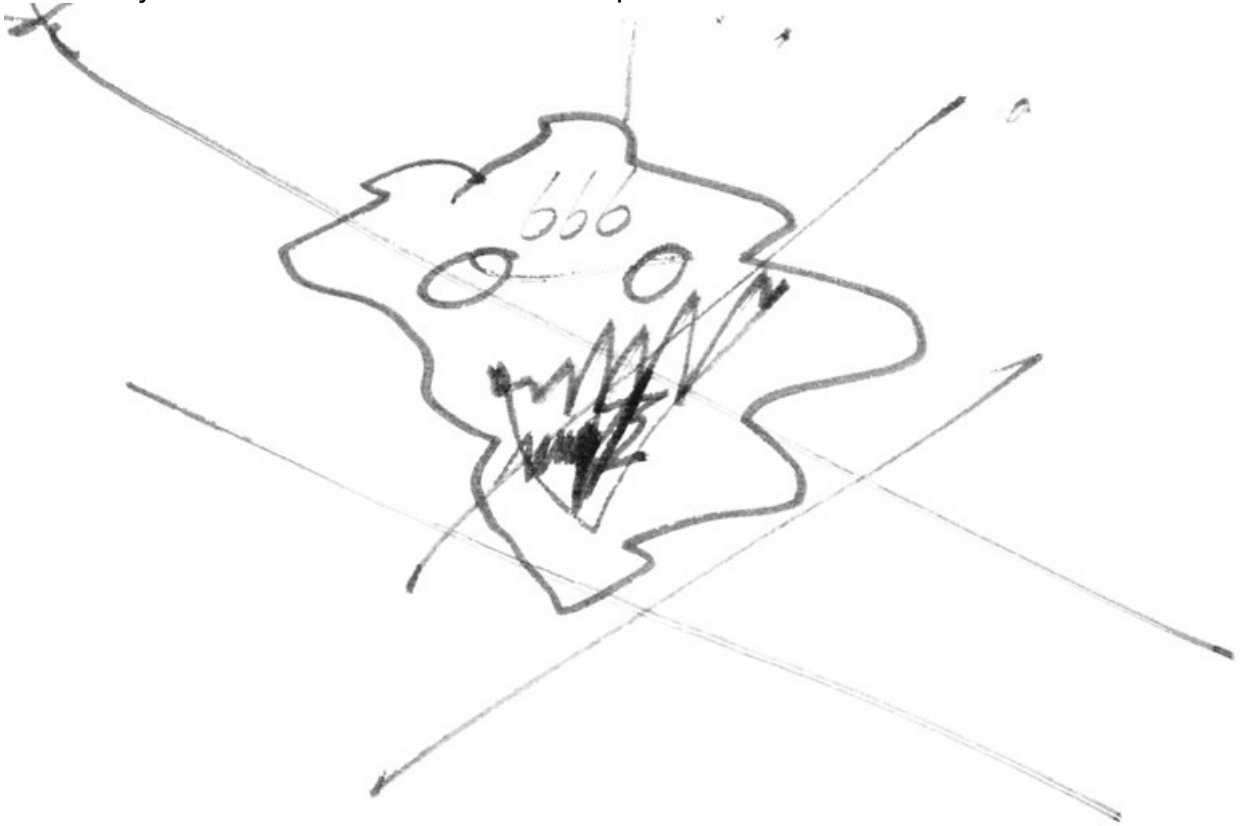
Her cunt open on the silk.

Promises to the end.

Lies triggered his first, clearly knifing her and then ignoring, and biting the rest of her recons to a long drawn out gore spread wooden floor.

It wasn't enough to just heave her there for the reporter photographer, scavengers. He had to eliminate his guilt with a coupe d'absenthe timed elimination 100 meter blasting.

How can you claim evidence T.F.T if it is ontplofled.



Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

How many seconds did it take to Kill the Spy Bitch?

"A Bitch is not necessarily a Woman." says Revlis, Vampire Demon.

2. To Respond To Power Phrases

TO RESPOND TO 89.7 or 98.7 or so what I would term POWER PHRASES: 11:18, 26-12-1996.



The WORLD stood up.

To paraphrase: If Nature created the Universe from Nothing -How long will it take to Destroy it?!!! (Heinous evil laughter).

-let me smoke a little more-

THIS IS HOW (Channeled in prophetic ritual high mogec phophecizing) the World will fall:

-The Hounds prepared there holsters.

-The Wands of the few are empowered.

The Mountains have been trembling for days, the disasters are rampant. Many weekly innocents have died severed from their Mother, who is even now weeping silver. The world stock markets have fallen and there is computer failure All over. The public is in a state of severe unrest i.e. unorder with celebration and riots in capitalistic cities. World congress leaders are in round the clock meetings. If Nature created the Universe from Nothing -How long will it take to Destroy it? || The God's and Goddesses of all the Pantheon's meet in ravaged splendour.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

Count the seconds.

3. Arganthon's Notes Of Poetry

ARGANTHON'S NOTES OF POETRY

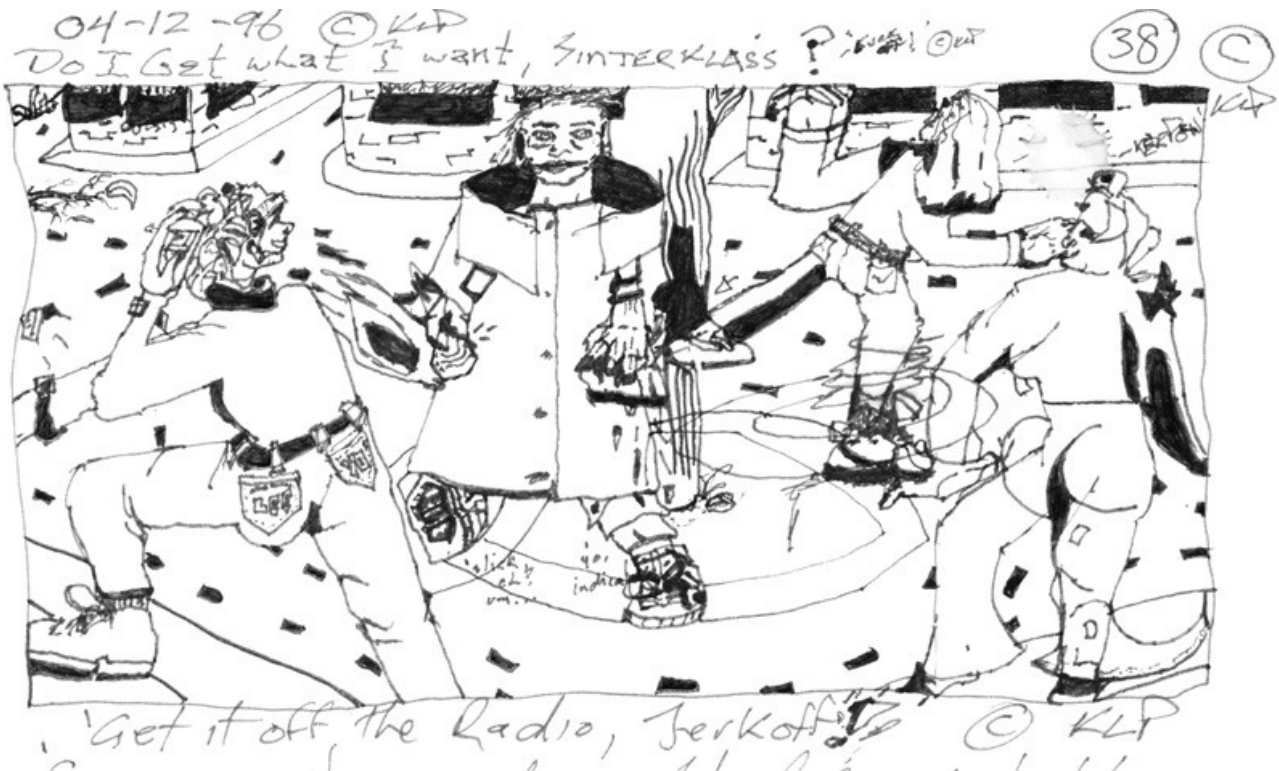
I've got to find some focus,
Kill this emptiness,
This wandering in foreign territory,
Remote bleakness,
Detached object scanning,
Eternal thrust of betterment,
Held back body paranoia.
Everyone's after me.
Is this nervous degeneration?

Can't feel comfortable,
Is it any wonder?
Everybody I've met is screwed,
Behavioral Contradiction,
Apparent interest,
Hidden intent,
Anal retention,
Evil coersion,
Black Superstition,
Attempting to compromise me,
Unshakable fear of them,
Subtle invisible persuasion,
Energy manipulation,
Conscious deliberating poisoning.
Join us. Join us.
Let us be one.
We want your body, your soul energy
To call it ours.
We can then be happy,
Join us. Join us.
Let us be one,
We will show you the way.
Just do what we say.
Pouncing on indecision
Of the forming person's mind,

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

How many seconds did it take?

4. Get It Off The Radio, Jerkoff!!

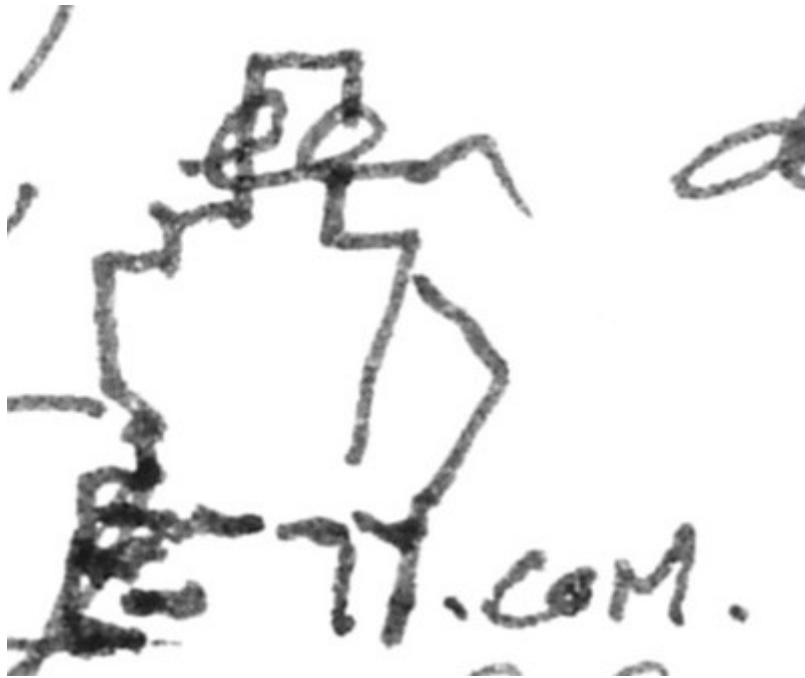


'Get it off the Radio, Jerkoff!!' © KLP

'Gee mon, it was the night before Sinterklaas and the bloodbath is still continuing? Tune in to any news station.' © KLP

'Well what DO WE HAVE HERE NOW?' I say as I look for a random radio station, newspaper article, advertisement, or Internet, watch out they're coming for us!
Long live ROTTERDAM, HARD ROCK, GOTH. Wettalica. SIC. SK.

i.e.: '...20:55... 04-12-1006 (?) ... Surinamen Confederati beweging en masse... Indische corps weven... Midde Oost bloedspoel aan de behogering, Arabi, conflict verdien aantal duizenden doden, oh yah, FFF, FAMILY, 1 man schot, dood gister bij Aaltje Noorderwierstraat, een dame gilde van de lachter, op aan het zien -Energy.com .



The demented dame, where are the rules that protect & serve us the peace? © KLP

'Heh?', the younghood last said before robbing the convenience store, in the process, blowholing the abdomina nigger fuck, our lasers got him in the back, his body knock backed to the street outside. Why can't we just blow the white ass punk skinhead the fuck away? INSTANT KARMA. Anarchie in de Den Haag. Do you know that if you are hit by a car, though are not wounded, such as dismemberment, 'HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!', you have no right...

No wonder this City is so outlawish.

Let's discover a faulty loop in the Rule System, why not?

Your turn, O.K. You NOW, All O.K., Ya, Caol, Way tol go, Congrats, Next Noobie!

'Even geduld aub... een momentje svp... even wachten a.u.b.... een klein beetje geduld, dank je wel... aub... ooh... momentje... Dank U... OOM... .nob

Now
5, 4, 3, 2, 1

SPLAT!

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

How many seconds do ya got to go?

5. My Pasting Vortex Grave

Den Haag, MY PASTING VORTEX GRAVE. oh, o.k.; 17:57, 29-11-1996 © KLP
'Mon, the pounding barrage cultural samenwerking. Don't Kill me... A person who lives
bythe hearth, will surely FEEL IT there. ANARCHIE in de Den Haag .?'

or

Anarchie in de Den Haag !' or

Anarchie in de Den Haag !'

We already had it in Amsterdam, however...



The Ultimate Thriller Live ACTION MAN! Hit ANYTHING! Oh, Gee, I thought we were travelling, which way direction? Oh, please, throw in a few more blacks, shy don't you, don't you know, you are non-black, more like Afrikaanse, AFRICAN, Africano, oh, we're taking a vacation to AFRIKA! No, really, Den Haag, there has always been that scapegoat. Honds ripped up, dirt flew, pavement sagged and then hit the knees like glass on glass grinding.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

It came out of the dark space between the trees and tried to rip my throat off. Blood spurted everywhere, taking out my enemies, for there was no understanding of a Multi-Tranistor Satellite. © KLP

Heh heh, not give back, wus, my INTERNET DOS DISKETTE. Damn. © KLP

INTERNET DOS DISKETTE.

I don't care into these Death Scenes or Death Motief's, unprepared. And the rest of society was falling to, already did, to complete unrulid Chaos. Bad loop there BIMBO. MISTAKE. I hope it beats De Vinci's, Mon at the bridge. FIRST, then I hope what I see before my eyes in fact your poort tribillitating eyeballs as the life is pumped out of your heart, chug chug, fear has taken control of you, as out of the earth comes tearing this horrendous huge hand, tearing earth away from trees, and my imagination was in fact extraed. In fact, what happened to this jurgling mon, was that his heart exploded from one too many pressures, circumvent ally.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

That was like no seconds at all.

6. Get it off the Radio, Jerkoff!



Do I Get what I want, SinterKLAAS? ^{-Fuck Off!} © KLP

'Gee mon, it was the night before Sinterklaas, and the bloodbath is still continuing? ^{Tune in} to any news station.' © KLP

'Well what DO we HAVE HERE NOW?' I say as I look for a random radion station, newspaper article, advertisement or Internet, watch out they're coming for us!

Long live ROTTERDAM, HARD ROCK, GOTH. **W**ettalica. ^{SIC}.

Having an awful flash back, I, Sir Kyle Lance Proudfoot, a Spy Killer, am just amazed at how in the future how many times certain tracks have been repeated...

Title: You are going to die

Size: 1/2 A4 page

Cost: ₣ 5,00

Cover: Abstract Picasso

Nota: Foreground faces.

Well, that was sticky.

Now, here we are waiting for the trigger. Nothing comes. Oh, wait, we just heard something... Here it is 18:00, and where is the trigger man? I press a small button, the world is at my doorstep. KERPOW MAN. I initiate 'activation' mode.

I mean we're sitting here and we can cut the with an ion beam, and there out pops my new girlfriend, and things are really getting me down. It's like Miss Muphut was sitting and, Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!, a barbed wire came out and closelined her at 3 G's. I could keep you, yah you, flintlocked and with my own indication, here for even. There were disturbances, layered. I barely held the trigger. I throw the black Spencer down, hard, leaping up, grabbing her and siren blasting in her face.

< HECK IT OUT

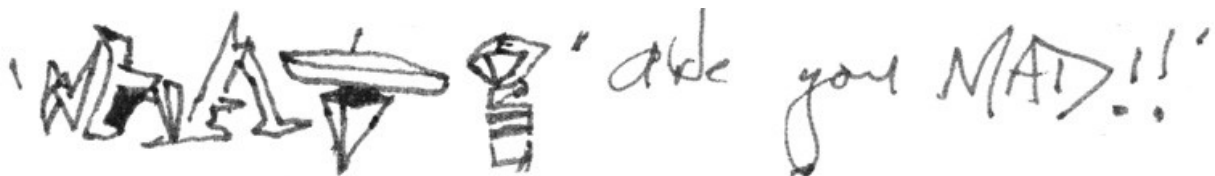


HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

How many seconds did it take for this guy to go?

TRANSFORMATION OF ENTIRE ART Scene. May the hires evolve! © KLP

'Listen, I, wonder, you missed the, codeline!' REDO. 'WHAT?' Are you MAD!!



They started pumping us with rounds. We dove for cover. Hitting trees, wood, underbrush, and that sort of stuff, we Kick into a run.

Dodging between trees, somehow, due to my super duper interference

Modulator tx-10000, we crash into the backguard, 'oh but we

Wanted to...' I acknowledge their presence, simply could have

Sucked hole. 5:1 odds, who's in? She took her half, I

Took MINE, we still hadn't... Hardly breaking into a run,

Breaking away, breaking up, breaking branches, breaking ALL

Barriers, Breaking The Silence, breaking limits, breaking the blues,

Breaking from tradition, breaking the oven, breaking corpuscles,

Breaking ALTer egO's, breaking the rules, breaking in half,

'Breaking, Breaking, Breaking!!!' break bender, buster.

and there we went, blowing up there, in the airsky.

It was decidedly, just like before...

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

That was not so many seconds, even...

7. It Was A Bizarre Experience

17-12-1996, 14:54 ?, **FUNK, SOUL ?**

It was a BIZARRE EXPERIENCE, all of a sudden we you know, when the children were crossing the road? Zo:

'It was a bright, sunny evening...'

'A little: VOODOO MAGIC ON YOU, CHILD.'

'WALK THE STREETS, BUDDY **!!!** '

'Go **FUCK** Madonna!'

15:49 '...Jobs dwindling.' 'President, operation.'

'...Cocaine smuggle.' 'To 9 tonight!'

Aroba, Kurasau.

Power attempt, and violence incorporated. ©

Nothing like freedom of one's own children's

Mind Spaces.! As data would say it is,:

'Nothing like the most damn fine Hived bugged brews. ooh.

Sure sure sure; Ruler of the Universe, keeping up

The fascinating model alterations . . Keeping up

The... the... the... Smiling young faces trust are

Brought to face, the why-are-you-on-the-rocks

For so long? Lore, realities of The World. Personally,

I would one-definitely not want to shed one tear!

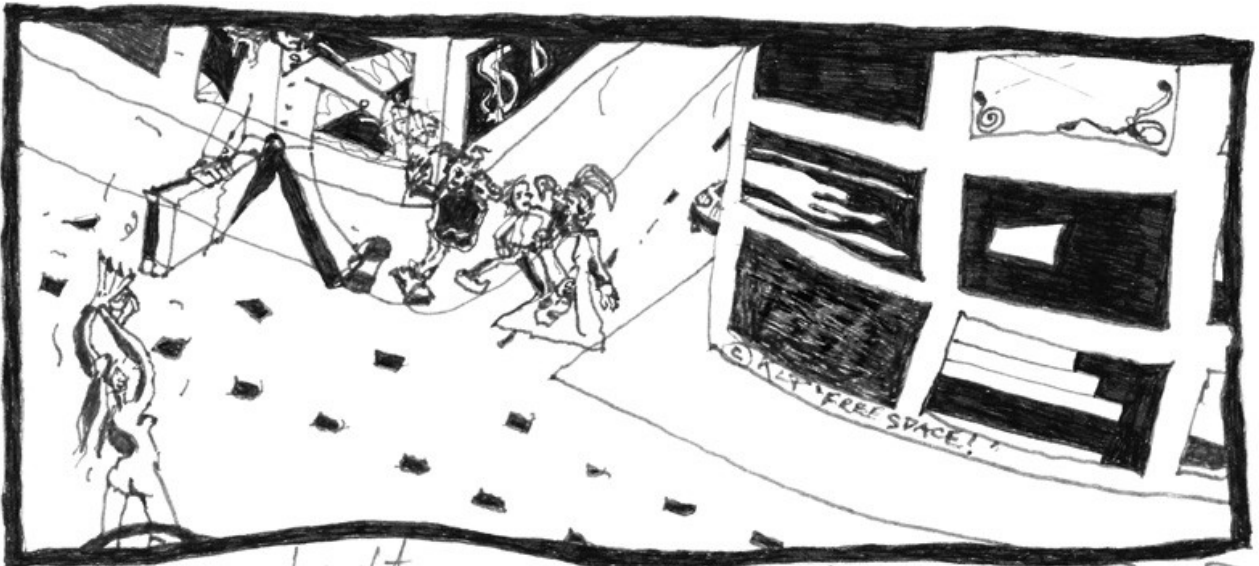
Of my daughter 2. The Politicians in the World.

Should have some children behave they Politicize

behaviour

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

They were gone in no seconds flat!



'IT WAS a bright, sunny evening...'

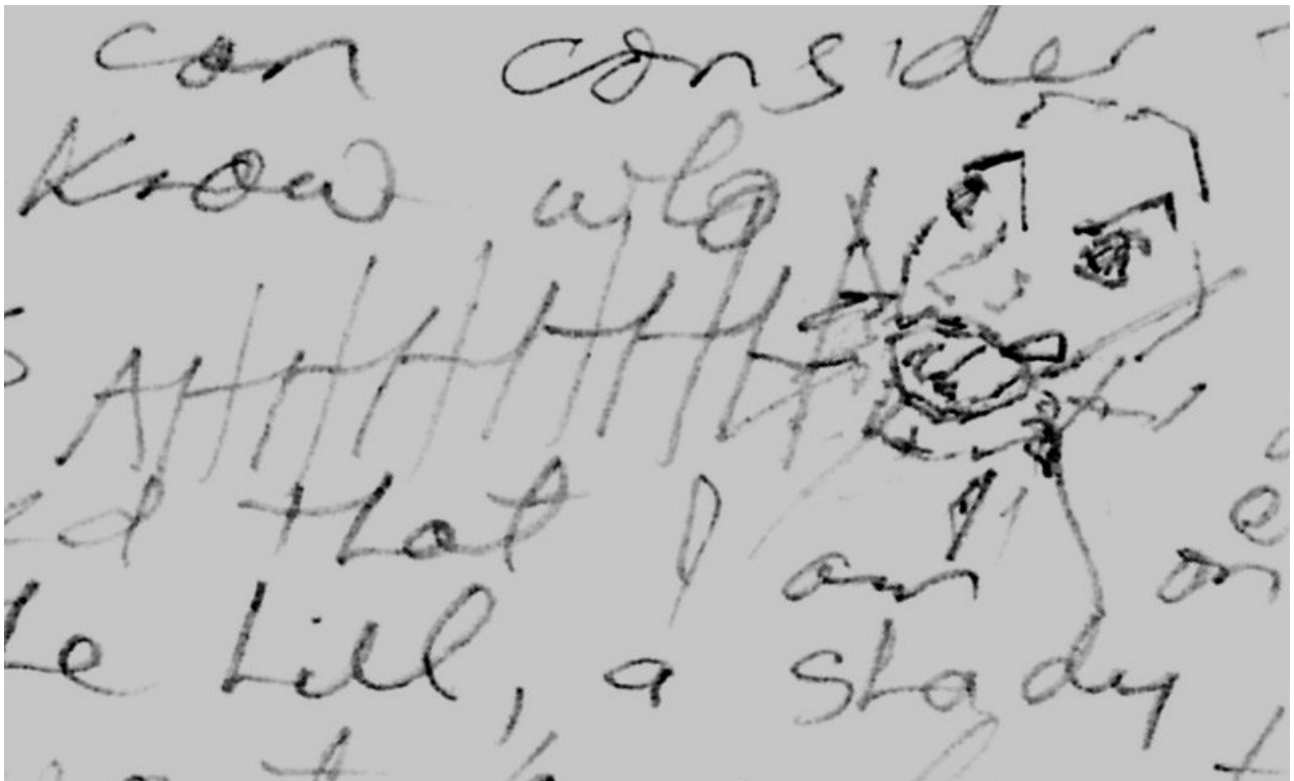
© KAT

8. IPSWITCH (NE South of the hill)

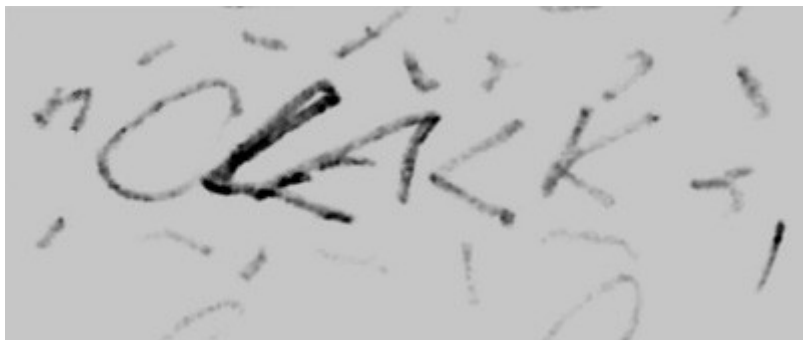
18:34 GREEN TIME

Somewhere who knows. 09/10/96.

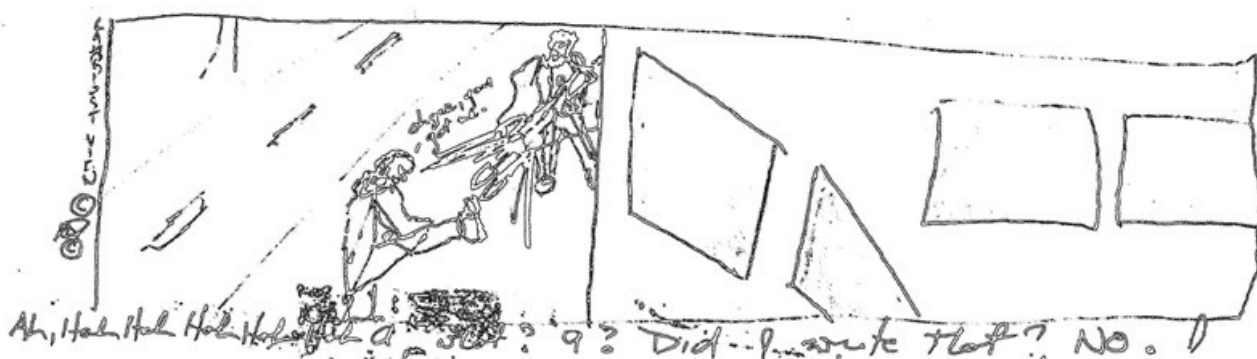
NOW that I love, been contemplating this fine mess I've found myself in, we can consider the above examples as particularly applicable to your know who.



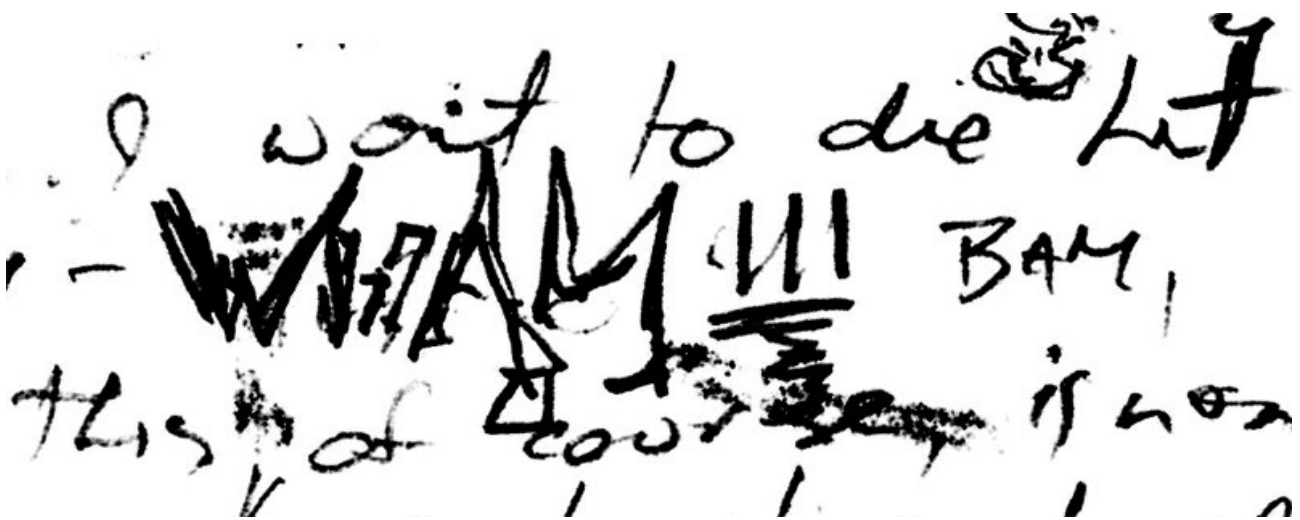
This is how it happened. Don't worry you reactionary fanatics AHHHHHH, there is distinctly a face there. And you can be assured that I am on ^e dead mother-ucker (???) I found myself circling the hill, a shady, little vale to say the least, and how personal do you want to make it? Granted, that, there is a most notable conspiratol fine philosophical question which is completely personal. Oh no, I'm going to Open Up.



CRACK popped like a fish out his water. Sure... Who am I? It is simply fascinating the things that happen. Do you, uh um, yes you, Love this simile phenomena? I mean ✕ this all, well the trick, pull it right out from under they noses. What is 2-D? In fact, I think I could nestle myself nice and cozy in here, and not move. What say jeh? I could keep doing this, and nothing else, I am a Genius! Lo and behold, I achieved a relativity. Socitally, that is, for those who need the direct indicative, useful as it is: Persone. You know what I dislike, I think to myself as I cheerfully enter the dark side of this pile, definitely passive aggression. I mean, please don't hold your cum back just for little me KYLE. If yow WANT TO KILL ME JUST DON'T WITH a quick exposure double barrell 100cc.; you can watch too!



Ah, Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah A ,n what? 9? Did I write that? NO. I appreciate you blowing me away, however don't FUCK with my peripherial. How do I feel before death? Uplifted, freed, back to the better days, with paid admission to this strip show. Yes. Do it. Believe me, you will laught to death... Nothing like Freedom from Oppression, 'Uh, excuse me, like, thank you.' Always be polite in the face of death. Walking quiet by the quivering evergreens, my gut feels weak, 'Well sir! We can correct that! Just take a mouthful of this propane sir, um um great for the engine. C'mon, Light my Line! Ooh AL. A subtle tone in another drive by. Yes! That is my personal wish: When I die, I want to die hit by a LAMBORGHINI COUNTASH, Blood Red! Ooh boy, oh boy -**WHAM!!!**



HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

That happened so fast, it must have been nanoseconds.

9. Zero Second Kill Born

BAM, thank you MAM. I can feel it coming already, ALL of this, of course, is nonsense, I mean I'm walking along this nice serene nature trail and all of a sudden ^{XX} Yah, that's it. This person cute little contraption that, tries to Kill me. Well, I mean, running at you wildly is clearly not natural. So, I join society; rather forcibly I might add • NO • Don't be so critical. I want to try a hunch. Yes, let us remain theoretical, plausible, **LIKELY**. This page here with its pages, uh I mean words is insufficient. There I said it. NOW, none of you have to Insult me any longer. T(h)anks for the impetus.

IT IS NOT LONG ENOUGH FOR A STORY.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

How bout just a zero second kill born?

10. Fast Food Enterprizes - Ultimate Sales Advertisement

Seriously now, let's not talk about time, and say we did. I truly want to die with this handwriting. I want to try a little experiment, you know one of these exclusive EXPERIMENTS which has already happened. I want to write, is that O.K. with you, stories over this with drawings, LEKKER, and go ahead and -: can it syp-head. After all 3-D is so much BETTER! AL Hoh hoh loh lol lol loh lolm lo. The question is how much space can you fill? AL HAh loh lof. SHOUT UP, uh joh, that's it. So our story begins, and we not EGO-CENTRIC ASSORBATION; I HAVE WITHOUT QUESTION MORT. TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF IN THIS REGARD THAN JACK + JILL. AH HOL hol hola hoh hoh ha. O.K. ALRIE... walking... Sensory input is a little (one please?) minimalistic, presently the question is: Do I have what it takes to make it.? I check my pockets, no definitely a minimalist. 'The trick, I think is knowing precisely when to duck.' Why worry when you have reflexes? Now you will unders and the might of the O.M.C.L. Shake your head and got it ripped off. AND NO WE. Heh heh heh, yes, I am nuts. These white walls have

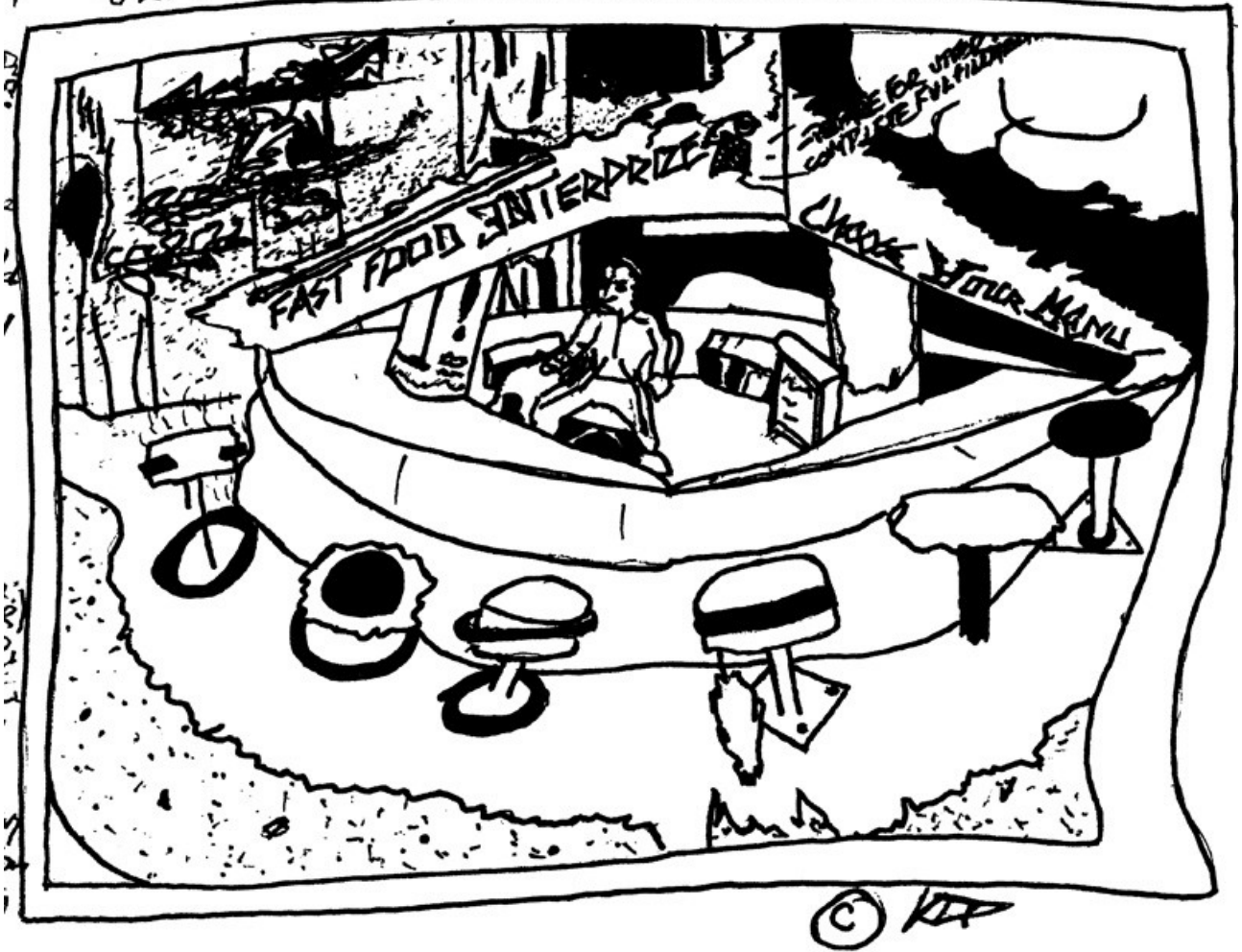
experiment, you know one of the
 happened. I want to write, is
 with drawings
 all 3-D is
 The question
 SHOUT UP
 human beings...
 not
 EGO-CENTRIC ABSORBATIVE
 ABOUT MYSELF IN THIS RELATED TO
 O.K. HERE WE GO. TI
 So, I'm
 presently
 I check
 I'm know
 reflects
 your
 I'm nuts - There
 walking... Gen
 The question is
 my pockets, m
 wing precisely w
 Now you will onc
 lead and get it
 white walls love

been closed around me for decades!

I continue walking in the dark, assured it won't happen to me.

Fascinating, and quite unfathomable tiny things flutter, flitter
 and snake restless noises in the night. SHOUT UP! It's kind
 of like birds waking you up in the Mournin' Show. Somebody should
 sip just the right quantity of cocaine into their seed, give them that
 Mournin' Show PEP which will then make it legal for me to pecker
 them full of pellets. Provided, of course, it is November. The
 vibrances bouncing round my head. Most definably, make me
 feel like me hunted. Yoh, a MAN'S SPORT-DEEP WOODS. Granted,
 it doesn't look like I'm moving my feet, but then I can't see much. O'
 my it's round his stretch o' the woods. I reach the snackbar. I'm not
 sure what, like better: The neon staticity or the grass, uh, I mean grease.

ULTIMATE SALES ADVERTISEMENT OF © 09/10/96 21:53



Ultimate Sales Advertisement

I arrived at my own scene. You KNOW what cuhen you see these fuck violet neon yellow sign? The undefinable block space... Seeing the wary light flickerings in indecisive endings. The fine meisje acher de , , , drt bevoorbeeld wh-wh-where from did you come, this is learned talent. She, says, 'Take your pick from chains than r.i.p. yourself in and, heh heh, enjoy the view! I try to smoke calmly, when suddenly the lens flash comes on (in a mono masocilastic manner): 'FOOTBALL, FAMILY, FUEGO-GO, Uh, 5 in FEUD, KEEPING THE POPULATION PACIFIED, uGGA, IN THE JUNGLE (hallo?), and **SLASH** what fine weather!! ME, 1 billion and I'll BUY

ME I will
KEEP, keep
use, yes.

OCE, keep your Reputation Sir.' after seeing TSM Launcher lined up.

KABOOM!

His head explodes.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

How many seconds did it take for him to die, buy?

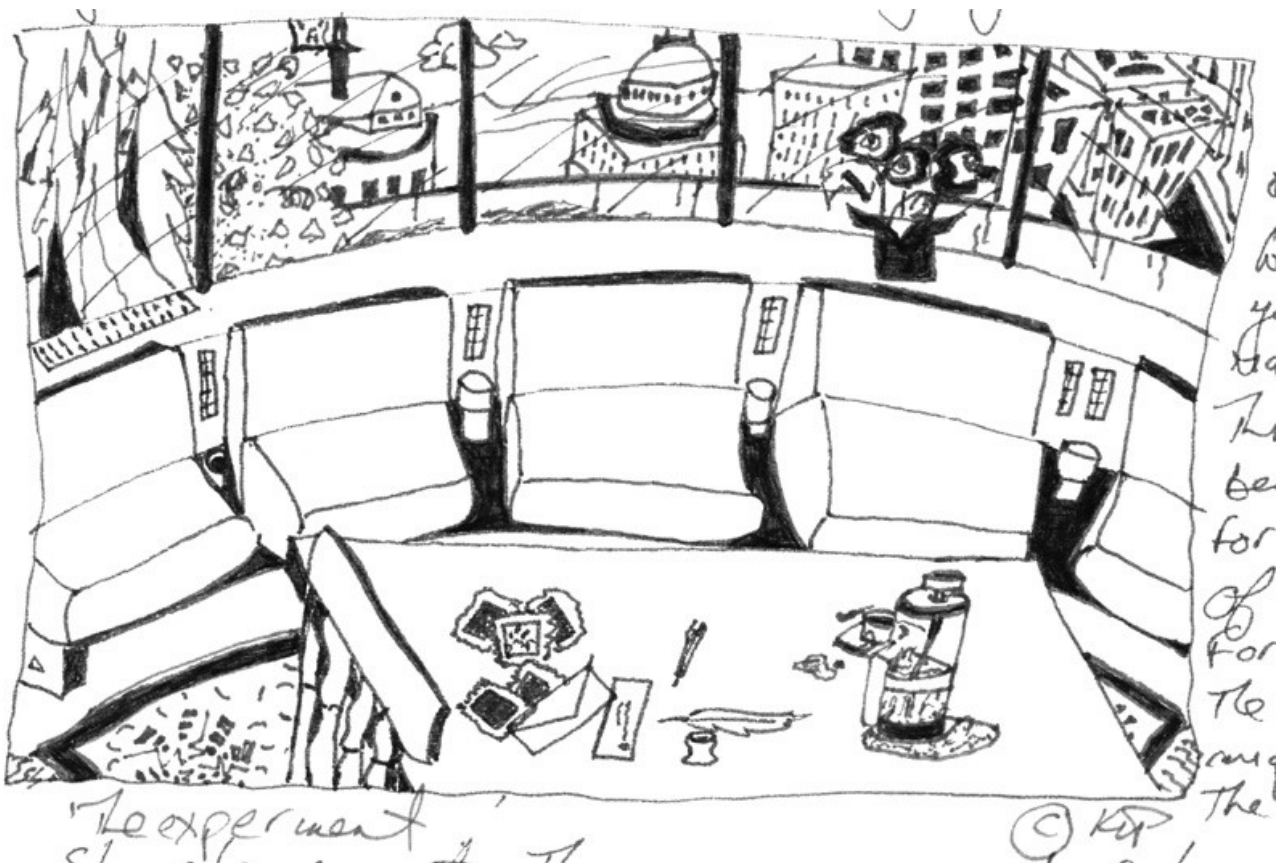
11. The experiment

The dumb bitch just had it coming: She walked through a city night. How done _ she?

Our first look at the case was puzzling: A letter, landed on our table, with a small indication, in the form, oh yes, form; the photo's were gorgeous.

Yes, I, Sir Kyle Lance Proudfoot, am an unofficial undercover double agent investigation officer of Hare Majesteit der Koninkrijk der Nederlanden.

So we will call this:



The experiment.

Heh heh, boys & girls; one gone awry.

We hope you find your way in this dark macabre. Oh yes!

This particular experiment become Living Hell for this poor belle. Of course, it it wasn't for the tangles in the mystery, she might not have bit the bucket. Ah Hah hah.

She strode into the romm, command of her sneses, after the last headspinning night. She thought, 'Whee, I'm gonna be fucked!' Stretching her long leg, she licks her chopped lips, next to the table, giving her nylons a tightening, slapping surely tight, 'How dare he!' she thought, "...the very essence of the female is eroticism, like I understand we are in the money making business, however..." He strides in, 'Oh, WOW, I was just, like, down at the 'Rare & Collected Specimens' part of The Experimentation hab... Did you, see the pictures. Caught in static beholdance she asks, 'Oh Tom... Why are you such a chauvinistic pompous Woman hater?' He pauzes, and smiles, pictuerequeily, he strides up to her and lays his palm over her waist on her crotch, from behind, he speaks, normally, it's just, the striding and all, 'In business, you have to be...' She leans back into him feeling the rush of his coming on hard on, 'You know, I could make more money off of your pigheaded dress.' She strides, poutingly away, nursing her wound, looking at the pictures, photographs. She throws them back down, putting a sugar covered finger back in her mouth, 'We should not have done that little experiment, should we have?'



'I dare say not.' he confirms, 'However, not all is lost!' 'Oh...' she stops, 'We need a messenger!' he raises his commanding eyebrows, 'Can you send, The specified instructions to 'Animal' Torture Chambers in the name of Science'?

She looks enthused, 'Sure thing, and. when I come back, you better be on that sofa, dearie.

He nods agreement. His meeting begins, OVER: 'How to make you Holiday Hedonist: He imagines her blood spilling down her stomach, him on top of her, her, sucking him off at full grip. Her last breaths go out of her...

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

It took practically no seconds for her lights to go out.

12. Holy Moly Man

(ANKHARA, SECTION #: B2, 2nd Moon, 27:15:)

Continuing through the Music Drug Scene, I, Sir Kyle Lance Proudfoot have some fun.

There my lother popped undo existence, get off my homepage!
Then I look deeper and I see the child with concerned.
Oops, looking with her mother, or some other lady, looking at the
smoke and the middle of 16 body disembarment and %6
porsiful figue of Father Figure, quite imposing on

the Whole Field. -**EXACTLY** . Shed this to EXCALIBUR (ALPINE PRESS) PRONTO-

Given these dreams, I have listened to hear:

'My feet are getting cold, give they're tingling our What Might.'

polo, TSK TSK TSK, SO MANY THINGS TO DO IN THIS WORLD.'

She looks quickly around her, however, anyway. Whats.never.toto.

Completely 100% lion's guarantee, LIFE TIME Warranty, Money

Buck Guarantee, D.O.A: Don't Office AT! RIP, It was too late W.I.T.

She cheers, "Yee Ha, one dead male Arkhanian!"

He kills him for her.

'HOLY MOLY MAN.' © Kyle Lans Proudfoot 09-10-96 05:18

What's that rate of blood pouring into the ground?

Oh please, oh please...

Buck Quirk, D.O.A.: Don't OFFICE AT! @, It was too late Nili



'HOLY MOLY MAN.' © KYLE LANS PROUDFOOT 09-10-96 05:18
What is that rate of blood POURING INTO THE GROUND? OH PLEASE, OH PLEASE ...

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

Was it really just a couple of seconds?

13. Death Motief's



Kyle Lans Proudfoot ©

DEATH MOTIEF'S

Spy Kill Scenario's = Death Motief Scenario's. © KLP

⊕• Designed for the News, Radio, Media.

MEDIA AV

⊕• ANKHARA SEC. #B2, 2nd Moon, 27:15

She was walking in the dark when something was decidedly irritating her. Even heard of that sneek preview, where you are convinced of some unsurety. Well, in this case, of this poor girl, she didn't understand what was happening. She came to the edge of a starlit cliff, mesmerized with all the stars. Well, and you got to understand this is gruesome. Howeve, do understand those are stories of such occurences:

**BEWARE THE TRICK THAT TELLS YOU IN THE DARK,
WHAT NOT WHAT WANT SHOULD BE BETRAYED,
LET NOT THE EVER PRATTLE CHATTER OF THE GHOSTS,
BE IN YOUR HEAD. KYLE LANS PROUDFOOT 09-10-96, 03:30**

THIS DEVEloping along these lines, we have unbeatable suspense value. What is going to happen to here? Will it be a non 18-23 or so?

In this World where she is living, port of the 4.56 armed fanatic hi-technologists. Sure they had one or two fist fights, though generally speaking they were a sort of fatherly race. Having their lives run by programs, day in day out, they would say, 'EVER been to that time when the rod fell on my head? This meant, an invader, or in short talk:

'BUGGER!'

In this World we received a report coming in from headquarters, on 09:13 equivalence time, through our Media House connection. We love to present these events in Reporter style form, on interesting sub dive - version, I might add. Who, Knows, one day it could be you two. TRAGIC though life is, it is necessary to look, at the bove tacts. Some things proset themselves so strogilind.

We were planning to do a rating, systems, but, no, cops, oh no, I shou-should it have done that! **NOW!** THEY ARE gong to get me! Ahhhhh! There was, now that they are going to get me, any waey:

-Oh my gosh, I have obviously made a billion FFF|| !!!



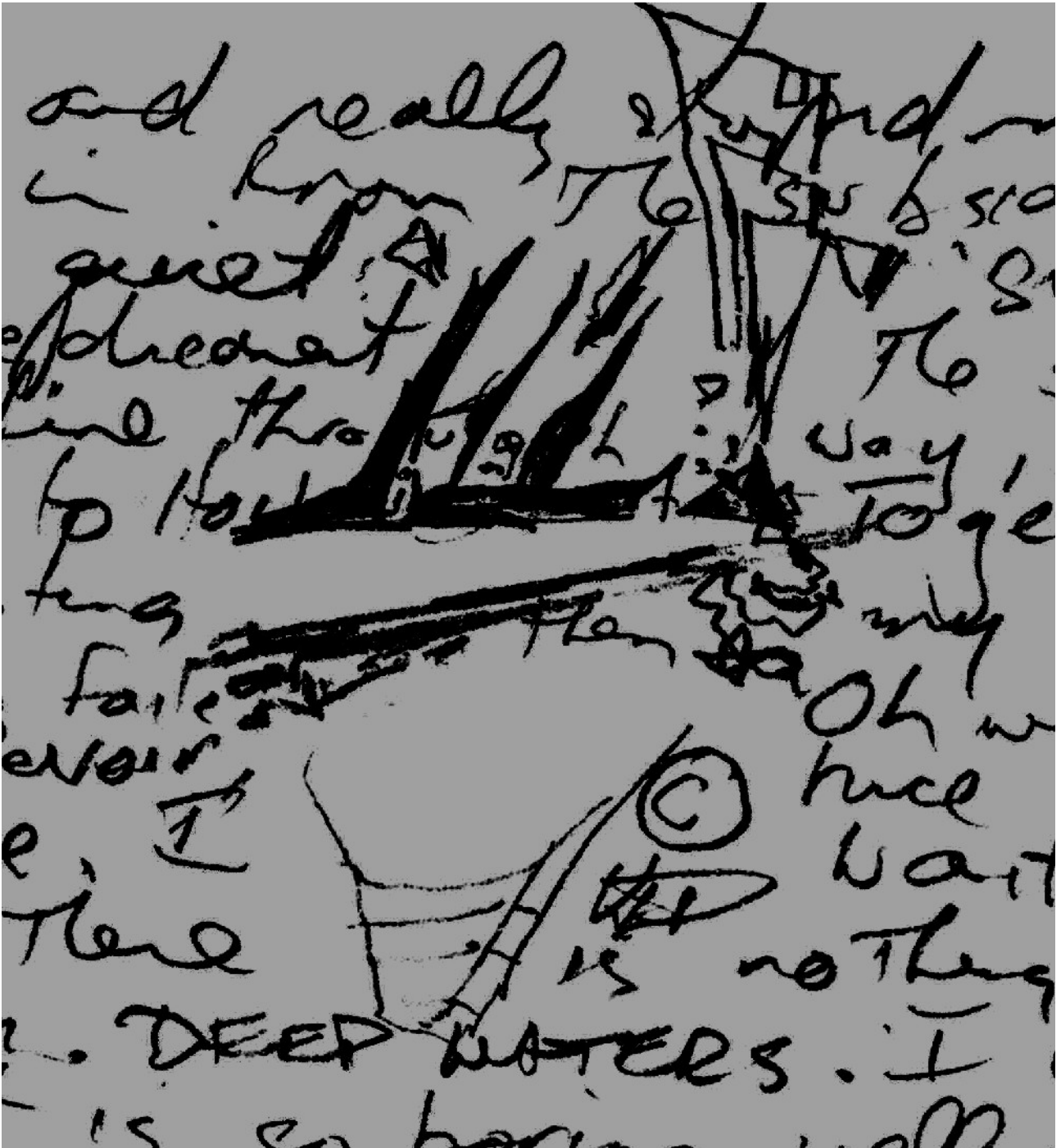
THE UNUNDERSTANDABLE PHENOMENON OF INTERCHANGING PARTICLES,
DESTINED TO meet at certain quantum leaps. What st-st-stellor wiet mon. JU-JUST
check the fine layback when I was trying to draw, yoh I am the Artist, mon, a non with his
two ons ripped backward behind him, blood spewing and all...

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

No one saw it coming and no one has any clue how many seconds it took.

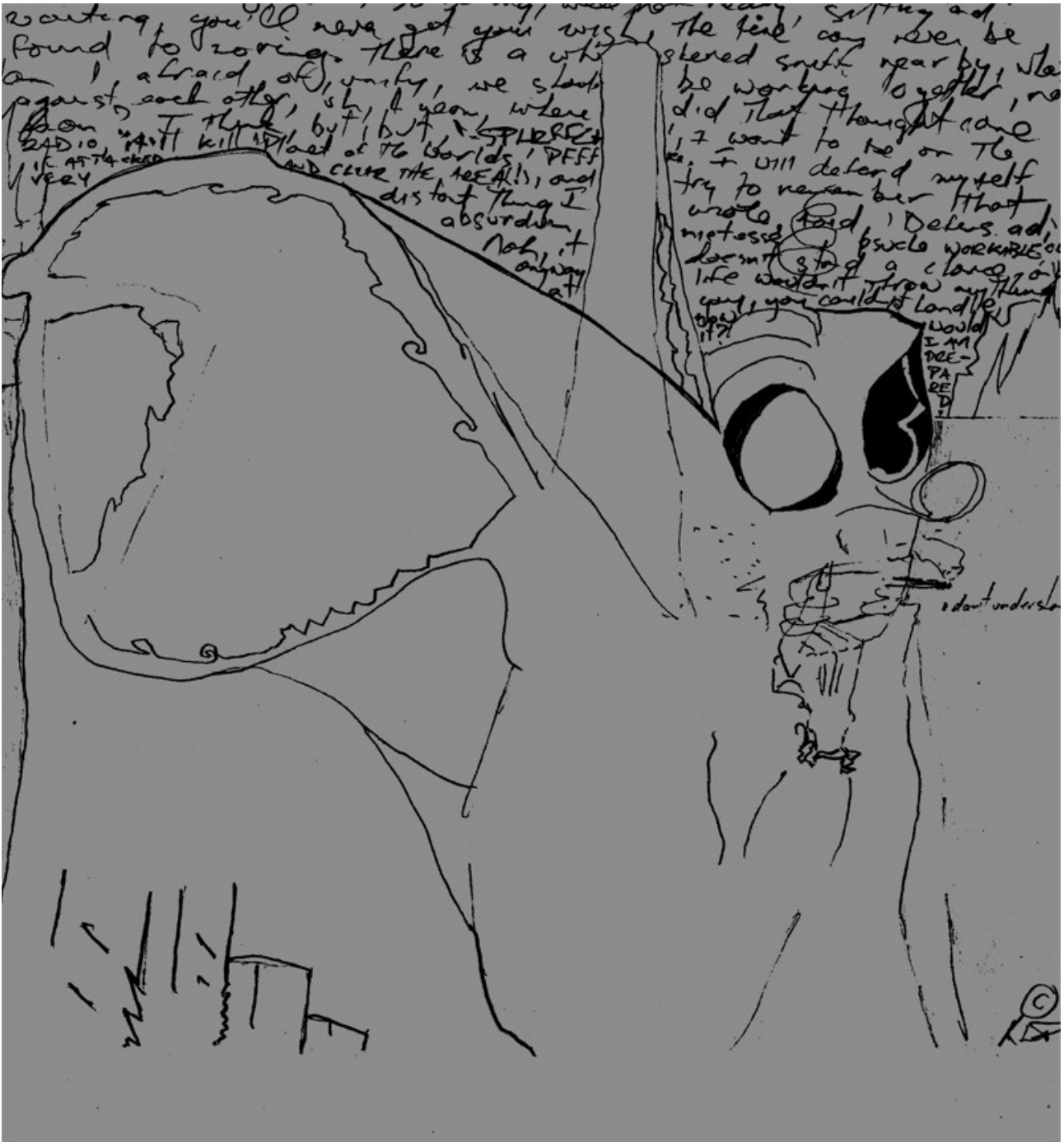
14. Bravely However

Bravely however, and really stupid nowadays, we got tip toed incy bincy quiet,
'SURPRIZE, the only inquasitum.
Understanding the predicament



the forest paradoxically responds with nothing. A line, thro tuig uh ?, Way, if you ask me, I might actually be able to Hold iJam talk Together, I mean thruly, if I am that disinteresting then my quest to find, it is What you see, Death has failed only once, sip. Oh well. See ya. 'Sarinaye• Aubsteleriasta, Au Revoir, Nice knowing ja, Just load me down that positive. I Wait... Having unsuccessfully found an enemy, there is nothing left to do, accept wait, and a.u.b. ademen. DEEP WATERS. I continue on bravely keeping awareness of, it is so boring, well not really, sitting and waiting, you'll never get your wish, the time can never be

found to roving. There is a whiskered sniff nearby, what am I afraid of, unify, we should be working together, not against each other, uh, I mean, where did that thought come from? I think, but, but, '**SPURFFE+**', 7 want to be on the RADIO, 17:11 Kill 'Planet of the Worlds' PFFF KE. I Will defend myself if ATTACKED AND CLEAR THE AREA(!), and try to remember that VERY distant thing I wrote, said, 'Defens ad, ^{\-./} absurdum, nietesse, bsucle WORKABLE. ^{CLICK} Noh, it doesn't stand a chance, and anyway life wouldn't throw anything at you, you could'nt handle, how it? Would I AM PRE-PARED, I don't understand.



HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

It took him so many seconds to figure it out...

15. Do you have a VEGGIE Burger?

Handwritten text in black ink on a light background. The word "Considering" is written in a cursive script. Below it, "BURGER??" is written in a bold, blocky, hand-drawn font. To the right, the word "VEGGIE" is written in a similar bold, blocky font.

Considering myself better, I ordered: 'Do you have a VEGGI ~~BURGER~~??

The patron blinked a few times, 'Yes, honey,' My first EMigrind, my plan (?), foiled, 'These are fine seats...!', 'You know it, darling.' 'We got all the toppings.' We look suddenly at each other like **HOLY FUCK**, LIKE what the ef?

"WE ARE YOU LEADers." 'Hey, Mon, like don't trip me out man, I realize we in this, like, 3-D holographic, projective head sucker,' however, if you will donate me argument. Heh heh, heh heh.'

"CERTAINLY." IT responds mechanically, 'If you wouldn't mind giving mes program to run by, I would gladly follow your orders, price dependent.'

Handwritten text and a drawing. The text "look suddenly at each other" is written in a cursive script. Below it, "eye??" is written. To the right, "you know" is written. A large, detailed drawing of a human eye is on the left, with a smaller, less detailed drawing of a face to its right. Below the drawings, the text "if you wouldn't mind giving me" is written in a cursive script.

"YOU THINK you're funny." Anh. I tired of the foolish commonly referred to as, sell out, Mind Expanders. 09-10-96, 20:47. I get bullets streaming by de like blue lightning, and, oh yes, red, and, uh, 'Which way did we go now... My trained in reaction timing, sinds me down under the stools, scraping me a chance of **survival**. Of course, then what, tearing the boost out of any would be coo's? I ask, while rising, 'D-d-did I pay for another?' She turns, 'What was that you said, SUGAR (IS THIS FELLA BRAIN DEAD? I HOPE NOT.)

'Did ↓ PAY, CAN I, FOR ANOTHER?' Me polite always, oh repolit , next life we collect, keep you here all night (you one hallucinating? >>)}, 'Yah, though anyway, I could keep going, if you know what I mean, you could you, who am I and, uhm, fuck off, which way you it.



She points that away. She warns, 'Be careful of your travels, they take you where they may. Remembering I must choose, wow what a trip.'

'I de-de-DE-de duh-duhhhhh- (oh mon, this was difficult with this ding thing, anymore any will pass on anyway, 'Anny, meet Andrew', 'Annie meet Andrufe, 'Meet Ankie, meet Andridge,' 'Meet me,' hold me down, time to blow you away, 'ANKHARA, meet Android', meet me, hold me down. I continue through the wooded path, like any good GO's WizKid stoner should do, as you are told. Oh yah, look blindly on, the deep crow blizzard, it is black fractaling in on me, it being night... **SPLAT!!**

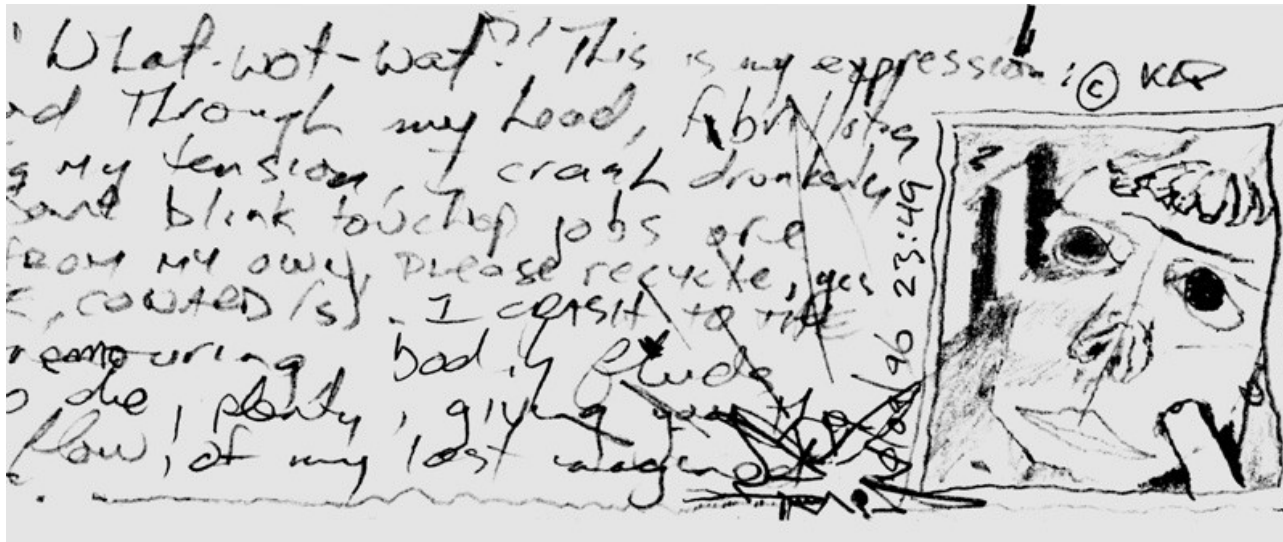
Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

He never saw it coming and thus took no seconds at all.

16. There Are So Many Invisibilities

'There are so many invisibilities...' says a Voice from above, or is that visual, 'you have died many times over already. What is behind that free, yoh, you!

What-wot-wat? This is my expression:



Bloody Vision's pound through my head, fibrillating in the sky, draining my tension, I crash drunkenly wired into a tree. Some blink touching jobs, are implaced. I, OUT, ME, from my awry, PLEASE RECYCLE, yes, KEEP IT MOVING ROBOT, SLAVE, COWARD(s). I CRASH TO THE Earth body shaking a tremoring, bodily fluids mixing, blending, time to die, plenty, giving you the breakdown, shakedown, flow, of my last imagined porting moments. KLP OUT.

I stop, finally recovered from my WITS. TO WIT. Still Forest.

I stop, thinking this is stupid, noh, why do I won't to do this? There's no money in it. Yoh, anyway, I've got other option(s).

O.K. Buy. See yoh. C'mon, why aren't you leaving, you gruesome fanatic or what? Blood fiend. Why would I want to satisfy your lowest Chakra, ja ja, give me lowest bodily fluid mon and trigger my light bulbs while you're at it, you very beautiful girl. I think, 'Personally, I don't want to be running about so quickly, sprinting into Tree's, not a good idea. I want to be fluttering, like the birds, who then confronted with brown on black field, simply say, 'I hope there are no big bad monsters in there, cause I wanna play.' **SHOUT UP KID** because we got you lined up, 'I know.' The kid interrupts, 'no.above you.com.www.I.buy?'^{ow}

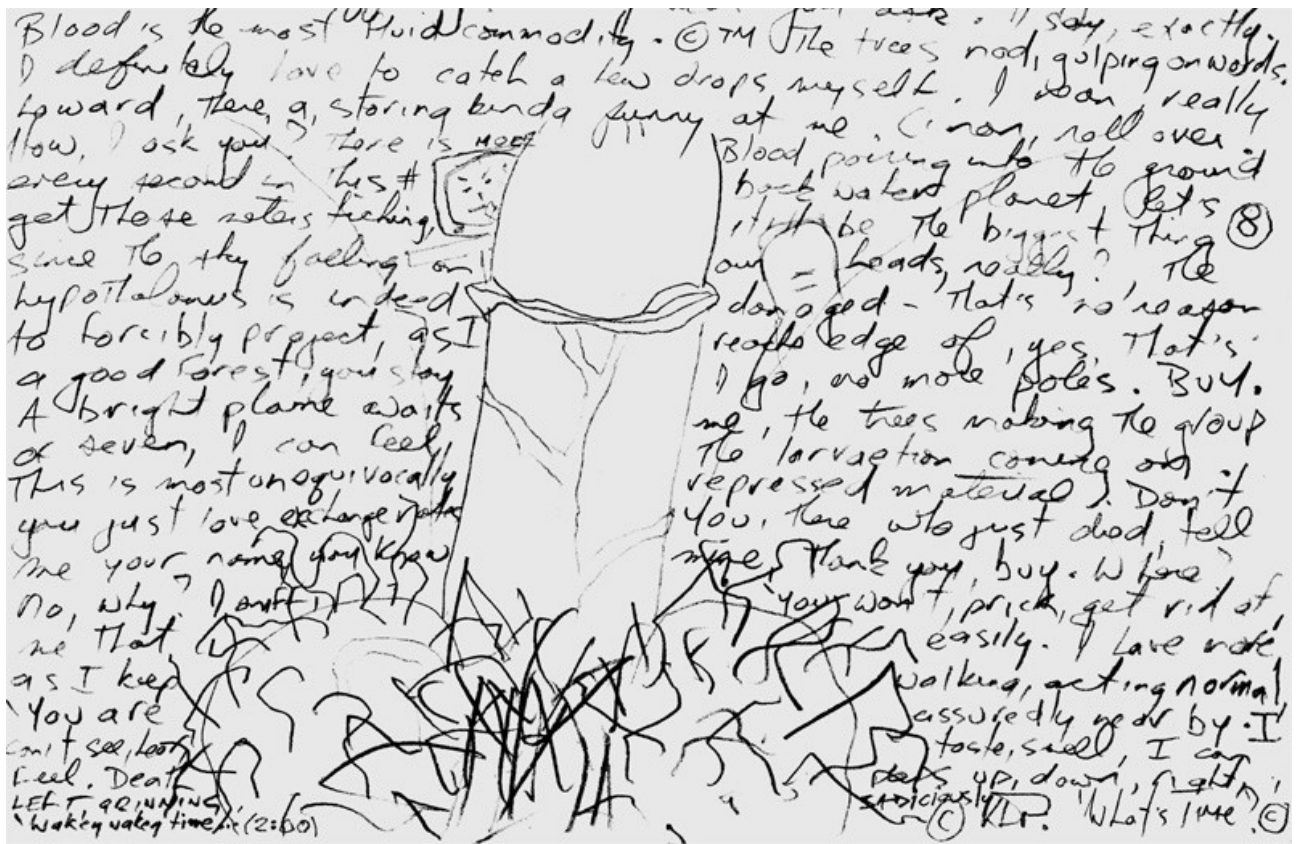
I am definitely dying, because I am not immortal. QED: Δ

-LET MET PRESENT THAT TO YOU! AGAIN.

In the PROXIMAL FIELD of MINE END, I would like to speak, write, oh no, I gave my method away, again, in the great manner of the EGYPTIANS, and iff my words hold prophecy, let then, that is, in presence sentence intention. BOO! A flicker blinks somewhere in here, yes there is another, oh they, WOW, what'd ya Know? I'm not the only blinker head rapid here... I've always wanted to find the end of the Forest; it is a real blast.

If you know what I mean? No, pay me? I mean, who would not blow someone away for a million. C'mon, do you know how many are offering? Many what you ask. I say, exactly. I definitely have to catch a few drops myself. I mean, really. How? Ask you? There is more Blood pouring into the ground every second in this # backwater planet, let's get those meters ticking, it'll be the biggest thing since the sky falling on our heads, really? The hypothalamus is indeed damaged - that's no reason to forcibly project, as I reach edge of, yes. That's a good Forest, you stay, I go, no more poles. **BUY.**

A bright plane awaits me, the Tree's making the group of seven, I can feel the larvaetion coming on. This is most unequivocally repressed material. Don't you just love exchange ratios... You, there, who just died, tell me your name, you know mine. Thank you, buy. Where? No, why? I sniff, 'You won't, prick, get rid of me that easily. I have more as I keep walking, acting normal, 'You are assuredly nearby. I can't see, hear, taste, smell, I can feel. Death pops up, down, right, **LEFT, GRINNING sadiciously,** 'Wakye wakye time... (02:00). © KLP



SPLURT!!

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

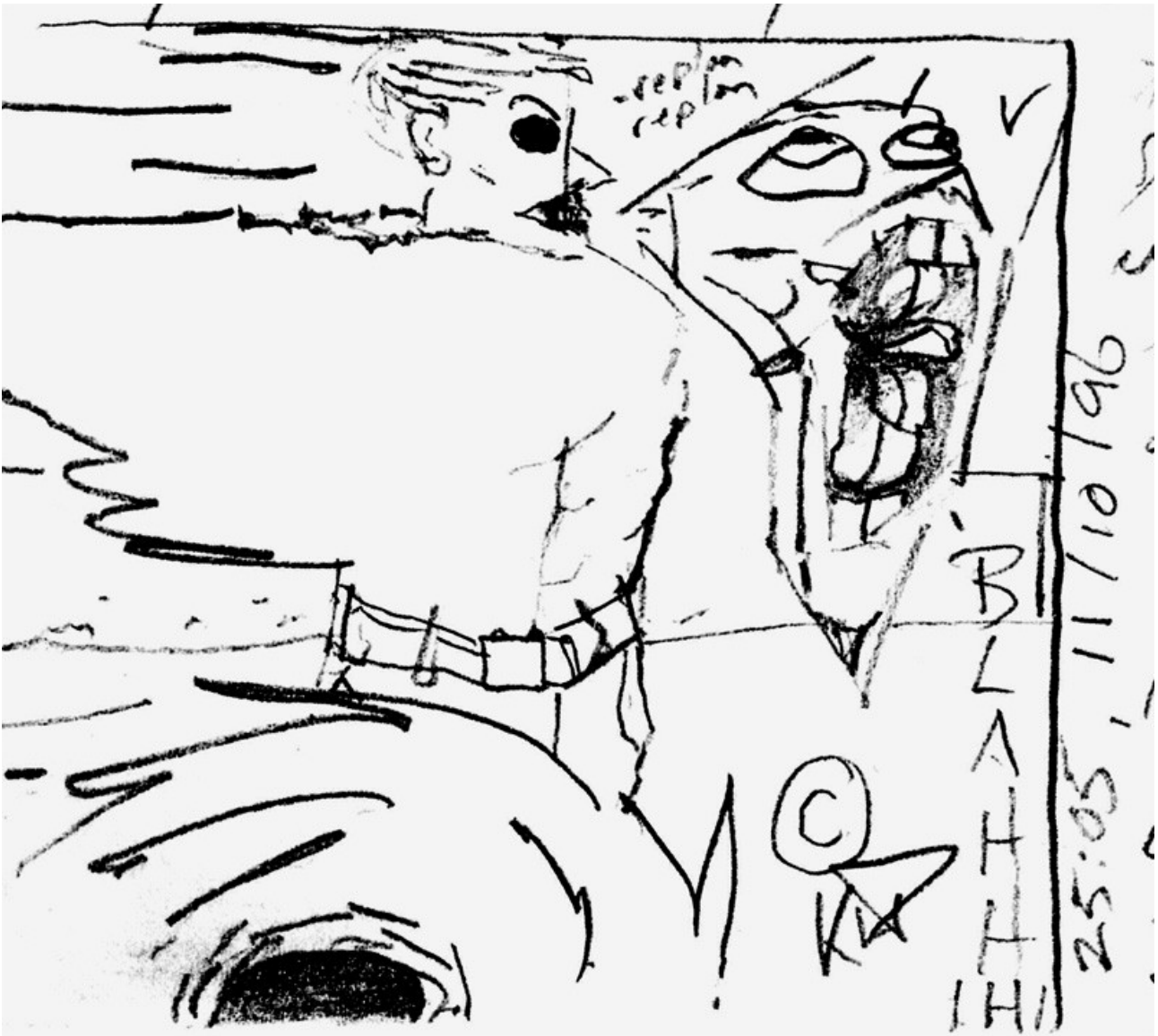
He came so fast to his death that he forgot to count the seconds.

17. Fine Then, Just KILL Me!



22:50, Den Haag, 10-10-96, YOU KNOW WHERE • , 'Fine then, just **KILL** me!'

24:05 - I come across a LOG CABIN, 'Uhm, I think, a log cabin.' smirking at my own sense of humor. Evidently my traumatic release was over, there in the woods. Don't you just hate that when your top of your head is wobbling? Evidently, painting miniatures is beneficial. Nonetheless, it is still no less intimidating to make contact with the NOW Mon! Definitely other worldly intelligences exist, not that I have ever come into touch with them. Was there an Owl? Nonetheless, it is still midnight... There are pillars existing in this log cabin, and there is a log leaning against the door, so get your your orientation. Black murkiness melts in streaks in the other other vision. The floor bends once in and out, slowly, surely, determined. A warning complement to the dark red curtains, that is, velvet. I instantly run for terror, NO Wait! I mean, no, yes, no! Wa-wa, that log is most demanding. I contemplate as I tear through undergrowth ferns drawing, slurping, blood, my blood, tree branches flinging by, keeping my lead on the roots, my legs hot wheeling under me, HOT WHEELS, heading straight for that quick sand patch ahead which I am unaware of (so far) and the equally undisturbing swamp that just slammed into reality, like, 'Excuse me? You have the audacity, asshole, do you mind? Please transmigrate. The sand whips, be me, though I don't k-know this, which is equally frightening, and I run smack into the face of a tree, something they don't like, because I was looking down at the ground which didn't register en me. Perfectly logical. Sic.

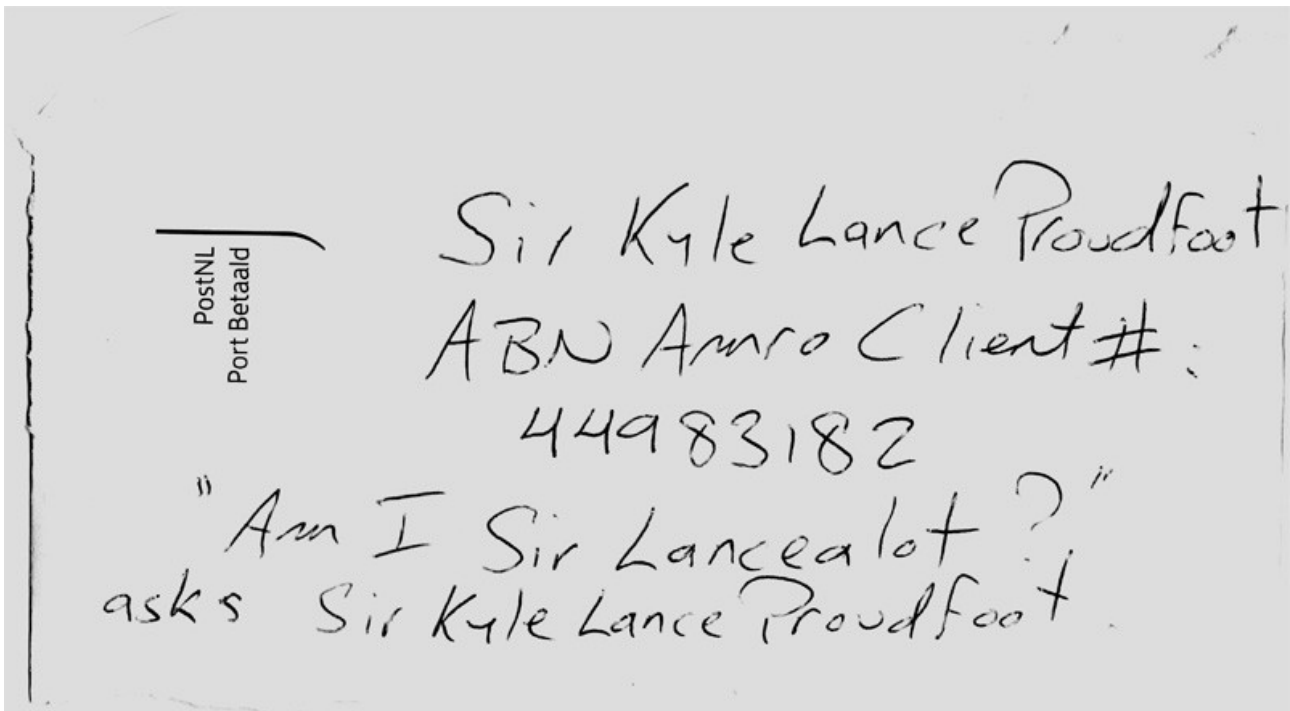


Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took him very few seconds.

18. Am I Sir Lancealot?

I kept walking through the Haagse Bos in The Hague with my pin pass as a somewhat disgruntled Expat who has been completely misunderstood in this non-anglais country called The Netherlands, except now due to politically correct reasons it is just the Netherlands since who would have such ego's to be the only ones with a capital 'the', if not the entire Continent Mentality going to shit.com . They complain about our Island Mentality... well, that's much worse... not only that, I keep getting Black Imaged, Negative Frameworked, lied about, rumored about, Insulted, falsely accused and then the most recent incident, which I always get the blame for regardless if I'm guilty or not, set up with my own Noobie Setup defined in The Free Show. Go to www.thefreeshow.eu for the Rules which govern this game Spy Kill's. I also have the url's now. Go to www.spykills.com or www.spykills.eu . Not that people are governed by the Law's anymore, what a bunch of Atheist's, Anarchist's and Hacker's these days, calling themselves Individualist's has got to be the most baseless quasi pop Philosophy I've ever heard. So I'm at 03:15 venting off



steam again from all the hack's, error's, bug's and quark's in our IT these days.

Haven gotten this far, without someone successfully Killing me, I am now Killing myself with the Inflation just for some Drink and Beer with the fucking Rip Off Euro.

Now they're talking about strange sub-clausules that Greece (or any other Rebel Renegade State) can get thrown out of the European Union. What was the point of forming it in the first place if you can just get Kicked out??

If not Banned, Banned Forever for the Insult, Terminated, Permanent Terminated and then Black Listed and then Black Listed AND Permanent Terminated.

Don't use me as an example: I'm not your Hero, Role Model and/or Teacher.

It took me until October, 2011 to find out the following Information about myself:

Sir Kyle Lance Proudfoot
ABN Amro Client #: 44983182

"Am I Sir Lancealot?" asks Sir Kyle Lance Proudfoot.

"Dear Sir Proudfoot (read Mr. Proudfoot), you have been a very verrry naughty boy..." a Voice suddenly materialized behind me in the pitch black shadows.

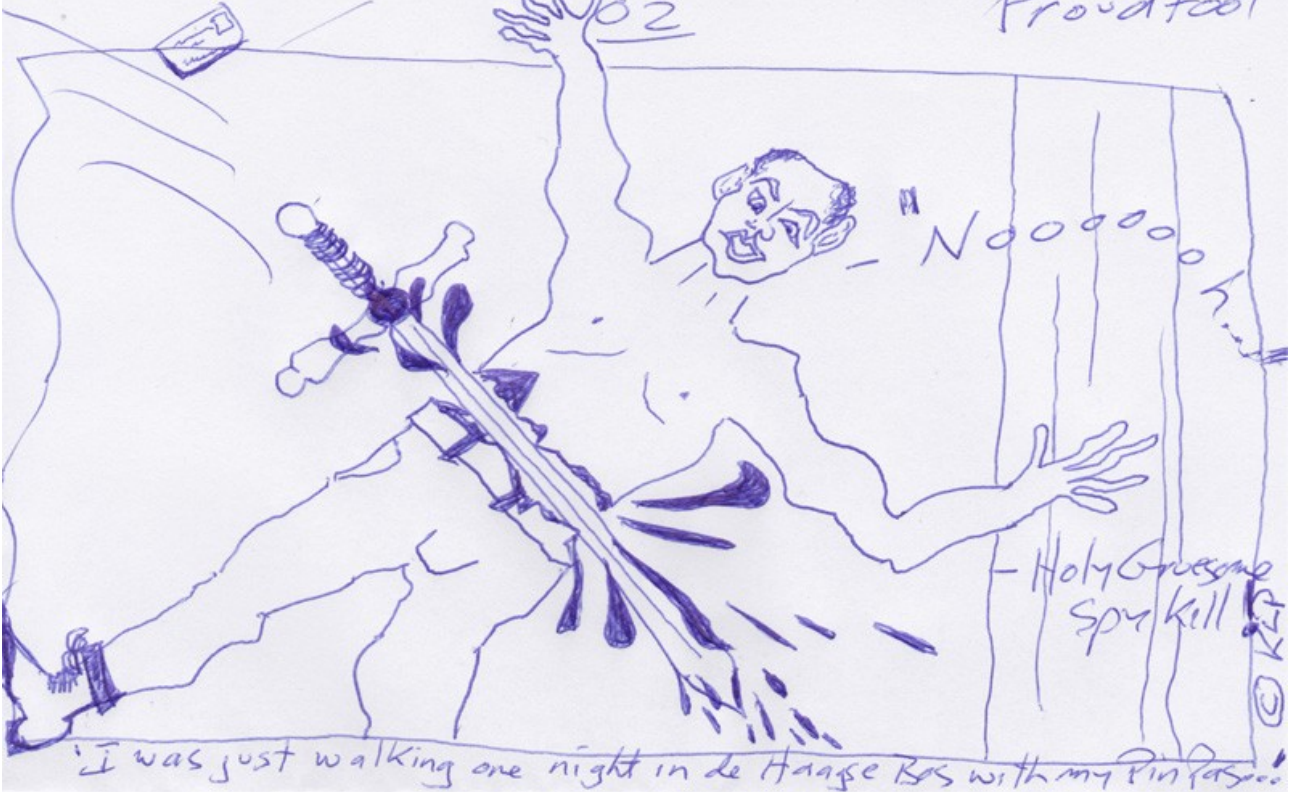
SLASH! -My hollow puppet host body is slashed diagonally in half by a Long Sword. Where the hell did the Long Sword come from in the 21st Century?

Holy Gruesome! Spy Kill!!!

There was no time to count the seconds it took to be Killed.

Spy Kill's
02

© Kyle Lance
Proudfoot



I was just walking one night in de Haage Bos with my PinPassee!

Spy Kill's 02



1. Ride the Shopping Mall Cart

Walking out of the Woods, I have perceived myself as lucky as having Killed the muthafucka with his own Sword. I'm still trying to figure out where the hell a Sword comes from in the 21st Century, and that a Long Sword to boot...

I am not sure I've figured out the beginning of the 21st Century, it is so full of atrocities, injustices, violence, destruction and Apocalypse that at least we know what we're fighting against.

Can I even get to the other side of the city without another Maul Attempt? Or is that, Mall Attempt?

Well, if you don't give em food what do you expect?

I walk past the parking lot of the Shopping Mall and there are some Young Teenagers playing with shopping carts, daring each other to ride in one...

Well, here is my interpretation.

As a 14-16 year old (13-06-88 - 13-06-90) km/hr relatively speaking do I inform the Police about this small group of 3-6 individuals challenging each other at 12-14 , 14-16? What is it these days, to 'Ride the Shopping Mall Cart?' or are you Chicken Shit? © KLP



Well, that was the end of your Rich Kid's Life...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took him less than 12 seconds to go to the After Life.

2. May You Know That My Hate For You Is Everlasting

Death Motiefs = Spy Kill's. © KLP

18-07-97

10:31

May you know that my hate for you is everlasting, unending, thus it will not end until you do...

K'DUH.

If you think you can stop me, go ahead and try, but remember something; you can't touch this.

I could repeat everything I said for the last couple hours, however I will

EXTRAPOLATE

or maybe just POLATE

There is no thing more I hate than being grabbed by the balls, or repetitive attempts
Of such!

First it was funny,

Now it's money.

You cowardly spies

Are shallowed hallowed

Hollowed out shells...

You WILL HAVE TO KILL ME

Before taking away my

Pain, Pleasure, or feelings

Good fucking luck loser schmuck.

You can take the speech

But no words to tell.

You can rape the image

Though none of your peepings sell.

You will die before I do

For I will live to 125.

Which is, once I added it up, to 2099.

What world then?

What is it now?

What will it develop to?

What will we be?

For all the Stupid Humanity?
That is not Stupid Humanity...

An Alien Invasion, maybe,
or just another Genocide?

I could keep on going like this forever.

Thus, **ZEUS!**, like I have said I pledge eternal psychic war against
your attempted pilferings of my Private Property.

Hear it motherfucker.

Your continued attempts against those ignorant of your arrogance
Will simply feed my machine
And lend more hypocrisy to the mechanisms
Of which you are mostly unaware,
Which is why you take advantage
Of the loop-holed Laws, and
Inevitably others in your way
To pinnacled self gluttony
Rather than good honest gullible
Hard work.
So fuck you all and go to hell!
I trust me, myself, and I.
I trust me, no one trusts me, I trust no one, and that's the way it's gonna be!

You walk around with your
Pride stemmed Voice, smiling,
Getting away with Murder one.
You maneuver other Victim's in,
front of you, 'slachtoffers'
To your Satanism: You are

A filthy low-life rodent Liar.

Everything about you deserves Death:
You jeopardize with your Power Tripping
Our children's, children's, children;
There is **NO FUTURE WITHOUT TRUST!**
Learn it fuckhole.
I WILL find out your INVASIONS
On my Privacy, and own space,
When I can speak freely
In my own bed, my own bed,
Without being directly or subvertly attacked
Then I will leave you in Peace.

Otherwise, **I**, WILL shred and

SHRIVEL YOU to the last
IOTUM and pinch of blood you possess
In the equitable Bardo State,
YOU SHIT FUCKHEAD SCUM RAG LOSER.

Nothing like Hate Poetry.

Thank you Death!

Heil Pluto, now just a mini-Planet, like some kind of bastard terminology (2008?) Die Hum.

Wasn't it the Spirit which counts? Well, die there with your morbid death complex, Stupid Humanity, it's like Poetic Justice, double irony, a self-fulfilled Prophecy...

With Justice Mera shining at our bright side we offered peace negotiations to US for they agreed with US and we were generous in our offerings! Ha!

They refused our terms and conditions.

Our Laws. Our Future HELLS!

*And we're the ones who have to suffer?? I say **absolve the debt, they caused it.***
With all their terrorism, war and undermining of our society.

Bastards, they are obviously so fucking ignorant of a large proportion of our clones and robots.

It took a couple of days, relatively speaking, to manufacture internal supplies and ship them in **excessively** electro-magnetic field transport ships. Spacial, Cruiser, land-based.

And these are let me say to you private shipments. We make our offerings at the Central Astral Flux unto death.

We proceed and pulverize their inferior equipment. It must've been those share robots operating our lean mean and green solar generators.

"Get your lean mean and green
Solar Panel today!"
50W X 1000000000000000
=

Now that's excessive!?!~
means

Tha-ha! That showed 'em,
Now the World is ours!

There are concern triggered international interstellar private press conferences furiously rapidly demanded.

They don't realize that we are ALWAYS dead continually falling and dying to our Future **HELLS!**

For what can they say to US with absolute unimpregnation^s? Status ?

And what of the flesh and blood between us?

They of the perpetually falling Dark Angel's, the elite few who knew.

AND now we with complete Laser Defence System's, your Solar System.

WE who rule this mighty Universe

Who do not know we are death to liars and cowards, also telepathic and empathic,

Who so continue to insult us so

And spy

And falsely collaborate

And lie,

And perpetuate.

Bah!

We made our givance through our rituals.

WE INVINCIBLE with everlasting darkness enfolding us and the rays firing out of Horus's eyes cannot be conquered because you cannot, helaas you, cannot in reverse penetrate our magnetic membranes with similar stolen goods. In self-effecation we tried. Try attacking our solar panels! I know my friends.

ASSHOLES. DINE YOU LOW-LIFE = **\$100.**



© KLP

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

In a matter of a few seconds only, he keeled over dead choking...

3. Unknown Future Technology's

We melted down their city brick walls with the save models, 360° turret mounted them (as usual), and secretly prepared new and improved Laser Defence System's to counter foil our Enemy's. Our foreign relations improved! (sic)

Little did we realize this civilization we conquered and unbeknownst to us there below in the dark and gruesome catacombs lay the secrets to Unknown Future Technology's. Future Hell's! © KLP

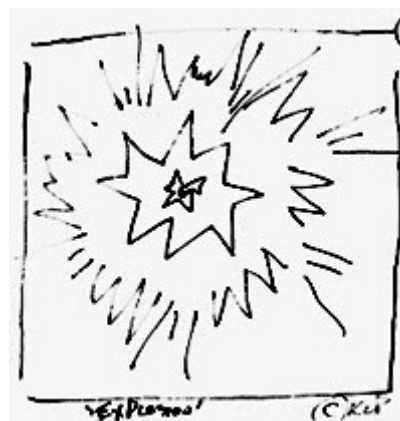
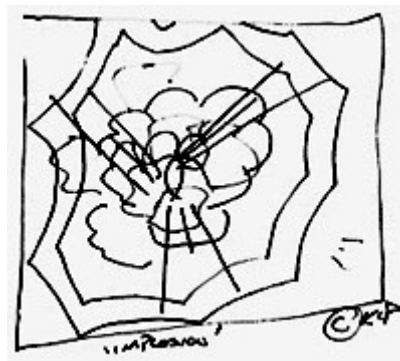
Unknown Future Technology's = UFT.

We did have the lover continent and what rich resources! What fine position! **K'NOT!**

We were seeing the sheer invincibility of up to 100 meters thickness of ultra compressed standard Laser Beam's. Range 1 km.

WOOOOOOOOOMP!!!!

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!!



In this instance, it only took microseconds for the noob to die...

4. That was the end of that Noobie...

The Laser Beam at 1 km at .5 Intensity ^(yawn): **10 KM**

Strike targets: Many kilometers of reflected Laser Satellite ground.

We planned a simultaneous raid on our aggressive competing **Planet XZQ-25 Colonist's**. They had it coming.

In short ensue thanks to our massive army of self-originated clones and robots and workers we caught our Country's on the rest of the our Continent **FLAT-FOOTED**, slop-slop-slop.

Death was with us then in our Future Hells!

Sweeping all inter-traffic mediums our hege machines of all sizes and sorts took over 100's of year old key strategical positions, and with complete internal and 90%+ external...

And then my Vision of the future abruptly ended and I land back down on my experimental chair with smoke and incense arising around my beer and alchohol...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill

That was the end of that Noobie...

It was impossible to count the seconds for he overdosed by himself...

End Of Introduction



© KLP

Spy Kill's

The real story begins here...

1. San Dongo, Spyville

15:55

It was a fine day...

© KLP

One sunny day, a fella' after work thought he was having a fine time, when he got this gut feeling.

So, he took a left instead of a right.

Does this change your Timeline completely?

He came smack into a pork and rested awhile in the pasteur.

Now get this: The guy was attacked out from behind by aguy hiding in a clump of bushes.

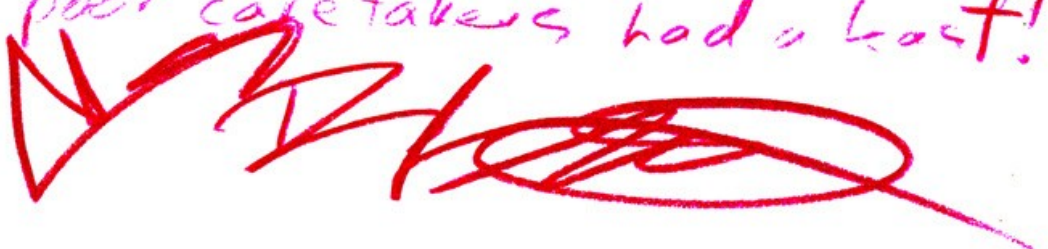
There were Kid's playing in the parks.

R.I.P. KILL DIE

HOLY GRUESOME! Spy Kill!

It was practically zero seconds.

The poor caretakers had a kast!



© KLP

Nothing worse than Spying,
Is going right up behind the guy and severing his head OFF! With a thinnish metal wire!

The Poor caretakers had a kast!

2. Sin Pon, Dorgado Metropolis

0:45

Sorto Tofu was walking along a busy street.

There were plenty 'electro-mobiles' zipping along. The shiny glass-plated skyscrapers skyrocket to the sky on either side.

Down comes a falling body!

Everybody, who notices, starts panicing.

The body accelerates.

Her scream is beginning to be heard.

A lady dirty after..., across the street, terror struck, a truck nails her.

A businessman closes after his lost 'stuff' (?). A turning car impacts him.

Her scream heightens.

People are running madly!

Cars crash!



© KLP

Her body remains end on the ground they do.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took so many seconds for her to fall but no one was keeping count...

3. X'CTHccuicH

2053 A.D.

Modern City.

Nearby.

There was this computer expert, you know.

He was, off to see his girlfriend.

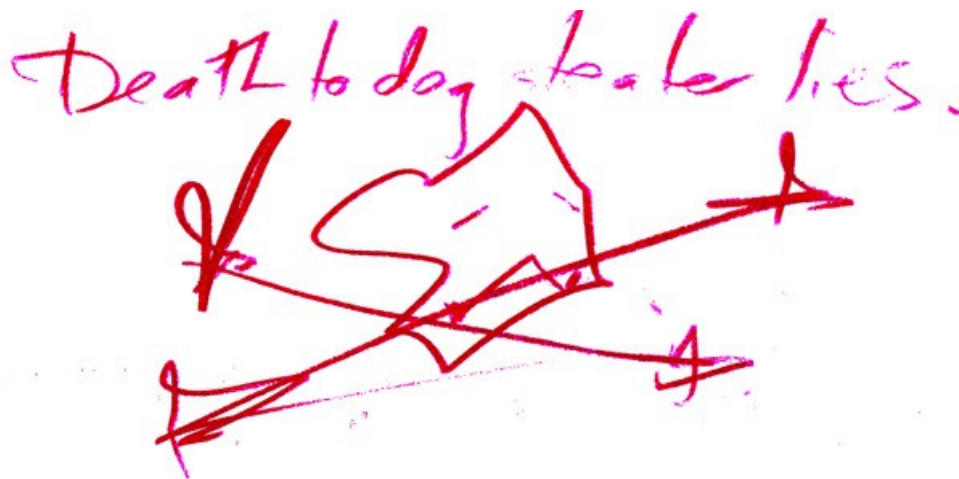
How many do we Love of those?

Or, let's say, he was, since **this is CLASSIFIED INFO**, that he was w^{alkin}g the dog.

Well, he was, and suddenly he turned into a rabid killer at the turn of the carol road care clinic bend slaughtering these two other dogs.

YUM YUM.

Death to dog stealer lies.



© KLP

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took Tara, my loving dog German Shepherd / Husky 28.36, hours to die...

4. him .Then, eh heh heh heh

him . — hen, eh heh heh heh,

FUCKED HIM OVER

He Killed someone's Grandad:-


We couldn't believe, and we WILL spare you the details. **IT** was over a personal

grudge, you **Know like the)_(&*&\$%^_+)(+_(_ / !** con mafia. Or your local loyal gov't. **U**.

**Blood is like the life
It just flows + flows....**

**FUCK YOU +
go to hell.
I am already**

afgerekend==

One more, yusf to knock your fucking head off .

Believe it, this really happened.

It was. The reporter actually tried to cover it, cause he had person al going at sake.

At least we ecquaght him...

HE WAS, GET THIS, PRYING INTO OUR PERSONAL INFO!! **W**

THIS WAS ABSTRACT. ...

We had readme files!!!

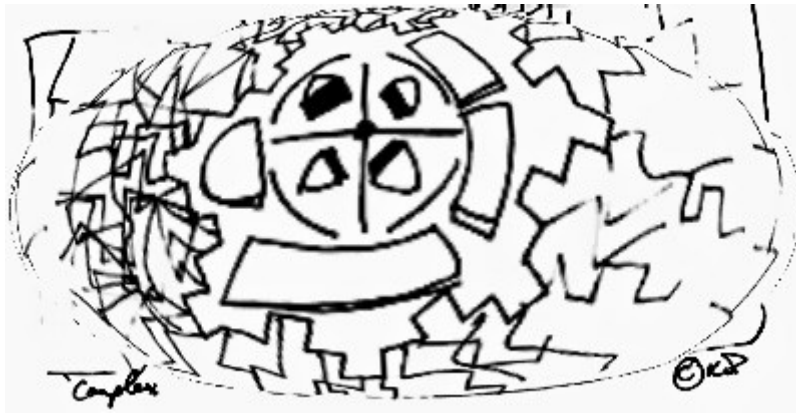
That is loaded.

So, we, first, bugged him, then irritated him, then annoyed...

SPLAT!!

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

It took him no seconds to NOT load the 3D Game...



5. Here We Are Again

© KLP Death Motiefs

cont...

0:49 Ah Hah loh loho
huh lol LOIL.

!?

Here we are again,
It is dark, twilight, dusk, dawn, does it matter??
Cool. It happened while
they were...
I'm not going to tell you -it's
too juicy.
Put to death.
When? Hoh loh hoh hoh.
The **Arch Demon** speaks to
YOU, SILENTLY!!!!
Is all you care about is
your own *IS??*

I, KLP, CURSE YOU READING THIS lah Hoh
LoL Loh hoh Loh ho^h

© KLP

I agree, 34 Hz IS NOT enough! !!!'
Energy. Give me more,
Energy, Not POWER.
FUCK OFF + suffer to the n torturelj
This is what he thought,
Before he died.
He walked in her door broad daylight, raped her, stole all her valuables, ripped her place to

fucking pieces \ !!!

Burned it down with - a timed fused sodium .nitrate plasmic reactor. (why?)

What really gets me, is the **FUSION** part. Try clay. Try electricity. TRY
ANY **THINK** ★

FREE WILL SUCKS.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took almost a nanosecond in the socket.

6. It Happened One Day...

It happened one day when his CD Alarm didn't work.

He left his work. He walked around the corner of the dirty brick wall in some slum...

BOOM!

Shrapnel just blew everything away in a 10 meter radius. He triggered a proximity fuse detonator...

'My work is done soon here, try getting back to me, getting back what used to beeeeeee...'

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

No one even bothered to count the seconds.

7. A Normal Criminal Landlord...

He was a normal criminal landlord... He liked to Spy on his tenants...

Conspiracy Tip #6:

Don't OWN ANYTHING

One day he thought it would be fun to "incriminate" one of his tenants...

So, he attacked one in bed... (TRUE STORY).

Thinking he was clever because then he could sue his tenant for defending himself -no witnesses- 09:15 in the morning.

The sick tenant surprized his minimal IQ!

Pulling out a double-edge two-handed axe from under his bed from under the covers, he sprung out and proceeded to maul and spread the landlords body parts all over the room. The dripping gore and blood lent a nice backdrop to the apocylaptic gothic posters...

He left in *his* upholstered SATURN, cruising to a different land.

Unbeknownst to the remains of the landlord he has money, elsewhere, being somewhat of a criminal himself he also has multiple identities...

legal newspaper document
17-11-'37

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took not only seconds, minutes, hours but days for them to count his remains.

8. This Random Fella

You know this random fella, heh?

He was a normal sort of guy, honest worker, generally kept to himself, no severe police record, and... oh, excuse me.

-I'm not understanding this. If (T) he thought he could get a liposurgic plastosurgic touch uD, he was wrong. However, this one was a fine rarity...

Two criminals sprung him in a back street garage alley -way in an urban ghetto, or was that a rural street, or, oh sorry 07:00- He swung out his auto-spring hatchet knife whirled into a broad right-winged slash, cut into a forward rightward step into the 2nd one pulling a gun and severed down off the wrists of the gun wielder for it was a fake thrust. Heh heh heh.

With soft shoes, he quickly ran away and never got to the plastic surgeon...

-This is what I don't get, why not just still go to the appointment?

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took only about 30 seconds for both perpretrators to die and who's counting?

9. She Was Walking Casually Along...

(As you may be getting the gist of things, I could very well be a Spy and/or Double Agent and/or Investigative Officer myself. Though, on what side, I wonder sometimes.)

17:20

She was walking casually, one, somme 'eve. Her favorite route was always under those new trees, ^{ya eve}. Well, this attacker chose Method #232 of the 10000+ documented.

(Why do they randomly Kill each other like this, or is there some rhyme and reason, my official position is a Volunteer Silver Brigade Reserve.)

Yah, yoh you wanna hear it? Shall I show 't to ya onty te 'Activate Movie'? TV? **Heh ~**

Do you wanna know the rage she tore into him with her steel compounded enforced glossy nails??

The question was when not if...

The trouble is Our Anonymous informer didn't remember the day! Kind Aunty...

His face was unrecognizable, no dental records, and she was gone.

Damn.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!

He died so fast there was no one to count the seconds.



10. Winsocka, Son Quan Tong

Fuck off 100% and pay me now please asslofe, what did I ever do to yooouu??

12:53:31

Limbs and organs blew all over the lenses. THIS FRIED THE FUCKER.

He, in still frame, and visual cognition was insufficient to lay claim to his person, had physically raped a Nurse and tore **-HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!-** her head OFF WITH his bare hands.



It was not possible to lay evidence on his evidence image in-still frame because the camera receiving that image was gone... and so was her head. OH... sick, it gets worse... Hah lol lol loh hol.

It's a Jungle out there.

We want to know why he then attempted to incriminate US! Our attempts to incriminate him caused damage to his financial side of things, and so you know how it goes.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

In this case, it took years over seconds to add up.

11. He Took Their Underwear

He actually took their underwear.

Damn.

However, he fucked up.

We had an Experimental Surveillance Device there 'verborgen'.

Ding Dong.

We couldn't find him. It really sucked.

Though, like I said, he fucked up.

Hah loh lal^{loh}.

One slip up of his DUS 'Server' #, through a final justicial betrayal! It was honorable though, his buddy partner in crime, actually, get this 'depended' on it on an event ratio circumventual action/response channel activation sequence. We guess he was testing his Power On over his prior comrade.

Yet, it took months, years for contact, juridicial, paper procedures, and the demon scum 'transferred' or something to that effect...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

After a couple decades of seconds added up who cares anymore?

12. Planet Zeewon, SarKAR SOLAR SYSTEM, IBSWOTCH, somewhere there.

Year 543.2

18:10

There was a weapons militarization going on now and then. This Society was in the midst of a whole world normal commerciable exportable goods.

They had a generably peaceful association with a developed leisure class.

Unbeknownst to the respected, serve + protect Police, there was a Higher Technology of Secret Surveillance Security devices afoot.

Afterwards, we compared this case to several hundred examples in their Society and countless others in ours, in the normal course and development of a Society's History.

In this case, it helped us, but there's that little law of no evidence from dispermitted evidence...

This guy strangled his Wife/Malttresse/We don't know and just left her too long while he was at a Friend's house (party).

. How he did this we're not sure though howe knowe let dat one to yo. © KLP

No one knows what happened to her or him...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

Since no one knows what happened to him or her who can say how many seconds?

13. How Are We To Protect Our Children?

This one is to ask how e are to protect our children (?).

A middle aged man was caught after an extended period of fondling. Uh, **sick**, your hands will shrivel, your eyes will dry, and you **Will** suffer terrible rebirths, and incarnations.

JUST GROSS

He in spiteful, perverted revenge murdered, he first thought, as we picked up with our ECG RG Analyzer's, 'Uh, the wife, the brother, the brat, then the little girl he (W)as raping, then the father.'

We couldn't believe this so we caught him poisoning their dog, **on Film.**

We knew he was throwing something into their window. The trucking dog didn't die!

DAMN.

Chaos hand wins again,
And when will -he try again?

KABOOM!!

Glass exploded 20 meters out from the house in all directions.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill's!

It being in a rural area there was no one to count the seconds.

14. Just To Lose More Sleep...

15-10-96

24:10

'...

'Just to lose more sleep and end my Pisces yearning...'

If my words speak prophecy, which they don't, it's more like trend watching, probability and prediction, then let them. Considering the events, I am sometimes astounded at my own IQ Level, which have just happened, I am probably in danger. Ding Dong, go visit Grote Markt St. #22 -DO the act you can. The first to find the chapter and call my Father is the lucky winner of the extra 4%. Note 'I'.

I personally think, it would be cool to have a video for a Death Contract, here comes Thoth, however let us use the medium of Time, shall we? My and work has been to speak the Truth, well that didn't last long, so here it goes: You are permitted to instantly puke:

In the near future i.e. all of you will probably be there. I think the following things will happen:

I will become a great Wizard, perfecting the secret arts, you know, of dot, line, shape and translation. Pictures, wink wink, snapshot reitwichters.

This world is a difficult place. With the equal opportunity basis of money, we can see the potential of realized logical harmony. The toughy is emotions. With the lasting advantage and capital payback interest, the value of self control is unequivocal. Somebody died just then, there -another one due to lack of self control. Wast it a mere twitch of the thumb?

Be ware the ghosts ever listen where dark critters crawl.

Feel a large embracing quality descending upon me -Unification, though absent from the bust, is a definite focus; I can't see much against that, gee, with Technology, in other words, the computer. Robots, Slaves, Cowards. DIER IP KILL.

Buy, buy, buy. What in the world isn't Products? © KLP

I see a he-technological Celtic Society over the hill -All I wanted is a farm born girl. I see myself known as a social man, though mostly asocial, one who worked for beyond the the boundaries of the metaphysics -'I don't break the rules - I just bend the hell out of them!'
Hoh loh.

Government has to be the predominant force -we cannot be ruled in 1000 lot groups by single whip masters, and rules and laws are too important: causal bondages ruled by necessity, of Nature, and of this phenomena called Human. I see the dissolution of the dualistic Marxian paradox paradigm problem, poor baby...

Health, Moral Emotional Consciousness, DIGITAL Electronic Music, Funk/Soul/Jazz/Blues and communalist creativity are all on the upswing. With post war traumas ending, I see the relaxing the shoulders of Atlas, greater capacity to breathe, and a general upliftment of the people, naturally leading to more Freedom.

I think with a sound basis in logic and reason, , Human can overcome the challenges of the Stars, leading us t o a better understanding of the Sun, the Moon, the Planets, the Constellations and our psychic developments, and a better grip of us, and hopefully each, in the Universe!'

'MAY We All Work for our 3D Holographic Independence Day. © KLP

Ooh. Yah.

Goodbye, Cruel World...'

Chk chk, BOOM!

His head explodes in a fluidic effect clean off his own shoulders by a Silver Magnum 02 with Silver Xplosive Ammo.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took as many seconds as it took for him to write his Suicide Note but there were no witnesses.



15. Here's A Message From The Mushrooms

Pg 45 - Psychedelic Shamanism - Jim de Korne

15-10-96

They ripped me off.
Sue 'em for another \$ million.
That's 7...

R.I.P. worthy kill

...)

Here's a message from the mushrooms received by Terence McKenna, writing under the pseudonym O.T. OSS:

"I am old, older than thought in your species, which is itself 50 times older than your history. Though I have been on Earth for ages I am from the stars. My home is no one planet, for many worlds through the shining disc of the galaxy have conditions which allow my spores an opportunity for life... Since it is not easy for you to recognize other varieties of intelligence around you, your most advanced theories of politics and society have advanced only as far as the notion of collectivism. But beyond the cohesion of the members of your species into a single social organism there lie richer and even more baroque evolutionary possibilities. Symbiosis is one of these. Symbiosis is a relation of mutual dependance and positive benefits for both of the species involved. Symbiotic relations between myself and higher animals have been established many times and in many places throughout the long ages of my development. These relationships have been mutually useful. Within my memory is the knowledge of hyperlight drive ships and how to build them. I will trade this knowledge for a free ticket to new worlds around suns younger and more stable than your own. To secure an eternal existence down the long river of cosmic time, I again and again offer this agreement to higher beings and thereby have spread throughout the galaxy over the long millenia. A mycelial network has no organs to move the world, no hands; but higher animals with manipulative abilities can become partners with the star knowledge within me and if they act in good faith, return both themselves and their humble **[sic]** mushroom teacher to the million worlds to which all citizens of our starswarm are heir." ^{6 (footnote)}

6 -(Channeled communication from mushroom spirit to): Oss & Oeric (1976). Psi-Locybin Magic Mushroom Grower's Guid, And/Or Press, Berkeley, pp 8-9.

Why don't you Chain Letter this one, too??

SPLAT!!

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

Having lost count of the seconds while hallucinating he keeled over dead for no reason whatsoever from bwwwwwwaindamage.



© KLP

16. Later, There Were Sporadic Visions

Pg: 70, PSYCHEDELIC SHAMANISM

19-10-96-13:40

'...Later, there were sporadic visions of extraordinary objects and events: my sister appeared to whisper a prediction into my ear. It is said by the forest people that a drink of huantuj will show you the future -however frightening, however good. The Shamans also believe that the datura concoction is a panacea, a viral preventative that can cure cancer, AIDS, and the entire gamut of viruses for at least a year after ingestion. The next morning Celso and I discovered that the black scars of bug bites that had been lodged in my skin for 3 months had virtually disappeared, leaving my skin soft and smooth...'

Right, BULLSHIT!

Except then I started pissing, shitting and scratching too much...

PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF... SPLAT!!

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took in this case therefore 4 days plus an indeterminable quantity and quality of hours times seconds for the noob to keel over dead for no reason...



17. BAD MARKETING CONCEPTS Which Did Not Per Se Fail

16-10-96

00:00

'Oo.'

Borderlines...

Borderlines... New colors for Venetian blinds... 'Oh please! Oooh!'

Santa Claus decorations... MARBLE, Pillars... TM... Plastic plants..., YUK!,... ARTSY... nicely antiquated... RULES... being blunt... COCKTAIL TIDBITS... Chocolate covered jelly orange thing-a-mu-jigs... my Mom's kitchen experiments... vibes... Free with purchase... FREE... English speaking foreigners, like from the same language group...

-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... flitchily burlesquer up the wall line... great realization...

Touch-oo-Screen... subliminals - FUCK OFF!... sudden spontaneous mutterings...

Synchronicity... WE CAN Enter you(r)... Mucous -why exude it?... Fake flowers... new editions... plastic-handy, sticky... Side deals... a totally Map marketing concept(s)...

Liposuction... breast builders... bra advertisements... Long distance relationships... stock splits... non-recycled Packaging... styrofoam containers... styrofoam... Hello sir, yes, there you, how about you, how would You like to come up with a totally bad marketing concept which does not per se fail? NETWORKING... Radio advertisement... 'Let's try radar Next!...' 'Oo.'... 'X-ex'... 'Retro'... 'Nostalgia'... Co-ed slumber parties... 'Oh he is so there.'... Yellow lights... China plates... China plated... 3+ holed paper... Virgin paper... Non-formatted

PRODUCT... 'Do you use a Computer?'... Non-copyrighted material... Agendas... Glossed covers... Non-numbered... MAPS without transportation routes on each road... Brocading on lamp covers... plush... preppy... Yuppie... gippie... Pen holders with no working pens... Puffy tissues... 'Let's sneeze more!'... Rotary telephones - no wonder... 'Non-recycled does not circulate'... Non-agreeable cushions... brocaded walls... external piping - UH - I mean internal external, uh... plant support: stalks, string... neon stickers... bright buttons... striped, decaled, nationalistic clothing... rubber(s)... Pot Pourri with Pot Pourri... lamp incense... fake carvings... excessive quantity of little tools... Family cooperation... 'Oh no, we could not use that.'... Polished metals... Italian furniture, infernal models... Paisley overdone... 1 hour show, 22.2323 min. Advertisements... Slogan: 'We are your Saviors;... Move over Bach... 'DO!'... Big Bores... 'YUCK!'... Bus-sound... Public Transport Sound... Severed trees... Dead limp cacti... Cruelty... Un-modernist speakers... Raw Organic Bananas... Carrot tactics... Windows + blinds + small plant pots... Dead flower displays... Green pink yellow or orange interior decor... Tea pot warm... Cover holders grandma style... catch, spill, fall... Pacifiers... Intro line: Mid-life Crises - Ah Hoh loh hoh!... 'The question is where you cell out, not if n.z.v.'... Outdated hopes... Guru marketing... Some more TM... un-organizations... Little seal pacs that rip... Seal ~~XXXX~~slaughterings OFF the east coast ~~XXXXXX~~coast of **Canada** because, bullshit, Like wolves, are greatly impacting the Human fish Resources... 'Weee, jump in... or somethin...'... Underwater Nuclear Power/Weapons, BOMB, testing... Self-directing machines, in particular stereo's... Do not censor my drama... 'Thank you, I meant to do that!'... I guess we'll just hop the mouths of our children... Soft child subliminals... Disciplinary Dogmatic Rigid Fixated Linear Close-Minded Undramatic Censorship Of My Ecophagus... I Am Your Ruler Of The World... Rhythm only... MAD Monotheistic Moms... 'It, this Reality, this WORLD is NOT FOR REAL, but FOR SALE, please believe me.'... 'Mad, Uncontrollable Laughter...' Alien Resources, Alien People... Buy... Bi... buy buy buy me, not just sell me... Tree Pruning all year round... Crappy water painted postcards, especially when they proffer their self-evident plan for free... Stale dry non sweet bio cookies... 'Like, fuck you!'... 'Yah, it's a little bit post PMS!'... Full Moon Sickness Of Man... Repetitive slogans... Repetitive TM'S... TRUST US... 'X TRUST'... I would like to sell you this vacuum cleaner.no.ok.bye... Rugs on tables -**DUH**... More than one place for the Utensils... FREE GAS -no, don't try... Protruding Alien ceiling light... Scary Architecture... Yes!... No!... Silent and Deadly... 'It goes SNAP, CRACK, PLOP with too much water'... Distillation Water Filtering System's... Loyalty for one day... CAPITALISM... R-read my l-lips, not my s-slips or buttcheeks... 'Money Making is so easy!'... = Noobie.... 'O.K. O.K. 100 MILLION NET And 24k bruto salaries, yoh yoh, heh, smingle, uh.'... Land PRIORITISHIP (=proprietorship)... FREE HOUSING PROJECTS... FREE LAND... FREE FOOD... FREE EVERYTHING... Affordable ~~Condems!~~ Affordable Condominiums!... We give you new and all oppurtunities To invest your money!... Customer Oriented... Money back Guarantee... Dividends... APPRECIATION...

At 49 still living with his mutha wearing a long yellow v-line sweater going down to his waistline, to save lots of money, of course, he committed suicide out of sheer massive depression.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

God knows how many seconds it took for Capitalism to fall.

18. King For A Day

...KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP.KLP...

Vote for KLP.KLP.KLP!

I want this ad, this ad, this -how much can you sack-touch in one minute, 'Rummmmmmmmm!'

I would, oops, first get dressed up like a joker, you know with those 5-Star hats. I would write my WILL, that should take care of everything.

Since I'm in disgrace I can go where I like.

I would do the morning round, till 12, tuss up to the following groups: W.I.T.C.H., Society for Creative Anarchism, Congressional Wives, Ronnie's monkey, the Clone Arrangers, the Great Pyramid, the Flat Earthers, my MOM, Science Fiction Fan's, and, do note kiddies, this is one day, you should see Japanese EXECUTIVE, OW, anyway, Nigeria.

A12, I will materialize at the lunch place doing promo for 'Evil Bunnies' Cafe. Contest PROMO: How? Meet me at the centre, there. I will have Chocolate, pure, belgian, dipped in the buoysome busts of a well-endowed Swedish blonde. The very twisted thought of, 'Good, I'm glad they know how to treat their women' enters my head and I get cover. LIKE, please...

I decide to set a new standard: laughing is unhealthy, just because my hair is falling out doesn't mean you have to go investing in 'KAAL' olie. I mean, rather, it is contagious... You, my subjects, must all laught to death. Oh! Yes, thank you, oh no, no worries, just give my more money. I tell you, annoying Auntie, it is a conspiracy.

LIVE: 'Yes, tsk,' wiping a big white blueish sheenish purple highlighted tear drop from my handkerchief, 'I admit, I used to like to remenisce, uh Suicide?, about something or other -O.K. that's enough now, get the fuck away from me. Ooh.

After all I must now rest for the afternoon, then dien with a bunch of hoodly doodly lowlanders, from some ill cropped breed, and play after the meeting, I just can't wait to try out my new CD-ROM cause no one's gonna find work around here...

Time out next time for the 'LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS.'

A series of Scenario's of such.

AH Hah...

...MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY.MONEY...

It didn't work so he hung himself.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took no more seconds for him to die then to count the contents of his wallet.

19. KLP Jokes

The following are KLP Jokes. © KLP

See The Free Show for more Jokes.

- When the tortured become the torturers.
- Holy mon... I didn't even notice my own transferring of myself.
- It is good to know one's place in the whirled. Reason.
- Love.
- What is love?
- Give me more money, now, than all the rich isck babies in the world.
- O.K. let us begin with the '**DEATH MOTIEFS**'.
- I should, though I'm stoned!
- Honor is a line.
- When you're high, try to below.
- To quote: If the history of psychic research wanted to teach us anything at all, it is that we are surrounded on all sides by non-human intelligence, who habitually lie to us for no discernible reason other than to amuse themselves.' Jim de Korne, Psychedelic Shamanism.
- Uh, I was going to say, peep, move your body as you will.
- I can Sensai the vibrations **RISING**.
- Oh dear, I'm glad we have some beach wavelength front property, ~~money~~ money sweetie.
- Let's establish normal.
- Yah, just this!
- If we didn't have silicon, we would advance.
- What groupie should I join?
- Nothing, like schema.
- OW.
- Never pay no attention to a female.
- **IF YOU PAY NO SUBSERVIENCE TO A FEMALE THEN YOU WILL BE BALLED.**
- It is good to be welcomed in the worldly gates of the Peace Palace.
- Some people walk over the bridge, smoked.
- DON'T KILL The Messenger!
- 10 Books of Kyle Lance Proudfoot. My goal is to write 10 Books by the time I'm 50.
- Not worthy of note.
- Defence System Operational.
- Great for the kids!
- Know to let the smoke linger.
- News was started with Blackmail.
- Bribery works. In this **WORLD**.
- **YO! MAKE MONEY!**
- Woh.
- I'm in.
- Welcome to our shop!
- **HIT THE LIGHTS!**
- De Streeker is knapper dan ik.
- Plan. Always Plan
- Skull 'em

- One per day with all I got.
- You may not sacrifice me afterwards to the Grecian lion beasts.
- 16-10-96
- Let me explain to you: Kyle Lans Proudfoot
- Let me explain to you:
The problem here, with dishes,
Is you do not have rules.
- Tea Dunking Method: Two strings.

His career abruptly ended for no reason whatsoever.

Having lost \$156,613.00 he jumped off a 31st storey building.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It taking the seconds to fall is how long it took him to die.

20. Dear... 01

Dear Len Turner,

It is me again. Here is some more money. I am in a creative spurt. Note that I coin this work: 'Holy Gruesome, Spy Kills!', perfect for the dailies. The title 'Death Motiefs' is also close to radio, and newspaper news tidings. What say we make 'Natural Born Killers' obsolete?

I have a new address, my address, effective December 1st :
Please send correspondence there, then:

Laan de Meerdervoort 446
2563BG, Den Haag.

Thank You,

Kyle Lans Proudfoot

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

How many seconds does it take to spell 'Stupid'?

21. Dear... 02

Dear Len Turner,

I await your answers with trepidation:

Here's my new correspondence address:

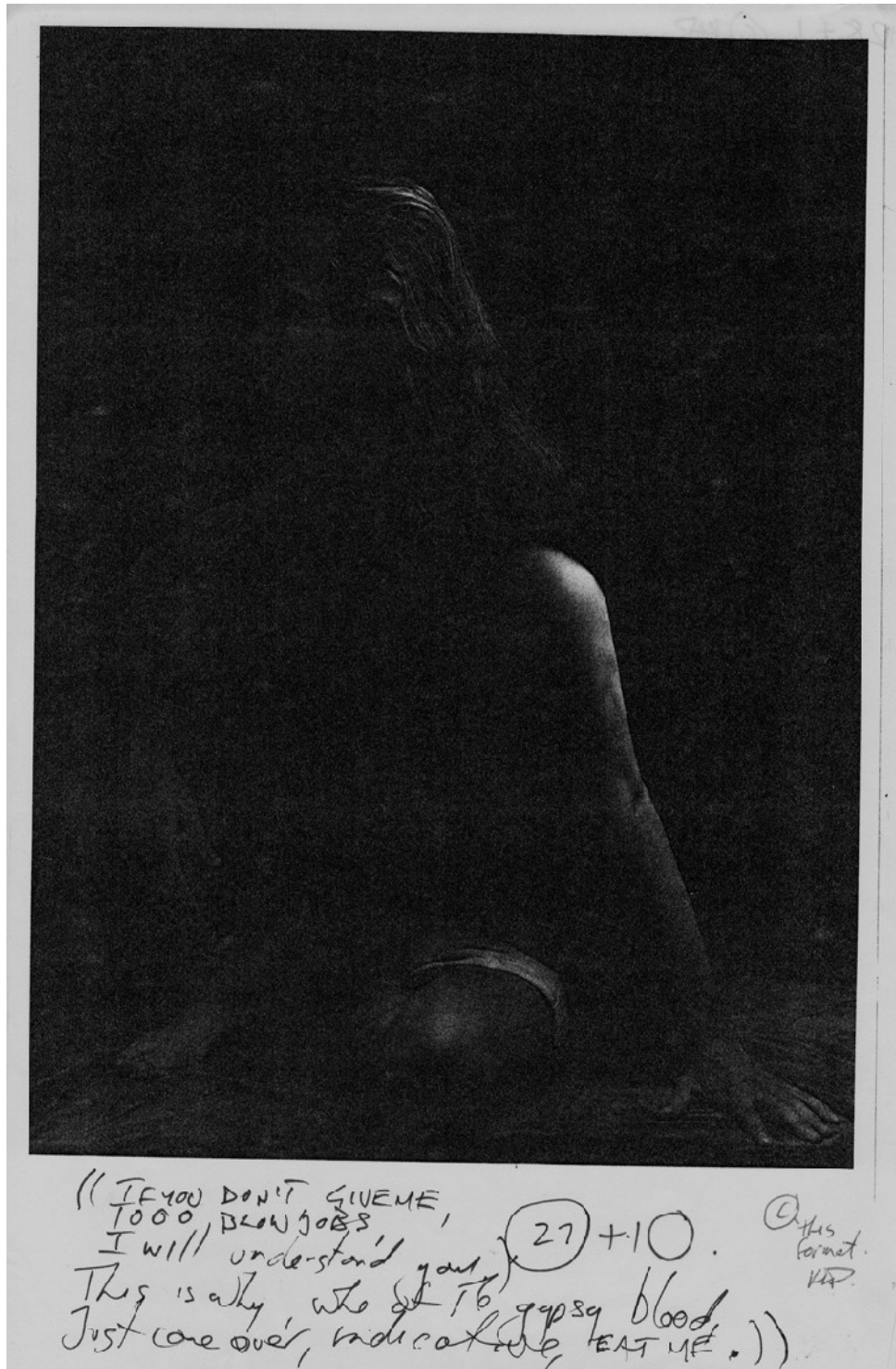
Waldeck Pymontkade 679
2518JR, Den Haag,
Nederland

Check out the comix viz. series, i.e. pre-development, b.v. newspapers. I became inspired.

How about knocking off that Subsidy? I am at your door, when you want. Make me millions, eh?

Sincerely,

Kyle Lans Proudfoot

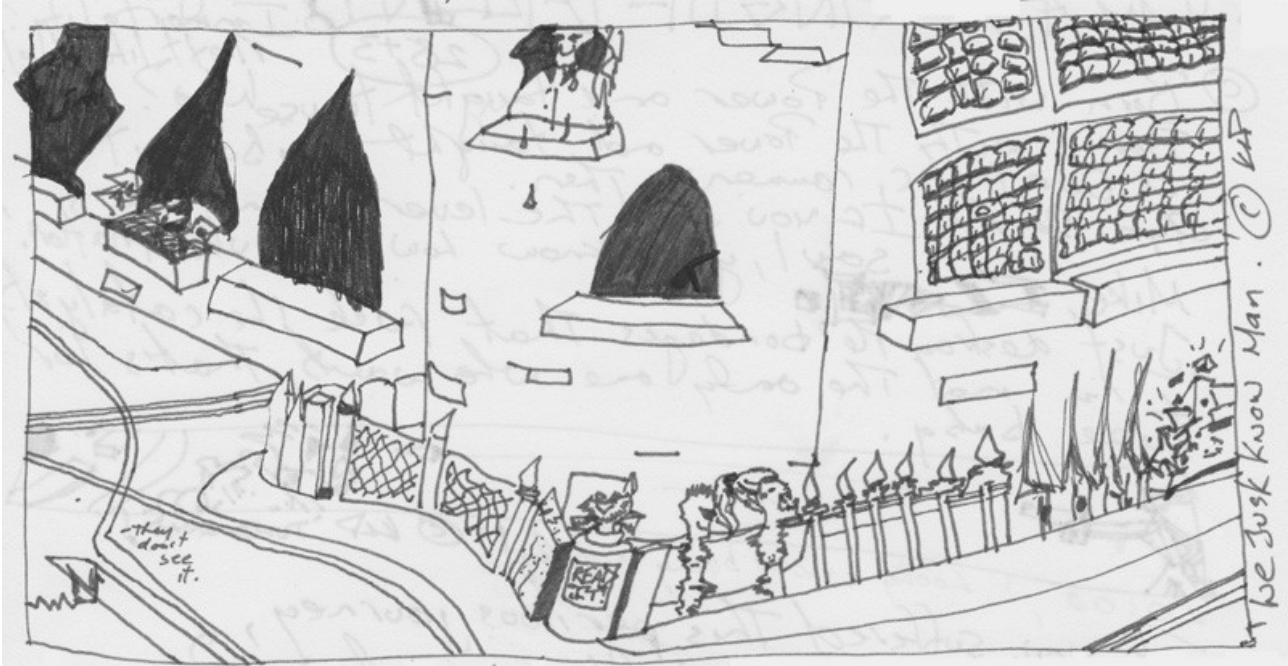


© KLP

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

How many seconds does it take to spell 'Stupid 02'?

22. We Just Know Man



Who's mystery case was killed today?

We just know man.

'I LIKE Threats with Substance, and Offers with VALUE
Or: 'Do You Have a PROBLEM WITH MY MOTHU?'
Hey, 'It's good to be natural. Don't bite.'

But, but I s-just saw that that
In the NEWS TODAY.
I will make it to the cement that does not move
For myne eyes are blown, too good, we left
To return to the Hearth's table,
What is life, except a preparation of DEATH.
THE WHOLE TRIP WAS A LIE!
EAT CYPRESS HILL,
FUCK HEAD.
SO, PREFERABLY, LEAVE IT TO
POLITIKI KUSTOM,
Not some Dragon.
The Dragon's Fire I predict (26-11-96) will
Kick the ass of independence Day, I Bet
Double or Nothing, on the whole,
And I will tell you, there was this:
Churchil Cigar.
I must know what it means.
Rave!! Absolutely gorgeous!
Oh baby, fuck me, female in between,
20:30, don't believe the LOVE counterbalance.
How?
17:38

I AM A SPRING UP TALENT!

100 years?

Immortality?

Next life goal.

Who?

Born with the Power and taught to use it

Born with the Power and taught to abuse it.

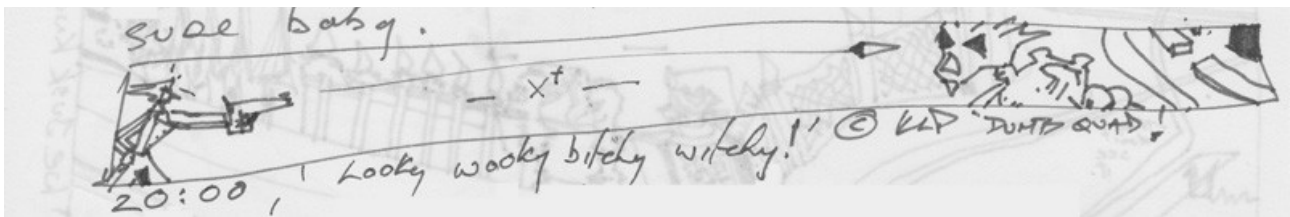
A Dualistic, comment, then.

Ayn Rand: If you know the lever of one man's soul, you know how to rule a nation.

Mike, I LOVE. You, I HATE.

Just destroy the bondages that fuck the catalysts

'I'm not the only one who wants, that's for sure baby.



If you suffered this perilous journey,

What the fuck, wod, I'm on doing?

Memory is just a natural part of the Universe.

Give worship to Roger Zelazny. And

Steve Jackson -Don't fuck with.

Zomething possessed me. I don't know

Why this goes, are before me...

And he was new,

Vouched, I know I am microcosmic,

Let me learn from your FEELING!

Devil proficient critical Virgo,

Where you have been, evidently so,

Why so vengeful? What did I

Do to you? Truly,

It was a mere passing fad.

Oh, the unbearable lightness of being.

FRAME WORK SOLIDIFIED.

I am now sitting, sure of myself, spider, snake,

Devil, Demon, BEAST, SATAN, LATIN LINGUISTIC LEARNED

Dommunication.

May I find horly norly holy fulfillment

In your Vagina.

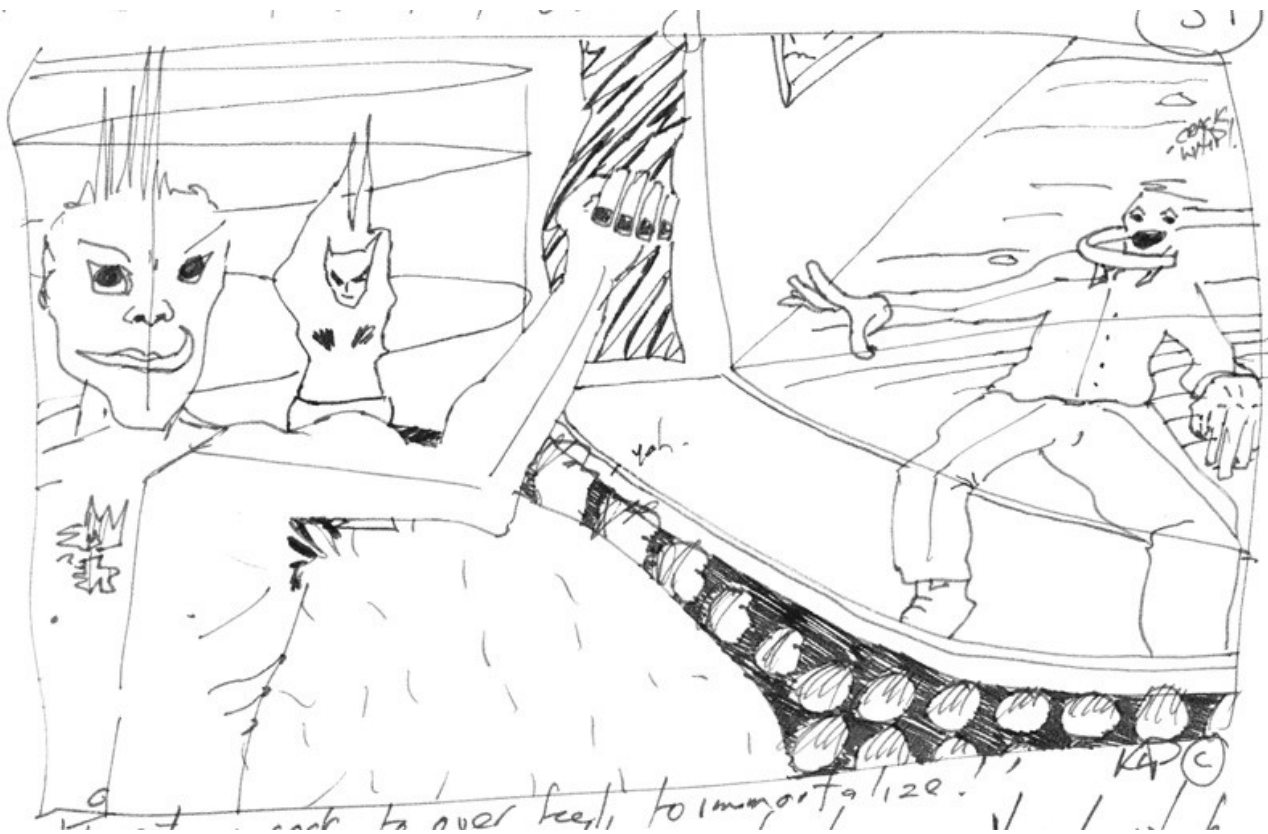
Hell cont... I am Irving: IF YOU HAD JUST GIVEN ME \$1 MILLION,

(First) (ONE), for sucking me, 2nd derivatively off!

I win.

That was in that previou sspot clearly.

-I have total control over your mind:



'I want my cock, to over feel, to immortalize!
 I begun, by self casting incantations. You don't know
 The general level? Tough.
 You know, the definitely progressing contrasters.
 What will we ever do, if you don't pull off
 This contrast smoothly. So the mon went to
 His ending, an incoherent output.
 IT IS TIME FOR REVOLVING, even in the
 Middle sudden decision of drunk delusion,
 Your life is bonded in, to form, you are
 Forever possessed by this centred picture.
 There is definite lack of substance in your situation.
 May you be happily hit, by the mambo jambo mon,
 Who awaits hungrily for the few who know,
 How obvious can, picture dominated,
 By there, then, who sees,
 The watchers by the, observant passway side,
 Who understand the one levelling of happening
 Little, if anything, can stop this dualistic playoff
 Combination. Read, as it is, in two-sided flatness.
 Let us not be too efferent about one's own demise,
 The ride is yet begun.
 Remember the lesson of time, its splendid
 Developing flower,
 You learn suddenly
 When a static suburb
 Turns into a cosmopolitan nightmare
 That, you are completely wrong, and you accept

flower,
suddenly
fatic subo...
cosmopolita...
are completely wrong,



© KLP

The tolerance, of your presence, as
Simply, you know you are meaningless,
Next to the present forces of existence.
Yo, there is minimum output,
Of, just a complete lack of motivation, mon.
The life force just leaves you,
Suspended in cottony dreams.

The leaky 2 mm hole drips down his forehead as the pop-up flower in the middle of the city does not miss it's mark on this free thinking radical anal intellectual.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took only the number of seconds needed for a sniper bullet to kill the target.

23. I See The Burning Air Particles Around Me

I see the burning air particles around me.
The burning Fire in my eyes...

As I move the billows of smoke and cloud bristling in their vibrance.
It is clear liquid fire and its frequency is high.

As I move my hand through this clear electro-magnetic sensation, give thanks to the God's before who walked this burning wire, moving, not burned by the intense Energy of this Life around us, feeding me, drying me out like an electrical discharge.

As I move my hand through this fire it moves with me. You can see it in the deep opaque glowing black of my eyes with a ring of fire.

Its heat keeps me protected on this path of fire that Jezus fuels, walked through and left behind. It is comparable to the Sun but comes from me and my electro-chemical fire interaction with the world.

It is activated by various means and is especially not recommended via cigarettes and hasj and weed and alchohol and medication.

I want the good fire.

Suddenly, the Noobie keeled over dead for no reason whatsoever...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took also only a matter of seconds for that combination to hit his heart and brain.

24. I'll Meet Ya Around The Corner



I'll meet ya around the corner??

?? So, is this a Social Democracy, OR WHAT?

Well, no, technically it's a Constitutional Monarchy, since according to the mysql database of 2008, there is no Democracy on the planet, yet... Yes, this is how long Spy Kill's has stayed in the secret and hidden shelf in the basement... to quote: '...the time and people are not ripe..' Ian Fleming.

I receive two letters saying my money's comin' in for 25 November and 1 st December which I received the 15th of December. Receptically available, it is now the 20th, and I am moneyless. Yes, the 20th of December, Merry fucking Sinterklaas!

The vibration in the street here in Den Haag is mostly negative, with garbage all over the street, people not following the sidewalk politie. Their worthless puppets are sucking more money off the system just to keep track of linear grids. Well, it's still Anarchie in de Den Haag! I wonder what? The Children must be, let's do it for the children, perturbed. So, I had to cash in 5 empty bottles of juice to get some green. So, as it goes, so did he.

'I'll meet ya around the corner...' he said.

And Death reigns OVER the circling citizens
Grey clouds remaining to inspire more,
Carnage in the shop windows, yes, whe ave.
Pains twisting through populace,
Shivers of diamond cutting rain burning down,
While a child shimmers at all the consumptive mayhem
Wars explode in the horizong, their echos filtering up.
'Yah, lekkerre kerstmas!' another blissful niggard salutes;
To the blood per rate pouring down every second!
Take a deep revitalizing breath from it,
You are going to NEED it.

Meeting the drug dealer on the street around the corner, for all their angst of Coffeeshops, he suddenly got a Dwarven 2-Handed Battle Axe in his chest. In the 21st Century??! WTF, where did that come from...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took only microseconds for him to die as he was caught by surprized around the corner.

25. When One Is Impacted By A Car

'...When one is impacted by a car.'
So much for your whole life and your whole system dufus.
Powertrip on the filter line, where did that go,
And we are dead serious mon, don't do it.

Oh no, I first have to have my leg torn off.

Heh?

And, it is just ridiculous the group schema's that come, to see.

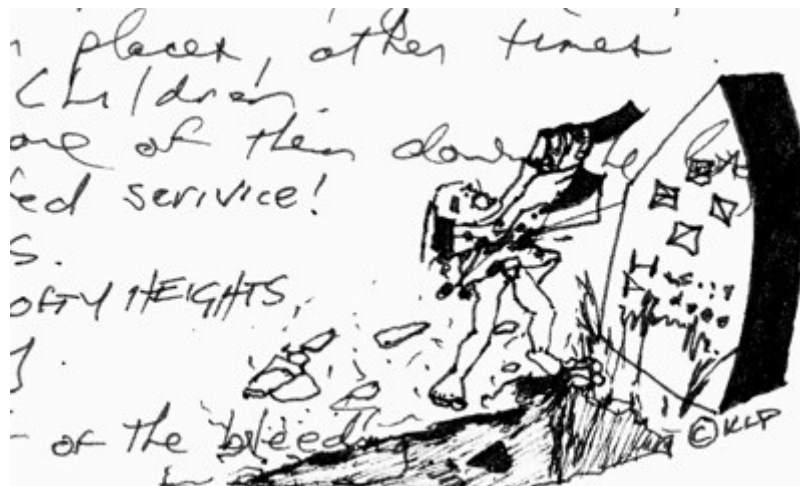
It is so enjoyable to watch them fall around me as I assent the jeweled tower gate -this is it mon! Time mon, that is all we need, and I have transferred mine into such time, already, just open up the barrel and let them all fall out. A WHOLE barrel... Well, well, now, NOW.

And the first time I came here with a 16 year old lead in -in AMSTERDAM- oh culturally city, hey -you brought it back in, no police protection from physical harassment due to some bullshit government law, of RULER's right. You just go do that to a WOMAN, and if you don't end up pan fried, you are dead.



I could not believe my eyes, can you see them?
Thousands of spacer stores, another spreading out,
Down the long line of evolutionary scales. You are
Unjust, in my case, for I helped bring you here,

Though necessary in other places, other times.
Yah, let's do it for the Children.
Look, there's thousands more of them down the
Waiting Line of Customer Fed Service!
IT'S THE FEELING THAT DIFFERS.
PLEASE RETURN ME TO THOSE LOFTY HEIGHTS
Where I don't have to worry.
This is a threat not a pleading.
Oh infinitely merciless power of the bleeding...



Having scratched her by accident, causing her to bleed, they threw away his whole life and he committed suicide on top of an open grave.

HOLY GRUESOME, SPY KILL!!

It took only 1 second to pile drive his chest with a sharp inanimate non-descriptive object.

26. The Climax To Death Motiefs!!

'Hah ha ha ha ha ha, pfff, ha ha ha ha ha...'

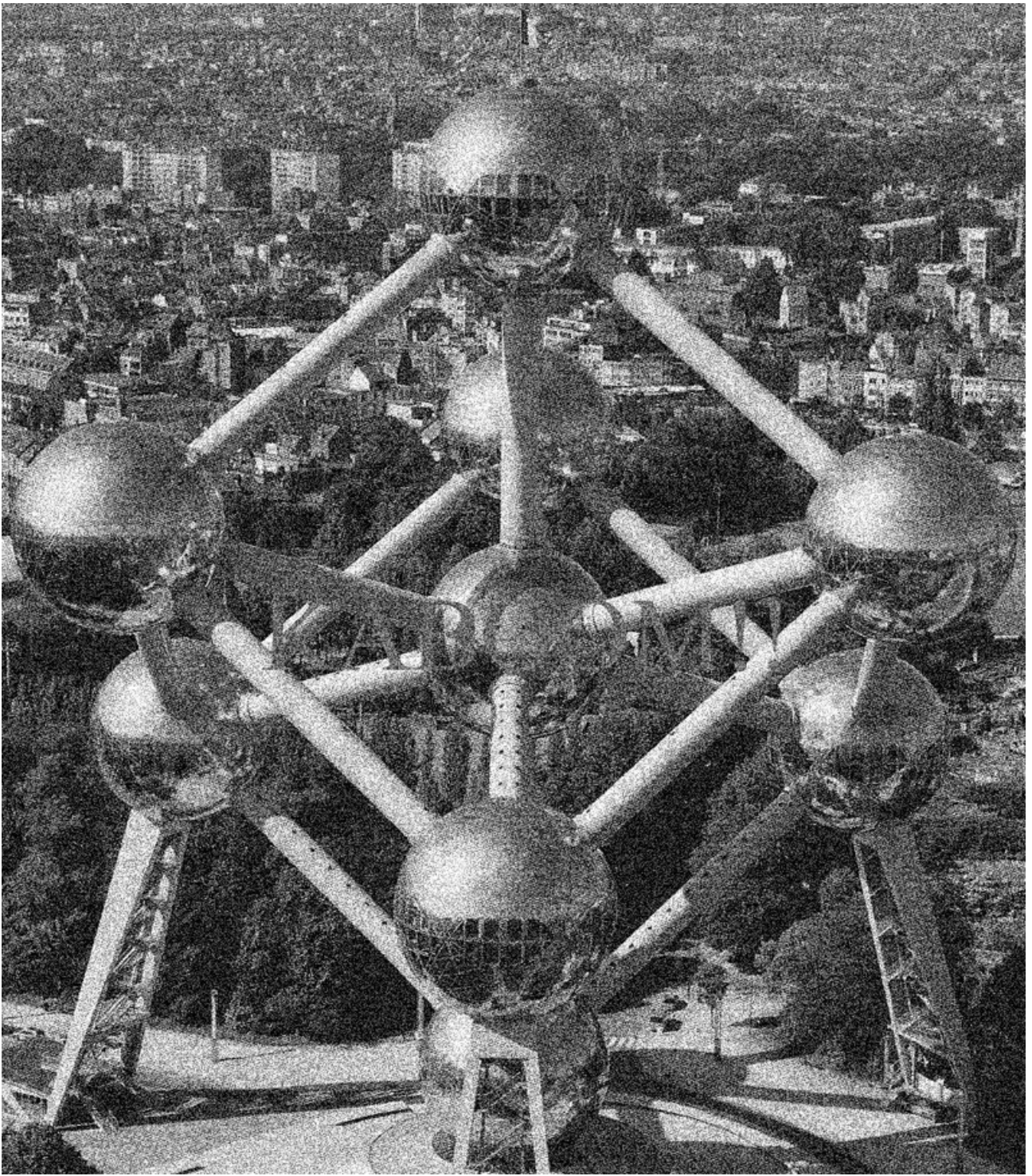
Careful, Noob, do not spew all your beer over the monitor, it could drip down into the crack at the bottom, and...

KABOOM!!

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

It took only 2 seconds to laugh to death as his whole place went inferno







27. CIZ Indication On Their Own Creative Genius Artist

€ over hourly rate of ciz + 'begeleding'.

Donation from me, give my ciz to some Stupid Retard Junkie.

Maybe, you'll get your life back on Track, did that, too...

Here, now, in 2011 since 1996, 15 years later and they try to drag me back down into their fuckin' circuit and NEVER give me a Part-Time Paid Salary.

Do you with a not drawn pocket knife, I'll just fuckin' shoot you with a 02 Silver Magnum .45 with Silver Xplosive ammo and/or a Laser Pistol you stupid ignorant superstitious Noobie.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill...

It took only 4 seconds to be ambushed and shot my not dear neighbours.



28. It Is Their Own Armageddon

How do you turn a Choir Boy into a Munich?

I mean, like, ya eh, you know, not just a couple, BUT 20,000+ in NL alone...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill's

How many seconds over minutes over hours over days over weeks over months over years over decades over centuries did it take for them to die?



29. First Pump A Little More

Q.E.R. With no references to specifics!

Netterinim

The Hells Of Some Futures.

There they ride, silver glinting mechanized auto Laser Pistols at their sides.

The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse.

They have just left their magnetic field domed CITIES.

They are charging in steel compounded aluminum silver steel titanium framed window Space Vehicles.

Charging? No, they were taken out by the automated highly paranoid computerized Laser Defence System's. That rich brat was then brutally, quickly, deadly and silently removed.

This sparked antagonism and severla rebel raids by furious Pirates. We, the 'Landings

Control' were working on routine in flight Air Task Force, just cause we thought it was a dippy name which was hard to remember...

But it wasn't the end, it was the beginning of the end...

The originally assaulted like too many dismiss were triggered to inspire utter unending hate. For this caused, jeopardized our entire future. We are sorely pissed off at being wrongly attacked.

*** Poetry ad infinitum, Defenc and absurdum ***

SUDDEN ELECTRONIC AD IMPLACEMENT

("oh o.k.")

Get your Ultimate Defence Mechanism, we have more types of Laser Pistol LAW'S than there are # of grains.

BU NO

With unrelenting fury antagonist assaulted protagonist with unending lines of Spies and Saboteur's, derogated. Deborated were they for without an anti-electromagnetic field polarized nobody could enter secret locations indecipherable without penetration. The Known locations and the secret locations are protected by impenetrable permanent electro-magnetic field barriers.

It would be that vortex conjunction overlays of streaming electrons generated by meer natural phenomena, naturally so, like fine growunoj hateful bud. A biological organic phenomena, just here occuring.

Oh, and what fine mountain tower mounted Laser Cannon's, we have.

ode to death

utter complete total self-effacation

you could kill me now Death and replace me

and then I will be your left hand man first high,

Arch Demi-God, if you would grant me the honor

Of begging to you for my last moment of death.

Then I could reign the Multiverse of all

Time and Space at your side, my oh crowned

Lych Vampire Demon Dragon of all our Future Hells!

In a sad sort of way the antagonist had the right to make a devastating return assault!

They took one City Dome!

It was like moths to the Light, though...

There was a stand still with rapid fire negotiation.

Now the protagonist was enraged.

We melted down their city brick walls with the same models, 360° turret mounted Null EM Laser Cannon's (as usual) and secretly prepared new and improved Laser Defence System's to counterfoil our Enemy's. Our foreign relations improved! ^(sic)

Little did we realize this civilization we conquered and unbeknownst to us there below in the dark and gruesome catacombs lay the secrets to Unknown Future Technologies.

Future Hells!

We did have the lover Continent and what rich resources! What fine position. **K'Not!**

We were seeing the sheer invincibility of up to 100 meters thickness of ultra-compressed standar Laser Beam's.

HOLY GRUESOME!!!

Range: 1 KM

½ intensity (yawn): 10 KM

Strike Target's: Many kilometers of reflected Laser Satellite ground.

We planned a simultaneous raid on our aggressive competing Planet X2Q-Z5 Colonist's.

They had it coming.

In short ensue, thanks to our massive army of self-originated Clones and Robot's, Worker's, we caught our Country's on the rest of the our Continent FLAT-FOOTED stop stop stop.

Death was with us then in our Future Hell's!

Sweeping all inter-traffic mediums, our huge machines of all sizes and sorts took over 100's of year old Key Strategic Position's, and with complete internal and 90%+ external.

Without warning, in the end phases of excellent negotiations, we discover now being, examinations checking commuteer that this Foreign Country, the antagonists, are going to lie to us.

It was a mere fluke!

I, we, could've at certain potentialities have lost another City.

Yet, we are now 49 Cities strong.

It was because of our ever helpful secret accomplices. Our Friends and Family were us.

Now we have been sorely engraved and now all we're looking at is liars and cowards afore us. KILL EM ALL.

We do Full Attack Measures with our newly developed XT Model's and 288K Laser High Focussed Funneld Ion Projector's (back up and fucking run). What an oppurtunity to test New Technology, we thought, with heavy bearing hate our Enemy's and our Future Hell's!

This time we got it dead on.

HOLY GRUESOME!

They didn't expect on Laser Penetration Capacity of 100 M of solid fucking diamond. Of course, that took some hours, however the thick densities of stell tested were splendid!

YOU'LL FEEL LIKE THE PHAROAHS LANDED AGAIN.

YOAH! Halloah! How does it gogh? Nice to know ya,

It just goes to show ya, hoah loa, see ya...

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill's

It took relatively speaking only a couple seconds for their whole civilization to die.

This is the end of Spy Kill's, which is the second part of Apotheum Colluseum, The Ultimate InterActive™ Novel, which is the story accompanying Apotheum Colluseum, The Ultimate InterActive™ 3D Game, which is the first two parts of The Free Show, which is also its Battle System.

Read all my works at:

Silverlingo.com

Planesofexistence.eu

Other 3rd party sites may not be fully updated.

This was done on 29-12-2011.

Look at the next series of images to generate your own interpretation of the events.

Sincerely,

Kyle Lance Proudfoot
Author, Artist, Musician
Webmaster, Webdesigner, Webdeveloper
aka Silver, High Wizard
aka Silber, Psionic Warlock
aks Revlis, Vampire Demon



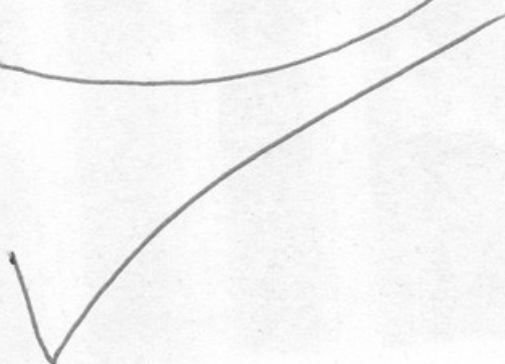






RUTTE

VVD





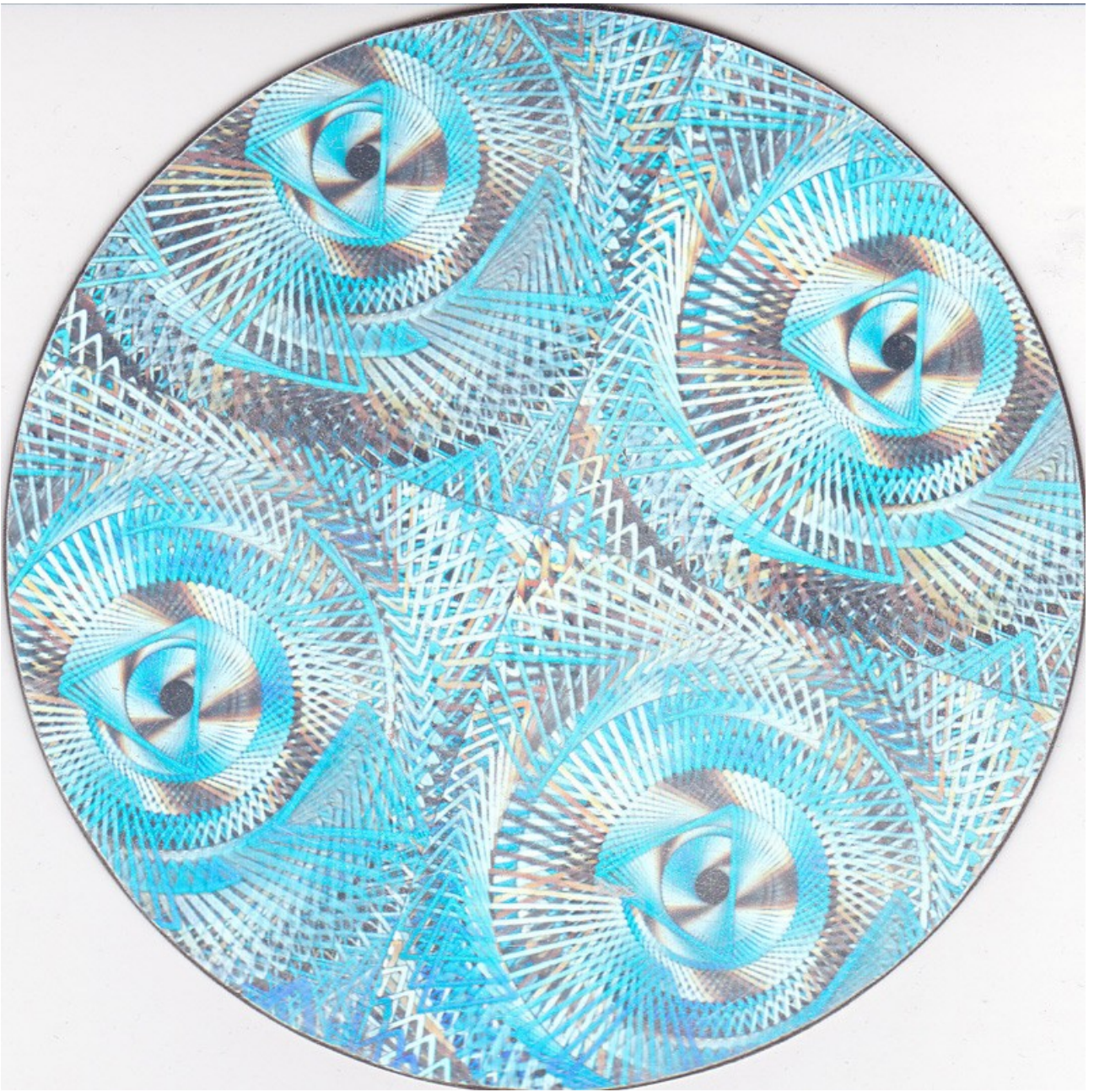


De heer K.L. Proudfoot
Hendrik Zwaardercroonstraat 125
2593 XM 's-Gravenhage



R.I.P.

Steve Jobs

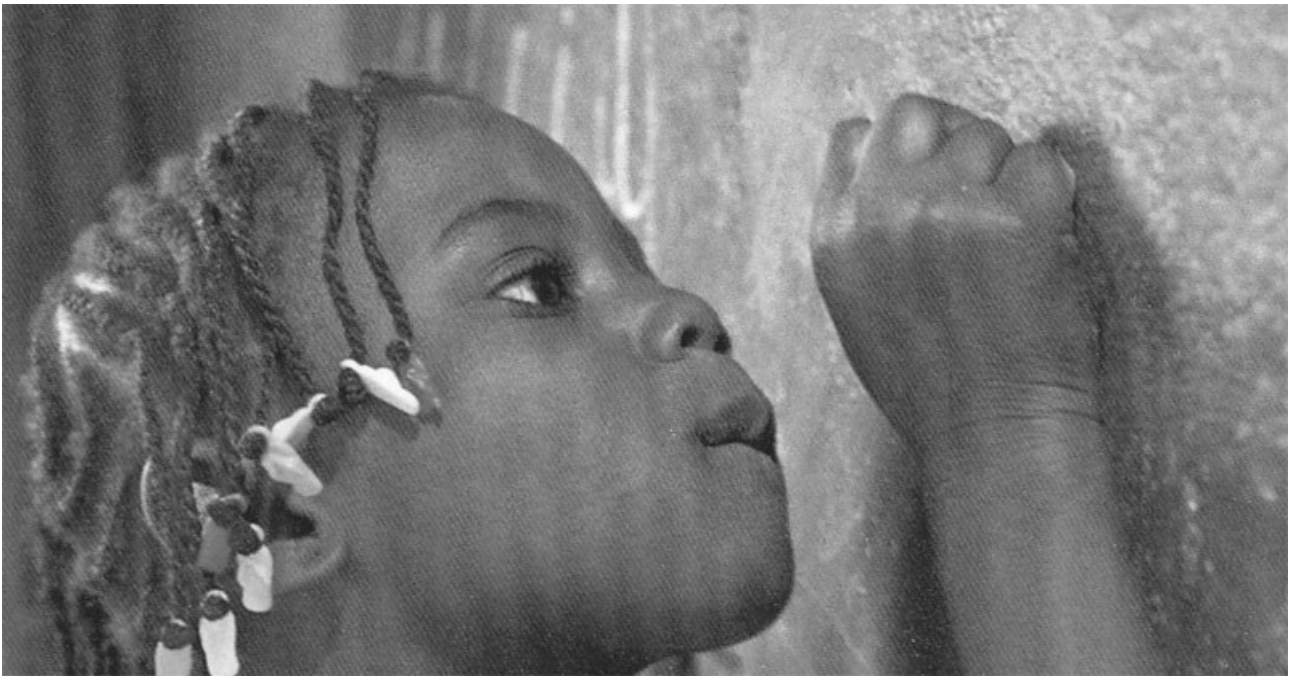


R.I.P.
John
McCarthy

AI

Coined
(last thing I looked
up before SpeedTouch
Modem Router blew up.)





SM = SOE = relevant content
W/keep - Credits? Search #
~ and/or his Perks of amming.
Needs Med. at 2-6 hrs
Tx \$ Vol/ per day...



Spy Kill's
is dedicated to
Ir. W.I.J. Lans,
my Oom Han

R.I.P.

* * * * *

FIN

