

# THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

TECHNOLOGY SPECIAL

Volume 2 | Issue 04

TECH  
COMICS

TECH  
ART

TECH  
STORIES

DIGITAL  
EDITION

A Production of  
The Minute Hour







**TmlTube**

00:05 / 02:04  
www.freecomputergaycheck.up

gay? in my computer?

2,727 views



**casualmaleXL**

**SUBSCRIBE**

When our golden retriever passed my ex-wife wanted to do the autopsy herself she believed that I had malicious intent and that I had somehow fed or poisoned the dog I told her again and again please Beth just take it to the vet but I came up from work one day and the dog was ripped open in our living room and there was blood everywhere

3 comments

- Q** **Quint**  
My biggest goal in life is to live long enough that I die.
- D** **dukso**  
ah well, families are replaceable
- R** **retard**  
are you black or something?

Advertisement

**CLICK HERE FOR A BIG ONE**

Advertisement

Browser window with title "NCLKX0X2V" and address bar "F3VC 0P27 VCC0 0AX2V 700NS".

Left sidebar menu:

- ✓ P.0X2V
- <2000\
- ✓ □ >0U7AN0\
- •00XΓ7
- >ΔC07
- ▲CX7
- ▽ •▼0C88X

Top right notification: **ATTN: Data Trespass Detected**  
This is the Global CyberCom HQ speaking. Step away from the information transmission devices & telecom utilities. You will be hearing from our legal team & law enforcement officers with due haste. You are hereby cited for trespass upon, within, & across the Information Super Highway.

Message content:

From: <dylan.thomas@wholefoo  
Subject: fuck you Date: 2018

I own my own business, I fuck super models, I drive Italian sports cars, I fly my own helicopter, I live in a mansion worth more than your bloodline, I eat only organic, I haven't had a carb in 6 years. Sugar? Only booger sugar off a Thai hookers ass. I'm 7ft tall with steel blue eyes, I have perfectly sculpted blonde hair, my teeth look like a Crest whitening strips ad. My dick is 11 inches long and 8 inches thick, I cum tapioca pudding with caviar in it. I own my own island and ride the dolphins in the bay, they're trained to kill any outsiders. I fucked your girlfriend, your wife, your mom, your sister and your daughter. I only drink the finest imported liquors and champagnes. I smoke giant cigars that cost tok a peice, I throw it out halfway through. I've eaten human flesh, I've sucked the stem cells from a fetus' broken neck. I sniped a shark from my yacht, I fucked a monkey to cure my AIDS, I have herpes. I bath in liquid Velveeta, liquid gold, I pluck every hair from ball sack and botox keeps that sack TIGHT, no wrinkles. I own slaves in 4 countries, I sleep upside down in a full movie accurate Batman suit. I invented dippin' dots when I was high on DMT harvested from the greatest young minds at MIT. I smoke weed from mars, space weed, alien nugs that turn your dick into a lightsaber and your balls into a newtons cradle. I killed Robin Williams because he wouldn't love me. I have a go pro in my toilet, I wear alligator skin crocs, crocodile wasn't as expensive so the pun was lost but I don't care. I wrote the bible and sent it back in time in my custom Delorean, for real. You think you're better than me? Hah, don't make me laugh kid, my laughter is copyrighted and it'll cost ya.

Advertisement for Executive Science Meal Replacement Washes:

Be the first to try the new line of **Executive Science Meal Replacement Washes!** Why deal with the aggravation of preparing a lovely dinner every night? The pots, the pans, the complaints...it's hardly worth the trouble! With Executive Science's new Meal Replacement Wash, you can get all the satisfaction of a home cooked meal, in seconds, without any of the mess or time with your family. Simply wet your hands, apply the Meal Replacement Wash, rub them together, and in seconds you'll be tasting delicious classic recipes in your saliva. It's sure to taste so good, your salivary glands will start working overtime to give you the satisfaction of a hearty meal. Enjoy Roast Turkey Dinner, Honey Baked Ham on the Bone, Shepard's Pie with Mushroom Gravy, all without dirtying a single dish. The best part? You can sit there rubbing your hands together for AS LONG AS YOU WANT! Each Meal Replacement Wash contributes a set regimen of nutrients that has been decided on by a team of scientists so large, they ought to have their own flying city. and they do.

Two overlapping notification windows:

Window 1 (2/3): Our teams of forensic analysts & their autonomous toolkits have detected your **unlicensed** usage of data transfer & transmission systems in **violation** of mandated protocols. You have been detected infringing upon widely acknowledged boundaries. You did not ask your parents before logging onto **Disney.com**.

Window 2 (3/3): For this most heinous of crimes, you have been sentenced to 25 years of hard labor in indentured servitude in the subterranean tunnels of Disneyland. May Mickey Mouse have mercy on your soul.

### Lawful

9 hrs

Some of you in the community seem to be of the opinion that I shouldn't slap my baby. Well, if I can't or don't do it then who will? Will you slap my baby? I didn't think so! Also, I won't let you. They're not hard slaps, anyhow—just baby slaps. Baby slaps for a baby. Big boy slaps for you if you try telling me how, when, or who to slap or not. I will slap you silly. It's not like I'm giving big boy slaps to wee baby boys. I know better. My granpappy taught me how first hand when I was a tiny tot so you best believe I know how much a little lad can take. Lots of people still spank their kids so back off. Just because I apply my spankings to the face you get all uppity, huh? Why does it matter so much to you which set of cheeks get spanked? Stop stalking me & my baby, you freaks!

13

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**cum** Also found in: Thesaurus, Medical, Legal, Acronyms, Idioms, Encyclopedia, Wikipedia.

**cum**<sup>1</sup> (kəm, kʌm)  
prep  
Together with, plus. Often used in combination: our afro-cum-studio.  
[Latin, see kom in Indo-European roots.]

**cum**<sup>2</sup> (kʌm)  
n. Vulgar Slang  
Variant of come.

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421

Comment

Agnew I hate this

pea heck

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### Zero Refrigerator,

WITH REDACTED  
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I have to get these archi done. I've made a brea

Adam Sandler  
AZOOTES

00:08

### What a wonderful device!

Sunday, February 4, 2018 00:08 AM

While walking home from another late night at work, I was approached by a strange man; I struggled to see his face in the dark, and he spoke with an odd accent I had never heard before. Regardless of how suspicious this man appeared, I felt oddly compelled to comply with his request that I hold out my hand. In it, he placed this thing he called a "gun" and said I could use it to solve any of my problems; all I had to do was point it at whatever was causing the issue and pull the little lever on its underside. While I was examining the lever he must have hurried off, because once I glanced up from the device in my hand he was nowhere to be seen. I put it in the right pocket of my jacket and continued home. I had forgotten about it until earlier today when my roommate began nagging me about how I'm "not paying a fair share of the rent" as he often does, to which I always respond that I'm paying as much as I can afford after the alimony payments I have to make to my ex-wife. I had explained this numerous times to him already, and yet still he refused to acknowledge that fact and continued pestering me. I remembered the problem-solving device I had been given a few days prior, and I was well-past being fed up with his incessant nagging at this point, so this seemed like a perfect opportunity to test its efficacy. I left for the coat closet and retrieved the device from my jacket's right pocket. My roommate had followed me and was approaching from behind, still nagging as usual. I turned around to face him, problem-solver in hand, and promptly pointed it toward him and pulled its little lever just as I had been instructed to by the mysterious man who had so kindly given the device to me. I was mostly expecting nothing to change, (after all, how could such a miraculous device even exist?) but the moment I pulled that little lever, my roommate's pestering immediately fell silent. The device works! I'm ecstatic! What problem should I fix with it next, I wonder? My boss and his insistence that I always work late and on the weekends? The bank and their refusal to loan me any more money? Oh! I've wanted to see my kids more often than once a week but my ex-wife always refuses, so maybe I'll use it to fix her attitude. So many possibilities! What a wonderful device this "gun" thing is; I'll certainly be able to fix my dismal life for good now!

### Indifferent Sun

Have you ever grown ponderous when idle, perhaps over tea which has cooled in your hands without your awareness, so that you are returned to the room you are in fact sitting in when the strange and unexpected metallic taste of cold porcelain kisses your tongue, and considered how a spec of wood may splinter into a man's hand as he runs his palm along an unsanded bannister?

Even though it is a mere nuisance, if he is a craftsman of fine wares, one who repairs delicate clockwork, for instance, or a jeweller, the splinter can temporarily debilitate his entire arm, so that he must wear it in a sling and forgoe his customary business operations and routine.

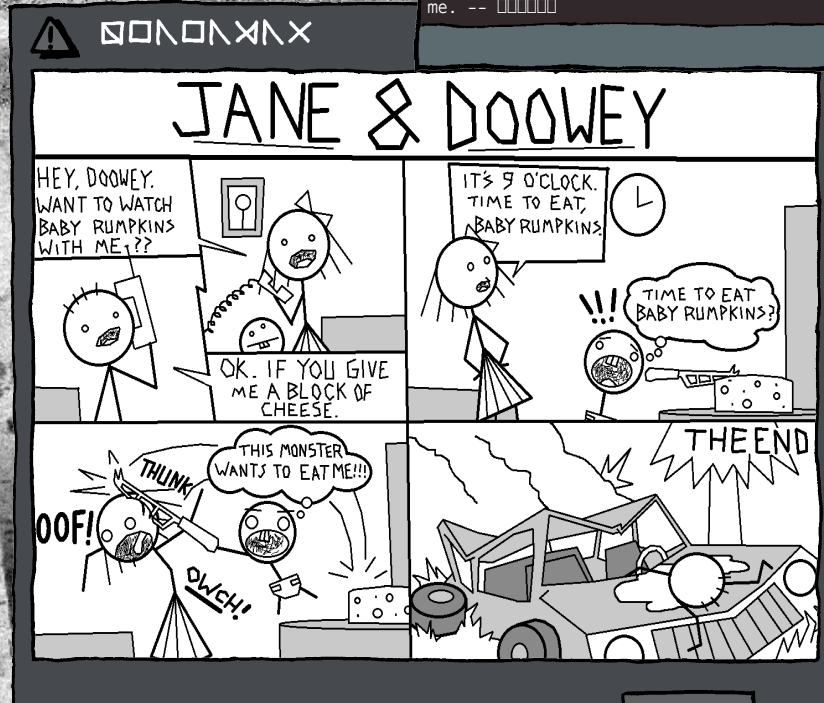
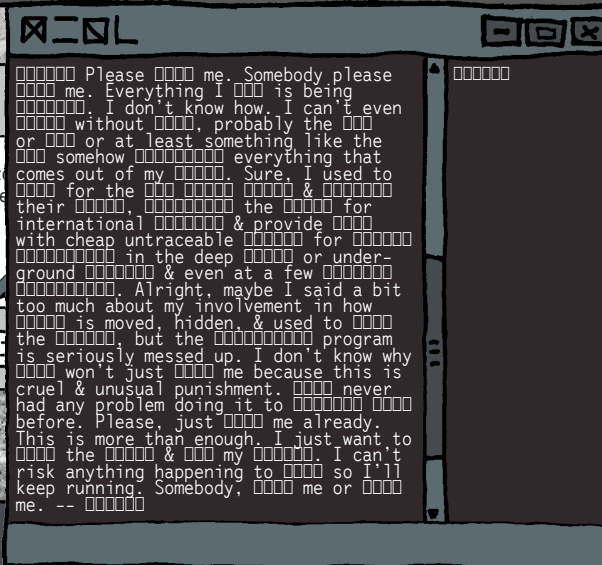
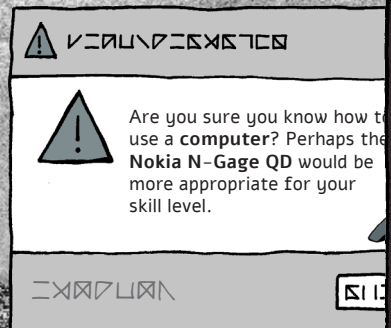
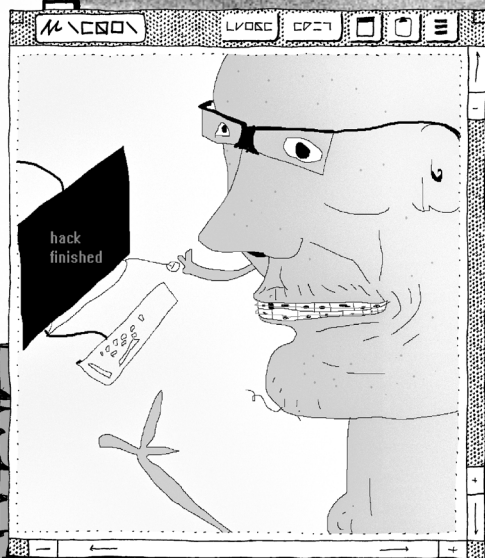
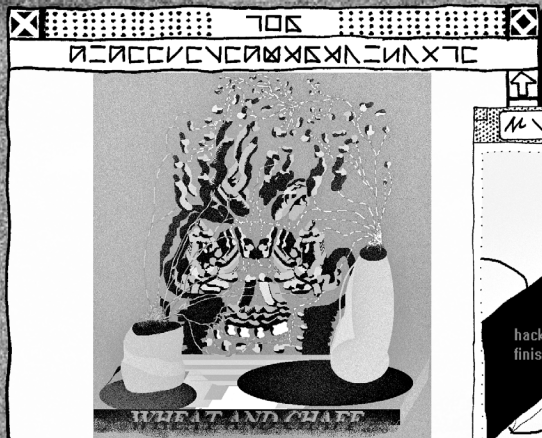
If a customer then arrives at the shop and finds it deserted, but locates the craftsman in a nearby tavern, and pressures him to repair a rare and valued trinket or piece of memorabilia for use in an imminent family ritual, the tradesman may, drunk from beer, agree but in the end destroy or damage the object by hasty and maladroit movements of his wounded hand.

Then what recourse will the customer have? Except to bow onto the street and curse his own impatient and impertinent behavior!

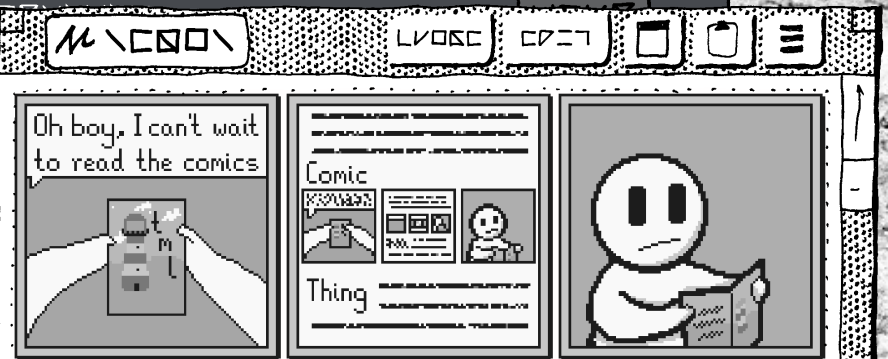
So it is with those who heedlessly engage in manly discourse, destroying by importunity what they had hoped to salvage and quicken. Their chosen vessel now falls to the ground a cracked bauble, whom neither wisdom nor anything can restore.

I am in such a mood Today, and must confess, if it be allowed, that mockers and scoffers, whose manners and dispositions are well known, but whose reasons, means, and methods of penetrating mind and memory are not, and who disgust and sicken the mind's eye even more than a cut slug's wayward path to the bottom of an empty glass, gasping for air as if to beg the drinker for one final sip, have begun to tug and reel at a hook still in me, barbed and therefore unremovable from the spotted, foul, and sun eaten flesh of my vile and spat on pride, so that I must answer for my squeamish tears or else shed them in silence. Know then, since silence has fled, that I have not wept in sorrow but rather in mourning, which is a blessed and blissful state, ever encircled, if not by Angels then their light, since it is mingled, suffused, soaked through, remember this, with Love.

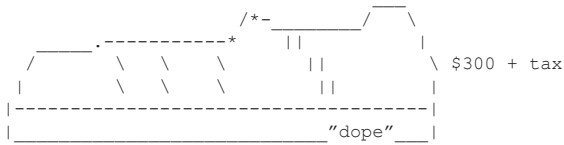
Finally, I do not call a flower a rose because it is red, for many are red but are no roses. Nor do I call a white rose by another name and strip him of the title "rose," for though he has chosen to display the drops of dew which daily moisten his neck and body as if they were sharp diamonds, speckling through him like needles through silk... or perfumed sweat from invisible glands... the simplest of intellects will immediately confess that dewdrops remain what they always were: the momentary reflections of a higher essence, overflowing from the utterly extravagant care of an innocent yet knowing wind. Therefore if I do see a red rose, and call it what it is, red, and a rose, please understand me. It is a rose and can be none other, at which I bend to inhale, pause briefly, and walk away.



You know why I'm a Sega guy? Because Nintendo is shit. Simple as that. The Nintendo sound chips? They sound like ass. They don't have the same oomph as the Sega ones. Sega sound chips have a certain bite to them. You know what I'm talking about. You see, Sega is like Pepsi. They're youthful and adventurous. They aren't afraid to take a risk and make something really rad and unique. Nintendo? They're just like Coca-Cola: Boring, old, and gay as hell.



# shoes are everything to me



i wake up and the first thing i do is check my instagram its so dope i got 10 new followers (9 of which are hypebeast.com bots trying gain followers) from my latest shoe "drop" post. i vape a little bit of that dank white widow toxiXXX waste kush™ weed and you could say im flyin pretty damn hiii lol. anyways im super hyped becuz my ultra limited edition "dope" style collectable shoe is coming in the mail. i look out the window every 5 minutes hoping to see that big brown delivery truck here with my latest spoils. sure the DOP(E)amine hit isnt quite as great as it once was. back in the day when i got the latest jordan AIRS 4500s it would make my whole day. forget dad missing my bball game its no biggie cuz i got the shoes. the nice ones, the expensive ones, the LIMITED!!!!ones.

anyways im lookin out my window and what do i see... him. god's holy messenger wearing brown short shorts carrying a big brown box that says "CAREFUL, EXPENSIVE GEAR IN HERE, TREAT IT LIKE YOU WOULD TREAT YOUR WIFE". i see this man nearly everyday rain snow or shine this man is always here to deliver my goodies. my yum yums :) :) :

i quickly grab my box, sign my scribble signature on his shitty little micro machine and slam the door in his dumb peasant face. 3 fresh boxes to open this is heaven. i take my "dopestyle" box cutter (they sent it to me for free becuz im such a dope ass customer) and go to town. i get my iphoneX GOLD™ out and quickly snap a couple shots for my instagram, twitter, facebook, snapchat, reddit, ect. i gently open the shoe box (ive got stacks of shoe boxes towering multiple rooms of my house like a hoarder has with newspapers). a wave of fresh chinese factory labor sweat mixed with melted cancer rubber stench fills in my nostrils. god i love that smell.

i dont dare try them on. god no, what if i got homeless shit on them (i live in a cool urban place think san francisco. the streets are littered with homeless people that i try to shamefully ignore on my way to the local sneakerheadz store). these bad boys get put in the display case. im talkin expensive lights that change color, one of the little spinnny things that rotate the shoe, you get the picture. last weeks shoes get put in their box and catagorized by year, make, color, fabric and so on. why are still reading this?

anyways the best part of my day is behind me. the rest of my day will be looking at COMPLEX SNEAKER NEWS and listening to the latest DRAKE single. my life is perfect i have my collection, its all i need. me and my shoes forever and ever. they are everything to me. i rest my head on my nike™ pillow. i check instagram one last time to make sure i dont miss any new drops, the latest yeezys are droppin at 6am tomorrow so i got 3 alarms set. my eyes close as i drift off to sleep, dreamin of being a big stinky basketball players shoe.

## ISOTOPES AND MICROPHONES

The personal blog of Jared Bardine

04 FEBRUARY 2017

### This is What I'm Doing

People don't ask me what I'm doing anymore. People used to ask me what I was doing. They would order their coffee and then, while they were waiting, would ask me what I was doing. They'd ask Are you going to school? They'd chit chat. They wanted to know what I was doing with my life. They don't ask that anymore. They don't really say much of anything anymore. I don't know if the times have just changed or if they've assumed that as a 32 year old working at Hartzman's Coffee Corner that making coffee is what I'm doing, and all I ever will do. I've been working at Hartzman's for fifteen years now.

Last thanksgiving I traveled to visit my parents. My dad retired and they moved away, to get out of the city. Who would have thought that the first time I would travel to spend the holidays with family would be because they moved. I'm still back at the hometown. Still working at Hartzman's. Still living in my first apartment. My parents don't ask me what I'm doing anymore either. They stopped asking a few years ago. Now they just tell me things. They tell me about the adventures they're having now that dad has retired. They tell me they would love to have grandkids. Sometimes they tell me they love me.

My aunt was at Thanksgiving too. She's a bartender. Been working the same bar for nearly forty years. Started back when she was young and pretty. Back when she was trying to earn some extra money so she could travel. She's part of that bar now. She's popular with the regulars. She knows their orders. She knows which ones want to talk to another human being and which ones just want to be left alone. She liked to tell me the Secret to Success. She'll say You wanna know the Secret to Success? Become popular with the addicts. If they like you you can never be fired. I think she's right.

Anyway, I'm starting to ramble. That's it for now. Thanks for reading.

POSTED BY **Jared Bardine** at 00:12 AM  
LABELS: FAMILY, WORK

THERE ARE NO COMMENTS. BE THE FIRST!

Post a Comment

### ABOUT ISOTOPES AND MICROPHONES

I work at a coffee shop. I love my two dogs. I like to listen to music and watch movies.

Feel free to stick around and see what's up. Comments are always welcome.

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The essential guide  
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Moon Prison Inmate #00000001241856141825

Skip Glendale  
Crime(s) - Mass Extortion  
Testimony - Voluntary

#### THE BEGINNING:

I got the idea a few years ago. I was in a shit state, then. A real **nothing** place. I never left the house. Barely left the **room**. I would hold piss in my bladder until I could feel **waves of painful damage** radiating from my kidneys, but still, I stayed in my room and sat in my **squeaky chair**.

I was sitting on my computer, looking for a way to make my **fortune on the web**. I spent all day and every day on the **web**. Seeking its **meaning**. Unveiling its **sensitivities**. Identifying its weaknesses, its **exploits**. And watching videos of people **dying**.

Yes, the web is a **carnival of distractions** far more vast and powerful than anything that has preceded it. It is a man made **meta-physical plane**, The Ultimate **Multi-Media Communique**. **Interactive**, Ever Changing, Always Updating. Stay on the web. Stay on the web they said. And we did. But some people weren't just **staying** on the web, they were going in the web. I called them "**Probes**."

Before the **Probes**, there was **The Ancient Web**. It was a sacred, anonymous connection one had with the **Ancient Web**. Where one surfed through a vast and unbridled sea of links in pursuit of a fun and freaky good time. This was a wild world of possibility. Some places were havens of creative freedom and expression like **homestar runner** and **stickdeath.com**. Others were cruel traps of sinister depravity like **tubgirl** and **goatse**.

You were meant to be careful in your **webby pursuits**, to not use your name or give out identifying information. **The Ancient Web** offered liberty through anonymity. Then the **Probes** came along.

The **Probes** "modernized" the web by surfing it with their real life identities, **THE IDIOTS**.

They thought this would make the web **safer**, more **accountable**. They wanted to have all their accounts **linked**. They wanted to make sure their **corporate rewards** were being **properly tallied**. Most importantly they wanted to **keep track of each other**, and they became stuck in a perpetual game of **Keeping Up Appearances**.

**Keeping Up Appearances** used to mean that you'd get a haircut before going out once a year with an old friend. Now it meant keeping a **photo accurate account** of all your prospects and achievements for a crowd of half forgotten acquaintances. This is what led to the unprecedented surge of **hypocritical high and mighty bullshit** that formed what we know as the **Modern Web**.

The **Probes** are a psychic poison that ultimately believe in **duplicity over honesty**. Their overwhelming presence in the **Communique** has deformed it into a cesspool of **Corporate Propaganda**. The **Probes** eat corporate shit **vacuously**. It fuels their **Energetic Retardation Syndrome**. I don't have time to go into the scientific specifics of what that means exactly, but suffice it to say it's...it's **horrible**.

I watched all this happen from the comfort of my **squeaky chair** in my **tiny** room. It was a dark time for me, I became very good at **soffing**. For awhile I felt resigned to the despair of it all. But one day, I leaned back in my chair and heard a **deep squeak** that **squeaked so deep** it resonated through my body and sang harmoniously through my bones...I became totally aligned...something had **finally clicked**.

When I saw how easily the **Vast Retarded Mobs (VRMs)** were engineered by the **Bad Establishment Forces**, usually it made me want to **chuck my guts all over the floor**. But today...it was making my brain was **rock hard**. I was in the middle of a throbbing **Idea Erection**. It occurred to me right then and there in my room -

*"the VRMs are a **Meta-Chemical Reaction**. The **Probes** are volatile agents, and their increasing presence on the web is making the web increasingly unstable."*

It was a **big dick powder keg waiting to be blown**. I knew that somehow I could latch onto this negative energy cycle, **for profit**. And as a side goal, If I could find a way to use The Probes against themselves, maybe I could **DeModernize** the Web. Make it the way it used to be, **again**.

None of the **Probes** seemed to realize how **vulnerable** they were making themselves to the **VRMs**. They were too invested in their own **Fantasy** to think they could be targeted. *But that's exactly what I had in mind...*

#### THE WORK

I invested the last of my savings in a small AI startup based out of Somerville, MA. It was a team of **3 MIT Asians**, which was important for me. I'm a **Race Realist**, which means I admit that there is something **Special and Good inside Asians** when it comes to the really tough and tough brain stuff. I met with them at the **Magoun Saloon** and ordered them all **9.8% ABV Beers** as I sat back and sipped Diet Cola. It was that night when I first laid the groundwork for **The Blackmail Economy**...

Previous to **The Blackmail Economy** was **The Modern Model**, which we're all familiar with.

According to **The Modern Model**, there were three main types of revenue sources on the web.

- 1) **Subscription**. A website charging you a fee for access or additional features.
- 2) **Ecommerce**. A merchant website or merchant hub.
- 3) **Advertisements**. Ads, baby.

Your common sense might tell you that types 1 or 2 are the most profitable revenue sources of the internet, but your common sense is **wrong** it's **ads**. It's **ads** all the way. **Ads** out earn **Subs** and **Sales** put together **times ten**. Don't believe me? Don't worry about it, I'm **right**. Because "Advertising" doesn't simply mean "Companies paying to run ads." I mean yes, it does mean that, but it also means **so much more**.

**Demographic data** is crucial to an effective advertising campaign. You must advertise to an audience that is wanting or willing to be persuaded. Anything else is a waste of money. Advertisers have had this in mind for a long time, but methods used in the past were extremely broad when compared to the data available on persons in the internet.

Companies like **Google**, **Facebook**, **Twitter**, and **Amazon** were making their killing in **New Advertising**. Which was not just selling the ad space on their websites, but selling the precious data of their users, so that they may be more deftly targeted by **New Advertisers**. The more data they could **collect**, the more efficiently they could **collate it**, the more **valuable** it became. **New Advertising revenue** was the pillar that formed the entire cultural paradigm of the **Modern Web**. And it stayed that way...until I put my idea in effect.

**NewAds** held the ultimate power of the web, the power to be seen. They could morph the **figurative space time** on that meta-physical plane and **herd the masses** down whatever path they could conceive. **NewAds** were the driving force behind **Subscriptions**, **Ecommerce**, and **Content Creation**. The **Probes** made this all possible.

Advertising stopped being a **semi artistic guessing game** and became a **brutal, technological harvesting of datacrops**. As sites were mismanaged to the ground by clueless **Probes**, agencies scooped up the sensitive data of their userbases for practically nothing. The value of an ad that was **guaranteed to work** was in-

calculable for the entity that controlled the information.

So the first step of making my fortune on the internet was **obtaining information**. Unfortunately, by the time I realized any of this, all the world's data was **firmly in the control of an evil monolithic force that I need not directly name**. So I needed an alternate solution.

That's where my **Asian AI team** came in. I paid them \$10,000 to spend the summer coding and testing a bot that we'd eventually name **DIGSORT**. It was a mining, sorting and compiling AI algorithm, designed to wade through massive amounts of publicly available data on the web, looking for **Leads**.

We'd feed **DIGSORT** a geographic area from 1-100 sq miles and it would automatically begin compiling names of all the residents in the area. It starts with public records, then moves to social media accounts. **DIGSORT** searches for Probes, those who purposefully link their identity to the web. All **Probes** are **Leads**. All **Leads** are **Processed**.

#### THE PROCESS

**The Process** is the fun and freaky game that runs this money train. When **DIGSORT's** got a lead, it strings together every account it can associate with that Lead. With the amount of information the **Probes** divulge online, and after cross referencing geolocation information with the **Lead's** social circle, **DIGSORT** creates a detailed outline of this stranger's life.

**DIGSORT** finds out where the **Lead** works, who their boss is, what kind of car they drive, how many family members they have, their schedule, their social habits...coding these sorts of **heavy surveillance subroutines** was **second nature** for my **Asian Team**.

After it sorts through all this information, **DIGSORT** spits out a **Number**. That's the amount of money it thinks we could extort from this person, given the file it's created. The **Number** signifies that the **Lead** is now a **Target** and ready for **Engagement**.

After we've **Engaged the Target**, we get a transfer within hours... sometimes minutes.

**DIGSORT** is designed to mock up and deploy **algorithmic personal attack ads** that are singularly directed to **destroy your life**. The **Process** will ensure that your employer, your girlfriend, your prospective roommate, your sternly benefactor, etc. sees every hateful thing you've said, every shameful thing you've done, and **more**. **DIGSORT** is capable of detecting complex social infractions. Perhaps you didn't invite a friend to your raucously fun backyard barbeque? **DIGSORT** will make sure they know. Maybe you missed an important funeral for a baseball game? **DIGSORT** will make sure the people at the funeral find out **at** the funeral.

**DIGSORT** sends messages to all **Targets** informing them of this very direct ad campaign against them, calling them **Social Corrective Initiatives** or **SCIs**. It assures the **Target** that they will be removed only after a one time payment is made by online transfer. I know, it sounds crazy. But guess what? **They all paid**. Can you believe that? That's how **spineless** the **Probes** are. We didn't have to lift a finger and it cost us practically **nothing**. **DIGSORT** did all the work. It found the **Leads**, it made the **SCIs**, it sent the **messages**, and it took the **payments**. Deploying the **SCIs** was cheap as hell cause we only needed to run them on a few ISPs...we had our own proprietary **NewAd** system working solely from public records. We didn't have to steal or buy anyone's data, it was all just **there for the taking**.

This was going well for a few weeks. **DIGSORT** was able to yield transactions from nearly 10 people a day. I was making a little bit of money but there was something missing from the whole model. It was **punishing the Probes**, but my system wasn't making use of the **VRM cycle** like I had planned. By limiting **SCIs** to the ISPs of just the affected parties, we cut out the possibility of a mob forming. So we pivoted.

That day I devised a way for people to engage the **SCIs**. Users were encouraged to read the attack ads as **morality plays** and **vote on the outcome**. Should Billy Bob Knobhead lose his job at the fish market cause he posted his sexist manifesto online? What about Mary Jo Lingebells who dressed up as Black Steven Hawking last Halloween? These were fables for the internet everyman, and the internet loved it because they got to decide the ending. Users would vote to **expand or contract** the geographic area that the **SCI** appeared in. Soon, they began to explode in popularity. **People want nuts with these**. In no time at all, a small town drama could reach the national stage. **Which coincidentally made the SCIs far more expensive to run**.

I quickly discovered that in order to recover my profit model, I would have to pivot again. It occurred to me then that the **SCIs** were essentially **dead links** at this point. They got **attention and engagement**, but when people clicked on the **SCI** to learn more they got nothing. **A click that goes nowhere**: That's a betrayal of the **Ancient Web** and that's **everything I'm against**. So for an extra 20k I rehired the **Asians** to add a new step to **The Process**.

This was the creation of the **Personal Attack Page (PAPage)**. The **PAPage** becomes the hub of information on a **Target**, automatically **collecting and tabulating** all the negative press resulting from the **SCIs**, ensuring that they can be **easily accessed and shared**. Anybody who waited too long to disable their **SCI** campaign would have a hate mob gathered at their **PAPage**. **Probes** would pay through the nose to have it taken down, though the more enterprising ones would buy the site from us and start selling **merch tees or twat pics**. The best part? For as long as they **didn't** buy the **PAPage**, we made a killing selling its **ad space**.

That's when the system changed for the last time. In the end, the biggest source of revenue became the **mass exposure machine** we had created with the **SCIs** and **PAPages**. The **VRMs** couldn't get enough of plucking ordinary people from their normal lives, they had an endless appetite for it. We met the increased demand by creating the **Heck Campaign** for especially hateable **Leads**. These were based on similar methods to **The Process** but with reversed principles. Get some Joe Nobody **WORLD FAMOUS** as a **Nice Guy with Square Moral Shoulders** and see how much he pays us to keep his creepy instagram DMS off his **PAPage**.

I never felt bad for anybody who paid. Like they deserve more in life, **yeah right**. It was the evil in everybody that let **DIGSORT** flourish. It was the **Probes**. They paid us to process their friends, their families. Kids did it to parents, wives to their husbands and so on and so forth. It stopped being an external force. **DIGSORT** became woven into the fabric. **Built into the hardware**. It was as much a part of life as the **trees and dirt and shit**.

**AND NOW I'M HERE...**

So that's how it happened. It was back on that night many years ago at the **Magoun Saloon** that I laid out my plan, I had no idea how it would be received or if it. Back then I was mainly concerned with keeping the whole operation quiet enough so as to not ruffle any of the **delicate or colorful feathers** who might try to **lock me up and steal my tech**. And when I left the Asians that night, who were stumbling drunk from the one beer I provided them, I thought to myself *"These Asians will keep this a secret, cause they don't give a damn about anybody."*

But I was wrong. Eventually the Asians had a crisis of conscience when they learned I was making a shitload without paying them a cut and they **turned themselves in**. They went to the **Feds** and blabbed. Said I drugged them, heh. So it turns out my **Race Realism** was what got me stuck here in **Cell #00000001241856141825** on **Moon Prison**...I believed **Asians** were **Special and Good**. Turns out they're just **filthy lynx rats** like the rest of us.

And contrary to anybody's **belief**, nothing is fixed now that I'm locked up in this cell. Everybody **else** is still out there, **they're** the ones that can't be stopped. The world we once knew has left us behind and it's not coming back. **Just like me**.



# CREDITS

**ANGELBOY DISCOMAN**

The Minute Hour  
Executive Producer  
  
Executive Science  
Meal Replacement  
Washes!

[REDACTED]

**MITCHELL**

Carman Advertisement  
  
TML Comic

**GLOGMAN**

Indifferent Sun  
  
Wheat and Chaff Art

**JAMMHO**

dihydroxyzine.tiff  
  
Dualing Computers Art  
  
www.  
free  
computer  
gaycheck  
.up

**GORBONZUS**

Hack Finished Art

**LAWFUL**

Robobaby Art  
  
Please [REDACTED] Me  
  
Baby Slaps  
  
Data Trespass Detected

**WILL  
"YUNG SKINNY"  
SCHULTZ**

9/11 Part 2 Art

**CRESTON B**

Headshots Email

**DELTAPIGEON**

Am I Fucking Real?

**LIQUIDBABY**

LOADCrate

**MIT**

shoes.html

**DUX-0**

mrs smithers

**MOXIEFAMOUS**

Director  
Formatting  
  
You know why I'm a  
Sega guy?  
  
Isotopes and  
Microphones Blog

**PEA**

Heart of the Macbook

**GRANDBADGER**

Marbagel Cigarettes  
  
Are you (alive)?

**Zøe Firi**

Cool Skull Icon

**Acetylcholinesterase**

Wallpaper Art (pg 2-4)

**CASUALMALEXL**

cat2.png

Zero Refrigeration Ad

Our Golden Retriever

**CHAD**

CLICK HERE  
FOR A BIG ONE

**CANTHANDLEMYHANDLE**

Wallpaper Art  
(pg 9-10)

**HAMARCHY**

Fireman Art

**ODIN ODANG OBIE**

Cover Art  
Jane & Doowey

**QUINT**

Adam Sandler

**HANDEATINGCAT**

I Own My Own  
Business! Email

hello my name is mrs smithers my husband died twenty years ago but that is not important. i had what is known as a 'lap-top' and my grandson, darryl b. jr, came over to my household and closed my lap-top. my hands are weak and feeble. they are not made for opening lap-tops. i tried to pen it but my hands failed me and i collapsed to the floor in a puddle of my own tears. i was going to watch cut videos. kittens. they are so cute. there is one cut video of a cat trying to get out of a box but it is stuck. i relate to this cat for i am stuck without a lap-top. without a machine. technology has granted me many of my finest wishes, but now i cannot have them because of my cruel grandson darryl b. jr. i will destroy him. please, help an old lady out and come open my lap-top. if you do this i will give you a granny kiss. you know where i live. you have been here before. you do not remember of course you dont. it was so long ago when we danced under the stars in my backyard, with the moon shining down onto our beautiful bodies as we performed the macarena for the village children. we had such fun. but now, the village children can see macarena performances on their own using a lap-top. it is sad, but i survived. i have moved on. have you? please help me.