

**SPITHOUSE
PUBLICATIONS**



:: ZACH HAZARD VAUPEN :: MMXIII :: NECROTIC MEAT PLANET ::

THE UNLIMITED MEAD ZONE





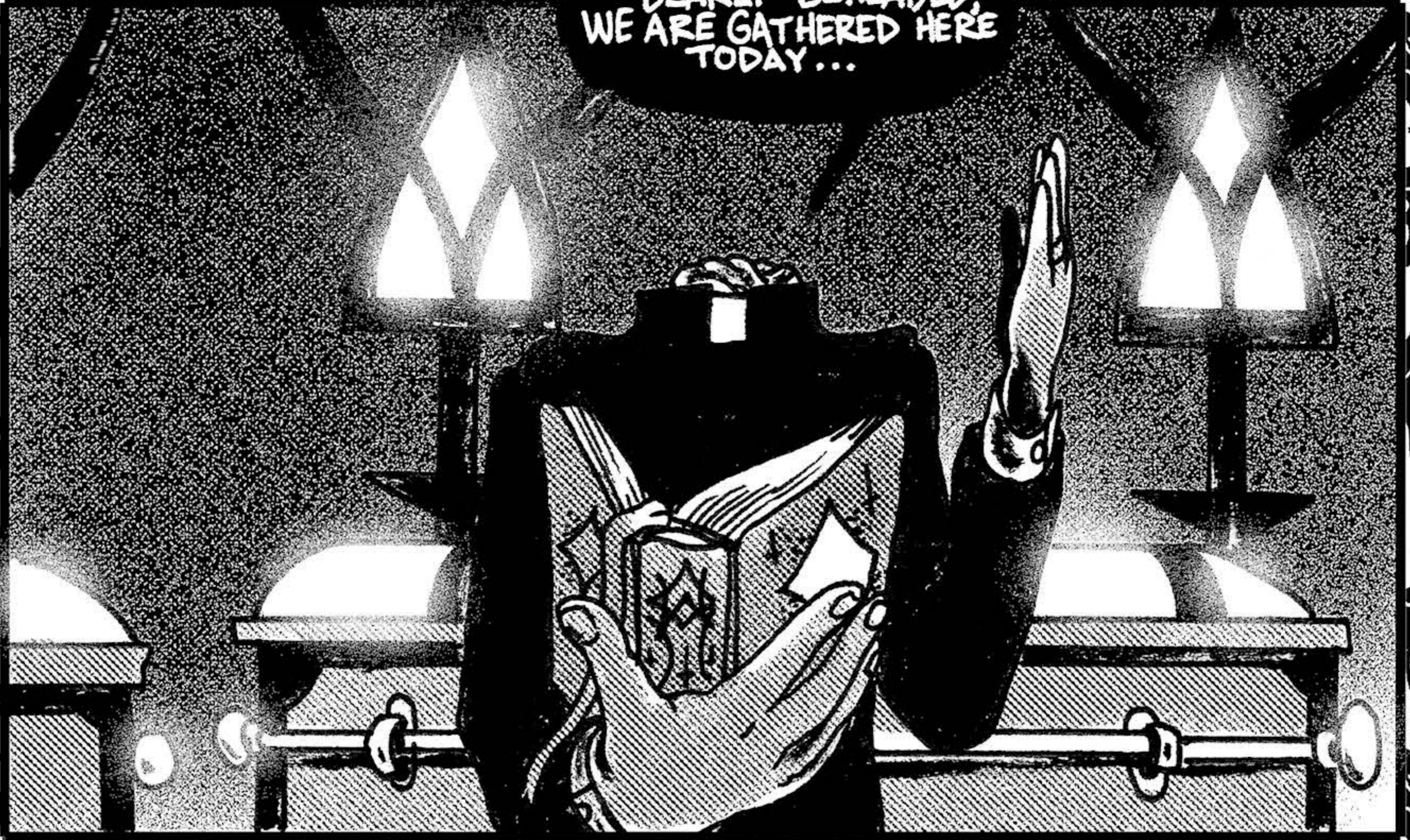
THE INFLATED HEAD ZONE

A NECROTIC MEAT PLANET STORY

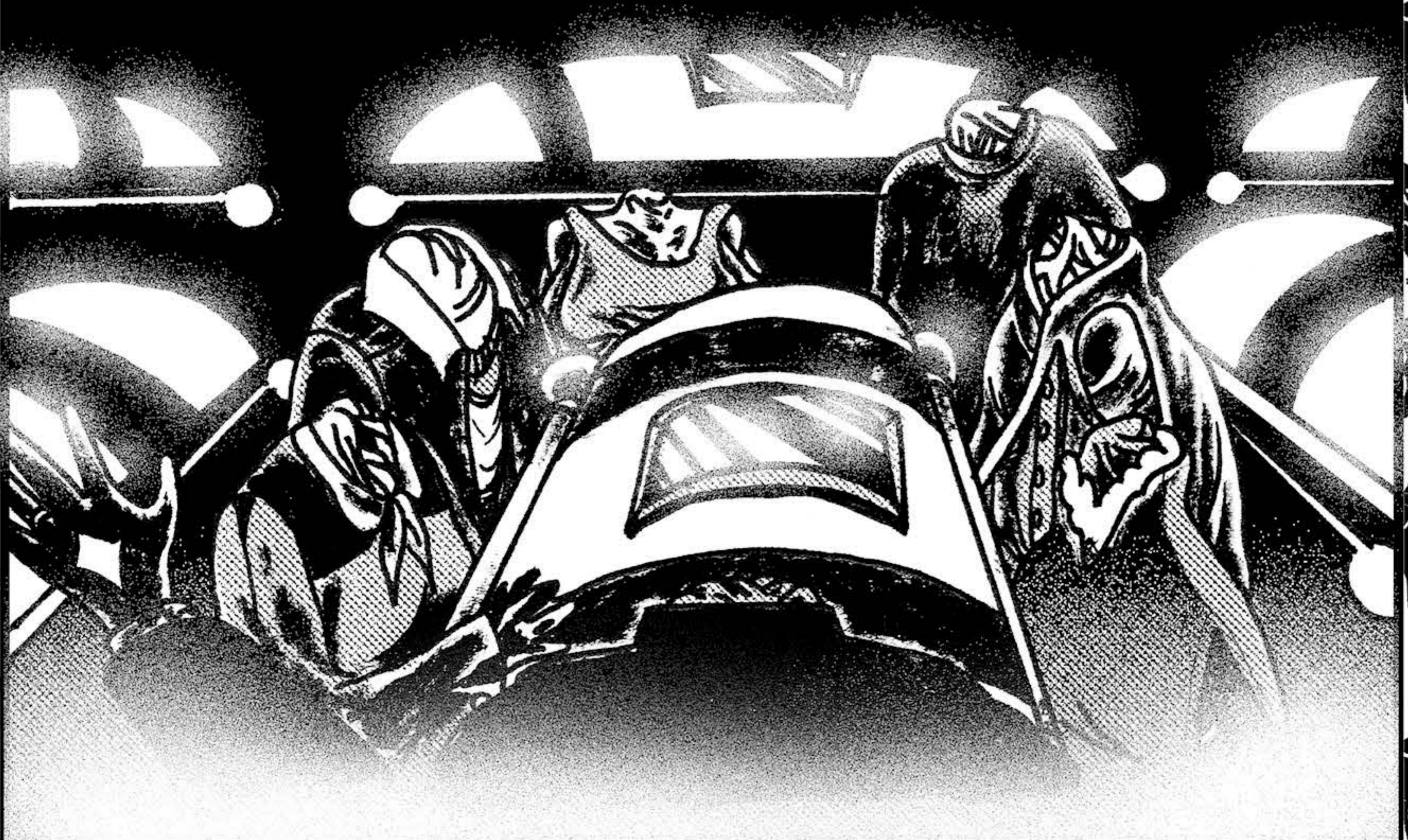
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DEARLY BEHEADED,
WE ARE GATHERED HERE
TODAY...



... TO USHER OUR
BROTHERS AND SISTERS
ON INTO THE AFTERLIFE.

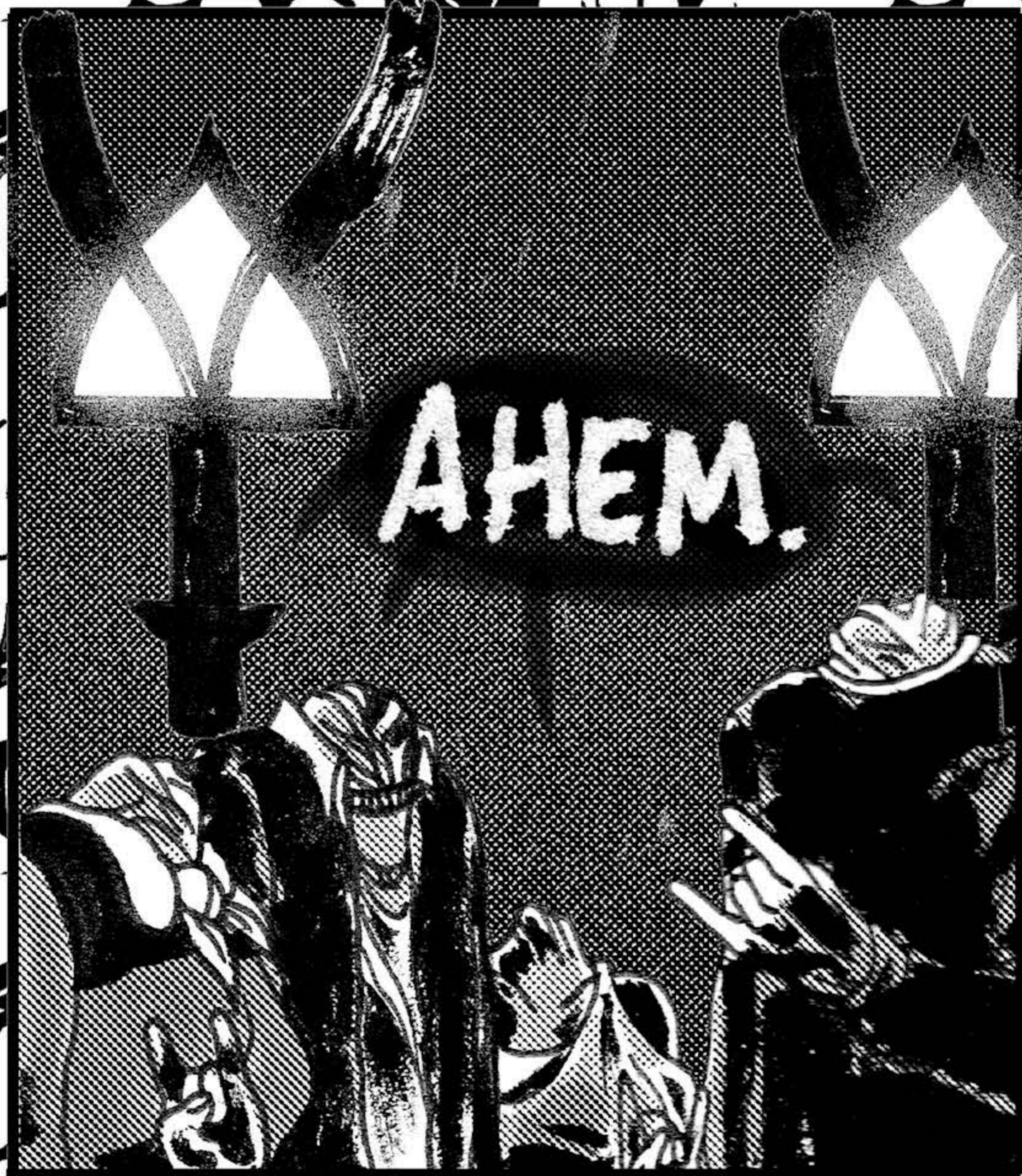


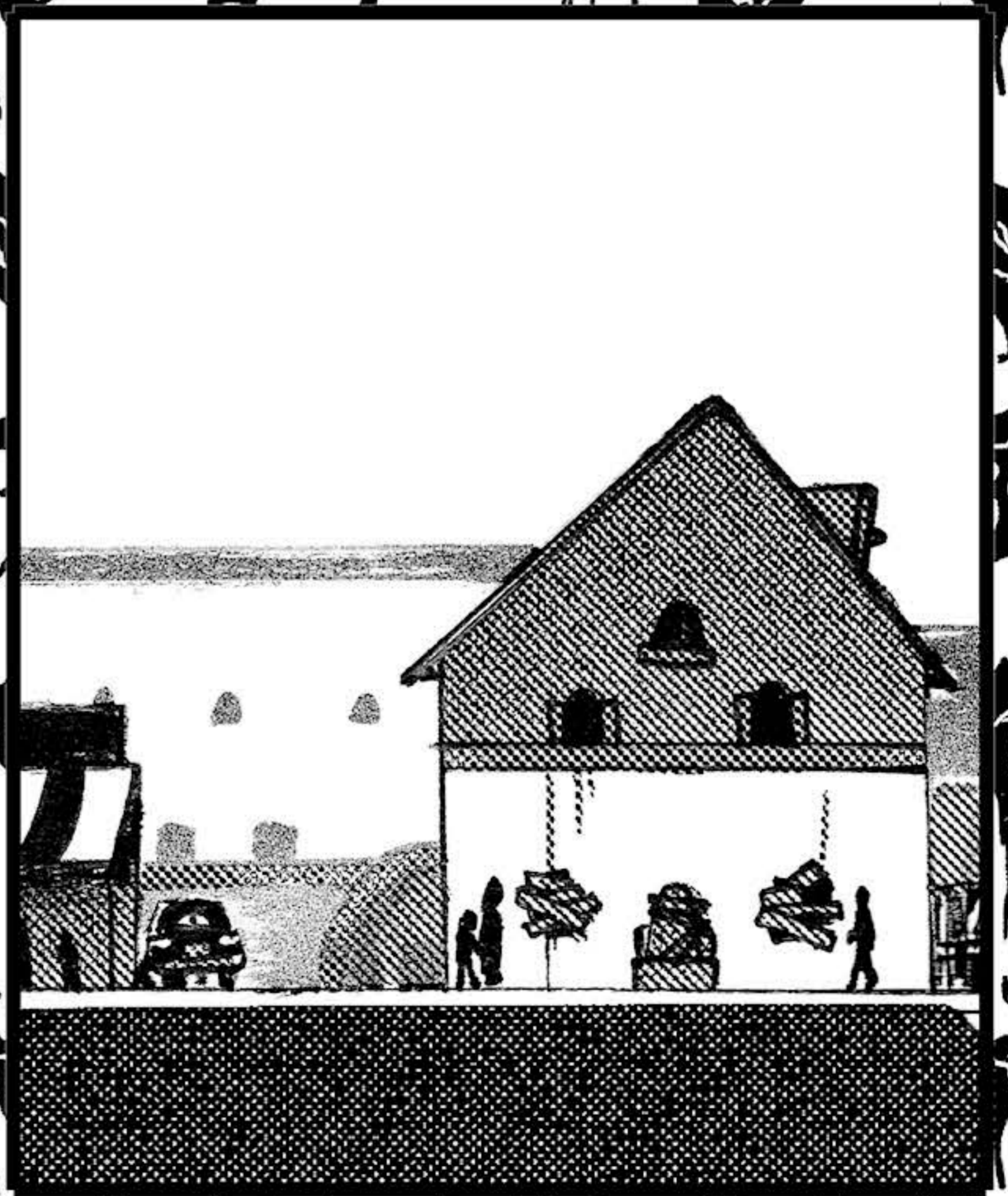
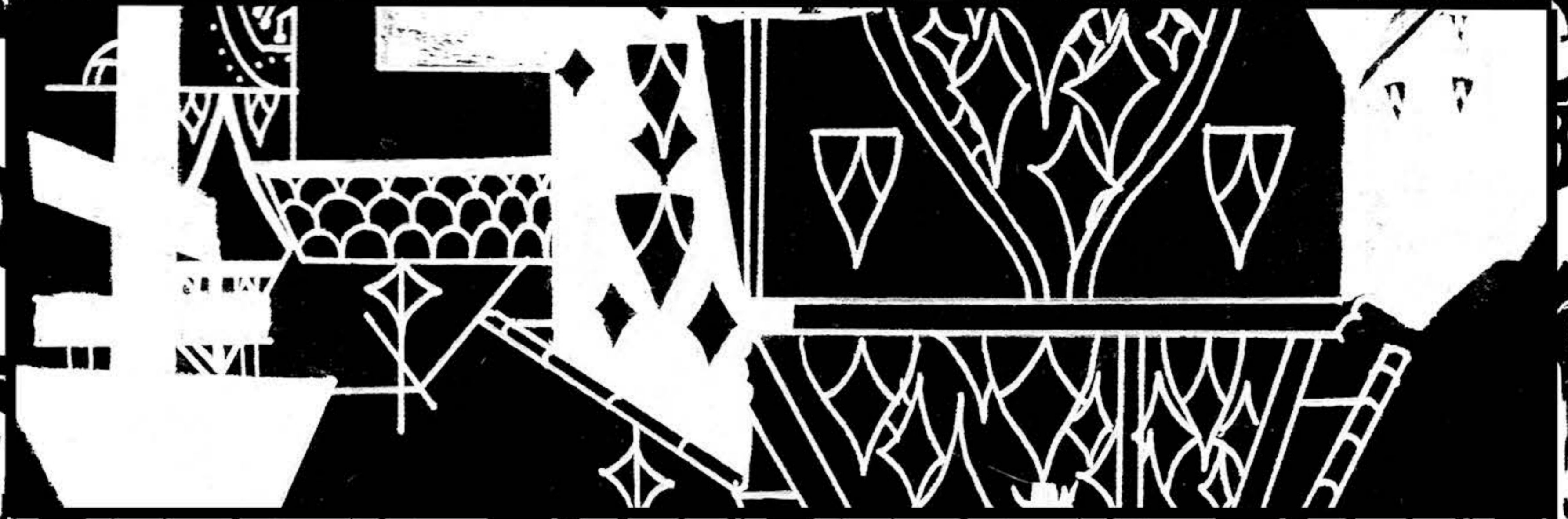
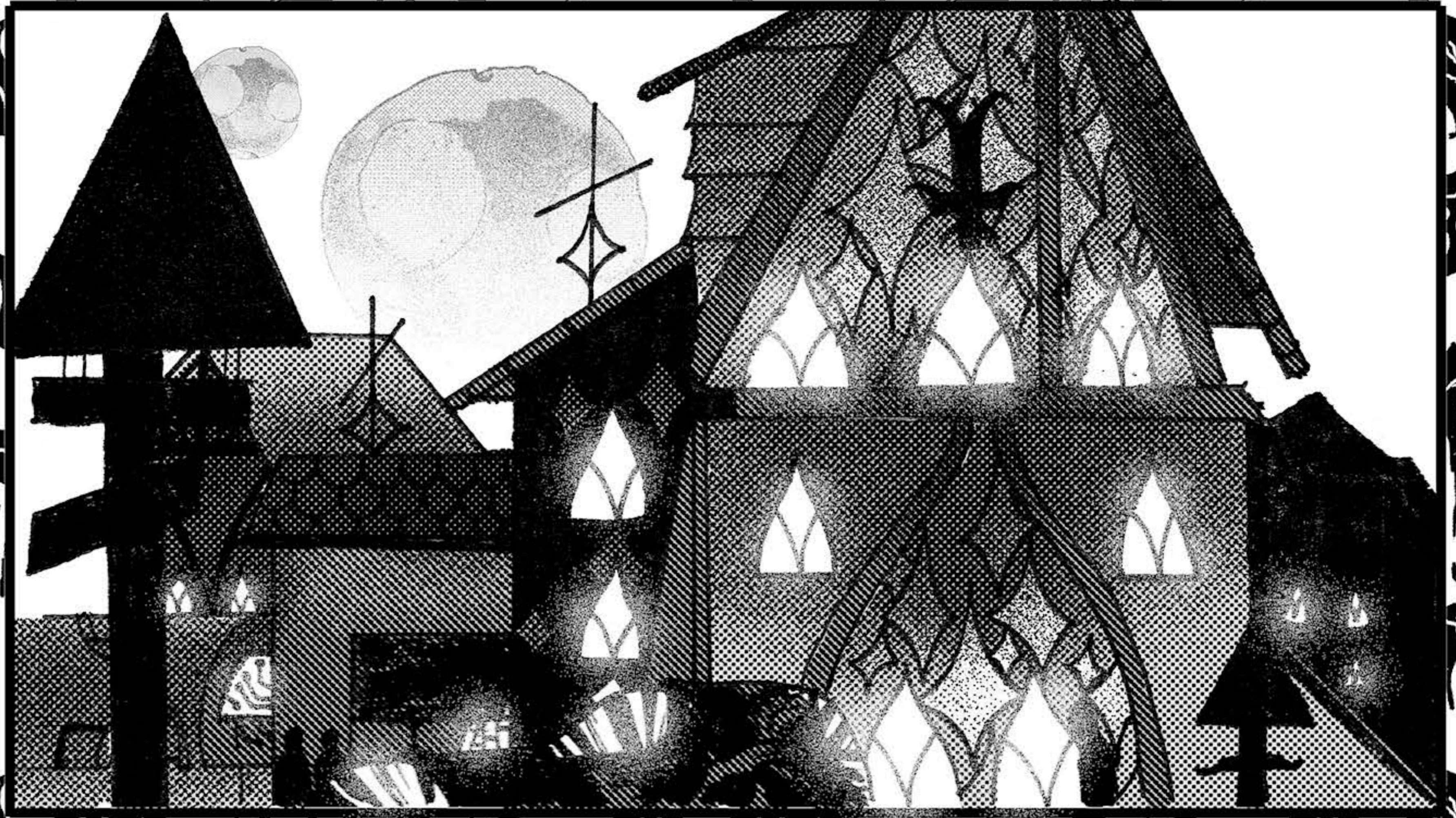
THOUGH THEY DID NOT SURVIVE
THE DECRANIALIZATION PROCESS REQUIRED
TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE HERE IN THE
:: INFLATED HEAD ZONE ::, THEY SURELY
WILL THRIVE AS PUTRID, ROT ON THE
COLLECTIVE GRAVE THAT IS THE NECROTIC MEAT
PLANET.



THEIR SOULS WILL JOIN THE GREAT
SPIRIT OF OUR PLANET, MRS. SLASHFICTION,
STRENGTHENING THE COMING DAWN OF OUR GREAT
PLANET'S RESURRECTION AND REJOINING US
ALL IN THE WONDERFUL CELEBRATION
OF LIFE.







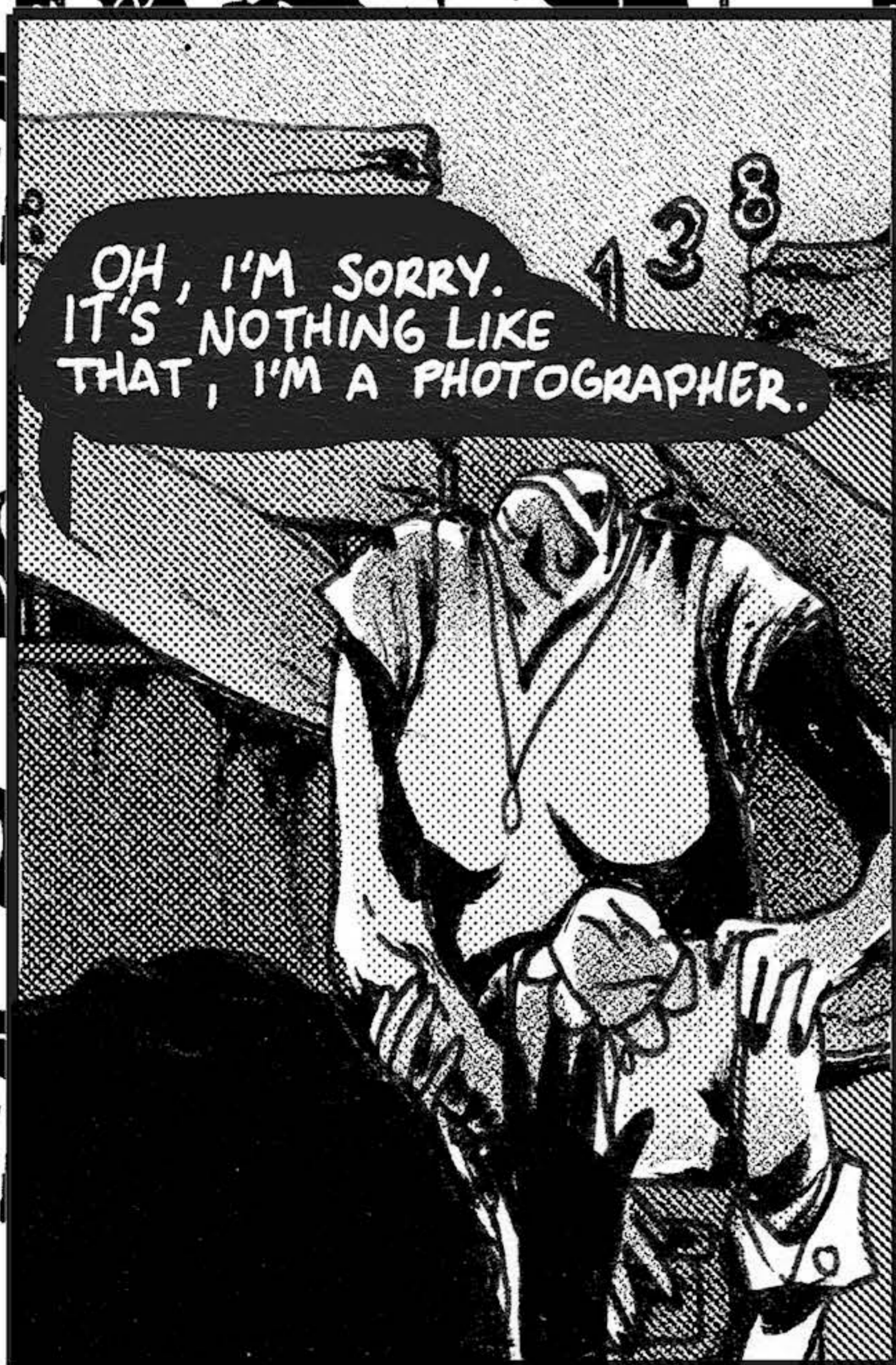


EXCUSE ME!

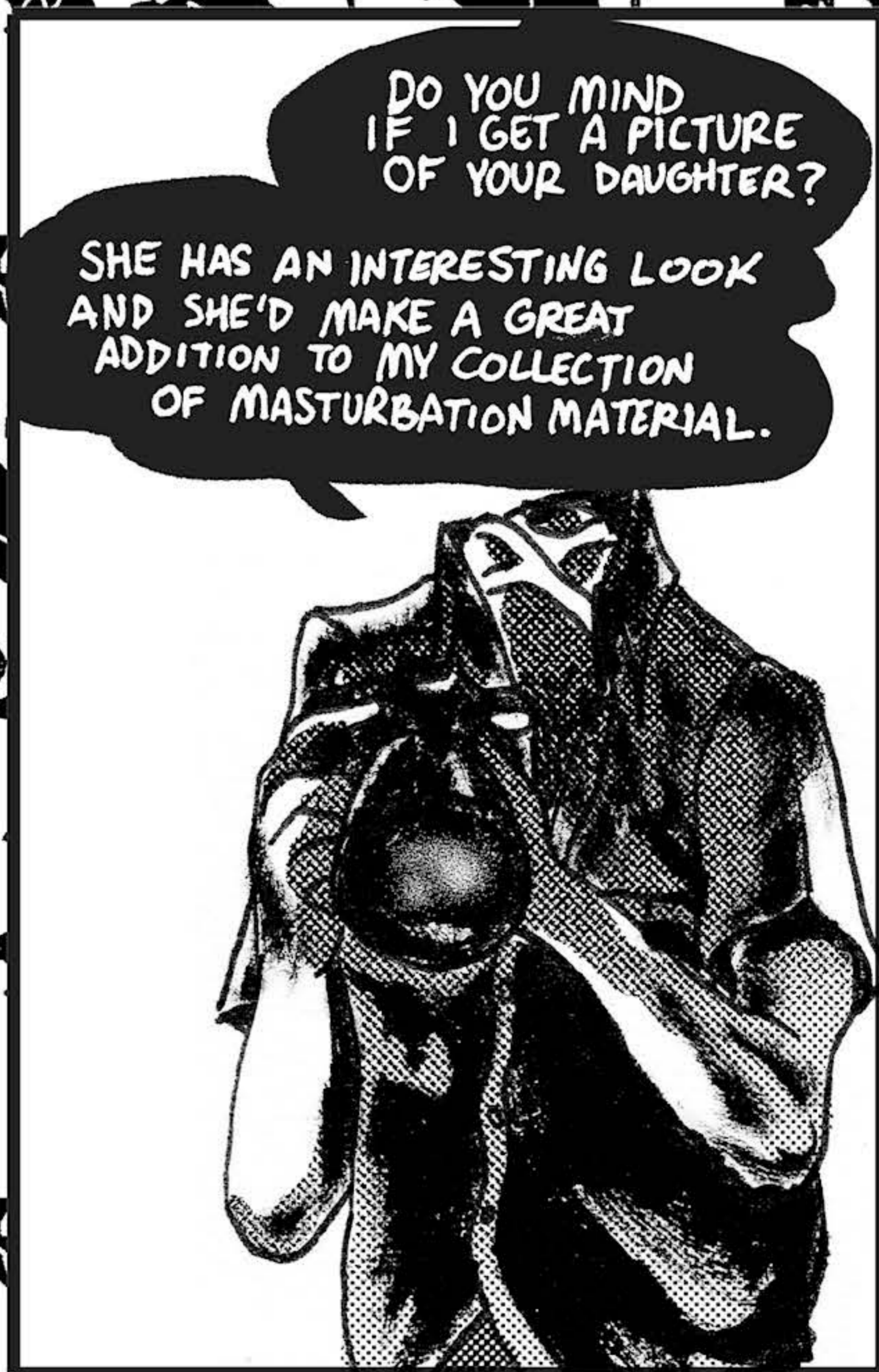
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM!



Y-YES? WHAT IS IT?



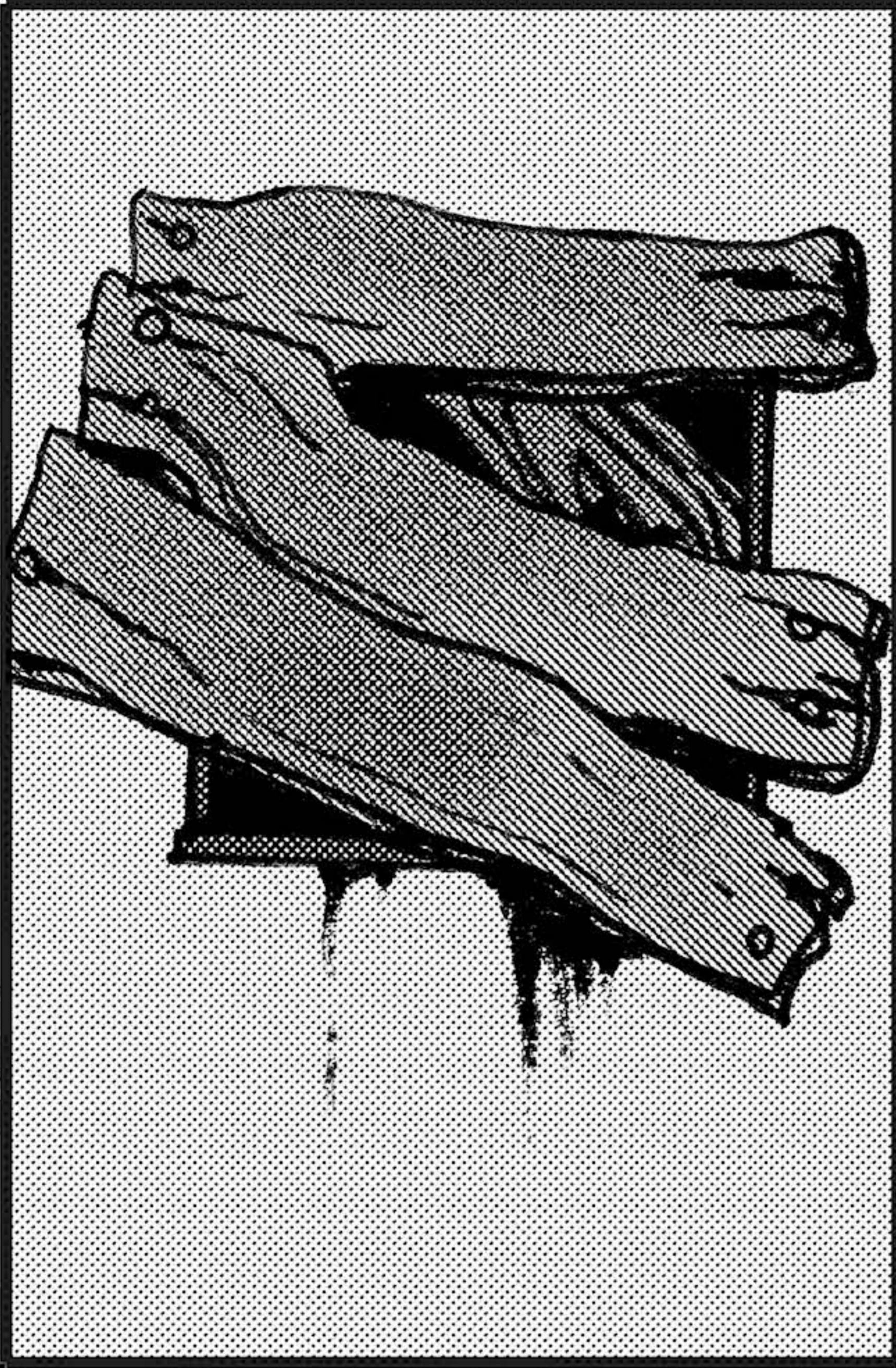
OH, I'M SORRY. IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT, I'M A PHOTOGRAPHER.

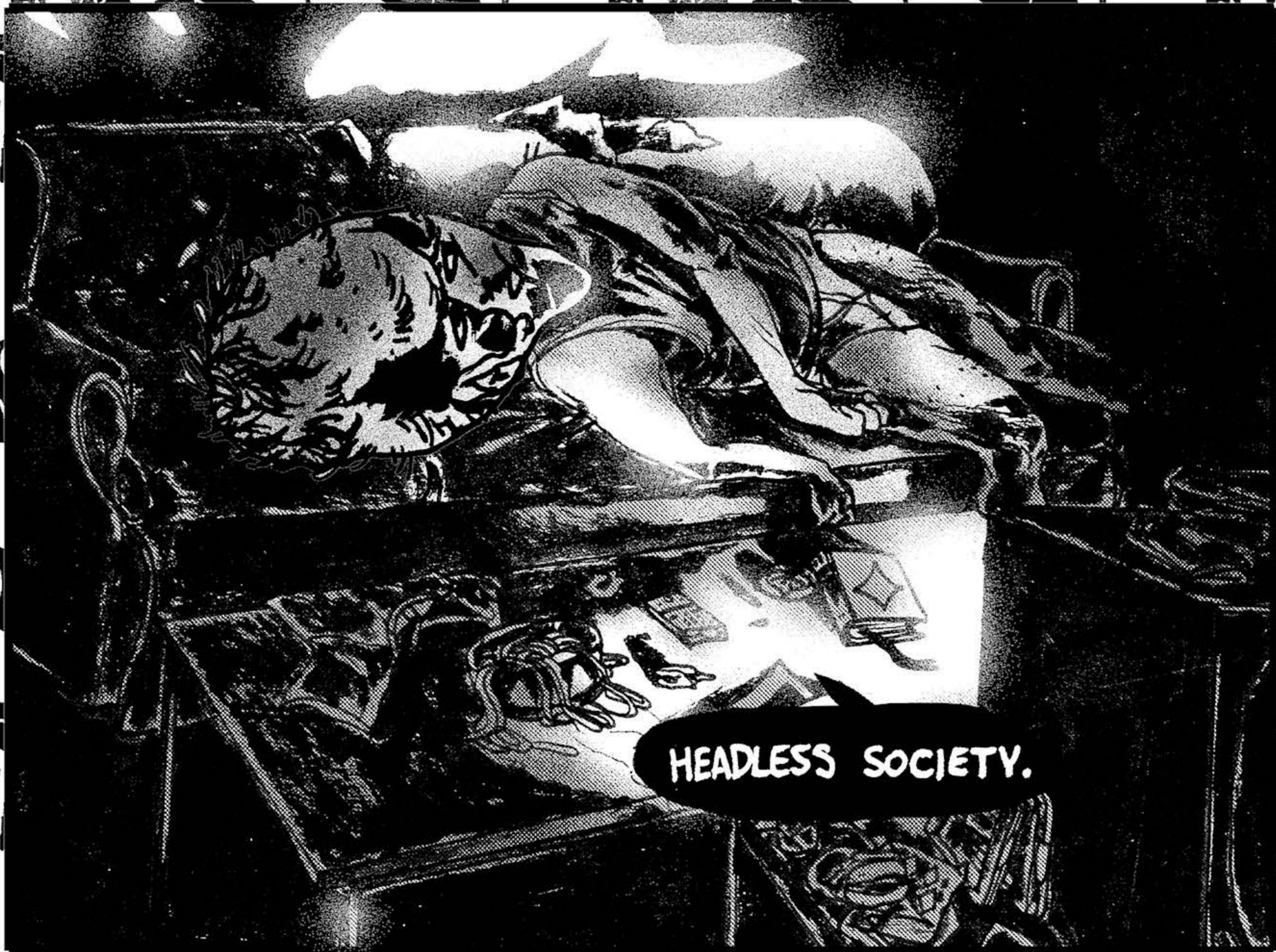
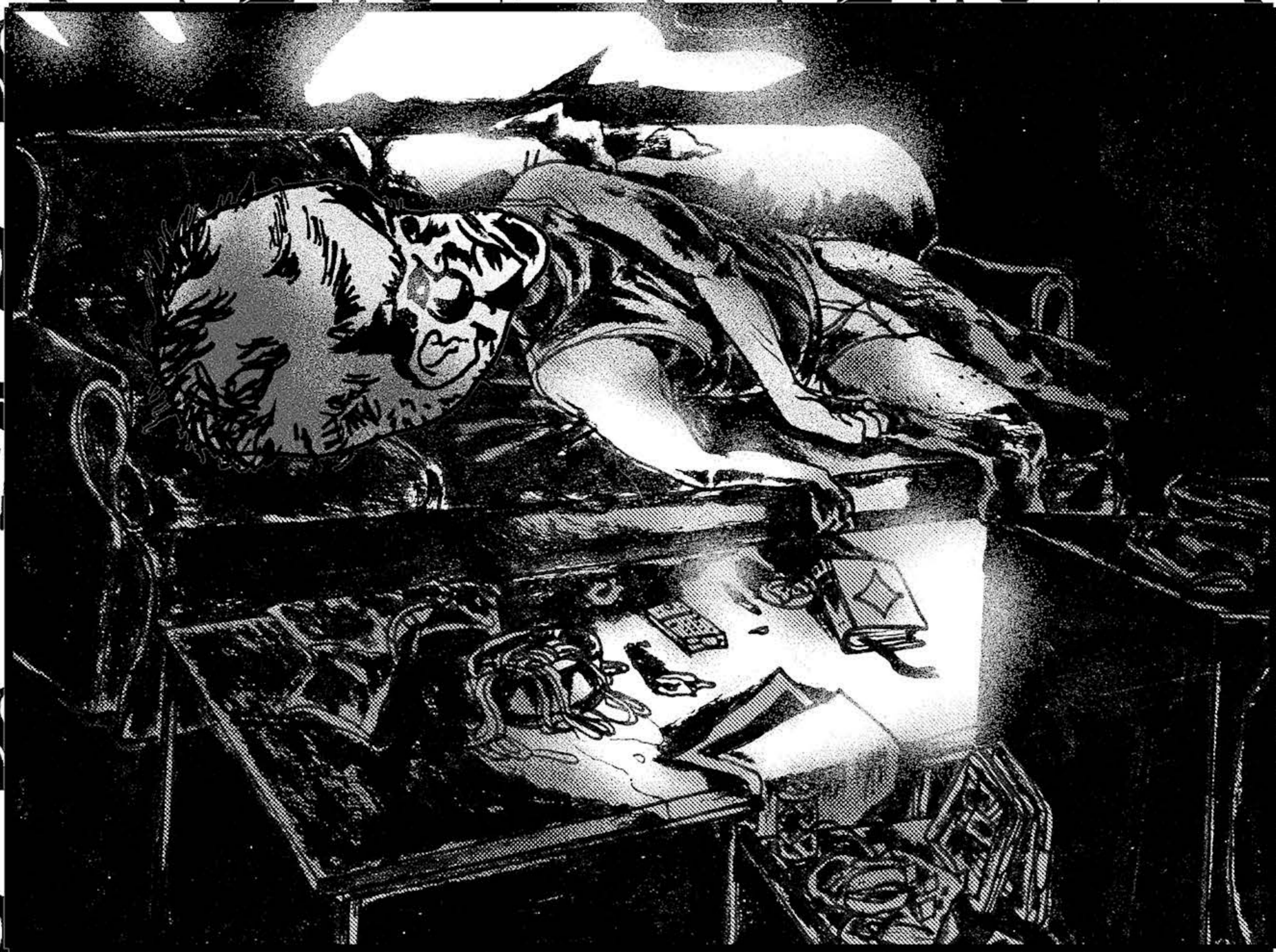


DO YOU MIND IF I GET A PICTURE OF YOUR DAUGHTER?

SHE HAS AN INTERESTING LOOK AND SHE'D MAKE A GREAT ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION OF MASTURBATION MATERIAL.





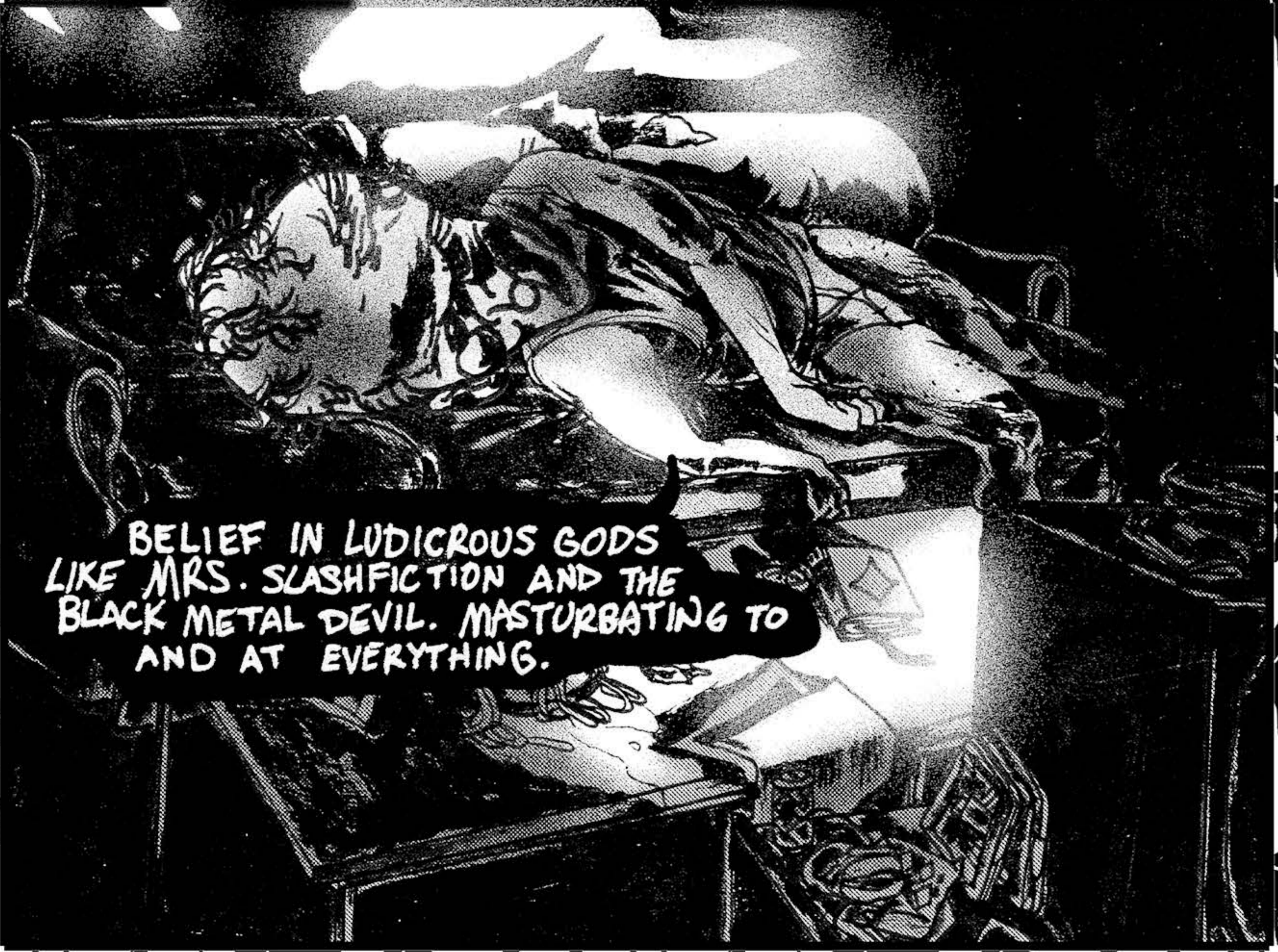


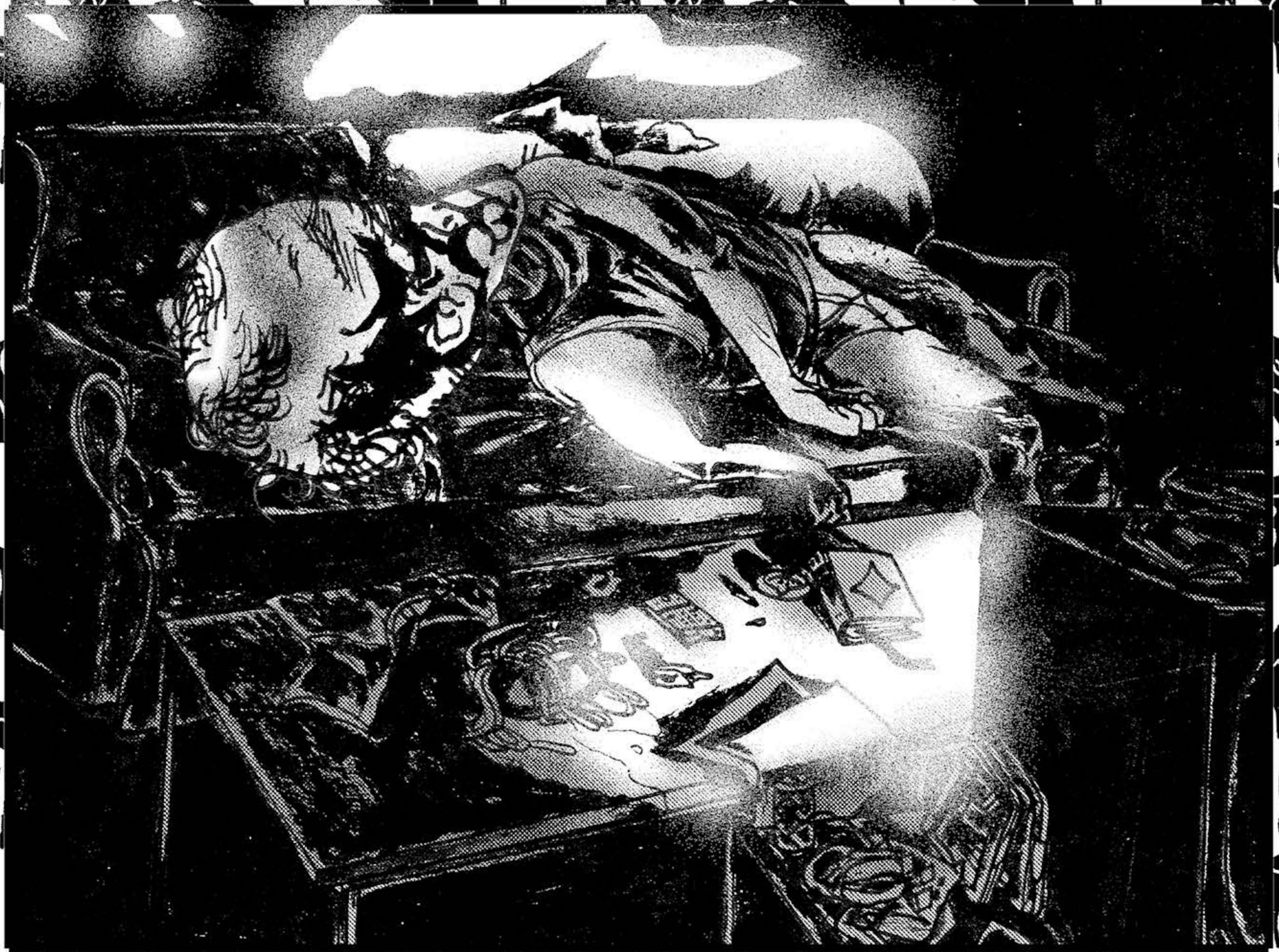
HEADLESS SOCIETY.

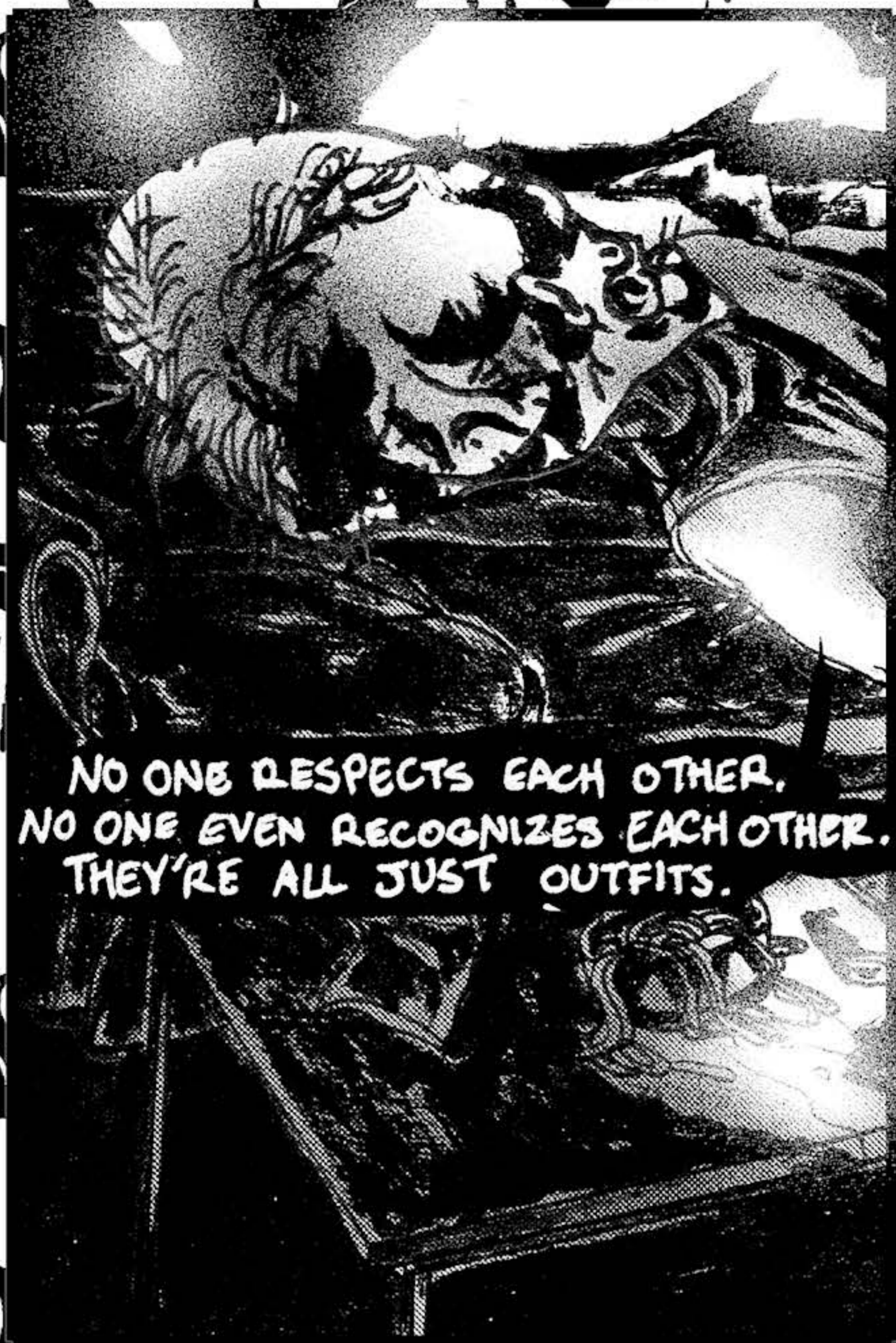
THIS IS WHAT
HAS BECOME OF CIVILIZATION.



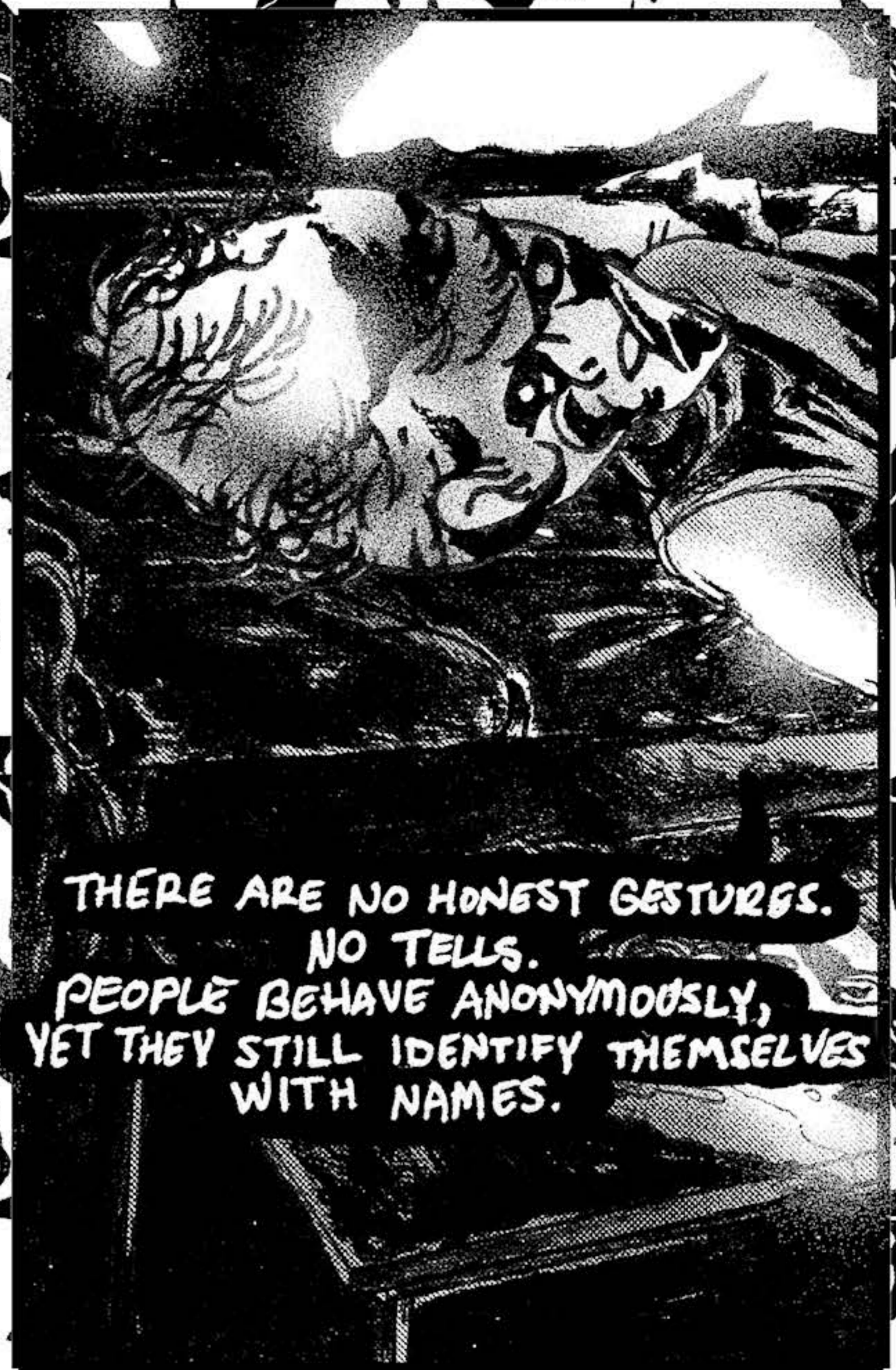
BELIEF IN LUDICROUS GODS
LIKE MRS. SLASHFICTION AND THE
BLACK METAL DEVIL. MASTURBATING TO
AND AT EVERYTHING.







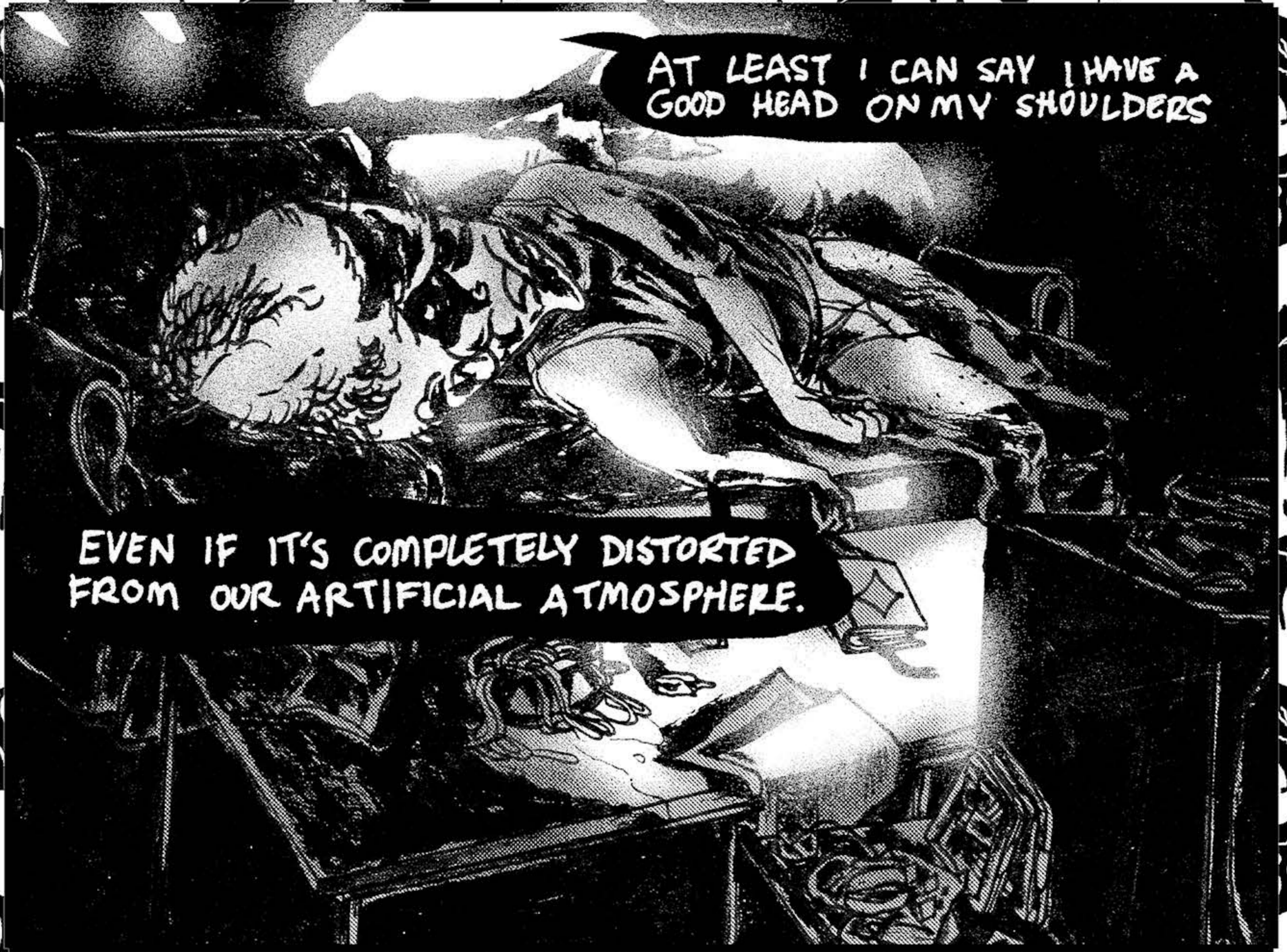
NO ONE RESPECTS EACH OTHER.
NO ONE EVEN RECOGNIZES EACH OTHER.
THEY'RE ALL JUST OUTFITS.



THERE ARE NO HONEST GESTURES.
NO TELLS.
PEOPLE BEHAVE ANONYMOUSLY,
YET THEY STILL IDENTIFY THEMSELVES
WITH NAMES.

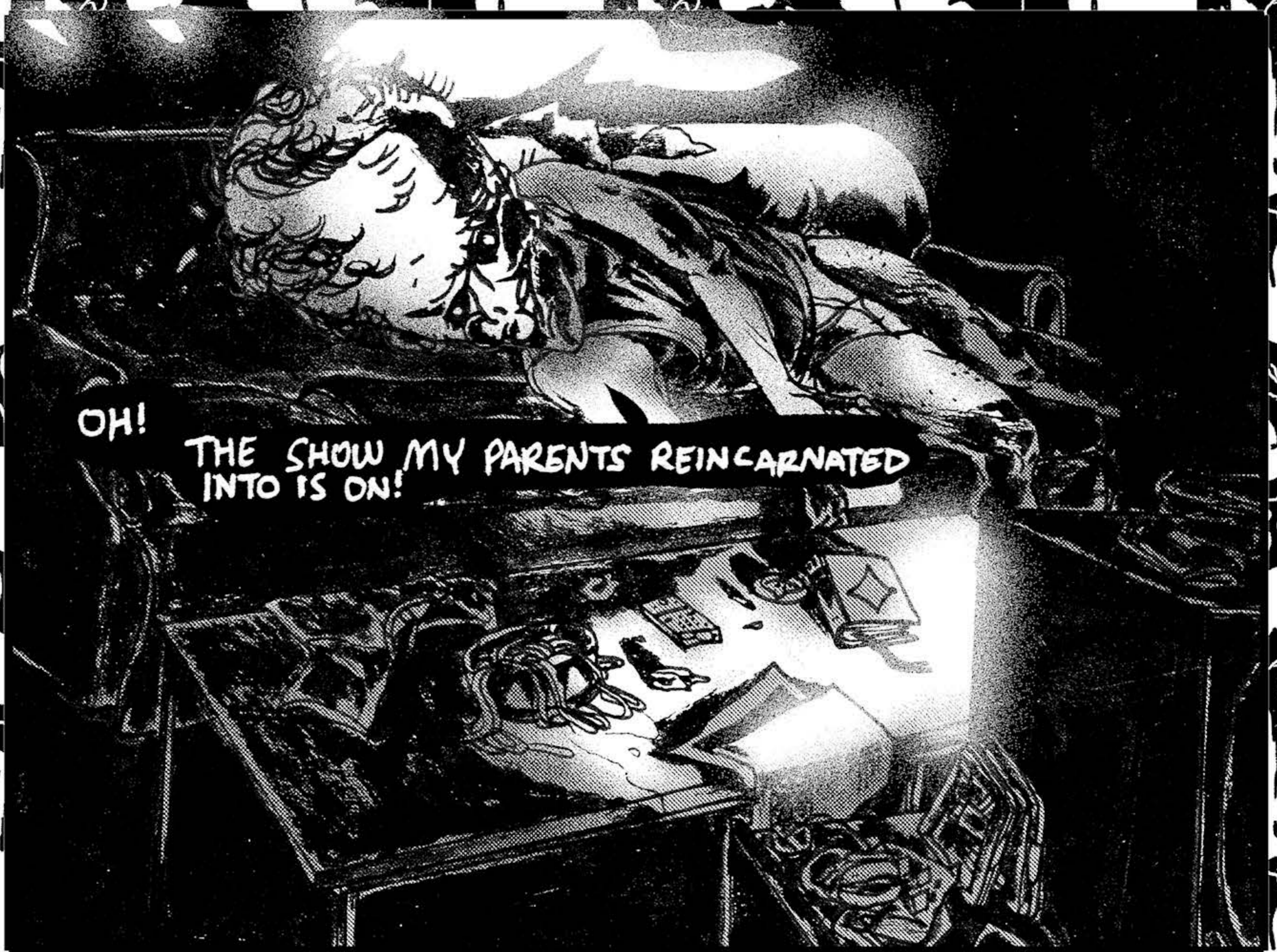


WHAT'S THE POINT IF
YOU KEEP CHANGING YOUR NAME
EVERY COUPLE OF MONTHS?

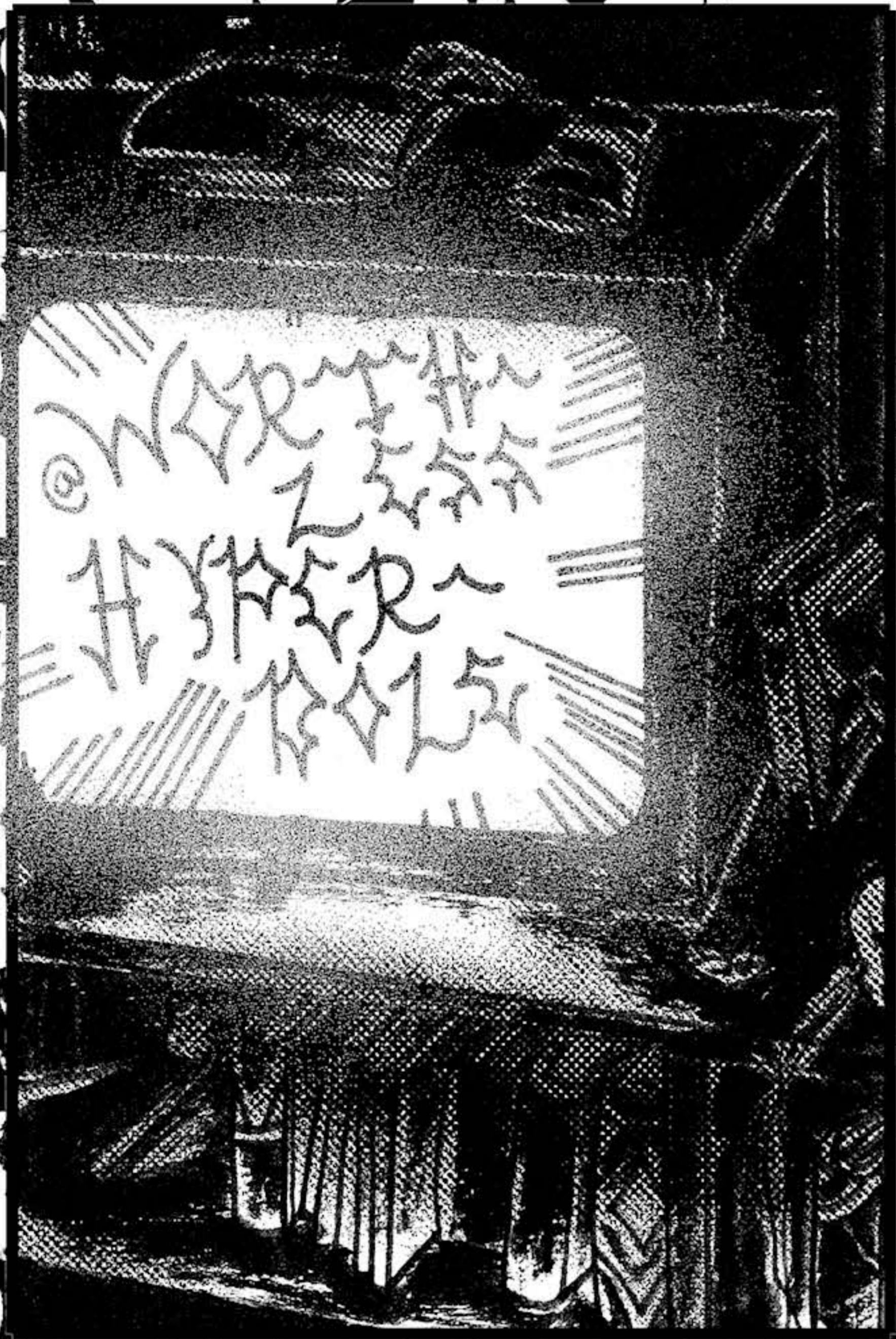


AT LEAST I CAN SAY I HAVE A
GOOD HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS

EVEN IF IT'S COMPLETELY DISTORTED
FROM OUR ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE.



OH!
THE SHOW MY PARENTS REINCARNATED
INTO IS ON!





HOW COULD YOU?



EASILY!



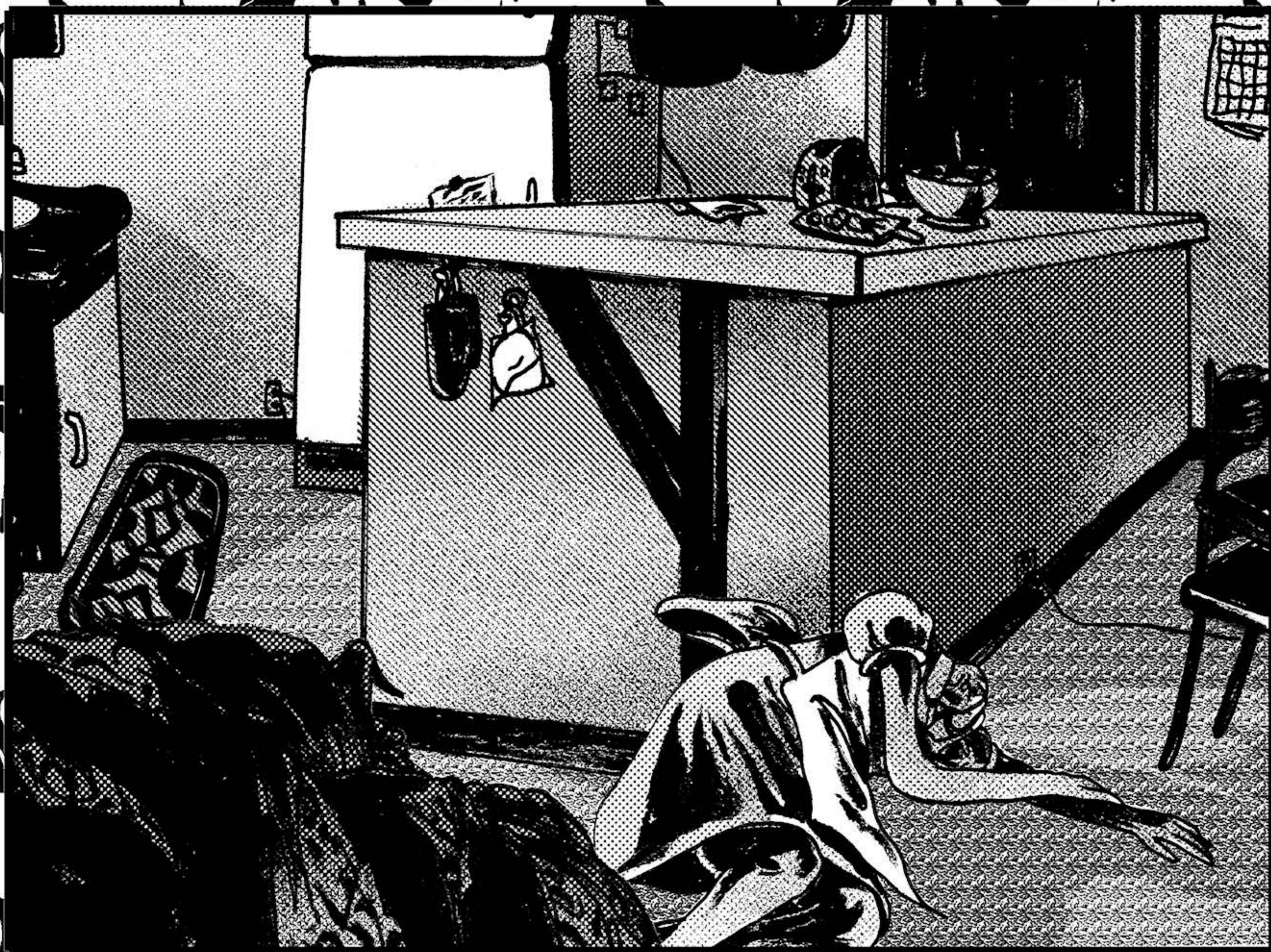
AND EFFICIENTLY.

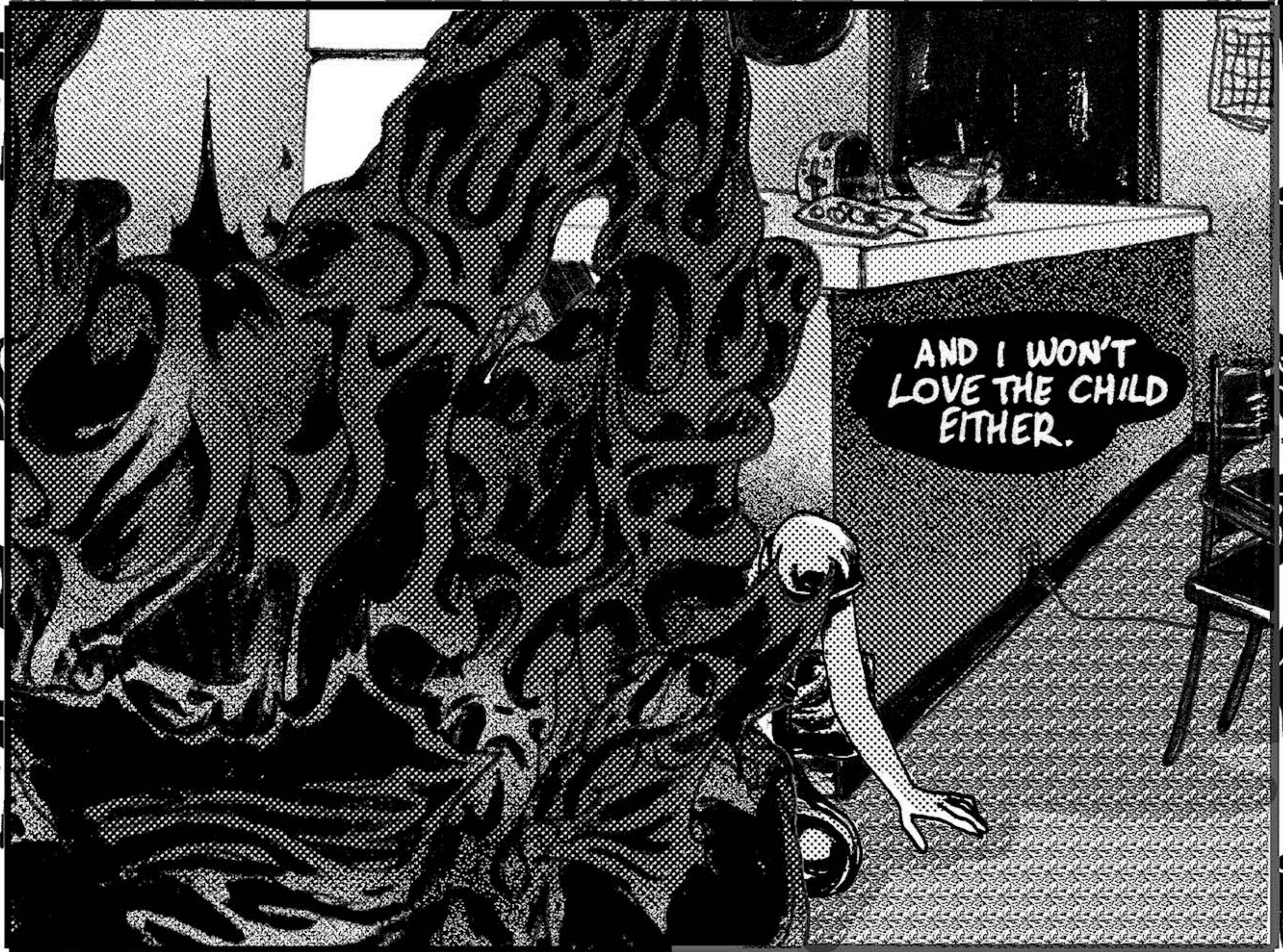
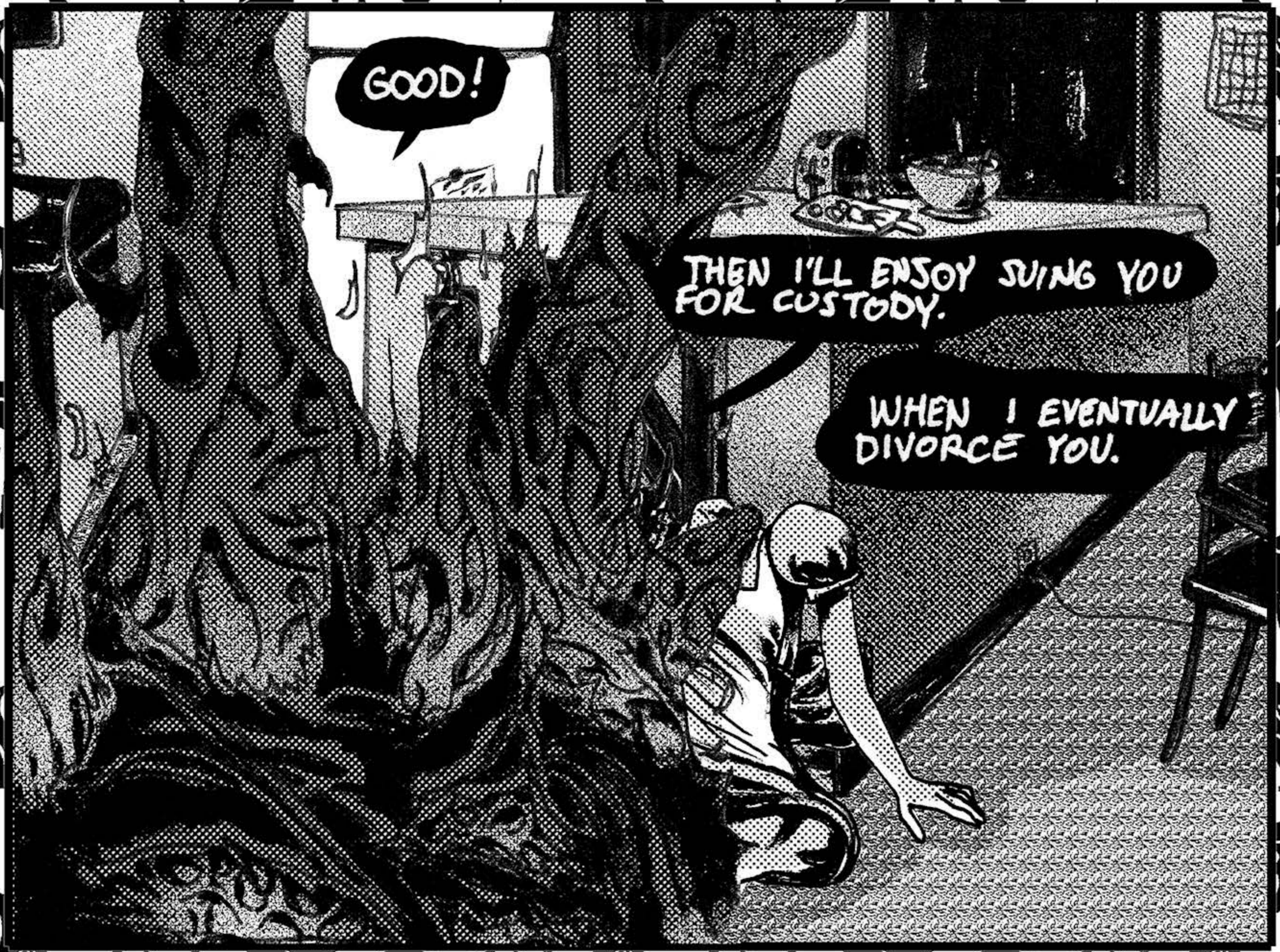


I'M EMOTIONALLY ABUSIVE!

GET OVER IT.









I HATE YOU, VEGETABALLZ89!

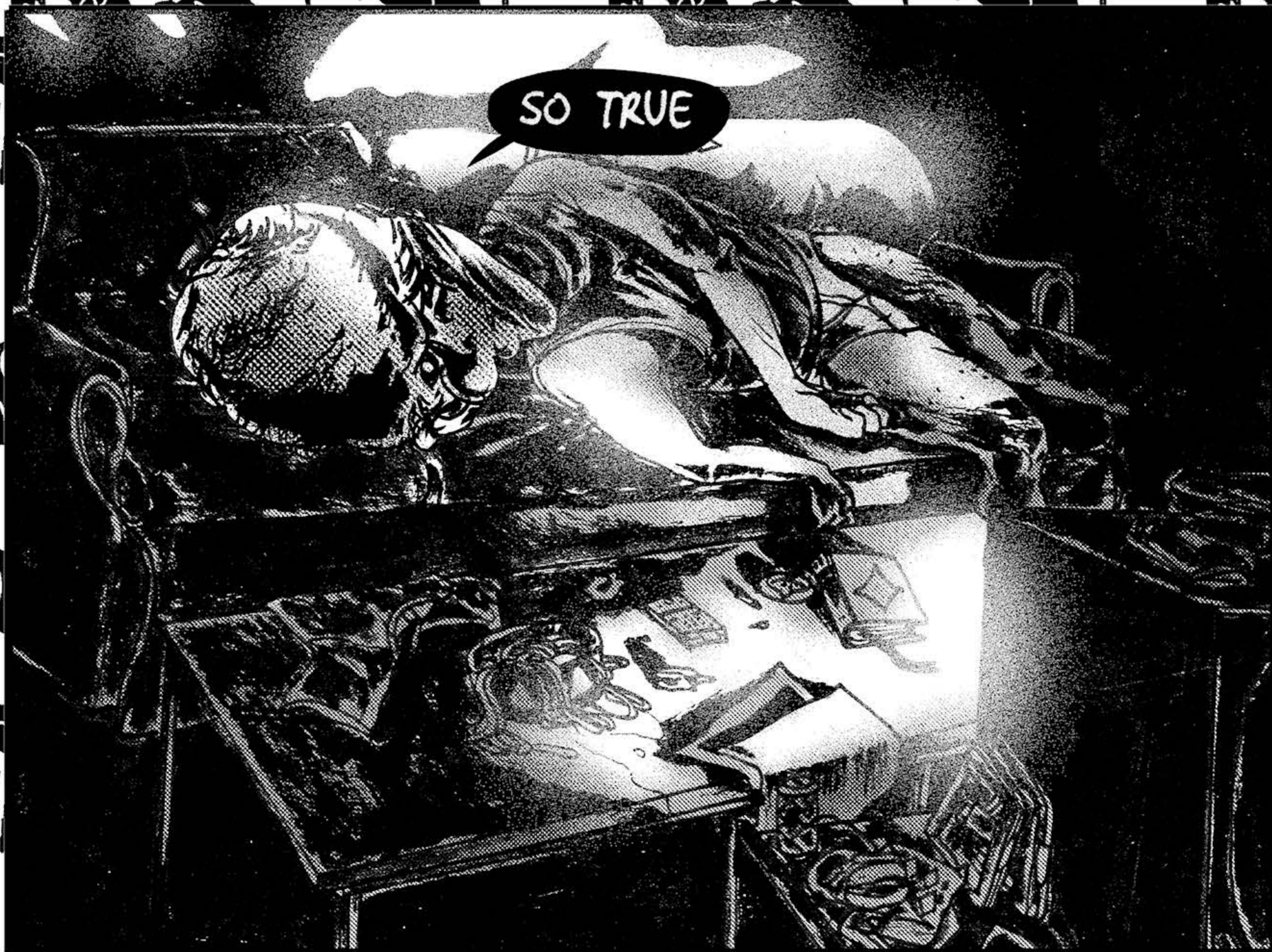
YOU HIDEOUS PILE!

I HATE YOU!



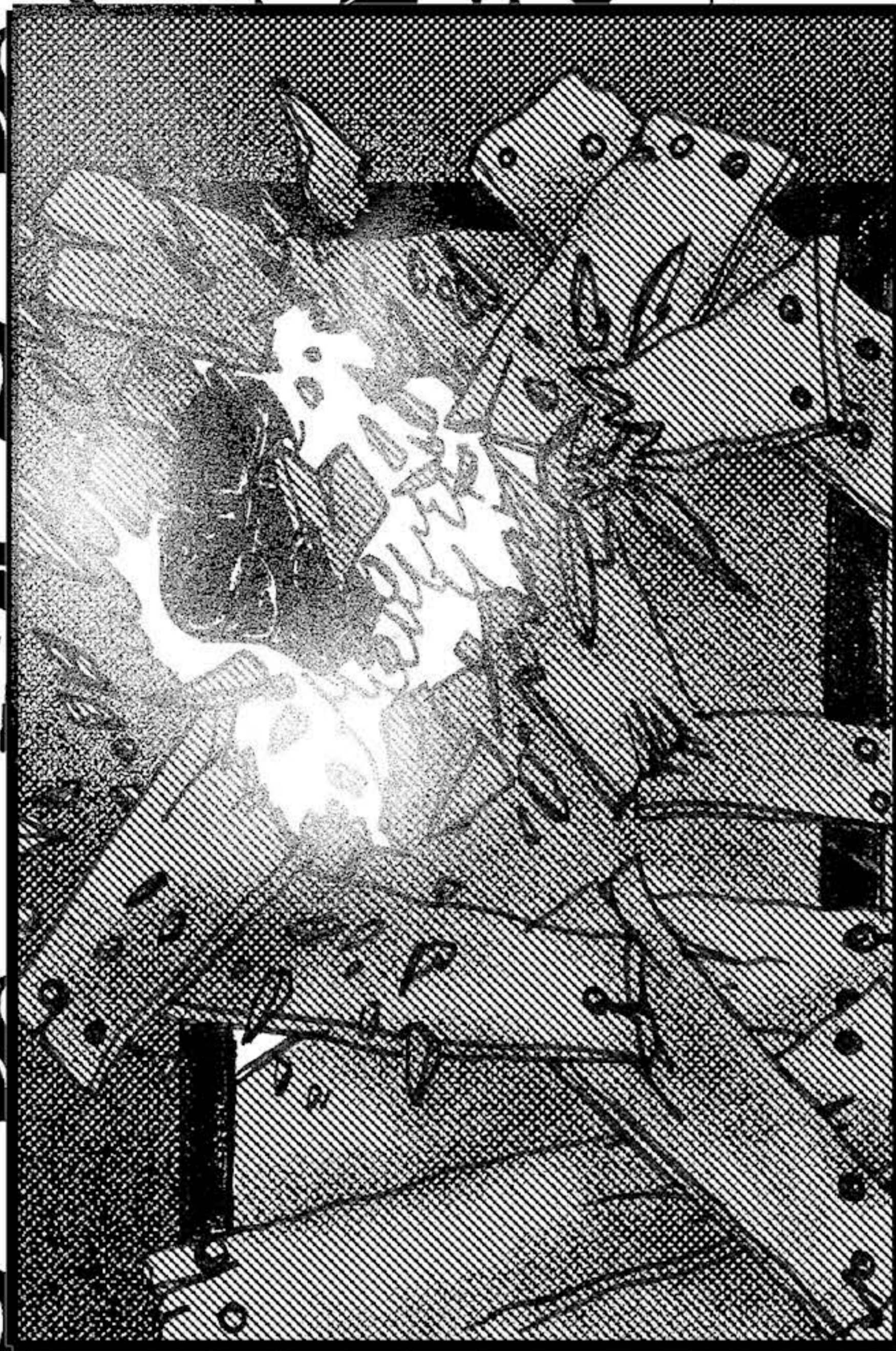
I'M NOT CALLED VEGETABALLZ89 ANYMORE.

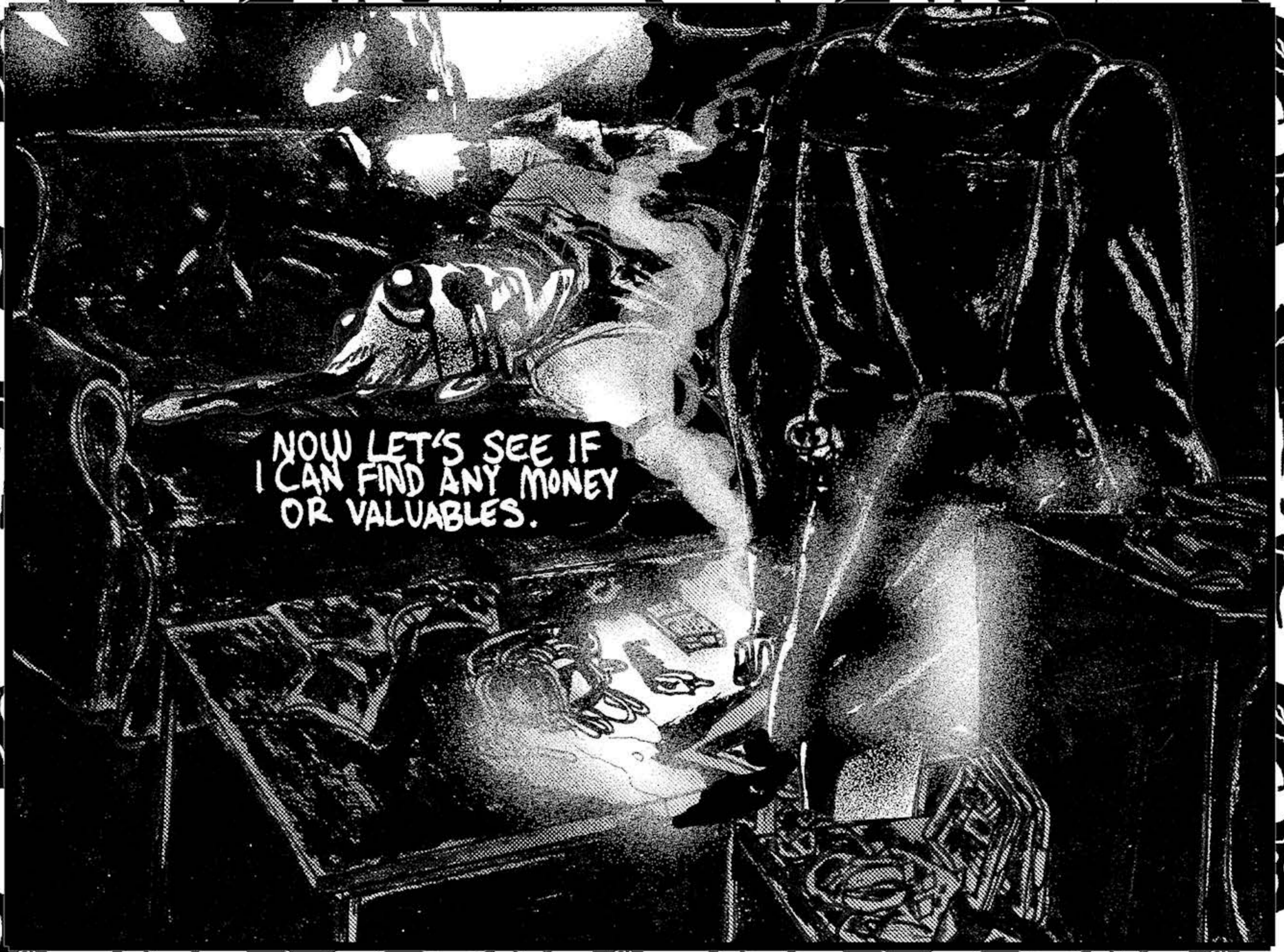
I CHANGED MY NAME TO "TRILL-PAXTON"



SO TRUE







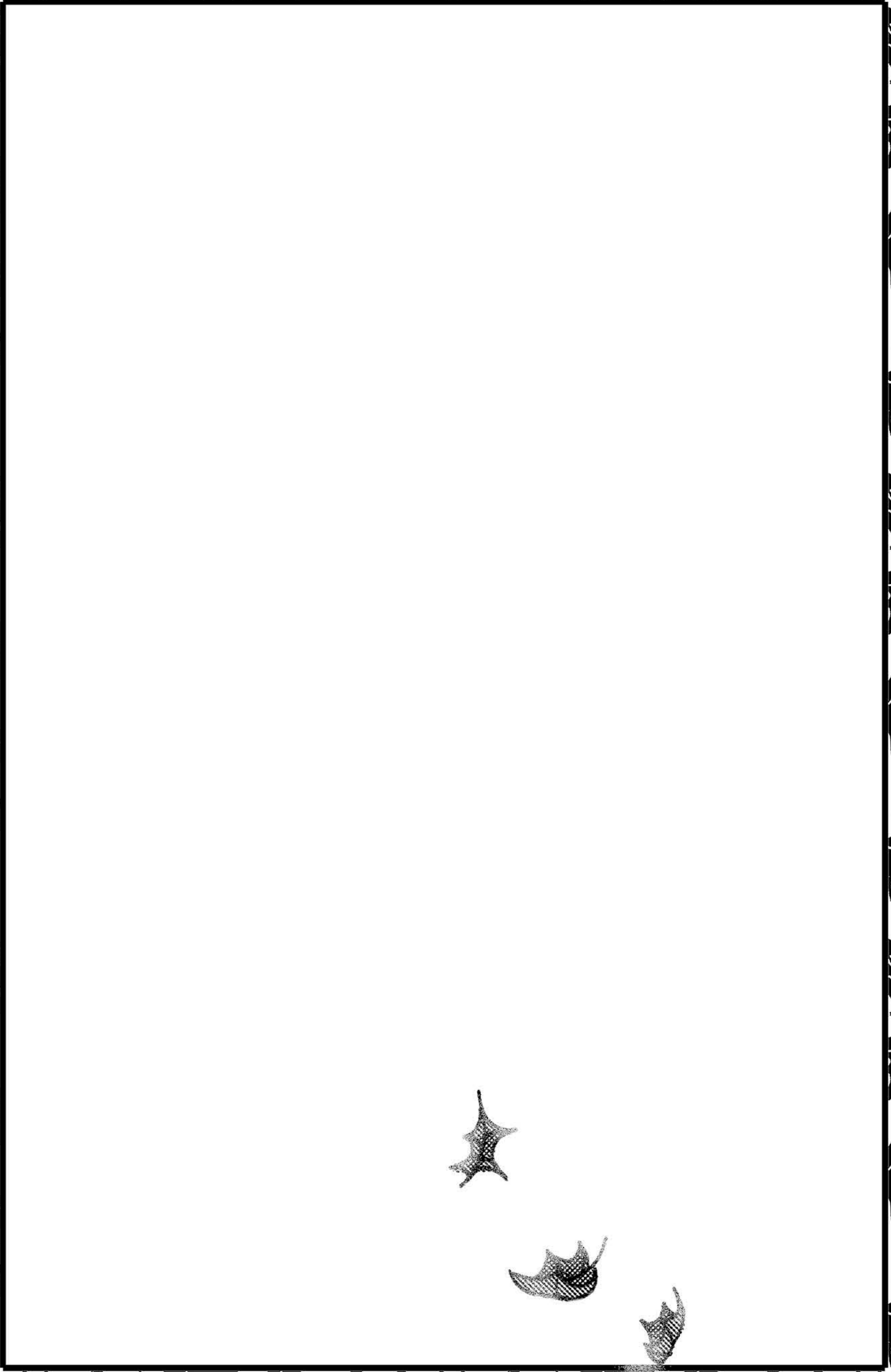
NOW LET'S SEE IF
I CAN FIND ANY MONEY
OR VALUABLES.



HOPEFULLY THIS
PLACE ISN'T EMPTY.



THIEVERY IS
THE MOST COMMON
JOB HERE.











BUT CONSTANTS ARE THE CANVAS
ON WHICH REALITY IS PAINTED.



YOU CAN'T SHARE
REALITY WHEN IT'S SO FULL
OF VARIABLES AND LIES
THAT IT BECOMES
UNRECOGNIZABLE.

OPPOSITE EXTREMES
ALLOW EACH OTHER TO EXIST.

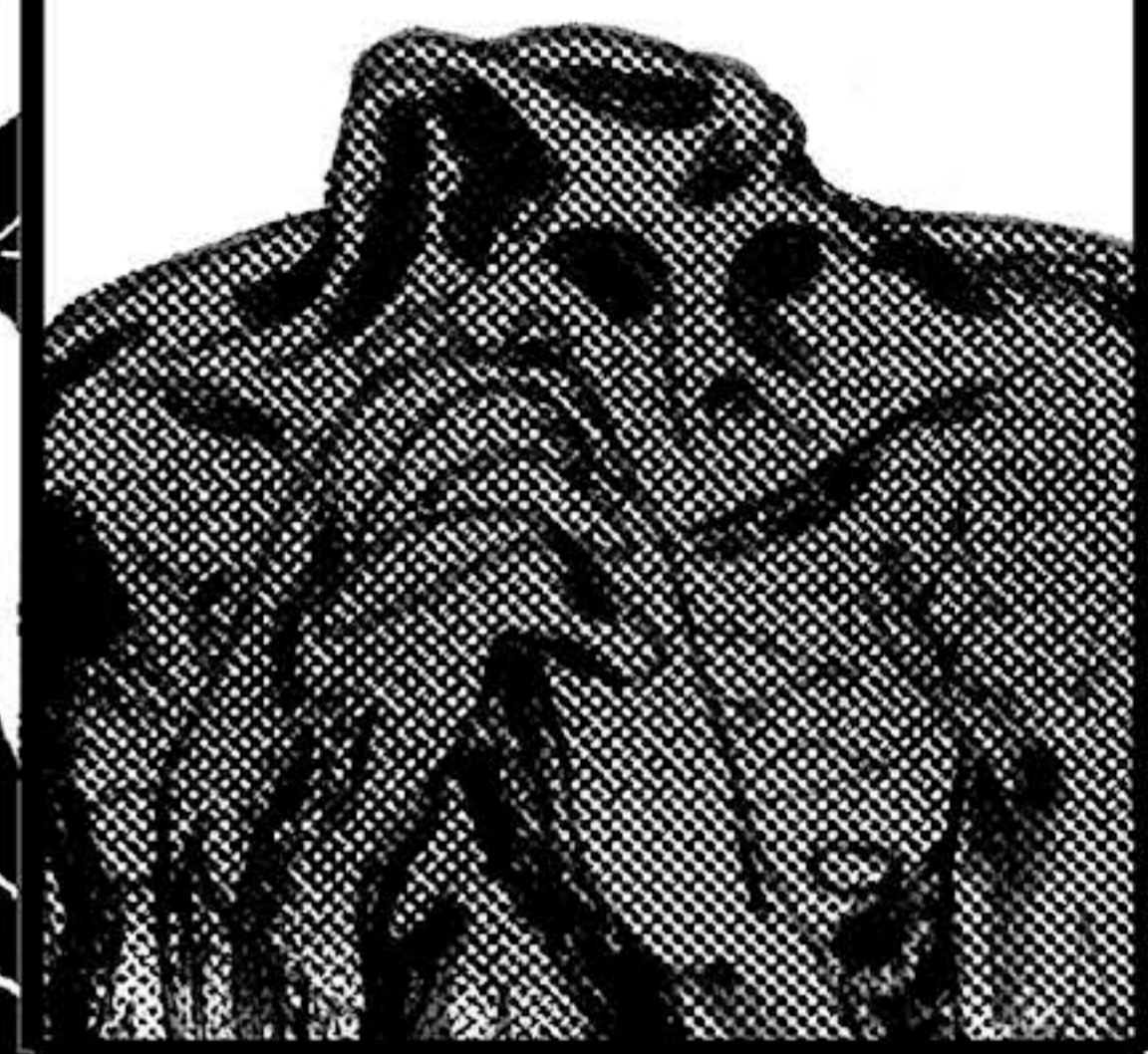
IF WE ARE
TO HAVE A FUNCTIONAL
SOCIETY




WE NEED POINTS
OF REFERENCE



A MEETING PLACE.



IF WE'RE NOT
GOING TO SHARE OUR
CONSCIOUSNESS
WHY BE CONSCIOUS
AT ALL?



WE'VE FINALLY BEEN GIVEN THE FREEDOM
TO HIDE WHAT WE WANT AND CHANGE TO BE THE
WAY WE WANT, SO ALL WE DO IS HIDE AND CHANGE.



SOME PEOPLE CHOOSE TO LIVE COMPLETELY ANONYMOUS
JUST SO THEY CAN DOWNLOAD CARS OR CYBERBULLY
TEENAGERS FOR LIKING STEAM-SKA.

I'D RATHER BE
PART OF A REFERENCE
POINT.



I'D RATHER BE
A TRACKABLE MOMENT
IN HISTORY.

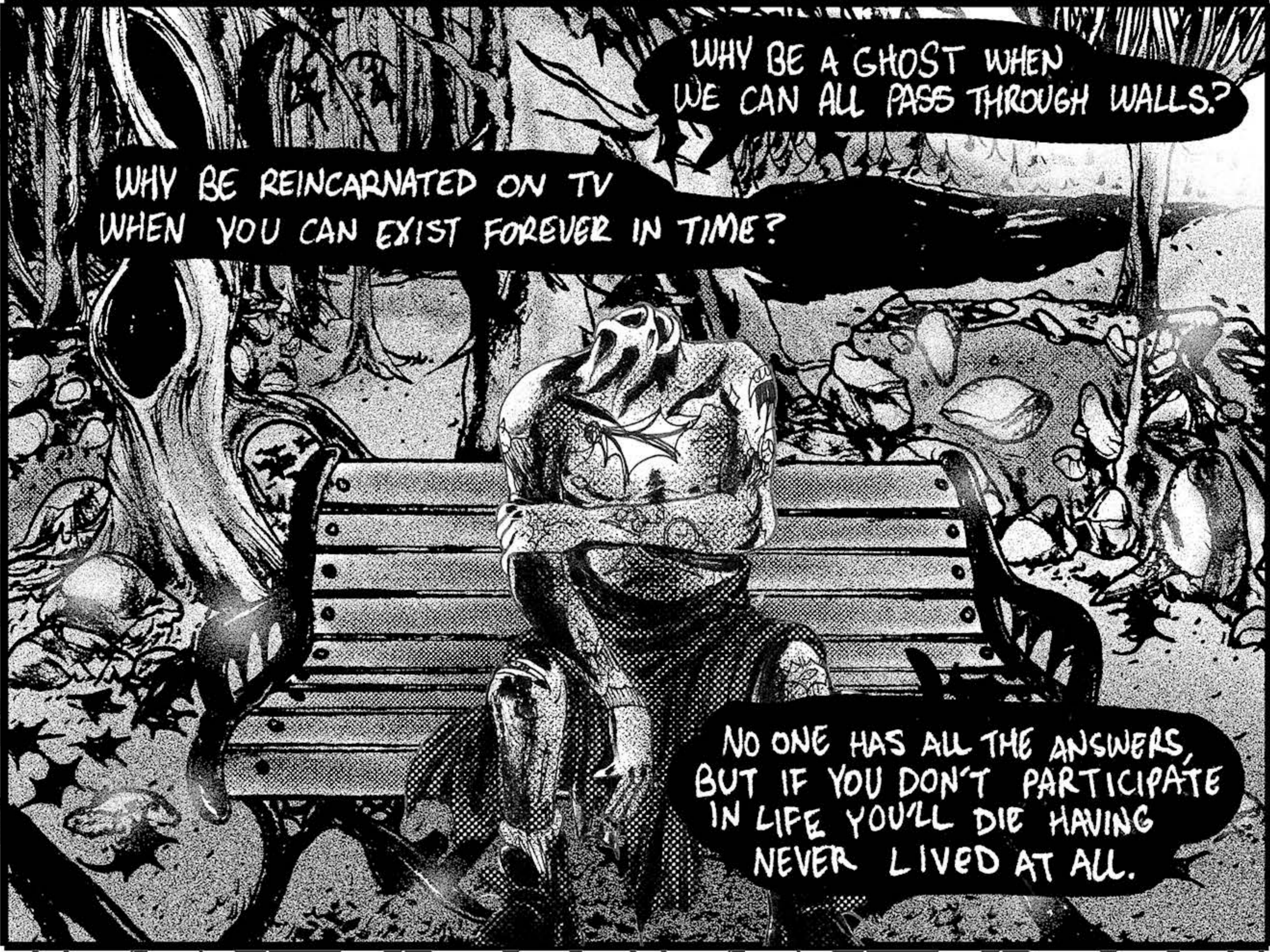


A LIVING
PAGINATION.



WHY BE REINCARNATED ON TV
WHEN YOU CAN EXIST FOREVER IN TIME?

WHY BE A GHOST WHEN
WE CAN ALL PASS THROUGH WALLS?



NO ONE HAS ALL THE ANSWERS,
BUT IF YOU DON'T PARTICIPATE
IN LIFE YOU'LL DIE HAVING
NEVER LIVED AT ALL.

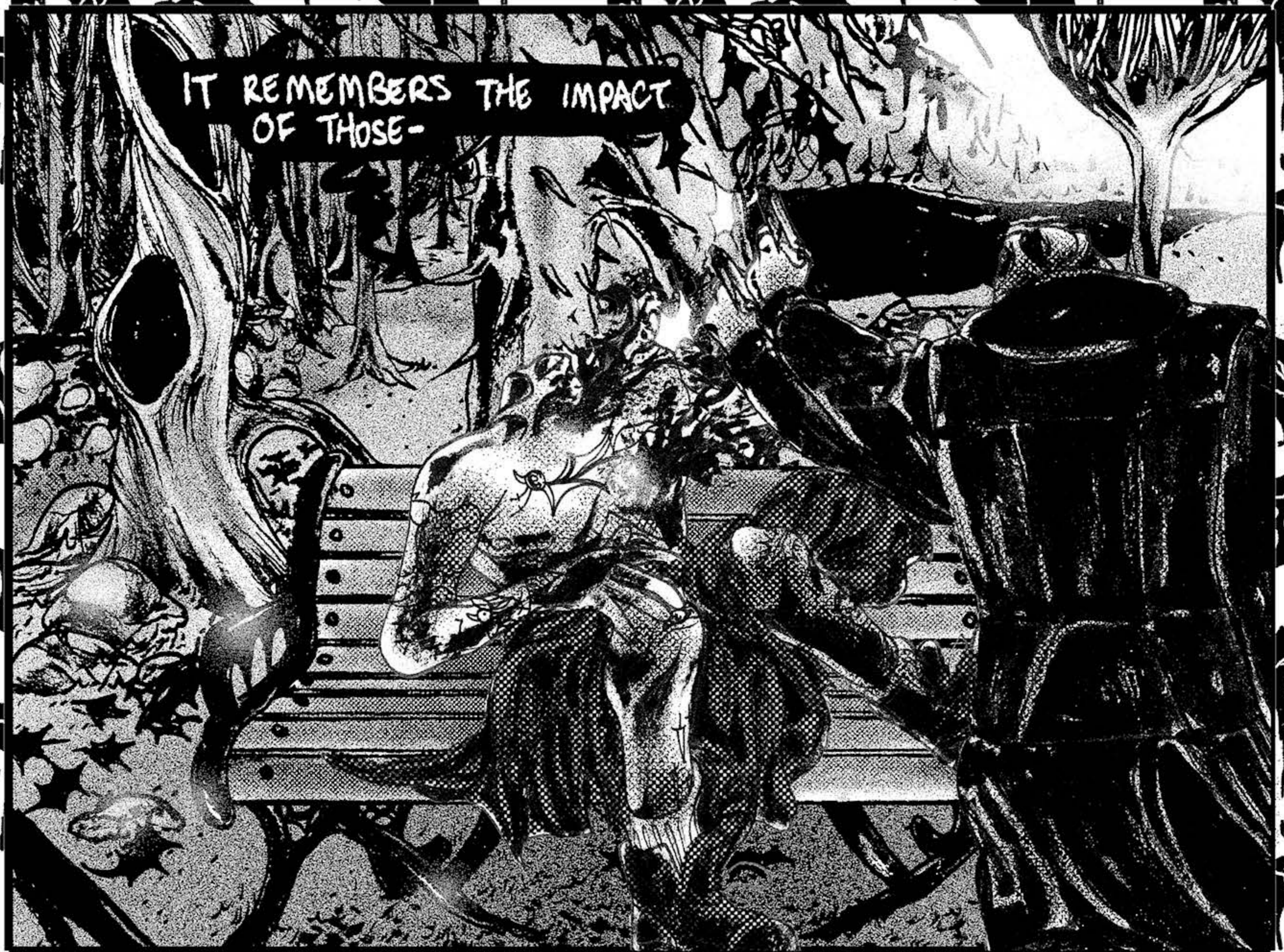
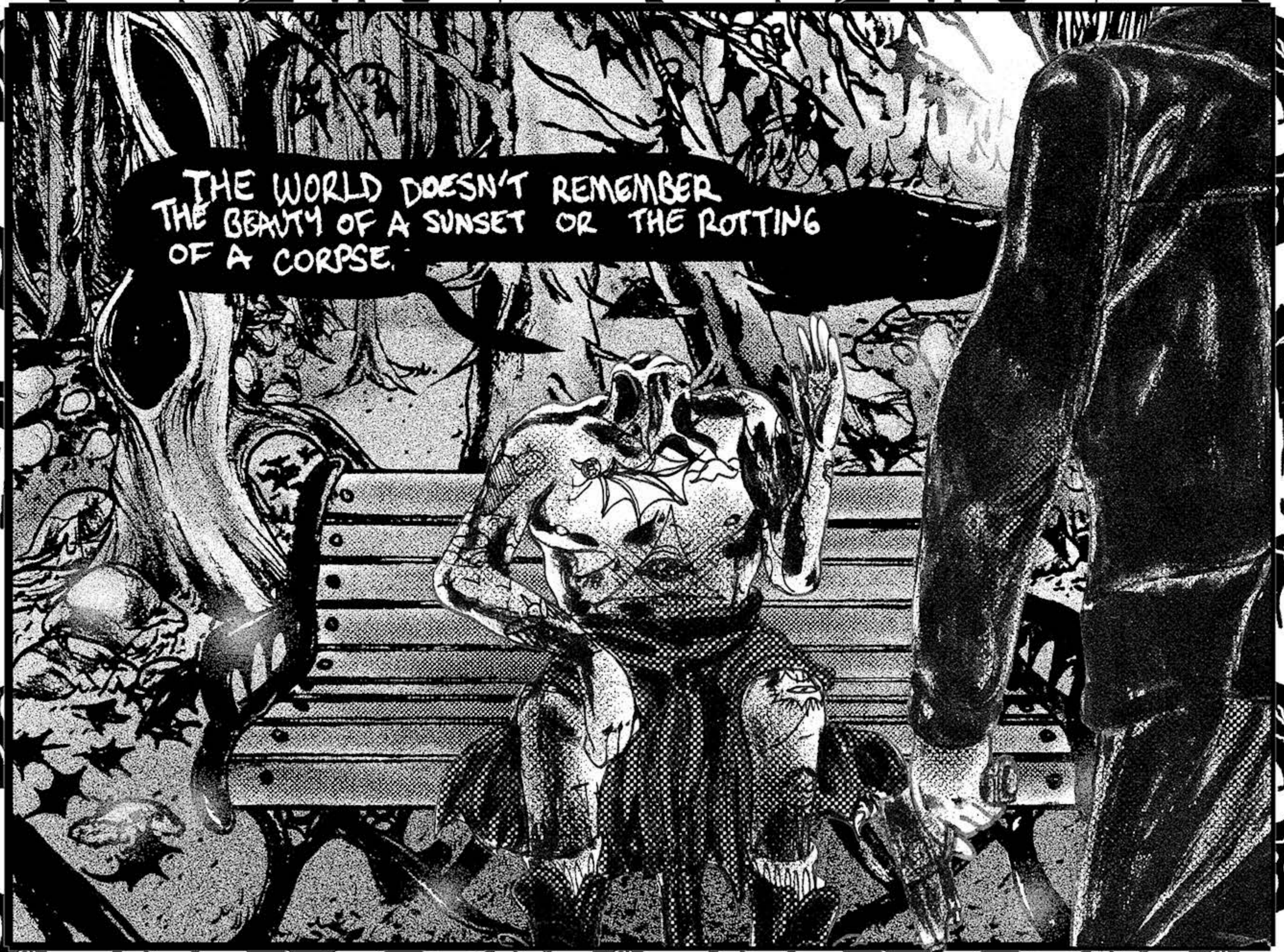


IT'LL BE LIKE YOU DIDN'T EXIST



YOU'LL BE JUST LIKE THOSE WHO DIED IN DECRANIALIZATION

ROTTING ON THE FLESH OF A DEAD PLANET.



THESE TATTOOS SHOULD
BE WORTH A FEW NOTES



MAYBE SOME
REBLOGS!





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ZACH HAZARD VAUPEN WAS BRED IN AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL CLONING FACILITY. CONCEIVED IN AN EFFORT TO CREATE THE PERFECT ORIGINAL FOR AN ARMY OF SUBTERRANEAN MUTANT CLONES, ZACH ESCAPED THE FACILITY AT AGE 8 ON A FREIGHTER HEADING TOWARDS EARTH. UPON LANDING IN NEW YORK, HE RAN FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES UNTIL HE HAPPENED UPON A BLACK CAVE. HE YELLED INTO THE CAVE, BUT THERE WAS NO ECHO. HE YELLED AGAIN AND THERE WAS NO ECHO. HE YELLED FOR ETERNITY AND NEVER ECHOED.