

444

TIES



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TIES

by Robert N. Lee

196?



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(with apologies to P.G. Wodehouse and an unusual gang of idiots)

AWESOMEDOME.COM

2015

666ties

1960 - Santa Medusa Novela

1961 - The Great Commandment

1962 - Prick Six

1963 - Beirut

1964 - Killin' Dylan

1965 - She's Not There

1966 - Untitled Bruce Lee/ Phil Dick Project

1967 - The Live Lady of Down Town

1968 - Finest Kind

1969 - Califormication

"The voice of the turtledove is heard in our land."

- Song of Solomon 2:12

GETTING AWAY WITH IT, NINETEEN-SIXTY-INFINITY DEPT.

Later there will be other secrets; secrets grow up with you. It is 1969. Later there will be semen on these sheets and blankets. It is 1959. Later the bed will groan with you. It is 1949. Later there will be a girl, maybe, in this bed. Or a boy. It is 1939.

For now, the only rebellion the mattress ever sees is the flashlight under the covers, you only see dimly into the valley of the shadow of sex. Later it is 2009, it is 2019, later for everyone. Kids who can't sleep or don't want to don't need flashlights anymore to read things they aren't supposed to at night, not in the science fiction future.

But now it is 1969, it is 1979, it is 1989, and you start at every noise your bed makes and the house makes. You welcome the chance to stick your head into cool air, out of the sweaty stank lodge of your blankets and your stash of brain-destroying, soul-corrupting filth. Except when it might be your dad. If he sees even the hint of a light bleeding under your door, going to the bathroom, the door will come open and you will have to buy all your favorite back issues again. If you can't get them back out of the garbage.

Again. The night checks, once comforting, are increasingly unwelcome.

It is 2019, it is 1919, it is all the 19s at once. And you are already figuring out there is always somebody who hates the things you love most, always somebody who wants to take them away from you or shame you about them. You're *that* smart, kid.

But you're still kid enough to think that ends when you're not a kid anymore, that you'll grow up and be free and nobody will ever tell you what to do again. That this ends sometime.

You'll figure it out. This magazine you're not supposed to be reading will help you figure that out. It was designed to do that, pretty much. Don't tell your dad that.

Plus it's hilarious. Someday, you know, you'll be able to laugh as loud as you want at whatever you want, whenever you want. But for now, keep it quiet. You never know when that door will fly

open.

It is 2099. It is 1899. It is 1099.

It is the year-#@?%!-999.

THE SPREAD

World War II meets *Sergeant Pepper's*, and everyone is there, Druckerized across two whole pages almost. Luckily, everybody's using everybody else's full names in conversation: "I say, Admiral Nimitz, do you have Prince Albert in a can?" So you can pretend to know who even half of them are. All standing around together like they were at a big fancy party...

Hey, wait—there wasn't any scene like this in World War II. Hitler never traded barbs with Eleanor Roosevelt. Curtis LeMay and Josef Mengele did not make goo-goo eyes at Tokyo Rose together, ever. Quisling never made another martini for a Martian, and a Martian never said "I keep looking at a photo of my wife. When she starts to look good, I know it's time to go home." And why are there Civil War guys and ancient Romans?

And what the #@?%! is a sharkphoon?

This is all sort of overwhelming and blending together and you can tell it was fun for the guy to draw, but none of it's very funny. Admire the technique for a second and move on to the beginning of the movie parody, proper.

RED DUH

Patrick-Claude Shwarzenooper-Estevez squinted into the desert dawn. He frowned as he thought of his home town: Feckless, Nevada. Twenty miles eastward, just over Injun Giver Ridge, now under the iron bootgrip of the Japanese. Or the Germans. Or the Russians. Or the Chinese. Or the Arapahoe. Or the Suffragettes. Or the Sandinistas.

He couldn't remember which was in charge of dominating Feckless and choking the very life blood of freedom from its bones, this week. Was it North Korea? Wait, was there even a North Korea yet? Was it racist if he couldn't tell when it was Korean Week and when it was Japanese Week in Feckless, watching through binoculars, until somebody told him which was which?

At least it wasn't Martians. The Martians had invaded America alongside everybody else after Pearl Harbor, from the Ottomans to the spooky army of Viking skeletons and the time-traveling Spartans to the Shriners. (Patrick-Claude's dead older brother, Audie Wayne Lancaster-Estevez, USMC, had taken issue with the notion of the Shriners invading America. Before his untimely demise in a training accident, while training Patrick-Claude to peel potatoes. How could you invade your own country? But Patrick-Claude didn't know what else to call it when you burned down Washington D.C. to purge the nation of Masonic taint and then went to war in little clown

cars against the Elks and Mummers and the old guys at the VFW. Who had little clown *tanks*, themselves, and their own hankering to take over America. That was a shocker.)

As it turned out, this world was being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as moronic as his own. Fortunately, they also they turned out to be terrible planners. The Martians were so consumed with not getting killed by something stupid once they hit Earth—like a cold, or the corrosive effects of water or nitrogen or soil, or the power of love, or some other #@?%! thing—they forgot to bring along any guns.

They didn't even have any clubs or knives or anything, the Martians. Not that Patrick-Claude had any idea how Martians would hold clubs or knives. Or guns. Although they did have queer devices they used to kill germs. One of the Martians would have blinded Patrick-Claude's old hound Broseph, were Broseph not blind already, waving that microbe...gun?...around. That was a near miss.

But an affront that must be faced and met, nonetheless! This was America, not Barsoom! Not Korea! Not...Ottomanland. Or wherever. No one pointed a Martian germ-killing...thing...at Patrick-Claude Shwarzenooper-Estevez' dog!

Patrick-Claude Shwarzenooper-Estevez squinted again, and smiled this time. It was a grim smile. And in that smile flames burned brightly, the flames that consumed the Estevez homestead outside Feckless, where proud Estevezes had raised movie actors since there was an America to raise them in, before Nevada was a state, even. Those flames, and the flames he would raise against those who took his home from him, who took away America! Be they Jacobins or Wobblies or Whigs, by god!

Also, his eyes were full of screams, the screams of the lost innocents and innocence lost of AMERICA, and his ears were full of...more fire. And freedom.

You get the picture.

"We spent all winter training, my friends. And waiting." Patrick-Claude Shwarzenooper-Estevez was pacing in front of his troops, careful to face west so they had to do the squinting, now. "We waited for justice. We waited for freedom. We waited for our moms to call. But we all know now: our moms will never call."

Catpiss "Hungry Games" Mondegreen choked back a sob, a low, delicate sob across the way. No one else noticed, but Patrick-Claude did.

He'd never noticed Catpiss before last winter, when everybody and everything invaded America all at once and they didn't have to go to school anymore and then she broke her glasses and her hair fell down all over her face in an adorable mess while they were running from the combined forces of the Gestapo and KGB and surprise: she was beautiful. She'd always been the Archery Club/Physics/Auto Shop/Doctors Without Borders nerd girl, there is one at every school. And he was the captain of the football team—meaning the football team, not the *soccer* team. He had no time for girls with glasses who had multiple doctorates in Nuclear Science and Lasers and Horsemanship by the time they were fourteen.

How foolish he'd been, he thought, wincing and then feeling stupid, like the assembled teen

partisans would think he was making fun of them. He had nothing to wince about. Nothing but Catpiss, who would always make him wince, who alone knew the wincings of his very soul, if only she would—

"Patrick-Claude?"

"Huh?"

His girlfriend, Elizabeth-Carrie, Feckless High's head cheerleader (Go Tarantulas). Another thing to wince about, he thought. And winced. Again.

Once they had loved, truly and deeply, but now, after months of bitter united struggle, his heart was knit to another. He knew he had never known love before he knew Catpiss, known about her love of freedom and blind old hounds and America, almost equal to his own. How could he—

"Are we done here, or what? The sun's in our eyes, in case you haven't noticed."

Patrick-Claude flushed. "I'm sorry. I was thinking of home. And freedom."

"Then why were you staring at Catpiss? Again? With your eyes so full of screams, screams for justice *and* screams of molten, primal desire?"

#@?%!!

"People, we have trained and we have waited all winter long, and our time is finally come. Today we strike back! Today we come down from the mountains and take what's ours from...whoever's got it this week."

"The Hell's Angels. And Al-Qaeda. Are splitting the town this week."

"Thank you, Ramon! We come down to take our town back from...is that how you spell Al-Qaeda? I'm never sure. I thought it had a U in it."

"I think you're thinking of Quran as opposed to Koran? Spelling that with a K and an O is totally racist." Ramon's cousin Tomas, this time. They were from Mexico, left stranded when their own country invaded along with everybody else in the universe. But their blood ran true blue American, for Mexicans.

"It is?"

Most everybody nodded.

"Okay, good to know. But: Al-Qaeda, that's good? No U?"

Nods again, a little more hesitant.

"Never mind! However their names are spelled, we will drive these invaders from our town, from our homes, from our school, from the bowling alley, and from Dirk's Drive-In!" A few scattered cheers, pretty half-hearted, at that. The sun was way up over the horizon now, and really hurting everybody else's eyes.

"We will destroy them! We will hear the lamentations of their women and children and then we will destroy their women and children!"

A few eyebrows raised at that, and even more half-hearted and fewer cheers. Catpiss nudged Elizabeth-Carrie. "Women and children?"

"Just let him go, he's almost done."

"WE WILL SHOW NO MERCY! WE WILL ROUSE THE FURY OF THE SHARKPHOON!!!"

Ramon nudged Tomas. "¿Qué es un sharkphoon?"

Tomas rolled his eyes and shrugged.

They were all killed or captured, then killed in about fifteen minutes, of course.

Come on, it's a bunch of football players and girl scouts and 4-H kids. Just because they grew up on farms doesn't mean they can fight the Nazis. Or the Soviets. Or ISIS. Or the Cherokee. Or the Mole Men.

(Forgot about the Mole Men. #@?%! Mole Men.)

What did you think would happen?



The little time traveling ancient Romans in the margins are protesting the teeny Martians in the margins. VINI VIDI AI YI YI and MARSHIE GO HOME say their little protest signs. The wee Martians are counter-protesting, and have signs that say OCCUPY BARZOOOPALFOOMKAJIN and PAX ROMANA???

Then a little tiny hippie Martian walks up holding hands with a teensy weensy time traveling ancient hippie Roman, and they have signs with baby hearts and darling dear daisies on them.

The microprotesters combine forces to beat up the minihippies.



**THE WORLD IS NEVER SAYING ENOUGH OF WHO LOVED MY
PUSSYBALL ROYALE vs SPY**

PANEL ONE: John Fitzgerald Kennedy is strolling down a barely-drawn sidewalk that could be anyplace. He is wearing a great big hat. He does not see Joseph Goebbels hiding in the shadows of an alley, snickering. Goebbels is also wearing a great big hat. They both have tornadoes over their heads and "(HIC)" floating around them, so you can tell that they are both drunk.

PANEL TWO: But JFK does see the sexy, sexy lady across the street! She is dressed to the nines and wearing sexy makeup! And a great big hat! JFK jumps into the air like a cartoon wolf and goes "Woo-woo!" Only...no words, so it's a bar of music with some notes on it. But you know what it means: WOO-WOO! (HIC) There is a dotted line going straight from JFK to the sexy, sexy lady.

PANEL THREE: Close up on Goebbels, who is holding a remote control box - oh #@?%! that's no sexy lady, JFK—that's a BOMB!

PANEL FOUR: Goebbels hears something behind him in the alley. What??? It's a sexy, sexy lady of his own, going "Woo-woo!" at HIM! (HIC)

PANEL FIVE: Goebbels takes the hand of the sexy lady, and kisses it over and over as he stares into her eyes. And you can tell, because there are little dotted lines going back and forth between their eyes. Also, little hearts are floating around Goebbels' drunken cyclone.

PANEL SIX: The Earth from outer space, cracking in two, mushroom clouds all over it. Speech balloons popping out all around the globe, saying "WOO-WOO! (HIC)"

Only, you know: no words.

THE HIGHER THE FEWER, OR: KITEHAWK DOWN

The Golden Age Mississippi Kite wished the Golden Age Captain Whizbang would shut up already.

"Ring-a-ding-ding-racism," said the Golden Age Captain Whizbang.

"Okay, I get that you're Elvis in the other story and you're Sinatra in this one. But Otis Redding is me in the other story and...who am I?"

"You remind me of the man, man."

"What man?"

"The man with the power, baby."

"Just shut up already."

"I do what?"

"STAHP"



The tiny people in the margins are having a wedding. The teeny bride is very fat. Men are trying to force her in a widdle church door, carrying her like miniscule reverse pallbearers.

They finally shoot her out of a cannon, at the church. She misses the church and flies across the page and into a very, very small sharkphoon tank.

The wee groom weeps, such precious, marginal tears.



ISN'T IT IRONIC?

A GI, a buck private, turns to his sergeant. He asks, "Sarge, do you ever maybe think the other fellas over there, they think they've got God and Right and Duty and Patriotism on their side, too?"

And the sergeant says, "But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection."

And the private says, "#@?%! me."

A Wehrmacht private asks his sergeant, "Heil Hitler Volkswagen sauerkraut heil Rommel schnitzel edelweiss heil hat nur einen Hoden über alles unabhaengigkeitserklaerungen Hodor Hodor Hodor Kaiser Hasenpfeffer?"

And the sergeant says, "Aber wenn seine Sache nicht gut ist, so hat der König selbst eine schwere Rechenschaft abzulegen; wenn alle die Beine und Arme und Köpfe, die in einer Schlacht abgehauen sind, sich am Jüngsten Tage zusammenfügen, und schreien alle: »Wir starben da und da«; einige fluchend, einige um einen Feldscher schreiend, einige über ihre Frauen, die sie arm zurückgelassen, einige über ihre unbezahlten Schulden, einige über ihre unerzogenen Kin der. Ich fürchte, es sterben nur wenige gut, die in einer Schlacht umkommen: denn wie können sie irgend was christlich anordnen, wenn sie bloß auf Blut gerichtet sind? Wenn nun diese Menschen nicht

gut sterben, so wird es ein böser Handel für den König sein, der sie dahin geführt, da, ihm nicht zu gehorchen, gegen alle Ordnung der Unterwürfigkeit laufen würde."

And the private says, "#@?%! mich." And then: "#@?%! HAIFUN!!"

A Martian private or whatever they call them thinks at its...sergeant?...about why they came to Earth prepared for microbes, but not for anything else. That seems very foolish, in retrospect. It thinks. In thought bubbles.

The Martian sergeant doesn't think anything back, because even if it could, it's dead. Everything on Earth kills Martians, as it turns out.

And the Martian private says "WOO-WOO!"

Only, you know: no words.



The tiny people in the margins are reading even tinier comics about sub-microscopic people who live in the margins of margins. The weensiest people ever, who live in the margins of margins of margins, are having a big fight in international costumes at an adorable little UN building.

If only you could see it. It is so small.



MY TWO (DEADBEAT) DADS

Phil Dick's dad and Stephen King's dad had the most boring job in the whole war, they were both pretty sure. You'd think creating pornography wouldn't be the most boring job in the war. You'd think that'd be a pretty good job, actually, making pornography. Better than sitting in a trench or getting shot at, certainly.

And it was that, at least. And once it had been kind of fun, even, making Your Closest Loved Ones Are Cheating On You Back Home pornography to drop on Huns and Japs and Commies and creatures from black lagoons and Spartacist Leaguers and actual Spartans, from the third century B.C. Actually, scratch that last—making demoralizing pornographic propaganda aimed at Spartans from the third century B.C. wasn't much fun at all. For what should be obvious reasons.

It wasn't even fun calling the gals who did localization work over in Ireland on Spartan jobs, asking for translations. Nothing but shame and sadness on those calls, and no chance to flirt with a voice, any voice off this rock, stuck with only each other and a design intern named Joe for company.

Joe did all the pictures, or mostly *found* all the pictures. He got them from the FBI's and the Vatican's vast archives of centuries worth of filth, both opened for the war effort, but only to Joe the design intern and Stephen King's dad and Phil Dick's dad. (Joe referred to the FBI stash as J. Edgar's Spank Bank until Phil Dick's dad showed him what for.)

Joe spent all day on the horn asking people who worked for the Pope for two plumbers #@? %!!ing a housewife. Yes, again, but could this one look a little more Mediterranean? And plumper, enough with the skinnies already?

Or: please tell me there's at least one more Byzantine mosaic of horse-#@?%!!ing. There has got to be one more. Well, there just has to be, I can't believe the Byzantines did that little horse #@?%!!ing, back in the day Hahahahaha, they sure are doing a lot of horse #@?%!!ing now, that is a good one. But seriously, do you have any more horse #@?%!!ing bas-reliefs? The course of the war may depend on it.

Or that's what Joe did until the job changed overnight. Until the Martians.

Everything killed Martians, so you'd think that'd be that. Just let everything kill them. But they got wise to that Everything Kills Us Game, fast, these Martians, and retreated to their spaceships—giant saucer-shaped things that couldn't possibly fly, but who cared about that on top of everything else about Martians?

The Martians only brought along weaponry suited to killing microbes, and occasionally they used it, great ship-mounted anti-germ guns tuned to healthy organisms, destroying all the digestion-aiding bacteria in a battalion's guts, for instance. Which gave bothersome bellyaches that could last hours, if not minutes.

Mostly they just annoyed people and that annoyance was distracting and potentially deadly when you were fighting everything at once. And sometimes they crashed a space ship into a battle, and that was no good.

So the word came down, and the brass had decided they had enough human-centric pornographic propaganda to last a while, and Joe the design intern and Stephen King's dad and Phil Dick's dad were strictly on Martian pornography duty for the duration.

Because like everything else, the very thought that their loved ones might be getting #@? %!!ed by two or three tradesmen or hoboes or goldbrickers at home while they tried to fight a war with nothing but anti-bacterial spray...killed Martians. Many men, brave men, died getting that news to the Martians, again and again. And with every successful mission, Phil Dick's dad and Stephen King's dad and Joe the design intern had to come up with a new way to offend Martians to death.

There was no more talking to Sheila and the other gals in Ireland. What did they know from Martians?

Now they had only each other, the three of them. And Joe and Phil Dick's dad were at it

again, and Stephen King's dad was about to lose his #@?%!.

Joe the design intern: "Hey, what's our shipping address here again?"

Phil Dick's dad: "Gibraltar. Rock of."

Phil Dick's dad: "123 Urdum Way."

Phil Dick's dad: "Bum#@?%!. Egypt."

Joe the design intern: "Do you think this war's ever going to be over?"

Phil Dick's dad: "Hmmm...let me check my *crystal ball*."

Phil Dick's dad: "I was going to ask this Martian in this picture, but he's busy #@?%!ing your mom."

Phil Dick's dad: "Yes, right now! Just let me call Eisenhower and tell him you suck."

Joe the design intern: "Is that seawater coming in or rain?"

Phil Dick's dad: "I dunno, why don't you ask it?"

Phil Dick's dad: "It's neither, it's this Martian in this picture #@?%!ing your mom."

Phil Dick's dad: "Neither. It's Martian #@?%!." (That one time, that answer turned out to be true. As it happened.)

On and on and on all day, every day. It was maddening. Stephen King's dad couldn't even figure out what they both got out of it. The questions were dumb, the responses weren't any better, they weren't funny, they were just angry. And yet every day, all day, Joe the design intern asked dumb questions and Phil Dick's dad came back with three completely inane and bitter retorts.

To be honest, it was kind of a relief when the Apocalypse finally kicked off.

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The tiny people in the margins were invaded by the tinier people in the margin's margins and have had their own Apocalypse already. There are no more tiny and tinier and teenier still people in any margins or margins of margins or marginally marginal margins of margins.

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A CROCK O' #@?!%!! WOW, TELL DON'T SHOW DEPT.

"Is that Heimdallr blowing the horn that signals Ragnarok, gentlemen? Or is that the rapture? I cannot be sure."

"I can't tell, either, sir. The dead *are* returning to life."

"Yes, but they've been coming back to life since the *Indianapolis* crashed into Japan whilst delivering the A-bomb and simultaneously created both the lizard-god-king-protector of Nippon and the sharkphoon that is his nemesis."

They all looked at Private Doofus.

"I've been in the head the last ten-fifteen minutes, guys," said Private Doofus. "Catch me up?"

"All right, my good men: I think this is Christ coming now."

"Are you sure, sir? This feels more like Qiyamah to me."

"I think you're both wrong. That's Kalki on the white horse, there."

They all looked at Private Doofus.

"If you wanna ride/ride the white pony," Private Doofus sang, staring out another window.

"This is mad, gentlemen."

"No, it's crazy, sir. If you don't mind my saying."

"Cracked, if you ask me."

They all looked at Private Doofus.

"Plop!" said Private Doofus.

"I suppose, fellas, it's now just a matter of which supernatural or super-scientific travesty murders or devours or enslaves us first. It has been a pleasure."

"Likewise, sir. Although I have to admit I'm partial to the Old Ones, here. You go mad, you don't feel a thing."

"I'm holding out for the Martians. I've still got a fiver riding on them pulling something off at the last minute."

They all looked at Private Doofus, still staring out the other window.

"SHARKPHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO—" said Private Doofus.

ARTIST'S NOTE: I TOTALLY DREW THE SHARKPHOON FIGHTING THE BEARQUAKE ON THE BEACH AT NORMANDY, BUT THEN MY DOG ATE IT. HERE, INSTEAD, IS A DRAWING OF A SEXY, SEXY LA—OH #@?%!!, THAT'S NO LADY, IT'S A BOMB!!!

Woo-woo.

THE FOLD-IN AT THE END

You can see Pearl Harbor and D-Day as mirror images of each other. On one side of the page, Axis preparing to attack Allies, on the other side, Allies preparing to attack Axis. On both sides, the attackers are working desperately against a ticking clock, knowing their targets have all the pieces necessary to figure out their plans and anticipate and defeat them. They just haven't put them all together yet.

On the left side of the page, Axis making plans and codes and Allies breaking them. On the right side, the opposite. Between the crowds on the two sides float three oversized computer-punched streamers of tape, presumably War Code Tape. Written on those streamers are WHERE ARE THE SHIPS MOVING, CAN WE SEE THAT and THIS MAN HAS A LONG MOUSTACHE and a bunch of garbled gobbledygook, code, you guess.

Across the top, the headline: CLEARLY, THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THE ULTIMATE QUESTION OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING.

You fold the page together and get

WH AT

T HE

#@ ?%!!

Wow, that's kind of a bummer. But they're always like that, like they just have to give you a sad at the end of all those yucks or something.

GETTING AWAY WITH IT DEPT., PART II

A car drives by outside, a neighbor heading for work early or home from work late, and you watch the headlights chase around your room, flashlight off for good. You're too keyed up to sleep, and you don't want to know what time it is. You're going to get crap at breakfast in a few hours, for being all groggy and spacey, and today a school day, but it doesn't matter. Another day, same old #@%!!.

At least you know somebody else knows it's all #@%!!. A whole gang of somebodies, sending barely coded Hang In There Kid messages back to their past selves.

It matters, it really does, just knowing that. Your dad can take the magazines away, your mom can make you only read church books for a month and no TV, your teacher can forbid you bringing those books and those comics to school, the world can say whatever it wants to you about whatever it wants, whenever it wants. And it will. It always will.

You know better. Keep knowing better. Because the secret is: the #@%!! never stops, definitely not when you Grow Up. In fact, it just gets deeper and #@%!!ier. You never get away from the #@%!!, no matter what time it is.

What time it is: it is 1949, it is 1969, it is 1989, it is 2009.

Keep corrupting your #@%!! souls and rotting your #@%!! brains out, kids.

—RNL, *March 2015*

No Foolin'

666ties will be relaunching later this month with the 1965 story, "She's Not There." At long last. Thanks to everybody who waited. —RNL

April 1, 2015

About the Author

Born in New Jersey, Robert N. Lee has lived all over the place, since, including Vietnam, Hawaii, the Pacific Northwest, and now lives in Florida. He has held somewhere around fifty jobs, ranging from commercial hot tar roofing to cooking in restaurants to designing software and web services for SAP, Microsoft, McAfee, the World Health Organization, and Planned Parenthood. He has had stories and essays published in *Fantasy Magazine* and *Clarksworld* and *Shimmer*, among other places. He has many cats and dogs, two human children, and the best wife ever. His Xbox gamertag is Vee Ecks. He does not do Facebook.

“444ties”

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