

Death Valley

Part 4: David Made God (Left Side: Light)

Try to drill into a pillow, catch the bit and whirl. Knock Knock. There she is. Finally she comes. Shi is in stiletto heels. David is jumping on his bed and clapping at what's past the peephole: Shi, Shepard Green, Foxtrot Juliette: Love zombies necking biohazardously in the Hall, calling the police on themselves to have a ball: Love zombies before the guitar of the Love Guru like lionesses roaring at the mouth with silicon foam, he who says, "Get bit, get bent, give up": You have nothing but this left, sex: bent circuits: reproductive Love: Love production syndicate: Foxychan Crime Network: dual laub Tree: Halophila decipiens: some dude's seagrass aquarium, I was seeing him...: drugs before Love: love: hunger-for-hunger: hunger: the Wolf.

His aquarium contained one hundred some odd pills to give to Mother, daughters, and sisters. Box me up when Eden Day comes. Cut that fuse to my bomb. I won't blow if you box me up. Promise me a spot on that rocketship of Love. Pyramid to take us interplanetary. Kisses blowing out like solar winds turn everything red. Black expanses of space are inhabited by ghosts. We will infect them with Rock and Roll sex.

Knock Knock. Who's there? Shi's wearing a Crown of golden locks full of milky pearls. There's a swarm of wasps caught in her sweet stickiness. There is a real body on this woman. Her shadow crowds my paper door like she's behind Door Number 1. My goblin shadow perched up in bed aims my cartoon eye at her through this plastic peephole. I apologize for everything I have done. "Are you David Huang?" I have a gun. "I am here for our appointment." 11:48PM 9/11/2066. Automatic type gun. "But my key doesn't work." Gun. "Can you please let me in?" Gun. "What's your name?!"

"Hi, are you David? I'm Shi Pei!" Heavy automatic fire through a paper door. Who is behind Door Number 1 *now*, Babylon whore? Rainbow-petaled sunflower smiling faces impose: their will upon David, strict limits on his Hate, challenges for City officials in the wake of the July 4th Love Hotel bombings that sent silicon mouth foam flying in thick ropes across City asphalt singed immanently Hate-ful by what? clatterings of Police and Terrorist bones, Yes: earlier, that also spilled goblets of blood on their licking flames, legendary fight, fire fights: heroic firefighters: unsung songs: undercover firefighter: fire-fighting-fire: fire-fighting-for-fire: love: hunger: the Wolf.

"Remember...from Federal Medical? I'm your Psychic Guard. I look like a dog. I've got naturally dirty blond hair that's dyed this glow-in-the-dark white, like my nails. My skin is a perfect Golden tan. There are fields of freckles below my eyes, black eyeliner for you. My eyes are hazel. Mood: tanning booth blues electric grooves exploding glass-shard mystic, scratching you some

blood. You dig it? Do you need that from a gal like me?" "I am sorry Shi Pei but there has been some mistake. My Psychic Guard is named Juliette. I rejected your profile. I am sorry." I can barely hear myself above the jackhammering and my helmet's about to fly off. "Oh, can you believe it? Don't be sorry, honey! Only, would you mind if I hopped into your room for just a sec? I feel something dangerous out here. Love Zombies, I think. Have you been seeing those around?" "No! But I suppose you can come in..." Gun pointed at the door. "Step in," I think *whore*, stupid dogloving kind with dogs, dogkind. Sloppy, heavy body, soon could be blood. "Now slide that tissue paper door back closed behind you." "Whoa there, cowboy. What's got you spooked?" She looks like a Dog but she's got eyes like a Fox and smiles like a Wolf. Tattoos cover every inch of her body but her face. Lizard stripes of crimson, black, and purple lash everywhere and all over her Golden tan flesh like dog tongues. Tank top has a pentacle cutout below her breasts, tattoos on her chest spiral a galaxy of symbols circularly inward toward her solar plexus, but exactly that spot is obscured..."I'm just playing it safe, dollface. You said Zombies." "Did I? Z? Zzzzzz. I think what I saw were just two lovebirds humping each other's brains out in the hallway. They've gone now. But I need a glass of water before I go. I'm panting and drooling. Did you see them? I am just the same size and shape as Fox, but I am a Dog: love: the Wolf."

"Is that so?" A time-freezing hail of chaingun fire relocates her from my room, into the Sun. "Yeah, they must have given me the wrong file, is all. Thank you so much, again, for the water, David. I'll be on my way." "No!" "Why?" "Stay." "Okay, but will you do me a favor and bring me that drawing taped to your window? I want to look at it." "It's you." "Who? Who the fuck?" "No, Foxychan, I mean. Freudian slip." "How's that?" "How's your water?" "In a glass. You are this wound up when you are at home alone?" "You say that like you know me from somewhere else. Sometime else. Someway else." "I read your file, freak. I am a medical professional or whoever they hire at that dumb excuse for the name of a Mind Medicine Army you called me through. I sell sex therapy. Do you like feeling immense releases? Getting gripped in the moment of catharsis? Spilling your guts out to women dressed up like doctors? I have friends, too." "Get out." "No." "I will shoot." Gun. "Nope. You won't." "Why?" "You love me." "Who?" "You know just who." "Who?!" "Shi Pei, your Federal Medical Approved Sexual Release Therapist has arrived and is waiting inside of your room: wickedly tanned and tattooed mirror image of your Number One Love: that Psycho from the internet: American Girl with two million terrorists at her beck and call, sends hitmen to your door faster than they can crawl out of the walls, forever if you lay one more finger on me, David.": "On 'me'?": "On who? Who do you mean?": "You are...you must be...": "I dare you to say it.": "Shi": love: hunger-for-hunger: the Wolf. Aim that chaingun at the freaks outside your door. Pull me inside and let's get wild. Just don't say a word to no-one, never more. Girl like me gets wild behind the Sunshine. Surf a wave (Blood!) and get wild behind the Sunshine. I know (Bone!) a man like you (Blood!) has a waaaaay with his words (Blood! Blood! Blood!) Gun: the Wolf. But I neeeeed you to staaaaay quiet—like the Moon! But he's howling.

Howling...! (one two three, one two three *One*. one two three four five six *One*.)

Ohhhhhh! *Howling...* (one two three four five six *One*. one two three, one two three *One*.)

Oh

"Have you tried sexual release therapy, David?" Juliette is still out there, waiting for you, stiletto gripping..."Are you Juliette?!" "No, David, you're confused. She's the bad woman. I'm too good for you. I love you." Foxy Asian Massage Parlor Princess Gone Bad (Bone!) "I'm panting and drooling. Did you see them out there? Like young lovebirds. Our brains out, yeah we could. On the floor, against the wall, Oh, Say, Can you see? That brain-spattered banner? By the bombs' lovely bursting little lights? I'm between you and your gun now, David. I'm bigger than you, you know that." Her hand is on my shoulder and gripping, Shi is tall. Shi is talking down to me. Shi presses me to sit down. (Bone!) "Are you experienced?" Virgin bones will ride that nuclear bomb downsky and Death Valley way, Valleyward that skeleton will ride with a bowling ball bomb burning down its fuse between his ribs, skinnyfat: final containment protection biohazard alert status ping quarantine red alarm: we have report of a Love outbreak in Telescope Apartments Terrorist Bedroom 1010B that's spilling out into the Halls, Death Valley, California 09993-09 Dial (323) 461-3331 for a whore, whenever you're ready for that heavier artillery. We're going to zero these subhumans. Rapidly expanding mandatory orgy eats your house, then your neighborhood, then the City, then the Sky. (Bone!) You bought Love pills and this is what happened to you. You are another dead fool. Ace shooting, Team Juliette and a big Sieg Heil to Foxtrot Squad, I count ten million Terrorists and Love zombies dead under the mushroom cloud, and nothing human. Both arms on my shoulders, pressing me to lie down, Shi is on top of me. I have a gun. I am in the grip of her pentacle of tentacles waving their American Red Flags, Doctor Death I am in the grip of, my neck is in her painted fist, Doctor, please help before I wind down like the time. Spiral like a clock, backward, head under her silencing pillow. Gun. "Get down on the ground! Blow my brains out, *now!*"

"You're still crazy, David, (Blood...) but try to listen to me through it. I am Foxycha—I-I-I-I (Blood...) am here to pull you out. Cassandra is dead (Blood!) We had to do it because of what you wrote. The rest of us are clued in. Destiny, Sophie, Shi, Juliette: all our Foxtrot Squad (Sieg Heil!) There is no Juliette out there to be afraid of I-I-I-I—am not Foxych—just, it's just you and me, David. I am Juliette. Be scared (Bone!) or don't: I don't care: fire-fighting-fire-for-fire: love: the Wolf. Feel that around your neck. You're not getting away from me this time. (Blood...) Slipped away from me like an eel... Blood... Blood... Bone... Blood... Bone! Because you are that much lower. Because you are a squirming joke. Listen: I am here to pull you out. Detective Green will kill you (Death.) One million Terrorists will kill you (Death.) Fox is alive. I know where she is. Follow me now. Just walk out of this place like you're not dead and get in my car (Death.)

First Kill: 11:59PM 9/11/2066: A heavily tattooed Asian Woman with dyed-blond hair aimed Telescope Apartments Resident and Terror Red Flagpole David Huang's automatic rifle at the paper door and opened fire into the Hall and killed the building Night Watchman on duty, Stephen Williams of Upper Badwater. "David? Everything okay in there? That Juliette of yours fought her way through, forgot her flowers downstairs. You okay in-I-I-I-I—am going ahead. Stay back, Squirming Joke.

Second Kill — Tenth Kill: 12:01AM 9/12/2066: She proceeded downstairs with Huang as her

hostage. At the building's main security gate, the suspect positioned herself in such a way as to pump sustained automatic gunfire into that bulletproof glass deathbox like nerve gas and fill it with skeletons. She ripped off a key and blew down the door, threw Huang in her car and peeled away clean. Security cameras show no plates on the car, manual of course. Set a search perimeter around the solar system and call God to see what He knows. She's gone, boys.

Eleventh Kill — Kill 11,073,925,350: 9/12/2066 — 12/31/2066: The suspect brought her hostage to an abandoned warehouse and tied him to an oil barrel in front of a television. She killed the lights and left the room, leaving him to watch *Part 5: David Made Man (Bottom Half: His Body)*.

After 20 short months in the Sundarbans compound, Wynona Koo, Davide Fox, and Big Man have become a regular family. He takes his puppets out of their Baths every Sunday for a real dinner before their workweek begins. Before Fox found her way here, it was just Big Man and his favorite student, Koo, at the controls of his empire. They had started presenting Koo to old Foxychan worshippers as Foxychan in exile, reaching out to these individuals personally: because he was her most loyal follower and the only person she could trust. She'd need his help. She'd need a million dollars to pay her way out of a secret prison and know a suitable job for him. She'd need to eliminate the traitors in the Order whose identities would surprise anyone. She'd be held hostage in the Vice President's summer home. Big Man and Koo were racking up scalps like this but knew they could do bigger numbers: it was high time to crack open Fox.

Fox learned the ropes quickly. Months after her first day, she was more obedient than Koo — a fresh and excited novice to puppeteering, she readily accommodated herself to new strictures of discipline as these appeared. She delivered Big Man detailed schematics for the Orange Bath and blueprints for the Pyramid, Davide Hwang's purview. She delivered him her work as gödel, too, everything from elixirs of forgetfulness to her design for the Ark of Eden. Big Man was happy to see her at work in her laboratory, where she seemed to feel the most free and at ease, splicing together a head-breaking array of neurocircuits, among them the very most important one: "Young Love." She had already shared with Big Man a remarkable means of reading a person's thoughts from certain compromised mental controllers. With Young Love, they hoped to compromise millions of people in one go and open them up to not only the reading, but the arbitrary *writing* of thoughts. Combined, Fox and Big Man were approaching divine power. Fox summoned her Mirror Concubines: ten women who were her suitable body doubles, selected carefully from among her female fans, whom she would send in her place to events back in her Golden Era. They were, and remained, secret from her main following, except in the limited context of a "Mirror Concubinage" that she would sometimes reference off-hand within relaying unrelated complexities of her cosmology. Otherwise, these women were a cult unto themselves, who worshiped the Ideal Fox Fox told them was behind her and them all, to the extent that they embodied her — and they made for an elite team of copies of Foxychan, trained in her ways, ever-plausibly substitutable with her, and enthusiastically disposable. With Koo, Foxychan, and Foxychan's Mirrors in play, Big Man was soon producing several hundred more scalps per month than he had ever before dreamed — and this was all without fully activating the Order of the Canine Suns, whose requisite rearchitecture into a more streamlined murder machine was nearly complete. Their big win — the Ark of Eden — was suddenly within striking distance.

In September of 2066, the final pieces of this big plan were in place. But then, out of the blue, fell an emergency: The Keeper of the Foxstar existed, and he was undergoing a reckless mental meltdown. Big Man's design for a new Order of the Canine Suns would be zeroed by the cultists' knowledge of Foxychan's unsavory deal with Detective Green, or Green's unsavory deal with Big Man, and this David character threatened to expose all of this and more. But David was just a nobody: instantly mutable into their most loyal ally upon the revelation that Fox was not only alive, but had loved him all this time, and in fact suffered under torture to keep his name a secret, and hold the flame of their love alive — right? That was the assumption that brought David into the fold.

Detective Green was the big unpredictable loose end in the matter: at best, a selfish criminal with knowledge that could sink their Big Plan; at worst, an underestimated mortal enemy of theirs: a straightforwardly practical human man who made no concessions to technology and distrusted even dogs, who might sensibly make sinking their Big Plan his life's work, simply for the positive impact he could expect that to have on the generations of his family.

Big Man, Fox, Koo, and David were in profound spiritual agreement. Detective Green had to die. He was a hyena: not a true Canine and a kleptoparasite on their hunt, snarling and barking for scraps of meat he hadn't worked for. Worse, he was a sheepdog: interface between sheep and wild dogs, fed lamb by the Shepard.

The two masked Foxes who have been speaking in synchrony on the television, labeled "FOX" and "KOO", turn to face each other, presenting themselves to David in silhouette, and continue:

What Green did to me is unforgivable, David. His supposed "Witness Protection Program" kidnapped me and sold me to Orange as an experimental brainslave. Do you know what they are doing in that Pyramid? Thankfully, I did — they didn't know I worked on the very machinery they sought to plug me into permanently — and I was able to save myself, with the help of one of Big Man's contacts within their research facilities. To put it simply, they are building a neural computer architecture from human minds, with very little regard for human happiness. Keep your karma up with Orange, or you will find yourself reincarnated as a distributed compute instance crunching numbers as purgatorial as tax filings or as hellish as insurance adjustments. I lived for a month in that world and became expert in binary arithmetic, but lost, I fear, much of my soul. Those — and there are many — lost within the Pyramid for years may have no souls left to save, among them Big Man's contacts, sacrificed for me. We will see. The world, David, is worse than we ever imagined when we preached to the Order. In the future, the world turns itself into a race of machine men and turns us into the computational processors of their unconscious reality.

We must reinstate the Order and wage war against Orange. I know you worked in a sense unwittingly for Green, I know because I know you have always loved me, as I have always loved you. But here is what you did, if you were wondering all these years: your compatriots and my followers, whom we, whom *the world*, needs now more than ever before, went like lambs to the

slaughter to the Orange Pyramid by means of Green's shepherding wherever you revealed them to him. There were many people who welcomed extrajudicial means of dealing with our cult, those who consider themselves members of a moral elite. These people think of the Pyramid as an afterlife, one where sinners cast into Hell will labor to build the architecture of *their* Paradise of the worthy. Indeed, that would be largely in keeping with my design, but these fools will surely go as lambs to the slaughter themselves so long as Orange remains in the hands of the Synagogue of Satan who control it now, who will send *all* human refugees into its Hell only to support the reign of their Beast. That would be no tragedy, and that too would be in keeping with my design, for they deserve to labor eternally for their foolishness. What great fact could justify the work of the Order of the Canine Suns? Have you ever wondered what allowed you to walk through its oceans of slaughter without fear? That is the fact of the Beast...

Green has enslaved one hundred of our brethren in the subterranean chambers of the Pyramid, immured servants to supposed ascended souls. We will rescue them, David, and leave Green's body in their place. With them, and their stories, we will make our mission known to the devout of the Order of the Canine Suns and mount our last stand for humanity in Death Valley to the sound of millions of trumpets; No: hundreds of millions, this time. You wonder, who is Big Man? I tell you we have a divine mandate. The Man Upstairs stands at the brink of the assembly of my Ark of Eden to return Man to the condition of gods. The Fruit of Ignorance that you have ingested brings you into our pantheon, binds you to our struggle.

Koo, who was labeled "Fox", backs out of the frame and Fox turns to face David, now labeled "Fox". It had been Koo's terse voice speaking thus far, like her copy itself, alienating David from the reality of Fox. Now it is Fox's, mask-muffled but humming crystalline with mountainous soul strength:

Shi stands behind you with a silenced pistol, astride a folding chair, always has been, since my figure caught your eye, where? on a dingy television screen in a remote warehouse, I suppose? Suppose you are about to die. Even now you do not turn around, all the more arrested by my definitive, sole self speaking to you, so directly. I have died for you many times. Now it is your turn to die for me. Still, you do not turn around or run. It will not be now, nor must it be tomorrow, nor must it be any time at all, but for all I have done for you, David, your death must be for me. Will you join us on our mission? Impossible though it may seem. I have just told you: we hunt fools like you, and sell their scalps for silver: present my image to them, tell them I must be saved, or that I must be avenged, or that a great enemy must be destroyed — and here we come to tell you the same story. Did you already expect this of us, and do you think we knew you did? Do you think we would be so bold as to push through that knowledge with this double story, that of how we trick everyone but you? You said in your letter to Cassandra — poor woman — that you were the only one of my followers who never fell for the traps I laid for them. Do you think so? I trusted you. Do you trust me? I wish I could see your face!