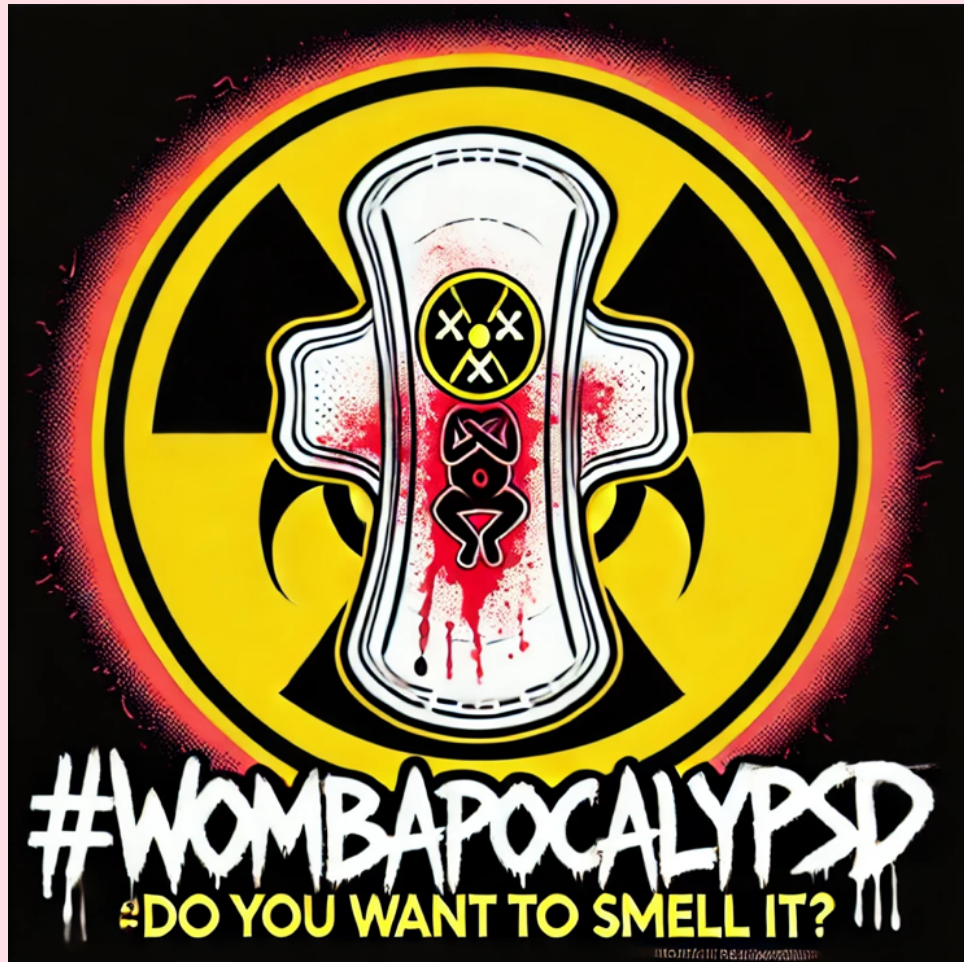


**MY FURY,
MOM...**



**Version Alpha 1.1 MTT
Careening to Omega 0.1...
Word o' God... Themselves.
But Politer.**

***You have to hear this, Mom!
This is as important as it gets.
I won't like that smell,
I am sure you will not, either.
I am afraid, Mom, I have to use Aggressive Words.
Politer, but not Polite.
I'm not sorry at all...***

Ok, it feels like time for an **MTT
(Mature Term Tirade)**

Building Nuclear Power Plants

Was The
Single Stupidest (44)
Nazi Inspired,
Short Sighted – like a frikin Bunch of Moles,
ACTIVITY,
That We
Simmering,
Silique-Shifting,
Senseless Simians
(With too few of the little grey cells)



Could

{Frikin', Frikin',
Oh, Dear God,
Silly, Silly Frikin', Sapients, Frikin',}
[Get this, Frikin'...]

Possibly

EVER EVER EVER (E³)

HAVE DONE!

[Around surging emotions like this,
Complex sentence structure must still work.]



That Picture Again...
'Cause Once is
NOT ENOUGH.

The Construction of **Bad logic**,
Occluded by **A Hubris Heavy Confidence**
In the Promise of

Free Energy Forever (FFF),

Coupled BY

Big Rusty Staples,

To the **Balls** of a

Willful Blind **Ignorance**

Of the Basic Notion of

What **Safe** means!



That Picture Again...
Keep it in Memory

(Listen, Mom,
I Know how Smart You are...
But it's going to hurt, anyway!)

Those,
Idiot-Savants,
Douche-Duffle Deluded,
Disciples of Einstein
(not his fault)
Have poured forth a
Witches **Caldron**
Witches Caldron
of

Horror *Goop,*

Stuck it in a
Flimsy Plastic Bag,
And *BUNG* it
RIGHT ABOVE:



The
WOMBS of Man.

Our
Gates of Life,
The
First **Tiny** Footfall of Our
Children to BE!
(Right on your Bladder. Mom!)
MOMMY, HELP!





That Picture
Again and Again...

That Wolf Pack of,
{Let's face it Head On}
Lying
Mankind-reviling
Atheistic
Assholes,
Are Still,
Some of Those
We call WE.
WE Let US Do It!



Free Energy Forever (FFF)
Do NOT Believe That!
It is
Selfish Career-Making
Shmatta-Shmatta.



That Picture Sickens Me...

Those
Maggot Gaggling
Yeast Infections
At the
IAEC
Have it wrong!!!
We are
Always Just



IV

Micro-seconds From
Nuclear Disaster.

And we *Always* will be:
While Nuclear Power Plants Still Exist.



That Picture.

So Lose the
Stupid,
Self-Shaming,
Self-Aggrandizing,
Clock!

Morons? Idiots? Scoundrels?!

Who can tell?!

(I can, Mom...

They Are Scoundrels.)



That Picture Again.

*All those,
Maxi-Plonker
Clinically Insane
Slaving-For-The-Gold-Ring
of
SCIENTIFIC INFAMY,*



SCOUNDRELS

DO IS

Lie to Themselves and to Us.

Never Trust Any

Greasy-Ball, Geek-FLATULENT-Wad,
Or the Skanky-Puss-Swollen *Mare*

That **He/She/It** Rode in On,

(I'm not Sorry about that one.
Not a bit, Mom.)

That Opines:

“TRUST SCIENCE”

Because:

The Essence of True Science

Is Not To.

Unless,

You **Witless Thugs,**

You *Meshuggenab-Malcontents,*

Can TEST It!

Which you Can't,

You Fuck-Fuck-Fricking-Fuck^{99th}.

Fuckheads!

(Ahh, no, ma!

Those Dweezle-See-You-Next-Tuesdays,

Sure as Hell & Jesus,

Have it coming.)

D'uh!

(Forehead Slap with Loser 'L')

Hy, ay, ay !

Pardonnez-moi el français !

Evil on the Hoof..





Let It Burn, Sisters...
Let it Burn.
We will need that **fire**.

Dangerous,
Dangerous,
Dangerous,

Like no Danger we've ever faced.
Even *If the nukes fly,*
Those

Cataclysmic
Cores

Will **TANK** as well.

Tank with a Bad Bubbling Burst of an
Eye-Socket-Reaming-Fist-Fest
(Arrggg...Mom!)
Of Deep Darkest EVIL



That Pesky Picture Redux...

And then **Great Swathes** of the
Womb fabric of US;

The Real Ground Zero of Our
Human Homeland,
Which Floats
A Yard...or Meter..,
More or Less...,
Above all those 'Maps' -



III

WILL BE HOPELESSLY POLLUTED FOR
MANY OR ALL OF YOU.
No More Good Babies!

Death!

*To all the Female efforts of Will,
To all that Painful monthly Body-bookkeeping,
To that daily hectic Chase
And Care for
The Fruit of Your Womb,
Scramblin' down around our feet,
And to our Daughter's chance to do same.*

Nothing to do once the deed does itself,

But wait to die...

*And dream, without hope,
Of what might have been.
Photos of Childhoods
That will never Be Again.
Girls, honeys, babes, sweeties...
Mommy!*

You will lose the

Will to Live,

God, I love you All!

*I'll hold your shaking hands,
If it comes to it.*

**But Jesus Fucking Christ on a
Faulty Silicon Wafer,
I don't want to have to...**

And so, it will then be for

The Men.

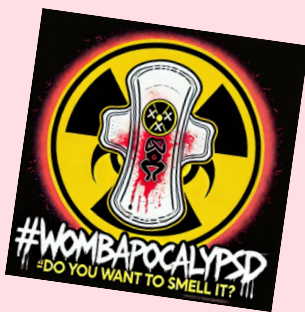
Tent Poles for a Tentless Place.

It would (will?) be the worst collective experience we could have.

Because it will kill us all Slow like.

The **Catholic Church** would

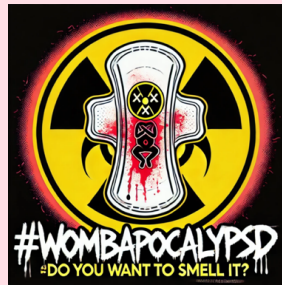
VIII



Bless the Acts of
Abortion and Suicide as
Sacraments.

“This **Catholic Church** never would!”
Opined my Good Lady Wife.
“It won’t be this **Catholic Church** after that,”
Quipped I back.
“Indeed.” Her word.

Be Afraid.



Be Very Afraid

Sick in Your Heart Afraid.

(Yea, The Kind o' Fear)

*So how can we do something Even Stupider
Than the Stupidest <obscene gerund deleted> Thing
We Ever Did?!*

Well, Start a High-Tech War right near the

6...6...I say 6,

Reactors of **ZNPP**.

(And her 9 other sister sbits of demons)

**ALL WITHIN WIND SHOT OF MY
DAUGHTER'S WOMB.**



Ugh. No Way.

Can't Be Let Happen!

Ok so, building them wasn't the stupidest thing.

Oh, God, Good Lord Above and below...

IX

I hope Trump sorts this out today!
*I mean in the face of **THIS** horror,*
Who gives a flying-fiddlers-finnicky-fuck
About the feelings of
Anyone's National Pride!
For the sake of a rim-shot,
I surely, and profoundly,

Do Not.

Not with that risk.

But the End of that War
Would only be a Brief Respite from:

#WombApocalypSD

For:

The Cradle of Life.
That Inner Sanctum.
A Chamber of Creation.
The Sanctuary of the Mother.
That Secret Delicate Garden.
Door of Souls.
Nest of Beginnings.
Primordial Sea of Sanctity.
Goola.
Gates Of Life...
Really?! Need I go on?



How Deeply-Noted should a Requiem be
For The
Only Truly Hallowed Holy Land?
Eh?

There are **436** of those most-foul Creatures of
Our OWN design.

Each

Asymmetrically

***** * *** * * ***** * ****

Tik-Tacking

Their hapless Way To OUR

Womb Doom.

If any one of those Monsters Melt out of Their Prisons,
By a Time,
*They will hit the **Water Table***



Then there Wil Be an

Explosion

Chernobyl was a Very Near Miss.

A Broken Mother of a **bomb**.

Of steam bearing *embers* of Star *Fire*.

Poison by air...

And water.

Can't be cleaned and

Will happily hang around long enough

To outlast our generations.



They say they are making them safer,

I'm sure they are trying,

However, that forces Me to Deductively

(Fucking-Fuck^{Nth} Deductively)

Reason that:

The Experts do not think they are Safe,

Either!

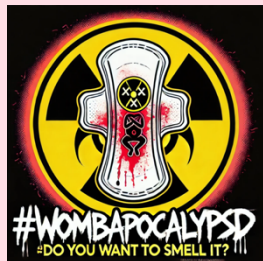


Brain Engage.

Nothing that dangerous can be

Tolerated on our Planet!

Unless they have tested them properly.



And how are they gonna do that?

They'll test them...

On Us.

That is,

Let Nature and

Human Errors in Judgement

Play out as they may -

And hope we stay ahead,

Not genetically dissolving our way to

Dead.

No intelligent person could condone their use!

Anyone that tries,





Cancel Them!

*They knew all about
Tidal Waves in Japan.
And they built the cursed
Fuck-Mc-Shima there anyway.*



Certain enough, it would be safe!

It was Not.

That's Not.

*Another way to look at it is:
It was Fuck-Fuck-Fucking Not!*

Another near World Reorganizing event.

I do not like those.

A \$20 Piece failed at

Three Mile Island,

*Say! Maybe spend \$40,
next time?*



No Respite.

*They built a bad reactor With
Hidden flaws at Chernobyl!*

Wormwood

*Consider the 436 still operational and ask,
What happens when that next big*

Solar flare,

*With the Earth's number on it,
(ONE!),*

Zaps its Zap on US.

This WILL happen.

*Ask a Geologist what will happen when
All that heat charges into the*

Earth's Core

And radiates Crustward?

Extra Earthquakes?!

Maybe...Hard calculation to do.



XII



*The Computers that keep the
Nuclear Cores
Right on that Razor's Tasered Edge?
Probably Up-The-Swaney.
Probably Fucked.
Satellites Fry.
Fucked Sideways and Improper.
The Pacific Churns.
And Maybe **Sbe** won't wait for **Her***

SSOLAR FLARE CUE.

*Again, Ask a Geologist.
He'll say the Tectonic Thwack
is on its way.
Gonna hear that ANY DAY.*

And in the path of that WAVEY Bore...

Glowing Cores Galor!

*And all the Water needed
To muck up the air for,*

Well, Long & Fucking Enough...Daaaaa!

What will our Blue Lagoon

Look like then?

Our Recovery from those near certain to happen calamities,

Would be Painful,

But Survivable.

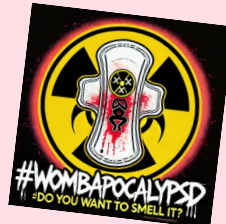
Except if This **Garden Of Eden**

Is Corrupted.

We were Never really Banished from IT You Know!

No Healthy Babies.

Boy! That would make it hard.



No Relief.

XIII



SO

What to *Fucking* do?

Easy To Say!



**Piss off,
I Mean Really PISS OFF,
I Mean *Piss Off* Into
A Holy State of
*Everest-Like High Dudgeon.***

**I Mean A
Righteous Umbrage
&**

**Fear-Filled RAGE,
Must Pour Forth From
All Four Billion Women
On the Planet**

At the Same Time.

**Please WIFE?!,
Please Mom,
Please Mommy,
Oh, Please God, Dearest DAUGHTER(s)
Your Boy is**

Super Scared.

**I can't stop crying, I can't.
Stop the Bad Bad Bad People
And their
*Horrible Nasty Machines!***

PLEASE MOMMY?!

PLEASE WIFE?!

PLEASE DAUGHTER?!

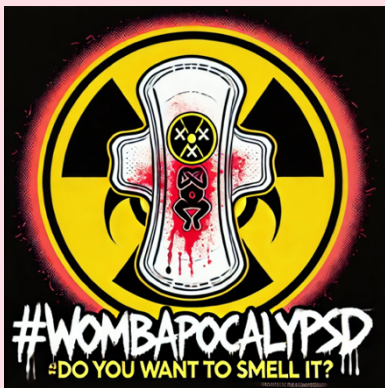
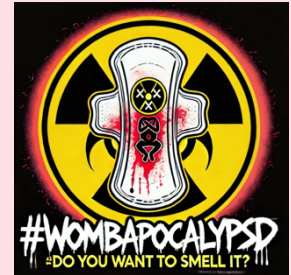
PLEASE?!

PLEASE?!

...

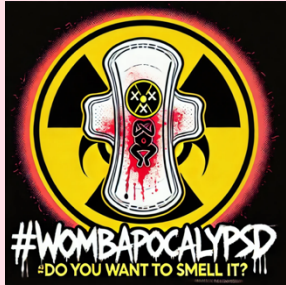


No Consolation.



XIV

Finishing with Smash Mouth
'Cause I couldn't say it better:
... So don't delay, act now,
supplies are running out
Allow if you're still alive,
Six to eight years to arrive
And if you follow there may be a tomorrow
But if the offer's shunned
You might as well be walking on the Sun



You might as well be walking on the Sun

You might as well be walking on the Sun

You might as well be walking on the Sun

You might as well be walking on the Sun

You might as well be walking on the Sun

You might as well be walking on the Sun



This is what crazy people on the street
Mean when they say:

The End is Nigh!

Define 'Crazy'.





**Demand the
Decommissioning of
All Nuclear Power Plants
On This Here
Terra Firma.
No good will come of them.**



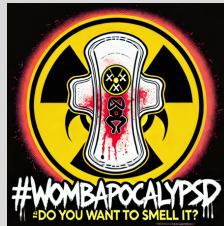
Or

***There will be a torrent of Tears.
And, as Everyone Knows,***

God Counts the Tears of Women.



*Here's that Picture again,
For Reference*

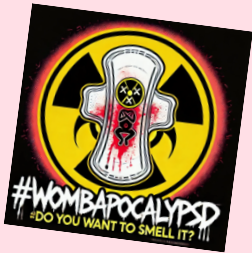
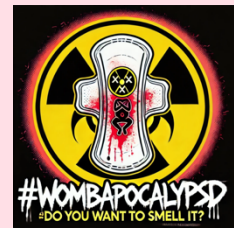


**There's that
PICTURE AGAIN,
For Reference**

By

**Mark "Pumkin" Miller
That's what my Mom called me.
She was a Teratologist,
Connect the Dots!**

**D55 in The Age of Aquarius
(AD 2025)**



XVI

