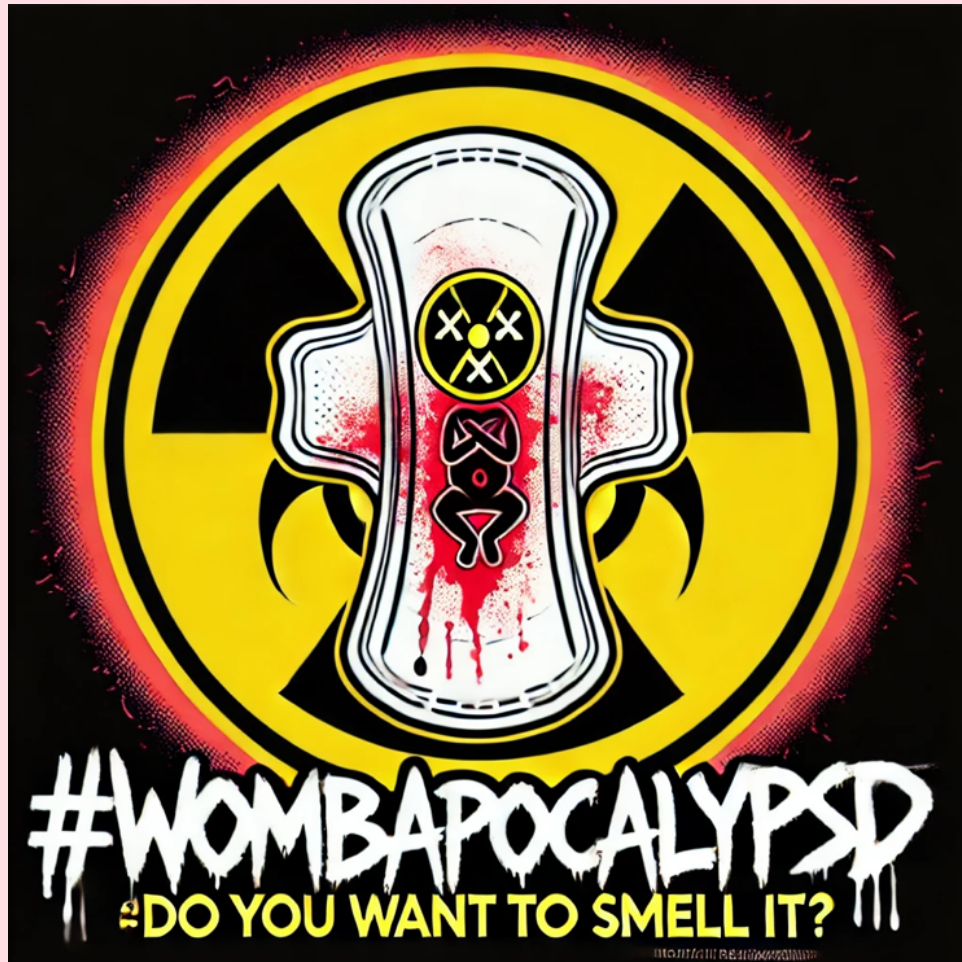


*MY FEAR,
MOMMY...*



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

*Please listen, mommy, please!!!
I won't like that smell.
I'm so scared, mommy,
I have to use real bad words.
Sorry...*

*Its TTT Time
(Teen Tourette's Tantrum)*

I

Building Nuclear Power Plants

Was The
Fuck, suck, duck-shit-stained,
Single Stupidest (44)

Nazi Cock-sucking,
Mother-fucking,
THING,
That We

Simmering Senseless Simian Shites
(With too few of the little grey cells)

Could possibly
Frikin', Frackin',
Flap-Assed fuckin',
HAVE DONE!

[Bad Sentence Structure?

Really you blither poppy smack shmuck.

Bitchin' about that,

Around surging emotions like this?]

The dumb shite, full-fucked-wit-Cunting
Construction of Hubris Heavy Bad logic,

Coupled with Big Rusty Staples

To the Balls of a
Bleeding scat-wad,
Finger-fiddle-prick,

Willful Blind **Ignorance**

Of the basic notion of
What **Safe** means!

Please Cover your ears, Mommy...

No Don't!

These,

Idiot-butt-licker-savant,

Douche-Duffle,

Dickhead Deluded,

Disciples of Einstein

(not his fault)

Have poured forth a Putrid,

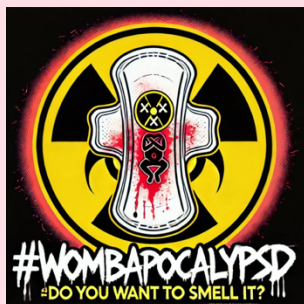
Puke Green Vomit of offal.

And stuck it in a plastic bag,

And **hung** it RIGHT ABOVE,

All, y'all's WOMBS.

The **Gates of Life!**



That shite-for-brains wasted wolf pack of,

Let's face it Head On,

Evil pucker-hole lying

Mankind-reviling

Atheistic Assholes,

Are Still,

Fuck-well-Fuck,

Some of those we call WE.

WE Let US Do It!

The promise of free energy forever.

NEVER BELIEVE THAT.

It is

Spankin'-The-Pony

Jackin' Off and

Lickin' it thick-like off the couch,

Career making Lip-Shmatta-Shmatta.

Those Maggot Gagging Yeast Infections

*At the **IAEC** have it wrong!!!*

We are always just

Micro-seconds from

Nuclear Disaster –

And we always will be while they exist.

No need for your diddle fuck

POS Fake Self Shaming

Clock!!!

All them Plonker Tit-Waddled-Maxi-Mushers do

Is **Lie** to Themselves and to Us.

Never *trust* any

greasy-ball self-diddlin'

Puck fuck,

Or the skanky half-smart steed he rode in on,

That says:

“TRUST SCIENCE”

Because:

The **Essence of True Science** is Not to,

Unless you can *test it*.

Which you can't, fuckheads!



D'uh!
(Forehead Slap with Loser 'L')

Ay, ay, ay !
Pardonnez-moi el français !

Dangerous,

Like no **danger** we've ever faced.
Even *If the nukes fly,*
those other Horse Corn-holing **Cores**

Will **TANK** as well.

**Tank with a Bad Bubbling Burst of an
Eye-Socket-Reaming-Fist-Fest**

Of darkest EVIL

And then **Great Swathes** of the
Womb Fabric of Mankind,
The Real Ground Zero of Our
Human Homeland,

Floating a Yard or Meter,
More or less,

Above all those 'Maps',

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 hectic daily 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...**

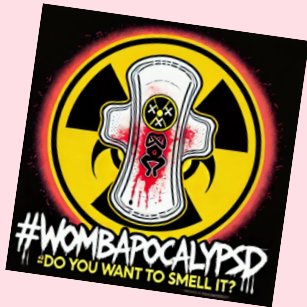
And so, it will then be for

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

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.

*How can we do something even stupider
Than the stupidest (fucking) thing ever?!
Well, Start a High-Tech War right near the*

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

Reactors of **ZNPP.**

(And her 9 other sister shits of demons)

ALL WITHIN WIND SHOT OF MY DAUGHTER'S WOMB.

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

Oh, God,

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 fuck,
I sure-a-shit do not.
Not with that risk.*

But the end of that war would only be a brief respite from this:

#WombApocalypSD

For:

**The Cradle of Life.
That Inner Sanctum.
This Chamber of Creation.
A Sanctuary of the Mother.
A Secret Delicate Garden.
Door of Souls.
Nest of Beginnings.
Primordial Sea of Sanctity.
The Goola.
The Gates Of Life...**

Really?! Need I go on?

**How deeply-noted should a Requiem be for the
Truely 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

*Eventually they will hit the **Water Table***

*Then it will **Explode.***

Chernobyl was a very near miss.

Biiig bomb.

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

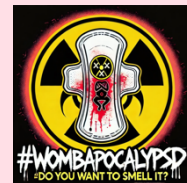
Poison by air...and water.

Can't be cleaned and

Will happily hang around long enough

To outlast our generations.

They say they are making them safer,



VI

*I'm sure they are trying,
However, that allows me to deductively
(Fucking-Fuck **Deductively**)*

Reason that:

The Experts do not think they are safe, **Either!**
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 -

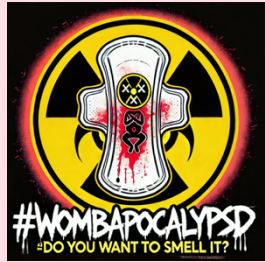
And hope we stay ahead,

Not genetically dissolving 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?



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),*

VII



Zaps 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.

The Computers that keep the

Nuclear Cores

Right on that Razor's Tasered Edge?

Probably Fucked.

Probably Fucked.

Satellites Fry.

Probably Fucked.

The Pacific Cburns.

*And Maybe **Sbe** won't wait for Her*

Solar 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 **WAVE***

Glowing Cores Galor!

And all the Water needed

To muck up the air for,

Well, Fucking Long & Fucking Enough...Fuck.

*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 one can have a healthy baby.

Boy! That would make it hard.



VIII

SO

What to fucking do?

Easy.

Piss off,

I Mean Really PISS OFF,
I Mean Piss Off Into a High Holy State of

Everest Like 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 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?!

*

...

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

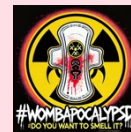
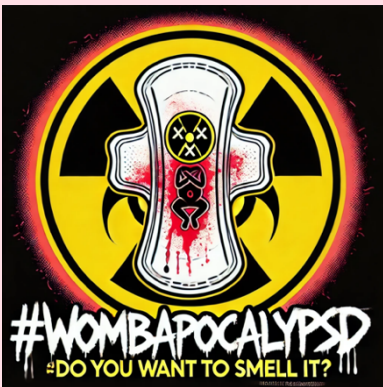
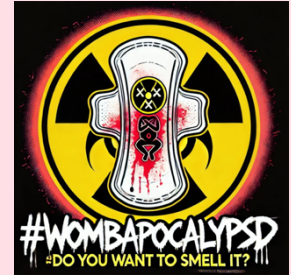
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You might as well be walking on the Sun



IX

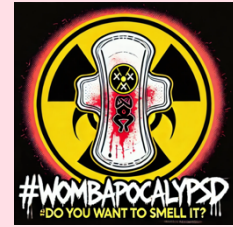
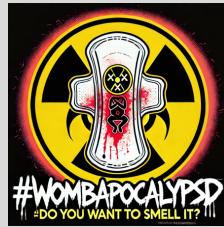
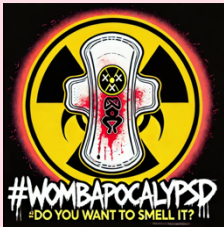


**Demand the Decommissioning of
All Nuclear Power Plants on
*Terra Firma.***

**No good can 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 mom called me.
D55 in The Age of Aquarius
(AD 2025)*

