

# What I'd Have to Call My 'Meatsack Family'

by Christopher J. Slimeball-McNugget

**Subj:** "Black Mirror knows no reflection . . . "

**To:** Felon Moneysource

**From:** Christopher Snyder

**Date:** 04/16/08

**FUCK YOU** [You need to confirm I actually live here, huh?] **FUCK YOU** [Well, I've been here *two months* by now] **FUCK YOU** [and I can't afford to have you making promises to Horinga and then breaking them] **FUCK YOU** [not that *she* could, either] **FUCK YOU** [(nor could *anyone* . . . just so you know!)] **FUCK YOU** [she's not one of your stupid fucking relatives who'll take your word for it, no matter what, whenever you open your mouth] **FUCK YOU** [and that's why I trust *her*] **FUCK YOU** [and not *you*] **FUCK YOU** [nor any of *them*] **FUCK YOU** [(and that includes my sister and her repressed-homosexual husband, Imadago)]

**FUCK YOU** [you want to keep playing these games, that's fine] **FUCK YOU** [obviously, I'm not in a position to turn down any money - which is, of course, exactly how you like it] **FUCK YOU** [although, by now, plenty of people] **FUCK YOU** [(including Horinga, her daughter Anastasia, and my friend Danielle whom you "interrogated" at the Pix Patisserie)] **FUCK YOU** [can testify to the truth I've known my whole life] **FUCK YOU** [which you, your relatives, and your daughter have sought all along to deny] **FUCK YOU** [at my expense] **FUCK YOU** [and thusly causing all of the suffering I have endured] **FUCK YOU** [that *you* are the one who's totally crazy, not me] **FUCK YOU**

**FUCK YOU** [Fuckin' whatever.] **FUCK YOU** [I'm sick of writing this

e-mail, because I realize at this point I could write all day] **FUCK YOU** [and *still* have no sense whatsoever that any of this would actually *sink in*] **FUCK YOU** [and I'd get nothing out of it but aggravation in the process] **FUCK YOU** [so, go ahead: send as much as you want] **FUCK YOU** [whenever you want] **FUCK YOU** [with or without thoroughly following the process of doing so, to make it anything less than a major pain in the ass to even pick up in the first place] **FUCK YOU** [because, obviously, that's what you'll do anyway!] **FUCK YOU**

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**Subj:** "Their names are NEVER SPOKEN. The curse is NEVER BROKEN."

**To:** "Chris, I was having thoughts that were not my own . . . if it had gone on much longer, I would have done myself in. But: I decided to take those pharmaceuticals, and pump my brain full of chemicals, and now I'm 'straight'! I never think of Cindy Brady anymore . . . at least, not in a DYKEY sort of way. [*guffaws*] Yup, pure denial for me from now on ... I'm married, squirted out a kid, just for cover ... wait, are you TAPING this?"

**From:** Christopher Snyder

**Date:** Sun 7/27/08

Dear Gentrifer Cap-me-one:

Thanks so much for your considered, 217-page rant on how you've suffered your whole life, owing to your mother very occasionally remarking that "Chris could read at 3, Jen could read at 4." It was interesting to find out that your sole strategy for coping with anything and everything in your life since then apparently amounts to nothing more than taking my past 15+ years of mental anguish as proof-positive that you are therefore "superior" to me, and thus have been granted *carte blanche* to do whatever the hell you want to, no matter what (including spawning offspring with neither any prior preparation nor considered reason for doing so, other than you blithely "felt like it").

Intriguing theory; however, I am saddened to inform you that I hardly got past your first sentence ("Why do you have to have such an immense scope to your mind, so that I look like a *goddamned retard* in comparison?") before my computer "accidentally" deleted the whole thing.

Pray, could you please send me another copy?

Truly: I really do care what you "think."

I promise to give your verbal outpouring my utmost and undivided attention, at my earliest possible convenience (you know, "when my show is over!").

Good luck to you, whore. You'll need it.

Uppeth Yourn,  
"You're not my REAL sister!"

P.S. I know you don't know what *words* are, so here's one to get you started (isn't this exciting!):

Main Entry:

**amor·al** Listen to the pronunciation of amoral

Function:

adjective

Date:

1779

**1 a:** being neither moral nor immoral; specifically : lying outside the sphere to which moral judgments apply <*science as such is*

*completely amoral* — W. S. Thompson > **b:** lacking moral sensibility  
<*infants are amoral*>2: being outside or beyond the moral order or  
a particular code of morals <*amoral customs*> **e.g.** Any priest or  
member of the clergy who ordered the burning of "heretics" during  
the Spanish Inquisition; any member of the Gestapo or SS in  
'30-'40's Germany during the rise of the Nutsy Party; any  
immunologist who labors in HIV research purely for financial gain  
and accompanying social status, as she truly believes "they'll NEVER  
cure A.I.D.S.!" apparently enough to commit to even saying such a  
thing -- out loud -- *ever!*

P.P.S. I know you seem to have trouble reading things if they're right  
in front of your face [*i.e., as opposed to already inside your head*] --  
but, I figure, what the hell, might as well give the below-listed a shot  
(maybe you'll at least notice the punctuation, pretty colors, or  
something):

### **Blocked senders**

Messages from blocked senders are automatically deleted. You can  
block an e-mail address or a domain (the part of an e-mail address  
after the @ sign).

To block an e-mail address or domain, type it in the box below, and  
then click Add to list. To remove a blocked address or domain, select  
it in the list below, and then click Remove from list.

[*Gentrifer's e-mail address*]

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**Subj:** "You got no fear of THE UNDERDOG."

**To:** Christopher Snyder

**From:** Fuckhead Demonseed

**Date:** 08/05/08

Dear Christ:

Thanx for yerr USEFULL lettre (emai). I hav write-on BACK in the STILE I YOOSSED in the LETTRE I sent to TOSHIBA on Gentrifer and her petit-ami's behalff, which (s)he laughingly called a "RANSOM NOTE" [like my "SERIAL KILLER" handwriting, as she puts it; but, noo, I'm not MENTALIE DISORDERRED!]

I have SENDED BACK the ATTACHE-MENTS outlining your FIVE (5) leagle CONCERNS [including the one involving MOI], since, as I am a LAWYER, I am INCAPABLE of committing ANY WRONGDOING (lett ALOONE being ACOOSSED of any, or PROSECUTIED for any) . . . 'cause, I SAY so!

And, yes, Albany's *fine*: why do you ask?

Sincerely a dickhead,  
Hairy Rapedman Shyster, Jr.

