

SKULL CHRONICLES

THIS BEGAN 9 SEPTEMBER 2023



Welcome to Slime Skull Of Snot // special node activated: 992023 nine
nine. The hell? It's the 9th of September already.

PROJECT: Skull Chronicles

It's another dusk in sunny Los Angeles, September 9th, 2023. The silhouette of the sun is coming over the horizon, casting its orange light across the city. I can feel the heat of the day radiating from the pavement, and I see a thick layer of exhaust and smog hovering in the air.

The sound of dogs barking cuts through the air, followed by the yells of street peddlers hawking contraband goods. Their wares range from confiscated weapons, to cybernetics, and a few even selling robotic parts. It's a violent world we live in, and it seems you can never have enough weapons.

The park I pass by each day is a reminder of violence, filled with attack dogs and roving gangs who aren't afraid to use them, security equipment is a must for anybody in the park. I'm careful to stick to well-lit paths and stay in full view of the security.

Back home, I possess my own arsenal, a strong steel security gate keeping my front door safe and sturdy and at night, a Mossberg 12 gauge shotgun rests at my side.

As the orange of the setting sun gives way to the night sky, I can feel the darkness looming on the horizon. But it's not a fear, it's a part of the routine and the reality of this world. And I'm ready for it.

I sit here, with the knowledge that hackers are out there, looking to infect my computer with the Trojan virus. It's an insidious crime, and yet there is nothing I can do but adhere to every safety precaution with unrelenting tenacity. My personal bombsquad was on the lookout once again, and with a bit of luck, they managed to capture the would-be perpetrators before my security system was compromised.

Now, with the hackers vanquished, I sit here in stillness, waiting for my next great idea. And then, it appears—like a vision in the night, the answer to an equation I didn't even know I was asking. Psychotics in 70s B movies always shaved their heads before tripping on acid. The image sparks a sudden wave of nostalgia in my mind – a vivid reminder of the past that momentarily transports my soul. It's then that I fully appreciate the idea of blue sunshine – the source of hope and clarity that allows us to belong in a shared world, filled with possibilities waiting to be realized.

This is the first entry. To be continued..