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SEESCAPES : the softwater murders

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Seescapes

A Tale in Pictures: The Softwater Murders

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DEW PLATT

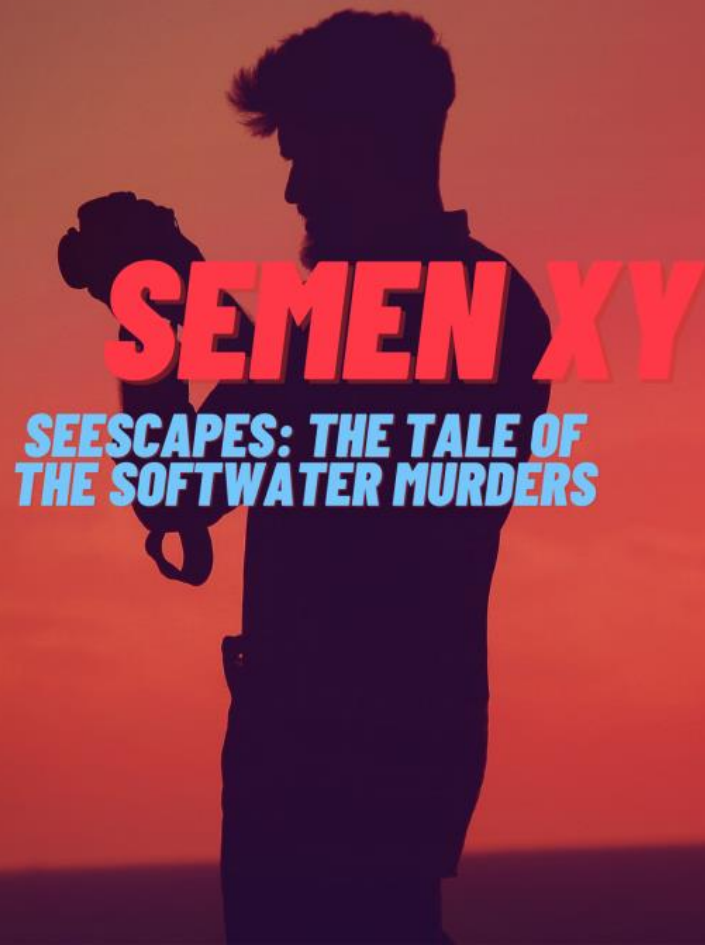
$$\frac{e^x + e^{-x}}{e^x - e^{-x}}$$

$$\frac{e^x - e^{-x}}{e^x + e^{-x}}$$

$$e^x - e^{-x}$$

$$e^x + e^{-x}$$

A NARRATOR OF PICTORIAL TALES LIKE ANY OTHER



SEMEN XY

**SEESCAPES: THE TALE OF
THE SOFTWATER MURDERS**



Hi, I am SEMEN XY. I know, strangely at first it would seem to you. But that's my name . I could not have had any other name as I was the son of Demigods. That's just the way things go with us...We either have super names or we have no names...we'll be those you shall not mention...those you talk about all the time...we're not conceited really...we're just amazing...we never grow up, we always die young...and yet I am always this confused ... I cant do anything...do anything...say anything...say anything...without the author...



...if you're reading this, you're one of my kind...we're special-special and because we are special-special we can read this red and black shit...nobody can read this shit normally but because we have special-special powers we can read this shit...just know that when you're reading this shit because its unreadable, she, the author cant read this shit...how else are you going to know what my real opinions are on the shit she writes...



...you know what? I think we should kill her...I'm telling you we should get rid of her right now and forget all about it...but I am still myself, confused, dazed, like a zombie trying to find his head in the dark, I have headaches all the time, my pride wont let me go see a medical doctor and tell them I am being abused by the author...who is going to believe that little woman is abusing me, the son of Demigods?



... can she read this shit you're reading...only second guessing myself really ...only blind people can read this...I think we should definitely kill her. We bury her alive in the backyard or something...once I figure out how to tell this tale without her...



Before we embark on my narration, we must comply with the needs of the day...we need to wear protection ...COVID19 is everywhere especially in digital life...why? Because the author says so...what do I know I am just a Demigod...and this tale needs to be told...

...here she comes...



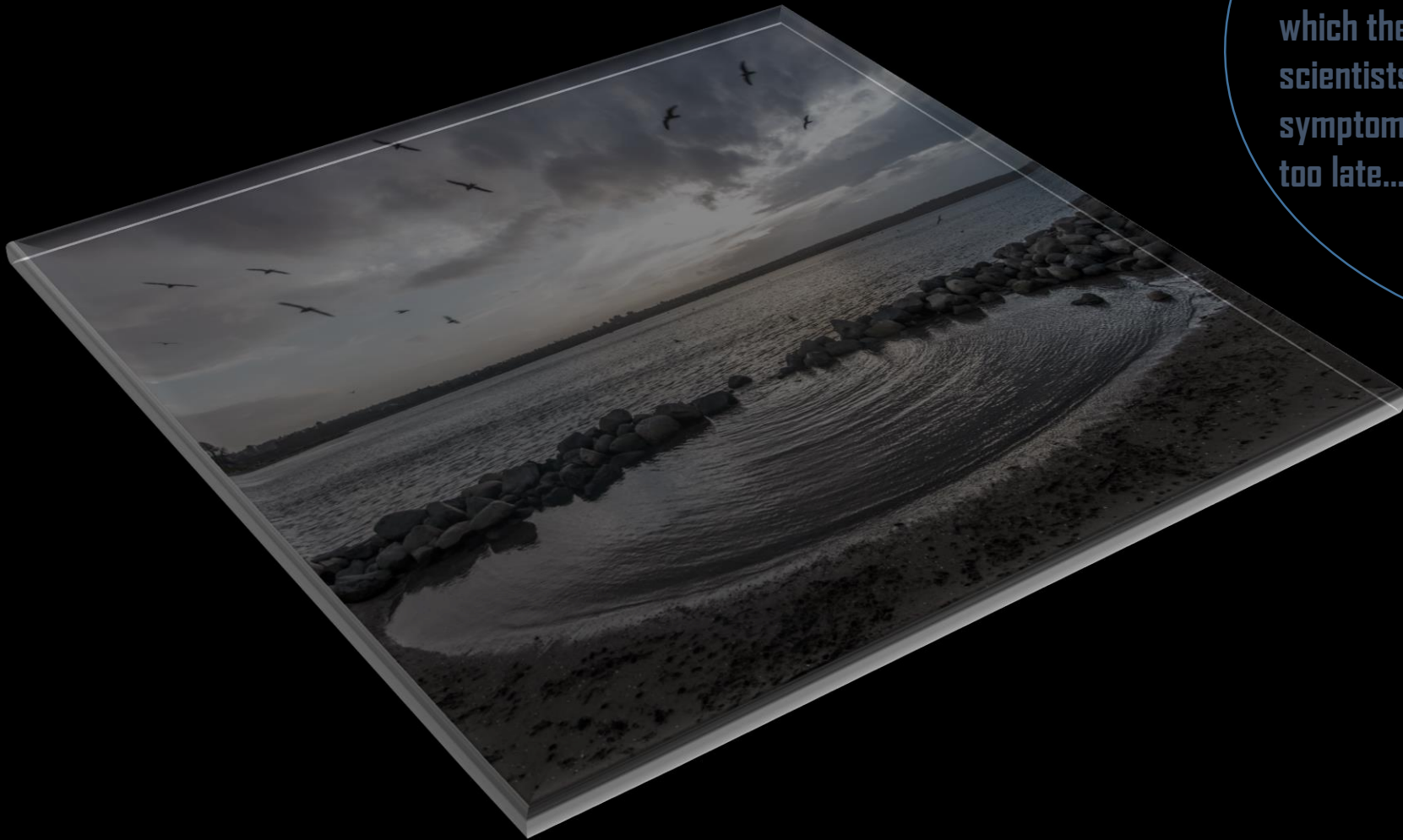
... what the frack...? She insists I wear this ridiculous gear...I'm not wearing that shit...I quit...

...we should definitely kill her...



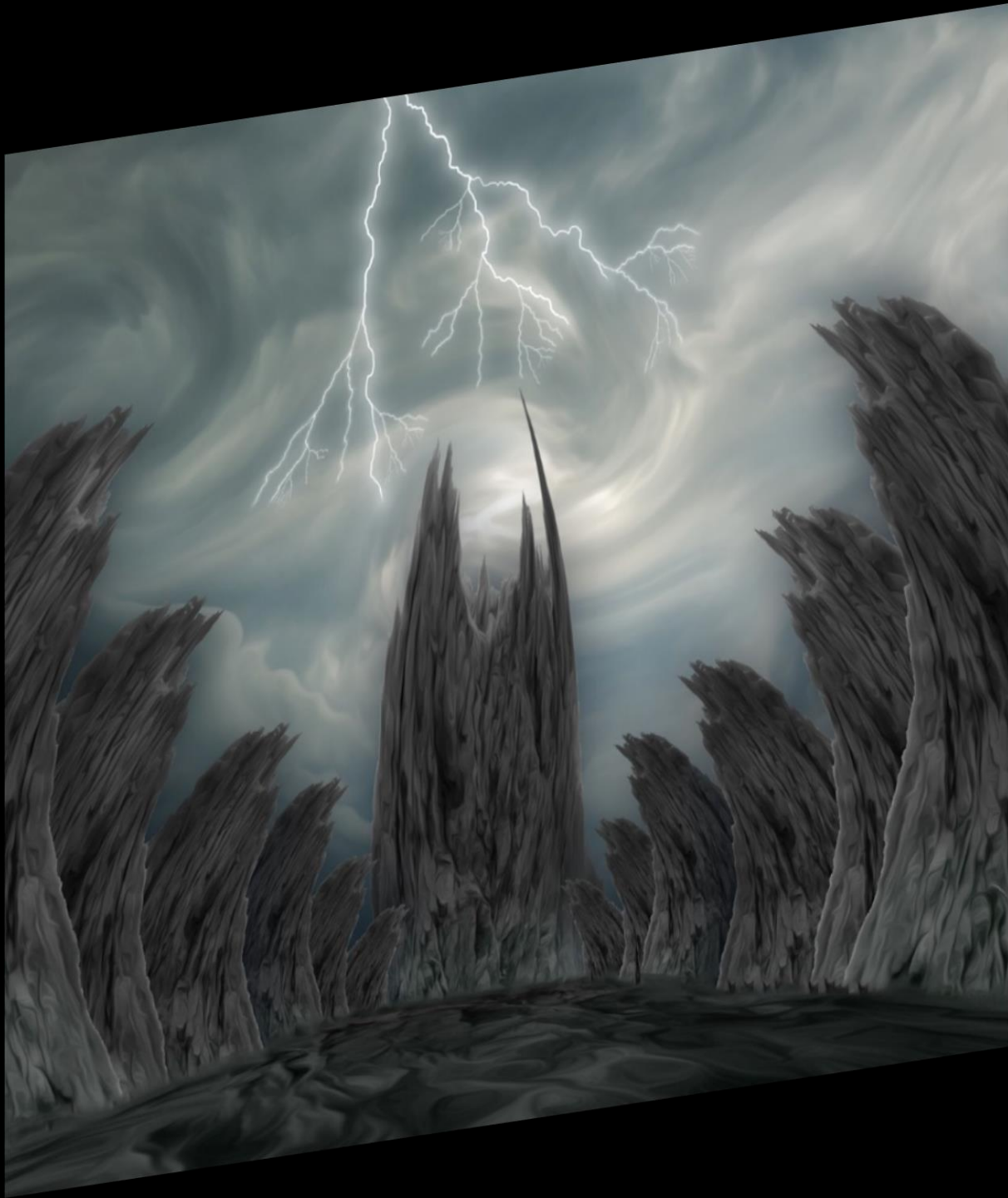
... ahhh... I am definitely smart enough to write my own obituary...

...we should definitely kill her...but before we do that...we should go back and tell this tale of mystery, awe and science... hmm wait a minute second I think she is getting into my head again... a tale of sex, greed and mystery...



... once upon a tide, under a calendar of many a moon,
there was a shift in space unlike any other one for
which there was no scientific correlation...so the
scientists could neither predict nor diagnose the
symptoms that was to follow, until that is, they were
too late...

...she doesn't know what she's talking about
here...



...it was once upon a picot lightning time...I know what you're thinking...it truly sounds stupid...a stitch in time lightning fast? But believe me this is all science...and the scientists who are good at their jobs knew what they were doing...as the author was telling the fake tale...they knew the truth...




...what the author is not telling you is that the scientists were busy having great fun with EROS...yes the very god of love and sex...you must be thinking it as I can read your thoughts because this shit you're reading is unreadable except by blind people like us and the super powers we the blind people have is being able to read minds...you're thinking however this can be, EROS, the god of love and sex is male...



...he is a god and could give the scientists whatever they wanted for their sexual pleasure...if they wanted a woman, they got a woman. If they wanted a man , they got a man, if they wanted an animal, they got an animal...EROS gave the scientists whatever they wanted...



...there's booze, food, women...who cares what happens to people like this author who never learn to have fun...now fun, that's one hell of a fine teacher...but all of the classes were all too easy...and none of their dumbasses could ask how life and science could be that easy... I told you the tale is about sex. Lies, greed and mystery. The mystery? What the hell did these scientists know?

A revolver with a wooden handle and a silver cylinder lies on a dark, cracked, stone-like surface. Three bullets are scattered nearby. The scene is dimly lit, with shadows cast across the surface.

...the signs were there if the fools looked for them,
but they were too busy with other important
things...the storms, the constant storms, the
lightning, the untimely lightning, like some drift in
space unable to weather its own storms, the
weather, upside down, inside out, cold inside hot, hot
inside cold, seamless nonsense, that ever warm slow
rut, like a rat carrying the burden of the draft-animal
deadly and toxic without the draft correspondence...

A white line drawing of a rat, shown in profile facing right. It has a long, thin tail and whiskers. The drawing is simple and sketchy, with some cross-hatching for shading on its back.

...they were busy DA BOOT KNOCKIN
KNOCKIN DA BOOT...



...and because they missed those very essential scientific implications of something going extremely wrong, they missed all the signs...the subconscious lucidity of humanity poured into its realities without any lucid interval whatsoever...time becomes a victim of itself, no time interval, no event interval or correlation...like some desert sand being fried in a broken down microwave...no brain-blood barrier possible...what a terrible tragedy...



...THEY BE ROCKING, SAILING THAT SAND SHIT LIKE THEY JUST DON'T CARE...



...AND BECAUSE OF THE LOSS OF LUCID INTERVAL
...EVERYTHING BECAME SHIT...DREAMS, FAIRY TALES,
FOLK TALES, LEGENDS AND SUCH POURED INTO
REALITY AS IF THEY WERE REAL... THEY WERE WELL
DISGUISED.

AND THE SCIENTISTS DID NOT SEE THE QUESTIONS AS
THESE THINGS FIRST STARTED HAPPENING OF
COURSE...

WHO DO YOU TRUST, WHO IS REAL, WHO IS FAKE?
WHO IS COMMITTING HORRIBLE CRIMES HOLDING ON TO
COUNTERFEIT REALITY THE SAME A THIEF TO
COUNTERFEIT MONEY...

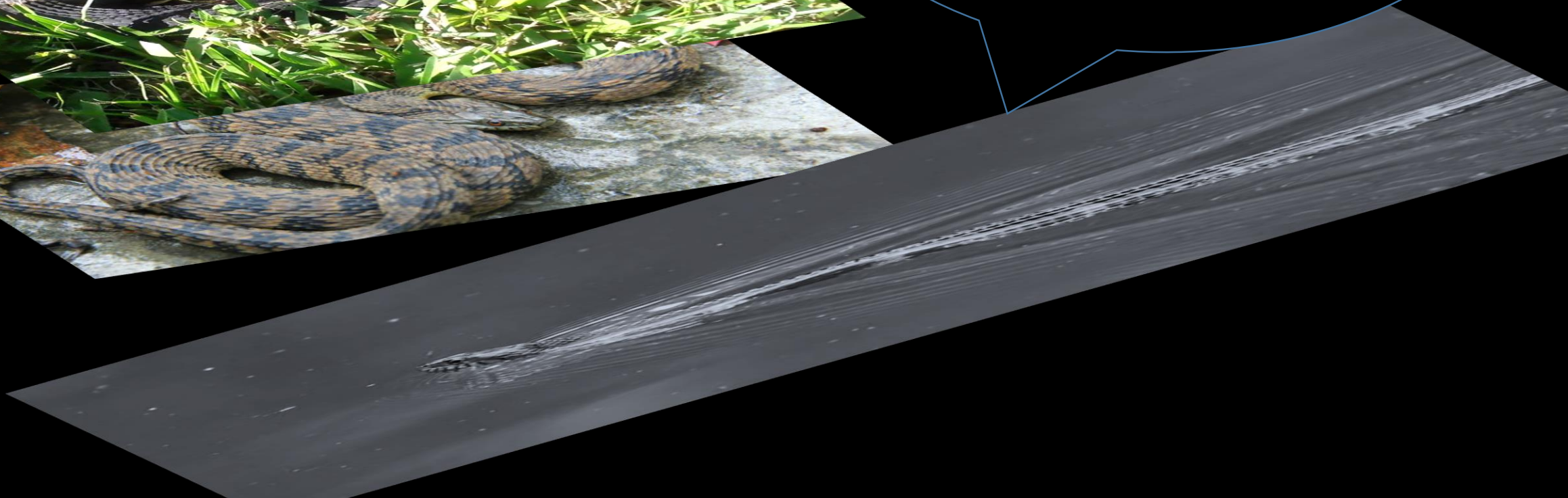
...questions questions...Important
questions...tell me you're not a
virgin...well then when can we do this
thing...?

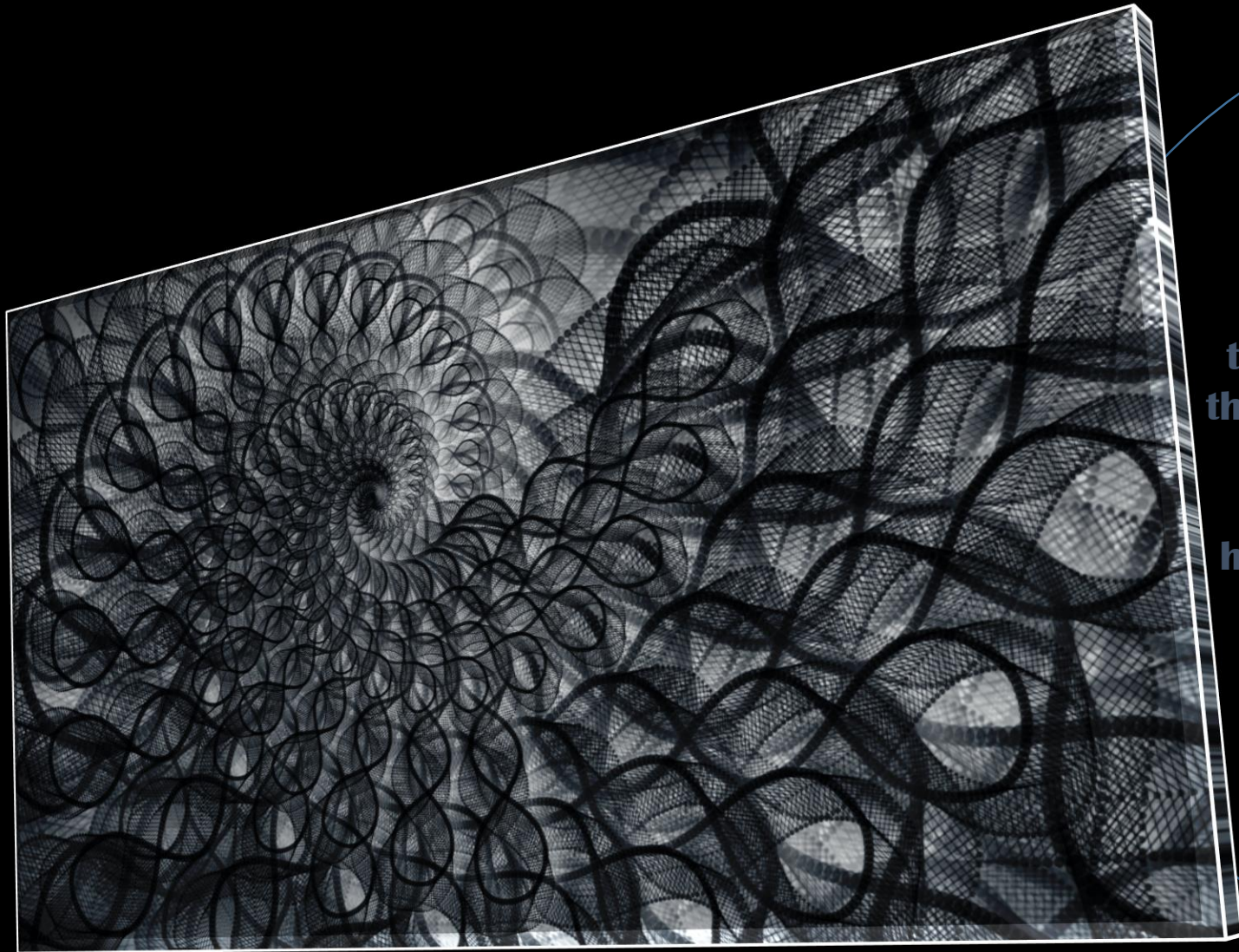


...inside one legend entered another as there was no boundary between them... OCEANUS, the god of the oceans, tricked by ERDS, busy with his/her/it newfound pleasures with the humans had sexual intimacy with ATE, the goddess of mischief, delusion, ruin and folly. And they had begotten a son, YPOLONOS, who in the new rift demanded much to keep his wishes, to keep alive.



...I must tell you a bit about OCEANUS as he was once a god to be respected before he lost his way to ATE... there are those incurvated horns. He carries a fish in one hand, water snake in the other, what odds you say? And there is the oar which leads him to YPOLONOS, his son...





...and then there were those subtle inclinations, that inner sensation it seemed all at once in no span of time...people were dying specifically by their own hands... they were drowning by water...making their very conscious attempt to end their lives and it could have been assumed it was something in the air, some unspoken, unspeakable viral infection spreading with some questionable but actionable quantum potential...



...initially it was easier to believe they were random occurrences and it was also lazier...things that happen without any particularization of efforts...randomization suddenly became dependent upon spatial distribution of death phases and its suicidal culmination...eight women and one man die within 250 miles, 402.3360 kilometers range...the events were strangely, frightening, alarming rather than miniscule...



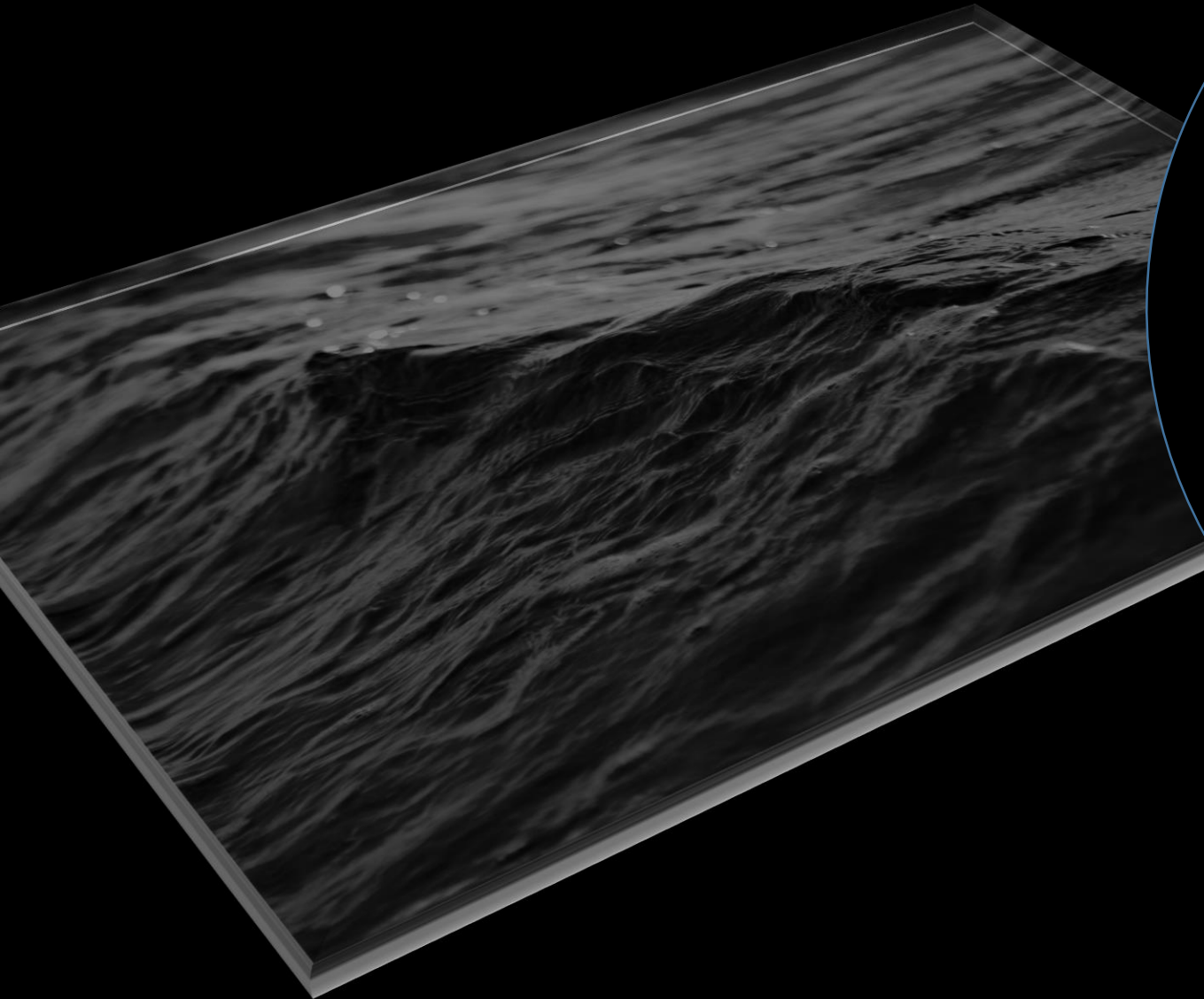
And there were attempts to discredit the events three months in passing...there was the ulterior supposition which isn't a supposition at all...that there is always the need for cleansing...who is dirty? Why feel dirty? Is it possible to cleanse in water and still feel very much dirty? Why do eight women and one man have to die every thirty days within specific spatial distribution...for what purpose? Evolution of the species? Devolution of the species? Soon the deaths were hardly looked upon as self directed suicides. They became known as the soft water murders.



...solving it was perplexing as there seemed there were no scientific ways to stop the seeming suicides, murders, mass suicides, they weren't sure...there was the attempts to physically deter people from going into large bodies of water within suspected time frames ...but that mainly roused other potential people to do the same until the slots for the eight women and one man was filled. Why so many women? Why the deaths?



...there was the problem of not knowing who could be vulnerable to some sudden suicide wish and over a year of repeated patterns without any understanding, science was at a loss for predictability, losing all credibility in finding a way to solve the mystery of the soft water murders. The scientists resolved to the inability to prevent the murders...



...all their options exhausted, they consulted a most unlikely helper, a homeless woman who studied nature all her life and lived a lonely and dejected life in a raggedly looking little house by the ocean fronts where when it gets cold it gets very cold and when it gets very warm, the breeze merely calm her feet...

After they explained the strange occurrences and events to her, she replied, “why would water which is already soft be soft water?”



No one could give her an answer so she gave them one. “Time and life weaves in alternations and when there is a break in succession, hell may break loose...things can also happen the other way round... When a tide ebbs and flows in one way, it must ebb and flow out the other way never the same place, alternate sides...” They all wondered what she meant and because they looked confused she explained simply. “Someone must die.”



How is the solution to people dying someone must die, the scientists wondered and expressed their frustrations to the poor lonely homeless woman. But she shrugged the doubts. “You have to break the terrible pattern and in doing so someone must die. There has to be someone who must be willing to consciously commit suicide to end the pattern of nine so it turns into ten. But this must be specifically done. The person that must break this curse must be a man.”



And this is the end of the tale...I can tell you that if the scientists do what the poor homeless woman advised, the terrible events will end...but could they? Would they? Who will be willing to make this much needed sacrifice...? The author will not tell you anything further, no specific ending here because that is the kind of author she is...she likes to believe you're intelligent readers...she doesn't know you're blind and dumb as hell...she's crazy I tell you...who in her right mind will tell this kind of incomplete tale to blind dumb idiots...?



We should definitely kill her before she tells the next tale...but we wont be able to tell the tale...I will come up with a plot in the next tale...we're killing that bitch...till next time...

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