On Fucking Girls

Appendix 2

Found fragments (reproduced as-is)

I have made this letter longer than usual, because I have not had time to make it shorter. —*Pascal*

I have finally outdone myself

I have created an essay that is completely unpublishable and what I mean by unpublishable is that I cannot send it to anyone whatsoever

I never thought it wouldn't have been possible but it was staring me in the face all this time, I finally did it

this is so sad but also so beautiful and also somehow tender, there's a certain almost unbearable lightness to it like a butterfly being born and living for just a brief moment, but that moment is one of profound beauty and lightness, no responsibilities except smelling and

licking flowers I'm flying around in the open world, that's so amazing

I'm working on an investigation of the language the girl you remember when I had a girlfriend called the meow girl I wrote an entire essay called essay about how to I don't even know how to say this but anyway the essay is called On Fucking Girls

and it has it's there they're a big part of that girl was because she would only say meow and it was extremely difficult to understand what she was saying we called it meow language but since the language only has one word it literally was almost impossible to understand what she was saying

after 7 months I still was not sure if she was because when she said meow I think that meant yes I would always assume that one meow means yes so I would say meow when she said meow so I said meow means yes right and then she would say meow meow so I would be like well so that means meow means no right I mean what if one meow means yes then meow meow must mean no so if yes doesn't mean meow then meow must mean no so it was like a paradise I think she was I don't know it was like a paradox maybe meow meow wasn't even maybe no was three meow that was my other hypothesis because sometimes she would say

meow meow meow so maybe meow meow was actually yes it was really confusing I was really I swear to God I tried to understand it for seven months sometimes she would point at the moon and screaming meow at the top of her lungs

anyway I documented like in extremely graphic detail my sexual life with this meow girl

so that's unpublishable obviously

but then I was bit I've been you know I'm I just I was working I found this earlier I got I have to continue on this one because this is just a very very primary you know a preliminary materials towards this meow language because it's just a little sketch because I really think I could map out most of it actually if I just sat down and think about it because I remember so for some reason when she was screaming me out you know sitting on the floor naked and screaming meow and pointing in every direction she invented like a sign language I guess you could say because she would point in various directions like point up and screaming meow point left and screaming me out and I feel like I can sort of intuitively remember what those mean and then the meow would like modulate and have different pitches and everything

because you know it's like etched itself into my mind I have multiple like vivid memories of all kinds of different meow patterns because there I mean I remember the sexual situation so to speak I remember exactly all of the elements of the sexual fantastical instantiation and I remember exactly the meow you know like the sonic landscape of meow background noise at that point in time

can I see the whole prompt that's pretty interesting, also I'd reminds me a lot of my hotel room and I was in the hotel room with the meow girl I mean I can't believe this is a long stretch of my life where I would literally like this with my this was like my only interaction with human beings I would sit on the floor in this hotel room with the meow girl and try to understand what she was saying and then you know just fuck her or something we didn't even do that half the time because we were so angry at each other because we didn't understand what the other person will say and everyone was hungry she would always try to bring me gifts she would bring me clothes you know because I never change clothes and she would bring me like tons of beer because you know I like beer and then I would bring her pizza and so on so we ended up just like you know she would sit and eat pizza and play some video game on her phone and

I would be like watching YouTube and like drinking beer and that way you know and then we would like try to have sex which you know we wanted to do it she was actually she was she was trying to get me to do something she was like let's go to a sex club let's have fun can you fuck me in the ass or something you know and I was like really attracted to her I really was that's why I wanted to see her all the time and there was no not really any problem it was just I don't know she was so annoying I mean I didn't even understand what she was talking about everything she was saying was meow which was my fault but obviously I mean I was the one who had instigated this fixed and immutable rule and like for the most part I think it was a good time I had a good time with her you know we had sex all the time whatever we did all kinds of things we played super Mario you know she would sleep over we would go and have dinner we would go to the fucking this was in Paris we would go to the Louvre she didn't know she like this restaurant outside there like she know how to order like cool I don't know starters or something and actually we had a special exception if I remember correctly I think we instigated this like I don't remember I think it would be when we went back and forth of this because it seems like a good idea because I said okay when we are eating

dinner at the Louvre then you can speak in normal English and if I remember correctly it backfired like almost immediately I started hating her and she started hating me we like didn't like each other at at all anymore I was like yeah this is you know one of the cutest girls I've ever met that she's like my girlfriend almost but God I hate her she's so annoying so we went back to the meow paradigm but that was also like she managed to be so incredibly annoying with her meowing so I don't know man it was a it was actually a nightmare although I couldn't get enough of her either when she left I was so I missed her so much you know sometimes I would get so angry that I would just like ignore her she would be meowing like a real cat she was sitting in front of me on the floor you know on all foursome but she would like like pleading like meow meow I'm sorry she's like I know you know there's a certain way she would say meow that means like I'm sorry as you would put her like paw on my lap or something and I wasn't sure what she was apologizing for but I was still angry and then you know I would undress her or something and I would try to play with her breast or something like that and I was like okay whatever I love you now again everything Is forgiven I don't care let's just get you naked or something and play super Mario for a second

let me calm down you were meowing so loud I was trying to explain to her she was like apologizing sorry sorry she said in meow language which was like meow meow in a low tone or something but also I understood that she wanted to take me to a sex club like a swingers club like a cool sex club where you need to bring your own girlfriend so to speak you know what I mean like the kind of stuff they have in Berlin but it was more like it was not it's not too much like a door policy was more like literally like every guy needs to bring one girl or if you are a girl you can come in for free but for some reason she wanted to bring me I don't even understand why I was like you can just go there yourself literally you are like I mean you're literally an escort why do you need me in the fucking sex club I don't want to fuck anyone why don't you just shut up and let me fuck you I don't know which I mean was the purpose of our current situation when I was saying that which so that didn't really make any sense I could just fuck her that very second so but still I was like I felt like it had no purpose for me to go with her to the sex club and also I was busy I was like I was busy with so many things and she was keep kept meowing all the time about this sex club I was like Jesus Christ I don't even like sex I don't like sex clubs especially have you ever been to a strip

club that's how I feel about sex clubs maybe for you it's fun to get fucked in the ass by strangers but you know that's why you have this line of work you know for you that's fun for me that sounds like a fucking nightmare when you meow when you sit on your you know you stand on all fours the thing you do when you're gonna want to get fucked in the ass all the time and you scream meow that for me that my worst nightmare that's sound when you screamed me out and you want to get fucked in the ass and I don't I'm not in the mood you know that's like my nightmare so your utopia in the sex club I don't even understand like will you could just go there yourself I'd never understood and she would just say meow meow or something and yeah I have no idea what that means so yeah that was a fucking nightmare I can't believe I spent seven months with that girl I don't even think she was my girlfriend

but yeah that was fucking that was unbelievable I can't believe that happened I mean it sounds like a fever to be completely honest sounds completely made up I don't even know if it's I mean maybe I did make it up I mean but I can't have made it up because I have extensive photographic evidence of this and you know my daughter interacted with her and she met my friend and so on so I know it's real I just feel like it cannot be real the

way I and I'm a describing it like almost exactly perfectly we would fight all the time when imagine the insanity of fighting when one person is screaming meow and the other person is like I don't know I don't even know what we were fighting about I really don't know and then we would fuck and I have like makeup sex you know what I mean but I don't know what we were making up for either you know she really liked having sex with me I think and I really like having sex with her I think that's mainly like why we liked each other and also I feel like I kind of wasn't love with her but I don't understand why I really don't understand that relationship it was the weirdest relationship ever we had like a really like a properly like a domestic situation and all the things with you know blah blah everything no she was very tender and respectful with me about all my sexual fantasy things and I was trying to also with her that was also like exactly I was even more respectable I was taking care of her I was like very gentle with her I was and she wanted me to be very rough with her which I also tried to do that which you know you can see even that looked like a complete fucking disaster everything was like misaligned but it worked anyway somehow it was really confusing you know I knew what she wanted to do with sex she really liked sex you know I think we

both like I think we had like a deep sexual compatibility that is almost impossible to explain we kept having sex over and over and then fighting about nothing or everything I really don't understand and then you know they would switch so quickly like she would burst out of the room and run away and then she would like come back and say meow and like a apologetic manner later and I was like I already missed her so much I was like I miss you so much I'm so sorry and I had no idea what I was about asking for and it kept going on like this for seven months and she was she was like I swear to god she was like one of the cutest girls I've ever seen she was very short but she was so god damn annoying with all the meows but that was the only way I could deal with her