



*Do As Thou Wilt
shall be the whole
of the law, but you
don't have to be a
dick about it.*



My boyfriend and I joke a lot about the poor bastard at the NSA who's stuck reading our chat/phone logs. You know, what with the "being on lists" and all. We've taken to calling him Steve, because that seems like the kind of guy who gets stuck in a government voyeur job

(but not Parable of Steve-Steve, that's a different guy). So we'll be bouncing back and forth between slack and Discord and Facebook Messenger and texts and Signal, putting down as much as we care to in each bucket, finishing ideas three jumps away from where we started, laughing at how hard Steve is gonna have to work to keep up with us, but knowing that he's there all the time, anyway. We might add billable hours to his work day, but were certainly not safe. It's become performance art, the way we live. If you point a camera at someone, sooner or later they're gonna start posing. Anyway, we're pretty sure Steve started this job out as a straight white guy with conventional centrist political beliefs, but by this point either we've driven him to smut-related alcoholism and early retirement, or we've awakened something terrible in him. Nobody should have to look at anime horse porn, not even for government pay.