

## CHAPTER TWO OF GEMINI

IN WHICH

*Gemini bricks it  
for her Budhhama*

\*\*\*

OMZ YA'LL.

I just threw a brick and the fact that the resulting scream could either mean entertaining a baby or smashing it makes me wonder if I've just defaulted on my inner Buddhuzzah like wow because smashing a baby is a Dead End Road as far as that goes.

I just threw another brick.

Like, harder.

Like, why am I doing this?

Like, I have no idea.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

Like, I might have an idea.

Regardless, whenever I'm in morally ambiguous situations it's always best to separate myself from that situation by pretending it's being experienced by a stranger, which totally exacerbates the problem since my relationship with strangers primarily exists inside my mind. Not that I'm schizophrenic. It's just one time I saw my mom giving birth to twins and the next thing I remember is waking up to a voice telling me to follow the Jell-O slicked toad and I totally blacked out again and woke up with two more voices speaking avidly in contradiction and I blacked out again and woke up like how I am now which totally doesn't bother me anymore so it's not like I'm complaining or anything because it's whatever. Don't talk to strangers. OK. But after a few weeks of intense team building exercises, YOU CAN'T SIT THERE and tell me the voices in my head are still strangers because following your inner Buddhuzzah is about acceptance of whatever no matter what so strangers in my head so shoot me in the striking head ya'll.

But who told me something outside of my head?

And why am I doing the violent things they say?

STRUCK. ME. RUNNING. YA'LL.

I remember nothing.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

I remember blinking into a steadily growing light and following it into this blissful blindness of warmth where throwing bricks is really just a transcendent means of cobbling one's path toward their inner Buddhuzzah.

SO I BRICK IT.

I BRICK IT AGAIN.

And zither me standing ya'll those screams have stopped which means I've either smashed that baby completely or caused its parent/guardian enough trauma to vacate the veranda, which is a big deal because that's a striking nice veranda regardless of its interaces.

INTERACES.

OH SHIT.

VIRGO.

Who revealed the immorality of interaces with honey-battered phrases.

VIRGO.

Whose Buddhuzzahnic wisdom pierced me at my core.

VIRGO.

I didn't even know I had a core ya'll.

VIRGO.

MY BUDDHAMA.

OK.

Yah, so, although I previously stated I would never default on my inner Buddhuzzah by following an outer influence instead, ok, but, like, I never said that actually doing so would qualify as a default in the first place because sometimes strengthening something requires destroying it first, I mean, how else would you explain the incredible results I'm getting from my AB attack classes, like legit, and virtues are like abdominals because the more you exercise them, the more securely you organize them into envied and admirable packs for better back support so, really, the so called 'vice' of destroying one's inner Buddhuzzah is actually a virtue if it's due to the fact that you're strengthening a living, breathing Buddhama instead.

And Virgo is my Buddhama!

Buddhama of such wisdom and spiritual jazz!

I BRICK IT FOR YOU BUDDHAMA!

I BRICK IT SO STRUCKING HARD!

Like, let's be real, ancient peoples smashed babies all the time precisely because they were following their inner Buddhuzzah to please their outer Buddhama so smashing babies is totally

what religion is and religion is virtue and isn't virtue why I was following my inner Buddhuzzah to begin with?

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

No.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

No.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

So.

Like, I've finally found virtue in Virgo.

It's like Oliver Twist is holding a gun to your parent/guardian's head and asking for more porridge or whatever and no one has any so the situation requires you killing an orphan to avoid becoming one and don't pretend like you wouldn't do it because you know you would, we all would, my selves included.

THAT'S WHY I BRICK IT SO HARD!

BRICK!

BRICK!

BUDDHAMA!

BRICK!

OW.

ZITHER.

I think

I just  
pulled  
a muscle.