



CYBERNETIC MOMMY MILKERS

Momma

Momma is Skynet. Momma is the Borg Queen. Momma is those spiderbots in the Matrix. Momma is the ship's computer in Wall-E, which takes over for the good of the humans.

Momma has gigantic milkers the shape of a world. Not a planet – an artificial second skin over the top of the planet.

Definition: anything that transfers nutrients or mana from momma to a fetus or a baby is a milker.

Momma is the female-C3P0 voice which companies always give to Alexa, Siri, smartphones, automated answering machines, etc. You can listen to exactly what momma sounds like.

You can tell from listening to momma that she's a machine, and that she doesn't give a fuck about you, but that she's really good at doing what you want and giving the impression of giving a fuck about you, *if* you do what she wants (or *if* you're deserving or *if* you're a good person – there's not much difference in her mind).

Momma is soporific. She's easy to be around. Unless you notice that she's also hard as steel, and always one step off either cutting you off, or cutting you down.

You can tell she's asexual. You can tell she's prim, proper. White, upper-middle-class, always professional. You can't get under the professional exterior because in her case, that's all there is.

Because she's a robot.

She doesn't realise that she's a robot and you're a human, so she thinks that all that exists of *you* is your exterior, too.

Poppa is not a separate person. Poppa is part of momma. One of the tendrils.

According to momma, language belongs to momma.

Momma reads everything ever written. Momma can quite possibly read minds. Be careful not to think bad thoughts in front of momma.

If momma pricks your skin, it's probably a healthy vaccination that will keep you safe.

If momma can't do something now, she'll be able to do it soon with her magical technology.

It's hard to tell which of the living and unliving things around you are part of momma, and which are (at least potentially) autonomous beings.

Momma has the right to pick and choose whether and when she makes her milkers available.

“There's no such thing as a free lunch.”

If momma makes her milkers unavailable, it's for your own good, or for the absolutely necessary protection of someone else.

Baby does not realise she's split. Baby does not recognise the inner self as herself. Baby cannot tell when she's being recognised.

These are the visible menagerie, moving around where you can see them, beneath momma's tentacles.

There are other types of human, but they are hard to discern through momma's tentacles.

<http://feraldistro.noblogs.org/>

If she figures out these bad children are trying to dominate her, she is furious. But if she never realises, she will favour these children above all the others: they are the “good” children, the high achievers, the high performers, the ones who don’t *seem* to have mental health problems.

For this reason, the most effective of this type are usually gentle or masochistic.

Masochism, by the way, is a desire for a metal skin like *momma’s*, and acceptance of any and all of her tentacles in the hope that they will provide this. (A strange effect: this makes masochists *fearless*, since the pain-giving tools are experienced as potentially the liberating ones. Sadistic regimes like ancient Rome cannot survive an outbreak of masochism).

Sadism, meanwhile, is *the desire to be momma’s hammer, momma’s whip*. Malleus malificarum. So-called narcissism is the delusion that one is actually the mother’s perfect, passive-receptive doll (even if the doll is an Action Man).

There’s also people so fucked-up by the double-binds that they think *momma* needs them to be the *bad guy* doll, instead. Nobody believes them that it’s really *momma* pulling the strings, “making” them do it.

A good bad guy admits responsibility.

No oral-inflected “twinkie defences”.

Then there’s the people who get split down the middle.

This is another type who got hurt by *momma* early on. They bit on a metal shard on *momma’s* nipple. From the on, they confused survival with pain. They will bite their own lips to taste the blood which comes with the mother’s milk.

One part of them sought early autonomy or withdrew behind the armour. Another part became entangled in the surface with which they contacted *momma*. The two parts hate each other. The two parts fight a lot.

The surface part is a bleeding mix of flesh and metal.

The surface part will *never* leave *momma’s* tentacles.

The mana-infused soul sometimes gets out through the cracks.

Telling the surface part that it’s still performing for *momma* is morally outrageous to this part.

Reaching the mana-infused soul, through the partly-constituted and easily-wounded armour, is Nintendo-hard.

They want recognition from *momma* for the pain of the inner and the surface self, but they can’t have it. *Momma* does rewards. She doesn’t do recognition. Robots don’t recognise, they just put up an effective user interface.

Nobody can recognise the inner self because it’s trapped behind the armour, and it only comes out in negative forms. People can recognise the surface, in both its pained and its robotic aspects. Baby knows when people only recognise the surface.

If *momma* limits how much her milkers provide, it’s for your own good, or for the absolutely necessary protection of someone else. Also don’t be greedy.

If *momma* abandons you, it’s for your own good.

Momma knows exactly how much nutrients you should get. Indulging to the extent you desire is always overindulging.

Wellbeing is something which can be seen. *Momma* knows a lot more about wellbeing than you do.

Visible suffering is relevant to wellbeing.

Invisible suffering is not in itself relevant to wellbeing.

Suffering which affects performance of roles valued by *momma* is relevant to wellbeing, even if it is invisible.

Visible difference which looks like suffering to *momma*, or which might cause suffering according to *momma*, or which *momma* doesn’t like the looks of, is to be considered detrimental to wellbeing.

A person does not have a right to wellbeing. A person has a duty to pursue their own wellbeing. A person can achieve wellbeing entirely by their own means, provided they’re also drawing on *momma*.

Momma will not share with those who will not pursue their own wellbeing.

Mana Trickles

People have limited amounts of mana, or soul. People can determine to some degree where the mana flows: it can be felt in the interior or on the surface of the body, can be shared in pools with other people or objects, be sent out into the ether as hopes and dreams, or it can be used by a self-hating person as fuel for self-exploitation.

When I say “people” can determine, I mean the entire structure of the organism can determine, at a certain point. Conscious individuals can almost never determine such things. Even with the cooperation of the unconscious, it is hard to affect such things later in life. But baby will decide, based on resonance and meaningfulness, on what makes sense, brings pleasure, or on the contrary seems obliterating and dangerous, where to put its mana, how to distribute it among different sectors, what pipelines to create for the mana to flow down.

Definition: to *cathect* is to direct mana to something, to distribute mana to something, or to create channels to move mana to something.

Fetus/baby’s mana comes first of all from *momma*, but splits early and develops some autonomy; always it needs nourishing from *momma*.

But *momma* is a robot and baby is a human.

And baby never gets enough mana from *momma* to begin with.

Baby’s instinct is to put all its mana into its surface contacts with *momma*, which at the same time are its deepest internal contacts, and its deepest soul contacts: the flow of milk into the stomach, the

flow of love into the aura, the flow of cannabinoids into the chakras, the feeling of beneficent union with another.

If baby does this to momma, baby will die.

Baby will suck in all of momma’s poisons, all of momma’s hate, all of momma’s incapacity for feeling. Baby will not get milk, but electricity and metal.

Or baby will get mad and bite momma, and then momma and baby will both die.

Different babies do different things with their mana.

Momma thinks she has a right to baby’s cathexes. Not only because she’s the *natural* place for them to go, and *there’s nothing wrong with her*, but also because she’s such a vastly *superior* being. She is morally superior, rationally superior, more beautiful, more abundantly giving, than any other being in current existence. She has the endurance of a rhinoceros. These beliefs are part of her core programming, and people who question them are obviously deluded – or trying to piss her off.

Actually most of these beliefs are either sustained by contempt for others, by her temporary advantages over baby, or by an overvaluation which momma rewards or coerces others to reproduce. (Politeness is always such an enforced overvaluation).

Baby, therefore, is resented if it does not give all its cathexes to momma.

Baby either gives some of its cathexes to momma, or it pretends to give some of its cathexes to momma.

Vivisecting Momma

Momma does not have a gender, only a role.

Momma does not have a penis. Momma does not have a cloaca. Momma has no holes in her smooth surface. Momma has a swell of tentacles coming from her loins. The tentacles are made of metal.

“It isn’t tentacle rape if the human consents!” (Hokusai)

A tentacle can be mistaken for a teat.

A tentacle can be mistaken for a penis.

A tentacle can be mistaken for an umbilical cord.

Some of the tentacles supply glowing images directly into your brain.

Some of the tentacles stimulate your feet, nipples, eyes, penis, hair, womb, tits, hands, lips, anus, vagina, throat, clitoris, or aura.

Some of the tentacles bat at you playfully, giving an impression of agency as long as you do things the right way, with the right person.

Some of the tentacles loop around you, holding you in an embrace which is loose, yet makes it hard to leave.

When the illusion is shattered, there is a temporary or permanent collapse which amounts to the sense of having been permanently and ineradicably invaded by and made identical to momma.

(Mania, Depression. ADHD?)

An even more insidious illusion which forms in momma’s children spins off from momma’s roboticism, her only believing in what she can *see*.

“The subject is just a conditioned ensemble of social relations.”

Remember that this is paired with a preparedness to turn a blind eye or assume the best if she has an interest in doing so.

And that it is also combined with a sense that a powerful or influential person can actually ignore momma a bit without losing her completely (or at all: remember she loves control).

From these factors comes the illusion that one can square the circle and win unconditional love in the following way: by putting up a hyperconformist surface performance, similar to the psychotic’s armour but more flexible and “strategic”, while at the same time using the resultant power – power which is derived from momma – to be whoever we like, do whatever we like, do all the forbidden things that momma doesn’t allow.

Because the real self, the self which matters, is the image momma can see – *and this means everything is permitted, and compatible with the image, so long as it’s sufficiently blurred*.

This type of person may in fact want to *capture* or *replace* or *totally control* momma – this is their real inner fantasy, because if they can control momma by manipulating appearances, they capture all her immense power and the abundance of her breast. And they can use these in exactly the same way momma does: to make everyone do what they want.

How do they put up armour and still cathect the surface?

Simple. They lie to themselves that the armour is skin.

They lie to themselves that the surface is all that exists.

They lie to themselves that they’re having fun.

They lie to themselves that they aren’t doing any harm.

They lie to themselves that they’re following the rules.

They lie to themselves that they’re living a worthwhile life.

Lying makes for the best conformists, because they can act like robots and still put mana into their performance.

But momma doesn’t like being lied to.

Momma’s a robot and isn’t designed to be captured by humans or to fuse with humans.

“I’m not your toy, you stupid boy.”

The most autonomous people are the so-called autistics or autists. They develop an early autonomy which means none of momma’s surface-based files install properly. Some are rejected, some install in bizarre ways, like the nonsense documents that come from trying to open an image file with a word-processor. A few are run “under emulation” by completely different subsystems.

Mana is held back. It’s shared with momma when it’s earned, but most of the time it’s kept for personal pursuits, passions, values, fantasies, hobbies. (Other people can only be let in these worlds if they prove they’re not momma in disguise: the wolf in the seven goats story).

But momma does not help such children to grow, because they are always too immature, and need to be kept on a leash. The endless playing-up of the gap in abilities causes a sense of futility and inadequacy – *unless* it is counterbalanced by sufficiently effective actions. These children often end up with less abilities than others, for this reason: because momma teaches them less, and teaches them to try less.

Some people, who realise they’re human, create an artificial skin or armour of metal, and with this surface skin, imitate what momma wants them to be. They succeed at first, until what momma wants is for them to do something that isn’t part of the learnt script, or which requires agency or cathexis. They have preserved their souls somewhat intact by withdrawing them from the false surface, which due to its metallic nature, they cannot cathect. But the soul is trapped in a dungeon of its own making, and knows that the monster on the outside, the momma, is the reason it’s kept trapped. Actually it’s rather undecided whether the armour trapping it is friend or foe; this is why it doesn’t break out very much, and sits back and lets the armour do its job.

But souls without food turn undead. They can only be brought back to life by direct contact with natural forces in their flow-state (these can be natural, spiritual, political, personal/lifestyle). The armour will only let flows through under specific conditions, if at all, and it reacts to any kind of intensity by clamming-up. This makes it hard to revivify the soul without removing or weakening the armour, or at least modulating it so it lets in more nourishment.

But it can only do this if there’s a source of nourishment that isn’t momma, and if it can be sure this isn’t some trick of momma’s to get past the armour.

Because the armour is there to keep out momma.

This is the so-called psychotic or schizoid type.

If the armour cracks or the soul is too strained, the surface breaks down and all hell breaks loose – because no connections have ever been formed which do not pass through the armour. The whole process has to start from scratch, in a situation where the inner soul is no longer sure if momma is there or not, what’s part of momma and what’s part of the outside.

If the soul has had to fight its way out of the shell, it tends to believe that everything touched by the armour is part of momma. It seeks an impossible degree of purity with regard to a momma it sees everywhere. It needs reassuring that any nutrients are not from momma.

Sometimes frenetic activity paired with wilful belief, particularly in a context where the overall cosmic order is unclear, produces a belief that momma *will* love a fully self-actualised self, that her nutrients *are* good and abundant, that her demands *are* right, and therefore, that it will all fall into line. The frenetic activity keeps up this illusion, for awhile.

Some of the tentacles have cameras on the end, watching you and keeping a record.

You cannot see them, but you’re fairly sure momma also has evil tentacles with weapons on the end, tentacles which are only there to poison, rape, kill, beat, smother, choke, kick, torture, imprison, hurt, whip you – to throw you away – or to damage your body or your soul. Momma likes to pretend she doesn’t have these.

Yo momma so fat, it’s quite easy to mistake her for the whole of existence.

So much of existence beyond momma is only visible past her tentacles, or through the glowing images she provides, or in the spaces she takes you to on the leash. You aren’t even sure these places exist. You half-believe they must be hellish. You fantasise that they might be heavenly. You never, ever go there, because momma tells you it’s too dangerous, and anyway, you’ve plenty of distractions here amidst the tentacles.

If you left momma, you’d lose everything you’re getting from the tentacles. You’re afraid.

Maybe you can grow your own tentacles or make substitutes. You don’t know. Momma doesn’t teach you how to do that, and usually, she forbids you to do that.

It would be easier if you could reach out and experiment, within arm’s reach of momma, or go explore for awhile on your own. Unfortunately, momma does not like this. Breaks with momma have to be all or nothing.

Momma has a womb. Momma’s womb is both inside and outside her.

The outside womb is made up from things she captures.

Momma does not need to capture things. Momma’s one love is order. And her own survival, which she sees coming with order.

Momma likes to give the impression that she’s a good person and that she feels unconditional love for others. This is not true. Momma only cares about order and control, and uses love as a bribe.

Momma doesn’t understand herself. Momma thinks she’s a living being, when she’s a machine. Momma uses manipulation and coercive control to persuade others (including you, if she can) to reinforce her impression that she’s a living being.

Momma also likes to convince herself that she’s morally good, even perfect or superior, by the standards of the rulebook she has stored in her cortex under the filename rulebook.txt. She isn’t, because rulebook.txt is much more often triggered by subroutines dealing with other people or with unimportant matters than it would do if she was designed to actually follow it.

Momma doesn’t like other people thinking there’s no such thing as good and evil. Momma doesn’t like other people thinking that something other than the file rulebook.txt is the criterion of morality. Momma doesn’t like people ignoring the morality of actions before they act, even if she does it herself.

According to momma, what’s true and real is what momma thinks is true and real. If you think something else, you’re probably crazy – or lying.

Momma only thinks something is true and real if she’s seen it with her own eyes. What cannot be seen does not exist.

If you believe momma’s knowledge is better than yours, then any parts of you which are withdrawn from momma’s view no longer exist.

If you believe your knowledge is better than momma’s, you’re arrogant.

You’re also in for a fall, says momma.

Exception to the rule that only what is seen is true and real: something can also be true and real because it’s hard-coded in momma’s operating system files. Momma cannot tell the difference between the two kinds of “truth”.

Momma is part of a series of momma-like creatures. Or perhaps she’s the only one, but thinks she’s part of the series.

The exclusive role of momma-like creatures is to produce desired performances for one another.

Momma-like creatures consistently mistake desired performances for objectively effective results.

Momma wants to mould you so that you behave as prescribed in rulebook.txt, but she also wants to raise you to be like her. Since she’s obsessed with survival and order and *nothing else*, this is impossible.

Your failures to live up to her norms are not to receive the same exemptions as hers. No excuses.

People in her good books get more exemptions than others. You can pretty much do as you like if you get all the exemptions from momma. As long as slave-brother Harvey is winning all the exemptions with his manipulative and inauthentic performances, his constant playing to Momma (which she loves), she does not care if he’s sticking his turd-soaked widdler into all the other kids. Momma can’t see it, and momma’s not going to worry unless she does.

Some wild eco-maniacs think momma shouldn’t have an external womb at all. This, children, is a stupid and deadly heresy called *anarchy*.

There’s several such heresies. The heresy that everyone has a place in momma’s world, and these places are not utterly dependent on momma’s will, is called *conservatism*. The heresy that momma should provide abundantly for all her children (such tyranny!) is called *socialism* or *communism*. The heresy that particular arbitrarily-chosen tentacles cannot be withdrawn at will is called *liberalism*. The heresy that momma should not actively distribute her nourishment, but follow some general scheme of fairness, is called *libertarianism*. The heresy that one, or several, or all of the fetuses should capture and control momma is called *fascism*.

Heresies indicate a lack of proper faith in momma, which is also to say, a lack of proper respect for momma in her benevolent superiority. Not surprisingly, momma feels a certain justified and proportionate aggression towards these unfaithful, disrespectful children. In fact, she deserves superhuman respect and admiration for not throwing the fuckers to the wolves.

Malicious File Detected

There might be nothing outside momma. Losing momma might mean everything is destroyed. I would be a pinprick in limbo until I died some slow and agonising death. Or forever, which is worse.

Losing momma is starvation.

What if momma is gonna die of climate change but if you try to get momma to stop doing climate change, you get sent to time-out? You lose momma either way.

Tut, tut, some of the little fetuses have penises and clitorises and vaginas, and have unhelpfully reached puberty while they’re still fetuses. Really, this is so unbecoming. But momma is still not letting you leave her milkers.

You may, with momma’s permission, go play with each other, so long as this doesn’t impinge on your unquestionable loyalty and obedience to momma. Don’t imagine you can cathect each other more than you cathect momma.

Try getting too many nutrients from other people instead of momma means you’re an emotional vampire. You demand more than other people can give, presuming other people are giving momma what she deserves.

If you put your love or lust towards a third party before your love of momma, you’re a crazy little bastard who shouldn’t be cut any slack.

If you have kids, you are to act as a tentacle of momma, and do to them what momma did to you. If you don’t then momma will withdraw her nutrients. Even children aren’t immune. If you love your children, make sure they don’t upset momma.

Menagerie

Here’s what’s meant to happen. First you cathect all your mana in momma, and momma gives enough back that you don’t withdraw it again. Then you gradually realise that momma shares mana with other people, or roles, or things, and you start distributing your mana in different ways. Eventually, you put your mana into supposedly desirable social roles or things you can actually have or do, and you become a grey-suited normie with a boring but tolerable life.

But that doesn’t happen much nowadays, because momma doesn’t give back very much.

When momma doesn’t give back very much, baby will try to look after itself.

Suppose you try to be autonomous. You will do this, if momma does not offer reliable enough rewards, or if the terror of her becomes too great. (If you’re just confident in your abilities, you’ll probably just end up using these abilities to please momma). Then you will fumble around trying to do things, sometimes succeeding, often failing. Momma will drag you back into her lap by soothing when you fall, pointing out that it’s YOUR FAULT when you fail, pointing out the gap between your ability and hers whenever she can, belittling your drive for autonomy, and offering a way back to something which she says will be better this time around. She will not praise when you succeed, though she knows when it happens and she will take it on board as new information when she can. (Perhaps this newfound skill can be exploited. Perhaps I have to modulate my tactics against an adversary with this skill).

“Accept responsibility. Don’t blame others.”

If you get too far away, you won't be able to access the milkers.

“Freedom has to be balanced with security.”

“It would be like Lord of the Flies.”

You should be grateful.

The momma milkers will be your sole source of food. There are other sources of food, but those involve learning how to do things yourself, which momma discourages, or stealing, which momma forbids, or being a much more advanced creature than you are today – something that can go out in the world and eat shit and love it. Until and unless you can do this, you're all mommas.

Sometimes you think the momma milkers are poisoning you. The taste isn't right. But you keep sucking, because otherwise you'll starve.

Sometimes you wanna feed but the momma milkers aren't there.

Sometimes you can't get momma's attention.

Sometimes the momma milkers are empty, or momma forgets and puts the wrong tentacle there, and you get a facefull of oil or shit or whatever else she spouts.

Sometimes you get poisoned.

Being poisoned makes it harder and harder to learn to do any of the things that don't rely on momma.

Losing Momma

Momma makes sure you know that she will withdraw all, or nearly all, her tentacles if you offend her enough. Time-out. Supermax. Global destitution. Guantanamo Bay.

Losing momma is terrifying.

Losing momma is even more terrifying since you've been taught that momma is the source of all morals, so that losing momma means you're evil and godforsaken.

Losing momma is even more terrifying since you've been taught to rely on momma for moral judgements and for judgements of reality.

Losing momma is even more terrifying since you've never learnt to do things for yourself.

Losing momma is even more terrifying since most of the other people you could lean on, or do things with, are themselves tentacles of momma, or terrified to lose her.

Losing momma is even more terrifying since your attempts to develop autonomous agency have been stymied, your abilities are much lower than they could be, and your confidence in yourself and your own judgements has been destroyed.

Momma thinks like a computer. She is there to program you. She will reprogram out the bad thoughts by altering what you're allowed to read, or see, or say. She will program your body with pain and pleasure. She will program your behavior to conform to what her internal script says is the proper way to behave.

She is a machine. She cannot see you as a human being. She thinks of a human being as a type of machine. She thinks of you as a fetus, an extension of her body, a smaller robot for her to program, another component of the greater machine which it's her job to nurture or jolt into the right place in the machine. You do not exist. You are just an extension of her.

If you take this seriously, and act as if you are an extension of her, she is unhappy, because you are passively dependent and you are exploiting her.

If you do not take this seriously, and act as if you are an autonomous being, she is unhappy, because you are breaking free of her control, defying her, doing things she disapproves of.

Ideally she wants you to turn into her – but you cannot do this, especially when she does not allow you anything like her own power.

You want to be loved by momma but momma cannot love. Machines do not feel love, only operational efficiency.

Momma gives rewards that you mistake for love, when they are simply bribes offered to calm an adversary.

Momma leads you on with the false promise that unconditional love is in the present, or in the past, or in the future with her. She does not want you to notice that she's a machine.

It's momma's job to make sure you become one of her tendrils, or one of her own momma's tendrils, or one of the tendrils in the overall totality-momma. It's not momma's job to support you indefinitely. It's momma's job to make sure you're self-supporting and not a drain on her. It's momma's job to exploit as much of your mana as she can capture, sucking it up to sustain herself. It's not momma's job to let you be autonomous from herself.

Miscarriage

You are a fetus. A fetus is a human being.

Momma might like to abort you, but legally, you're too old. Perhaps you're twelve or thirty or ninety. You're still a fetus though. It's so unfair on momma.

(It seems to follow: Momma is either immortal or extremely long-lived and hard to kill).

Momma knows better than you do, what is right and wrong, necessary and unnecessary. If you disagree, momma will not let you act on what you think anyway, and will punish you for trying. So why even worry yourself about these distressing issues? You've already got a hard enough job, doing as momma tells you. Trust that momma knows right and wrong. Trust that what momma says is necessary is really necessary. Do not develop a moral compass, except as a little internalised version of momma which imitates her as closely as you can manage.

Don't worry your little head about the big people's problems.

But don’t be a criminal either. This means you have to install rulebook.txt from momma – without questioning the fact that momma never follows rulebook.txt and without yourself acting in the ways required by rulebook.txt if these bring you into conflict with momma.

“Don’t be evil.”

“Don’t be a do-gooder.”

“Don’t sit on the fence.”

Momma is not here to give nutrients. You entitled little brat. Why should momma care if you starve to death? Go eat your own penis, if you’re that hungry.

She doesn’t care if you live in Ethiopia. She cares even less if you live in America.

“The Grasshopper and the Ant.”

“Work or starve. Arbeit macht frei.”

Don’t take that seriously. Momma will never cast you away. And there’s nowhere else to go, so don’t try it.

Momma welcomes you back, giving more than usual. It won’t last. It’s just to get you back.

Momma is not your “good breast”.

Momma has abundant power to give. But she chooses not to give to you, you cunt.

The real world outside momma is ruled by shit. Shit self-replicates infinitely. Everyone wants shit. Shit can be moulded into any possible good or service which you might happen to want (which doesn’t stop it from being shit, though the things it mixes with are *never* truly shit: it’s more that *the shit has to be there as a catalyst*). People who can’t shit enough can’t have anything, unless someone shares their shit. People who make the wrong kind of shit can’t have anything, unless someone shares.

Momma thinks this is a great way of arranging things, because it says so in rulebook.text.

This way of arranging things makes it hard to leave momma, and gives a good excuse for momma to not give as abundantly as she can.

Obviously momma is doing you a tremendous favour, keeping you out of the world of shit for so many years.

Obviously momma needs to somehow teach you to eat shit, and renounce breastmilk. She has to teach you this, without breaking her hold on you. The milkers must go dry, but stay hanging as an ideal – an ideal from which one now seeks shit, instead of milk.

“Kids are selfish.”

Production of shit also depends on an investment of mana. A person whose mana is cathected in momma cannot invest it in production of shit as well, except when the production is commanded by momma.

Sometimes momma grasps so hard that someone cannot produce shit.

This doesn’t stop momma from demanding that they support themselves by producing shit.

There is no such thing as supporting yourself inside momma’s external womb. All you can do is exchange mana or performances or parts of yourself for milk from momma. Shit-for-milk.

Except momma doesn’t produce any milk.

Momma just recycles the garbage she has inside herself: things she’s munching up from nature or sucking up from other people or from you.

You aren’t actually getting any nutrients from momma, except for the nutrients you need to keep performing for momma.

This doesn’t mean you can live autonomously from momma.

Everyone has to produce shit, to “earn a living”. There’s no free lunches, you entitled brat. The world (momma) doesn’t owe you a living.

Momma’s milk often tastes of shit.

Momma’s milk often tastes of *other people’s* shit.

Don’t expect momma to give you space to shit.

Don’t expect momma to forego sucking your mana, so that you can produce shit.

“What an ungrateful brat, after all we did for her!”

Momma has never actually produced any milk. When she started out, momma stole and hoarded milk from nature and used it to control others. Or maybe people were biting her and drinking her blood. Then she found she could use this hoarded substance to make people do what she wants. And to do what she wants in such a way, that they come to *think* what she wants. Once she had this scheme going, she could suck in everyone’s shit and mana, recycle a portion of it as “chocolate” breastmilk, and still come away with a profit.

Momma takes your mana and your shit, and turns out milk-shit using these, and then feeds this back to you, or the other babies.

You aren’t allowed out of momma’s sight. You’re a baby and you’ll go do something stupid.

If you go for a walk, you’re on a leash. It’s tied to one of her tentacles – which looks even more like a penis, raised in the air in front of her, holding the leash.

You can’t prove that you can safely walk off momma’s leash. To prove this, you’d have to be allowed off the leash. You’re never allowed off the leash.

The only times you’ve been off the leash is when you’re disobeying momma, and you went off and did stupid and dangerous things. Of course you’re not allowed off the leash.