

The 10 Step Guide to: fucking off & never looking back.



Tigoteus

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(about the zine)

how do you leave the town you grew up in – familiarity?

with tears, champagne? or without words? too many explanations or just with a sledgehammer — do you even remember it happening? the zine you are holding, this guide, sits on the intersection of leaving home while burying an old persona, fostered like a parasite. it's asking questions about how we change, when, why and with what kind of mentality.

‘the ten step guide [...]’ is Tigoteus’ 2nd zine work.

(slaughterhouse)

18 is a magic number to a parent, like a certain weight is a magic number to a pig. it is simultaneously a magic number to a child the way it is also a magic number to a wine. rotten and bitter and exciting, due for celebrations. the blood in the drain isn't mentioned. the knife of the butcher isn't mentioned such as the sound of the camera's shutter. confetti explodes into the air, around the widely opened faces. this will be a mess to clean up later. who cares? the lambrusco stains the tablecloth just like the rare steak.

18 is not only a number; it's also a product. it's a product of three times six, good parenting or home-grown adultery. it's also a quotient: 72 divided by four or the divisions of calling mum, studying hard, learning to lie and looking ahead.

really, you shouldn't be as surprised. you've made it. you've made it yourself. this is your product. this is what you've been working on.

now it is finished. to completion. now, don't await any more instructions.

(sitting dogs)

at the gates to a city near a harbour, sits a dog, waiting for its master. with its nose it smells the sea salt blown its way by the land breeze. with its skin it feels the sun setting behind pine trees. a day under her excruciating heat.

at the gates to the city near the harbour, a dog sits smelling the warm sea. but worry not, the locals say: the port is haunted! on the bottom, a monster will await thee. now, as the dog grows too curious, it sticks its nose down the quay and waits for the monster to make it flee.

(flat share made of scum)

all the bugs in my house
are kept quiet by the bug spray,
but the real vermin is never addressed.
it sleeps in my bed and in this prison
made for a person
it's never been accommodated for.
yes, this chair would be more comfortable for a human
in fact, this life, too.
but those don't live here

i wear my home like an exoskeleton
and parade around town with my massive shell
like a cockroach.
i wear a pod like a home
i wear it as protective gear
and like a marker
few ever see. fewer ever understand.
only my fellow ants, fleas, wasps, earwigs et cetera
huddled under the floor boards
we clunk our crusts together
there's comfort in the noise of one thousand tiny legs →

i knew you would be disgusted by that.
we're many
but most humans don't look beneath them
too obscure

i shouldn't talk about us, myself like this,
but i really can't help it
my chitin reminds me –
i wear it so that every punch rolls right off and
so that my soul may press against it from the inside.

i can't wear my home at heart,
too close to implosion.
my skin stays mushy
and my soul expands
enclosure means entrapment
and sure
they may call me disgusting

but when i get home,
i look at my silverfish sublessees
and before i get out the bait boxes
i tell them that we're in for the same thing.

(at the end of the tunnel lies a christmas light)

they've hung an elk's head above the doorway. antlers thick as arms act like charms as they scratch the illuminated windows to the sides. yes, it kind of diminishes the atmosphere of the christmas lights.

fleshy tongue full on display - eyes glazed over, dull and grey. a gory look that should do more to me than paralyse, violent cries stuck behind my throat. a coat of salvia drips onto my vest.

“watch out!” said the invitation. “the elk licks all its guests” like a ritual. yes, like a baptism. it's a trophy and a warning.

it says: *beware, ye who enter here. and come in all those welcome.* i spend hours on the doorstep being judged by the animal they've hung. it never comes to a decision. i'll come back to a rotting head. i think it's for my own good, actually. i always go mad inside the stuffy parlour, anyways. easter, birthday and christmas.

easter, birthday, christmas. it's a rhythm. it's a guideline. easter, birthday, christmas. →

or maybe a breathing pattern. spring, summer, winter, repeat. rinse, repeat. rinse, repeat. rinse. rinse. rinse. *rinse*. the end of a circle is defined by its starting spot. in a different life, I wouldn't be parting with you lot. gods, am i glad that this is the end before the next round. i'm glad that this is my last deadlock with an elk.

they're terrifying.

next year, i won't be here. in fact, i won't strain my brain, trying to memorise the names of irrelevant dots in life that most people seem to call a *neighbour*. this is my last christmas licking the bars to freedom. let me bask in the promise of escape. meanwhile, i will enjoy the meal.

i guess it's time to start my own circles. time to carry my own elk's head to table, work, and bed. home is where the endless rhythm is ignored because the ouroboros is of your making and you foster it like a little leaven. home is where the elk's head sits inside your heart. home is where you go to on easter, birthdays and christmas.

(relinquish.)
and I hate to break it to you,
but you're already loved.
sorry I can't take your pathetic moaning anymore.
sorry I had to shut you up this way.
sorry, sorry.
go on.
I won't interrupt,
promises. I promise.

(a key moment in an ordinary life)

dear best friend,
die in a ditch for me, will ya?
take my memory and bury me
in the muddy plains of the warzone that is your mind.
kill me before i get the chance to.

because - dear best friend,
i am going to forget you!
and does that statement fill you with dread?
does it make your stomach churn,
does it make you turn
around and face me? i hope not.
i have already left your rot.

have we met?
does that question tear you to shreds?
i certainly hope it will get to your head.
and if i threaten you with final deletion,
will you wail to me,
asking for depletion of your sins?
will you kick me in the shins? →

again?
before that happens,
i want to cash in this year's christmas wish.
i know i haven't been an angel (see above)
but this one comes from love, so
let me rephrase:

i wish for this Christmas
your figurine, beweeeping my grave
that will sit untouched under a tree.

i wish for this christmas,
that my memory won't flee.
and that you will remember
my face and my disembodied limbs
my stupid eyes and my stupid lies
next time you tell your shrink about me.
by god,
i wish for you to weep.

(Leucochloridium Paradoxum, a Study in Strife)

Her name is Charlotte, and she wears all my things to perfection. Her body in action while I sit watching and mouldy from the inside. I ride this feeling of estrangement until I can't take it anymore. Until the host fights back from the core. Fuck, I feel like a fraud in my own body. My soul crushed by the parasitic urge for self-destruction.

Purge myself from the sin of my construction! My twin reigns over my tomb after having killed me in the womb. For fairness' sake, I killed my body back.

I'm glad she was subdued with the insecticide, but the residual ghost of the absorption keeps a hawk-eyed sight on me. What happens when a remnant of a dead clone comes undone? A copy of a copy of a fake won the case. A copy of a copy of a fake, switched bodies too often to understand stability. Absolute freedom. What do you do with a body that is wholly your own? You burn it beyond recognition. →

But then, the questions start and really, I don't understand your obsession with my past; why you're digging in the mud. What do you expect to find? My secrets I have long since dug up, swallowed so my death lies within their telling. You never recognise me in pictures. Don't be ashamed. My own mother asked who I was. (I couldn't bear to tell her) it's been so long, I forgot how to recognise myself. No, this is not a cry for help.

I execute emotionless simulations by picturing myself in vintage photographs taken by families I have no ties to, and I copy and paste myself into a frame I was not around for the taking. I wouldn't worry about the ethics of this, for I can't help myself. The parasite I killed to become myself did the very same thing. And there's only one way to get rid of these pests. It's simple, really. The house needs to be burned.

(I WANT A FUNERAL)

I WANT A FUCKING FUNERAL
THAT'S JUST AS HOLY AS A REAL ONE
YES, I WANT A CASKET
A FUNERAL FEAST
YES, I WANT THE WHOLE
FUCKING BLING-BLING
I WANT TO BE BURIED
DEEP ON THE GREEN FIELD
I WANT TO BE CELEBRATED
AND THEN FORGOTTEN
NO FUCKING PICTURE ON THE MANTLE
AND NO TEARS ON THE HOLIDAYS.
I WANT YOU TO STOP THINKING OF ME
AS MY PRE-DEAD SELF.
I HAVE SHAKEN THAT RUSE.
THAT FARCE; FAÇADE.
LOOK ME IN THE EYES.
STOP DANCING AROUND MY DEATH.

(20° delicate fabric)

actually, i belong into the handwash
the grand rush of liquid
flowing frigid over my head
boiler, lead, and then your hands.

i belong into a little metal basin
left to soak in
gentle soap – i belong into your hold.
i belong into your love
caress your finest cloth. caress your finest wool.
caress my seams.
by any means, put me in your basin.
give me a place in your love.

(prayer before self-administered death)

fuck you!

you're not gonna win.

i will live.

i will see another day.

i will watch the sun rise tomorrow

and dance on your

shocked expression

and trample on your pitiful eyes.

so long,

suckers!

About the Author:

Tigoteus is just another self-absorbed author, who enjoys talking about themselves a little too much.

Other than that, they are desperately trying to outrun their hometown. When they aren't writing (and let's be honest, that's most of the time!), they keep a keen interest in biology and mathematics as well as theatre and, well, poetry.