

E.C. McCready

ALIEN NINJA AKUMA The Hannya Mask, unless otherwise stated, the property of Edward Charles McCready/E.C. McCready. Copyright and other intellectual property laws protect this original Science Fiction Japanese Horror Fantasy Novelization written as a virtual Gameplay, a franchise. Reproduction or retransmission of this manuscript, in whole or in part, in any manner, without the prior written consent of the copyright holder, is a violation of copyright law.

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan which decieveth the whole world:he was cast into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. (Revelation 12:9)

Manuscript: **ALIEN NINJA AKUMA *The Hannya Mask***

Science Fiction Japanese Horror Fantasy
Kizuna Satellite/Virtual pipeline
Tanegashima Space Center NASDA
Kagoshima Prefecture/Osaka, Tokyo Japan
Current Events/100,000 words

MANGA MCCREADY

530 South Lake Ave 130
Pasadena, Ca. 91101-3515

(tel) 818.919.0633
(fax) 818.334.2803

ecmccready@mangamccready.com

mangamccready.com

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Chapter One - Hungry Ghosts

Akiharbara District, Tokyo Japan:there midst the light and hidden in its darkness, galvanic, gameplay and gadgets, Manga-wired and all fired up, it was streaming - online, uploading and downloading, chattering inside their social networks, this Dragon that had befallen upon them, of a strangeness and of its own beingness. What else would of there had been then? The game? Yes. To win the game, vanquish with slaughter? Searching, there were screams. The was the blood of children that flowed among... This, was an only one. There must of had been many. Yes, there was this boss. Ah, there it was, searching - found "Honor unto death."

From gadget to Manga novel, from those obsessed, yes forced by an uncontrollable passion to play those games, it lifts off and was online. Yet, for whatever it was then, invisible, it was a stillness there, saturating and becoming part of this district, its nest, its mother's womb, this hungry ghost that had come from the gates of hell.

"Akiba?" Was that my name? I could here them then, there

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spatter, but I had to have splatter. What was this, Akiharbara, "A Field of Autumn Leaves?" No, this was an "electric town," and I, it, this ghost, this hungry ghost had to find its family. Searching: "Otaku," now here was a term. Yes, I was an extreme fan, so what was my particular theme, topic, or hobby? No, no - this was no hobby. Cosplay Otaku and Manga Otaku, yes! I was a fan of Japanese comic books, and here, yes! A Pasokon Otaku, a personal computer geek. Now, there - a boss! A Gemu Otaku, a player of video games, and a Wota, an extreme singing girl. And, here, at Tanegashima - at my mother mother's breasts, Gunji Otaku, military geeks!

Not the big-city telephone books that were coming out weekly, but comics with their individual stories or storylines that had stood out and above the crowd, for one reason or the other, it came to Hong Kong, to a public housing district. It was plain, simply novel. There was death that had lasted, and cloths were draped over their lines that had shown of where the revived sales figures would pop up.

Sooner or later, the simple economics here, away from the densely populated country of Japan would of had taken in these stories too.

Japanese children had grown up, yet they were reading comics. These would rattle their world-view in a gameplay, reflecting their own culture and times. Big-eyed children and fluffy animals that had influenced the Japanese had come to

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this Hong Kong public housing project with another preoccupation which was of its hard-to-shake entertainment that had been caught in a comic saturation with computer software.

The off-white building had been found in their cartoons, and there was a comic spatial there. Its point of view was a strip drawn by another architect. She was drawing there with a perspective that had its matter of space which had caught cartoon discrepancies between its views of several "schools" or styles. Her technique which was of a same drawing that was in time with the clear lines of this public housing district in Hong Kong was a contrast that had been deformed by a demonic architect online. It was on the same track with her.

In her room there was an anime series that had become this relationship to its space. It was of a gameplay, and it had been traveling at where there had been this villainous face, an unconscious pipeline for the bad circumstances that would become her conscious state. There were many against one, and she was the one.

This was a furnished bedroom. One small bed opposite a wall at where there was a rod which was hung with the latest cost-effective fashion a young Chinese sketch artist would of had been wearing. Over the window was a Yu-Gi-Oh poster, yet there was a blurring of its boundaries, and its realm had a Hanya Demon face, ghostly and a haunted illusion of an online information. There was a large map of Japan on the wall

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opposite the bed and behind an easel, which had many pages flipped over from its pad, yet there was a drawing: alien, ninja and a woman on its pad - Manga.

Could it of had been her bio-diversity, of those implications of her work that was in another climate? There was a change in the world, something remarkably evil and productive and with a pervasive influence to conceptualize a social movement. They were measuring their successes at where their propositions of an alternative image would change consciousness across a wide spectrum, but there was a turn, a re-imaginative environmentalism that had brought life beyond the grave. Its animation in an everlasting life-cycle was adapting to what it was of itself, which was of this reality at where nothing would matter.

There it was, this long low stretch of land. In 1543, the Portuguese explorer Mendes Pinto found his way there. He introduced firearms to the Japanese. They had even called rifles tanegashima. Blast off, there after: it was at Tanegashima Space Center, JAXA's main spaceport. There, right on its ocean's edge was Ai, a Japanese schoolgirl. She gave him her spread, snow-white panties left on her thigh of one of those delicate chops. Her white blouse was roused, and her grey skirt was raised up on her waist.

Honshi wasted no time other than for Ai - submissive for him, pulling his trousers down below his ass to slide his cock into Ai's ever so sweet, tight-wet Japanese schoolgirl

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pussy. It was hot and heavy. They were in the middle of Manga magazines and books. It was Ai's idea. She relished them first. They made her pussy drip. She used them to roast Honshi's cum for her, yet Honshi froze up in a thrust, stiffly resigning and not climaxing for her nor him.

"Don't stop. Cum inside." Ai had him trained as if he were a little puppy, slapping Honshi lightly on his white ass full of pink schoolboy butt-hole. These were teens, and this was sex, unadulterated free-fucking. Rudely, Honshi manhandled Ai's breasts, and what was once a sweet rhythmic moaning that would fire Honshi's wad had now become a repulsing scream. Ai's instincts set her into a raging scramble to get to her feet, disheveled and glaring at Honshi on his knees with his pecker still pointing north.

"You've destroyed everything!" Ai's plans, the Manga, the sex and the magic of her imagination was devastated by Honshi's uncouth and vulgar treatment of her at the most precious moment.

"I'm fucking hungry." Honshi's eyes were wild, his hair flayed with slobber running out of his mouth. Ai wanted the hell out of there, so she backed away from Honshi and towards the ocean.

Honshi had not deflowered his virgin, and the spawning of a witchery had come from what was the plumb depths of her boyfriend. Ai was sucked into another dimension. An alternative, its crucifix was a door to hell.

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"You're not hungry for me like that!" Ai wasn't going to be raped by this devil, and there was a huge storm whipping up, engulfing the blood of virgins which were in the Manga tossed in its whirlwinds. Honshi mutated into a purplish red, on his feet with a goat's gate.

"The ghosts are hungry." Honshi's voice was hoarse and demonic, and his eyes were irradiating with no irises. Ai was horror-struck. Wind whipped at the agitated ocean - lightning cracked. Two horns erected through Honshi's skull: a pus, bloody-boil busting twelve foot demon!

"No!" Ai thought of how she was not a witch, and "harm none, do as thou will" was not an opening for any evildoer, but Honshi had become more than the "oath breaker," not a Warlock or a horned God. When Ai made it into the discomposed ocean, there were children somewhere that had already been taken into damnation, and their spell-craft exercises with Raidon had brought Satan's demon and the foulest of spirits that had snatched up Ai by the hair. Ai flayed, kicked and screamed while that it was that she was being raised to Honshi's hideous face, demonic - eyes aglow with a techno energy.

"No!" Ai shrieked at the personification of evil. Honshi Demon pierced Ai's straddled legs.

"Honshi nooo!"

Ai's blood gushed into the boiling ocean, and fire reigned in the sky, lightning struck; meteorites burned into

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the atmosphere and exploded. Honshi was delivered from his spirit of stress, demon possessed and crying out from what was a crusade program.

"Feeding Time! Feed! Feed the Dragon!" Honshi was dis-associated as the super warrior, demon raping Ai within an alien mind control, genetically engineering in a lone and dangerous wolf for an unknown participant that would enter its dark side for the black project that was being initiated at Tanegashima Space Center.

Ravenously consuming Ai, worshipping her images and gaining his demon-possession, though blind, an evil human state of being had killed children in a virtual reality, so an alien entity had sought those fallen angels. Their Incorporeal beings with no mass had become a raging bull for the intelligent agent that had went from instructor to the victim, for their lives were shattered and devastated by a child murderer.

Outer-space, dark and cold yet launched with the Japanese Kizuna Satellite, it had this ability to provide high-speed internet access at speeds of 1.2Gbps. It allowed the data transfer to occur, but this antenna installed to receive a signal was of flesh. Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency, JAXA, this project was not intended yet spearheaded by the Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd.

The atrocities that would provide the paranormal experience for the alien abductions and violent violations

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had acquired a multiple personality disorder. An alien predator and hybrid offspring had come online, an Alien Ninja Akuma; Japan's Kizuna Satellite had solar paddles on each side, wings and two large round Ka-band multi-beam antenna's on the top of its squared body.

It had a technology of conscience, a neuro-active chemical mixture that was supposed to of had been extremely useful in interrogation, and space-like particles were traveling faster than light. Tachyons, superliminal loopholes, anti-gravity, wormholes, quantum tunneling, and curved space had undergone what was a suspended animation that had come from a death that was now a life, let alone a pseudoscience violation of physics.

Its signal transduction and imagery analysis was seeking urban growth, El Niño impacts and sea level data. There was a photographic appetite for the environmental changes: dynamic Earth processes such as flooding, coastal vegetation and its land, but the droughts and the urban growth around the world that had been put into an imagery, a global perspective for the rhythms and spatial scales that were of the important natural and human-induced events had been gripped with porn. Retro-futuristic comic books were created for housewives. It synthesized vending machines that carried schoolgirls' used panties. This evil brain that had come from outer space was a hellish chimera. Hello Kitty was soaked up there - Japan.

In a synchronous transmission network, an alarm

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relativity had been put into this diagram image, data on Tanegashima Island in the Kagoshima Prefecture, and the combination of those observational bands that would near an infrared light was part of the ghost imagery that was taking place at Tanegashima Space Center, a large rocket-launch facility. There was a data-collapse, and the calculations of the critical parameters of the Space Center's mapping model had found an entity that was eliminating a duplication relationship with their software, isolating itself as a correlated alien type.

It was in an endless installation, and the forays into software that had been rendered in this reflective sphere had found Frank Lloyd Wright's statement that "Space is the breath of Art," yet the souped-up internet signal's concept of space was sent into an intensive research at where a new space was to of had been opened. Its association with computers, narratives and weird abstract theories were floating at where a species was in a world that was in a perpetual state of war, so a society outcast had come online. Their sci-fi brutalism was redefined into another ghost story.

"Warning." It resounded in its computer voice. An alarm was ignited along with its fire-lights at Tanegashima. This was the voice recognition of the satellite architecture that had been defined as an Alien Totalitarian God.

At Tanegashima Space Center on Tanegashima Island, 115

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kilometers south of Kyushu, on this 8.6 million square meter complex, 7 kilometers from the launch site, underground, was command and control. The fire-lights flashed, and on the main-screen and all the computer terminals and in their respective rows, there was a bloody collage, a media event that news-flashed of the Osaka School Massacre.

"Warning." The emergency broadcast, a technological response system of the command and control's software suddenly stopped, dousing the fire-lights and wiping all computer technology into a JAXA tour that was in process. Atsushi was on all computers, in his white jacket with JAXA inscribed in blue just below his should blade.

Communicating with the dead, the Kizuna Satellite's Internet connected psychically with the afterlife, yet their Manga dreams was an unprocessed and overactive imagination, a bereaving one that was caught in darkness. Nightmares came online from the evil spirit, thought forms, curses at where there was no light. There were others, and they had prayed for assistance, for angles to shield them from his attack. Again, there was an alarm and fire lights electronically flashed; on the computers and the main screen, the horrid images of the stabbed and bloodied Japanese School Children superimposed the media reporting the atrocious incident.

"Warning." The techno voice of the computer system was almost over-riding Atushi who was above ground explaining to

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his group about the infrastructure of Tanegashima Space Center.

"This building that looks like a tent is the Yoshinobu Block House." His voice crackled through the static.

Meaning "six trees," the numerous bars, nightclubs, strip clubs, restaurants, hostess clubs, cabarets, Roppongi Japan hosted the Akuma where the relentless black-suited, black-haired crowds gave way to the white heads and foreigners, and inside the younger crowd mixed with business people, students and off-duty US military personnel, Taro Yamamoto was "mapping" tonight for a Yakuza boss. Tokusatsu, special effects, night swallowed the club go'ers in their Kiaju, strange beast, costumes at the Matrix Roppong Bar in Tokyo Japan. Taro's long black hair, mustache and a pointed goatee, although twenty, his sheltered conversation at the corner of the bar into his blue-tooth had not dissuaded his Manga Zombie cosplay - smart phone, laptop in front of him and while thumbing a PSP.

Chapter Two - Feeding Time

"She's the mod extension for the antisocial network that's in the ebook. We've overwritten her for a whole new game." Taro hammered out the map, the deal, the game and its play to Mai, but confusion existed at where there was going to be a conversion of spoken words that would be put into their machine-readable input which would be using the binary codes for a string of character codes. Who it was and what was being said had caused an enigma in the gameplay that they were developing by pirating the Kizuna Satellite frequencies.

Previously occupied by the Sumitomo Metal Industries and at where that they had buried over seven hundred tons of materials laced with PCB's, heavy metals and other carcinogens was Universal Studios Japan, located in the Konohana waterfront district. The Hard Rock Cafe Osaka was built there in honor of an Emperor. Osaka Castle - the largest resting place of its kind in the world; tradition and history permeated the hollowed spot - pink Cadillac above the front doors, Universal City Walk, Universal Studios, modern

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architecture - pristine.

"Theirs? Hers? Or is it ours?" Vice recognition was there, but Mai's speech was inside the Cafe - not out front.

The young Japanese woman removed her battery, returned it - reboots. She was in her early twenties, Japanese cute, and the innovative plug-and-play technology that offered her a way to control her digital phone by her voice commands had her in its haunted mansion. Her tedious typing and endless scrolling had brought her before the Hard Rock Cafe.

"She sings for our game mode. We'll get a total conversion. Weapons, characters, enemies, models, textures, levels- Story line's about that music." Taro was not there either. He was still at the Matrix bar. Mai, his chick, was inside the Hard Rock Cafe in Osaka.

Without her rocket science headsets, the power network line, this visitor equipment data reduction saw her punching in the numbers on the portable device. She was seen by the communication protocol, visible from and only by the handset. Its frequency signal, a high-speed internet was observed in its control room, and the graphical development of their instantaneous values were updated in her real time. Future was a software acquisition, and its virtual distribution had a parallel supervising application development. Different quantities were being calculated for the user extensions of the Kizuna Satellite's high-speed internet transmission.

Outer space had a look at an inner space. The Kizuna

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Satellite was accelerating its future. Paradigm changing of the most complex object, the human brain generated a new and bizarre voraciousness that had exhausted its universe. Space-time, its energy and mass had moved solid matter at the speed of light, so the Kizuna Satellite took on a reversible computation, merging with two computation paths: structures of any kind, parallel universes inhabited by demons, evil inclinations, straddling good and evil with duel masters, different armor in a mortal realm, the Kizuna Satellite distorted into a face of an angry demon. Its eyes were lit by supernovas, and its mouth was a black hole that swallowed itself.

Mai Suzuki was twenty. A jet-set cool that knew the Osaka labyrinth. She had the latest salon cut, just above her shoulders on her well conditioned dark-brown hair. Her grey cotton dress was bought at the high-end, and the snow-white stockings and platforms gave her the divine right to keep Taro's blood-pressure directed below his waist.

Mai was still on her cell with Taro. The place was empty, permeating the fabric of an ancient city, yet high-tech. The flat-screens and computer monitors were blank with no media. However, an unseen removal technique had scattered in with its different world view, hidden, unrecognized and with an invisible presence that had become her out-put data. A flow injection had set off an alarm and the fire-lights flashed.

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"Look, let - I'll call you back. I think? I don't know. There's a fire or something." Mai ended the call, sheltering her cell-phone - pissed that somebody would of had been playing with the fire alarm on her take in this hustle.

She came in with an instantaneous exchange, right from the slick floors, neon glare and the polished decor; the Japanese waitress was a beginningless eternity that had contacted Mai with an impersonal manifestation.

"Shi-ni?" She held a rice bowl with chop-sticks stuck upright in it. Japanese meaning to "die too," with the chop-sticks done that way, nope - Mai was not dead, now ever so cynical and more aware that she was alone in the Hard Rock Café in Osaka with an event that was being derived from her reality. "Are we having a fire?" Mai wanted to avoid a confrontation, so she tried to take herself off any insult in an attempt to avoid injury. "Forty-two. It's what you ordered." The empty-headed Japanese waitress replied, setting the rice bowl in front of Mai who was appalled and stalled in a fire-lit room with an alarm throbbing its tempo. "I'm not going to a funeral. I haven't even ordered yet." Mai snapped past her "hello kitty."

Their online gaming, its social interaction and their multi-player communities, the computer games had now come between Mai's speech and the Japanese waitress who had bowed and left her with the fire-lights a-blaze and in the thick of its alarm. Then, and again, the Japanese Young Woman, now,

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was right across from her. She was part of their formation, yet she wasn't for Mai's lasting group. Mai would not allow her to keep video-tapping her with the cell-phone that was aimed at her. Mai expelled the chop-sticks, slapping them onto the table in an effort to ring this women's bell. "Okay. Whatever? Where is it?" Mai sensed that there was a lack of a face-to-face processing with the observation data that was collected. "Raidom's space center data?" Mai continued to try to break through. "Hello? Anyone there?" Two people, text, image and sound had been technologically mediated with what was of this simultaneous play that had enabled them to communicate.

Mai started gaming and was up for the score. She was directed with the energies that had come from the economic incentives that would follow. Unacceptable risks in the wireless space with the pirated satellite technology could establish technological barriers, which could evolve in errant cellular GPRS networks. "No videos. Just the hard drive." Mai wasn't across from the Japanese woman for a funfest, yet she kept at it, unmoved. "It was God. She downloaded him. She's his little angel." She explained this to Mai from a technological back-end, as there was a transparent architecture in the social element of their gaming system. "Raidom paid for the source codes on the hard-drive. Plain and simple. I pick up the hard-drive. You deliver it. Everybody's happy." Mai came off as the opposing

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player in their real-time multi-player experience.

The replication of fewer things was coming from the concentration gradient of the cellular-phone's geometric progression. Mai was its prey in a sub-threshold of its microbial relationship modeling of a rectangular hyperbolic function that was the predictor of the pirated satellite communications.

"The ghosts are hungry." She hid behind her focus, cell-phone still video-taping Mai - without agitation, yet with a delirium. Mai saw it. She was severely impaired, a retard that was in a perpetual period of psychosis. Devastating consequences made Mai risk being attacked by her mania; Mai tried to break through her mental alienation.

"The rice and chop-sticks, was that you're idea?" Mai knew that animals could sense a fight or flight. Her heart fluttered with a dread that brought in an impending doom, so an evil flourished from the Japanese Women's face that changed into hothouse of boils that seethed out and onto Mai. The appalling euphemism, rapes, torture and ethnic cleansing with their latent hostilities, a spontaneous eruption, a rebellion had come from pervasive and evil ideas. It was an incorporeal spirit that had become a boogeyman, an incubus in Mai's virtual existence. "Blue devils with freakin' forsaken organ transplants, you're givin' me the screaming meemies!" Mai screamed. She was not her technological sorceress, and Taro, her wizard, was not there.

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The Japanese Woman was a ghoul, half human and half fiend. Mai couldn't rid off its fresh and blood. Neither was it techno night in Roppongi. Mai had been lured as its traveler. She would bare its demonic children. They were the carriers of his plagues. The Japanese Waitress, an illegitimate child of the demonic and lustful species had oozed out of Mai's techno mirage as a Ninja. A samurai sword was up and over her shoulder, readied to cut Mai down. She came in wearing all black, adorned with a red dragon and devil.

Mai was there at the center of an attraction. There was something that had promoted her into a spaceflight, but she had not gone anywhere. The fire-lights stopped - its side-kick alarm, null. The Japanese Woman had now taken it upon herself in a demonic interactive hosting of its possession - a space mission and an online game. "She's jumped onto the hard-drive for some hack and slash combat." Mai was caught in an unstructured environment - behind the scenes in a space mission and at where the software had crashed, blurring their preliminary designs and collaborations with an evil second life.

The demonic interaction with Yu's anime-style graphics had upped the ante for Mai, for she found herself in a fighting game. "Feeding time! Feed! Feed the dragon!" The Japanese Ninja Waitress shrieked with her part as the ritualistic sacrifice, for she was trapped as a demon for the

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raving madman that was online with them. Tanegashima's nanomachines could not escape his fate. He came back at where the disaster struck, at where the blood feuds had left the slaughtered children, and at where its nature abhorred their vacuum.

Mai's overwhelming loneliness had not replenished into her any energy. She had become the human vessel that had taken the Japanese Ninja Waitress's ninja star to her left shoulder. "Ike ike!" Mai called at her for the bitch it was, a gameplay frame that had executed itself, yet Mai was rooting for an abortion and not opting for the trial version. Gameplay sounds now were interwoven with the fire alarm and fire-lights that were flashing. Mai's shoulder was held limp, paining a numbness, soothed by her warm blood which was streaming down along her left side. Mai backed away from the haunted haunt. "Shi-ni?" The Japanese Ninja Waitress wickedly asked Mai again.

Chapter Three - Gates Of Hell

Mai went for the fundamental laws of her nature, denouncing the error that she was in with a fright and flight - an escape from her present state of existence, but the electricity-working on her physical and untra-physical design in the gameplay was helping a retarded enemy. The Demonic Japanese Woman leaped without a jack-hammer, blocking Mai's route out, spoiling her disposition in an attempt to seal Mai's doom.

Mai's avoidance that was undermined poured a constancy into her mind, as the Demonic Woman snarled of miserable lies, flicking her blood-red tongue. "I gotta- I- I have fuckin' gun!" Mai's belief in safety would rely upon the destruction of the cause of this mischief - honor now due.

Electricity and magnetism, molecules were wondering back and forth in Mai's virtual reality. She wanted the brains to bounce them off the Demonic Japanese Woman, a beast faster than her that would not return from where she had come. Maxwell's Demon, his perpetual motion machine had the

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Japanese Ninja Waitress as its pedigree, which was in Mai's gaming architecture, for she made precise cuts at Mai with her taunting sword, leaking no energy in its fixed supply.

The phenomenon at where metal objects stuck to ones skin was what Mai reasoned for when she had brought out her pearl-handled 25 caliber pistol, leveling it - back and forth.

"Stay the fuck away from me. I mean it. Both of you. Stay the fuck away from me." Mai was freaked, hushed and determined, for this operation was not going on with her forever.

Excluding high-speed molecules from the room and admitting only low-speed molecules had cursed their average speed; the Demonic Japanese Woman and the Japanese Ninja Waitress squeezed in on Mai, violating the Second law. Mai was confronted with an impossible beast. The room temperature had dropped. "I fuckin' mean it! I'll shoot! Stay the fuck away from me!" Mai's eyesight shuttered, readied to shoot and herd the brainless, demonic molecules into an oblivion with her speeded reflexes that were possessed to kill enemy bosses.

Mai was desperate when she had shot her 25 caliber, yet the sudden consciousness, its goals, her passions had become bottled up in a chaos that had no harmony. Yu's lyrical testimony that was going into their mind to heart framework was a planetary, net-based descent into a profane world with the pirated wireless satellite transmissions that had stopped

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the gameplay sounds. The day to day living elements that were in their fields of knowledge had stopped the alarm and fire-lights.

Nothing spewed forth from that Japanese Waitress's mouth. Her eyes would not blink. The dedicated computer circuits, their nerve-like constellation of wires had traveled electronically; a magnum opus, the rice bowl, its curvature had become an illumination of the facts, tangential, a touchstone and between 0s and 1s on the Hard Rock Café's floor.

The Japanese Waitress had been a cosmic convergence, an electromagnetic phenomenon that was a virtual life, so Mai was beset by her set-back, gore oozing from out of the waitress's forehead. She was no longer demonic, nor the Japanese Woman who was there an ancient creature. She had thrown her cellular phone at Mai from the table at where she was sitting. Her neurons were in a significant phase of the divine insight that was without the forces of life. "Why?" She cried into the vast and pulsating direction at where Mai was bedazzled with as to why she had no injury to her shoulder, as to why she had just shot a Japanese Waitress point-blank in her forehead.

Mai had thought that the cell-phone that was lying near the café's entryway was some sort of dimensional technology. "She- You! You were video taping me!" Mai diverted for the cell, yet at that moment, sensing the movements of

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the Japanese Woman, Mai had turned at where the Japanese Woman had raised her arms in fright - stymied in her escape. "It's yours. You can have it." She negotiated with Mai who had picked her cell. "No! I saw you! You were a demon!" Mai's perplexed complexity gave out its graveness - waving the 25 caliber during the argument. "Please. Please don't shoot me." It was all that she had wanted, the break-out that was past Mai's delusion - out of the café.

Mai's realization was a nightmare, a platform at where his mysterious reappearance had come online for the warfare of their action horror that they were creating at Tanegashima. The two Police Offices were part of its pithy desertion, group-based and navigated in a control system that had an inherent mind altering hell's rage that was seeking their flesh. "Lets Go." One of the two Japanese Police Officers had said, both meandering away from Mai as the unwilling slaves that were in the servitude of a merciless slaughter that had taken place for the mongers that had bound his past and death to them.

The speedy informal exchange of ideas that had penetrated them with their technological connections had become a new consciousness. It was fathomed from the context of the destination that had traversed what had been growing in Mai's psychic resonance in Osaka. Absorbed, Yu Wing Chun, a twenty-year-old actress was on stage during the Hungry Ghost Festivals. Hong Kong meant a "fragrant harbor" no

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matter what Asian dialect. Operas were performed to appease their wandering ghosts; the gates of hell was to open on through the seventh month in Hong Kong. During this time, their various rites were performed - not a public holiday.

The preponderance, percussion music came to a crescendo; Chinese more Cantonese, Yu was playing a warrior that had just decapitated a demon. There were two operatic singers hitting their high-notes in this native art, historically intense: war trauma, poverty, population inflation, and housing shortages, yet the translation, its realistic nature had made a sudden impact to the delight of all the operatic enthusiasts this night. The electronic media from the stage had went from three into its two dimensions that had been reduced at where the flesh and blood: Yu and her two fellow stage actors were making their final bows.

Outer space had an access and control with a particular entity, so the electronic key management of the Kizuna Satellite had been generating its alarm in its net-workable web-based integration with the alternative that had been allowed to enter and exit, which was now being received as progressive heavy metal Japanese Rock and Roll.

Statistical behavior, its plausible set of assumptions were a large fluctuation which had come from the microscopic to the macroscopic interaction that was taking place at the

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Tanegashima Command and Control room. Atsushi was there, interacting in with the dynamics of the exchange that was an abstract model of this emergent behavior that was a virtual theory of an everything. Atsushi logged on and into its adaptation of the empirical power laws he was programming into the errant satellite technology. One of the computers was showing the events of the Hungry Ghost Festivals in Hong Kong, burnt offerings, chanting, burning incense, and the Chinese that were offering paper-made gifts to their would be ghosts.

Baffled, new surroundings - a topsy-turvy culture shock had taken place - online with the same data transfer that Atsushi had accessed at Tanegashima Command and Control. Although, there was phenomenal nightlife for the fashionable and the trendy in Hong Kong, this underground establishment with its state-of-the-art-sound, lighting, projection was a spacious Visual Kei head-banger. The crowd was a cosmopolitan cosplay. "Gates of Hell" in neon was above the Visual Kei Japanese Rock band, all dressed as ninja demons: lead singer, guitar, bass player and drums. Pyrotechnics were going off on stage, and shit had hit their fans. "Hell! Hell! Hades! Hades! Hell! Hell! Hell! Demons! Devils! Gates of Hell! Hades!" The lead singer was in a punk-ass dumb-fuck frenzy, blowing fucking heads while his band pounded them with their rites to black heavy metal music.

