

Wasting Time

"Dammit-dammit!" Frustration—forgotten again. An abrupt outburst—I had to be in the middle of something! Keep quiet—calm till I know where I am, what I'm doing. Cold wind cuts the night air, beginning to rain rather hard to put out my fire. Notepad in hand, stylus penned as if to write. I look at the pinned scrambles of my memories, trying desperately to connect the dots on what I was going to scribble. I'd only write something important. *Fix the relay. Copper found direct east 4.412km, need for fuse. Salvage other crash north-northwest 3.275km.* Disorganized, scrambled—written by a madhyena. Rushed to write, have to before the memories fade once more.

Looking around, the crash is up ahead, nestled into a rock like my own ship. I decided to camp here, apparently, but I don't know why. Nothing written, I'm not hungry, and there's some burnt meat on the ground. Surely forgetting it was cooking—tossed in annoyance-frustration. Not important enough to write down, memories are becoming expensive, food is easy. My watch pings to taunt the fact, reminding me I'm running out of time. *Storage space deficiency.* Need to get the ship working, store the data, can't lose more of myself—**need to remember.**

What was I doing? Checking my memory. Last read: *salvage the other crash.* It's right there! Why haven't I checked it? Have I already? Opening my pack, at least I can always remember I have it, tracked also by my watch. Inside, tumbled assorted electronics. I did! What was it for? I turn back to the notepad. *Fix the relay.* "Of course!" Excitement makes me blurt to no one. I delete the entry for the crash, buying me another memory to input: *bag has the salvage.* Scribbled spastically, making sure this time to have it written.

Cold, pouring rain, but my body—not my mind, is used to it. It's never been an issue, if it was I'd write it down. Threats are always noted, hardly ever a one. This planet would present them, but I've been smart. Avoid the dinos, just the big ones—no entries on the small. Swiping through the pages, it feels nice to remember, even if the feelings fade. *Do not care about: poison, acid, falling, hot, cold. Heal fast, never sick. Breathing? Big dino waste time.* Random scribbles, pen drifts faster than typing, easier to put the words down so I have them.

Compilations of the mutations that place did to me. So few memories that stay continue to play. Manipulated, changed, rearranged in ways I was never told. Unexplainable instances, warped memories, and I wasn't alone. Nameless faces—maybe there never were names, others like me. Two numbers stick out, a near constant occurrence that burns my brain: 11 and 18. I see blue when 18 flashes, a face shrouded, yet it brings lost happiness. 11 feels personal, called a thousand times. Blue fur is a brand, easy to see, easy to find. Gotta run, hide—leave here before they find out. I'll never know how long till the ship boots back up, get back to my memories. How many thoughts have I lost? Had this existential conversation? At least I know my purpose.

Going through my mind is a waste of time; memory leaks too often. It's nice to remember. Even if I forget, I'd like to think those chemicals stick into the next loop. I'll forget it anyways, but one sticks out the most. Pinned long ago, but never expanded on. *Never forget: Stress = Focus. Adrenaline is a key.* I shut off the pad, locationally linked to my watch so I could never lose it. At least I can remember some things. Watch remembers for me, keeps track of where my minds are. Always know the ship, notes, **Never lose my mind.**

A crack of thunder—my fur is drenched. How long has it been raining? I know better to ask. Forgotten again. I pull out my notes. *Bag has the salvage.* Across the way is a crashed ship—not mine. Must have been the salvage. I connect the dots. I'm camping here tonight. The fire is out, and I've eaten. Instantaneous thoughts, my scrambled mind is at least efficient. Tomorrow: I check why I have the salvage, tonight I have to sleep. Always remember to sleep, exhaustion is to die. I already made the bed of leaves, large like everything else here. I'm still alive, nothing must bother me—I'd write it down.

Checking my list, no worries about sleeping outside. They made sure I don't break easily. The need to hunt—kill, survive at any cost. What I'm built for—made for. I will on my own terms; *defective* or not. They can kiss my ass. Never catch me, I won't let that happen. Have to get away, leave—disappear.

Morning. Cool air—dew coating my fur, soaking my clothes. Hate feeling wet, doesn't matter, forget anyways. Check the notes: *bag has the salvage.* Connecting the dots. Pinned: *Fix the relay.* "Yes! Good day. Can't remember the last one!" I cackle like a madman to empty air. Days could be months, keeping track of time is wasted memory. Have to get back to the ship! A step closer to remembering!

Growl. Hunger... The waste of time—memory. Hurry to remember, grabbing my hat, fastening my goggles, foraging for berries, something close. Leave the notes next to the bag so I don't forget. Need the notes to say the bag is my objective. Reaffirm the memory loop. Soaked, it rained last night, cloudy and cold. Leaving, finding a bush with bulbous green berries, popping a few. Sour, awful, but they'll have to do. Not enough, hardly filling, need to press on.

What was I doing? *Grrble!* Hungry... memories close by. I went out to eat. Sour taste, looking for bigger berries. Moving on, finding more. Green, sour, terrible. Spotting yellow across the way, scurrying, I hate wet socks. Getting to it, the yellow are sweet! Suitable nutrition, I stuff my face, going fast before I forget. I need a lot, enough to fill me and not consume too little.

Loud noise—**Groarr!** Spotted! Massive, gargantuan: a T-Rex! The creatures here are all so much larger than they're supposed to be, head to toe that things the size of my damn ship! *Fuck!* At first I stand still, taking another bite, but it definitely wants me. So small, why does it care?! Running, I'll dip between the trees, easy! Tripping, a deep pit of mud made by its tracks filled in by rainwater. Closing distance, I try to stand—but jaws scoop me up!

Clack! Sealed in its unwashed maw, slimy nasty. Its tongue slaps my body, a tooth rips my shirt. Avoid the teeth, escape the mouth! I take up a bit of space—never was a tall one. That slope at the back is threatening, easily large enough to gulp me down. Pale pink, my watch shines blue, globbed in drool makes it very dim. Huffing breaths, foul, reeking of death. Between teeth is skin, feathers, whatever it ate last. Its jaws part—it's going to chew! I flip around, feet facing its throat, looking out its maw. Jagged plaque-covered teeth clamp down. I shift—avoid the chomp, and another. It rips off my right sleeve, already damaging my limited clothing. No pain, but it surely clipped my stomach—light says I'm wrong, mind says I'm right! Mind always wrong.

It tries again, pushing me with its tongue but I'm wily, nearly shooting out, squelching under the muscle and out the other side! Kicking spasticity, it's getting annoyed, breathing heavy with anger. Sliding deeper, I try to make it choke, shoving my feet into the back of its throat. A hard kick punches the soft flesh, spurting a hot gob of mucus in my boots, sucking one down its esophagus. It flexes in pain—and it really pisses the beast off. The Rex raises its head high, already wet from rain, drenched in its disgusting saliva. Like a frictionless surface, my feet collide with its gullet, sucking open with a flexing swallow while it leaps to shunt me in.

Girk-Gik! Rapid succession—swallowing me to my neck, then the fleshy flap envelopes my head. Dread—fear. Swallowed whole-alive! The walls of its throat shuttle me down, squeezing, kneading, and it swallows again. Crushing muscles push me deeper, pinned arms can't claw my way up—out! The stench of acid—decay grows close. A beating heart pounds, rumbling lungs rattle. Bubbling air makes the throat bassy, at least giving me a few breaths. Soaked in saliva, nothing prevents my plight, doomed to digest alive inside the careless dino.

My feet press into a taut hole—grimy-slimy opening flesh! I try to stall, but its muscles are too strong, walls too slippery. *Schlup!* Legs pop through, met with gooey chyme already. I kick wildy, flailing with some room for air. Splashing, slapping slimy sludge, pushed in up to my chest! Digesting mush gets under my fur—panic expanding with its stretchy stomach. *Schlurp!* Hardening flesh slurps over my neck, popping my head into the mix. Fully enveloped—crammed into its gut.

Claws to the walls! They slide right off, blunt and useless—my attempts merely agitate the flesh. *Glorp!* Battling my fighting, pressing firmly, halting my feeble struggles with a firm clench. Churning, my watch glows blue, dim, hardly light to see. Surrounded by muscular flesh, chyme soaks to my chest; the powerful stomach squeezes tight. Light dies beneath the thick chyme. Whatever it was left its feathers, probably a velociraptor—maybe two, once large, now reduced to... this. I fill the rest of its gut, a post meal snack to polish off breakfast.

Covered in chyme, mixed with sloshing acids. "Over glorified lizar—" Unfortunate timing for an outburst; a globular chunk of digesting meat clogs my jabbering maw. The taste shocks my spine—sour, grueling, drenched puke. It burns my mouth, potent with ripe digestive fluids. My own stomach heaves, spewing up my own breakfast. I force myself to stop. Puffing my cheeks despite my body rejecting. Swallowing down my vomit. I need that. It's mine. I'm getting

out of this cursed beast! The chunk goes down with it, my protein now. I'll forget this happened anyways. Suck it up. Move on.

How could I forget the smell!? Rank, acrid, degrading hot meat. Swallowed raw; now thoroughly cooked in the sweltering chamber. Chyme gushes with its steps, satisfied with its meal. Squeezing churns plunge my head under the sludge, outlook being grim. A long memory cycle, remembering it all, mouth the stomach. Formulating plan: get the fuck out. I won't die in here! Not after all that bullshit. Escaping is all I know.

The tingling starts, little prickles—but at least they don't hurt. Bubbling chyme says the case will soon shift—my clothing is losing integrity, pants sliding off. A word pops in mind: *Indomitable*. Used a hundred times by *them*. Splattering mush pushes feathers to my fur, stabbing, poking, prodding. Lifting my watch from the goop I try to see anything of use. Clattering bones, splintered and softened—no good. Feathers, chunks, putrid stomach gas. Acid drips, walls grip, kneading it deeper in. Goopy secretions sticky, cling like honey. The stomach doesn't like me looking at it, caving inwards, shoving me beneath the grimmy surface.

Maw shut tight, goggles remain sturdy, the Rex is mad I'm still alive and kicking. I'm giving it hell, or at least a little stomach ache at the very least. Curling flesh forms a pocket beneath my sockless toes, churning upwards to pull me under. *Glrrrp!* It scrunches up, yanking me to the bottom, away from the vile fumes that I need. An okay chunk of meat to digest, not too filling, not too small. Noticeable at the very least.

Scratching at the walls, wrinkles bat my paws away, churning more to keep me under. Tired of my struggles, it wants me dead like any good meal. *You should have fucking chewed me if you wanted me killed bastard!* Sloppy chyme-soaked flesh is impossible to grab. My paws slip, claws can't connect, only to have the muscles knead more acid between my fingers as I try. Feet held snug, the bottom of its stomach is rough, coarse, trying to snap my bones. Wrapping, smothering, folding up to my knees, it tries to bend them the wrong way. Pressure builds, panic thrashes my mind. *Is this the end?*

It doesn't break, doesn't even hurt. Flesh wrings out bubbles trapped in my fur, fluttering up my body into a bassy *blorp* above. The air, be it gas or not, I need it to live. Surrounded by sludge, digesting chyme, stuck underneath the churning tide. My attempts to be free only further stuff me deeper, shredding my acid-soaked clothes. Chunky bits collected, sticking like industrial glue weigh me down. If it can't break me, it'll drown me.

What gastric smog sits in my lungs lasts longer than it should. I remember the breath, more than a minute. Crammed tight, can't move. The stomach hates me, curling against my body—forcing digestive fluids under my naked fur. Its heavy walking doesn't help—well me. Each quakes the bouncing chamber, which shoves me deeper in the sticky tar pit of its gut. Tingling, still no pain.

My breath is fine, another minute, pushing, squirming—pressing into elastic flesh. Get a few centimeters, taken back, squeezed hard for trying to escape. Oozing acid lubes my right leg, pressed against a gloppy gland. All my strength *schlop!* Knee kicks out, sticking firm into the wall adjacent. The stomach tenses, twitches, spits me up! **Groarr!** Stupid lizard, thinks I won't fight, letting loose a jostling roar that let's me breach the surface.

Instinctually gaping my maw for a breath—nose too clogged with gut stuff to breathe. It wasn't a burning desire; a *need* to do so. The air in my lungs didn't burn, still worked. Sloppy goop shoves in, breaking globs of meat, and some softened bone chips in with a few strands of stray fur. Goopy sour burns once more, acidic sludge thick as tar slaps my tongue! Retching, threats to spew again, but I swallow. Not a pleasant meal, but it could be needed. I'll forget. I always do.

To breathe I sneeze out the stinging slime from my nostrils, reuniting it with the rest. Its stomach quickly pins me again, squishing inwards to begin the next round of peristalsis. Back to a wall, I kick my feet up through the chyme, slotting them on the opposite side. Stretching out, hard as I can, I manage to bloat its belly, pressing into its roaring lungs on the other side! Immediately punished—the dino flexes its guts, muscles get hard quick, slick rather rubbery my feet slip, and its stomach collapses as it roars out again. What little remained of my jacket is gone, scraps cling to my fur. Agitated, good. Maybe it'll spit me out. Its belly gives an annoyed whine as gas settles near my head again.

Brothy, frothing slime. I space my breaths, holding in the rank, acrid air. It feels like I can hold it near forever, but that's just delusional, my body trying to inadvertently make me give up. I won't die here. Not to some damn dino on this cursed planet. I've come too far for something so simple to take me down. Tingles haven't gotten worse, flashing my watch, I'm still okay.

Steps stop—world shifts. *Glk Glp Glp!* Surging down its throat sounds like a river. Spitting in, spewing water! Stomach expands, cold fluids of the outside world begin to bloat its belly. The torrent pushes me under, chyme breaks apart, bones clatter, feathers splash around. It's a shock, freezing yet thick sludge retains warmth. It keeps coming, swirling—sloshing digesting remains of meat. Pushed around, gurgles—glorps of my source or air bubbling about.

It ends with a few heavy breaths from the beast. More liquid now than before, I can sort of swim, and my smothered watch projects light a little beneath the translucent grime. I kick the stomach walls, pushing off the bottom to get to air. Breaching the surface again, there's hardly any room, and I remember not to immediately breath—clearing my nose first.

Blorrrp! A rogue pocket of gas bloats the dome. The pressure makes that dribbling sphincter quiver. A disgusting suction—fumes rush up. My snout plunges into the sphincter while it belches out my air, getting a final fetid breath before it rumbles out. A swallow stuffs my face with dino drool, forcing me back into the brothy chyme. No air, just a churning sac of digesting meat and fluids. *Fuck!*

Goggles still fixed, I use my watch to find the sphincter, stuffing my arm into the cursed hole. It only makes it angry, grinding, trying to snap my elbow for resisting. Spitting me back in, arm unharmed by my surprise. Outbursts will get me killed, but I need to act fast. The beast grumbles like it's satisfied, stuffed full enough to end my thrashing. I will not be defeated. I am not food! Frustrated, kicking into the rolling walls only gets me pulled deeper.

Churning, grinding, digestion really begins. Before it was idly mixing the old meal, smooshing acids and enzymes. Now, it recognizes how obnoxious I'm being. Pawing out, squirming in the gooey muck, the walls constrict. Held tight, feeling muscles harden over my body. Rolling slowly, it starts at my head, pushing my toes deep inside a rough wrinkle. Forcing me down to the grinding zone, chewed bones squish like softened meat, reunited with the squishy leather of a boot.

The dense glop sloshes with the tide of flesh, gripping my head, trying to snap my neck as it almost forces the air from my chest. Twisting as it churns, rolling over my stomach as my legs are swallowed below. Trying to push out, kicks only pin my arms and legs. So much gunky slime, rancid digesting slop gets in my way. Feathers are distracting, snapped getting under my fur.

The peristalsis subsides, but it's only a matter of time before it begins again, gurgling aggressively as little bubbles foam off the acid soaked meat. Still held tight, even without the muscles clenching there's hardly any room. Pressed firm, acids rub under my fur, squishing in with rancid chyme. Water heated up, and this soupy suction gives me an idea underneath. *If I can't go up, then fuck you I'll go down!*

I ball my body up—not hard since its stomach wants me like that anyway. Stretching out, flipping myself in the shoddy squalor. Face plants firmly in the grimy pocket that loved my feet, dredging my snout along some meat that sticks in flesh like putty. Particulates flutter, the dino is pissed at my antics. I'll give it some props, I should be dead, by all means the air in here shouldn't still provide me the oxygen to survive. The breath is going on four minutes, I don't know my average. Based on my clothes, the chyme around, my body should be torn apart, broken down, pulp. That word pops in my head again: *indomitable*.

Tingling skin, surely it should hurt by now? No time to worry—have to get out! *Schglurch!* Its stomach squishes hard, pressing down disgustingly enough to really gum some chyme deep in my fur. It must have laid down, whatever it can do to silence me. I won't be silenced—held compact with the weight of its gut. Grinds are more pronounced, really squeezing hard, more than enough to break my bones. Yet—I'm fine, for now.

Still clinging to the air I have, it still doesn't burn, I'm still moving, going. It breathes and those breaths are taunts; each helping condense the stomach more. Its heart pounds with feral rage, the brute has wanted me dead from the start. Organs aid in berating its stomach, pushing into the churning sac to crush its contents. Belly flipped horizontal, my memory guides me this

day. The esophagus will never work, a one way trip in a beast like this. If it wants me at the bottom so bad, so be it. Anything to escape.

The next churn begins, grasping my feet, locking my legs together while shoving me through paste. Its intestines are close, occasionally drinking the fluids, draining the chyme. Up to my ankles, grinding my knees, squelching—squeezing against my stomach. I push back, using its flesh to slush forward, hanging onto the air it tries to force from my lungs. Mushy, but I use the light of my watch to catch a glimpse of my escape. The puckered hole is chewing on a soft bone, some scraps of leather as well jammed in its creases.

Gushing forward, churned towards the sphincter, I orient myself for the needed movements. Timing is key, keeping an eye on the quivering hole that's destined to open. Judging by sounds of old, memories stick with the sloppy suction of digesting meat. It always came at the end of peristalsis, shoving the fluidic food further along. By all means I should be that chalky glop, but I won't remember anyways, my mind is outside, watch pings it a kilometer.

Schlurp! My moment—my time! Using the slick flesh, I tense up, and the muscles compensate by swallowing down hard. *Squelch!* Into the hole I go—up to my belly, arms spread wide up front. The dino jumps, shunting me further, giving a whining roar. Vibrations only help, wiggling my legs to suck them in too. I give the Rex hell, uncomfortable, it tries to shift, bend, anything to stop me. The sphincter tries to sever my feet, closing up tight to yank me back. I pull forward, using all my strength and—*plop!* I'm all the way in.

(Scat Beyond This Point!)

My antics drained its stomach pretty good. Chyme flowed through my fur to suckle in with me. The tube is tight, can't move, hardly wiggle. Every bit counts, not safe yet, have to get air eventually. *Glrrrble!* Gastric fumes, survival. The closest I'll get is further along. Walls condense, peristalsis occurs, wrapping my feet in a pocket of wrigly villi. They suckle nutrients, and it won't get me, though it spews a nasty bile into my fur. Exacerbated tingling, burns that don't hurt. It's another digestive fluid, one I need to escape, have to push on.

Crawling, pushing, making my way forward. It's agony for the dino—but fuck if I care! It rolls on the ground, tries to pulverize me with its weight. Shouldn't have eaten me. Sloshing chyme helps me continue, no matter how disgusting it feels, melted meat, covered in slimy feathers. Bits of my clothes swish around, occasionally slapping my face with a glob of bile, pinning a feather to my snout. I won't remember. Can't write it down. Keep pushing.

Time goes by, still no air—still don't need it. Eventually I'll have to, unless it's something I don't remember. Has to be. Have to be safe regardless. Suctions of villi try to hold me back. Fleshy fingers are coarse, tangling my fur in their grasp. It shreds my clothes, softened by acid, puked in bile, ripping whatever still held threads around my thighs. Gloppy mush is everywhere, every crevice—ears, nose, and elsewhere I won't remember. Gunked up hearing digestion

degrading the meat in my ears, yet I'm unphased. Fragmented bones merely calcium to absorb. I won't remember this, so why care? Survive.

Schglurgle! Angry intestines whine, which means there's gas somewhere. Shoved around a bend, forcefully being ejected with the discomfort I'm causing. The stupid beast only knows food stops food from acting up. Steps turn to run—turns to roars. It chews its meal, hardly audible by the jarring snaps. Whatever it is doesn't affect me, I'm too far along, pushing into his intestines hard to make it choke. A hard cough, messy with a sputter.

Giving it hell opened a new opportunity: pushing collects air formed from digestion to conglomerate! Shoving near my head, not a care to the whining beast trying to eat. *Schlup!* Enough to take a breath. Exhaling bubbles more, though at the cost of getting the vile soup in my mouth. A fresh breath, swallowing the intestinal bog is worth it. Coating my throat, semi-solid with little chunks that my body rejects. My sense of taste is already ruined, I don't care. Its nutrients now mine. I won't remember—so it's fine!

A simple system, not worrying about the burning tingles. Push forward, pull on the villi to advance my endeavors. It's exhausting, hours pass, the goop gets thicker but the gas grows. Foul, gut retching, stewing in sweltering flesh—soaked in acidic bile. Inhaling digestive byproducts to survive, swallowing what seeps in to give me energy. Its body digested it for me, and I won't remember it later. Suffer now, live later. I wonder how many times I've had the thought...

Glorble—Squelch! Next step: colon, the literal bowels of the beast. They billow and belch, ripe with gas to breathe, assured freedom. Squashed forward, the only direction the pipes go. I plow into the grimy hole. *Slurch!* The sphincter isn't made for me to traverse, pasty mixed waste is supposed to trickle through. It resists my movements, balling me up into a bulge outside while sludge trudges by. Taking my paws, I stretch the weaker sphincter forcing it open, spilling in while it tries to chew me up.

Unable to stop me, wanting me gone, it shoves me along, sliding my legs in with all that disgusting chyme. No longer the word, in the colon it's waste, scat, grime. Ribbed walls clench—squeeze, berate my body. I'm so thoroughly drenched in gruel, clothes all gone, digested or scraps packed in its growing crap. Feathers lived, a little bit of fur, and I double check to make sure it isn't mine.

Gummed along, I fit better in here, though the dino wouldn't agree. It's trying to sleep, I can only think. Distant ambient gurgles of the latest meal trickle in its guts, watery bubbles persist from all it swallowed to drown me. The thin flesh sucks up the fluids, replacing them with a thick mucus that conglomerates and packs the growing putty. It glues to me, trying to weigh me down, but I have other plans.

Fermentation is a disgusting process. Microbes in its bowels process the shit further, but it gives me more to breathe as I travel. Careful now, calculated breaths—don't want scat getting

in, waste to it is waste to me! Feeling my own guts shift, I relieve myself, adding to the rancid mess. Uncaring, a need, I won't remember anyway.

Pushing the walls, I conjure another breath. I force it in, my body hates it, sneezing out my shit packed in my nostrils. Sulphurous, gross nasty fermenting filth! I won't remember it, so I don't care. Cleaning can be done, I just need to live long enough to do it. Survive no matter what. Never die, not like this, can't forget my past.

Crawling forward, elbows to flesh—knees to the walls. Whines ripple the beast, and I can keep it up all night. Exhaustion be damned, I'll sleep when I'm dead, and that ain't gonna be today. Mush is sticky, hard to climb through as sheets of mucus line my way forward. Its guts are full of shit, eating so many creatures. Feathers, fur, I pass by the remains caked to the walls for some other pile of scat to scrape off. Huffing a dino fart to live, pressing forward another couple paces.

Dread. The folding walls open up after squishing me forward. Another pile of some poor sap who isn't engineered like me. Lots of feathers, slow moving and very dry. One of those big birds out there, snatched somehow by the ground dwelling beast. I hear the scat I escaped catching up, threatening the gas pocket behind this crap. *You're telling me this bastard is constipated too!? Unbelievable.*

I shove the scat, my paws break through the girthy cracks. Moist inside, so many feathers, but my force pushes it forward. The beast whines, unsure if it's sleeping or not. It almost sounded like relief. Unstuck, the dung heaves forward, clenched at a big bend in its bowels. *Schglurch!* Ridges scrape off outer feathers with a spew of long-sitting mucus, collecting into me as I keep pressing it forward.

Horrendously slow. Shit catches up and I have to play a balancing act to keep my space. Much more mushy, the glop behind swallows me up, conforming over my legs. Only my head between the two, but this is the final stretch. Endure another breath, inhale the fetid fumes. Rotten eggs, warped meat, sulphurous sludge with wet fur. Retching, gagging, choking: push on till the end.

The mucus: while abhorrent within every stuffed section of my body—at least mutes the tingles. Safe from the digestive process, it just has to shit me out. The colon rattles, sputtering fumes vent from the beast. It's natural, guttural, a slimy waft rather a billowing fart, spurted out by intestinal pressure alone. Disgusting, more angry however that it stole some of my air. If nothing else, the time of transit from my watch pegs the cycle of day when I smear off some crap. The passage pins how close I am, just a little further—only one more breath.

Mucky scat shifts hard; the beast has awoken, and the force of its movements shoves my head into the hardened clay ahead. *Slurch!* Pushed through the feathery crap, the mushy waste behind fills the space. I already took my breath, now it's a disgusting inconvenience, but the force throws the fetor towards its back door. The Rex stands, clearly having an upset gut as

the fart gargles over the condensed shit. Bloated bowels whine, stretching to let the gas pass reluctantly, bubbling through feathers and cracks. Taking steps helps push it along with its swaying gut.

It vents the fumes I've been huffing, disjointed by its walking, filtering through its crusty asshole in squeaky puffs. Not a care to the world, letting it seep out as natural pressure builds. Squelching squirts of abysmal gas, belching spurts of feral beast. Such a dumb sound, at least I'll forget I heard it—though I would have liked to document this. My mind is three kilometers away now. I'll have long forgotten. Need to live—fix the ship. Survive.

Squelch! Smoother flesh, my head pulls from the pile; I push it forward and notice the change. Cloaca. Liquid fills the chamber, softening the stool as it soaks in my fur. Shoving in behind is the mushy mess that has been stalking me the whole time, plastering gunk to the walls and sloshing in the sewer. Piss. Concentrated Tyrannosaurus urine. Not knowing how long it'll keep me stuffed in its ass, I have to breathe.

The most regretful breath I've taken. Clearing my clogged nose within a gaseous bubble to inhale the toxic fetor. Pungent, almost fishy, fumes filled with condensed fermented crap. Waste festering at the exit, locked inside the ovenlike cloaca while it suckles and squeezes it all together. Urine punches heavy, I choke back my vomit, which consists of intestinal glop already. My eyes water, at least protected by the goggles, but I keep my sanity grounded. I'll forget this ever happened. Just live.

Gas sits heavily in my lungs, and the vent at the end squirts it out while the beast walks. It was a good decision, but I want it out of me. I may forget where it came from, but it feels like a permanent stain. I push its soaking shit, globs of mush, slime, mucus and piss all collectively assault my fur as I slip trying. My paws slush into the softened scat, dredging underneath it in the poorly timed press. The beast at least stops. If I make enough movements, it'll recognize it has to shit.

I kick into the cloacal flesh, softer, slick, sucking my leg into a fold. Drenched in piss, slathered in pasty shit, I yank it out. Pressing my paws into the walls shoves my back into the scat, scattering snapped feathers from whatever it used to be. The fuss gushes in more urine, so I plug the hole with my foot, feeling it seep through, but it certainly catches its attention. It'll want to void me—shit me out now!

The vent opens, flesh collapses. Piss flows out, bubbling with gas and more pasty crap. Softened up, the once solid log slops out like sludge, pulling me along with it. Messy, noisy, filled with disgusting soupy squelches as it shits. Scat snaps, bends, pops out as freedom squeezes me past its asshole. Now is the time to be quiet, let it forget I was there, feeling the vent gum over my slimy, filthy chest. Slopped out—*splat!* A pile of sludge greets me on the ground, forming a nasty patty as more piles onto me. Feathers fart out, spilling sewage into the grassy dirt.

Sufficiently covered, surviving unlike the other mess around. Its pipes vacant the last of it, slopping crap out with nasty *plaps* into the sludgy waste. A final gush of piss penetrates the pile, and the Rex walks away, bored with the bowel movement still sloughing out, dribbling a little onto its legs uncaringly. Dirty asshole, the feral beast has other concerns in its brain, going on the hunt for its next meal—knowing now to chew. A memory like me, already forgetting the trouble I caused. It wanders out of sight, and I take a regretful breath of knowing relief. I survived. Finally some peace—calm...

Ughh! What am I covered in? Is this...? Has to be a reason. I wouldn't just... crawl into... A roar in the distance. I must have done it to avoid predators, nothing sifts through scat but bugs! And me I guess... So tired, it's daytime—star's at center sky. Did I forget to sleep? Check my memories. Slapping around, I'm not wearing clothes, my notes are gone. Slight panic as I slap around piled up crap, throwing clumps as I search the scat. Confused-concerned, I check my watch, smearing off very caked on shit, using gross urine to do so. My mind is 3.364km south... further from my memories than I'd go.

I'm here for a reason—still dreadfully warm. So much waste... plucking an *umph*... feather from between my scat-glued toes. What would make me leave my mind behind? Forgotten, must have run, used this to evade the predator eventually. Wasted time, chores to do that I don't recall. So tired... Sleep here, forget the stench anyways. Tomorrow: clean off, collect my mind, find the task, fix the ship—get the fuck off this planet. They are coming, I can't let them get me. Fix the ship. Survive.

What the hell? Is this...? I'm so tired... Just rest, tomorrow has answers. Probably not the first time anyway. I cackle to myself, cutting it quick to not draw unwanted attention—get shit in my mouth. What does it matter? Doesn't matter. Exhausted, at least I'm alive. Sleep. *Growl*. Hungry. Too tired to hunt, forage. After nap, eat, my body has a survival memory. I'll forget anyways... forget to remember, yet remember I forget.