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KARL AND THE WOK

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

PLUS: A POEM TO YOU, THE LAST AMERICAN...
...AND HUNTER BIDEN'S SECRET SEXUAL OBSESSION



Karl and the Wok

A story of romance, intrigue, and Natural Ice

Meghan: Hi...Karl?

Karl: You must be Meghan. Sorry I'm running late.

Meghan: It's no problem, our table is not ready quite yet.

Karl: Yeah, wow, this place is something.

Meghan: Oh it's great, wait till you try the octopus... I mean, you can you eat right?

Karl: Um, kind of, I can jam this probe in and get a little flavor feedback, sure.

Meghan: Very Cool. Wow, this is crazy, I was starting to think our whole discussion was a complete hoax. And here you are, Karl Marx, in the flesh... I mean, well, you know what I mean.

Karl: Yeah yeah, and your profile picture is spot on, that's a first. Let me get a good look at you, do a quick twirl for me.

Meghan: Um, excuse me?

Karl: I can scan your profile, which allows me to um...better interpret your movements and um..body language...and will allow me to communicate better.

Meghan: Okay...?

Karl: Whoa whoa, slow down a bit...no no no, you need to do it again.

Meghan: I'm really uncomfortable doing this.

Karl: Just do it.

Karl: Okay, there you go...that's what I'm talking about...right there.

Meghan: Oh my god, you are messing with me.

Karl: No, not at all.

Host: Miss Jensen, your table is ready,

Meghan: Thank God.

Host: And here we go, Thomas will be right with you, but I can start you off with a couple cocktails, or perhaps of bottle of wine. *(hands Meghan the wine list)*

Meghan: Um, what are you drinking?

Karl: Something with lots of alcohol.

Meghan: Um, do you have any of these wines by the glass?

Host: Yes of course, *(points to the list)*

Meghan: *...(reading the list)*

Host: Sir, for you?

Karl: I'll get a double Beefeater on the rocks with the splash of tonic and squeeze of lime.

Host: Of course sir, thank you.

Host: And for you Miss Jensen?

Meghan: I'll get a glass of the Nickel Quarry Cab.

Host: Excellent choice.

Meghan: This is such an amazing experience, thank you so much for meeting me. I can't believe I get a chance to talk to the real Karl Marx and hear about your amazing story.

Karl: Yeah, it's great to meet you too...because um...

Meghan: So, what does it feel like, to be...you know, in your situation right now?

Karl: What, like a robot?

Meghan: Yeah.

Karl: It feels really good actually.

Meghan: Does it hurt?

Karl: Does it hurt? Um, as you can see I no longer have a nervous system.

Meghan: I'm sorry. I'm just having trouble processing how you are alive and sitting here right now.

Karl: Yeah, no I get it. The last thing I remember I was sitting in my arm chair in London, taking a bit of a breather after whacking off, and BOOM, like a light switch, I'm in some lab in Beijing, hooked up to a bunch of wires.

Meghan: So the Chinese made you?

Karl: Yes ma'am.

Meghan: How?

Karl: Shit if I know.

Meghan: How did they get a hold of you...or, ya know...your body?

Karl: They told me some Chinese dude bought my frozen chopped off head from a Russian oligarch. But, they were probably fucking with me.

Meghan: Well, either way, you're here in California, speaking fluent English.

Karl: I can speak every language now, thanks to this little bugger?

Meghan: Really?

Karl: 你想吃一个大肥大的三明治吗?

Meghan: I don't know what you just said.

Karl: Exactly.

Thomas: Hi guys, welcome to Decadence, I'm Thomas and I will be your server. How are you doing tonight?

Karl: We are still waiting for our drinks Tommy.

Thomas: Oh of course, my apologies. I'll get them right away.

Meghan: Wow...that was a little aggressive.

Karl: What?

Meghan: He was just introducing himself.

Karl: It's called being observant, Meghan. All he had to do was look down to see that there were no drinks on the table. You don't need a master's degree in waiting tables to know that.

Meghan: This is one of the hottest restaurants in LA, I don't think he needs a lesson on how to wait tables.

Karl: What makes this place so special?

Meghan: They have the best vegan fusion menu in LA. They also carry amazing wild caught seafood. They use only organic locally sourced plants, and are serviced by a responsible carbon neutral food distribution network.

Karl: I'm a robot, do you think I give a shit about any of that.

Meghan: I thought perhaps you would enjoy understanding how far our society has come in regards to how we eat and interact with the eco-system.

Karl: I slept in an alley behind a Burger King last night. I know exactly how far your society has come.



Meghan: I've based my entire political theory on that book.

Karl: Yeah, how's that working out for you?

Meghan: The socialist means of production, commodity fetishism. Brilliant. Your teachings are like God to me.

Karl: I was high when I wrote most of that.

Meghan: You were what?

Karl: I was high...

Meghan: On what?

Karl: On methamphetamines.

Meghan: They didn't even have methamphetamines in your time.

Karl: Bullshit they didn't. All you had to do was run down to the drug store, get yourself some Sudafed, mix it up with a little bleach, moth balls, pesticide, a little wine and vinegar, throw it in the freezer, and BAM you got meth.

Meghan: You are so full of it.

Karl: No, trust me, you snort some of that shit and the next thing you know you're walking around like King Kong.

Meghan: ...or die

Karl: It would kill the average man, but I'm Karl Marx. We were high all the time. You know Engel's and I rode a donkey into Jerusalem on Easter one year. No shit. I mean, I realize now it was in poor taste, but I was a different man back then. Fucking racist. Hated black people, hated Jews, hated people that were more successful than me. Hated working. Hated everything. I didn't have a job, I had a bunch of sick kids I couldn't support, and my mother in law thought I was a slob. I had a bunch of fucking boils all over my back...You know four of my kids died of malnutrition? Two of my daughters committed suicide in their adult life. No shit, seriously. Nice little family right? Man, I was a miserable prick. So I got high and spewed a bunch of bullshit out to the world, stupid people like you ate it all up.

Meghan: You're testing me, I'm on to you Karl.

Karl: No, I'm not testing you. You don't know what it was like to be me back then. Imagine having a nasty bout of diarrhea...I mean really bad...but couldn't get to a toilet. You know where your stomach is about to explode and you struggle with all your might to keep it contained. Think of the pain, anxiety, and misery associated with that feeling. The clenching of your stomach. The sweat on your forehead. You're rapidly beating heart. The fear of blowing the entire load right in your pants. That feeling was basically my entire life. Getting my head chopped off was the best thing that ever happened to me. I can think clearly. Finally.

Meghan: So what are you like a conservative now?

Karl: I did vote for Trump, like 6 times.

Meghan: OMG, Um...Swear word!

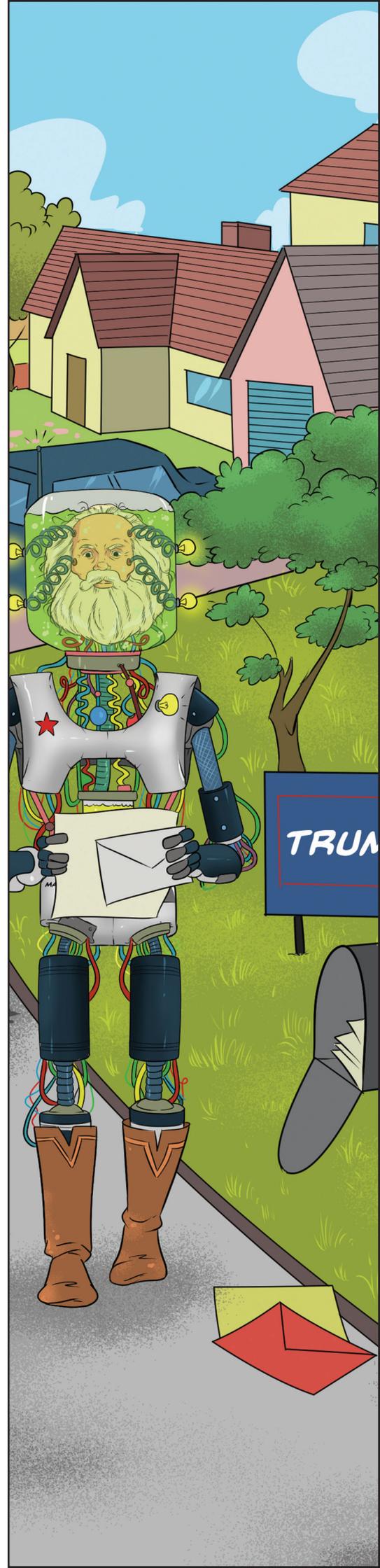
Karl: No seriously, when I first got here, I was just fucking around, looking through peoples garages, watching people through their windows, you know, acting like a real creeper. Anyway, one day I was bored just walking down the street, going through people's mailboxes, and I kept seeing these election ballots, so I said fuck it, and filled some of them out and sent them in.

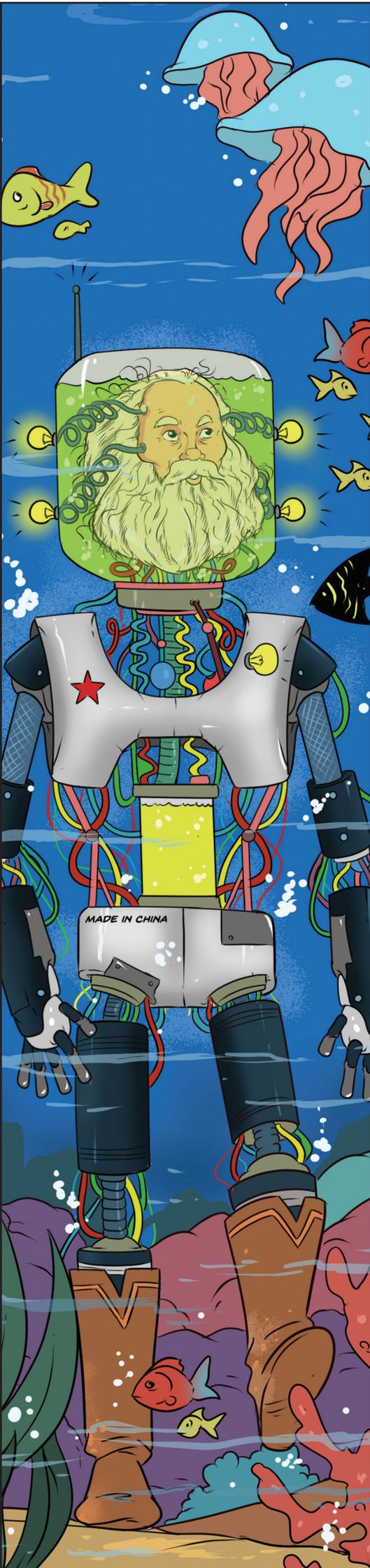
Meghan: You better be fucking with me, Karl. He is a horrible man and his supporters are horrible people.

Karl: No, I'm not fucking with you. Anyway I didn't even know who this Trump dude was, but kept seeing shit everywhere with his name on it, so I watched some videos of him on the Internet, thought he was kind of a cool guy.

Meghan: Yeah, he's a real cool guy if you want to consider the complete opposite of everything you stand for.

Karl: Everything I stood for was to empower the working class.





Meghan: I don't think the working class understands how the world operates.

Karl: I don't think the working class needs you to tell them how the world operates.

Meghan: Those fucking idiots stormed the Capital.

Karl: Yeah, well, why do you care? You're supposed to be the social revolutionary. I'm surprised you weren't out there with them.

Meghan: I'd rather slit my wrists. And I don't want a social revolution, I just want to live in a society where we don't have to deal with them anymore.

Karl: Yeah, well, you keep pushing whatever it is that your pushing, and your going to find out exactly what that society is like. Or you could just move to China, and figure it out real quick.

Meghan: China built you didn't they? So it can't be all that bad. I mean, technically they are kinda like your dad now.

Karl: Fuck you their not my dad. The Chinese don't give a crap about Karl Marx. They realized all my bullshit a long time ago, that's why they went all half-ass capitalist, got rich, and are at the cusp of paving your dumb democratic asses to the ground.

Meghan: Isn't that what you wanted?

Karl: No that's not what I wanted. I mean, I don't know. Listen...when they threw me together a few months ago, it wasn't in some high tech lab like I tell people. I was built by interns in the basement of some fucking building, with recycled parts. That's why my head looks like a 1980's Pickle Jar.

Karl: SLAM! (*Karl hits his knee on the table really hard and the drinks spill*)

Meghan: Jesus!

Karl: Sorry.

Meghan: Are you drunk?

Karl: I'm saying, I'm just a hodge podge of outdated tech! So if they can build me in some basement, what the shit are they doing in all of those other buildings? You know, the big tall ones. YOU KNOW!

Meghan: Take it easy. They have a long way to go before they catch up to western technology.

Karl: You don't know what you're talking about. Y'all are just sitting around in stupid restaurants like this, talking about all the dumb shit you think is important, meanwhile, they are working, working, working...WORKING BABY!

Meghan: Wow, okay, I get it.

Meghan: So what happened anyway? They just let you leave? You just walked out of the lab?

Karl: Yeah, I mean they ran some tests on me did some shit, I don't know. Then they started working on something else. AI shit. They were like, okay see ya. They could care less. So I bolted, and walked over here.

Meghan: You walked here from China?

Karl: Yeah.

Meghan: What, like through the Pacific Ocean?

Karl: Fuck Yeah! Holy Shit! Do you know how fucking deep the Mariana Trench is!

Meghan: Okay...Karl...can you lower the volume a little, maybe stop cussing, people are starting to stare at us.

Karl: (*whispering loudly*) I got stuck in that mother fucking trench for two weeks before I finally made my way out. There's some weird shit going on 10,000 meters deep in the ocean, I'll tell you what.

Meghan: Um, I think your head would explode:

Karl: Wow, I didn't realize you were studying engineering at MIT.

Meghan: Actually, I'm studying feminism in modern society at UCLA.

Karl: Oh God, is that what they are teaching you. You guys are soooo FUUUUUUUCKED! (*Laughs loudly*) HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!

Meghan: Jesus, can you keep it down? You're embarrassing me.

Karl: What, you don't like the *trufe* sister, all of your leftist ideas everywhere crashing shit together, fucking the world.

Meghan: What are you talking about?

Karl: You know *eshhhactly* what I'm talking about.

Meghan: Oh my god, how did you get so shit-faced so quickly. I'm going to go to the bathroom, please try and compose yourself while I'm gone. Perhaps take that probe out of your gin and tonic.

Karl: Oh shootie, has this been in there the whole time...whoops.

Meghan: Yes, and you are completely drunk and being a complete asshole. (*she leaves*)

Thomas: What's up big guy?

Karl: TOMMY! My man.

Thomas: Dang, I can hear you from clear across the restaurant, everything going okay with your date?

Karl: She's all like blah blah blah blah fucking pain in my ass.

Thomas: Yeah, I hear that, how about I switch you over to a beer.

Karl: Yeah, I can do that, how about an MGD.

Thomas: Sorry my man, we just have local draft beers from around California.

Karl: Man, I don't want to drink any of that shit.

Thomas: You know what, there's a liquor store next door, where I get my beer, let me run over there and get you something.

Karl: Tommy, you my guy. You're my mother fucking guy.

(*moments later*)

Thomas: Here you go, this is what I drink.

Karl: Shit, what is this?

Thomas: Hell yeah, this is what we call a 40oz.

Karl: You know I just have to stick this little doodad in the drink, I don't actually drink it. I could get drunk off a capful of beer if I wanted to.

Thomas: Yeah, but you look a lot cooler with a 40oz in front of you.

Karl: It is a pretty good fucking look Tommy, good call. Thanks man.

Thomas: No problem, you guys still good on food for now, does she need another glass of wine?

Karl: Yeah you better get one coming, maybe I can still get laid.

Thomas: Okay, no problem I'll be right back.

(*Meghan comes back*)

Meghan: Is that a 40?

Karl: Why yes it is.

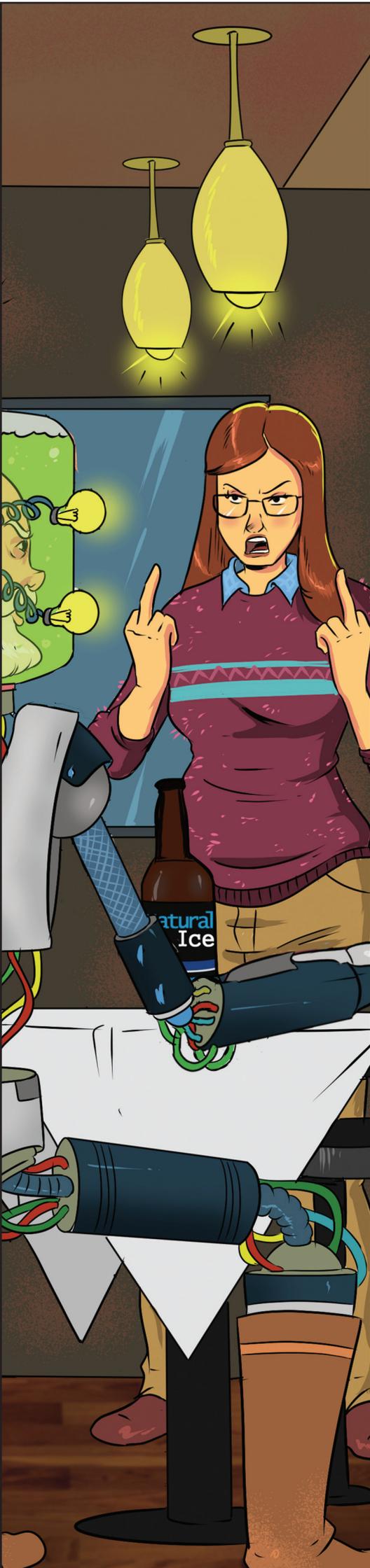
Meghan: How the hell did you get that?

Karl: Tommy takes good care of me.

Meghan: Like my night couldn't get any worse.

Karl: What are you embarrassed about?





Meghan: What the fuck is Natural Ice?

Karl: Its fucking beer is what it is, and it's damn good. Tommy's got some good taste.

Meghan: Jesus...

Karl: What's your beef Meghan? Night not going as expected?

Meghan: No, not at all. This is one of the worst nights I can remember.

Karl: I have a way with people don't I?

Meghan: My whole adult life, I have idolized you, and here you are acting like a fucking redneck.

Karl: Ouch.

Meghan: ...

Karl: What did you think was going to happen tonight Meghan? That you would spend the night gloating over my writings? That we would engage in meaningful discussion on political theory, social norms, and the like, that I would reinforce your value system and embolden your self-righteous view of yourself and how you perceive the world? Look at you sitting there, in this fucking restaurant, with your trendy cloths, your so called fashionable politics, and smirk of judgment on your face.

Meghan: Actually I was looking forward to having a normal civilized conversation with one of history's most influential men, not listen to a dumb fuck drunkard, who is having serious issues dealing with the fact that he is not even a real person anymore.

Karl: I'm the future there sugar-lips. You can act all firm and proper as you want, but underneath you are just an animal who eats, breeds, and shits. All things machines like me have evolved away from.

Meghan: Oh yeah, you've really evolved.

Karl: How hard do you think I would have to squeeze your arm to prove that reality? How long would it take until you started screaming and thrashing about wildly all over this restaurant? How civilized would you suddenly see yourself.

Meghan: You're a psychopath.

Karl: I'm your fucking future.

Meghan: I'm leaving.

(Meghan gets up)

Meghan: Go fuck yourself.

(Meghan leaves the restaurant in a huff)

Thomas: What happened to your date big guy?

Karl: Another one bites the dust.

Thomas: *(laughs)* That bad huh?

Karl: Jokes on you, she was supposed to pay tonight.

Thomas: Shit man, seriously?

Karl: What are you doing tonight?

Thomas: Working.

Karl: Bullshit, work sucks. Let's go do something.

Thomas: Mannn...

Karl: C'mon, what do you got going on?

Thomas: Well, I do know a couple ladies that want to hang tonight.

Karl: WTF Tommy, you been holding back on this information all night? Let's go!

Thomas: My shift doesn't end till 11:30 tonight.

Karl: Bullshit your shift ends now.

Thomas: *(Laughs)*

Karl: Come on man, you don't want to work here, dealing with all these fucking people. Fuck 'em.

Thomas: Man, it took me 3 months to land this gig.

Karl: Fuck you, I'm Karl Marx, I can get you a better job than this shit.

Thomas: ...

Karl: Listen, fucking Meghan was supposed to pay tonight, and I don't have any money, so I can't even pay for any of this shit. Let me just walk out, and you go chasing me or whatever and we will meet back behind the liquor store next door.

Thomas: Yeah, right, then they will call the cops.

Karl: Shit, yeah, that's not a good idea. I think the cops are already looking for me.

Thomas: Oh screw it... I'll pay your bill, let's go.

Karl: Tommy, my man!

(Thomas puts cash on the table to pay the check. Karl gets up and they start walking out of the restaurant together.)

Karl: So, where we going?

Thomas: Across town, but lets stop at the store and pick up some shit.

Karl: Sweet.

Karl: Hey, you know I killed a guy the other day.

Thomas: Seriously!?!

Karl: Yeah, Ill tell you all about it on the way.

. . .

TO BE CONTINUED...

