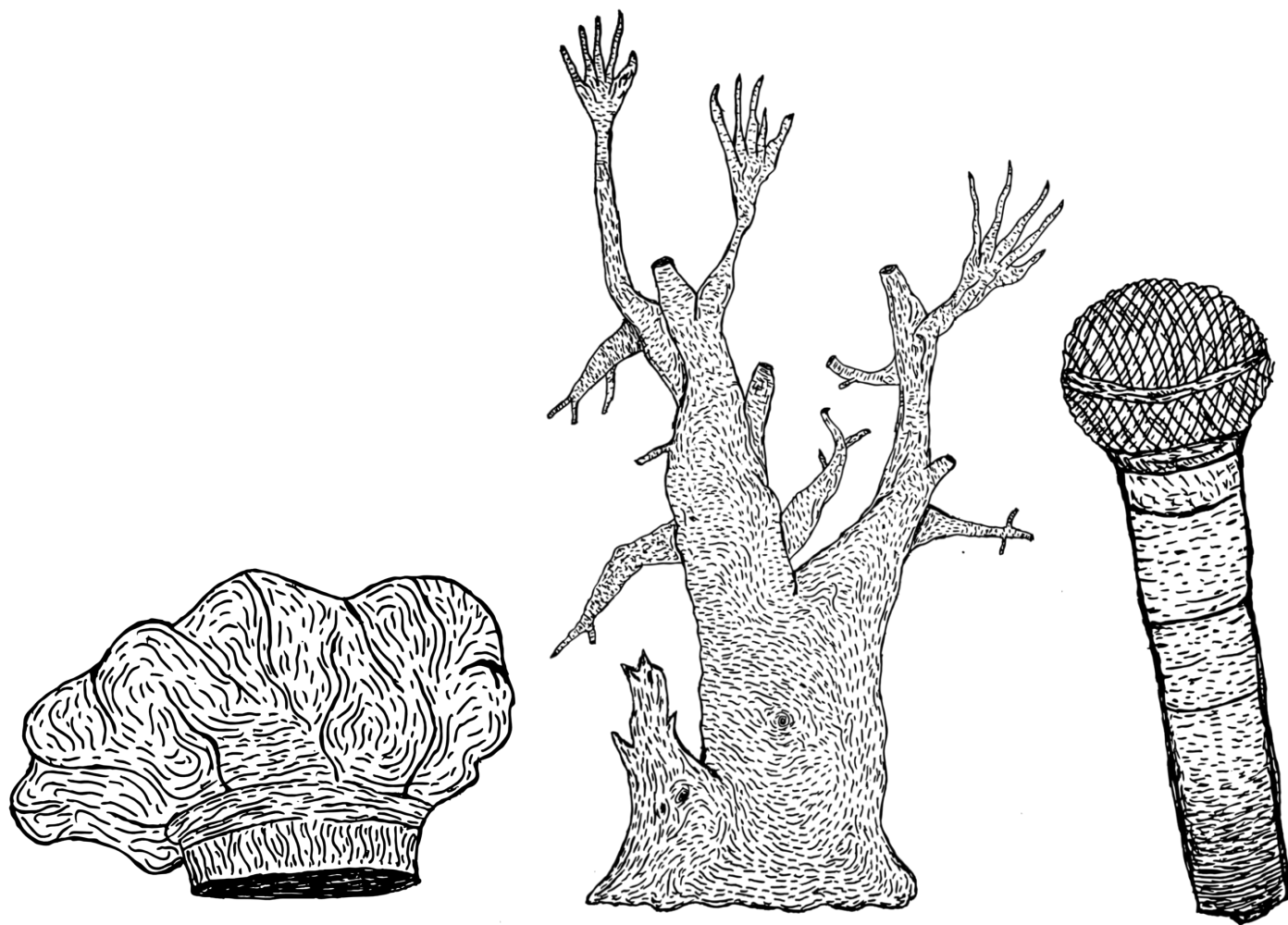
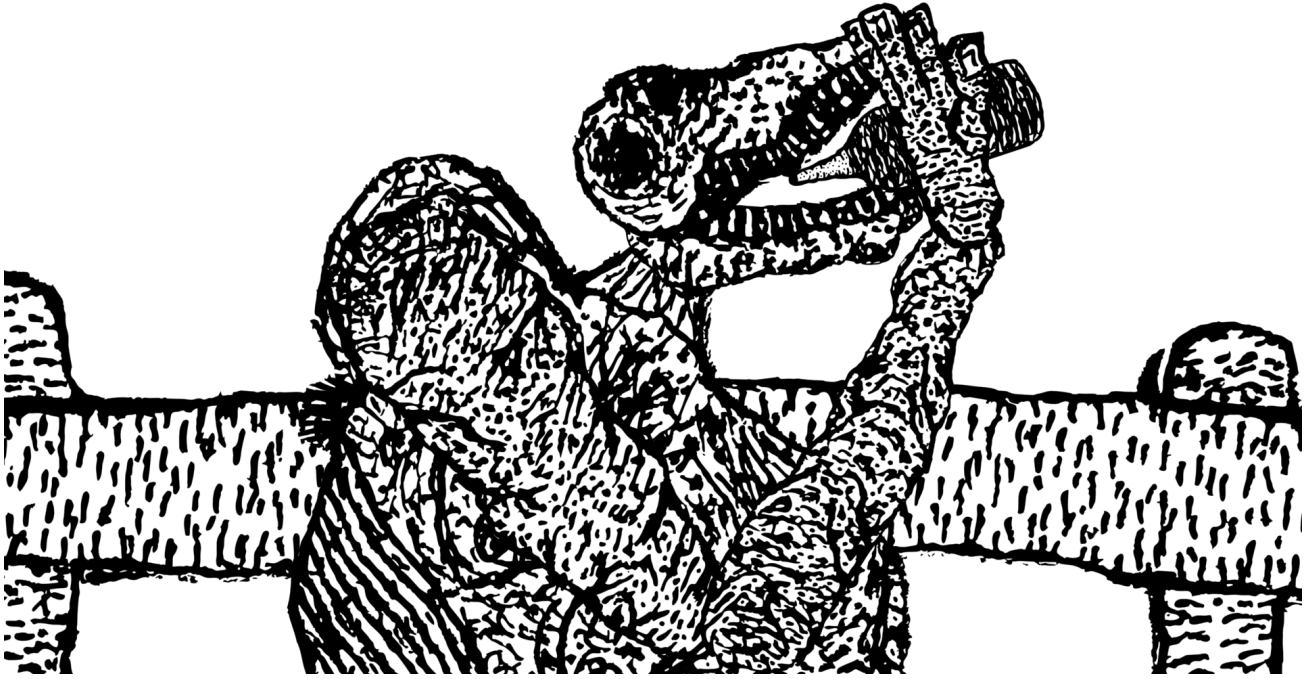


# Addicts Idiots And Losers



Volume IV **free**



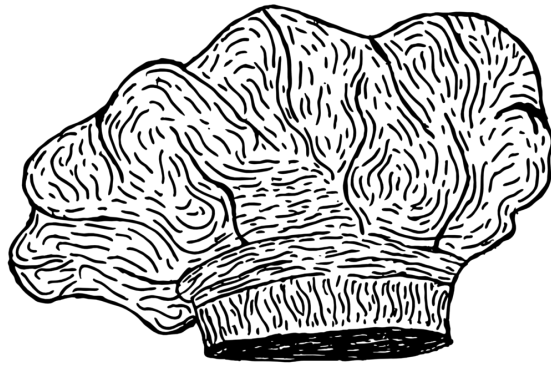
Trigger Warning: The content may not be suitable for children or those with a fragile psyche.

Rat People Must Kill Humans Publishing

Addicts Idiots And Losers Volume IV

Copywrite 2021

Written and designed by Samuel Zagula



### French Hats in Shanghai

The problem with the hotel was that it was inside of a mall. Everything that could be needed was inside of it. There was a food court, a grocery store, a gym, clothing shops, a massage parlor, a karaoke bar, a hospital, an amusement park. People were born and died inside this mall. You could spend your whole life here, never leaving, never going outside.

I had gotten an internship for the summer working for a company that manufactured cameras. I spent my days editing amazon descriptions. It was dull work, and it was turning my mind into sausage.

My soul was being fed to the meat grinder.

One of my coworkers, a balding Spanish man with light blue eyes, always sent me videos of ISIS killings.

"Check your phone," the man would say, and I would, and on the screen would appear a man with his hands and feet bound, hopping in front of a moving tank to quicken his death, and his guts and brains, flattened, and spilling out of themselves.

"Why'd you send me that?" I would ask.

Hahahaha," the man would say.

It was a Sunday, so I decided to go outside. I made my way through the mall. The mall was a trap. It fed on the souls of the sedentary. It was a nightmare of bright lights and artificial smiles.

Outside, the world was a maze. I couldn't venture twenty blocks. It was a strange country, a different world, but I was stuck. I turned right, walking down the narrow sidewalk, the constant flow of traffic accompanying me as I moved.

I found a small French restaurant and sat down. It was near the water. Next to the water was a park. The park was covered with uniform grass, struggling in the heat, smelling of pesticides. Trees were placed evenly across a path running along the edge of the park. The trees were trimmed in such a way that no leaves grew on them. Their branches were cut off almost at the growth point. They looked more like gnarled hands reaching up towards heaven than anything else. A Chinese man wearing a white hat, one of those white hats that French chefs wear on TV, came to take my order.

"What would you like?" asked the man.

"I'll have a salami sandwich, and a beer."

The beer came, then the sandwich, and I sat there looking at the water.

There was something wrong with this restaurant. A French restaurant, in Shanghai, where all the staff pretended to be French, and those small dainty pastries colored purple which cost four dollars.

It was like a dream.

I finished my sandwich quickly, paid my tab, and left.

I walked back the way I came, wandering down the main street. There were people everywhere. Soon I came to great rows of buildings, each one a different restaurant, or pool hall, or karaoke bar. I stopped at a restaurant I often frequented. It was a kind of buffet, where each plate was laid out on the table, and you picked the plates that you wanted, and brought it to the register to pay. I selected duck, pickles, and three large beer bottles. There were pots of steaming rice and porridge in the place, housed in wooden barrels. I scooped out a bowl of rice and sat in the back. I ate my food and drank my beers. I pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lit up. The man in the front smiled at me, he had rotten teeth, and deep lines out across his tan face.

Once I finished my food, I went back to the front, to get more beer.

There must be something happening in this city, something interesting, something good, something potent, but I would never find it.

A woman walked in. She was very pretty, with a slight frame. She smiled often as she talked to the owner. I wanted to say something to her. But what would I say? There was nothing to say. Soon she would walk out that door and be lost forever.

I sat there, drinking beer until evening, when I decided to leave. I bought four beers to go. It was a strange phenomenon, the beer in this restaurant was cheaper than the beer in a corner store.

I walked back to the mall. The faces on the crowded street all swam together, forming a mass of desperate humanity. I couldn't tell them apart anymore. The city was full of buildings halfway through construction, already tall, already piercing the sky. The buildings never stopped growing, they were animals, they hungered for progress.

Inside the mall, I wandered around for some time. Going up and down the escalators, without goal. Just a pointless mechanical loop. Everything was becoming serialized, moving towards uniformity. Soon the world would be nothing but a smooth green marble, made of glass, everything one with itself.

I stopped in front of the karaoke bar and decided to go inside. The man at the front desk was made of oil, he had a desperate comb over to hide his balding scalp.

"Just one?" The man asked.

"Yeah" I said

"Karaoke by yourself, no fun at all. How about a girl? Lots of pretty girls, they'll keep you company," said the man.

"Alright."

The man took out a laminated piece of paper with the photos of ten different girls, all with skimpy outfits, all with forced smiles, and sadness in their eyes. I selected a photo of a girl whose name was Yuxi who had a very round face.



"You have a good eye," smiled the man.

The man walked into the backroom and came back with the girl trailing behind.

"Follow me," said Yuxi.

I followed her into one of the many private rooms. The faint sounds of drunken singing could be heard resonating through the establishment.

"You want something to drink?" she asked.

"Sure."

She hit a button, and soon a bottle of vodka, and a liter of sprite was brought in. She dumped all of it, along with some ice, into a large pitcher with a faucet at the bottom of it. She poured a drink, handed it to me, then poured a drink for herself.

"What do you want to sing?" she asked, turning on the television, absentmindedly flicking through the options.

"I don't feel like singing."

"But you have to sing, that's the point."

"Just pick a song, and I'll watch you."

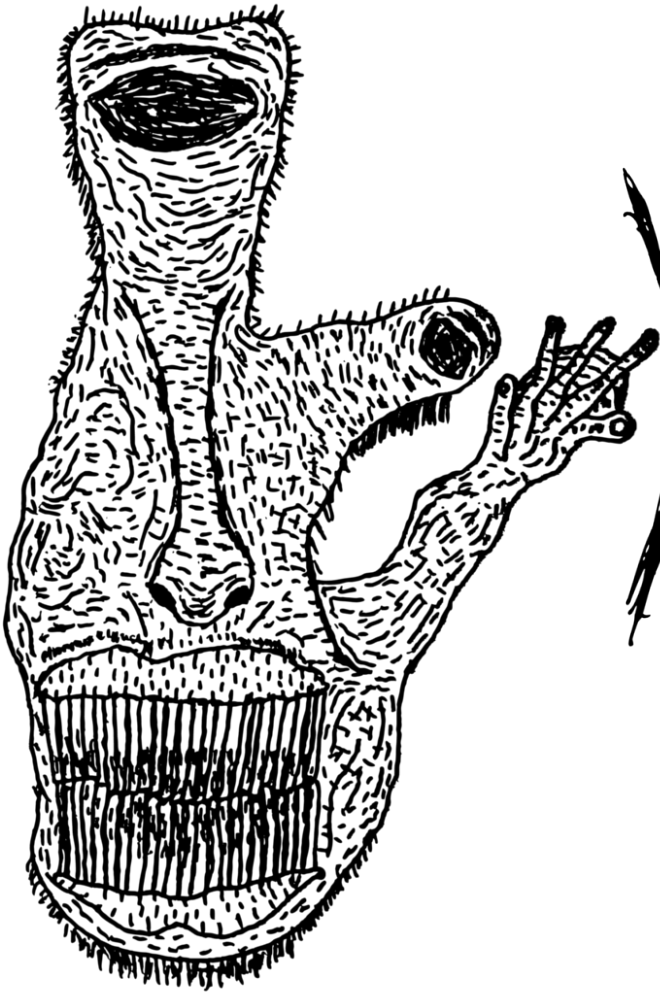
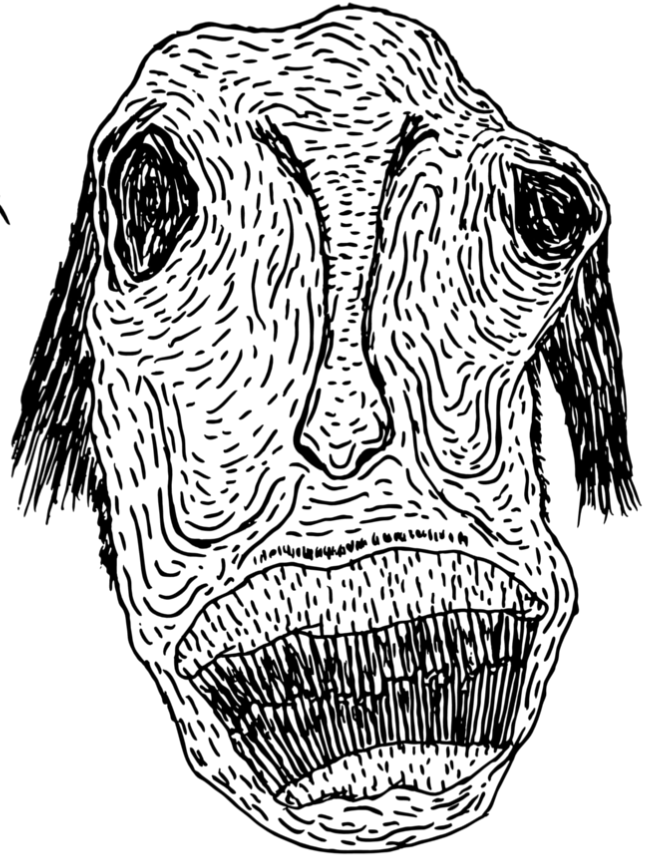
"Alright," she said.

She was sitting close to me, gently brushing her leg against mine. She thumbed through the options until she selected one. She stood up and approached the set. The music began to play.

As she sang "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" in broken English, slightly off pitch, as if the television was an adoring audience, as the mall's lights stayed endlessly on, as children were born and died, as pointless wars were fought over oil that nobody needed, I put my head in my hands, and began to sob.

END

Thank  
you



you are

Loved

[www.addictsiidotsandlosers.com](http://www.addictsiidotsandlosers.com)



[Patreon.com/addictsiidotsandlosers](https://Patreon.com/addictsiidotsandlosers)



For general inquiries or to request additional volumes contact:

[Zag@addictsiidotsandlosers.com](mailto:Zag@addictsiidotsandlosers.com)