FIRST-DEGREE BURNS

Vol. 5

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE PLAYA
Know you will:
1. Feel it
2. Cry
3. Be humbled
4. Act
5. Love

Be your self with me
I will myself with you

Tutu-Tuesday Haiku
Micro tutu rear
Burst of yellow crimson blur
Down-Dog in my dreams
Ashley loves unicorns and horse cocks!

Broke Dick Horse Cock, Captain Kirk Mr. Spock!
I need this
Very few understand why I need this
I need this
You can breathe here
This is my tribe
Those are my people
Love

Faq
WE ARE ALL HERE ON THIS FUNNY PLANET SPINNING IN SPACE TRYING OUR BEST TO FIND MEANING AND PURPOSE IN THESE LIVES... BURNING MAN GIVES US THAT TIME OUT TO REFOCUS AND RECOMMIT OURSELVES TO THAT CHOSEN PURPOSE. MAY GOD LOVE US ALL. WE ARE ONE, WITHOUT QUESTION.

Thank you!}

Lolz!
GREG WUZ HERE

Getting Warmer
(CAMP)
HORSECOCK!

says

Fuck You.

(Don't break your dick!)
So publish this!
HORSECOCK
RULZ
YOU!!!

MOTHER
FUCKER

Z
Прилетим друг восемьним
в губами вертолет.
И бесплатно покажет кино.

С днем рождения поздравим
и, наверно, подарим.
Мне в подарок 500 экземпляров.
Goin' to Burning Man that's all

422 signal takes ass

Don't fuck with my burn!
Peter Peeker
Penis eater
here is a Penis
for you
A Humble Regards
from
Snake Bite
First year for me. Ya I got my cherry popped, not by love drugs or happy happy Sun time. Anger blasted my chastity. This place is an illusion, which the prisoners lock them selves into and say for a week of their year they were "free." I piss on their slackness, penniless "I love you" and Their Shitty fucken grin. The fucken grin put on like make-up, that fucken grin that says I'm lying lying to you, but it's ok cause I'm at burning man. Now that anger has sucked my cock dry, I'm got gonnarea to impregnate you dumb hippie fucks. Hope you like to itch.
When tired of peace, love, and dubstep...

administer Horsecock!

9:30 & H(Horsecok!)
It ain't always healthy
Might not look great,
But we get the job done.

Horse-cock!
DEATH TO you my friend
Only by Self Indulgence!

There is no more than Horse Cock

A Good Horse Cocking

To Y.A. 66
When a dildo the size of your forearm hits your ass, it inevitably leaves a lasting mark.

Just as the Horsecock makes your bottom preciousness black and blue, we at (camp) HORSECOCK are the giant dildo to burning man itself.

Fear our Metaphorea!
HORSECOCK

by ug!
There is no point to worship
if one does not burn down the temple down
we are all just another effigy meant to be erased
returned to the ash of dust of this empty desert
This is how
Kurt Vonnegut
draws an asshole
I now shit rainbows
And piss gold thanks to
You fucking hippie faggots
Your faggot flesh tastes like
Poop And patience. I will drown
All of you in my soggy fecal
Felatio

Poop-fart+
when I was young, my grandpa sat me and my brothers down and said
"look at here boys, love is something that women make while you're fucking them"

and after seeing this hippie wish machine bullshit, I've come to realize
that he is 100% correct.

Fuck you penniless hippies and your wish for peace. You aren't helping bring peace
by taking acid and staring at the sun. get a job to grow the fuck up. We will
have peace when these greedy niggers in the white house do the same.

$CUMFucked
Dear Motherf*ckers,

You have some nerve leaving this piece of moop-shit in the hands of a bunch of fucking fuck ups. It could be worse I suppose, this book could of ended up with a gang of drugged up hippies, But it is in your hands now. I hope you're proud.

Me

You
This is our
State & Our
Desert

Fuck you hippies
A wise woman once said...

"Horsecock...... says it all. You are just a bunch of rowdy fallen METAL angels, saying and doing the most over the top outrageous things in a place where outrageous is the norm, and beneath it all, you are just the best people ever. 3rd year in a row, Momma has camped by you, and as we say... the only thing between my camp and yours is the shit wall. And there is not enough shit on the planet to buffer out the beautiful roar of your bad little selves! Momma love you!"

- Momma

(Old man "Pops" was too drunk to say anything)
"Never thought I would
miss my "your-trying-sleep-at-9am-so-suck-on-this-arr-rard-siren-and-heavy-metal" malarky,...
But I do, I sooooooo do!"

- Leo Nard
Be a part of art not in front of art.

-- Button & Banton --

Agreed, but likely still a hippie.
SNEFF MARKERS
MAKE MONEY!
I'm in the Army. I have a pregnant wife. I own two dogs. I am stationed in Hawaii but I grew up in Reno. This was my second year.

This place disappoints me every year. My camp is full of dicks who just won't shut up. The music is loud and usually irritates the living fuck out of me almost as much as the Service does.

I hate "getting thanked for my sacrifice/service." I got 11 months left. I'll be coming back to Reno.

I hate this place.
I hate all these people.
I can't wait to come back.

Just stop the bs, the peace, the meditation. It doesn't work. Hate everybody, shoot the bastard who breaks MORAL laws and think for your damn self.
デーツフ
The Coming Insurrection!

We are sir Isaac Newton's Third Law.

By far the loudest, most rambunctious group of burners you'll ever have the displeasure of camping next to, we rise out of the dust of the Black Rock Desert year after year to punish you, our electronica listening, peace loving, neighbors!

So fuck your day,

Fuck your rave,

And mostly.... fuck you!

-Degweed (Navigator)
The HORSECOCKALYPSE IS NIGHT!

Are you ready to get spooged in the face by the coming Insurrection? I sure hope so.

Bend over and repent against your silly little ideas of peace, love and happiness. Your anger is a weapon and my weapon is a tool. Take all that rage, and rather than spitting it into your rainbow bottle, puke it out up on the world. For the world is hostile, and in order to survive in this
Decaying shit-show you must make some room for negativity. The peace you desire will never exist without a bloody counterpoint—WAR. We make revolution as it is a necessary part of our nation and our world. Use your fear to your advantage and embrace the twisted American Nightmare.

If you are to be prepared, as the Boy Scout motto says...

KNOW YOUR ENEMY.
Tall Are
A Bunch of
Retards