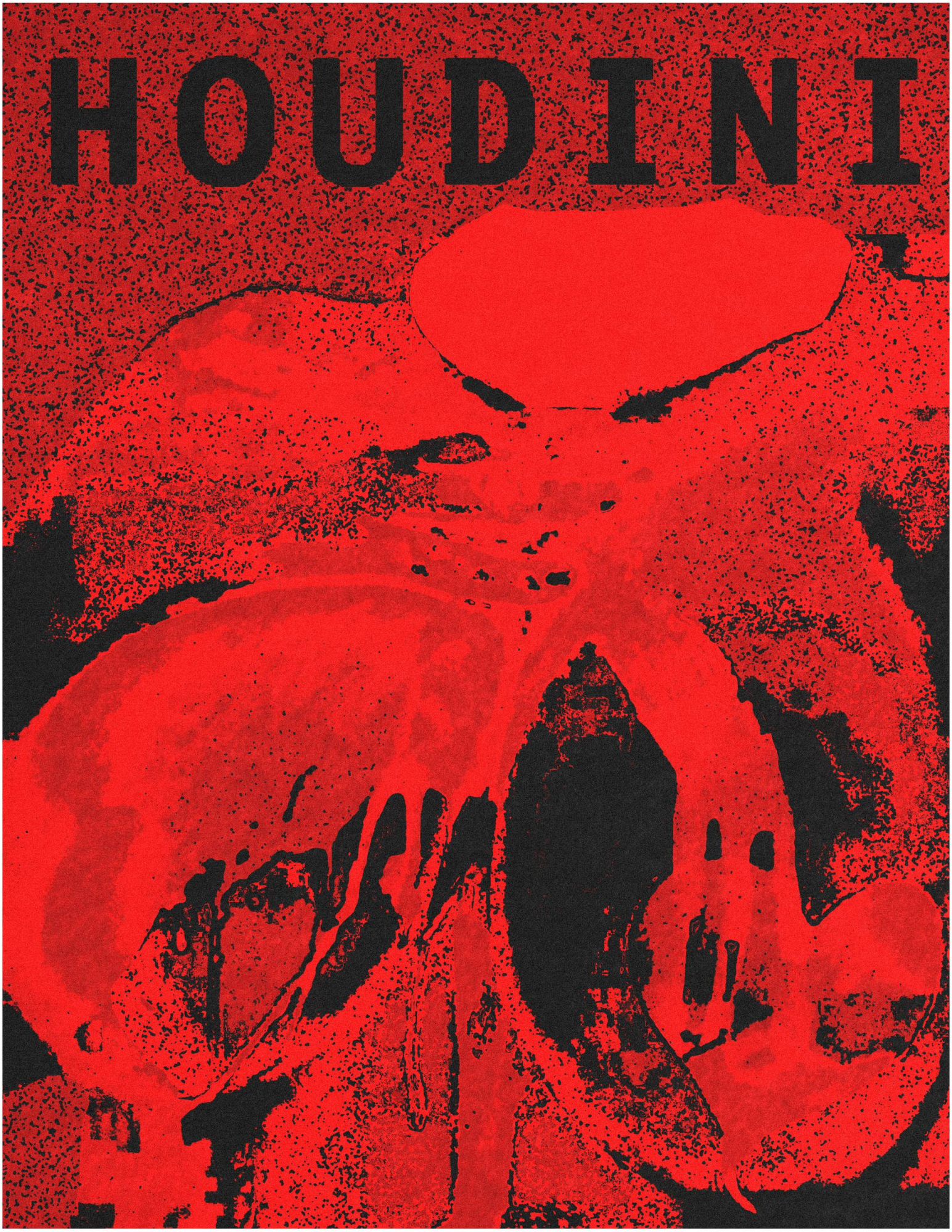
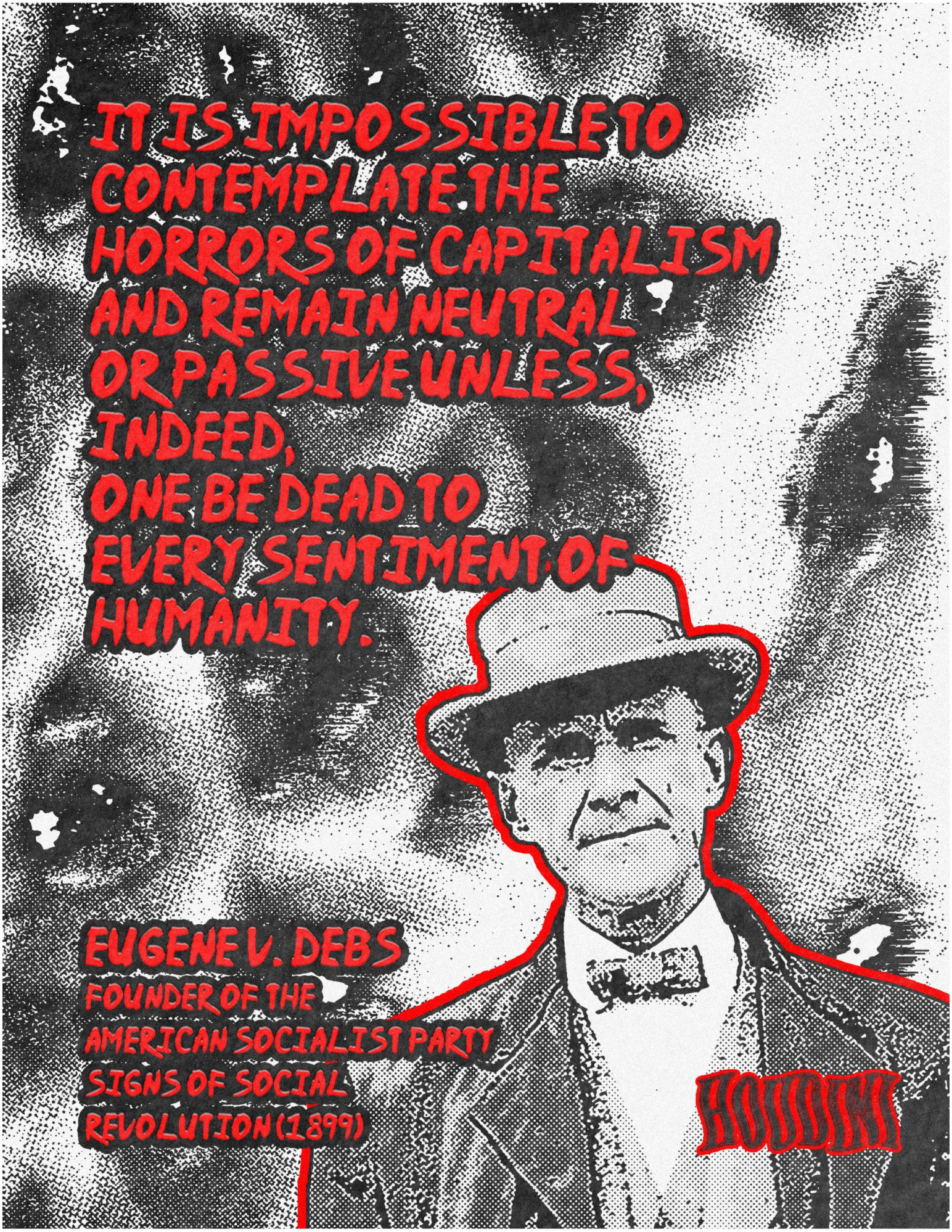
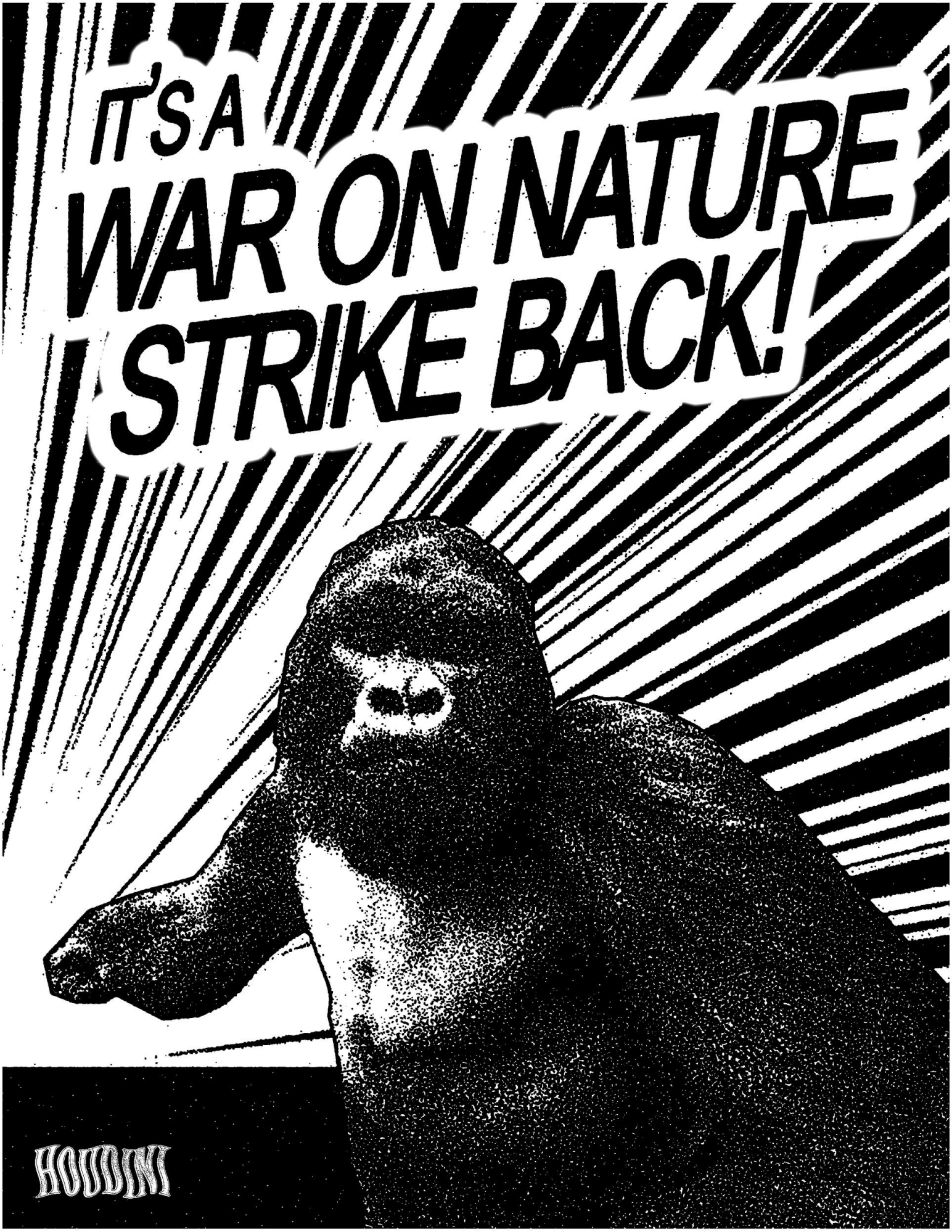
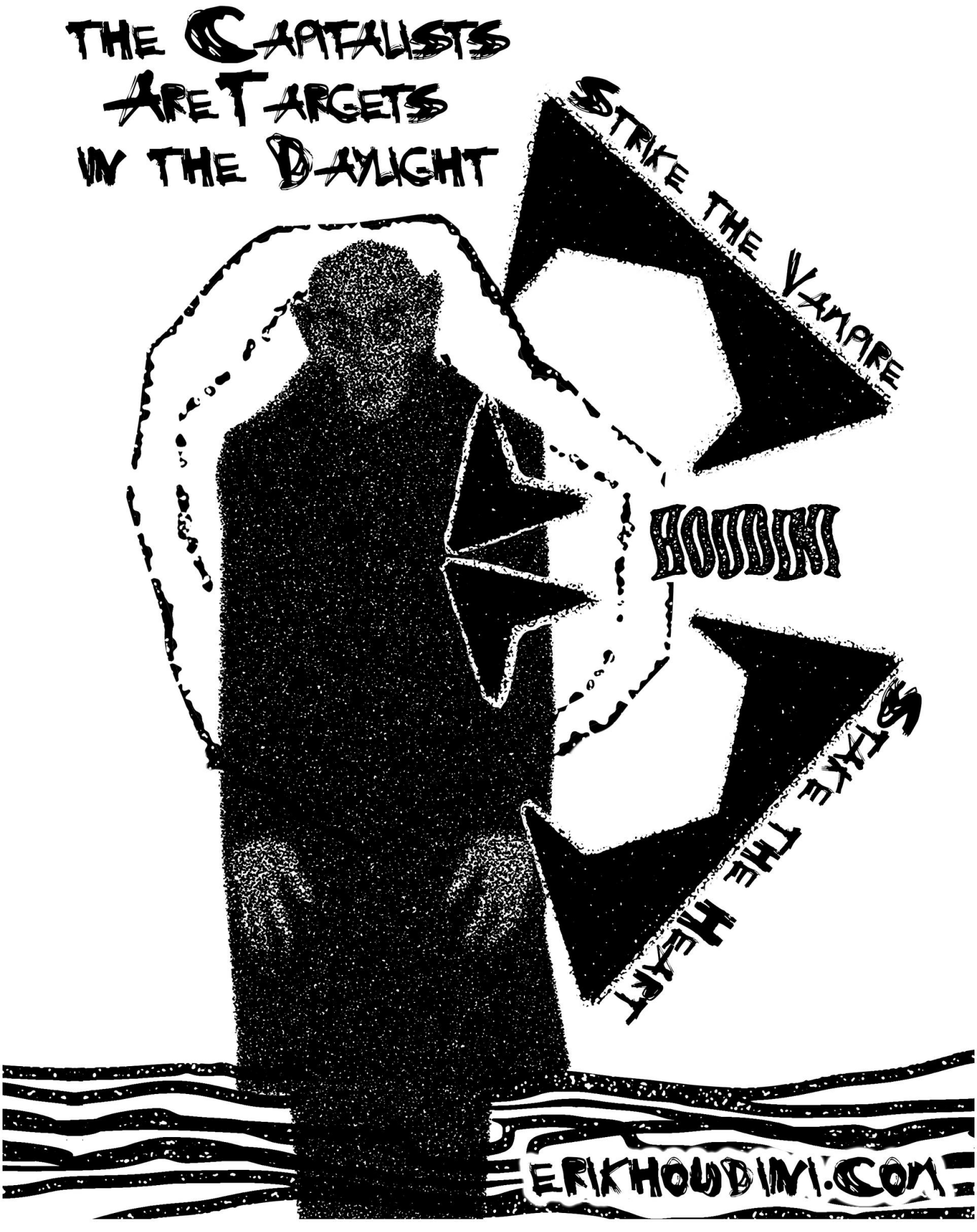

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IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE THE HORRORS OF CAPITALISM AND REMAIN NEUTRAL OR PASSIVE UNLESS, INDEED, ONE BE DEAD TO EVERY SENTIMENT OF HUMANITY.
EUGENE V. DEBS
FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST PARTY
SIGNS OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION (1899)
HOUDINI


HAITI.


HOWDY
DEFEAT
THE
ANTI-LIFE
REGIME


IT'S A
WAR ON NATURE
STRIKE BACK!
HOUDINI


THE CAPITALISTS
ARE TARGETS
IN THE DAYLIGHT
STRIKE THE VAMPIRE
HOUDINI
STAKE THE HEART
ERIKHOUDINI.COM

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Simply Put: There is no path to abortion legalization in states like Texas, Florida, Louisiana, South Dakota, Arkansas, West Virginia, Florida, Oklahoma, Idaho, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Indiana without revolution.

Simply put: The violence against women must be met with the violence of revolution.

THE CAPITALIST STOLE YOUR FUTURE
WILL YOU STEAL IT BACK?

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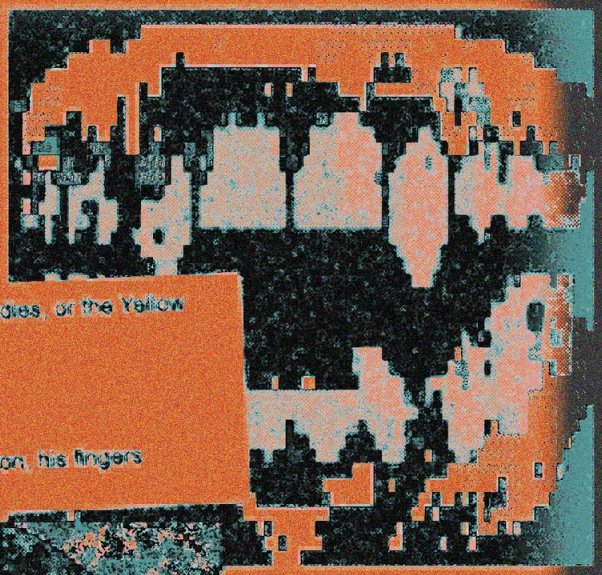
STRIKE BACK!

Be Kind to One Another.




HODDN

NIGHT FANGS STRIKE BACK



Each stretch of his fingers was a reflect of Dracula's mandate: Either Orlok dies, or the Yellow Jackets become fodder for the Night Fangs.

It was no choice at all. Fate was as certain as the sunrise.

He pressed on. Each grip was a gamble, each regrip a moment of meditation, his fingers slipping before they found purchase again.

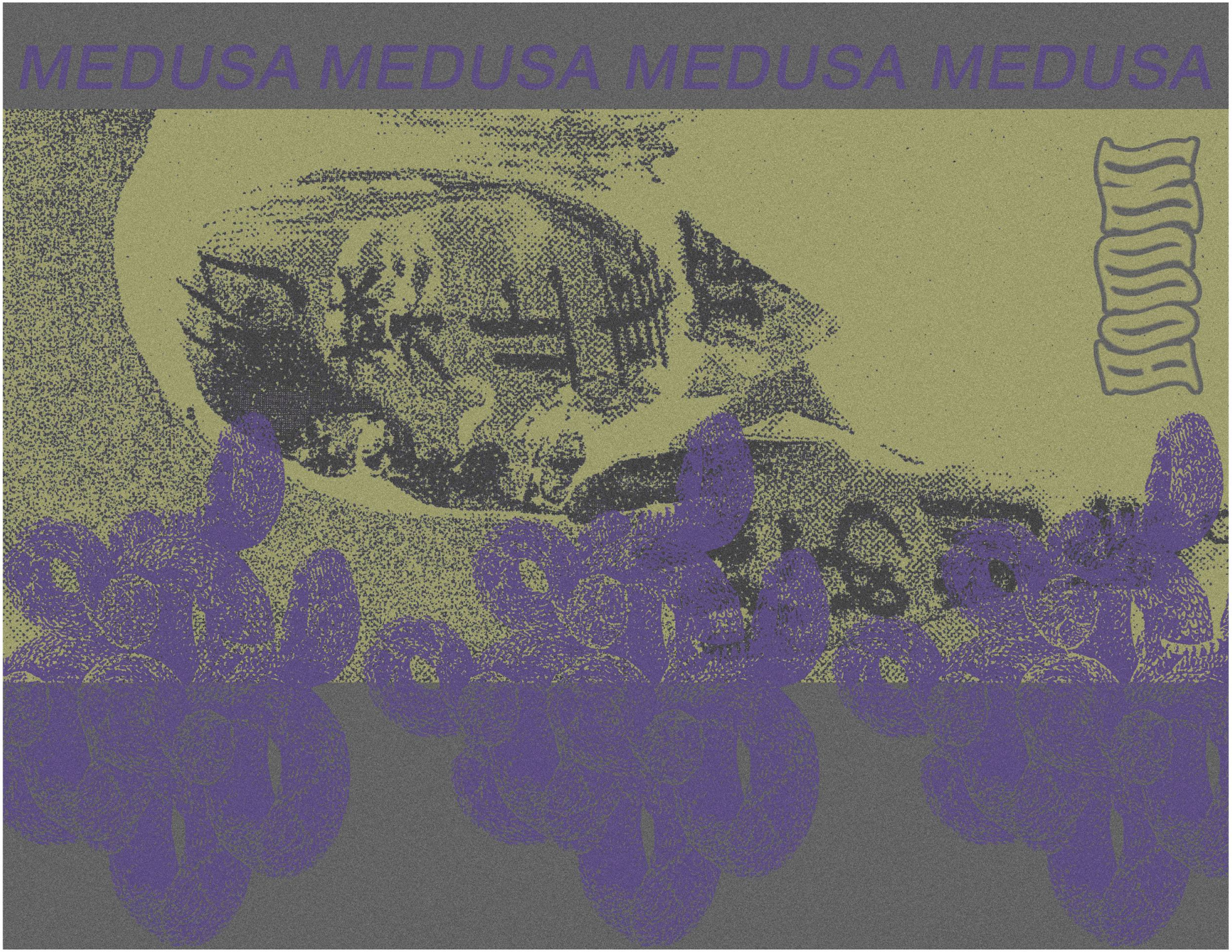


The strikes were mechanical, a violent rhythm of muscle and steel. Each thrust punctured flesh and slid through sinew with an almost obscene ease. The blade sank deep, targeting the spaces between bone, slipping past the fragile cages of bone and cartilage. [redacted] moved as if guided by instinct honed in darkness, no motion wasted, no opening spared. Blood welled and spilled, hot and arterial, coating his fingers in a sticky warmth that seeped through the cracks of his grip.

The man's mouth opened in a strangled, wheezing cry, but no sound came save the wet gurgle of air forced through ruptured lungs. [redacted] closer, his strikes relentless, driving the breath and life out of the man with the unyielding cadence of a butcher working meat.

Six thrusts. Seven. Eight. The strikes came in brutal staccato, the spaces between them filled with the wet, gurgling gasp of a man drowning on his own blood.


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MEDUSA MEDUSA MEDUSA MEDUSA
HOUSE





shovelware
cash grab
slop
licensed
nft

shovelware
cash grab
slop
licensed
nft

shovelware
cash grab
slop
licensed
nft

slop?

it was always slop



GAME OF THE YEAR

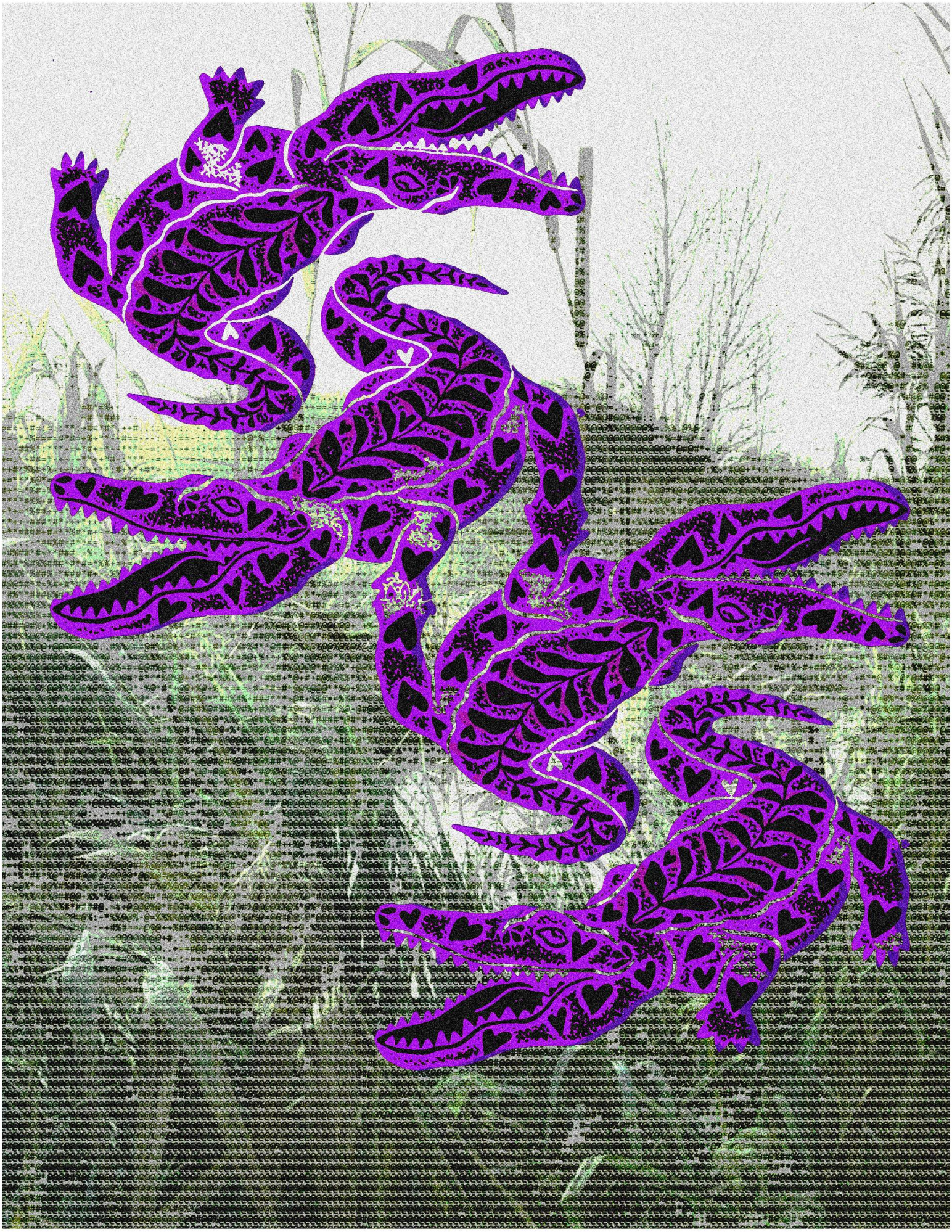
10/10 IGN



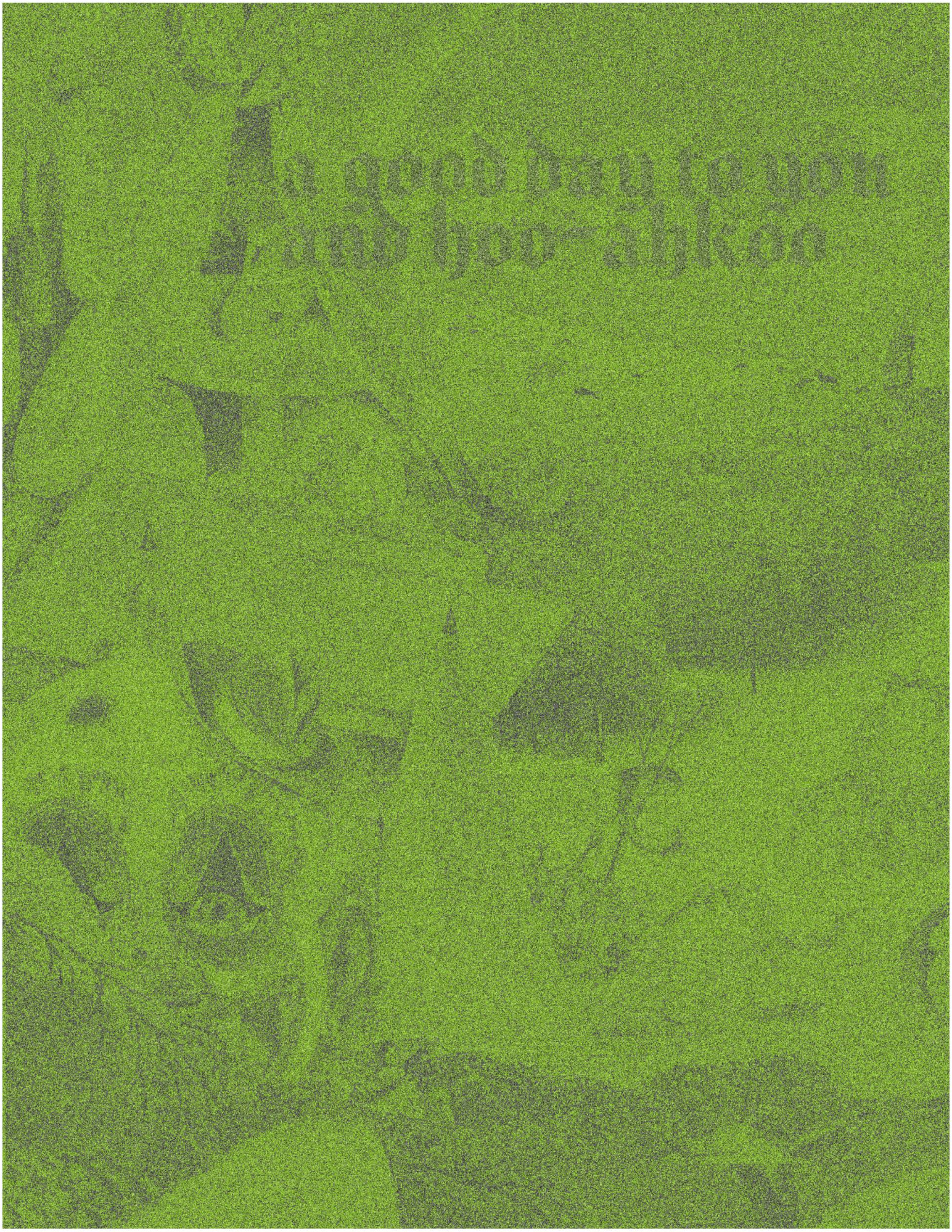


"A true revolutionary is not a hero,
but a servant of the people."

Pancho Villa

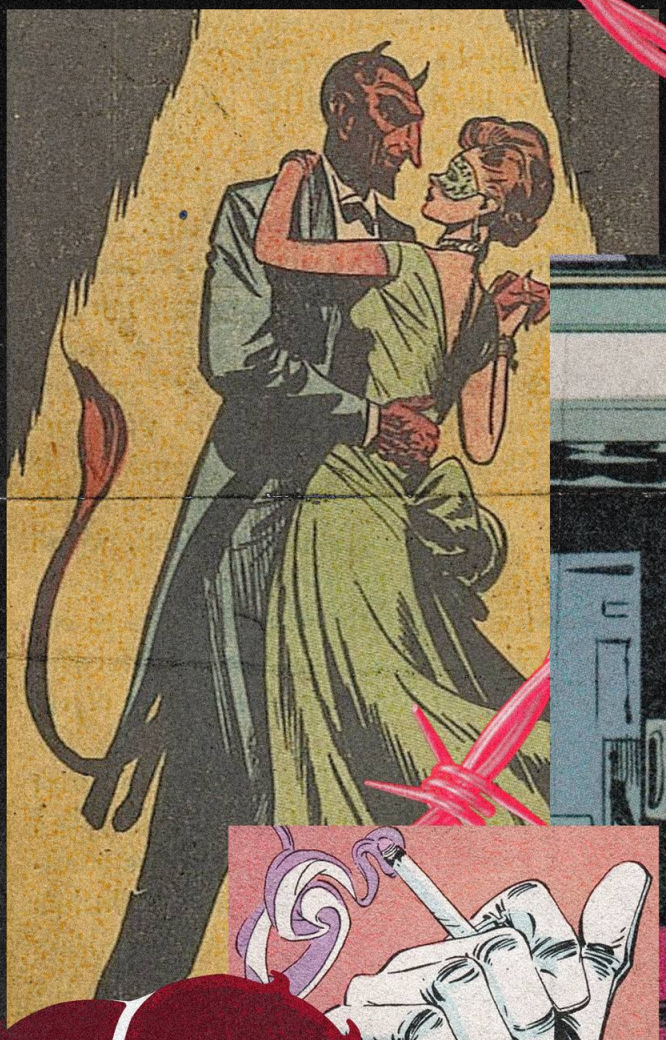


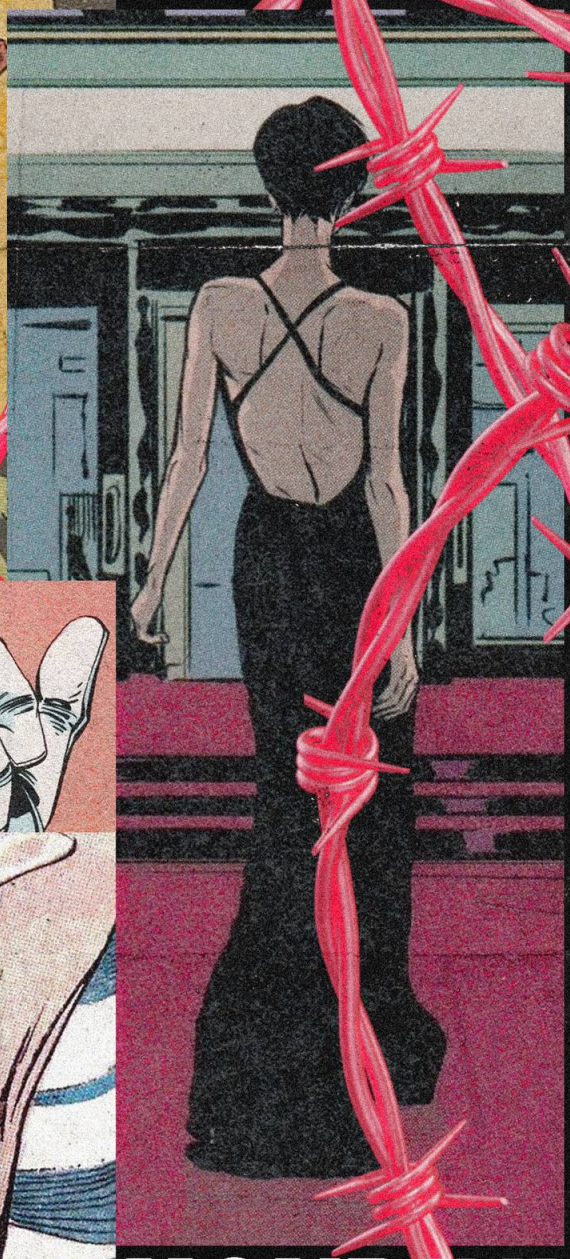





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MAKE IT COUNT
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POISON
9
13







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