

## IMPORTANT

Videos work only if you have Adobe Flash Player installed.

A simple google search will lead you to two choices:

Either install Adobe Acrobat DC,  
or install this plugin

[Click Here](#)

ALVIN has HERPes

Alvin is walking down the street. Alvin is bored. Alvin discovers something. Alvin is not bored anymore. Alvin becomes enthusiastic. Alvin goes home. Alvin trips while running, hurts elbow- Alvin starts crying. Girl comes and comforts Alvin. Alvin shows Girl what he has discovered. Girl says what Alvin has discovered is pretty. Alvin smiles and tells her to fuck off, now that he's ok. Girl is confused. Girl is enraged. Girl slaps Alvin. Girl leaves while mumbling something to herself. Alvin gets up. Alvin is happy. Alvin has that-which-he-has-discovered-and-is-pretty. Alvin decides to name that-which-he-has-discovered-and-is-pretty into "Herpes". Alvin is way too happy to see any connection between this and the real world disease. Alvin walks home. Alvin arrives home.

DISSOLVES TO

Cut about half of the cards with your thumb and move your index finger to the right edge of the deck (Pic 1).

This is easy now, so don't panic your horses. Cut about half of that packet using your thumb. I'mma put a picture with every step so it's very easy for you birds to catch this prey (Pic 2).

You familiar with that Scissors Cut, aren't you? Well, this gon' be something like that, but flipped on it's head (#reversed). Like I said, follow the pictures and you'll be just fine (Pic 3). As you can see in the picture, the index finger is under Packet A. Move it so it's on the side of it.

This is where the sailing gets a bit trickier. Now, you'll have to use your index finger to push packet A inwards under packet B (of course, I am too lazy to number the packets, but the pictures are as clear as a pair of naked breasts - Pic 4). This will cause the tiny packet to fall down to its demise (Pic 5).

Upon reaching this point, hi5 the fresh air with your other hand and yell "FISHSTAKEFRY". This will make you feel silly and not take the entire process so seriously.

Alvin says push fallen packet (No. A) with your middle finger and let packet B fall down (Pic 6). In the picture you can see the point you have to reach Easy-peasy from here on. Grip jogged packet with your thumb and pinky (Pic 7), drag packet inwards towards yourself until it breaks free from the shackles of the deck and allows you to flip it face down on top of the deck (Pic 8)



CUTS TO

Alvin makes Herpes public. Internet falls in love with Herpes. Internet spreads Herpes around. Alvin becomes wanted. Alvin is searched by TV Shows and Papparazzi for having discovered Herpes. Alvin enjoys fame, but will not share Herpes with anyone. Bounty prize is placed on Herpes by unknown individual. Alvin becomes hunted. Alvin starts fearing for his life. Alvin becomes greedy. Alvin won't even talk about Herpes anymore. Internet becomes angry. Internet wants Herpes to go viral. Internet makes Herpes become Worldwide news. A TV anchor in India flies to Alvin's house to get an interview. Tv Anchor falls in love with Alvin. Tv Anchor decides to join Alvin in his war against human fiends. Internet contacts "Change.org". Internet signs petition to have Alvin and Herpes appear on Tv. Alvin and Tv Anchor-lady move to mountains. Alvin and Tv Anchor have a baby. People forget of Alvin. People forget of Herpes. Alvin and Family move home. Alvin becomes bored. Alvin discovers something. Alvin decides to name new-discovery into Syphilis. Alvin falls in love with Syphilis. Alvin moves on to new discoveries such as AIDS and Chlamydia. Alvin creates STDs EP. Alvin sells STD EP on Decknique. Decknique gets STD. Decknique dies. Alvin is the reaon Decknique died. The hunt for Alvin begins. Hunt Alvin Campaign 2016.



Mr. Brendan Connor keeps it classy, as you can see guys.  
Simple, yet something that you will undoubtedly include in your  
arsenal of forever-not-alone-gear.

The grip is as shown in Picture Numero Uno. That is, just so we  
have it in writing as well, index finger will go on the right long  
edge, while your middle finger contacts the left edge of the deck.  
The rotation is done clock-wise. Grip, as such, a packet of about  
5-10 cards. The smaller the packet, the easier it will be for you  
to control it. Throughout the process, your middle finger will  
facilitate the spin as well as give you confidence so you avoid  
dirtying your precious.

Those of you familiar with the 360 Erdnase will be able to get  
this down in a notch. Those of you who are not as lucky and as  
ambitious as all the others here, resort to Riffles, meet me up  
at 9pm sharp at the corner of X with Y and we shall take these  
hamburger-people down !

Well, there's not much explanation to be done here. If you  
feel like the pictures aren't enough, I've included the original  
performance Brangoat has sent me, so you peeps can see the  
smoothness this boy has achieved.



What is the BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

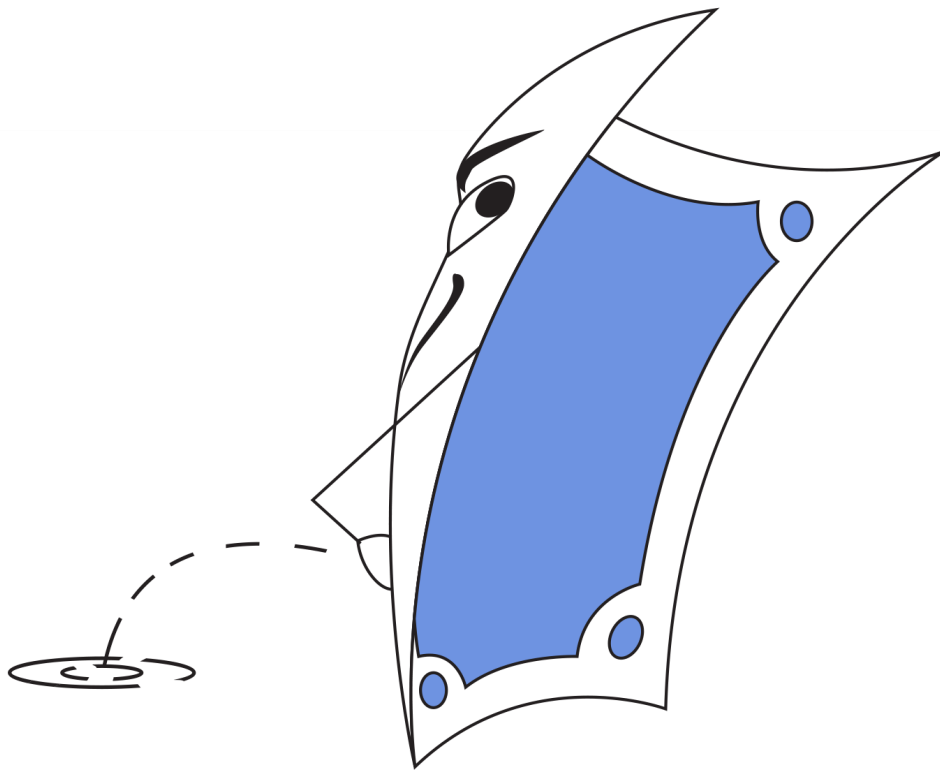
Of course I became depressed. It's a fuzzy feeling, time is giving me every morning when I wake up. So, basically I fell in love with a girl halfway through this project. No, it's not as if I decided to make this entire collaboration on the spur of the moment. Nono, I would never do that. I mean, you know, i was walking down the street and then all of a sudden, I'm sending messages to everyone about releasing a collaboration.

Let's not also omit the fact that I lied about collaborating with WhoShufflesLikeThat so I would motivate more people into joinining this idea of mine. IT WORKED! IT WORKED! She said yes. I did everything The Book tells you to do (and by "The Book" I mean "What-My-Brother-Said-A-While-Ago"). I saw her, I stopped, I thought about not talking with her, I felt the same regret I felt tens of times, I got tired of feeling THE regret, I started running towards her, I yelled after her, she stopped, I started talking in english (this is happening in Romania), I led her to believe that I was not Romanian, I invited her out for a cup of coffee, she said

*'Yeah, I'd like to.'*

I tell people about having lied of the collaboration. Franco becmoes angered and tells me he will no longer collaborate on the project... The others seem to not be affected by my misleading of the facts.

Ok, ok, ok, I shall stop talking about two subjects at the same time. I swear, they would've met in the middle, in the most chaotic way possible. And that's not exactly what I was trying to point out- I wanted to show how even if something begins as a lie, as long as your inten-



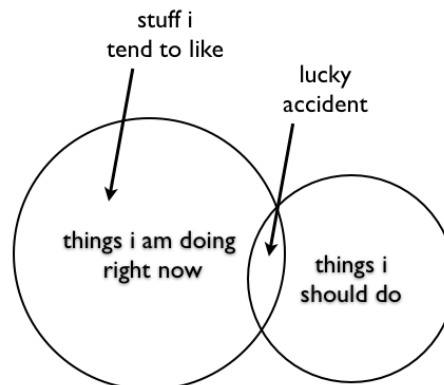
WhoShufflesLikeThat agreed to work with me after I'd gathered 40 individuals for the project. After 25 hours\*, on the 3rd date, I told Etel that I could indeed talk and understand Romanian and the entire ruse ended up charming her more than damaging what she thought of me. Nonetheless, we barely talk Romanian between the two of us, though it's nice to switch to our mother tongue from now and then.

What I wanted to point with all of this, with the two lies, is a reply to a question I've sought answer 4 for quite a while now and that is "How do I get out of my comfort zone?"



I suppose I used an illusion to get myself out of there. I deceived, and you can't hold it against me, After all, I'm a magician. Hmmmm, who am I? Of course, of course, many of you might know, but not everybody should know. I am the voice that keeps you silent when the bed is too lonely to bear alone. I am the voice that tells you "weird" is good, "weird" is fun, "weird" is, by definition, what an apple would fart if he ate too many bananas.

So, all in all, what is the BEGINNING OF THE WORLD ? The website had it clearer than Monday morning, but I'll repeat it so we have it in print as well. The BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, or BOTW, as I will shorten it from now on in order to save digital space, is a collaboration by the cardists, for the cardists. Wait, haven't you guys read this somewhere else?



Hold your horses now, doGs. Hold your horses. Wait...why are you holding your horses though? There's nothing to hide from here. BOTW is managed by the same people, written and illustrated by the same folks, released and promoted by a few (cause the others are too lazy and like their FB page as it is). BOTW is made possible by you and you only. Any other people claiming that they have anything to do with this are complete nuttsos and should be ignored.

Okokok, now that we've gotten that out of the way (the Intro, that is) and we've cleared some smoke from the air (plenty of other questions will be answered in the following issues, but until then...) shall we move on to more important matters, like- who knows- the destruction of EARTH?

\* first date lasted 10 hours while the second was 10 hours

**Brendan Connor wants to destroy the world**

# I

There's a levitating goat outside my bedroom window.

It's been a month since I moved in the new apartment and my roommates are still not leaving me alone. Last time I fell for one of their jokes, I broke a rib and fractured my pinky finger (MY PINKY FINGER!). Luckily, I was only on the 1st floor then, but now, being on the 6th, this type of joke doesn't amuse me the least.

I look at the clock, it's 5am. I close my eyes, I look at the clock, it's 5am. Ok, I'm not dreaming, that's comforting (Note: This type of *reality-check* is made by lucid dreamers, so as to test if they're still dreaming).

For the past few weeks I've been sleeping on a wooden bed. The fucker, me, keeps moving during the night and it's not something you want to be doing when you're as skinny as I am. Wood plus bones is not a good night sleep combination.

I get out of bed and give birth to a cigarette in my mouth. I taste the filter with my lips before lighting it: frozen vegetables and ..., and... I think strawberries(?). Weird, I don't remember eating strawberries for dinner.

I reach over the cloth's drier, where my usual lighter spot is (I always hide them from myself as a mean to encourage myself to forget about smoking). The lighter is not there. I hear a knock on the bedroom window.

THERE's a levitating goat outside my bedroom window. It's got my name tattoo-ed on it's chest inside a blue heart.

I shrug and go to the bathroom where my second lighter would usually sit. I find it. It doesn't work.

I decide to leave the cigarette and take a shit instead. I feel as a hard-boiling owl deck is about to fly out of my anus, so I take some toilet paper and throw it in the crapper:

the racing-towel has been thrown and with it, the cars start moving!

It feels as if I hadn't taken a shit in ages. How long had I been sleeping for?

I look over to my right where I usually keep my poop-deck. The deck is not there anymore. This doesn't surprise me a bit. Last time I ran out of toilet paper, the towel seemed less of an attractive option. What happened last night?

The cars have passed half time and the Blue Team is leading by an inch!

I massage my head as I wait for my body to finish its business. I have my eyes closed. I can feel the cigarette stick to my lips the same way my girlfriend stick to me when I run out of cash. The thought is comforting enough to give me a boner. I ignore it... for now.

I wipe, pull my pants up, flush, brush my teeth with no water, rinse with all the spit I can butter, avoid looking in the mirror and exit the bathroom feeling much better than tomorrow.

There's a goat sitting INSIDE my room. It breaths, it puffs, it's got a lighter on it's head.

A vast array of cards are levitating around it. I spot a naked queen. I reach over to it and grab my lighter. I light my cigarette. The goat is munching on my poop deck. Haha, funny. I enjoy the image for a bit before I finally faint on the ground.



I spit the cigarette out. Taste of vegetables and strawberries on my lips make me want to consider vomiting on myself (wouldn't be the first time). I can hear the goat in the background. Sounds as if it's springing cards or something. I jump! out at the possibility of it eating my decks! Turns out it's just eating one of my plants.

I sit on my back while contemplating what day it is. Must be Saturday...maybe Sunday. I take another peek at the goat- it's eating my rug now. I smile at the image. The amount of things that have fallen on the floor are just gruesome- should probably warn the goat, but don't feel like it will understand me.

'You shouldn't eat that.' I yell out without realising. I had cum on the floor a few times, so it might not do your stomach well.'

The goat stops eating. I can hear it walking towards the side of my bed. It's smoking a cigarette on one side of the lip while blowing the smoke through the other. I look it dead in the eye and steal its cigarette. It doesn't react. I suspiciously take a drag out of it, while searching for the taste of the filter. It tastes like...like... it tastes like playing cards and cum. I am literally smoking my poop deck and cum. Just a great way to begin an afternoon.

I take another drag out of it.

'Welcome back.' the goat says. I seem to recognize the voice, but I don't know from where. 'Welcome.' he repeats.

I don't react. I can't seem to find anything good to say back to a goat. I'm not even thinking about anything. Even these words that you're reading here must have been put by the narrator, because the only thing that I am doing is staring at the goat which is staring back at me.

'The fact that I can talk should not cum as a surprise to you, Biz.'

I do not react yet. The goat takes my cigarette with its lips and eats the remaining of it.

'Why are you a goat, Brandon?' my question seems to surprise the chief.

'That I do not know yet.' The silence fills the air between the two of us. It is actually Friday, I'm sure of it.

'Whh- wh...why did you tell me I shouldn't be surprised about it, then?'

The goat stops moving its jaw. I mean, Brandon stops moving its jaw. Hmmm... this requires some thinking about: "goat" + "brandon" would be "boat" or "brangoat"; or maybe "connor" + "goat" and then I'd have "congoat" or "coat".

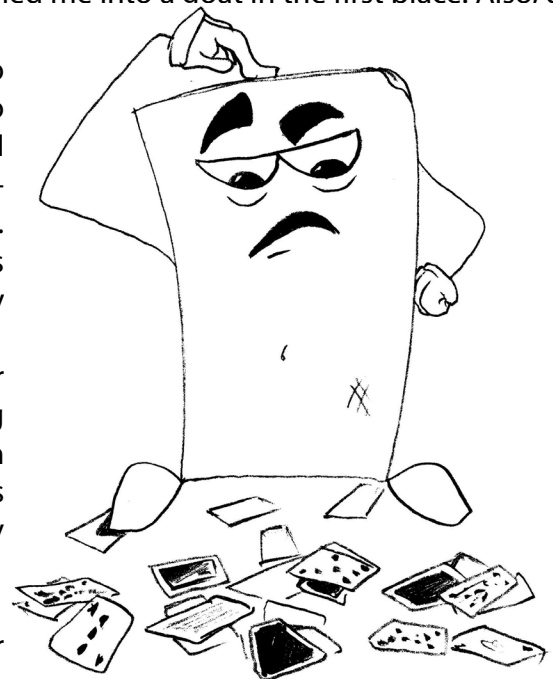
The jackal reminds me, 'Because you're the one that transformed me into a goat in the first place. Also. do you have any more of those poop decks left? I'm kind of hungry.'

I scratch Brangoat's head and slowly try to shuffle my way to the closet. What happened three days ago? My hand reaches to open the piece of furniture. I blink and the image doubles itself. I miss the handle. I blink two more times. The image becomes normal again. I swear, for a second, I thought I'd forgotten the key. The black door opens and the fresh smell of sweat and tears fills my nostrils. Write memo, "Time 04:27 - Don't forget to buy hockey clubs".

I keep wondering why it takes me so much time to remember all of this. I usually just pass through my room without noticing any of the details. For a few seconds, I almost forget Brangoats in the room with me. His constant puffing and air-munching makes everything really hard to focus on. I can't hear him anymore. Why did I get out of bed?

'Poop decks.'

'Yeah, yeah, I'll get them to you, don't worry.' I can't remember why I got out of bed though. I notice there are two red decks in front of me. One's face up and one's face down. I choose the face down deck, because I want to be surprised by the value of the top card. I turn towards Brangoat, palm and throw him the deck. It hits his head. Guess goats don't react like dogs do...



52 CARDS  
PICK-UP.

*John*



Noel Heath tells me to respect  
THAT



Three days ago

I send Noel a message telling him that I will not accept writing this book without him in it. I send him this message, warning him that if he would not send me something on his own accord, I will proceed to take something from his instagram and teach it to the cardistry community.

Two days ago

Noel has read my message. Noel has also replied to my message by letting me know that he does not have the necessary time to submit something.

Two days later I see him posting an instagram video.

Not only am I not offended by him lying, but I also wonder why have I not shaved my armpits for the past 3 months. The hair has grown so much that its now curling up from all the liquid deodorant I put on it.

I proceed to remind Noel of my stubbornness and tell him that I will stick to my words. The chat-light goes green and I see him typing.

It is very rare that Noel takes time to write something to me; I assume this is due to all the things that have happened over the years between us. I told him we should use lube, but no, no...

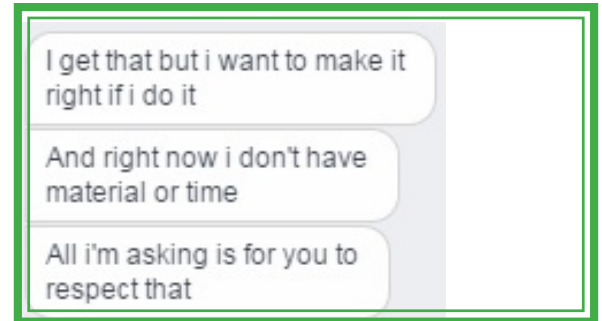
My flip-flops become angry as I read the words “don’t have material”. Giving the fact that I just witnessed a dope ass teaser to a project containing over 40 moves, Noel tells me he doesn’t have any material to put on the book. I suppose including something out of the CardistryHigh would doom the entire project and make it explode in a million bits of confetti.

“All I’m asking is for you to respect that.”

When Zach proposed making a DvD, I invited Noel on the trip without even asking anyone. I knew Zach wouldn’t agree if I had asked for his permission, so I invaded his partnership rights and went about my plan. Zach and Noel, as I predicted, ended up loving each other.

When Zach invited me to the States, I brought Noel with me, without telling Zach anything about it. I suppose I should’ve respected his home turf and told him about my schemes, but it ended up bonding the three of us even greater.

So, Noel, no, I shall not respect THAT, and to show you my love, I made this:







Shivraj Morzaria and Sebastian Skowron are dreaming

I wake up feeling awfully numb. I try to move my limbs, but they don't cooperate. I try to open my eyes, but I can't seem to access them. For some reason, I remember a video talking about these kind of situations where people wake up and they're still sleeping; sleep-paralysis, I remember they called it.

I think about my mom and about our argument from last night. I dismiss the thought and choose to think about Angel's boobs. That girl knows how to rock a C+, I'm telling you. I see my dog and how he likes to hump my leg to wake me up. What time is it, anyway? Think I went to sleep somewhere around 3-4am. Ohh, right, the Cardestroy Contest. That russian fellow had some really bright ideas.

Someone can be heard flicking the bedroom light on.

"Ohh shit, Victor's here. Great...now I'll have to live through an entire hump-session. I just hope he doesn't fuck my face.."

A pair of hands pick up Morzaria from his "bed". He feels light, as if he was part of an whole and not a singular body.

"What the fuck is happening...?" For some reason, Morzaria does not feel any panic; he does not feel any fear, nor curiosity, pain or heaviness. "I... I... why can't I feel anything? Wh.. what is happening?"

For the first time, light shines upon Morzaria's face and he meets his owner's eyes. It is no other than he himself. A thought flickers through his head as he slowly realises what is happening. Human Morzaria moves slow.

He first stops at the face, shredding paralised Morzaria's eyes and nose, his jaw zipping out of his brain, all while constantly nailed to the person's gaze.

Human Morzaria is smiling. He has never felt happier.

Mortified Morzaria's body is bent forwards and backwards, every single bone in his body ripping the air into a melody of destruction and lust. It's one to get humped by a dog, another to live as a card through one of your creative sessions.

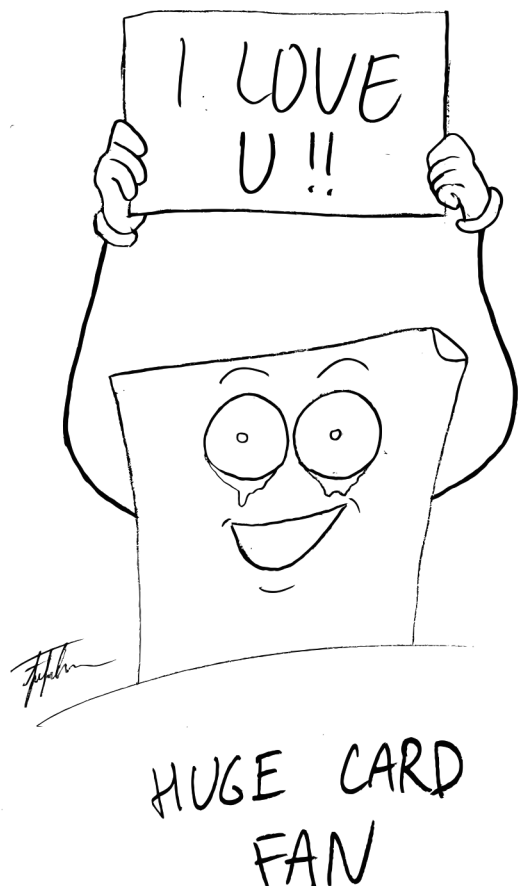
The Jack of Spades cries silently as he wishes to feel the warm sensation of his dog's penis on his leg. The story goes on.

INT. ARENA - SkowCrow vs ????

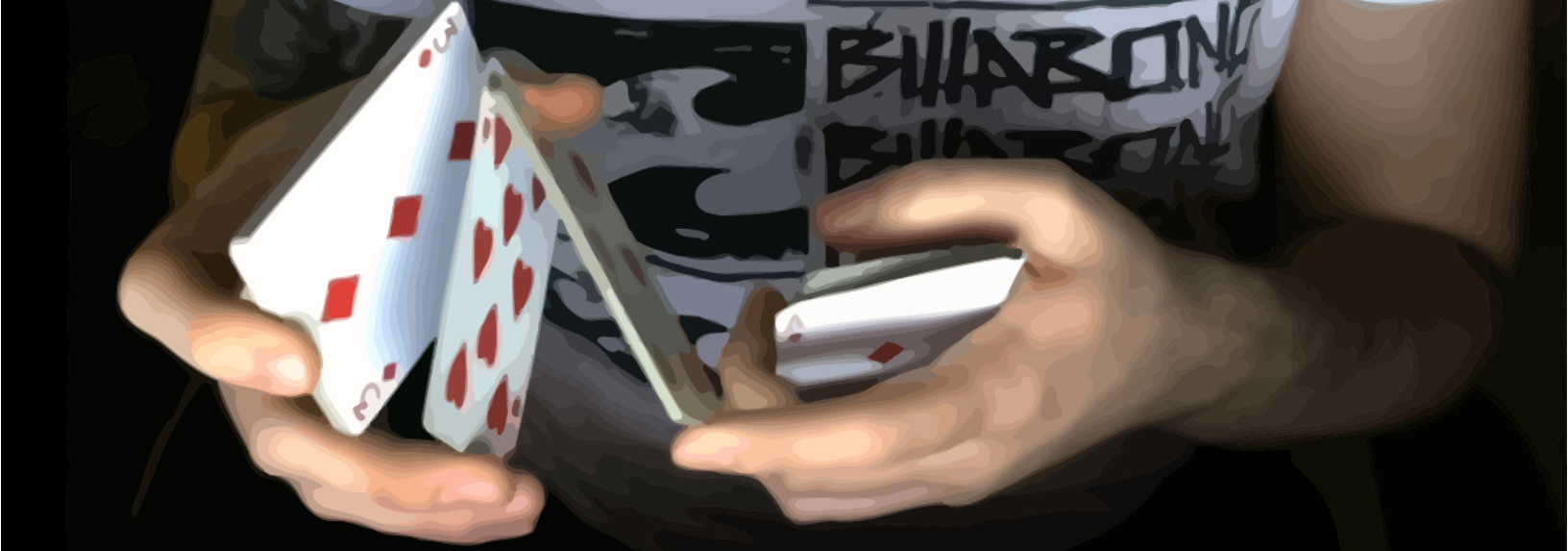
I got a wife and a child. I got a future bright enough that allows me to be wild. I feel safe, but not enough to go out on the street and yell out: "I'M A FUCKING APE." Look at me, beard and all, I stroll down the street with nothing but a brain to a beat and a ball.

Footsteps on the ground and you can hear disaster. Footsteps on your face and you're finally nicer. Don't be acting tough cause you got a little bit faster. Look at your hands bitch, and think of how you look at ladies and itch.

Here's a little bit of truth: your flourishes, they look like Brian Tudor had a kid with his mom being sleep-raped on the bathroom stall ashes. Ashes...what the fuck rhymes with flourishes? You see, I stop and I think. I might fuck up a bit, but I live up to my mistakes not hide them behind an edit and another try at being in synch. Oww, you think it's high to talk high and be high during the shoot of another one of your lame ass "Ohh, at least I try." Check your money, dawg. Check your father. Don't look at me like I vanished and never learned how to properly film a scene, the deck's in my hand for the feeling within; your deck's in your hand cause you forgot to zip your pants and wipe your dick clean. A little bit of this, a little bit of that, I can make people think I'm on crack. Ohh, me oh my, what a superstar. You faggot. Think I can't spit- oh..wait, maggot. You don't think. You barely touch a deck and let it dance on your fingertips cause it makes you look like such a prince. A thousand views ain't shit if in real life you can't spin words like you do with fans and twirls. This girl is done, I no martyr, but when I stand next to you I feel like a god who's too tall to even consider you've ever been. Where? You might ask, and wonder, "where" you might spell and find the answers laid flat on your bedroom screen browser. Oh no, that's just another chick asking for a job from his favorite jerk-off Master. Check again, coward. You only hide behind those walls, cause virtual reality feels better when you get comments saying "Ohh, you so fantastic, Mr. I can do it all". I'm done with this chick... I'm done with this lame ass reprint of Tally Ho poop dick. Challenging me, you joke. You so weak, I drop you inside my toilet with all the shit, you don't feel sick, you feel right, like you finally found a place where you're bright. That's it, I promise I'll make peace at the end of this fight; but not before I take this guy's Nuggets and stick them in his ass with all my might. Good Night.







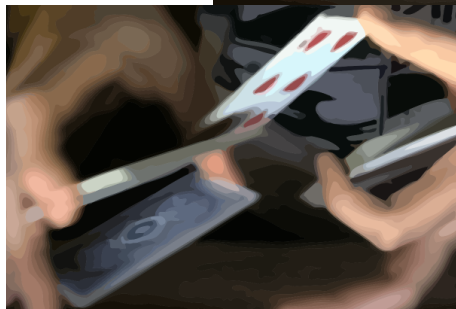
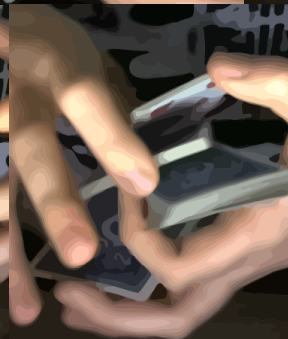
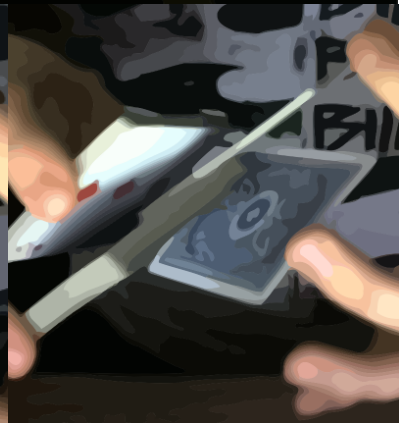
# Sybil Opener - Seb

(photos go from left to right)

Deck is held in Biddle Grip. You begin by breaking off half of the deck, as if you would Swing Cut the deck.

Now (and here, your fingers are coming from underneath the deck) place your left index and middle finger on the two packets and break each on into a new half (Pic 1).

Continue as shown in the chaotically arranged pictures, or... you know, you can always just click on the last picture and watch a performance of the move.





SEQUENCE 01 07



SHIVRAJ MORZARIA



Zach Mueller did not have the time to contribute to this project. So, in honor of both our time spent together in LA and his new release with Noel, I gift you guys this...





#glue

We just couldn't get those cards to stick for 5 seconds on Noel's hands. The field lights would've closed very soon, so Zach and I decided to give Noel a small help and put some sticky-icky glue on them. We got the "Smile" shot, where Noel produces the display then smiles at the camera and with that, we concluded the shoot to be complete!