

Back during my days at Creative Uniqueness and Natural Talent, a Ru-Paul themed union advocacy group down in my birth-lands of Memphis there were a lot of kooky people that came through. I remember the first day, when I joined up, a woman wearing a black leather dog face covered in punk spikes who went by the name Mad Bitch gave me a tour of the place. Given the area that we were operating in we knew that the forces of the enemy were watching and listening. That's why we were never allowed conversations in view of any window. In fact by the time that I left Creative Uniqueness and Natural Talent, a Ru-Paul themed union advocacy group down in my birth-lands of Memphis, we had smashed out all of the window and brick and mortared up every window in the old building. Mad Bitch showed me a lot of stuff during my first few weeks before she had to go to Nashville to treat her early stage Rabies. She taught me which pipes you could drink from and which ones were lead pipes. She said only she was allowed to drink the lead water. Jokes on her, I found the asbestos hole and never shared. Anyways: Creative Uniqueness and Natural Talent, a Ru-Paul themed union advocacy group down in my birth-lands of Memphis's first big move after I joined was to protest outside a local farm that had sold out to Walmart so the enemy could start pumping their filth and rot into our neighborhoods. Our operations were planned by some old guy called Gregory. He served in Desert Storm and liked to call everything he did an operation so we'd go on food acquisition operations, funding operations, Wendy's pick two meal deal operations. I remember he was forced to leave because he started getting really into metaphysics and esoterica. He told me he learned the secrets of omniscience from Arby himself out in the back of the half-built Arby's that was killed midway through development because the franchise didn't bother to consult the town zoning boards and was building it in the armpit of a freeway overpass. Gregory also learned to send people to the moose dimension after a drug binge out in the back at Denny's at 6:00 in the evening. Personally, I think he's just been watching the Invader Zims VHC tapes in the basement while he was pregaming his Denny's binge. I had to drive the Creative-Uniqueness-and-Natural-Talent,-a-Ru-Paul-themed-union-advocacy-group-down-in-my-birth-lands-of-Memphis-team van to pick him up before the cops came. He ended up getting caught by the Va and hauled up to a care facility in Oklahoma. I know he's a Mormon life coach now. Still calls everything an operation though. Operation Christly Mission etc.

Last thing I remember was the time our leader, an absolute glorious woman who preferred to be called a transvestite – she was like 60 some years old and said it was a badge of honor to wear the scars borne by the whips of bigots, to show them in no uncertain terms that not only was she out, but she was proud and never going to submit – Karen brought me and a couple of the Creative Uniqueness and Natural Talent, a Ru-Paul themed union advocacy group down in my birth-lands of Memphis people out to some land developer who she catfished on a phone-sex hotline. We ended up beating the fucking brakes off of him and left his ass looking like a union-mandated 7am 2000 calories chopped cheese. He ended up joining up because I guess he fell in love with Karen after she hit him with the super Super Smash Brothers Bowser butt bomb attack. I gave it that name after seeing her use it for the first time asserting dominance over mad bitch. Anyways Karen died of a heart attack and everyone went their separate ways after that. I still keep in touch with Gregory via Operation United States Postal service but I haven't heard anything about Mad Bitch since the Rabies Arc.

Let me know if you want to know more about Creative Uniqueness and Natural Talent, a Ru-Paul themed union advocacy group down in my birth-lands of Memphis.

By tumblr user @invertedpotato <https://www.tumblr.com/invertedpotato>