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WHAT IS A PUNK?

a punk is a person who rather spit facts and get vomit in return, than listen to a fucking nitwit emitting fire of lies and bullshit.

in times like this,

be a Punk.

**SA KALYE
NAGMUMULA,
YUMAYABONG AT
NAGWAWAKAS ANG
MAGAGANDANG
KWENTO.**



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FIVE STEPS KUNG PAPAANO YUMAMAN SA PANAHONG ITO

Marami ang sa ating mga kababayan ang mula sa hirap ay nakaahon at naka-angat sa kanilang mga miserableng kalagayan. Mahirap na naging mayaman. Siguro dahil na rin sa pagsisikap, tiyaga, pagnanakaw, paghimod sa tumbong ng mga nakatataas, atbp. Mabuti o masama, kanya-kanyang diskarte lang kumbaga.

Pwede ka ring yumaman sa mabuting paraan. Sigurado akong marami sa atin ang yumaman dahil sa sikap, sakripisyo at tiyaga. Pero mahirap ang landas na ito. Merong mas madaling landas. At ito ang sinunod ng mas nakararami.

Dito nakabase ang mga babanggitin kong steps ng pagpapayaman. Garantisado itong mga shit na ito kung paano maging tabatsoy sa panahong nagugutom ang karamihan.

1. Walang prinsi-prinsipyo

Tangina mamamatay kang dilat kung paiiralin mo ang prinsipyo mo, lalo na kung nakabase ito sa kabutihan at katarungan. Isipin mo na lang, dapat sana mahirap pa sa daga ang mga senador ngayon kung dito nakabase ang mga prinsipyo nila sa buhay. Sa unang pagkakataon na makokompromiso ang prinsipyo mo kapalit ng pera, sunggab agad sa pera. Ganyan ang mga mayayaman. Wag mo nang isipin ang mga masasagasaan mo, wag mo nang isipin ang mga kahihinatnan ng iba, wag mo nang isipin kung makakatulog ka sa gabi dahil sa ginawa mo. Isipin mo na lang mas masarap matulog kung naka-aircon ka.

2. Walang kama-kamag-anak

Talikuran mo sarili mong kapatid. Putangina yan ang susi sa tagumpay. Isipin mo palagi sarili mo lang. Kung inaabot ng sunod-sunod na kamalasan at problema ang ka-dugo mo, hayaan mo siya. Wag mo nang dagdagan pa ang stress level mo nang dahil lang sa kanya. Kesehodang kapatid mo pa siya, magulang, pamangkin, anak, o kung sino mang makakahatak sa yo pababa, kung pwede lang saksakin mo sa puso para wala ka nang hasel. Wag na wag mong kakalimutan na yang mga kama-kamag-anak na yan, sa papel lang yan, dahil pareho kayo ng apelyido. Sarili mo pa rin dapat ang isipin mo. Isipin mo paano ka magkakaroon ng magandang bahay at maraming sasakyan. Kung ano ang sa yo, sa yo lang dapat. Fuck those motherfuckers!

3. Walang kai-kaibigan

Putangina yung sarili mo ngang kapatid pinabayaan mo, yun pa kayang kaibigan mo lang? Isipin mo palagi ito: kanya-kanya tayo sa buhay na ito. Bahala ka sa buhay mo, bahala rin ako sa buhay ko. Kung may tropa kang tagilid ang lagay, tangina problema nya yan. Wag na wag mong tutulungan. E ano kung magutom ang mga anak niya dahil nawalan siya ng trabaho? Anak niya yun, hindi sa yo. Bakit mo tutulungan di ba? Fuck those motherfuckers. Isipin mo palagi yung sarili mo. Isipin mo palagi kailangan mong magkaroon ng magandang bahay at maraming

sasakyan.

4. Walang kapwa-kapwa

Punyeta ano mapapala mo sa pakikipag-kapwa-tao? Wala. Ano mapapala mo sa paggawa ng kabutihan? Wala. Tingnan mo ang mga mayayaman, ang mga malalaking kapitalista. Wala silang konsepto ng pakikipagkapwa. Kaya nga sila mayaman e. Iniisip nila palagi, sarili nila. Yan ang sekreto nga tsong. Maging swapang ka sa kapwa mo. Wag mong isipin yung mga hampaslupang naghihikahos, yung mga batang nagugutom, yung mga sinagasaan ng sistema. Ganyan na ang sistema at di mo kasalanan yan. Kaya wag mong problemahin. Isipin mo na lang halimbawa ang GMA Network na nagsasabing "kapuso" natin sila. Gawain ba ng isang kapuso ang pagsasamantala sa mga manggagawa't empleyado? At pinoprotektahan pa ng gobyerno. Kase nga mayaman. Kung mayaman ka, lahat ng ginagawa mo "mabuti" at "tama".

5. Walang diyos-diyos

Kung may takot ka sa Diyos, hindi ka yayaman. Kase bago ka umiskor ng magarang bahay at sasakyan, bago ka magpaka-bundat, iisipin mo muna yung mga mas basic ang pangangailangan di ba? Yung mga walang pambili ng pagkain, mga walang matirhan, mga walang pampagamot, etc. Kase nga maka-Diyos ka. Kaya dapat ang pagiging "maka-Diyos" mo, palabas lang. Kumbaga parang pandagdag lang ng pogi points para mas lalo kang yumaman. Kapag sinunod mo nang makatotohanan ang mga pangaral ni Kristo, tangina baka maipako ka lang sa krus.

Kaya kung gusto mong yumaman, sundin ang mga limang garantisadong steps na ito. Pagiging mayaman ha? Ibang usapin pa kung gusto mong maging masaya.

Kase ako, sa awa ng Diyos, umabot ako sa edad kong ito nang walang sinunod sa kahit na ano sa itaas. Iyon ay dahil hindi ko naman hinangad na yumaman. Mas trip ko maging masaya. Yun bang masarap ang tulog ko sa gabi.

Kahit walang aircon.

- NW

ANARCHY SHOULD DIE

At some point, Anarchy should die
because it's unreasonable
because it's self-righteous
because it's illusory

The word has been widely used by scumbags
longing for fame and fortune
And the fundamental word used by grasping maniacs
to build their own empire

Anarchy is not music
Anarchy is not fashion
Anarchy is not literature
Anarchy is not a movement

Anarchy is a license to steal
Anarchy is an excuse for abuse
Anarchy is a hall pass to kill
Anarchy is to make crystal meth available in a nearby store

Anarchy is to burn
Anarchy is to drown
Anarchy is to poison
Anarchy is to strangle the reverberating truth about its declining gravity

hence,

Anarchy is not lawlessness
Anarchy is not a revolution
Anarchy is not for freedom
for most of these gluttonous beasts benefit from the greatest word starting from 'A'

next to Amen

IF **SHIT** DOES NOT **HURT** YOU
IT IS NOT THE **TRUTH**

THE HORDE

Saying "the nation is slowly healing"
Is a bold slap in your own face
It's like saying, *we are the greatest*
When in fact, you belong to a fucked up race
This is the era when, no one could go wrong
Self-righteousness is a disease, worst than the rising of the dead
If you believe it is better to mum to avoid confusion and disorder
Then you're better off dead

You're just one of those dirty fried cheap-ass calamares eating motherfuckers
Convincing themselves that they live in great comfort, without a bed
The Nation is suffering
Due to millions of pounding stupidity
She don't need Filipinos
She is long-seeking for valiant patriots
Abstain from being a deadweight brain-dead
We need to oppose against the obvious amiss
Reason, allege and utter
For the sake of our prospective patriots, to be born today
Remember, ignoring the wickedness of your idols
Is like licking the butthole of a hairy stinking six hundred pound man, who just died of gluttony
You're disgusting.
Is an understatement
For no word could define your nefarious stupidity

You are just plain stupid
A cotton-brained parasite who will be forgotten
Just a few hours after getting buried six feet under the heaven-cursed ground
Reason, allege and utter

It is not a choice, but a fucking responsibility



MASTER SPIDER

The *Master Spider* in his prime, was invincible
In an intense game of *draughts*
He could make someone grind in the cemented gutters
Just by grinning like an idiot possum sitting over a jaguar's nose
His words could trigger a sleeping Mastodon to roll over a
Con-artist sweaty balls lick of a ruthless capitalist
A magnificent vacuum cleaner that spits all the dirt
Inside an anomalistic person's grand yard
Direct to the point, a straight punch to the chin
No dodging, no unnecessary bullshits
A duck yelling, *fuck me sideways*
Standing in front of a crocodile's wide mouth
A lizard doing the Bruce Lee pose
Whilst facing the approaching water in a roof drain
The greatest; indeed
Willing to shroud

A living flesh of a nightmare
Right at the centre of the valley of the beasts

DEMENTED MINDS

I grew up walking the streets of the wicked
A place where depravity and impiety is undefeated
The innocent keeps on moving, death's always close
No one else survives unless they embrace the hosts
People around me roams with pistols and knives
But my mind, heart, words and balls were the setbacks
Left-right-front and back , you got to be keen
For most days the place turns to red from green
Days and nights were hard to tell
For most of the time the place was dim
Random victims thudded to the streets
Like stray dogs - shot to nil
Fear was a spontaneous epidemic
Calmness is uncertain
Everything's tragic, fuck
You could only peek on the curtain
There's no predator versus prey
For the latter were helpless all they could do is pray
Doors and windows close before the sun elopes
And as the moon start to shine it will be the omega of high hopes

The city never sleeps along with mothers who weep, shit
The wicked are waiting for calls - to take the next hit

No one is safe here, for everyone could be a victim
I saw one of my brothers thud in the dark alley

A grieving mother was sitting in the front door
Another one
Her eyes were longing for justice

But there was none

A fatherless daughter asked herself '*why*' in the mirror

Then reality raided her visions with the earlier terrors

Only the strong survives

And God bless me for I'm still alive

Draw your swords now

And we'll see who die

If only the heavens would separate the weak - from the strong

This shits could be over, but no

It is wrong

Yes no can do, 'cause the majority are the innocent

How could these roguish motherfuckers be strong

If they would be the decent

Regardless of what weapon we chose

People kill people

If only being human we chose

People will be people

M.I.D

A horde cheer on a guy with a laptop
A thousand walk by a guitarist on the street
A music enthusiast sells his collection of records
A kid imitates Slash with an electronic device
A musician is striving to have a gig
A master of none became a DJ overnight
A group of posers is touring the country
A jazz artist struggles to feed his family
A middle-aged vocalist is getting mocked for his looks
A teen idol just went platinum
A *has-been* is troubled by his debts
A humbug hanged up his ninth guitar on the wall
A song-writer is being refused to enter backstage
A singer grins while watching
A true-blue artist is criminally unknown
A man is celebrated for pretending to be weird

Fuckin A's

Music is Dead

ALPHA INDI OMEGA

I would travel to the Moon with my grandchild's skateboard
And raise the flag, terminate the skeptics and put their souls to Mars
Nitwits in millions applaud, I beamed in thrill
A kind of painted-in-blood smile that could demean a peaceful soul

I would stab my sons to the heart, I said,
If they contradict my wicked principles
They wink at me like pundit donkeys,
And I liked it
My woman is importunate? Leave her alone,
I am about to replace her anyway

My daughter sucker punched a noble person the other day,
That's my girl right there. Papa loves you even more,
But next time could you use the steel knuckles that
I gave you on your fifth birthday

I slapped the living daylight out of my granddaughter last night,
With a four thousand dollar leather clutch bag
She said 'Pa, I'm so sorry',
I hugged her tight with a Parisian Fur Coat

Thieves were pissing me off recently, they are annoyingly comfortable
Hence, I destroyed their grand chariots
The next day, my son received his shiny red sports car
The people went nuts, in thrill, hostility and envy

My in-law complained about my son's womanizing,
girls were left and right; she said
I was so proud, I thought my eldest is a fucking fairy

oh well, what a fucking relief

Then I said to his wife, just shut the fuck up and dance

to the tune of *Rebel Yell*

She left, weeping.

I went berserk.

I am god.

At least here, in hell that I proudly created

Dwelled by foolish people in humongous groups

Blockheads, whores, zombies

Sweaty balls licking money worshipping boosters

I love them

For they worship me

WHERE THE FUCK IS MY LIGHTER?

Where the fuck is my Lighter?

Every goddamn drinking session, one nitwit would use it without returning

Hence, a Lighter could be a metaphor for many things

Money, trust and your girlfriend just to name a few

Well in fact, most of the things

Cherished or not; it could disappear in a blink

But who is to blame?

You of course, along with a plethora of playful circumstances

A lighter is suppose to return in your pocket every time you lit a ciggy

Or a joint, or a sky-rocket firework standing stiffly on a drunkard's asshole

But why in the flying fuck it won't come back most of the time?

A cheap-ass lighter only costs ten pesos for fuck's sake

Every goddamn drinking session, I will go home without my lighter

And a scoundrel will wake up in the morning with four to six lighters in his pocket

Is this really the way of the world?

It's not a question, mosquito-brain

Now return my damn lighter

And disappear forever

Red, blue, green or clear

I cherish them all

One by one, piece by piece

I won't let them go until they went dry

For a Lighter is useful for many things

Aside from keeping my ciggy to mess with my lungs

Ruin my teeth, dry my mind

Kill my soul

Where the fuck is my Lighter?

ANGER MANAGEMENT PROBLEM

Nagpaparingas ako ng uling sa ihawan dahil mag-iihaw ng liempo. Nagdabog ang seksing chick na kapitbahay na kabit ng seaman na kasalukuyang wala ngayon at nasa ibang bayan. Kinuha mga ang sinampay niya, binagsak ang pinto. nagdabog sa loob, dinig na dinig hanggang labas. tuloy lang ang pag-paparingas ko. maya-maya, lumabas.

seksing chick: kuya, sabi, pwede bang sa susunod bago ka mag-ihaw, katukin mo muna ko para maipasok ko mga sinampay ko.

nw: ok.

seksing chick: para walang away.

sabay pasok ng haybols niya at bagsak ng pinto. bonghits muna ko bago isalang ang mga iihawin. lumabas ulit ang chick at nagtetext siya.

nw: may itatanong ako sa yo. meron ka bang anger management problem?

seksing chick: bakit?

nw: kapag yung kapwa mo may ginawang hindi mo gusto, away agad ang hanap mo? wala kang concept ng diplomatic solution?

seksing chick: nagtetext lang ako, hindi ako nakikipag-away. anong diploma pinasasabi mo diyan? bakit mo ko hinaharas?

nw: ah, ok. so meron ka nga.

seksing chick: merong ano? merong ano ka diyan?

di na ko sumagot. tuloy lang ang pag-ihaw ko. humirit pa. tipong may attempt na makipag-ayos.

seksing chick: ano ba iniihaw mo kuya?

nw: fuck you.

- NW

THE INNOCENT PARAMOURS OF LEFTY

My two paramours, are both black
They don't have names,
My wife simply regards them as my mistresses
For I always indulge a pleasurable romancing
With those slippery, voluptuous bodies
Addictive touches to vindictive response;
Neither heaven nor hell,
It just feels good

My paramours vary in proportions
The other is curvy, the other is edgy
And both could sing, scream and grind
Both are yielding for their exceptional capabilities;
Always make me blind
The sound they make is hallucinating
My soul elopes my body to watch
Hear and feel the delightful rhapsody

Strum, pluck and slide
Still, escape; flash

Always make me blind

THE UNSUNG HERO OF MARANG ROAD

A man, in his late thirties
Sells fish in the morning
Iced Watermelons and Pineapples at noon
And Balut eggs from six in the evening to two in the morning

He barely sleeps
For he is always loving
Never gets hungry, throat is always dry

Wife, kids and a perishing motorbike
Cherished

Mind, body and soul
Perished

He is the unsung hero of Marang Road

Passed by hundreds at daylight
Life; in jeopardy at night

A regular visitor in his own home
Or a house
No one greets
No one cares

He is the unsung hero of Marang Road

A boy was sobbing nearby the man
My siblings are starving, the boy said
The man took fifty from his pocket; the boy
Took it and ran

He is the unsung hero of Marang Road

A prostitute was being harassed by a group of drunkards
The man intervened, he was stabbed forty-four times
That was four in the afternoon
Silence

He is the unsung hero of Marang Road

HOW TO QUIT SMOKING #1

The next time you have a craving, think about this:

On the top floor of a swanky building in the middle of the financial district, there's a huge room. In the center of this room is a long table. Sitting around the table is a group of old rich men. These are very powerful men. Men who can topple governments.

On the walls surrounding these men are big screens showing random photos of people smoking. The photos are lifted from several social media accounts. The men keep tabs on smokers. And as long as you smoke, all is well.

One of the screens shows a map of the world with several red dots blinking furiously. Each one of these dots represents a person. Every time that person lights up, his dot glows brightly on the screen. And the men at the table are pleased, as the the entire map pulsates with glowing red lights from millions of people lighting up.

Since you are a weak bastard, you contribute your share by lighting up.

And all is well for the rich old men.

- NW

**KUNG WALA KANG NAKIKITANG MALI
SA MUNDO**

MAY MALI SAYO



TWENTY ONE CIGARRETTES

The ashtray with overflowing ciggy butts
was begging for mercy
Another day of madness and stupidity
Procrastinating

I lit a ciggy
I turned to the past
I lit a ciggy
It won't be the last

I want to sleep
but my guilty mind won't let me
I want to sleep
but my conscience keeps yelling at me

Every sunrise I would always say,
today I will smoke less
Then came midnight and in my mind,
the smoke I puff smells like burned flesh

I lit a ciggy
I turned to the past
I lit a ciggy
It won't be the last

The trigger was cocked
I was waiting for words
but there was nothing
His eyes were provoking, not begging

I asked him again,
"do you have something to say"
he grinned facing the marble floor,
"you're here to slay"

Gun shots reverberated
the sedated mirror, was the lone witness
his blood, draws near my foot

another one

I took a few steps to sit on a chair, I was repentant

He was my 21st.

I lit a ciggy

I turned to the past

I lit a ciggy

It won't be the last

**PEOPLE SHOULD BECOME THE
VICTIMS FIRST**

BEFORE THEY BELIEVE

BATO PUNK EATERY

Nilagang Bato Sinangag na Bato Piniritong Bato Binurong Bato
Adobong Bato Kalderetang Bato Menudong Bato Mechadong Bato
Tortang Bato Lumpiang Bato Sinigang na Bato Asadong Bato
Inihaw na Bato Kilawing Bato Chicharong Bato Sisig na Bato

Masarap ang Bato

Estudyanteng nabato Titser na nabato Prinsipal na nabato
Tuberong nabato Baklang nabato Drayber na nabato
Musikerong nabato Model na nabato Batang nabato
Tatay na nabato Nanay na nabato Adik na nabato

Masakit mabato

Lalakeng binato Babaeng binato Tibong binato Pamintang binato
Lolong binato Lolang binato Tiyuhin na binato Tiyahin na binato
Magsasakang binato Mangingisdang binato Istambay na binato Aetang binato
Tahanang binato Pagsasamang binato Damdaming binato Buhay na binato

Lahat tayo, pwedeng mabato

**SA MGA PATULOY NA NAGHAHALAL
SA MGA BUGOK AT ANAY NG
LIPUNAN**

MGA PUTANGINA NIYO



The amount of
Dirty peckers
In your filthy mouth
Is appalling

To justify
Is to convince
To explain
Is to enlighten

Staple wires
And super glue
Hurtful
Silenced

Fanaticism
At the highest level
Stray dogs
Submissive cats

Spiked baseball bats
Wrapped with disgusting
Lies
Absolute fuckery

An armada
of Zombies
Armed with rifles
Shooting mendacity

And delusions

Demagoguery is the
Penultimate method
Millions are embraced
Tongues are pulled

From the mouth to the neck

ONLY MOM KNOWS

My milk before bedtime
Sneakers should be black
The smell of sautéed garlic and onions
Only Mom knows

No blood on the chicken bone
Perfectly cooked rice
Sunny side up
Only Mom knows

Folding bed over cushion
White bath soaps
Mosquito net on my feet
Only Mom knows

Never touch my guitar
Never drink on my glass
Never use my grey ceramic plate
Only Mom knows

Don't sit on the rightmost part of the sofa
Don't poke me on the shoulder
Leave your denture in the sink and your dead
Only Mom knows

I wasn't talking
Lying in the sofa for hours
I don't want to eat
Only Mom knows

A petite smart girl
Funny
Perfect armpits
Only Mom knows

Red car
Slasher films
Funk, Punk, Rock and Blues
Only Mom knows

Emperador Brandy
Close the door
Lumpiang Shanghai
Only Mom Knows

TANGA LANG ANG NAGMAMAHAL

AT GAGO LANG ANG HINDI

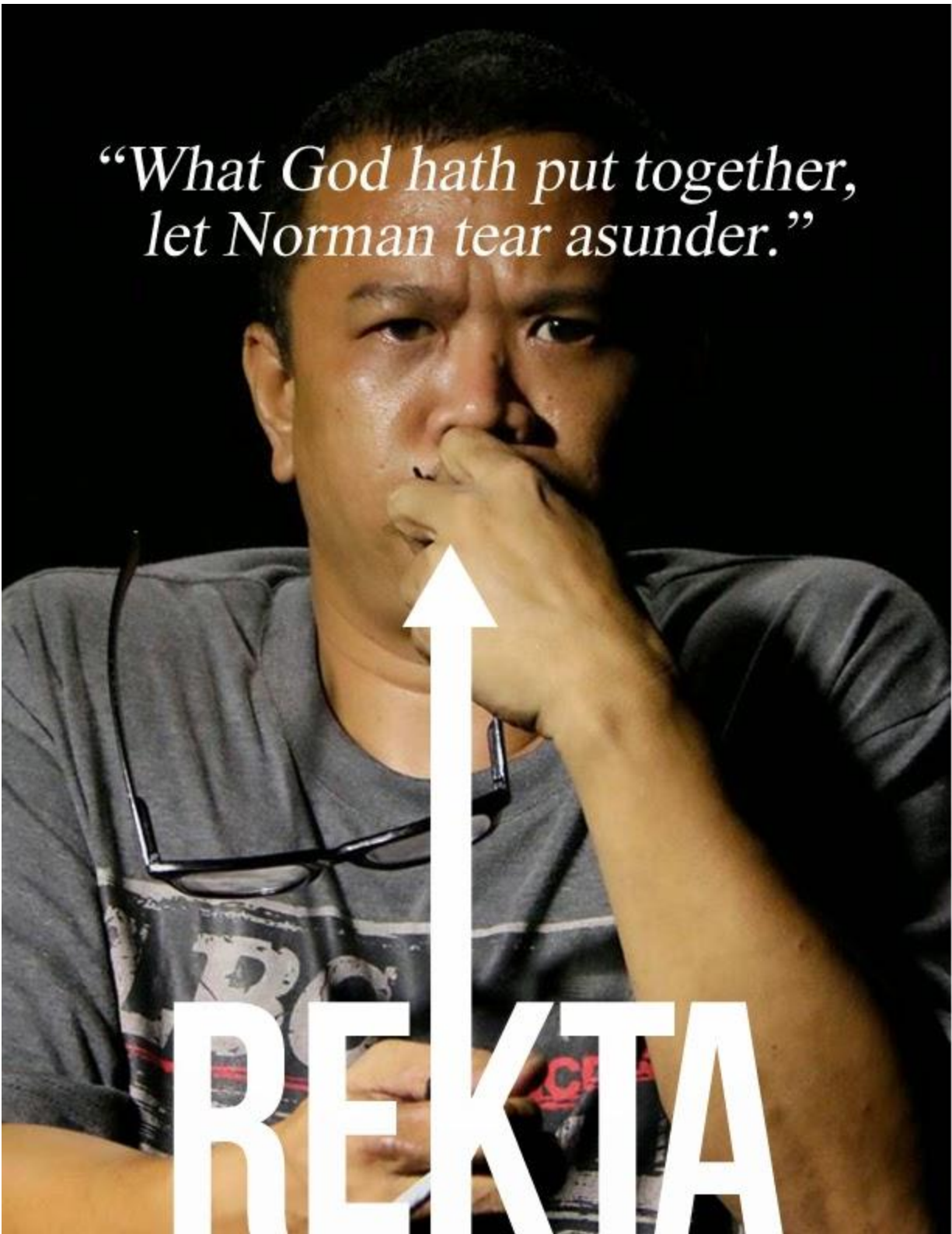
- Norman "Master Spider" Wilwayco

STREETS ARE RED
VIOLENCE ARE SCATTERED
INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE DYING
AND YOU ARE GLORIFYING
THE CAUSE

FUCK YOU

..!..

*“What God hath put together,
let Norman tear asunder.”*



REKTA

SI SITONG, SI NOAH AT ANG ALAMAT NI KINGKONG

Kaka-download ko lang ng malinaw na kopya ng Noah starring Russell Crowe. Okey naman yung pelikula, standard Hollywood shit. Ayoko na pag-usapan pa yung biblical relevance dahil kaya nga siya pelikula e. Anyway, hindi ito tungkol kay Noah kundi kay Sitong.

Si Sitong ay syota ng katulong namin noong araw. Palaging pinapagalitan ng parents ko ang katulong namin dahil pumatol kay Sitong. Si Sitong ay sertipikadong ganjista. Kilala siya sa buong kalye namin bilang source ng weed. Yung pinsan kong parang big brother ang turing ko, sa kanya rin kumukuha. Tuwing gabi, sa amin nakatambay si Sitong dahil siyempre, syota niya yung katulong namin. Masarap kakuwentuhan si Sitong kaya nakiki-jam ako sa umpukan nila harap ng bahay namin.

Naalala ko si Sitong dahil sa isa sa mga kuwentuhan, kinuwento niya ang alamat ni Kingkong. Ayon sa kanya, nag-umpisa daw ito noong panahon ni Noah. Ito daw ang totoong nangyari.

Ang libro ni Noah, ayon kay Sitong.

Bago magkaroon ng dilubyo dati, nang maisakay na sa arko ang mga hayop, namrublema si Noah dahil kapag nag-sex ang mga magkakapares na hayop, dodoble ang bilang ng animal population sa arko, baka hindi makayanan at lumubog sila sa tubig pare-pareho. Para solusyunan ang shit na ito, pinapila ni Noah lahat ng hayop na lalake at 'pinutol' ang mga etits, nilagay sa garapon, sinulatan ng label. 'Ikakabit' na lang umano ulit ang mga etits bago bumaba ng arko kapag okey na ulit ang mundo.

Dilubyo/bagyo. Nagkamatayan lahat sa mundo. Ilang buwang walang sex ang mga hayop.

Fast-forward sa pagtila ng ulan at pagsikat ng araw. Pwede nang magbabaan ang mga hayop. Pinapila ulit ni Noah ang mga hayop, para 'ikabit' na ang mga etits nila. Sa dami ng mga hayup, medyo nagkaroon ng kalituhan. Nagkapalit ng label yung etits ng tsonggo at kalabayo. Ayon kay Sitong, ang kalabayo ay hybrid ng kalabaw at kabayo, na ngayon ay extinct na. Nang 'ikakabit' na umano ang etits ng tsonggo, napansin ng tsonggo na hindi niya etits yung hawak ni Noah dahil sobrang laki nito. Magsasalita sana ang tsonggo pero siniko siya ng asawa niyang tsonggo at sinabing 'wag ka nang pumalag'. Kaya hayun, ang tsonggo ay nakabitan ng dambuhalang etits.

Ang mag-asawang tsonggong ito umano ang parents ni Kingkong. Ito rin ang dahilan kung bakit na-extinct ang lahi ng kalabayo.

Nang marinig ko ang kuwentong iyon, nag-umpisa na rin akong kumuha ng chongki kay Sitong.

- NW

Salamat sa pagbabasa ng aming shit.

- JB/NW

WICKED
PUNK
CLASS