

Letters from the Kramer Zone

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Letters from the Kramer Zone

by [epicenelyapophenic](#)

Summary

In world where even the laws of metaphysics have failed, a young man finds himself banished to the wastelands for the crime of being himself.

Like everyone else, I studied hard for the final Seinfeld Personality Scale Virtual Reality Assessment. I really did. I read all the guides and played all the VR simulations my parents bought for me.

It was all for naught. Everyone could tell I was a Kramer, no matter how hard I tried to be normal and effect the haughty air of a Jerry, the laid-back hedonic neurosis of a George, or the cunning mean girl attitude of an Elaine. Although that last one got me sent to the school counsellor for crossdressing.

The day arrived at last. The VR headset was several years out of date and had the unfortunate funky synthetic cheese smell of all communal sports equipment foam.

Just as in the simulations, I went through the day with all of the Seinfeld crew. And just as in the simulations, at the end, Kramer put his arm around me and led me to the proper exit. Immediately after I took off my headset, a hood was thrown on my head and something injected into my wrist.

When I came to, I was handcuffed to a theater seat, along with about a hundred other teenagers. The theater was dark and I had a gag in my mouth. I didn't mind the pleasant sensation of something firm and squishy between my jaws, but it would have been nice if it were made out of something neutral tasting and not latex.

(I was reassured afterwards that my complaint had been registered and the issue would be ameliorated; henceforth no future Kramers would have to suffer the indignity of sucking on an astringent oral foreign object for hours on end. Alas, when I asked future arrivals to the kramerzone if this were true, they either hadn't remembered the indoctrination or said that they, too, had had a rubber -- could these bean-counters not even spare a few used silicone condoms -- ball gag.)

Presently arrived a luxuriantly voluptuous woman in a wonderful navy skirt-suit and several anonymous looking soldiers in head to toe combat gear with riot masks, with comrades of theirs at the theater entrance.

The lady turned on the projector and spoke.

"As you have all sadly found out, you are all Kramers. For the safety of society you with your... unique... abilities must be cast out beyond the confines of the Meinong-Lewis Stability Field. It is true that you are literally being thrown into an accursed land where the very possibility of laws of physics breaks down, that your average time of survival will be less than two years, and your supplies will be limited if they at arrive at all.

But were you really enjoying your repression here, anyway?"

I was still hung over from the effects of the syringe.

Just as the lovelily plump lady started to straighten out her papers, I raised my hand. Or tried to.

One of the guards came over to me, the sounds of his gas mask mouthpiece loud. He quickly undid my gag.

"What is it, Kramer?"

"Well I have a complaint to make --"

The most intense pain I have ever felt entered me as i was tased to unconsciousness.

When I again came to, I was in the back of a truck with several other Kramers.

Finally awake, I looked around. We were still somewhere safely within the confines of the Lewis-Whitehead fields, but at the periphery. Flecks of reality brushed off in certain places in

my vision.

Remembering my lessons on the Kramer Zones in survival class -- "A well-known effect of entering them is the drop in your stomach as you get to their periphery" -- I wondered what exactly would follow that awful drop.

The truck came to a halt. Another black-clad guard came to the back and let down the tail gate.

"Alright Kramers let's move. We don't have all day. Come on, get off that truck and we'll take your handcuffs off. There we go."

We were marched around to the front of the truck. Before us now stood the inner door of the portal to the accursed zone.

"Alright Kramers. This is where we part. You are forever banished from contact with ordinary human civilization except as couriers and traders, in which case, all transactions will be done remotely. From this day forward, you are all formally banished to the metaphysical void. Now for the most important part."

I gulped in anticipation.

"Non-binaries, stay where you are. Men, move to your left. Ladies, to your right."

I shuffled left in my leg irons.

"We'll be going around and giving you the Kramer brand."

A commotion started. People hopped around in line, hoping not to be the first, not realizing that anticipation makes such things all the worse.

Or better, in my case.

As luck would have it, I was the last in my line, enjoying the yelps of various people as the combination genetic and nuclear powered tracker was injected into glutes and then sealed with the sigil of the US Department of the Treasury Bureau of Metaphysical Protection.

"Alright, drop trou, Kramer. Last one. Try not to nut too hard."

My jeans and underwear barely slipped over my erection.

"Alright, bend over. Count to three. I'll shoot it in on three."

"One."

"Two."

"Three-- OW OWW OWWWW YEAH!"

The guard caught me as my knees collapsed from the tremendous sperm spasm the injection caused.

"I was joking about the nutting, Kramer. God you're all perverts. Get the fuck out of my sight and my site."

I was marched with the rest of my kind to the door.

We were addressed one last time.

"On behalf of the US Department of Treasury Bureau of Metaphysical Protection, Containment and Safety, we thank you for cooperating with the Kramer deportation process. Please have a safe journey outwards. The inner door will open as soon as we reach the minimum safe distance. Good luck."

The guards boarded the truck, turned around and floored it. A ginormous creaking noise like that of a thousand pulleys and gears started, and the massive, featureless white portal started... dissolving... away.

"Kramer Zone inner airlock door open. Please enter."

They had neglected to remove our leg shackles, so we shuffled into the airlock. The inner door rematerialized behind us and several overhead screens deployed from the ceiling.

One had only the legend NEXT KRAMER ZONE SYNC WINDOW: 00:00:43:23. Another had footage from the area immediately outside. We could see what was presumably a welcome party. The last played a video orienting us some more to our new lives in the wasteland.

"We appreciate your cooperation in your banishment to the Kramer zone. Please take one of the available Survival Kits located in the center of the airlock."

We all shuffled to the center. It was blatantly obvious that there were not enough survival kits for all of us.

"This survival kit contains essential supplies including two kilograms of tritrododextranoineirodine, a reality stabilizing drug; one metaphysically resistant semi-automatic handgun; several thousand dollars worth of thaumaturgically stabilized gold, and a very large, very sharp, serrated Bowie knife."

We all stared at each other. We knew that the hope of the powers that be was for us to fight each other. Perhaps the people on the outside and the people inside were in cahoots. We wanted to resist the temptation to resort to a Hobbesian mêlée to settle who got what.

Long story short, that was the day I learned I can wield a knife effectively, and also that sneaker lace ends -- did you know that they're called aglets? -- can pick handcuff locks well enough.

When all was said and done, only a fifth of us weren't incapacitated.

Finally, the countdown finished, and the door to the Kramer Zone opened onto several of our predecessors pointing firearms in our faces.

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