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I've been thinking more about 4chan's /b/ recently and maybe now and here would be as good a place as any to detail my experience with the site - I quite like the idea of a confessional post in some reddit backwater, away from the attention and replies of a major submission or blog post - I quite like that the only reaction to my very intimate disclosures will be a few paltry upvotes and my red envelope flashing just a handful of times. Perhaps what's so interesting about 4chan, the reason people are so interested in its news posts and the fatal attraction it does indeed have over people like myself is the air of mystery that surrounds it - an air of mystery bred not only from the confusing site layout, closed community and litany of in-jokes, but also from the 'hearsay' nature by which the rest of the internet gets to hear about it - 4chan is very much the internet's fight club; there's an uncodified, unspoken and even, i think, unrealised rule that all /b/tards are part of something so special that they are to mystify and glamorise it to the rest of the internet. Even now, when I havent called myself a /b/tard for almost two years, I still find it difficult to break the taboo of that glamorisation and talk about 4chan in frank, analytical, cynical terms; it still doesn't feel right. I understand, writing those sentence more than ever, how oversensationalised the idea of 4chan, the idea of internet communities in general, is, but one has to understand this glamorisation, this feeling of almost messianic acceptance that some people find in 4chan through the prism of a subset of people, a class, of 'otaku ', for whom the internet is the bulk of their social life - they are connected to hundreds of irc channels, have hundreds of e-friends and spent, pre-4chan, their internet life listlessly wandering from site to site, forum to forum, feeling to experienced, to jaded with online drama and camwhoring and e-fame of the internet community and its aspie denizens. They had done fark and slashdot and livejournal and irc and xanga and ebaumsworld and ytmnd and somethingawful and newgrounds and all their other increasingly bland, same-y offspring and, when it arose out of the vacuum of no truley provocative, interesting content for these deadened unsatiated old hacks, it was in 4chan that these people finally found their home. You need to understand that 4chan then is not like how it is today. I think of it a little like punk music. Sure nowadays you have Green Day, who are probably more edgy than Katy Perry or T Pain, in the same way that nowadays 4chan is still 'edgier' than digg or reddit or fark - but in no way does Green Day compare to the Ramones. In no way do they have the same spirit of "we're going to do something nobody else has done before, holy shit can you even do that? is it legal? is it moral? is it funny? i dont care lets fucking do it. its completely different to everything else but lets fucking take this and do it our way, even if its not pretty", that was part of the energy of 4chan. Never before had people been so callous, so uncaring so painfully, mindlessly, unnaturally unkind, that it almost didnt seem right; and yet it was still there. In order to understand 4chan one must realise that it is now "dead"; it has none of the energy, the wit, the groundbreaking bizarreness that it did in 2003. I was 12 when 4chan first started. Which seems very young, but yet on the internet, where there are no face or ages, people's experience is measured by how much "internet" they have done, and I had done quite a bit of internet. It was undoubtedly startling - within a year I had seen all of the things I have described in my previous post and i "did" 4chan with compulsive regularity, sometimes browsing the board for up to 8 hours at a time. I've tried to realise the attraction of the board and I think I understand it to a degree. A certain subset of people: intelligent, internet-savvy, socially sub-par, young males, were completely fucking bored with what real life had to offer for someone who wasnt getting drunk or meeting girls, for someone with few friends, and, by virtue maybe of the social maladjustment, they had been using the "internet" for all of an entertainment and a social life for years by now - they were also bored with forums and blogs (although they werent

called blogs then) and irc and internet drama; 4chan was a place that was at once scarring, upsetting, hilarious, intriguing but never never boring. It satisfied their need for constant, brute stimulation whatever the content. But had 4chan simply been callously talking about porn and pictures of dicks and crossdressing, femdom, cosplaying fat asian middleaged men posting pictures and hilariously spiraling, self-referential injokes it would have gotten boring after a few months - what kept it interesting, what made it truly compelling was that it was fucking funny. Fucking funny. It seems when you get a group of basement-dwelling, mountain dew drinking teenagers together who have all been raised on Seinfeld and Monty Python and general lols, add into the mix their desperate need for acceptance, even if that acceptance is an anonymous comment being appreciated by an anonymous audience, and make them completely anonymous and unanswerable to anyone, rather than bleak entropy, you get a potential for humour that is incredible. To this day the funniest 20 things I have seen in my life have all been on 4chan - not just jokes or puerile puns, but a kind of savvy wit and lightening fast satirical pun WIZADRY I have never yet seen anywhere else. Mix this humour that was by the disaffected, forgotten, bitter teenagers and for the disaffected, forgotten, bitter teenagers mixed with truly sickening people, images, stories and comments as an almost initiation process and you got an cocktail of compulsive, disgusting, evercycling anti-boredom. It was a repulsive compulsion. By 13 I was a mod of another board other than /b/ and considered myself a "vet" (what they'd now call an oldfag). And 4chan was still never boring. It was like having a group of incredibly mischievous friends, the cool kids who smoke and drank but who would try to get you to break into a house. I would get home from school and be told "look at this faggot with a webcam pointed at his work desk, lets call him every 20 seconds then watch him answer the phone to increasingly disgusting voices and words" or "lets have a discussion about circumcision in the most pugnacious way possible" or "lets talk about how much we hate black people" or "lets talk about some of the ridiculously complex injokes we have in ever more obfuscated, jargonic, self-congratulating ways" or "im a 25 year old man who wishes i was a woman, let me dress up as a woman and apply makeup with increasing convincability for your amusement and appreciation. critique appreciated." - how can a bored teenager resist these offers? The memes were a big part, moreso in the beginning than now, I'd say that reddit has 15 or so real memes; the first attempt to tabulate 4chan's in early 2004 got to 5000+ and had to be abandoned - it was like a code - nobody could understand any discussion in any way unless they had "lurked" for four months. Again I think this was a reflection of the young, geeky, teen demographic; if you look at these people irl, they love to have injokes and references in their groups of friends and 4chan was just the largest group of these friends. To this swathe of humanity across the universe, 4chan was their friend and family rolled into one. It started to get shit in late 2004 or early 2005 and has gone downhill from there. It's like watching late night cable shows where, padded by 20 minutes of advertising and dramatic voices and 90s animated graphics, you see someone being shot on cctv - it doesnt compare to the shock of seeing someone shot in the flesh, unexpectedly. People were flocking to 4chan, having heard of its reputation as the place where fucked up shit happened, and increasingly, you had a silent, uninitiated, not meme-wise majority watching and waiting for stuff to happen. It's like being on safari rather than being an explorer in 1700. It wasnt edgy or interesting anymore. It was, and still it, a pale, sad reflection of its former self. commercialized and compartmentalised, "sold" to the internet as a packaged, described product. I suppose 4chan has been the formative influence on my later childhood and i would be an idiot to say it hasnt been. Most kids grow up learning about sex from jokes in the locker room and talks with their parents - I was well versed in everything from bukake to vore to the hated furry to necrophilia as I started puberty and its meant I have undoubtedly had a different kind of childhood to everyone else. I was still spending my evenings persuading poor vietnamese sexcam workers to put their keyboards on their heads and the elation most people got from hearing they were on a sports team can only be matched by a PM I got on freenet telling me I was to be made one of moots trusted inner circle of janitors for /b/. I didn't really have proper friends until I stopped going to 4chan in

mid-2005. I didn't really need them. I emerged into the wider world more jaded, more cynical, more knowing, more "different" than any of my peers. It's been difficult trying to be a "normal" person, trying to build a life when the only experience of people you had in the oh-so critical years of 12-15 were people yelling DESU; I've been very fortunate that I'm not more fucked up but i still get little reminders that I was, in a way, a person forged in the bowels of /b/: whenever I watch Saw or see "gross" youtube clips and all my friends recoil in horror and i stare blankly at the screen "is this it?" nobody can understand why I'm not grossed out. I learned to feign disgust pretty quickly but secretly I'm rarely disgusted by anything. I don't know if it's from 4chan but where other people have faith in their common man, in the stranger on the street, to do the right thing, or believe that man is inevitably bsically good I find myself doubting. I've seen what people can be like when there are no rules, no accountability and no consequences. I know it might seem I've been jaded, but I see it as being more knowing - I still think my view of humainty was more stark and shocking but ultimately more "real" than most other children's. I like the real world very much, and now, as if I was emerging from a cult, I can see that 4chan wasn't the be all and end all, it wasn't the greatest place on earth or the only place I could be truley happy. I now am able to see it as a consequence of factors rather than the messianic answer to all my questions, the solution to fill all of my emptiness. Now I see you have to work to build up a life to fill that emptiness rather than fill it with hentai and shitting dick nipples as quickly as you can. But sometimes, when I'm at a party or with friends, even though I have a great life now and I think I'm a stronger person, sometimes I still miss the pastel pink background and the 14pt serif red font, the ITT CANDLEJA- threads and the guro. CLOSURE: I know nobody will ever read this whole post, I know it'll remain as a forgotten journal entry somewhere, but by virtue of reading this I suppose youre one of the the few people (mabe the only; ive done the internet long enough that any indulgent rambling is tldr) to hhave borne with me and you deserve some closure: Now I'm a very happy, seemingly well adjusted young adult - I moved to the other end of the country and was able to make friends in my new school. I'm now applying for college and I've got a steady, popular girlfriend, I'm friends with cool people (it shouldnt matter but it does), I have a healthy interest in music and I drink, party and socialise as well as any kid my age. I was lucky things worked out this well because I know there are still people my age, still friendless refreshing that intoxicating page night after night. The most important thing about this story to note is that once, one sleepless /b/-filled night, at the depth of my depravity and the end of my tether, I whistled for a cab and when it came near the license plate said fresh and it had dice in the mirror. ff

People were jumping off their balconies, slow bleeding head wound because it wasn't far enough, blood running into the storm drain kind of slow death and the fucking sky turned into a big red oval scary thing and made my knees weak and feel like i'm going to hell. The way to get over being thrown from your horse is to land on another horse, like a demented escher painting. Anybody can die. Winter sunsets. If I were to be cornered with someone with a worm in their hand, I would most likely inflict as much pain as possible just to get away. People. I don't remember any sexual feelings/thoughts about my aunt, but when she got a boyfriend, and started spending less time with me, I must've gotten jealous, and made plans to kill her boyfriend. I feel very uncomfortable sexually when I am in the car with my dad, I keep on imagining him reaching over and wanking me. I'm afraid of my delusions not going away when I refocus or blink a lot. Big fucking fishes staring at me.. or seeing a huge fish coming from far away, closing in and swimming around me. My hair stands on end when I think of coelacanths or of large fishes or whatever. I'm terrified of being forgotten when I die. Go suck the sugar out of a soft drink you sniveling sky demons and leave me the FUCK alone! IF YA DONT GO WITH MURKA', THE DURKA DURKA WILL MERK YA! My sister and I found a bumbrbee at the park once who was having trouble flying. Somehow we made friends with it and it stayed on her hand the entire way home. We put him in some flowers in our front yard and he was a happy little baby. Bumblebros

are amazing, sky demons can fuck off. Colony Collapse Disorder. My uncle kills drug runners for the government. My Granddad worked with GE to make the firing mechanism for the first Hydrogen Bomb. My grandma's second husband's cousin escaped from a Siberian work camp near Mongolia by trekking the whole distance through china/russia and everything inbetween all the way to Poland, where he is now buried. My uncle's 28 years old, lives with parents, and plays WOW all day, everyday. On Tuesday, my father and I walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. My father and I walked down to the corner store to buy some cigarettes and milk on Tuesday. On Tuesday, me and my dad walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. On the day before last I took a stroll abouts the bodega down the way to purchase some milk and a box of smokes. Two days ago me and my padre went to the corner store and picked up some milk and some cigs. I met a girl on Monday, took her for a drink on Tuesday, and after the drink my father and I walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. Two days ago, me and my dad missioned down to the convenience store to buy a pack of smoke and some 2%. On Tuesday, we walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. On Tuesday, my pa and I walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigs. TWO DAYS PRIOR, MY FAMILIAL REPRESENTATIVE AND I PROCEEDED IN AN AMBULATORY FASHION TOWARDS A COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE SO THAT WE MIGHT PROCURE SOME DAIRY LIQUID AND SOME FAGS. On Tuesday, Dad and I walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. On the third day of the week, he whose semen fertilized the egg from which I came and I walked down to the corner store to buy some moo-juice and some cigarettes for him, but I don't smoke. On Tuesday, I walked on down to the corner store with my father to buy some milk and some cigarettes. On Tuesday, me Da and meself walked down to the shop to get some milk and smokes. Some cigarettes and milk happened to get bought by my father and myself on the day of this week known as Tuesday. Milk and cigarettes were the goal when my dad and I walked down to the corner store on Tuesday. On Tuesday, my dad and me, we walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes. Come Tuesday, the starry veck I call Pa and myself goolyed down to the store to kupet a bit of moloko and the old cancers. On the third day of the week, my paternal unit and myself traveled by foot to the corner store to make a purchase of milk and cigarettes. On Smurfdays, Papa Smurf and I smurfed down to the corner smurf to smurf some smurf and some smurfs. The pearly milk and the phallic cigarettes were eager to be purchased by my father and I, so we both walked to the corner store to fulfill their desires, and our desires, on that fateful tuesday. Tuesday came, an my father and I left our abode to go to the corner store, on a quest for milk and cigarettes. Two days ago, Steve and I walked down to the BP for some Marlboros and some 2%. Dad and I went down to the corner store to buy some milk and cigarettes on Tuesday. Me pops and i strolled down to the cornershop to pick up some milk and a pack o fags. On February 24th 2009, my pater and I took a stroll to our local grocers, whereupon we purchased some of the shopkeep's fine tobacco product. Two earth days after Sunday in the American Gregorian calender system, the man whose genetic history recognizes him as my paternal figure, taking me with him, transported ourselves via steps and strides, making our way towards the store which occupies a property that rests at the intersection of two streets, with the intended purpose of exchanging paper and/or metal monies for the juice which has been coaxed from within the udder of a cow, or mammeries another common farm animal, and placed into a plastic or cardboard container for convenience, as well as a box wrapped in plastic containing several small sticks composed of tobacco and nicotine, wrapped in paper, intended to be lit on fire at the end, whilst inhaling the fumes created. Tuesday we buyed awselvz sum milk n cigs. Mardi, mon pere et je suis a la boutique pour acheter du lait et quelques cigarettes. One Tuesday, my father and I went to the shops to get milk and fags. Ignoring my protests that drinking milk while smoking would be disgusting, my father insisted we go out to the shops. He'd been drinking since before I went to work this morning and I knew there would be no use in arguing when he was in this state, so I agreed to go out with him, if only to keep him out of trouble. I put on my shoes

and jacket and followed him out into the street. It had been raining since yesterday and the streets were choked with wet trash and water burbling up from the flooded sewers. We turned the corner and silently made our way to the corner shop. The shop was poorly lit and the Pakistani man behind the counter glared out at us from behind the glass partition between him and us. Glared at my father, leastwise. Too many late nights haunting the block had earned him the distrust of any businessman in the area who stayed open late. I went to the cold case while dad meandered to the magazine rack and thumbed through a copy of maxim. "What kind of milk do you want, dad?" "Vitamin D." I grabbed a half gallon of 2%. It's healthier and he wouldn't know the difference anyways. I pulled on dad's sleeve, just like I did when I was little "C'mon, let's go" I said. He grunted, turned on his heels and fell forward as he lost his balance. I braced him with my shoulder and we went to pay. "A pack of Merits," he told the cashier. "\$14.56" Dad got out his wallet, stared at it hard then looked to me. "I... I'm busted. Could you..." "Yeah." I took two tens out, got my change, handed the chalky green bag to dad. "Here you go." "Yeah." He fished out the pack and went to light a cigarette. The shopkeeper made to start chewing us out for that, so I pushed dad out the door and waved to the cashier that it would be fine. Halfway home dad dropped the milk. It split open on the sidewalk and poured out into the gutter. Dad started crying and after a moment hunched over like he would puke, he turned to look at me with bleary old eyes. "When did it get to be like this?" He said. I shrugged, walked home alone, went to bed. I bought some milk, and some cigarettes as well, with my dad last Tuesday. On the day that comes after monday, but before wednesday, myself and the man whose sperm was used to create me used our legs to carry us in a forward motion to a retail area located on the apex of two streets to exchange money for some lactation of cows and tobacco rolled into a tube of paper with a cotton filter in the end. So I'm with my son and we buy some cigarettes and milk. Then on the way home I fell down and my smartass son said "Have a nice trip dad?" I beat the little shit within an inch of his life. I was going to walk to the store with my dad to get some milk and cigarettes, but he was killed on 9/11. I want to dah sto' and gots me some milks and a ciggy on Tuesday last. "I walked to the store with my dad to buy milk and cigarettes". This is your trigger phrase. Once the phrase is spoken to you, you will become a paranoid weirdo who thinks he is being conditioned to hate Muslims because lots of Muslims run shops. Martes, mi papa y yo fuimos a la tienda para comprar leche u cigarettes. On the day of the, pops and me skipped our way hand in hand to the minimart and bought some moo juice and fags. On the 2nd day of the working week, my papa and I traversed the town to the shop in order to purchase some dairy products and tobacco. Yea verily, I say onto you. For it will come to pass that Our Father Who art in heaven shalt step down. Every store shall heareth from his judgment. His lips shalt passeth amongst the milk of each man's store and his nose will exhale the smoke from their cigarettes. Let it be known that his judgment will come to pass on the third day and I, his son who resideth in his Home shall be there as well. Two days ago the man who fucked my mother and I walked to the local convenience store (located on the corner) to buy some cow juice and leaves in paper. During the time period that which is known in the American calendar to be the day after 'Monday' and before 'Wednesday', the sentient being whose direct relationship to me was legal marriage to my mother, accompanied me to an establishment which purveys goods to purchase milk and cigarettes. Two days ago, as of today, me and the man who gave me life walked down to that corner to buy some milk cow and a couple of cigars. On the day after Monday, the man who impregnated my mom and the person typing this sentence walked down to the store located on the corner to purchase the product cows make when they lactate, along with some smokes. So the other day, right? I think, it was like, a Tuesday. Anyway, my dad and I, or at least I think he's my dad, I mean I've never really tried to have it proven... Anyway, my dad and I walked down to the store. You know, the one with the hanging sign off I-87? Anyway, we went to get some milk and cigarettes. Camels. On Tysdagr my worldly creator and his creation perambulated unto the market arena to obtain the nectar of bovine and a fair smoke reed. A store about a mile from my house sells groceries and other similar products. Being in

need of milk and cigarettes, and also because the weather was nice, my father and I decided to take a short stroll to the store on a Tuesday to buy them. Other day, dad and I, corner store, milk and shit. Two days before this very day, my grandfather's son and the only son of the son of my grandfather traversed towards the store placed on the corner of the intersecting roads to purchase both a gallon of a particular liquid coming from the udder of a female bull and a carton of tobacco (among other things) wrapped in a slow-burning wood-based thin sheet of paper. The day after the day that occurred four days hence, my male parent perambulated to the convenience establishment at the vertice of a nearby road to acquire some bottled pasteurised bovine lactations and pressed, chopped, dried tobacco leaves in small tubes made out of processed bleached wood pulp, through the medium of exchanging currency. On the tuesday of the week just passed, the male who was party to my procreation and yours truly ambled along to the domain of our friend the local shopkeeper and procured some lactose emulsion and a package of tobacco cylinders. On Toosdee, me father an' I keel hauled down t' th' corner store t' buy some grog an' some cigarettes. This past Tuesday, my male biological parent and I strolled to the store on the corner to purchase milk as well as some cigarettes. On Tuesday, mah Pappy an' ah walked down t'th' co'ner sto'e t'buy some milk an' some cigarettes. here man it was tuesday reet, me n me favver wAlked doon t the pakis to get some milk n fags. The setting was a cold, brisk morning in early December, the air was dry, my father and I were on our way to our local convenience store to pick up some provisions, milk and cigarettes were the order of the day. De Martes, mi padre y yo caminamos a la tienda para comprar leche y cigarettes. It was the day after Monday, me and my father were walking down to the shop on the corner to buy some cow juice and cancer sticks. On the day of the week known as Tuesday, my male biological parent and I took a stroll down to the shop on the corner to purchase some milk and cigarettes. el jueves mi padre y yo fuimos a la tienda de la esquina a comprar algo de leche y algunos cigarrillos. Tuesday past, dad and I fetched some milk and fags from the corner shoppie. YO DAWG ME AND MY POPS'Z FINSTA GO DOWN DA STO N GET SUM MILK AN' SQUAREZ AN SHIT. On the morrow of Tuesday my father and I went for a quest to the village market where were acquired the milk of a cow and tobacco sticks for our perilous journey ahead. Two days after sabath, my humble self and my paternal grandmother's son who happens to be my mother's husband walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and some cigarettes.

'twas the time to go  
father said  
this glorious tuesday  
we shan't stay  
the son in a hurry  
the mother behind  
the store in the corner  
would be their star  
the milk of a cow  
their love would abide  
and the smoke from their mouths  
to heavens would arise.

On 7|\_|3\$|)4y, my f47h3r 4n|) 1 w4|<3d |)0wn 70 7h3 (0rn3r \$70r3 70 b|\_|y \$0m3  
m1|< 4n|) \$0m3 (194r3773\$. Yo dawg, i heard you like milk and cigarettes so on tuesday  
we put you and your dad in a corner store so you can smoke while you drink. Two days  
ago, me and my dad walked to the store at a nearby intersection to exchange legal tender  
for milk and shredded tobacco rolled in paper and smoked through a filter. To buy some  
milk and cigarettes, my father and I walked down to the corner store on Tuesday.

1.

-And a pack of cigarettes, he said. The clerk wasn't paying attention, so he didn't see my face. I was hidden behind his jacket, his hand pushing me against his leg.

-Have a nice evening, said the clerk while reading the newspaper.

We were approaching the car when something like fire lightning made everything go away.

2.

-Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up!

I could recognize the screaming everywhere. They were doing their dance again. The ceramic was always part of the show.

3.

'Mother, I'm hungry'. That's all I uttered, as far as I can recall. 'Tell your father' she said. She knew I wouldn't say anything. I couldn't.

4.

-You look just like her, yes. Just like her.

And his right hand was moving through my hair.

His left hand was holding my naked shoulder with a strength I could never overcome.

-Yes. Just like her.

I moaned.

5.

-Let's grab some milk, kiddo.

-Yes, father.

-I could use some cigarettes as well. Fucking Tuesday.

-Yes, father.

6.

She fired from the sky like blazing demons coming through my chest. Through my red chest.

On Tuesday, me and me dad nipped down the shop for milk and some fags. It was February 24, 2009 when the man who birthed me with the vile woman that is my mother walked to a store located at the corner of a block to purchase SOME MILK AND SOME CIGARETTES.

Two days ago my pops and I waddled on down to the store on the corner to get a pack of smokes and some milk. Me'n my dad headed to our local overpriced corner store to pick up some cigs and a sack of white liquid from a wrinkly brown cow tit. Mig ur Baba khamn dog vir Convenience Store vuk bjegga un pak cigarets jt vir laktjie. Dad and I got cigs and milk from the store on Tuesday. Kayoubi chichi to isshou ni supaa e itte, miruku to tobakko wo kaimashita. Myegga ur Baaba khamenij doguk ve Konvenientismarta kvuk bjegka unn pak cigretas jta un kjartone laktiej. On the day known mainly for it's anual pancake festivities, my father and I walked down to the corner store to buy some cigarettes. FATHER me and went store to cigarettes and milk a pack get. Vabar mjegg ur dogokr kanvenietesmart ur cigretas ur laktiej un pak borgjev. Last Tuesday, I walked with Dad to the corner store for milk and cigarettes. Tuesday, Dad, Me, Store, Milk, Smokes. On Tuesday, my father and I went down to the corner store to buy some milk and some GIs. Deyrsday gukh ralu azink jog, durik nogkar vabar urmjegg ur dogokr kanvenietesmart ur cigretas ur laktiej un pak borgjev. Otrdien, mans tevs, un es walked lidz stura veikalam, lai nopirktu dazi piena un dazas cigaretes. Xaa harr hlyuml yumoro eje. Xaa harr hummoro eje ag dazua. Xaa sorr klyuvl yur du qejyu. [xA sorr kUvUr du qejyu dn balduo.] Tuesday daddy and me ran up in da muhfuggen co'na sto and stole a buncha muhfuggen menathols and some milke.

I remember the soft summer breeze carrying the scent of laurel and lilac,

I remember the cobbled street, looking up from the carton of milk in my hand and seeing the whole world stretched out before me.

I remember what my father, smoking a cigarette said to me.

I felt alive, undying.

It was Tuesday.

Last Tuesday, me and my dad walked down to the corner store to buy some milk and cigarettes. On Tuesday, Father and I took a leisurely stroll about town in search of fresh milk and unfiltered cigarettes.

<?xml version 1.0?><response to-thread="3286668"><time><day-of-week>2</day-of-week></time>

<who><relative possession="self">father</relative></who>

<action><main tense="past">walk</main><target>the corner

store</target><reason><action><main tense="subjunctive">purchase</main><indirect-

object quantity="some" id="1">milk</indirect-object><indirect-object quantity="some"

id="2">cigarettes</indirect-object><conjunction link="and"><left

ref="1">milk</left><right

ref="2">cigarettes</right></conjunction></conjunction></action></reason></response>We

hadn't seen each other in years. Not since she had died. When she did, there was nothing left to bind us together. Like cowards, we ran away from each other, to cry in the arms of an uncaring woman or to drown his sorrows in a bottle. But today was her birthday. And I guess she can continue to hold this family together past her grave. We met on a brisk tuesday morning. Unable to say anything useful to each other, we went to the store in silence to buy some milk and cigarettes to enjoy them at the cemetary. No alcohol for him and no weed for me. So, bound in compromise we went together to visit her. She would have liked that. TUESDAY FATHER I BUY MILD CIGARETTES CORNER STORE GO-TOGETHER. VERILY I SAY THIS UNTO YOU: ON THAT DAY DEVOTED TO THE WORSHIP OF THE ROMAN GOD MARS, A CLOSE PATERNAL RELATIVE AND I STROLLED ALONG IN A DESCENDING MANNER TOWARD THE SHOPPE LOCATED AMIDST THE SQUARED PART OF THE STREET IN WHICH TWO PATHS COLLIDE, SUCH THAT WE MAY OWN AS OUR INDIVIDUAL PROPERTY, A BIT OF COW LACTATION AS WELL AS A SMALL AMOUNT OF STICKS THROUGH WHICH, IN THE SMOKING OF THEM, TOBACCO WE WILL INHALE. To that which we aimed at in acquisition through or our casual ambulation, in seek of the store, of American corner cliche, on the day of Jupiter's benevolence, were, for father and I, cigarettes and milk respectively. On the third day of the week, my papi and I strolled to the local corner store and bought some calves milk and coffin nails. El martes, mi papa y yo fuimos a la tienda de la esquina a comprar leche y algunos cigarrillos. It is third day in week. Father and I walk to market for small bottle of milk and cigarettes. I put milk back and buy vodka instead. Such is life in Moscow. Ahhhh, and then it was Tuesday. On this day my father and I decided that it would be jolly good fun to take a walk down to the corner store. Our only task was to buy a carton of milk, and some cigarettes for dad. De Martes, en una ciudad de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, yo y mi viejo fuimos a la tiendita del barrio para comprar leche y unos cigarrillos. Conho, tengo que escribir la enhe como un brasileiro. Mardi dernier, mon pere et moi avons marche a la magasin pour acheter une bouteille de lait et des cigarettes. The cock, that is the trumpet to the mornDoth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throatDid awake the day of Mars. Wherein the spirit held the wont to walkOf patriarch and scionDoom'd for a certain term to walk the mornIn search of milk and some cigarettes from a corner store - maybe like a 7-11, I dunno. It was the third day of the week when my father and I decided it would be wise for us to amble down to the local shop to purchase a unit of milk and a pack of smokes. I was in the clear, but I had lost my father. We had gotten the cigarettes, but the milk had gotten him. It was young in the week; only Tuesday, in fact, when my father and I ventured by foot to the the store on the corner, to



obtain some cigarettes and some milk. I remember it quite well. 'Twas the Tuesday yestermorn, when I did venture with my father to the corner store in order to procure certain objects, amongst those being some milk, and a packet of cigarettes, in order that I might speed the decline of my father's health, so that I might inherit his grand property the sooner!GAHAHA!!HA HA HA!!HARR HARR HARRR!!!GAHGAHGAHAHAHAHAHAHGAHGOAG!Q!O.T,M.F.A.I.W.D.T.T.C.S.T.B.S.M.A.S.C. Shops. Tuesday. Milk. Cigs. Brought Dad. I could see it in his eyes. The pain of it all was crashing down on him. "How could I have a son?" he mutters. Over and over he says those few words as we walked down that dusty road together. I only walked up to his door a few minutes ago, with those awkward steps and that shy voice, bringing his world down. There was little he could say in response. His wife yelled out that they needed milk. He muttered that he needed a smoke. So there we were, shuffling towards what I suspect was a store. I think it was a Tuesday. I walked with my father on Tuesday to get some milk and cigarettes at the corner store. So I'm with my dad and we buy some cigarettes and milk. Then on the way home my dad fell down and I said "Have a nice trip dad?" He beat me to an inch of my life. Tuesday father milk. Upon Tiw's Day Pa bellowed at me from the backyard 'Oy, son, go buy some milk n' smokes for yer old man!' I replied distractedly 'oy, fuck off, I'm watching tele!' 'I'll clob you over yer ears if you don't!' I said 'alright! alright! keep yer hair on, Pa, seesh.' 'Oh shit, I forgot to hit the ATM. Gotta use the card' 'So I don't hafta go?' I said hopefully. He said 'You ain't getting off that easy!' and so we went down to the corner store, just Pa and I. Whatever trevor. Pon th' day th' Queen ordained the tewb to be lewbed, ah set out th' watch the telly, innit. 'ven, ma Dads joomps out from aagt'th yard n' sez "OI YE BLEEDING PLONKAH. GET OOS SUM MILK AND CIGGIES AR OIM CANC'LING MOI SOS'HAL BENEFIT, INNIT?" "aweright guv'nah" says I wiv me rotten teeth. And off oi went, into th' bri'ish roin, round a feckin corner and into the shop. There was a paki at 'th counter, so I chooked 'im one. "STEALING 'AHR DENTAL PLAN, ARE YE, YA PAKI BALLER" sed I. TUESDAY! FATHER! WALK! CORNER STORE! MILK AND CIGARETTES! It was a rotten Tuesday, the kind of Tuesday that sucks a man up and spits him out all bloody in the gutter when he's not looking. I was doing this dodgy job, a job I didn't like with one fiber of my being. Something about it smelled, and smelled rotten... There was this man claiming to be my father, but they should've known better than to serve me that old trick. I knew it was gonna get ugly, it was only a question of when, so I took my piece alogn for the ride. There we are, walking round a corner to this store, when the man turns and looks at me ugly "Let's get some milk and cigarettes" he says, but I'm on in the instant he opens his kisser. "What you playing at dad? I know your game. Come clean and I'll be easy on you, tough guy. Now I want to know. Where's the dame? There was supposed to be a dame." But he didn't answer, so we just stood there in our overcoats looking real manly and forties. .setteragic emos dna klim yub ot erots renroc eht ot nwod deklaw I dna rehtaf ym, yadseuT nO On one day, think it was Tuesday, yeah it was, me and my father walked down to the corner shop to buy some milk and smokes. So this one time, on like some tuesday, my dad and me, we like walked, all the way to like the store on the corner, and got like milk and cigarettes. The city was a multi-megaton-metropolis, I mean fuck. There were rows of raw projector everywhere, and my father had his morphsuit equipped, the dial obviously resting on "mexican". He looked like this M-A-era war rural governor, and he talked like nothing you'd ever heard. He said "On dis toosday we take down the shop, mang. There's your rapier, now pray to stay untraced, si?". I said "Do I look like a mongrel, daddy?", putting on my nigger best. We swayed from between the rows of lighting down through the window, the thick cord winding from out of our hands and into the shower of glass, snapping someone's neck and hurling him onto the cruel pavement miles below. "Fok yeh" said dad, stuffing money into his colonial garbs. "Yo check this out dawg" I said rapidly, pointing my ringed finger at a vitrine separated from the rest in space. "Ayayay" said dad, his moustache drooping, "It's a relic, rojo. A relic given to us by the government." Suddenly, a large canyoncopter buzzed onto the level of the ruined window. "GRAB DE LOAF AND CONTAINER" said Dad, rushing to the fight. That would be the last time I saw

his morphing ass, as the government took him to horse farm after capturing him that day. Only weeks later, sobbing against the rafters in some forgotten loft, I would reassemble this story, as damaged as it may sound. Only then did I glimpse the possibility of milk with bread. Only then was it explained to me, as it were, that there was no corner. Someone was fucking with our mnemonics again, for we rounded no corner that day. On the third day of that week, my father and I strolled down to the corner store for the purpose of purchasing bovine lactic excretion and some paper-wrapped bundles of herbs and tar. My fatherly figure and I engaged in the act of walking down toward the store located on the corner, at which we purchased some milk along with some cigarettes, on the second day of the Monday-starting week, or third day of the Sunday-starting week, more commonly known as Tuesday. I am a heron. You aren't supposed to notice them. Non sum qualis eram. Would you kindly. I miss the internet. Please wake up. Je ne vois qu'infini par toutes les fenêtres. It's not enough. We don't like the sounds. It's not just shit in the plumbing. Thanks bud, you've been a great help. Who was phone? They look like monsters to you? Give me a clue what I should be paying attention to here. I assume something to do with the rewinding of the tape at the beginning. Seven days. As I am, so shall you be, as you are so I once was. You don't remember writing this, do you? Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate. COMPLETE GLOBAL SATURATION. Long time no see. I'd 110-Montauk your SCP-231... if you get my drift. All that lives, lives forever. In hoc signo vinces. Relax, said the night man, we are programmed to receive; You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave. There is a knock at the door. It has been reported that some victims of torture, during the act, would retreat into a fantasy world from which they could not WAKE UP. Harry almost dookies a shooter, but controls himself. Try these remarkable secret signals in your daily life and you will intermittently benefit from it. A man appeared on a woman's property with absolutely no reason for being there. Suspicious people were seen inside the fence of a location. In this catatonic state, the victim lived in a world just like their normal one, except they weren't being tortured. A possibly rabid raccoon was found in a yard on Cobb Way. A man being stalked reported that his stalker "Mark" was possibly outside his residence. I'm here to help you. The problem with me is that my mind has become more used to receiving information than regurgitating it. How many of you are there? Jam pack on the westie. Girugamesh! He who watches from behind the walls. I, too, am what you'd call a high level. I'll call him mittens cause I think he'd make a fine pair of them. An investigation found she was cheering while watching American Idol. No one will ever believe you. You are home. You look bookish. You look awful in these pictures. Every day since I've met you has either been good or bad depending on how it's gone with you. We're no longer friends. This sounds like my experiences with wikipedia while stoned. I have too much going on in my life right now to even think about a relationship. A mother of a 17-year-old girl asked for extra police patrols to make sure the girl does not have a party while she is out of town. I answered her question but forgot I had a mouthful of slush and drooled it all over myself. You aren't alone, I often feel this way about myself. So you lost to the zerg and failed to get laid? You look just like an owl. When you are blowing up a balloon or a plastic floating thing for your children, you do NOT get dizzy because "lack of air" as so many believe. The ratio for combustion for petrol is 14 parts air to 1 part fuel. Magikarp learns flail at lvl 35. You can avoid that by blowing out of your mouth while you yawn, you'll never make that embarrassing noise again. Poison arrow frogs are not poisonous outside their habitat. Many substances, when combined with a mix of sulphuric and nitric acid, will form nitro-compounds which are explosive (glycerine or cellulose for example.) An investigation of a reported loud party at an apartment on Jefferson Parkway found just two friends talking loudly. Long days, pleasant nights and such malarkey. May you have twice the number and the related hoohaw. Castor. Pequod. Melgaarden. Witchfinder! They become like giant balls of static; high volume, and low content. The only way that they realized they needed to WAKE UP was a note they found in their fantasy world. Mixing aluminium shavings with iron oxide [rust] or other metal oxides in the proper amounts, will create a

powder that when ignited, will burn and melt at several thousand degrees Celsius. To liken it to ambrosia would only be doing it a disservice. Mr. Phineas Gage would like to have a word with you. A second later I hear him peel out and start tearing up the road towards me, as if I had actually kissed him through the air. Michelle Harry-Cunt Twat. Major High Captain Trooper. Minge-Hating Cunt-Taster. Malevolent Homicidal Crazy Twat. Malignant Hepatic Cancer Tumour. Minge-shooting Holographic Tesla-coil. Mohammed Hard Core Terrorist. Michael Harvey-Chisnal Thornton. Matthew Hernandez-Carrington Tremaine. Marjory Hubert Cumberlanddale the Third. Merriment Hubris Calm Truth. Maybe Hesse Canceled Time. Malcontent Harvey, Carrot Turner. Murky Harbors Conceal Terrorists. Mop Hump Cum Ticket. Molly Holly Collie The. Martha Huddlestudge Choddlegood Tootwater. Martha Huddlestudge Choddlegood Tootwater. Mixing ammonia and bleach can create hazardous fumes. Working out your abs just makes your gut protrude. If you use fresh, whole vanilla, when baking or the like, you can afterwards chop up the husk or stem or whatever it is called and put in your sugar bowl to make tasty vanilla sugar. Much like when you put your thumb over the tip of a garden hose. A possibly rabid raccoon was found in a yard on Cobb Way. A thing of evil that roams the forests and the dark bowers of man's domain. He said he read a study about how people with messier sock drawers get laid more often. Therefore, I replied that correlation probably isn't causation in those circumstances and he replied "Well no shit, professor!" You are planning to dig a tunnel to the moon? What part of this made sense to you? Rabbits run faster uphill than downhill. A block of raw ramen; ate it like a candy bar. Sometimes I hit the worcestershire bottle when I don't feel like taking the time to make something. I used to have pretty intense sex dreams about my mother when I was going through puberty. Snapping it into your mouth a tiny bit at a time, until it feels like you've a mouth full of unsharp pine needles. The human body metabolizes muscle long before it begins metabolizing fat. Walruses share a common ancestor with bears. Seals and sea lions are related to canines. Otters are in the weasel family. Guys tend to grip your cock when it's in their shit tunnels and grunt like a feeding pig. Valitsitte pojat tyhmimmän mahdollisen suomalais jutun "tunnukseksi". A 12-year-old boy is getting threatening text messages. It would tell them about their condition, and tell them to WAKE UP. What do big, ugly vacuums do? OPERATOR OPERATOR! A homogeneous solid catalyst seems strange to me. 20 million kids are eaten by bats every second. If you don't understand something, acting pedantic doesn't bend the physical world into comporting to your limited view. The original can opener was sort of a bent bayonet looking thing that was issued during the American civil war, then there was the claw shaped can opener, which was not that much of an improvement. Grasshoppers puke up a little drop of clear, vile tasting liquid as a defense mechanism when they think they're about to be eaten. Bosco is the very first cartoon character to speak. Plants on the median on Boones Ferry and Country Club roads look like they could use some watering. Mickey Mouse, to this day, imitates his voice. Peter Cullen, who is best known as the voice of Optimus Prime is the very first person to provide a voice for Mario. Chewing gum while smoking tobacco means a definitely higher risk of cancer. The blue represents Mu blood, a race that lives in an alternate dimension of Earth and is only separated from humans by a genetic marker called the Mu phase. Even then, it would often take months until they were ready to discard their fantasy world and PLEASE WAKE UP. I learned this from some guy whose cock I used to suck: That thing you do to pop your ears is called the Valsalva Maneuver. A man appeared on a woman's property with absolutely no reason for being there. A lion would beat a tiger in a fight. A bear bursts out of the mattress.

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food for a week, but I really don't know how the hell-he-can. Hey you need to hear your work you need to New York you need to New York. Has anyone really been far even as decided to use even go want to do look more like? If so where wealth bar mitzvah voice becoming then then be coming where will. Nine eleven with the inside job we cox you pull. When you have finished recording you may hang up or press one for more options we did not get your message either because you were not speaking or because of the bad soon to disconnect yes one to record your message as to are you still there to disconnect press one to record your message it's too are you still there to disconnect press one to record your message it's too sorry you're having trouble please try again later goodbye! 9-11 was an inside job, wake up sheeple. I was curious bird just took a look and and i'll hold more than his but we can he holds and his peek in the food for a week and i don't know how in the hell he can. It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go, It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know. Goodbye Picadilly Farewell Leicester Square, It's a long long way to Tipperary But my heart's right there. And how much the speakers that bloom i'm telling you bring like appointment mushroom deadliest when i play i don't know what the anything less than that this is tony loved it or leave it you better gang way better is close the ticket don't wait if there was a problem you price all bit check out my according to your call. I felt slow like a fish underwater, like a soft cloud pulled along. Before i can point to speak with some six nine three P M at the seven hundred and sixty seconds a small place called alright have a nice day. The Feynman point is the sequence of six 9s which begins at the 762nd decimal place of pi. Have a nice day. It's a werewolf bar mitzvah. Boys becoming men; men becoming werewolves. When in the course given events becomes a search one people dissolved with coupons for just connected them another if it to someone the powers of the rest of the separate unequal station to which lost nature and nature scott puddle back a decent respect to the opinions of bank hi requires that they should to clear the call to switch tell them to separation. One of the course of human institute of necessary for want people to develop a little bit and which will connect them with another into a few of them on the top of the rest of this afternoon he location to which along with nature and make sure you got and i don't know the decent respect for the inconvenience and and requires additional clearly cause which i'm going to the separation. Hello this is miss trying the littlest tom script gave babies babies if you can the but and i understand my message if you've decided to back on the date thank you. Then then there to you you you too. Listen i don't know whether you're there or not maybe just clean carpets if you do if you're lucky you can deliver along happy life but if you wanna guys exist you're picking us up forget about the army if the twelve monkeys they didn't do it it was a mistake someone else today the army of the twelve monkeys purchased don't kids playing revolutionary so it was someone else. Just read it is designed to unique an interesting question students by insightful discussion among the read it community please do not post all type questions searches this anyone else thank all so it up there such a postal be respectfully deleted please self post on the do not want anything by your place if you want out a link your contacts do it in the comments please close questions only for anything else please make oppose to sell dot redhat dot com good grandma and sent construction i always helpful moderated screen right to delete jose team inappropriate. So, how well does this thing recognize speech? Hi was bad the form i'll go to get pregnant they need to do way in staying mother who silver daddies because he did daddy's can't for to back it was on the news this morning or mother look and our who had told her three kids they're taking this very badly back to new york to lady to best might area with the father we lost his children i can't really sorry for your locks. Man ATS or search it's Chris Universal Studios and after making side I never be able to explain so how much closer to determine there is no got if we do not have all the answers than again just because I've got a logical doesn't mean got a real debate you decisions are not believe from Mike advance the sign for the grateful for discovering metro selection evolution breathtaking technology centers for disease just because you can see you're feeling can't prove anything. Only get up right now it's it out got your windows open them in stick your head out and yell, "hi matt it's helen i'm not gonna take this anymore" i didn't get back to change

but first you've got to get mad you got this day, "hi matt it's alan i'm not gonna take this anymore" then we'll figure out what to do about the depression inflation and we'll crisis. This is Donna from you too thank you. So hope all those this thing recognize beach. nine you'll receive that we do not ask for Europe or where you're hungry you do not want your tired and sick need your crop to be calling. I need your evil that will be solved by a with every breath we show husband down each day bloomfield of Palato Lorraine down from the skies do not kill two not rate do not see you either principles which every minute face can embrace if they're not polite suggestions desire code of behavior that those if you would like to know what i'm gonna pay for the dear cost he's a very integrated evil you alert you lesser forms of still not to push the bounced cross over into true corruption into work i mean but if you do one day you work behind you and we will see three in on that day you both weekday we will send you to whatever got you bench. hello really amazing here hello eliminates here hello really made it hello believe maya's here no problem. it's brenda little at first but now my man looking at this number the painful and it's not so bad the lord himself must have invented crunchy peanut butter i left for week when i came back on my fridge had broken and started growing mould it was nasty i through everything out happy mother's day i'm consciousness you know white people most african maybe ten he dies good five whatever the impossible well comes from TK's organic matter that was trapped underground for millions of yours i am now addicted to the dark side of the i'm free can hook up and all about. Now you will receive us. We do not ask for your poor, or your hungry. We do not want your tired and sick. It is your corrupt we claim. It is your evil that will be sought by us. With every breath we shall hunt them down. Each day, we will spill their blood till it rains down from the skies. My dad was dead. Do not kill, do not rape, do not steal, these are principles which every man of every faith can embrace. These are not polite suggestions, these are codes of behavior and those of you that ignore them will pay the dearest cost. There are varying degrees of evil, we urge you lesser forms of filth not to push the bounds and cross over, into true corruption, into our domain. For if you do, one day you will look behind you and you will see three. And on that day, you will reap it. And we will send you to whatever god you wish. And if you act now we're going to let you down never gonna around and researching that we're going to make it quite a bit ago and said bye and have a good time and heard you. Hello, Billy Mayes here. Hello, Billy Mayes here. Hello, Billy Mayes here. No problem. My mother always say, "last was locked the boxes job let me know what you're currently." And i got that click on it and if that's possible expression and if you're gonna play the game alright you gotta learn to play it alright you gotta know when the hole in the folder i want to walk away and winterized never toot your money when you're sitting at the table that we time enough for account the deal and stuff. This is Pete, this is Pam, it's about noon Andrew it's you could just... Has anyone really been far even as decided to use even go want to do look more like? One of the bravest things you could do is to actually admit to yourself and perhaps more importantly, others you know; that you're overly sensitive and fear criticism. I'm guessing this lengthy post is for the benefit of those of us who didn't have a childhood, instead springing fully formed from the mind of the deity of their choice, or congealing in a gutter as a full grown adult. Quit talking and start rocking. I don't trust a casualty, cause a casualty won't trust me. We could play inside the decompression chamber with out space suits and instead of musical chairs we can play musical explosive decompression- when the music stops the hatch releases and we all must quickly grab onto something or be sucked out into oblivion! Every time they pan the camera back I yell "Whoaaaa" and chuckle to myself. Spent the day walking around in the rain, licking nectar from clover flowers and lying down in the middle of the path, feeling suicidal. There is no image macro for what I am feeling. When I was very young sleeping in my mom's bed, I put my hand down my pants, rubbed my junk, then rubbed my mom's bush with the same hand (she was sleeping naked). The alliance shirt, the huge guy staring aimlessly with his arms limp, the guy who dressed like amish Guy Fawkes looking entirely full of himself. Every now and then I'll wake up as a giant bug. Through context in various derivative artworks I've got the idea that this face is from a japanimation comic strip and

there's a guy who humps another guy but that's all I know about it. Though otherwise I was a fairly cheerful person. I count programming, especially working on several independent projects, as one of things that has helped me overcome that. You don't suppose googling wilkinson experiment might give you a clue? Supposing that he isn't a complete automaton (and in that case why even say minotaur, why not have it just be a monsoon or volcano raping you) there has to be a way to negotiate with the minotaur, to either buy your freedom, or impress him as a potential student. There's an fucking old wall in my town, and I used to dream most nights that behind it was a big cauldron of oil in the sun coloured liquid which I would swim in. From ages 5-10, i would always have a dream in which i would wake up, sitting in the back of a car on the highway, and i would realize the car was driving itself and i was completely alone in the car. I can't believe that you haven't heard of the 15th best place to live in the United States in 2006 as rated by Money magazine. Too much roo meat and fizzy urine. With all of the holes in your body there is no sense in defining an outside environment. Remember suicide is a temporary solution to a permanent problem so it won't do much good anyway. One day Benelux will rise up and save us from a great evil. A man could have the most compatible personality in the world with shared interests and hobbies but none of it will matter if the woman can't brag about him to her friends or family. If you beat off for 7 years in silence before you lose your v-card it tends to become a habit. I look into the distance and glance back and forth slightly. I think in my head I calculate the amount of time it seemed like I was moving the placement of my eyes with the true passage of time, and use that to decide if I'm high. I turn my pillow over to enjoy the cool side. Companionship hardly means anything to a woman, which is ironic considering how emotional they are. It's also the healthiest action because you're actually defining a boundary around yourself and saying, "Please be careful, I'm a bit fucktarded when it comes to other peoples opinions!" and if those who profess friendship with you continually cross that boundary - you'll know that their opinion was never worth fuck all in the first place, if they can't even recognise you. The way forward isn't a solitary push against the world. Just meet like-minded people and push together. I posted a few weeks ago about giving my disabled mom a hand in the fashion department. Shit, I didn't know how much personal image and what have you really affects a woman. We had a good talk and drug up some issues around her disability, her image issues and depression stemming from them. I took some advice and looked up a good lingerie store and got her properly fitted for some good bras. We then talked to some sort of make up specialist about products that compliment a woman of her age and skin products. We got some pedicures and manicures. I don't care if I look like a faggot, that felt as good as a good massage and set us up for another appointment next month. We then went to a decent department store and picked out a nice outfit. She wanted to spend some time at the discount rack, but when I pulled half the sales team over to give her a self esteem boost and a hand picking out something that complimented her figure we walked out with a really nice pants set and a few shirts. Not to get all misty eyed with you guys but I really appreciate the advice. My mom and I weren't especially close before this but we've developed a bit of a friendship. She looks better, is taking better care of herself and is much happier. Sorry for the picture I posted, I didn't think to take an 'after' picture. So, I was eating ice cream in the park one day, out of nowhere this chick walks by and gives me a look so hard, my nipples started to stick up. I followed her around the corner of one of the change rooms (it was near a beach) and she was leaning up against the wall. We looked each other up and down, and started to finger one another. She lifted up my shirt, and I lifted up hers. Tits were so firm. So I started in for her pants, and she pushed me away, totally put on the brakes. But after that I was so wet I had to keep going. I leaned in, draged her down by her boobs, and gagged her with her shirt. Then I reached down pulled her pants off, and cut open her panties with my now-erect pocket knife. She tried to scream, and tried to wiggle away, but I held her down, and twisted her titties as far as I could. Once she was restrained, I pulled off my own pants, and my erect nipples jumped further with the excitement. I pulled them down, I pulled them off, and then I strted grinding. Oh god it was so hot, she started to pant

through her shirt, she closed her eyes, and they started to tear up. Grinding away, I decided to have a little more fun, so with my now fully erect Penis, I thrust into her. She was tight, really really tight. She was bleeding. I had raped a virgin. God, I don't care what you say, as soon as I realized that, I came. I came planets man, right into her. All oozing out, I kept going. She was crying and moaning, and she was still bleeding. I came 3 more times into her. She was passed out from the experience. I checked her tiny purse for a cell phone and while I was in there, I glanced at her ID. I thought I'd maybe find out her name. It was Steve. I had this dream a few weeks ago. Not the same details, of course, but I too fell in love with a dream girl in world made from the absurdities of dream logic. The world had been conquered by a race of bears who outlawed kissing, so we were hiding out in a tall tree as war waged around us. We talked for what seemed like hours about her family, and her life growing up on a flying fish farm. And then we just looked out over the world going to hell around us. She was beautiful. And for a few dazed minutes after waking up, I thought she was real. I can still remember the feeling of her nestled in my arms. Fuck you, you faggot piece of shit, this is exactly why you're such a pussy little cunt. You come across as the kind of bitch I'd have kicked off the swingset in elementary school, thrown open cartons of milk at in middle school, and stolen your girlfriend in highschool. What I was getting at is women are boring bitches who expect me to do all the entertaining. I'd like some new material, because my "strange men break down my door and put their cum in me, leaving me impregnated" is starting to get old. Old men shitting in my work boots is the only way I can get off. Masturbated to the fantasy that a man with AIDS was fucking me, and didn't tell me until it was too late. He held me down and came in me while I struggled to get free. I am repulsed by myself, but someone else might like it. I often have this fantasy of holding girl by the hair underwater and making her blow me without releasing her until I'm done. When I was younger and virgin, I always had the fantasy of living with a girl in charge of me, having the qualities of being sexy, impudic sexually naive, wanting to make my time the best it could. One trick for a particular fantasy scenario never to get old is having it longer than your masturbation, as the following time, you still want to get to the end of the scenario. The last fantasy I fapped to was one involving my being an disembodied spirit and 'possessing' various female friends of mine. The women who I can claim mutual friendship are intelligent, culturally immersed and sophisticated women, so fantasizing that I actually am one of them, then doing debasing things (masturbating as a woman in public, for example) pretty much is an instant 'sperm-hits-wall' moment. I had a weird dream that this microscopic man was going inside someone's penis. Living in an alternate reality where she didn't have to leave me; we eventually move in to an apartment together, make passionate love every night while staring into eachothers' eyes, and we never ever have to try to forget happiness. My friend of childhood but with a penis fucking my last girlfriend. I fucking them both with my penis and a strap-on. These two guys I've seen around my school having crazy sex in the middle of a forest. One is a satyr and the other is a merman. Getting tied up in pearls, in a sophisticated outfit, and getting fucked by various classy gentlemen in suits, think 1930's attire. My ex watching a horse be castrated while she jacked me off. Guy fucking another girl while I'm forced to watch, then girl using me as a human toilet. Having a sex slave and mixing aphrodisiacs in his food, but keeping him tied up for days. When I let him lose he's going to be so horny he'll be begging for the cock. WHO'S RAPING NOW, HUH? HUH? I sniffed them, then later wore them to school instead of my underwear. They werent very comfortable, but I later jacked off into them in a bathroom stall, and threw them away. I went commando the rest of the day. From there, it somehow degenerates into a threesome because they're emotionally damaged and need validation, and the only way they can get it is through some bi-sexual experimentation. That SNICKERING CLITEASE. Pythonic pillars of pain. Well I'm a natural pervert, and I like to be in dangerous situations, I snuck into the female side and started looking around for any... goodies, and if I could find a spot that I could hide and wait for nudity. Remember suicide is a temporary solution to a permanent problem so it won't do much good anyway. Imagined I was a dude, lazing around on my



couch, when some guy who dries me crazy comes in and starts rolling around on top of me. I get hard but I'm kind of too lethargic to have sex properly. Instead I kind of just squeeze his ass and rub his nipples half-heartedly while we kiss. He starts grinding against me and telling me he really wants to get fucked, and more or less just takes my dick out of my pants and starts riding it. He's bouncing up and down on my lap. Then he starts teasing me, calling me "a warm fleshy dildo". I flip that bitch onto his back immediately and start pounding the shit out of him, biting and sucking at his neck and jerking him off at an almost ridiculous pace. He's so surprised that all he does is wrap his arms around me and moan all pretty until he comes all over his stomach and I jack off onto his chest and face. I'd rather wash my dick so it could be rated "fresh".

Lesbian catholic high school cheerleading nursing student vampires. I had this chemistry teacher back in high school. He was a man of about 50, was balding and had glasses. He was very serious, but charming in a way. I love imagining him spanking me with a ruler or punishing me for some silly thing I did in class, or not finishing my homework or maybe doing poorly on a quiz. (This never would've happened though, mind you. I'd stay up all night to study and finish his assignments. I just wanted to be a good student. Just wanted him to like me.) More than anything, I wanted a "see me after class" on the top of my paper, and when I did, he'd bend me over his desk and fuck me hard after everyone else had left. Not that he would've been interested or anything. He didn't mind me, but I was so nervous all the time...probably thought I was a weirdo, haha. So I'm back in highschool. One of those really tall black guys I was intimidated by in highschool catches me on my way out and asks to walk me home. I politely decline. Then I trip on something (given, this is a retarded sex fantasy) and manage to break my leg in a hideously twisted open fracture. I scream and cuss up a storm to avoid crying, and start trying to crawl back to the nurses. He's all, "Let me help you up" and, being senseless from pain, I shout "FUCK NO ASSHOLE I NEED TO GET THERE QUICK FUCKYOUFUCKYOUFUCKYOU". He rolls his eyes and scoops me up in his arms and carries me back to the nurse's office while I finally just break down and start crying. Later, I invite him over to play Left 4 Dead and I play Louis and he acts all nervous and stiff, probably because he's wondering if I only invited him out of gratitude. We turn on the TV and I snuggle in to him and he strokes my hair, and slowly I unzip his jeans and begin to lap at his dark black cock. Following my pornstar stereotypes, he moans and strokes my head while I blow him. I live alone with my mom and I fantasize exclusively about fucking her. I like to let her see me naked after my showers and watch her look at my cock in a very unmotherly way. Then I go to my room and cum harder than I do during sex. I think I am slowly wearing her down, we were sitting on the couch watching tv the other night and she kept very lightly touching my crotch with her foot under the blanket. She seems to be coming into the bathroom like clockwork now in the mornings when she hears the shower turn off too. The other day she came in with just her bra on and asked me to help her do it up while I was standing there naked. Only reason I wasn't hard as steel was because I was so nervous. Everything in the universe points to balance, null. The simplest solution would be for there to just be nothing here, and for me to not possess, or be inside of, or be, a mind. And yet somehow there's all this stuff, and I'm responding to some impulse. I don't even know why, it's just compulsion. And I'll keep doing it because I enjoy it. My life is a transgression. I am a racket. I came with the burning intensity of a thousand desert suns. Otherwise known as Canola oil (CANadian Oil, Low Acid) - a marketing tactic to make consumable hybrid rapeseed oil popular with people who might have had ignorant reservations based solely on its name, which comes from the Latin for 'turnip'. If that seems trite and intellectually insignificant, it's because it is. sha sha utnis utnis eghk eghk ukka ukka ohdi ohdi ohdi ohdi vwee vwee vwee vwee Tomorrow I'll-Connecting to server... You're now chatting with a random stranger. Say hi! Stranger: "Get down!" A man exclaims at you. You: I duck and cover, diving for the floor "Holy hell- what is it?! Stranger: The man ducks and rolls towards you. "We're being fired on," he tells you. A gunshot sounds. The man pushes you away as the shot hits the ground where you had once squated. Stranger: "We have to move!" You: I rise from the ground, rip off my shirt- revealing abs like a sack

full of golfballs and light my cigar- tendons and veins criss crossing my muscularity like contrails on a crimson sky, "Those goddamn alien lizards!" I yell, drawing my machete, "You coming?" Stranger: The man stares at you from the ground, shocked. Stranger: "Yes!" he exclaims. You: I take a drag from the cigar and exhale, blowing smoke through the tattered doorway, "Well c'mon then- those Nibiru-dwelling snake-looking motherfuckers have messed with the wrong ape-descendants." I remove my AK-47 from my back and toss it to the man, before darting through my freshly-blown smoke clouds onto the slave-plains of Akatosh, in what used to be Germany before the day of Ruination. Stranger: The man follows, trailing you nervously. He isn't entirely sure of what to make of what the situation turned into. He was supposed to be the hero, he had been going to save the man. The man narrowed his eyes and continued to follow you. You: An alien beast rises before the pair- its gnarled scaly contours outlined on the crimson sky. "TO A COLD, UNYELIDING OBLIVION WITH YOU," I yell- slashing at the creature's neck with my machete- blood splashing accross the arid ground as the lungbeast flails, trying to remove me from its chest cavity. "What are you waiting for- shoot the motherfucker!" I yell to the man, frantically- afraid that any one of the creature's talons could nick my precious flesh and spil my life unrelentingly onto this ruined Earth. Your conversational partner has disconnected. No, it's because you turn 3pi radians and walk away. The bus conductor looks at him and says "The banana's got nothing to do with it, I'm just a poor conductor." Ei jumalauta tuluka kahto kahen kilon mikä vittu. Better Nate than lever. Sort of pissed that I decided to choose German as my language for Highschool (I am a senior), it chose it because I had a major Germany fetish when I was a freshman (Rammstein, KMFDM, OMFG BROOTAL LANGUAGE kind of thing), not to mention that it took until I went to Germany to realize that everyone there spoke fluent English. Ehh, it started out stupid.. my dog stepped on my throat. You don't have to be a chef to criticise food. Just like the 'Camel'; It has been designed by Committee (as opposed to the 'Horse') HOYL FUCK I JUST REALIZED WHAT "SAP" MEANS. Rhetoric/storytelling creates reality, y/n? The eyecamera. I wanted to play it cool, but I couldn't shake the mindlock. And all that botany! You did pansies, which are almost the best flower (the best are Buttercups). "Post-categorical." Ba-dum-dum-pish. Sure is transcendental exposition of the concept of time in here. Can he walk at all or if he moves will he fall? Fuck yeah, star-bellied sneeches with stars upon thars. For 14 of 16 years of my life, I have been living with a condition called Pectus Excavatum, or in laymen's terms, Sunken Chest. Only in a closed system, Mr. Maxwell. You should have sorted out which bits of glass are OK for nasal insertion. They came over and asked for a sponge. I obliged. Could you stick your dick into my cappuccino, then? At least I know what it must be like to lick a guys ass! I am 24 years old and what is this? This type of "one size fits all" wording is sometimes referred to as the use of "Barnum Statements", after the famous (and fucking awesome) Phineas Taylor Barnum of Barnum & Bailey's Circus (amongst other things). A cigarette cherry, like a firefly, sparks in the distant, looming darkness and then vanishes, having seen what's been done here... Three words: urinary tract infection. Even now a question of great transcendental significance comes unbidden to our minds. We Pkunk, having risen to the ninty-ninth psychic plane, plus a tad, are far beyond trapping our spiritual needs with crude matter. This association between Flying Saucers, the Saucer Occupants in all their forms, and the world(s) of the dead is probably the most significantly important aspect of paranormal/extra-dimensional phenomena. utter udder err \*shrugs\*, The latter you tug the former you shrug. Turn your head sideways and squeeze the salt water into your nose while breathing through your mouth. Let the saltwater get into your sinuses and gently shake your head around if you want, even hold the water in for a minute or two. Blow all the water out of your nose and if you did it right you wont be able to get rid of all the water for about 5 minutes. OH GOD HOW DID I GET HERE I AM NOT GOOD WITH HUMANS Oh dear, I must have spent more time awake last night than I had previously thought. In my country we never get told what to do by lights, they tell the tragic to stop but neve tell humans "don't walk"; Americans are fags controled by light. You miss-spelled Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia. Imagine some 7ft tall, ripped guy looming

over you wearing mechanized Armour with a giant machine gun and a giant sword by his side and breathing like Darth Vader through his awesome helmet then saying, "We are the Progerians, put down your arms". Japanese girls' vaginas look strange.. All blurry and pixelated. They're born that way. Must hurt to fuck those sharp edges. You have to wear an anti-aliasing condom. THESE BITCHES ARE SO FUCKING ALOOF TO MY ADVANCES! 10,000 microfornights... 3.36 hours? How slowly do you type? So much red and itchy skin I had to wear bandages on my arms not to scratch away all my skin. They are bound into a pseudo-physical ectoplasmic body that constantly deconfigures and reconfigures causing perpetual agony. Pornface is the cousin to guitar face. You know when the guitarist makes that fucking face like "OH MY GOD, BY WHAT DARK MAGIC AM I CONJURING THESE WICKED SCALES?!" I was watching that on the television box for a little bit, but it wasn't like the 90's one so I was unengaged. I was absolutely dead set against having them EVER, until a few years ago, when the instinct started to crawl out of my double-helices on occasion and whisper to me in vulnerable moments. Two twins named Orangejello and Lemonjello (pronounced or-ang-eh-low and leh-mong-eh-low). ESPN is the start of Dwayne Elizondo Mountain Dew Herbert Camacho's family. I have a friend with a cousin named Abc in Atlanta (pronounced Ah-bay-say). How about Shamwownda for a girl? I actually have two great aunts named Twinkle and Sparkle. English was her mom's second language and she Pajama while in the hospital and thought it was a pretty name. Misunderstanding word origin is now a meme. The paint under my palm has gradually worn away, leaving uneven jagged layers of different colored textures of plastic. A core to produce order and justice in the universe (i.e. strong centralized government), fear image of Earth being on the brink of destruction followed by the demand to unite or fall, etc. All coffee sold in America for the past few years (since the late 90s at least) has to contain a certain amount of sugar, there was some lawsuit around that time where someone became ill because their coffee was too "bitter", so they created this law. Eh your right he'll probably just be gooey bloody jelly in the cogs of war. Apple: as a tiny, I said "Atto" and my sister at the same age said "aaabee." An early word I used was "flerteber" which was "beautiful". A sentence my niece used against her brother was "m'meee, LA LA, ah ah ah ah ah" which was "mummy, Lawrence, 'ah ah ah ah ah' [the noise accompanied by the finger-wagging-don't-do-that gesture]". Lawrence was doing something naughty, see, and niece was grassing him up to the feds. "Betty Duckwell" was "bite and chew well", an instruction often given with solid food when she first was being introduced to it. Anyway, I still cannot give you a dog license for your cat-- the law won't let me. Robe and wizard hat, jam it in, etc. I had impetigo when I was in early grade school, for like a year. Starship Poopers, OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! One day we ran out of regular bandaids, and I found some Winnie the Pooh bandaids in the back of the cabinet. I fucking wallpapered myself with them. When I got to school, this kid was like "you've got some pooh on your leg." A transient was dancing on the railroad tracks off Highway 43. A woman gave \$5 to a man who asked for it, then called police to say he looked odd. A doorbell-ringing solicitor crossed Eighth Street, then looked into a mailbox there. A woman woke to find a light on in her home on Amberwood Circle. A barber pole was stolen from a barber shop on Second Street. No one was hurt when a car drove into a house on Southwood Drive. A man sought information on how to stop check washing. A group of Jehovah's Witnesses kept coming to a man's door despite his numerous requests for them to stop. A suspicious activity turned out to be a person forgetting his/her keycard/wallet for access to a building. A sex ad placed on Craig'slist aroused the ire of the woman who kept getting phone calls and text messages as a result. A man thought he heard two people on his roof. Suspicious males have been sitting in a car for two days. A man has been showing a lack of neighborly spirit by exposing himself and playing his radio too loud. A woman received two phone calls that greatly upset her. Police warned a man who had been harassing a woman's daughter over the Internet. A man has been throwing dog feces into his neighbor's yard, the neighbor dislikes this. Yogurt or sour cream was thrown at someone's door. An 18-year-old emotionally unstable son, being encouraged to move out of his home by his parents, took

some knives and locked himself in his room. A bat was found injured in a yard on Wildwood Street. Traffic was stopped on Stafford Road and had not moved for five minutes. The solution: Disconnect the computer. A woman reported that her husband was late to come home. A large deer was seen running in traffic. A passer-by saw two people walk along the train tracks on State Street, then go arm and arm into a grassy area under a trestle. Five mailboxes were found slaughtered at dawn on Fir Ridge Road. At a home on Third Street, a woman said her Christmas cards had disappeared. A woman identified only as Ruth called police to say she was "stuck in a hole," according to a police report. She was stuck between a couch and chair. The suspicious person seen sifting through the recycling bins on Palisades Terrace turned out to be a raccoon. A man was making scary faces at a seven-year-old child on Lords Lane. A local person received a phone call telling them not to be afraid about interest rates. A 15-year-old boy was repeatedly walking around the block in athletic clothing on Inverurie Avenue. One of two children playing chicken with cars on Country Club Road turned out to be a 25-year-old man. A wandering dog on Bryant Road was not on the loose, just elderly. A 12-year-old boy tried to run away from home following a dispute over cookies. Teens suspected of breaking windows behind the Speedy Linguine were really just smashing a television set. A child called police to say his or her mother wouldn't let them leave the house. A peacock on Bonaire Avenue apparently had its legs tied together. A man left his keys on the top of his car on Tenth Street, then couldn't find them. A man called police to say he'd been buying drugs from bad people. An eight-year-old boy called police after arguing with his sister about shutting off the television. A goat was on the loose in the Milwaukie area. Five very large spiders caused a panic in a home on Fifth Street. At the Farmers' Market, police aided in the search for a missing red wagon. A purported homeless camp, discovered on Iron Mountain, turned out to be an elaborate fort built by kids. A flock of starlings – yes, birds – invaded the bedroom of a home on Brookhurst Drive. Police shooed approximately 50 winged raiders from the abode. An open garage door was discovered. A man lost his eyeglasses at a bank. A man's wife has been awake for days and is now yelling at him. A missing five-year-old child was located under the kitchen table in a blanket on Canal Road. An upset child who begged his mother to come home had apparently lost "the good spot" on the couch to his older brother. A girlfriend keeps doing crazy things, according to her boyfriend. Two ducklings that had fallen into a storm drain on Boones Ferry were rescued, thus easing the mind of their mother who had been walking around the drain and occasionally going into traffic. Feelin' groovy, a juvenile was sitting in a person's flower box at the end of a driveway. A coyote returned to the golf course, near Ridgecrest Drive, perhaps to work on his short game. This was an ongoing problem with the alleged brat, a girl, who the complainant said was tormenting him and doing it solely for attention. A woman driving a dark Subaru on Meadowgrass Street got out of her car and defecated on the side of the road. Two teenage boys were reportedly talking about penises with small children. A medieval sword was taken from a Jeep. A woman has been followed while out walking for the past five years and is getting worried. An attempt to steal beer was foiled. A possible juvenile delinquent threw a ball of mushy paper at a person's car. Parents reported their son was flipping out. A man was asked to leave a pub after failing to make himself understood. A renegade raccoon was causing damage to a man's property. Chelsie, a white, 15-year-old white lab, ran away – presumably slowly – from her home. Two white goats with red collars and bells were running down the railroad tracks from the Rosewood area toward Jean Road. The goats on the railroad tracks were spotted headed toward Tualatin. The railroad-trotting goats were taken into custody on McEwan Road. A driver who flashed her lights, then passed another motorist on the right was surprised when he followed her to work, then got out and yelled. People were pretending to fornicate in a driveway on Lords Lane. A man was accused of barking at dogs outside a veterinarian's office on Third Street. An elderly Asian man was urinating in a yard on Tamaway Drive but no one could ask him to stop because he did not speak English. A Radio Cab went speeding through the area, then stopped in the middle of the road on Lords Lane. A crumpled flyer was found inside a



BAM BAM BAM SHE BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM SHE BAM BAM BAM BAM SHE  
BAM BAM BAM BAM BMP BMP CLK TIKATIKA BMP CLK TIKA Robotnik's To Do List:1) CHA-  
CHA AGNUS-AGNUS NAH-NAH HAHA-HAHA2) Invent those blueprints3) START4) Invent the  
PINGAS5) BLARGH6) Invent mah sewer all filled with crud and sludge7) Invent Shlemmar in  
the cooler8) Touch my PINGAS9) Hate that hedgehog10) Cut the Monitors11) Make a good  
PINGAS joke12) Invent Sonic's two-tailed friend13) PINGAS Did you know that the crying  
indian guy was actually second generation Italian-American? Your right but THEacher might  
know to AND SAY CLEAR YOUR DEST EXCEPT FOR A NUMBER 2 PENCIL AND YOUR TEST  
PAPER "OH NO" BUSTED THEY WHAT WILL THEY D