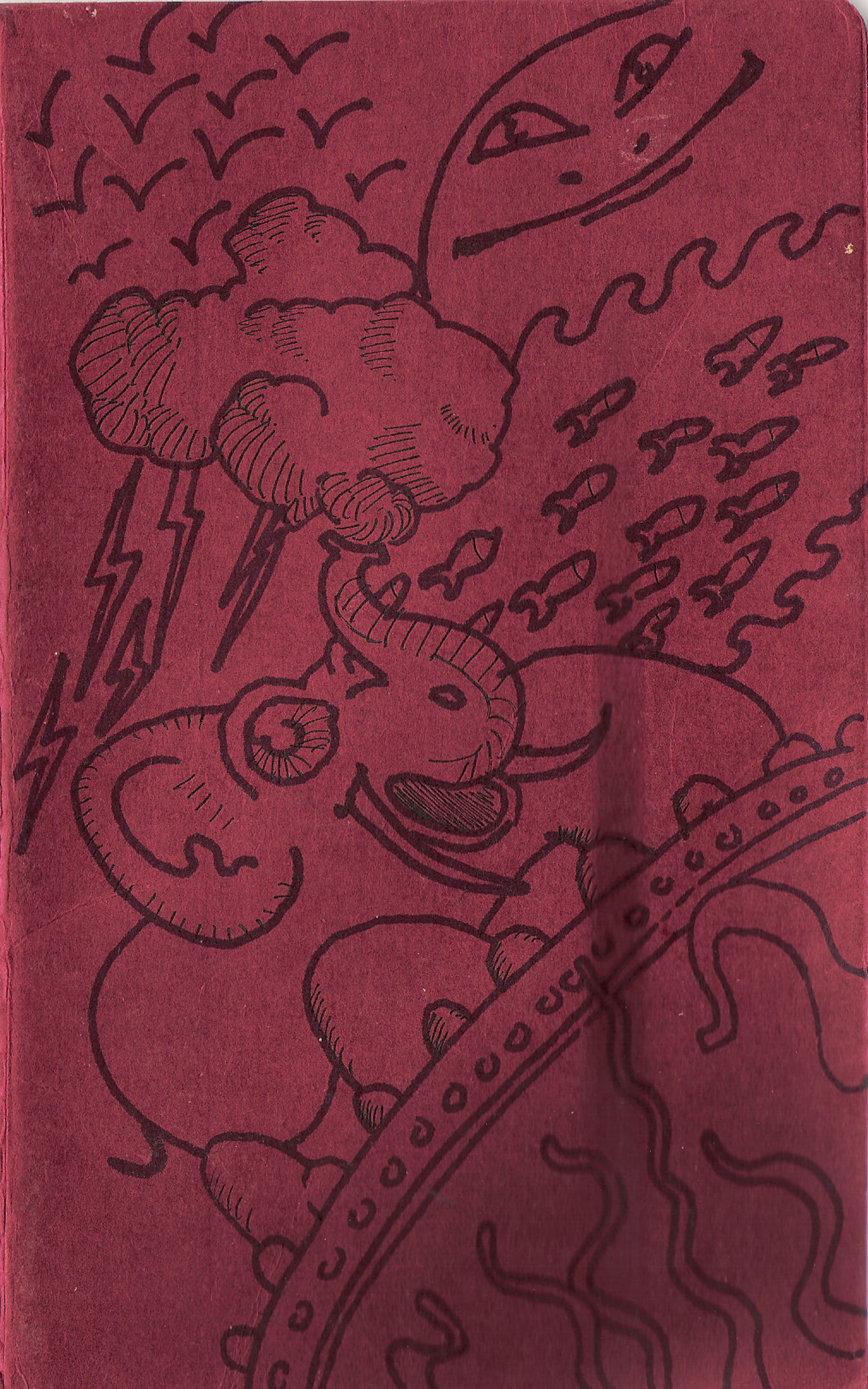
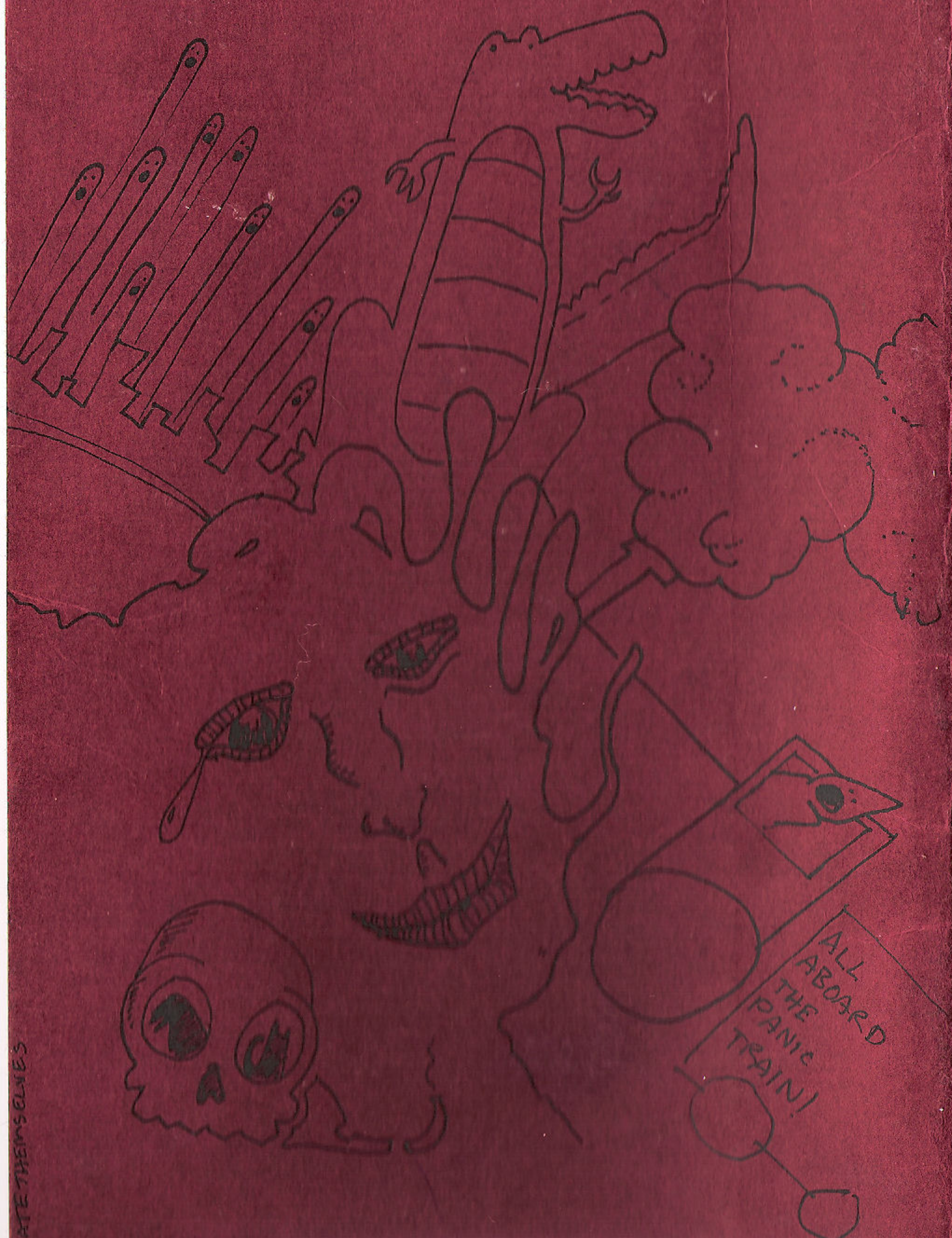



PUNS RUMINATE THEMSELVES



Samuel Sanders
 Olathe, KS
 United States

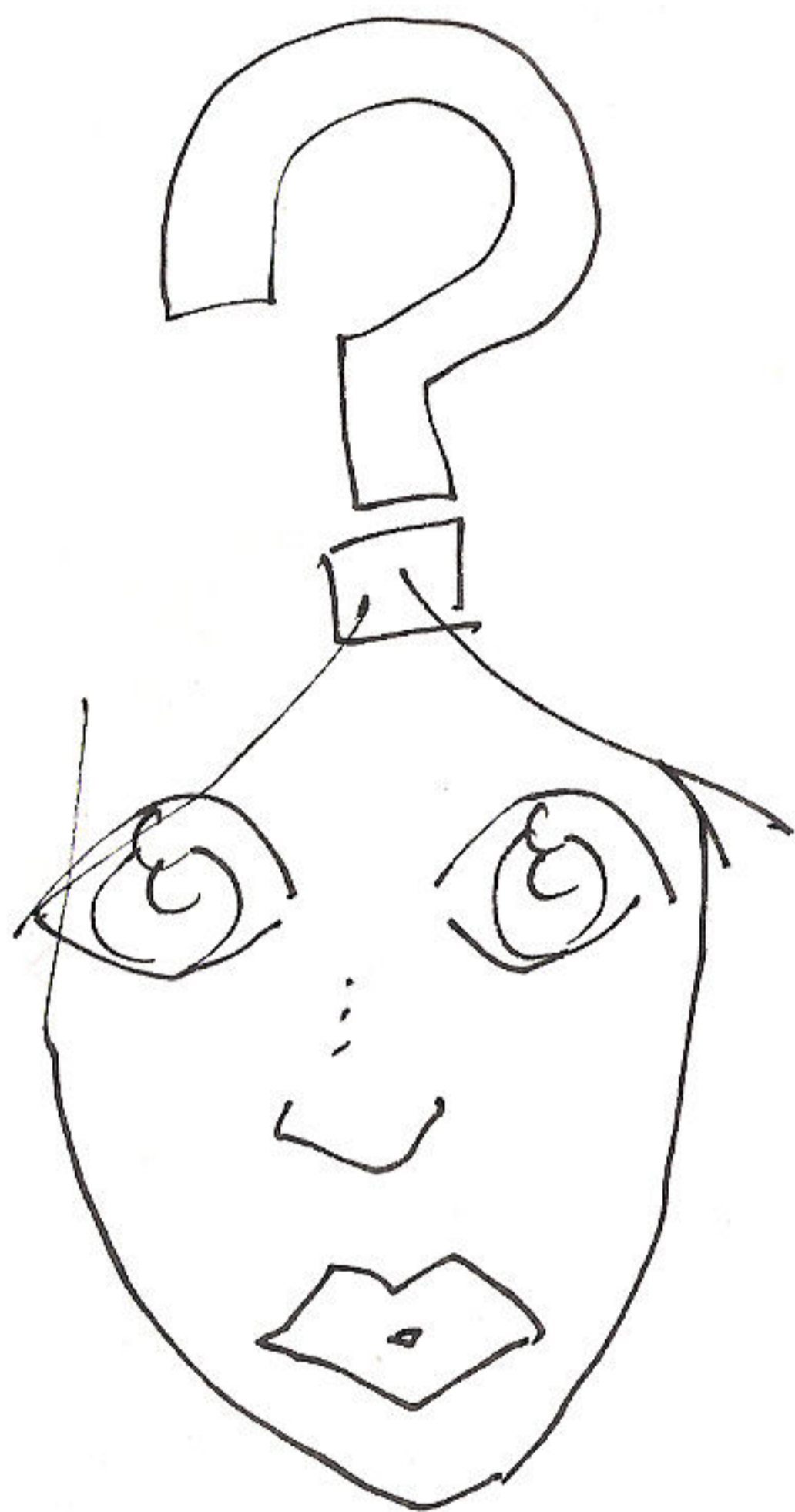
The view from up here



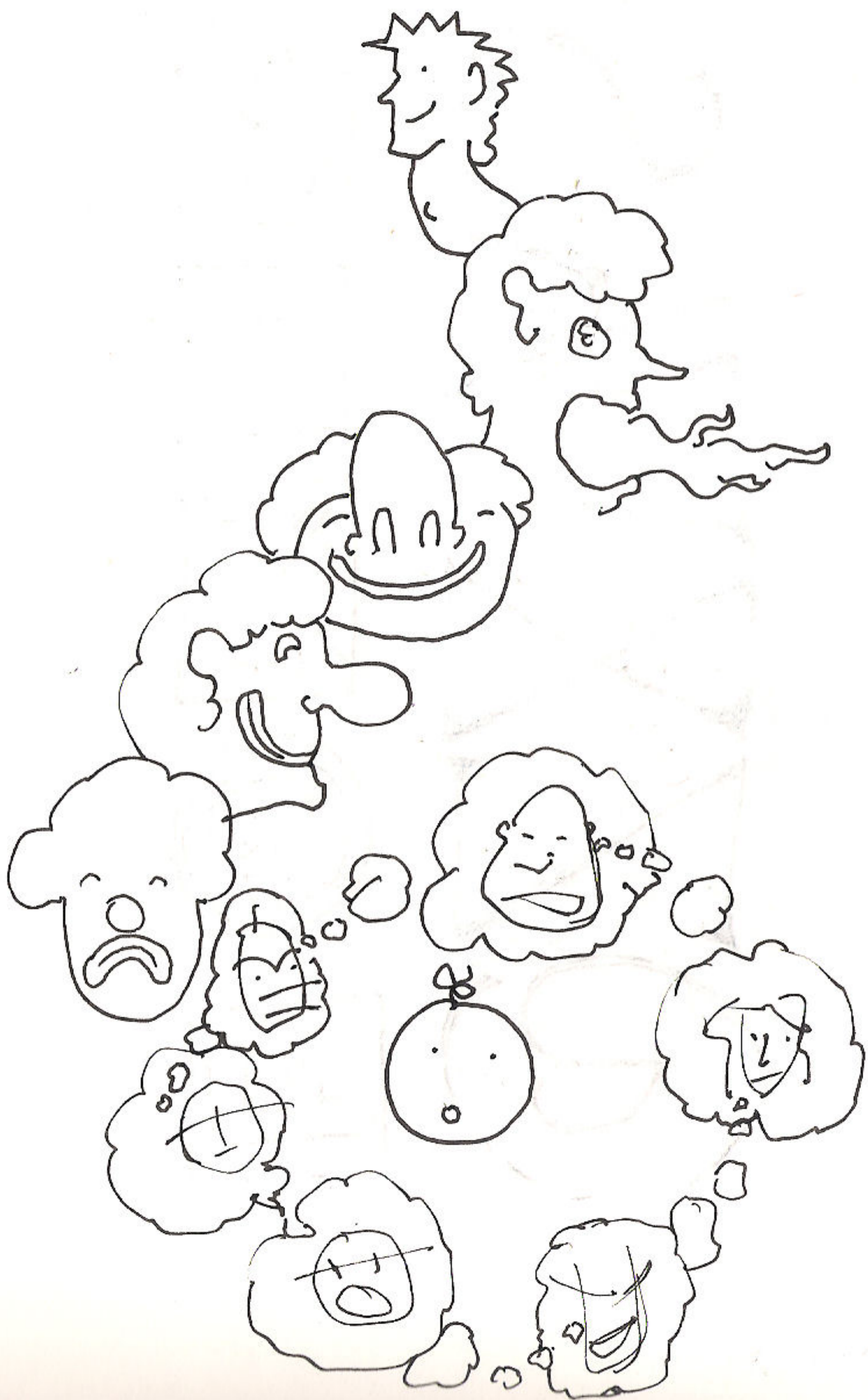
<http://arthouseccoo.com/users/abigerusa/> [SB-2011] R

I never know how to begin something
so...

this page will be left blank

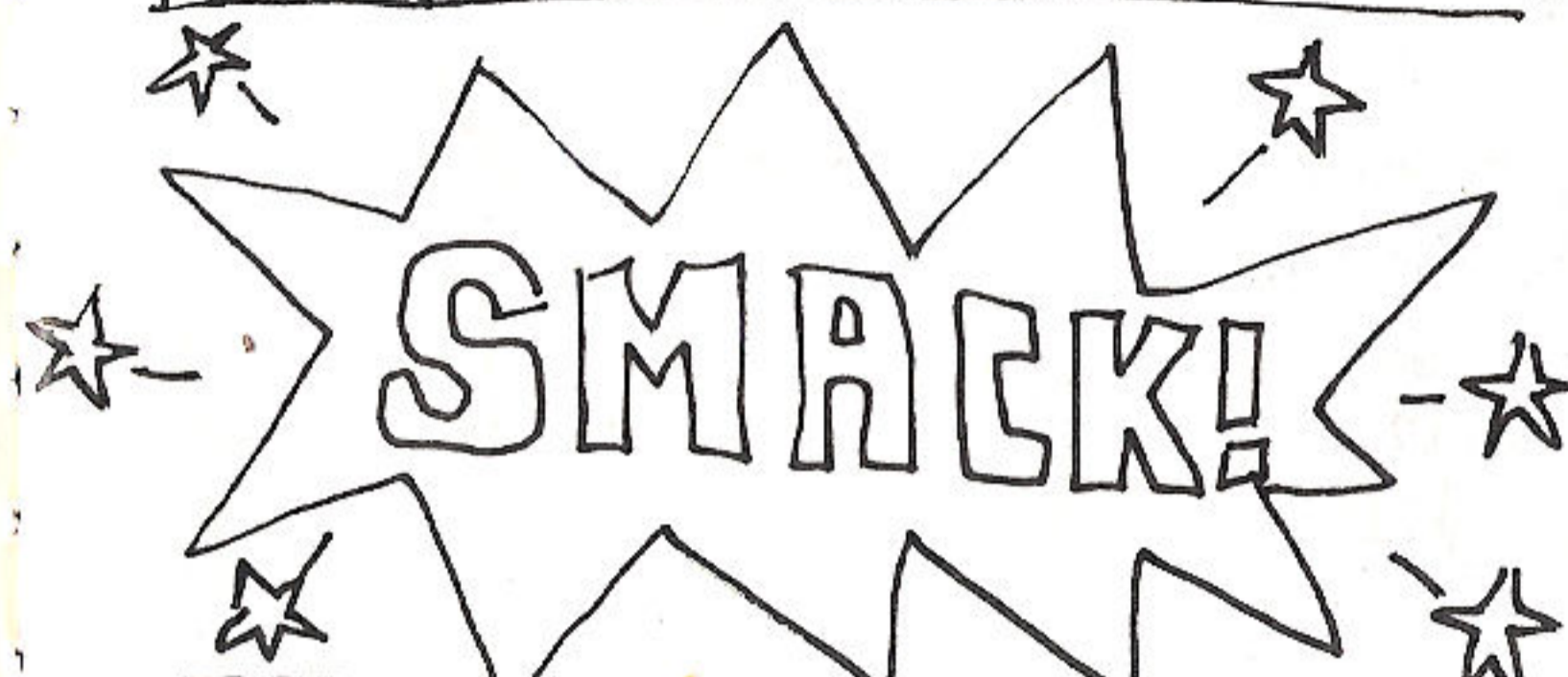


- From above an ink black teardrop trembles pendulously, surrounded by oopas of the same shade and varying sizes. It shivers once and detaches, collapsing into a small black dot. The oopas cheer, throwing exclamation marks twobbing into space like hats. A question mark flickers above the dot until it realizes it resembles the oopas! The oopas welcome it into their fold and make much merriment, revolving in the circular dance of sub-atomic particles.
- The quintuple calumphs, extending from the upper surface of the eggshape membrane enclosing the oopas, are excited by the oopas romp. The calumphs convulse, whipping from side to side until they are tumescently taut and the quintuple meatuses irradiates the space within with a pointillistic exudation.
- The oopas dart to and fro, absorbing the calumphs' ejecta into themselves. The gorging oopas of various sizes increase their personal dimensions with each morsel they consume. As the frenzy of consumption gradually decreases, interrobangs erupt from the oopas. The largest oopa is sinking! It is frantic, and all the other oopas are frantic also, beseeching it to come back.
- It sinks to the inky sludge that puddles at the bottom of the eggshape membrane enclosing the oopas and is consumed. The oopas mourn in soft, dizzy circles until exclamation marks whip into existence. From above an ink black teardrop trembles pendulously!
- Zoom away from the eggshape membrane enclosing the oopas and note that either end is connected to another eggshape membrane enclosing quintuple calumphs, oopas of varying sizes, and an inky pool. Each eggshape membrane enclosing oopas are in turn connected to other eggshape membranes enclosing oopas.
- Pan away far enough and observe that the chain of eggshape membranes enclosing oopas is, in fact, not a linear chain but is a curve along an oval path of eggshapes enclosing oopas, to become the eggshape membrane enclosing quintuple calumphs, oopas, and an inky black pool. This eggshape membrane enclosing oopas is then connected to other eggshape membranes enclosing oopas.



There is no spoon

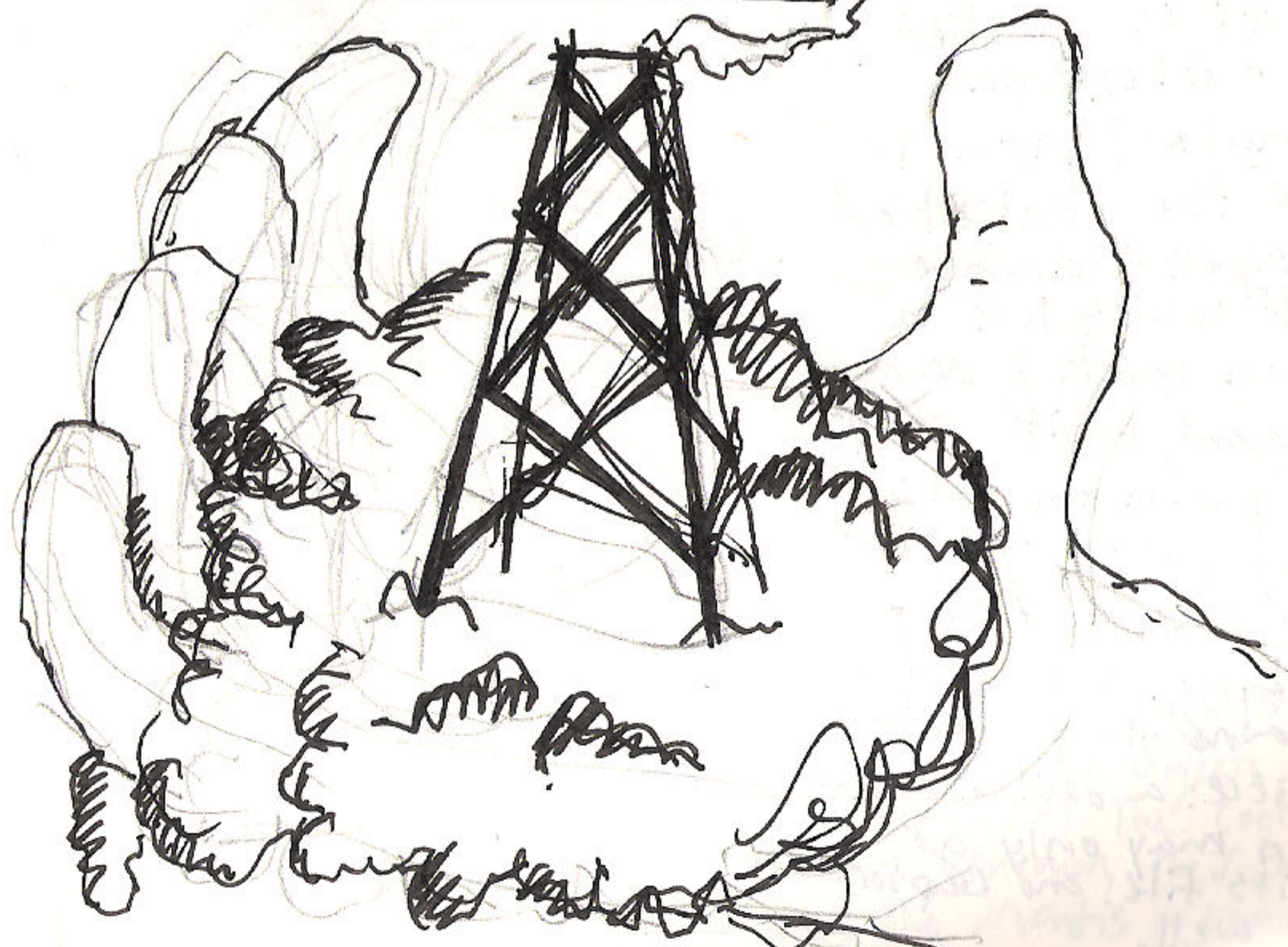
Yes! That's the way to think



There is no spoon in my ice cream.

GO GET ME MY SPOON!

THE ESSENCE OF DEATH, APPROPRIATELY BLACK COMING FROM THE GRAVE A LIQUID SLUDGE, THE DISTILLED AND FERMENTED STUFF OF A MILLION LIVES A MILLION CENTURIES GONE. IT WOULD SEEM TO BE PURE, EVEN SACRED, THAT MUCH DEATH BOTTLED UP IN THE EARTH, BUT IT IS JUST ANOTHER RESOURCE ALLOTTED TO A PHILOSOPHY OF NUMBERS AND ITS MOVEMENTS. IT WILL BE THE DEATH OF US



DOUBLE AGENT

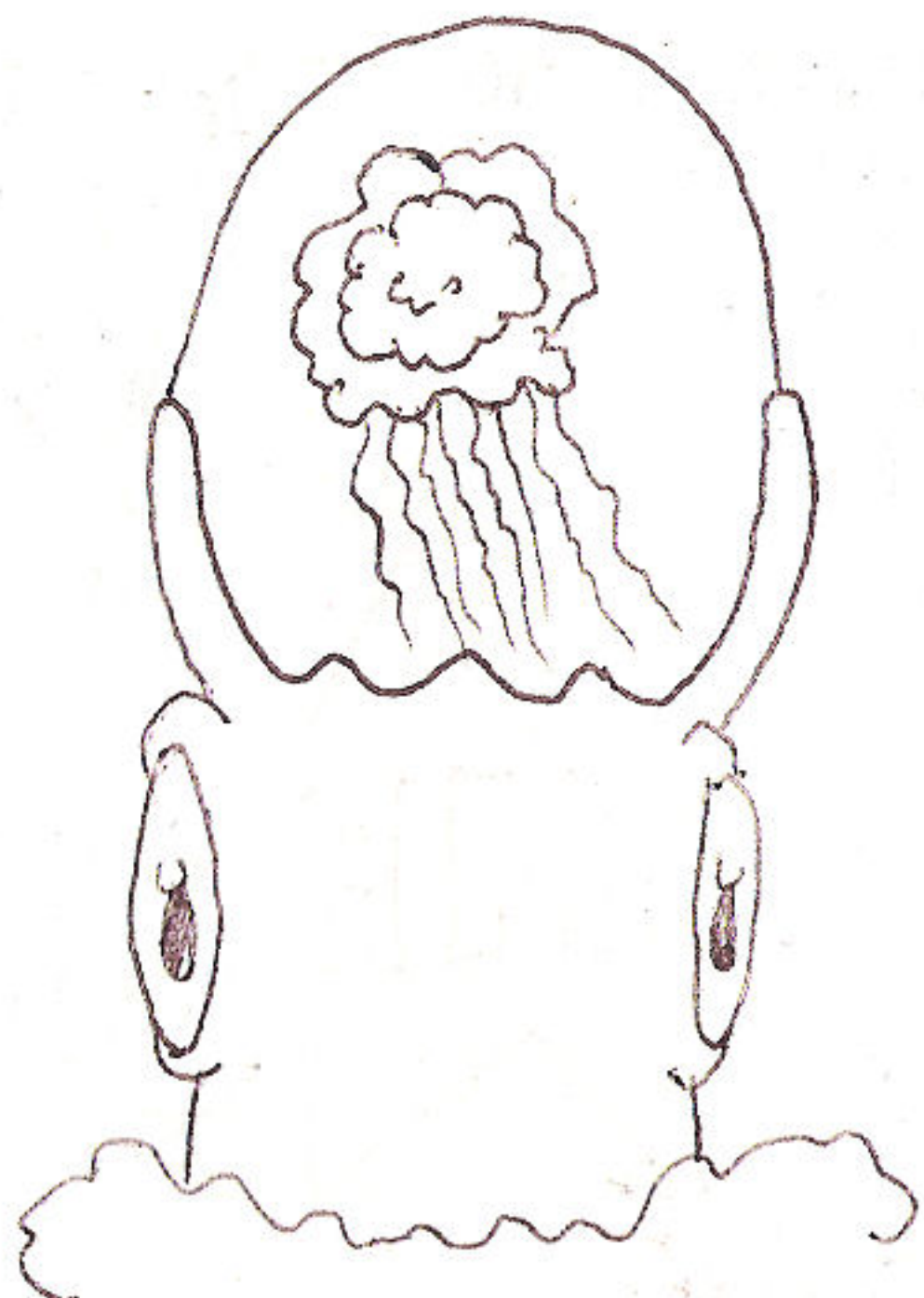
A CHESS VARIANT

Pieces: Standard chess pieces. Anything used as a marker such as checker pieces, coins, or even pistachio shell helmets. Purists may like to requisition a second game and paint these pieces a color different from black or white.

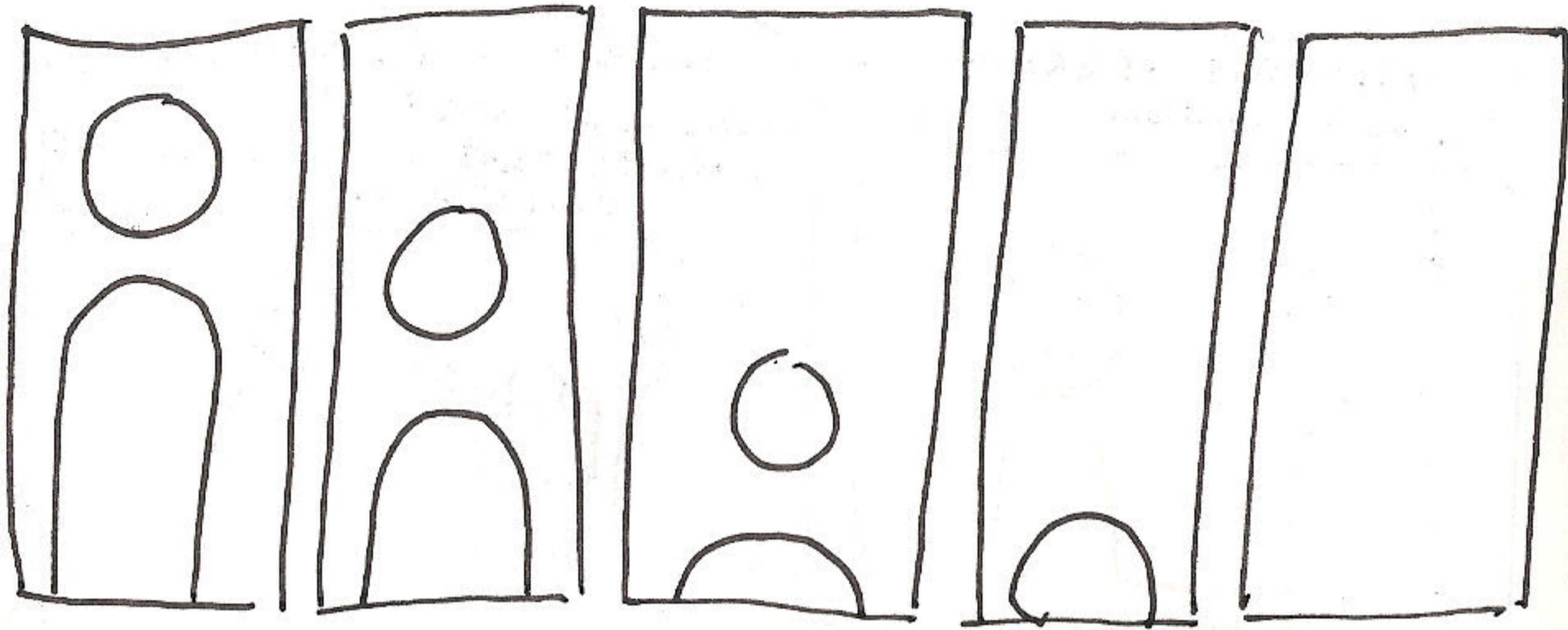
Set-up: Set up is the same as the standard chess game set-up.

Game play: the same as the standard chess game rules except when capturing. The capturing piece is given two options. One is to capture normally, and two is to remove itself while the piece to be captured is marked with a marker.

This marked piece is now under the control of either player. A double agent! If white has a black pawn marked as a double agent, white may play this pawn on his turn. Any piece may be a double agent, except for the king. The double agent retains the properties of the piece: a double agent black pawn may only go forward on its file and capture forward as well.



The Cockroach is set to battle the Marauding Mantis (Rumor has it the Mantis is a cannibalistic female who digests the heads of her lovers). 3... 2... 1!! Oh! It's a rout! The cockroach never stood a chance! The rumors are true! Oh man, their babies are gonna be UGLY! What's that? The Mantis is coming over? What?



A SLIPPING DOWN LIFE

Wakomancy

In which one uses the James Joyce Magnum Opus as a divination tool.

Prophecy requires a certain amount of imagination and, most importantly, conceit.

You shape the interpretation of the outcome through your own understanding of you and your circumstances.

As in a tarot reading or a rune casting, fix the question in neon in your mind's eye. Hold it well as you riffle through the pages. Choose one. Let the book fall open at your fingertips. Choose a passage at random, or

for a wider scope, read the entire page. Let your mind free, allow it to free associate the obscure puns and syllogisms that is rampant within and distill from that right brained-left brain synthesis of interpretation an answer, preferably in a thought bubble. WAKOMANCY!

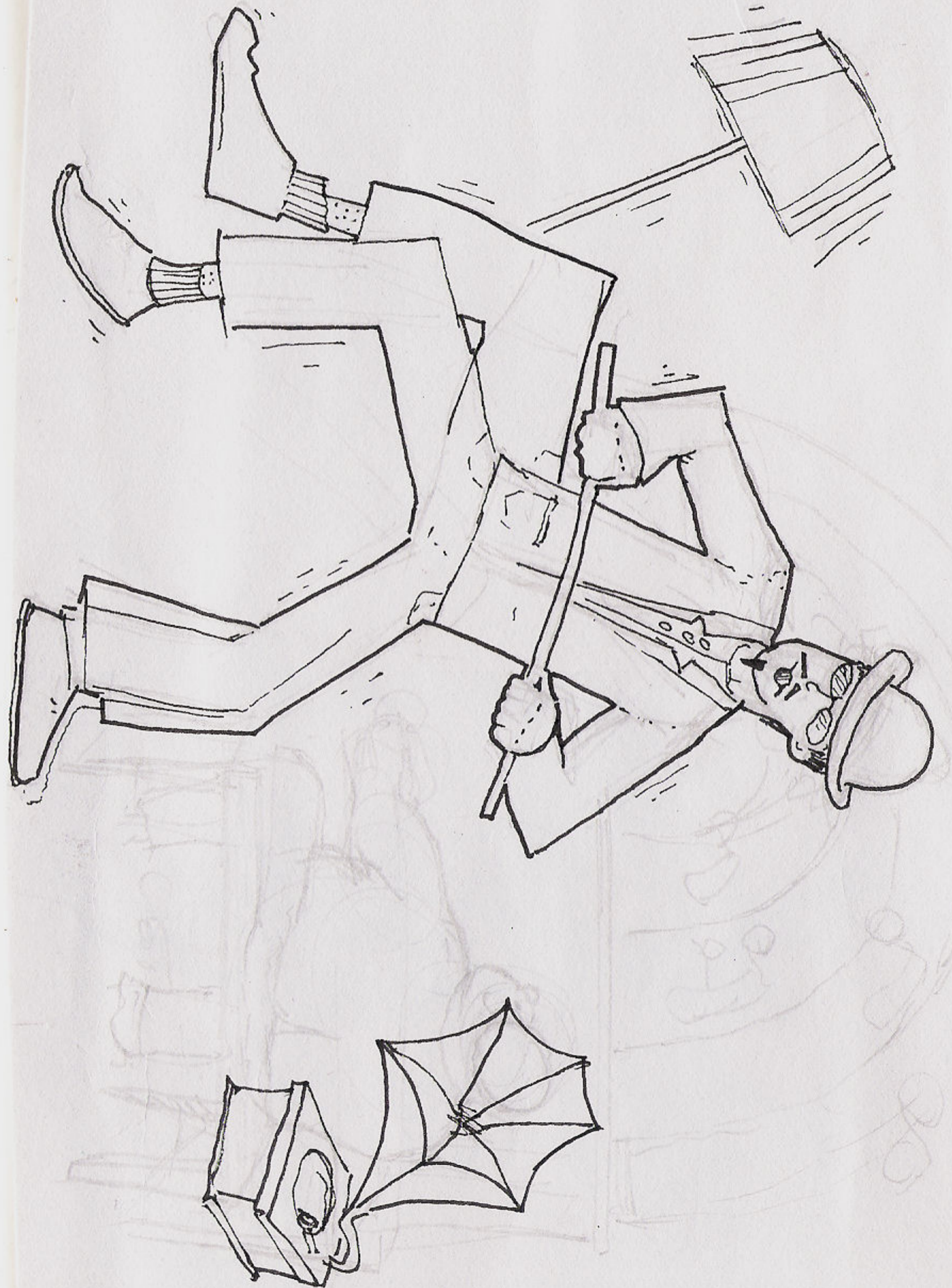


STEAL THIS PAGE



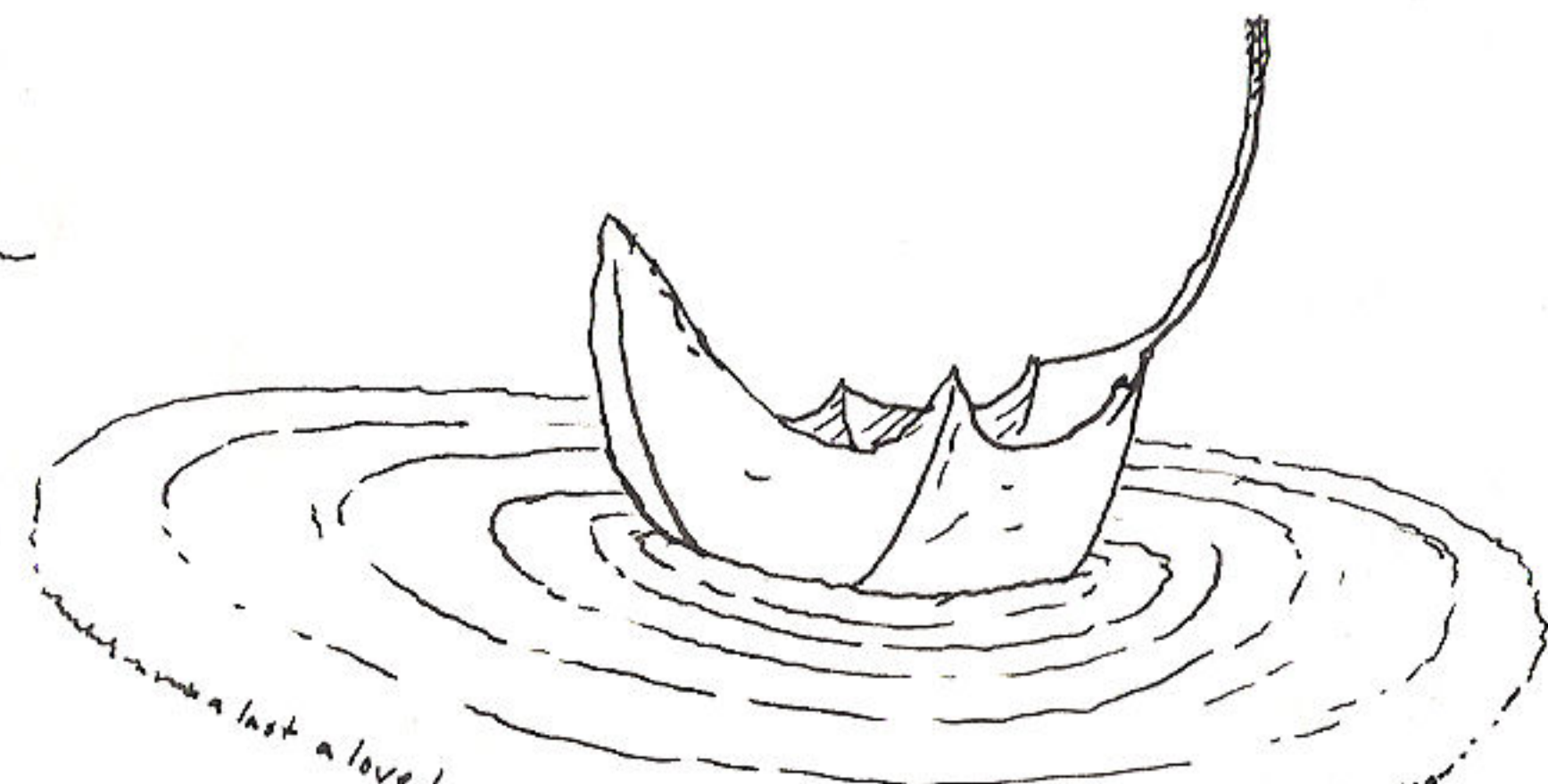
YEAH, REALLY! I DARE YOU

email me a picture
2xvasdf@gmail.com

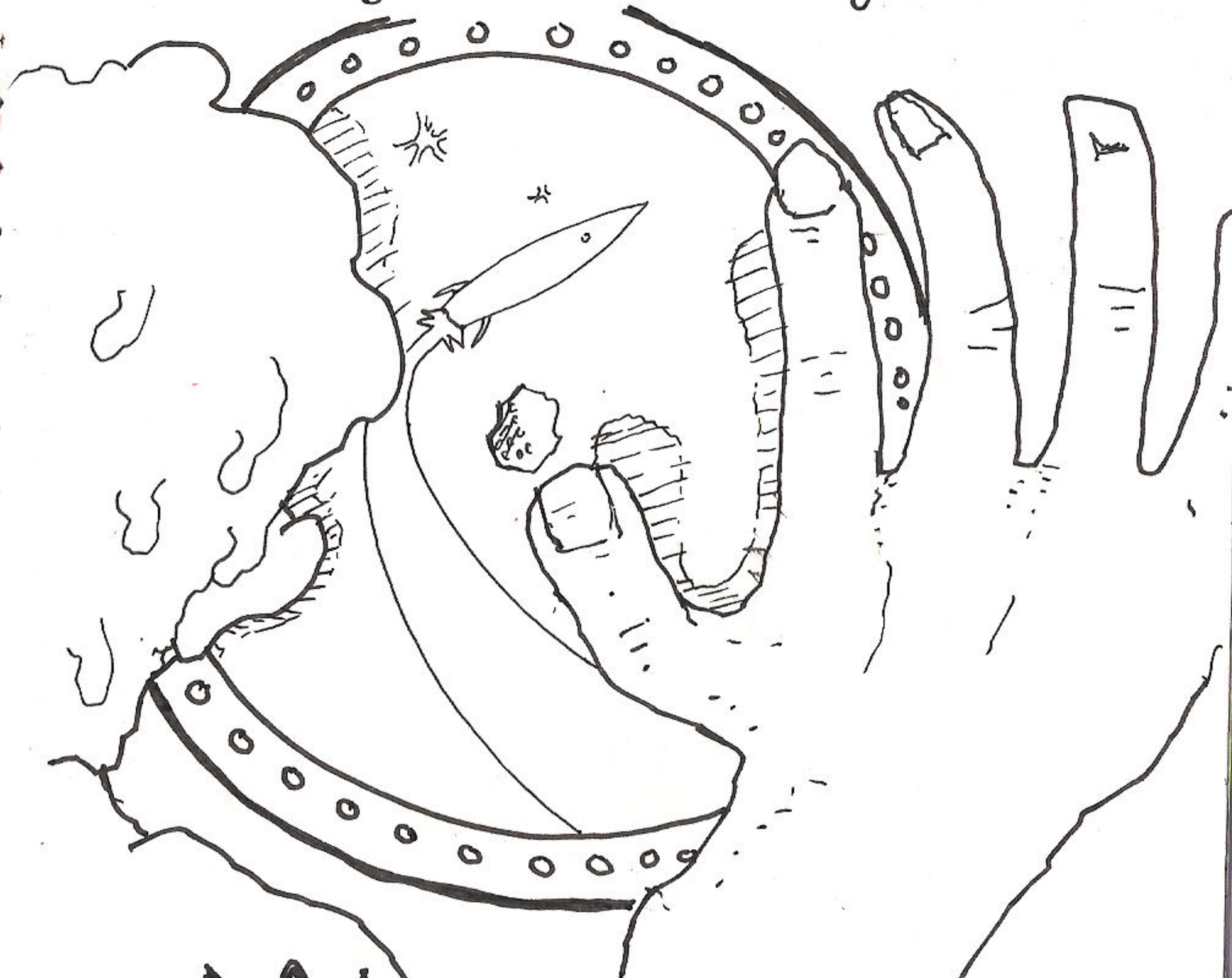




SNOW CRASH
BY NEAL STEPHENSON

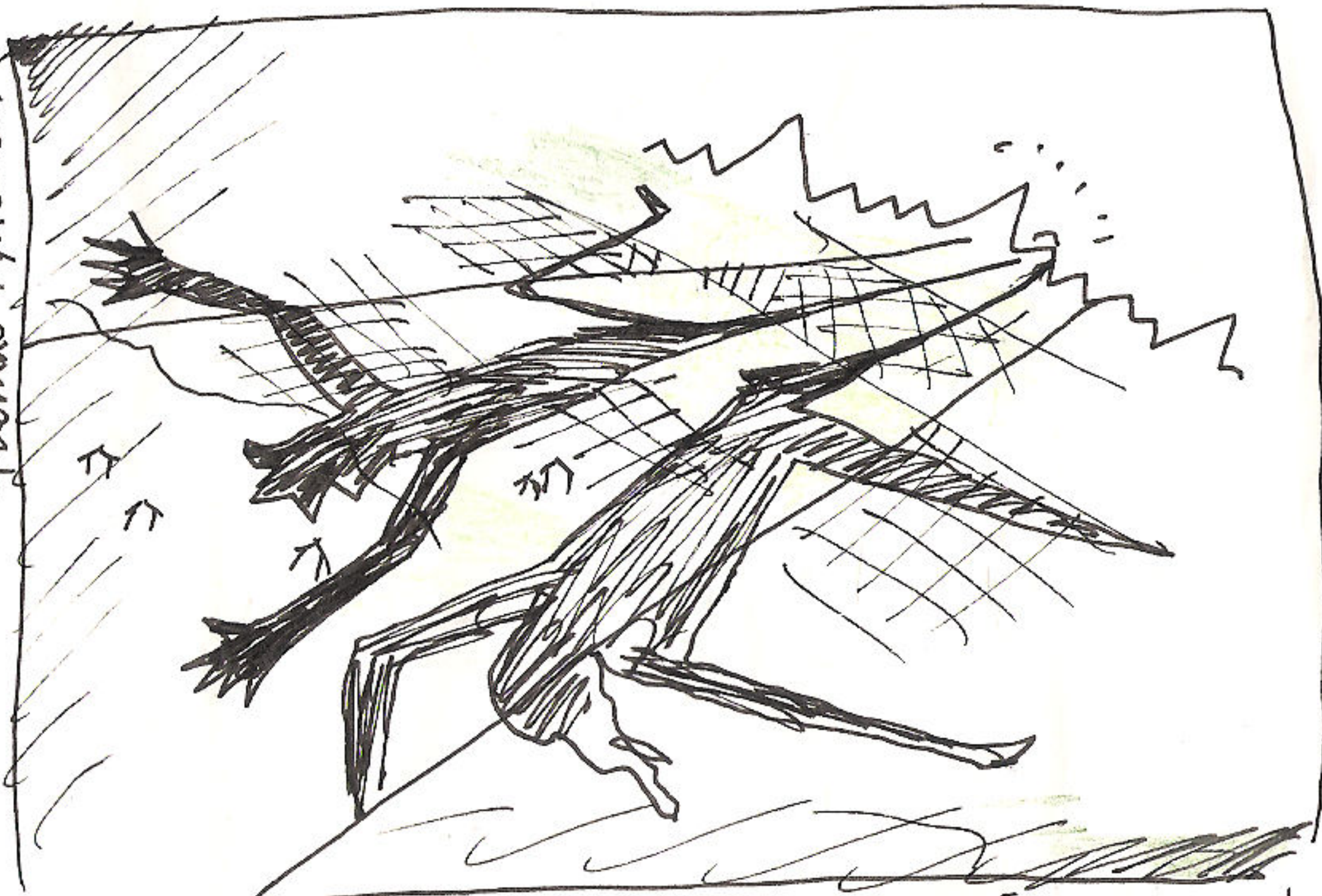


Finnegans Wake by James Joyce



VORGA!

THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester



God-shadows. Slothrop raises an arm. His fingers are cities his bicep is a province - of course he raised an arm. Isn't it expected of him?

Brocken gespenst in nomen
Gravity's Rainbow p. 330 by
Thomas Pynchon

WIZARD

THE CARD GAME RULES?
GOOGLE IT.

THE WIESNER HOUSE RULE

The deck must be dealt to exhaustion to all the players until the most cards each player is able to reach without becoming unwell. The remainder is removed, with the exception of one card which is turned up to define the trump.

Dude do you think they got this?
O = shrug
A



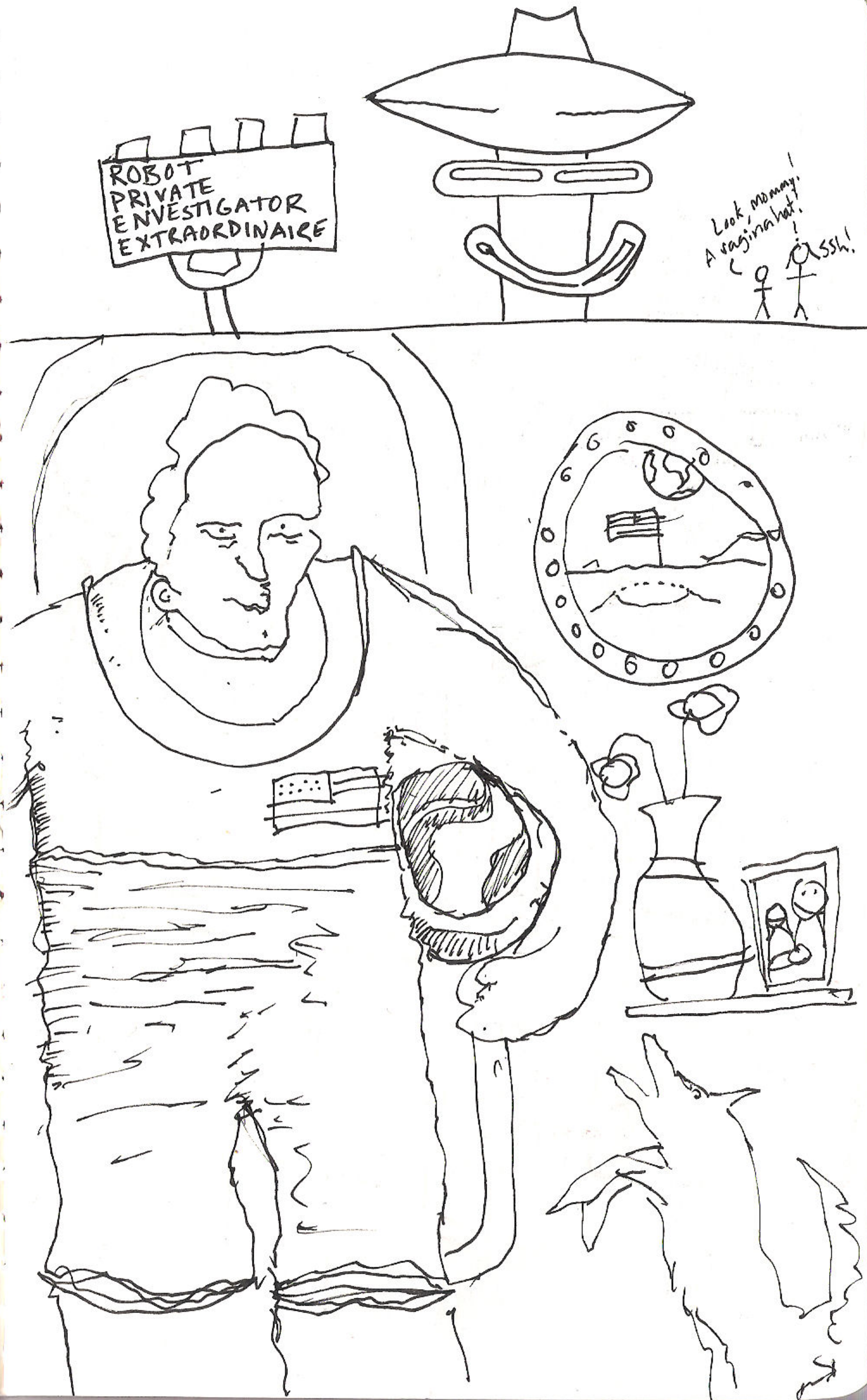
How to read the Tarot

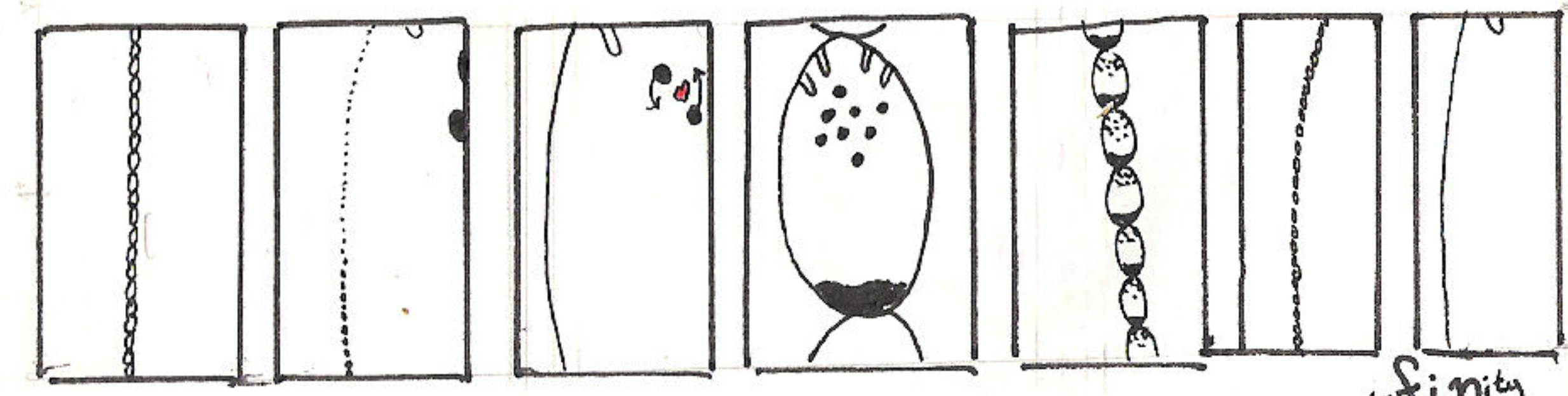
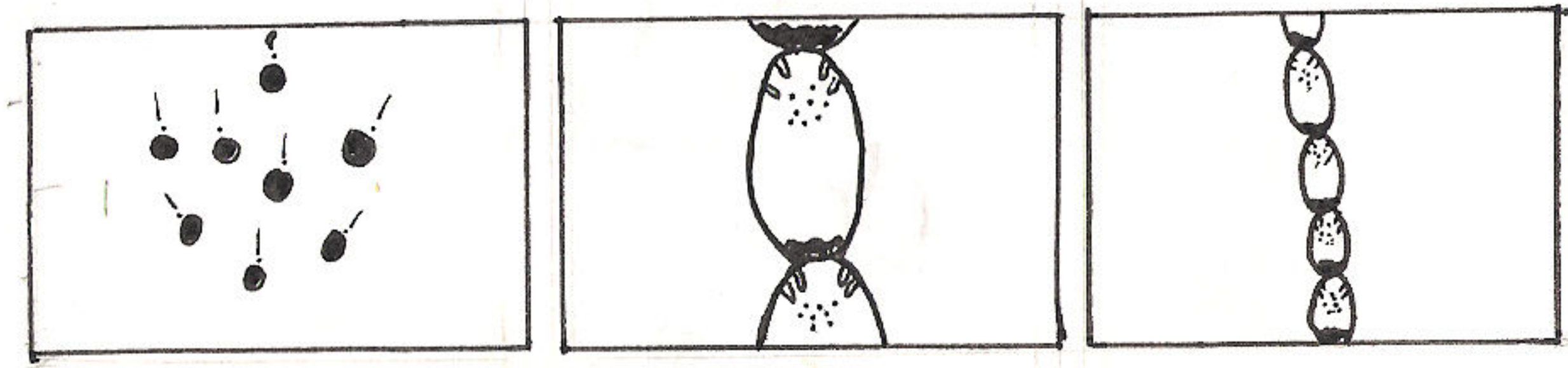
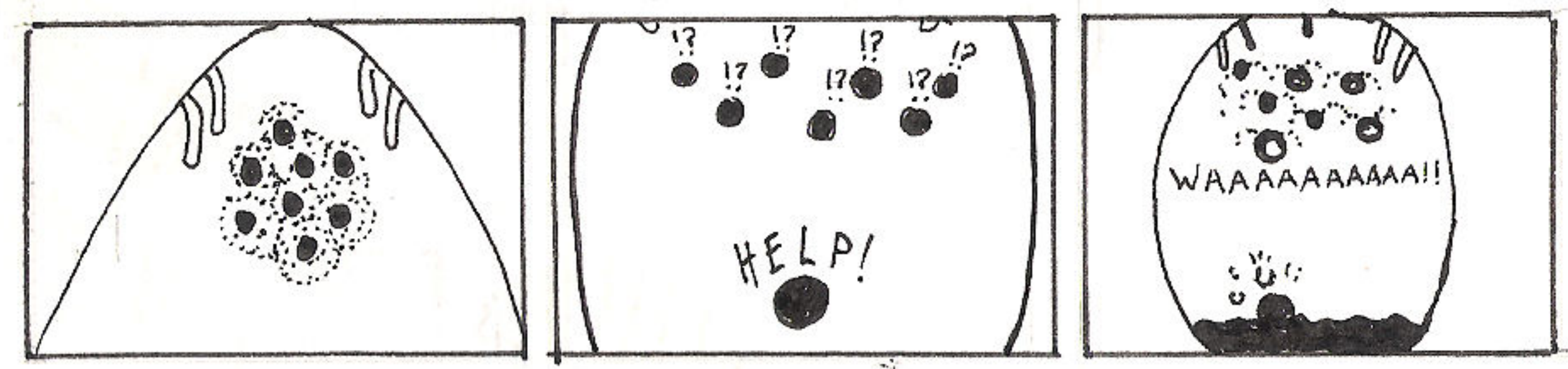
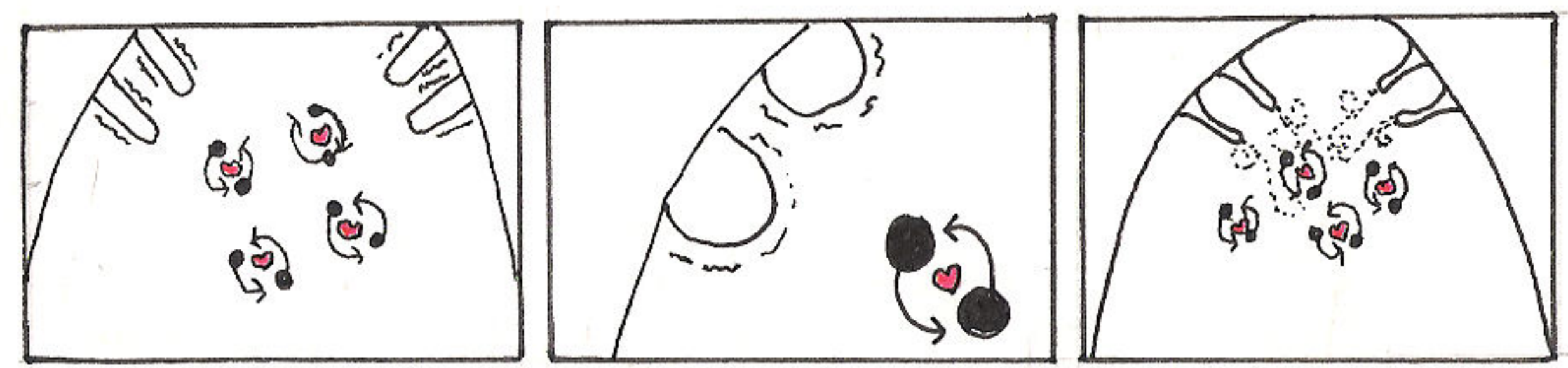
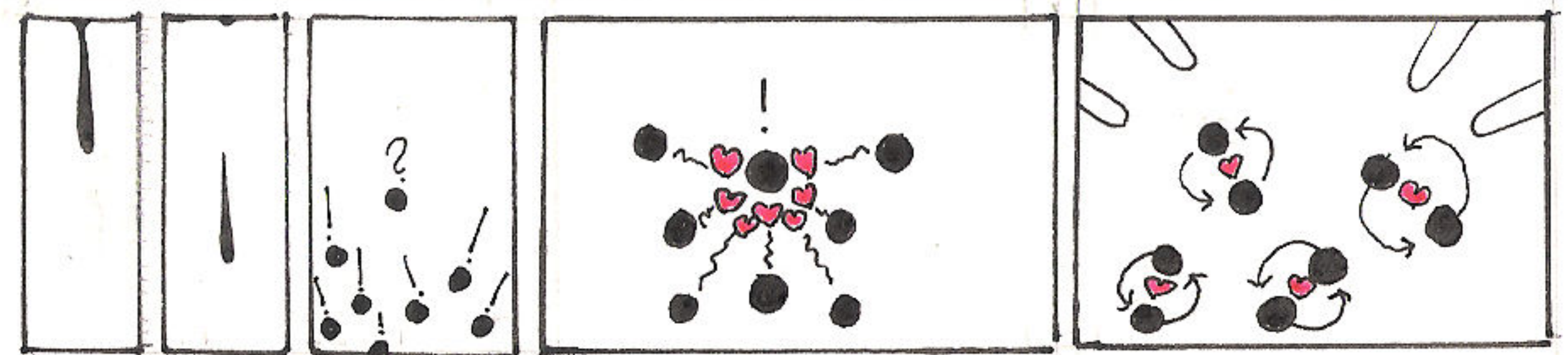
Traditional methods are a-ok, but contrary to popular opinion, the Tarot doesn't just divine your future; it is a map of your mind, your perceptions. It is for this ~~reason~~ that I believe a reading should be done by oneself to reveal intentions by virtue of imagination. So...

The decks are archetypal. Leave them alone, unless you experience daring and complexity the matter with your own stringently defined meanings. Choose a deck that resonates with you, for it will help unfold your thought.

The layout? Up to you! If you're good at building a house of cards, set it up so that the first card corresponds to your current state of mind, the second card to your past, the third your present, the fourth your future, fifth the intentions blablah blah. Look at traditional layouts for inspiration. When the house of cards falls down, gather them up without turning any of them over. Apply the face up cards to your rule set.

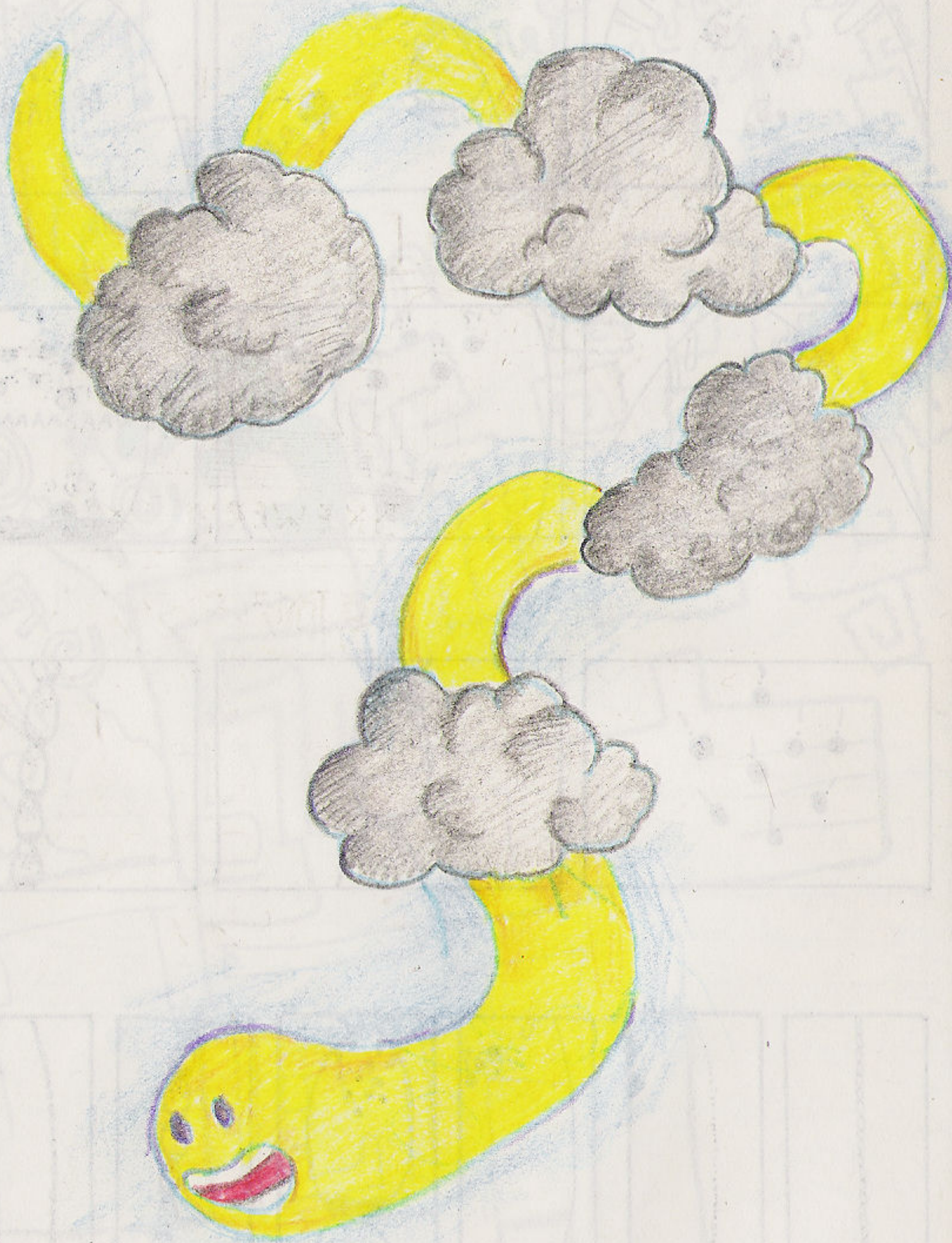
One man attached a piece of cheese to every card in the major and minor Arcana. He filmed the cards and went to bed. When he woke in the Am, he reviewed the footage and used the movements of hungry rats to figure in his calculations.





THE **OOPAS**

infinity



GANJA ALE

A high quality India Pale Ale guaranteed to bring you to heights never reached with a mere beer. Not for the faint of mind. Enjoy responsibly!

THIRD EYE  BREWERY

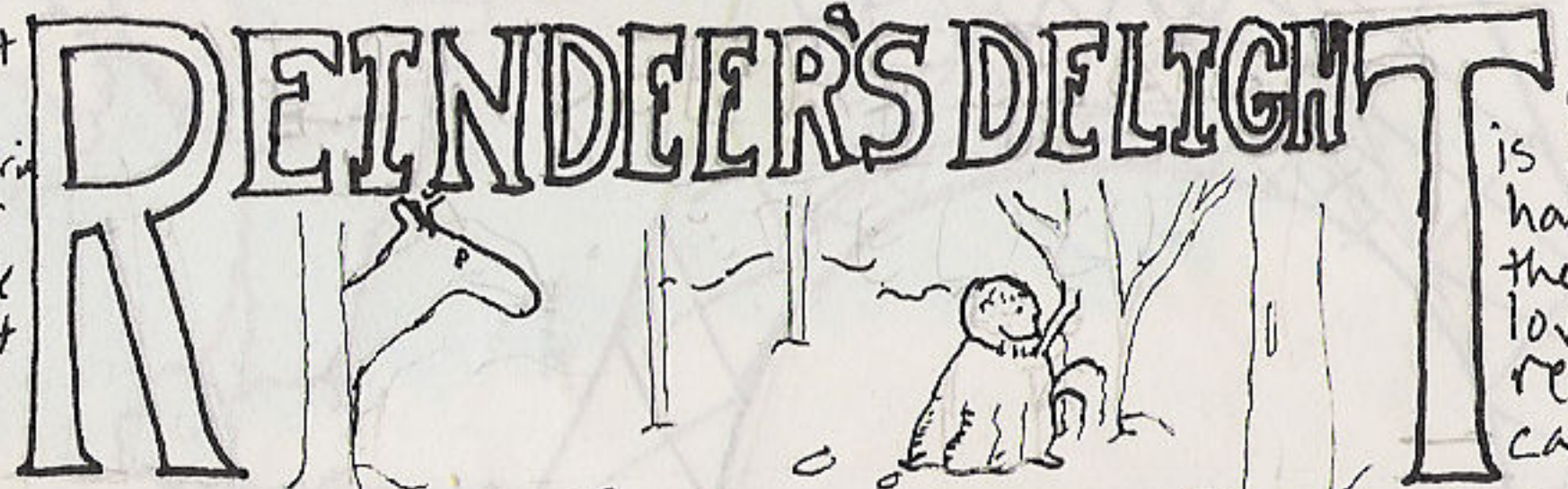
The highest quality of hops and its much celebrated cousin, Indica, are used by experts committed to spread the love, one beer at a time. Peace out!

Our mad Uncle Horatio's secret recipe is sure to send you to a happy place situated between tremens delirium and religious ecstasy. This brew is not for the weak of heart... or stomach! ENJOY!



Our spores are grown in sterile and duplicated conditions to ensure consistency in quality. Only the potent honey from our hives by the hemp fields are used. We are happy to bottle our dreams for your prime enjoyment!

Only the finest Mongolian Amanita Muscaria is used, after a long and gentle roasting that imbues this marvelous beverage with a warm nutty flavor.

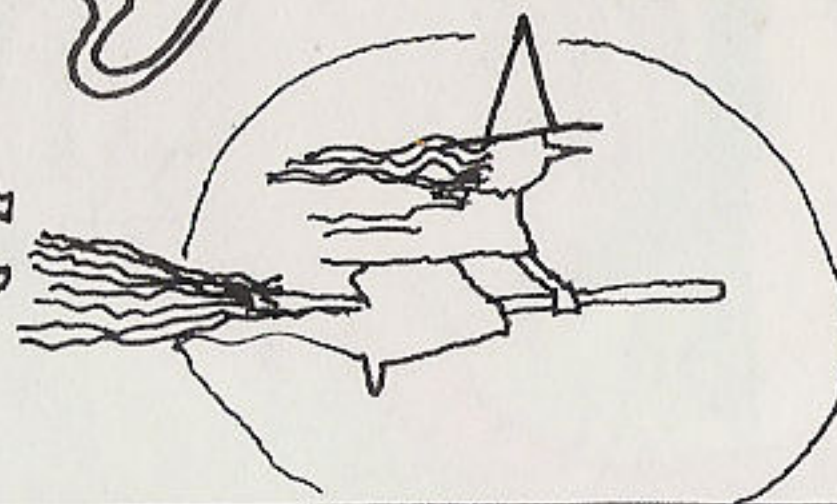


The Santa Claus legend is believed to have grown from the Reindeer's love of the red & white caps of the Amanita Muscaria. It was given as gifts in ye olden times.

Flying Broomstick

CHEWING GUM

1¢



THE DATURA AND BELLADONNA BLEND SENDS YOU FLYING. CHEW RESPONSIBLY!

RRRRREEEEEOOOOOWWW!



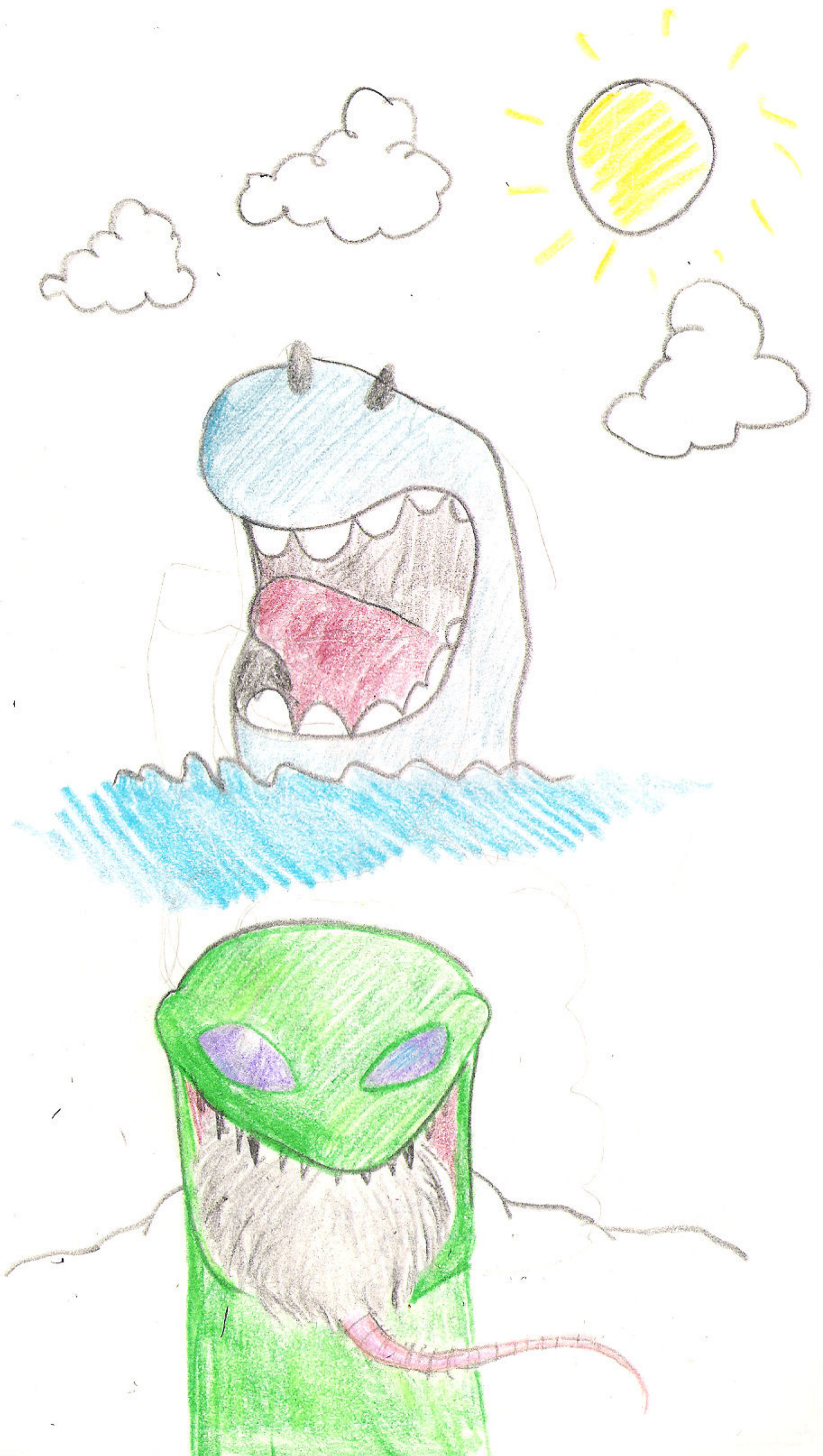
ARE!

Pluffy, get back here this instant!

AAAAH!
RADIOACTIVE POODLE
AND NEGA CAT HAVE
COME TO PARIS!



ALASSANDRA'S COMMISSION





My daughter asked me to draw a rainbow, butterfly, and an unicorn making purple poop, with my eyes closed. Naturally I cheated with the colouring in, but the outline was drawn shut eye

A NARCHY GAMES



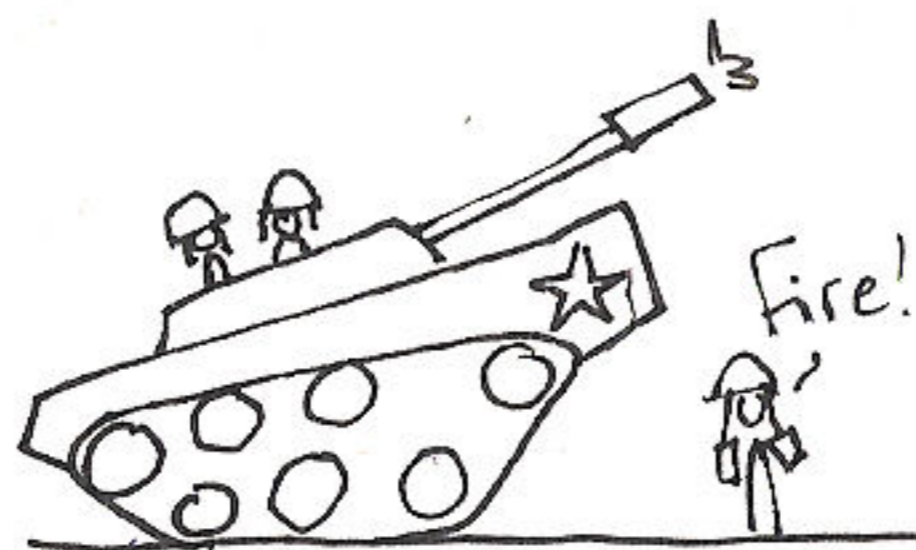
INGREDIENTS: FLUORESCENT YELLOW OR ORANGE SAFETY VEST
HARD HAT
WALKIE TALKIE
A PORTABLE STOP SIGN ON A POLE
TWO OR MORE PEOPLE (JUST ONE PERSON = GUTS)
A BUSY ROAD DURING RUSH HOUR (COUNTRY ROADS BEST)

A country road with minimal police presence that fills with traffic during rush hour is the best place for this. Seek a location with long stretches of meandering road between exits or other potential detours.

The two conspirators stand approximately a mile away. A hill blocking view from either end is awesome but not necessary. Stand and arrest traffic with the portable stop sign. If there are complaints, say, "Hey, I'm just doing my job." Occasionally query the walkie talkie and murmur a reply. Milk it for as long as possible, being careful to gauge tempers and the awesomeness of traffic disruption.

There are two ways to end this, depending on circumstances. The first is to wave the cars along and calmly walk away. The second involves interference from drivers or authorities in which you just run like hell.

UP THE ANTE: At the tail end of the caper, both conspirators wave on the cars to a midpoint where strategically placed orange cones direct traffic into the opposite lane. This will cause a gnarly and messy (no injury) jam.



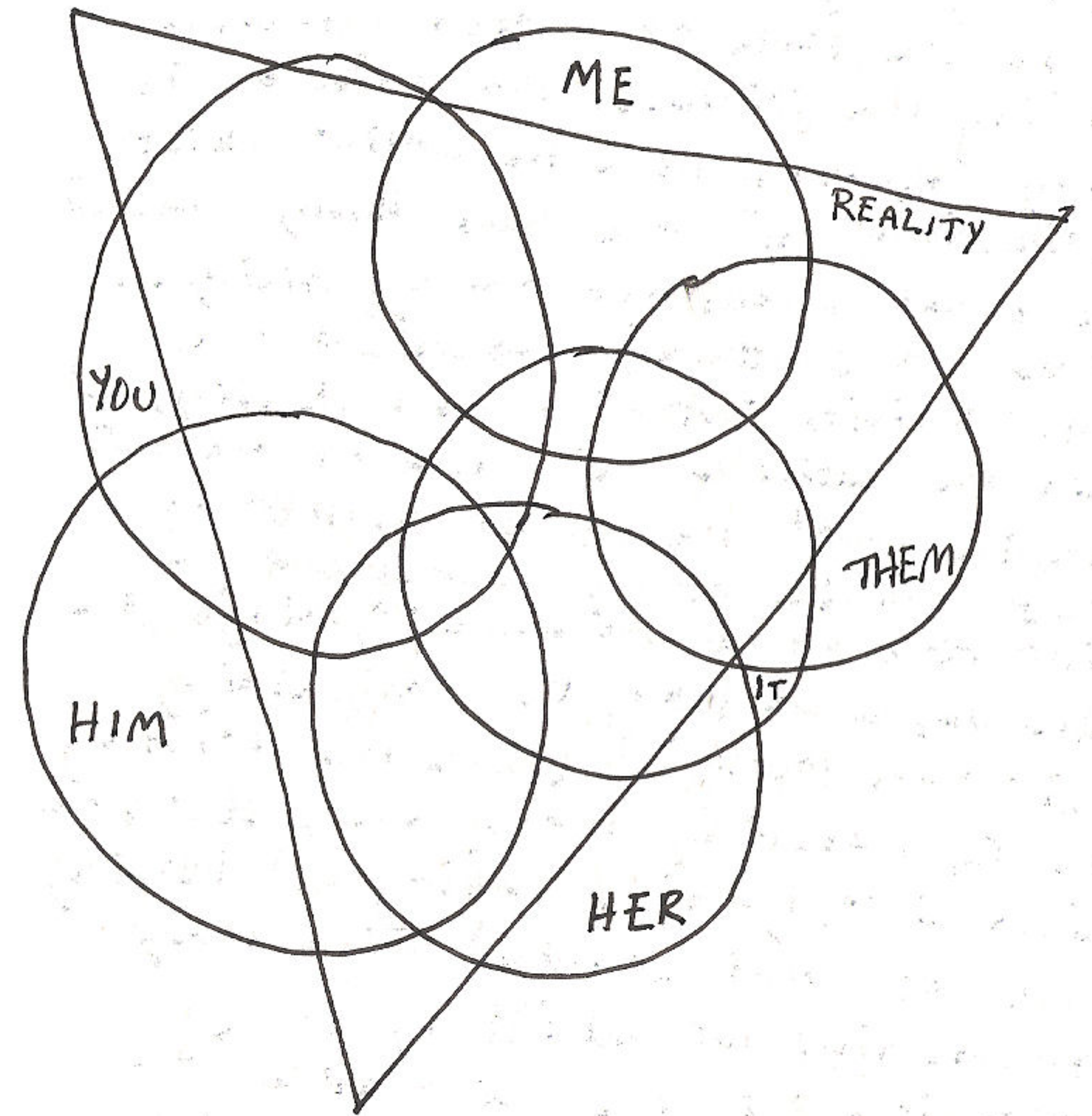
The wise gopher



ESMERALDA'S COMMISSION

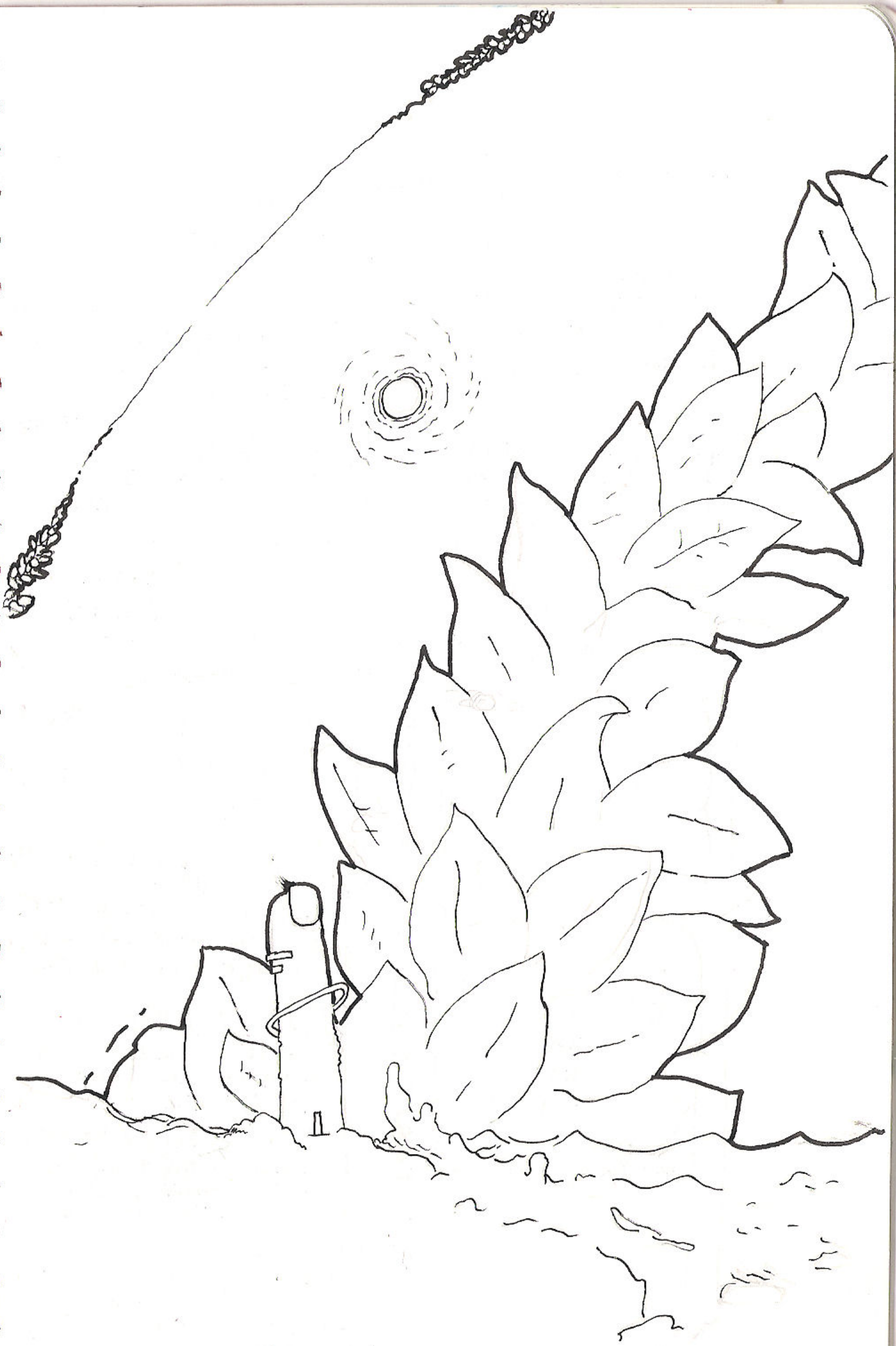
... the going is ambitious, full of sudden lurches the taste of herbed molasses flooding the joints... the landscape is slowly regressing from its earlier cubist predilections; my arms have finally reached the barest semblance of organicity... events are scattered, dependent on synchronicity rather than causality, and gain the attitudes and graces of theater. Imagine that! The merest flutter of what remains of my coat sleeves a reiteration of dramas... everything's gone balls up, even thoughts are gaining their own topologies (here the writing wavers, twisting through a pattern of alien hieroglyphics ebbing and flowing in an alphabet confused with lousy penmanship) set adrift by some corruption of the set values of things, and the old rules, previously established safe routes have lost their sense. Perhaps it was never mappable, that strange dichotomy of time and space (enter the divide between a moment and the next and enter within that divide, driving a wedge into ^{an} infinity rapidly shrinking) and we all are feeling ourselves into thinking so... trapped in a shuffle of events creating moments in Time, or all the realities within, my environment, as well as my very flesh, the vellum upon which I write this (changing from pulped wood to hemp to fine cotton to clay pressings to) strobe in constant transformation, the only tenuous constant my consciousness and even that is in doubt. (Here he throws ~~the~~ aside the journal in disgust

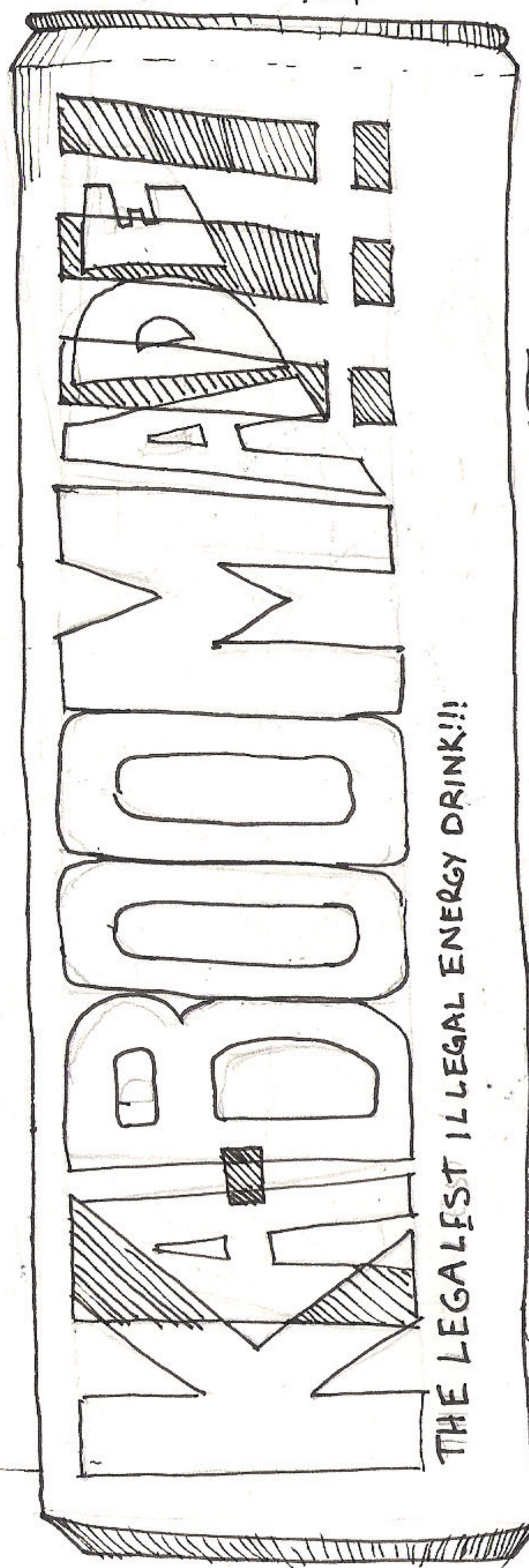
VENN Diagram of "What's Wrong With the World"



IT CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS TO SEE THINGS FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S POINT OF VIEW WITHOUT THE PROPER TRAINING - DOUGLAS ADAMS

GHOTIK





THE LEGALEST ILLEGAL ENERGY DRINK!!!

PIONEERED BY
HOME BREW
PHARMACEUTICAL
LABS AND REVOLUTIONIZED
THE UNDERGROUND
ENERGY BEVERAGE
MOVEMENT,

KA BOOMADE!!!™(RIP
us off and we'll kill you)

is the premier ENERGY
BEVERAGE IN CHOICE
BY A-LIST SPORTS
STARS, CELEBRITIES,
AND CELEBRATED
CRIMINALS.

YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!
BUY TODAY FOR A
JUMPSTART YOU WON'T
BELIEVE!

KA BOOMADE!!!™(RIP US OFF
AND WE'LL KILL YOU) IS WHAT
NUCLEAR ENERGY WAS
TO THE COAL INDUSTRY!

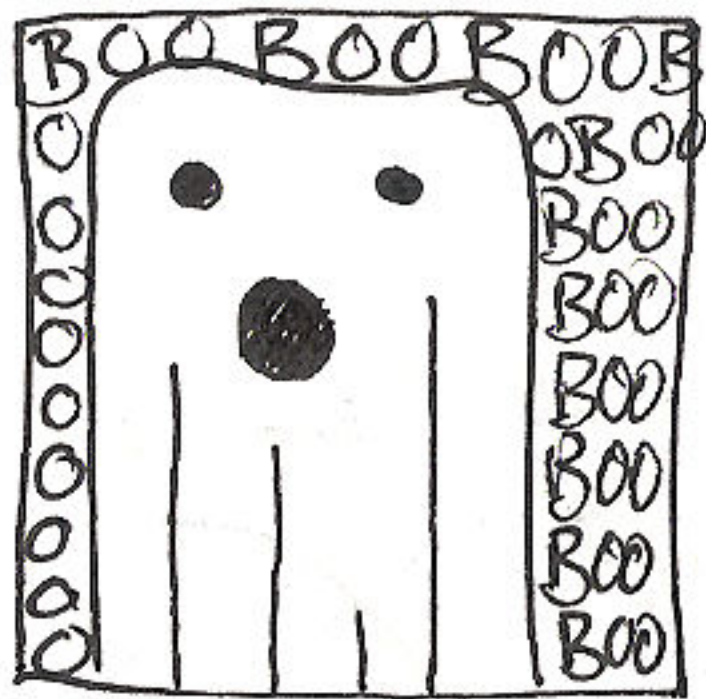
TRUE TESTIMONIALS

The first time I woke up
in the hospital, I was
hooked! - Ted

You won't believe how long
I lasted all night, and how
much company I had! -
Party Girl Jane

DAMN MAN,
WE NEED A
NEW ADVERTISING
AGENCY!
RIGHT ON, BRO!
THIS ONE SUCKS!!

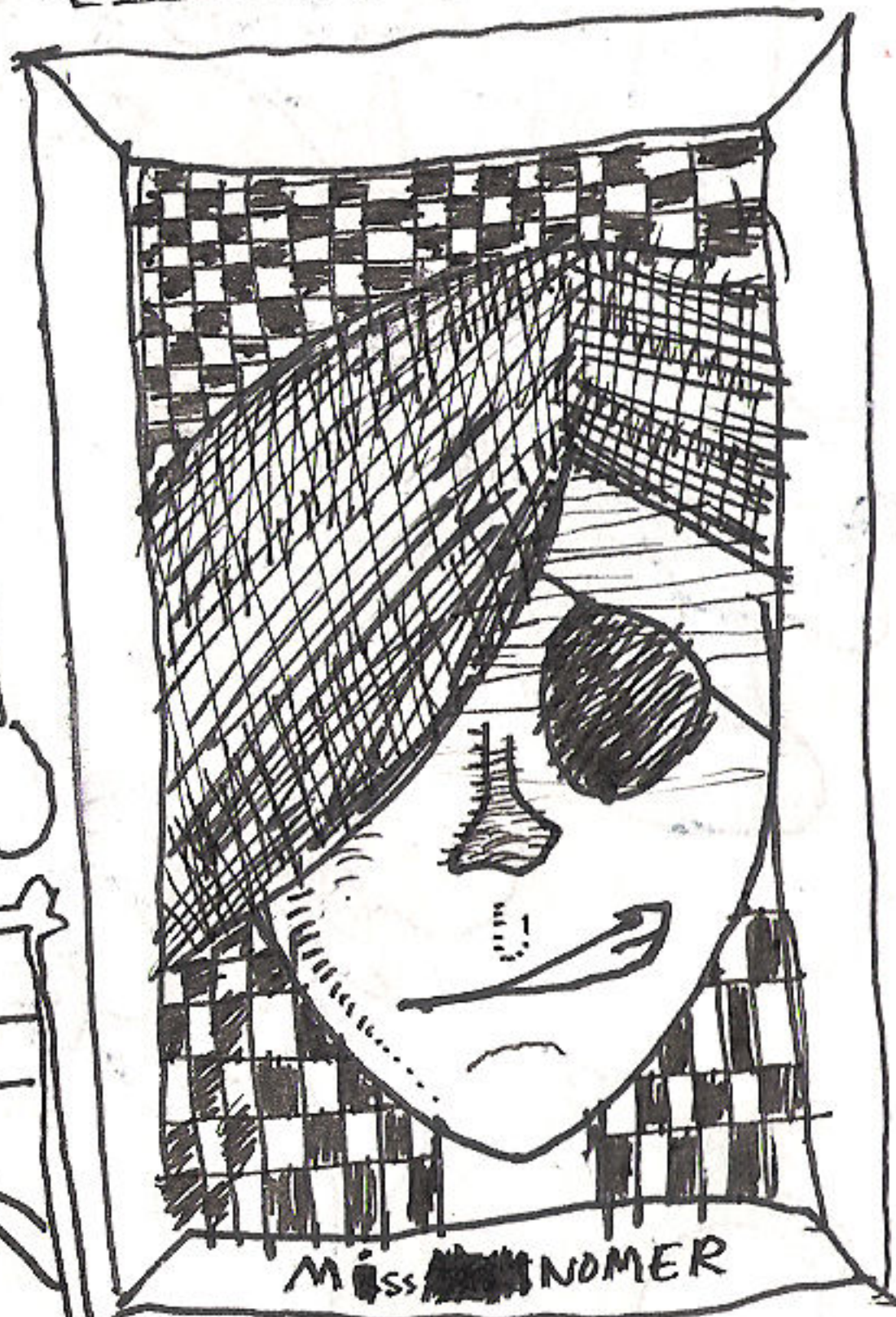




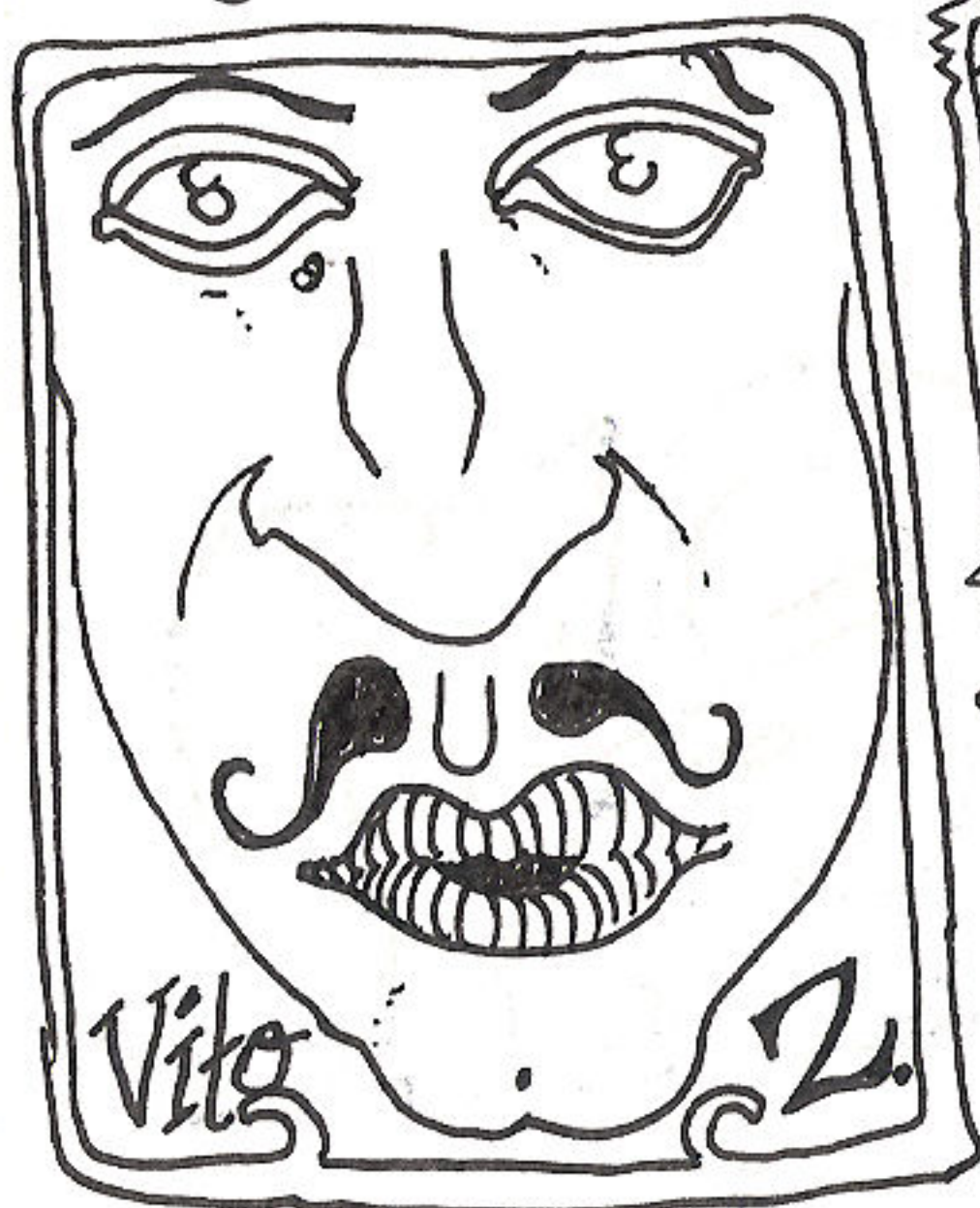
THE INSECT
Note: on Father's side,
fat removed



REV. JERRY



MISS ~~MINNIE~~ NOMER



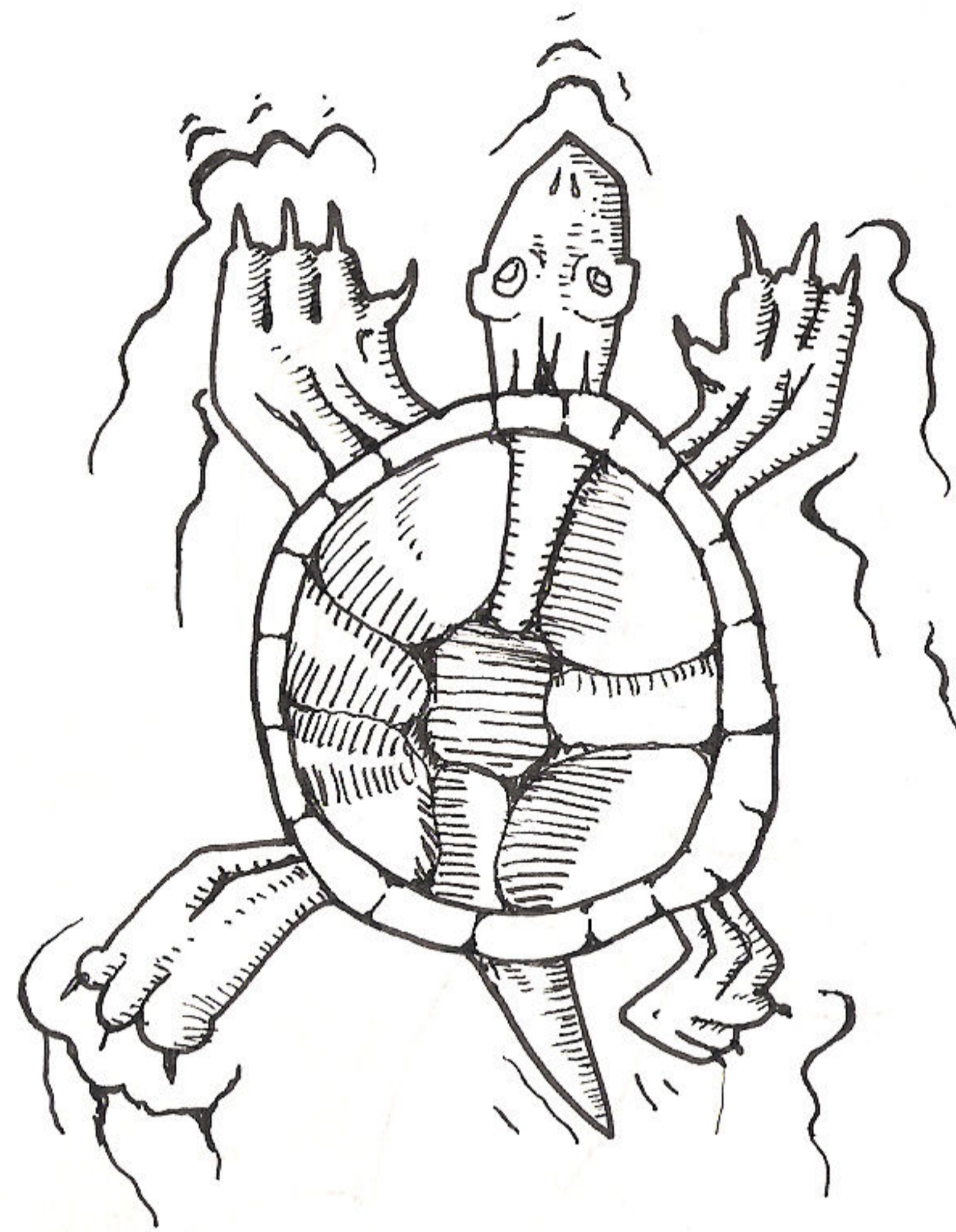
Vito

2.



PEANI





♠ THE FALSE KING ♠

A CHESS VARIANT...

Pieces: the standard chess game pieces
two slips of paper and a pencil

Set-up: the standard chess game set-up

Rule: the players select any piece on his board to be the hidden king and marks it on the paper to be put aside. Play commences, either player working to protect the hidden king. If the pawn at e2 is the king, white may choose, by strategic virtue, to deceive black by concentrating its defenses elsewhere.



I crawled from the crushed abdomen of my mother, my hatching occurring at the exact moment of her death; into a world that hated me and my kind before we had a chance to show ourselves to be otherwise, but despite this, it's a good life, being a

COCKROACH! TANSTAAFL don't apply to this species, we'll be microwave dots on a radioactive slug, long after everything else has stamped itself out of existence... Hmm? I had a better monologue, something about the lady love of my life, how I danced with her one last time as the basic acid dried out her carapace and sent her to bug heaven but that monologue went to hell thanks to Jan 15 so it might just look and maybe nobody

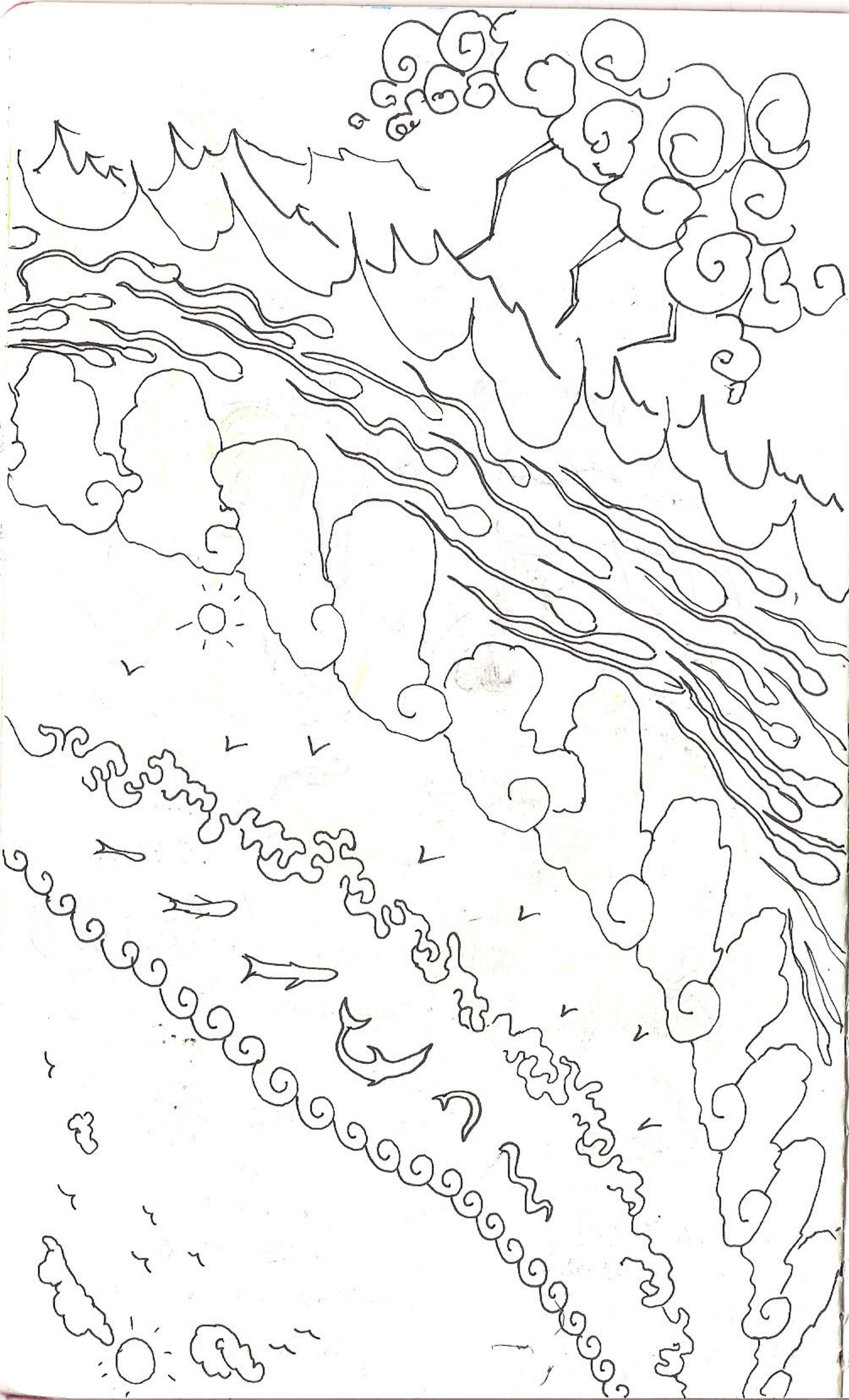


the

roach

dialogues





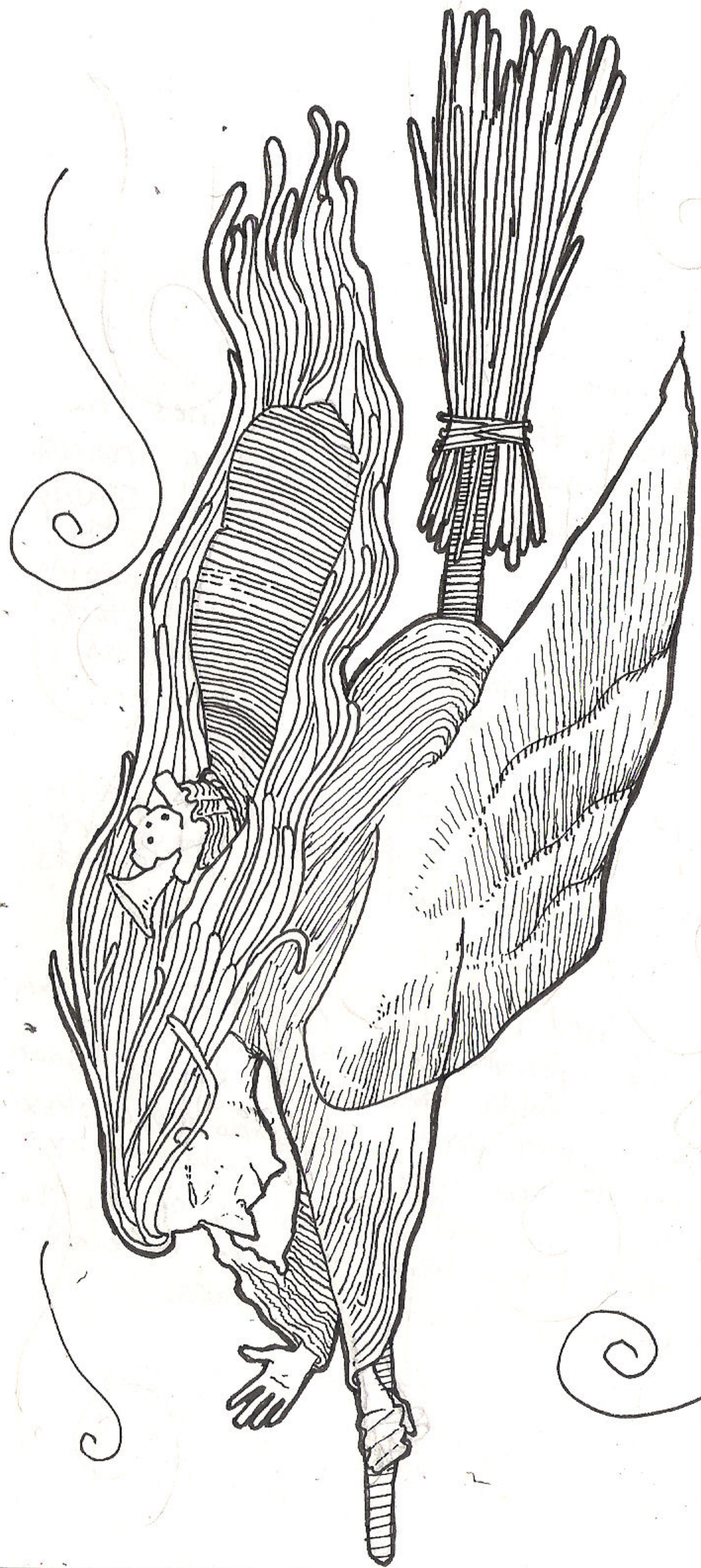
KOAX!
KOAX...

KOAX?

woot!

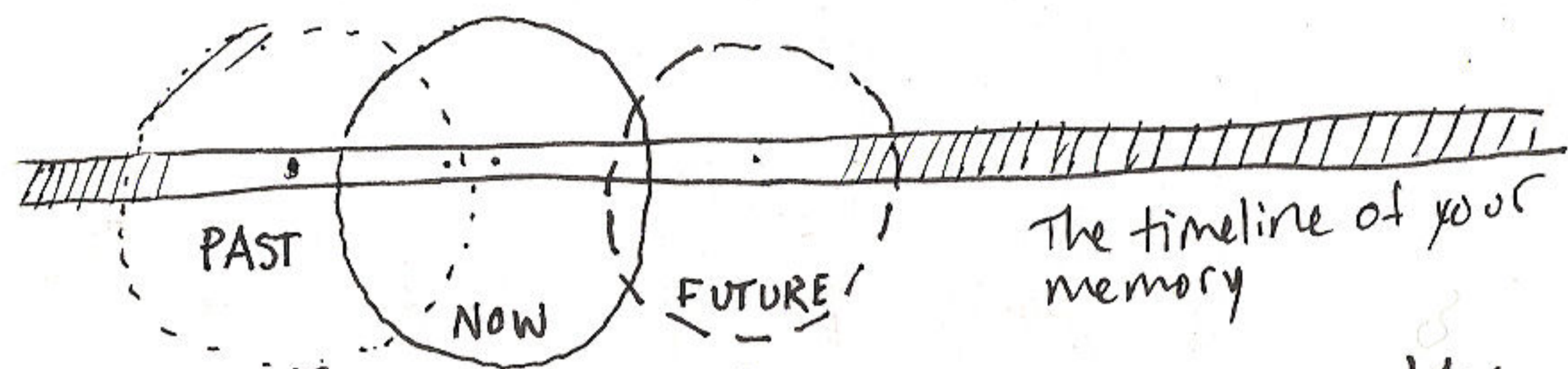


There need not be rhyme nor reason for an action such as this; it only requires a desperate salvage of a botched drawing, which, redundantly, is intended and purposeless.



La Befina

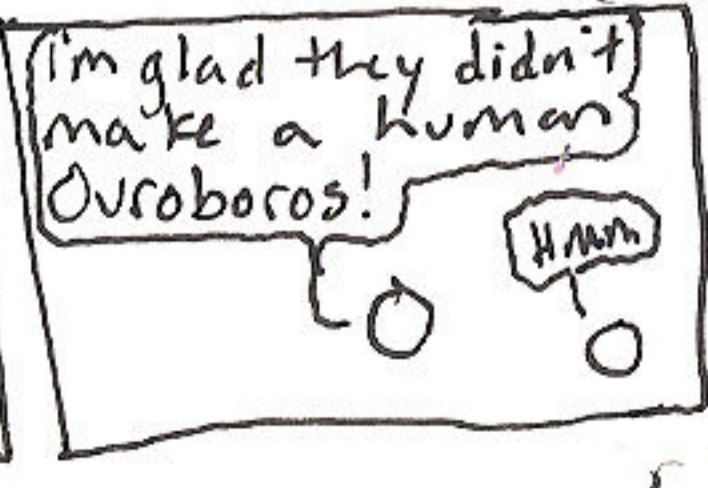
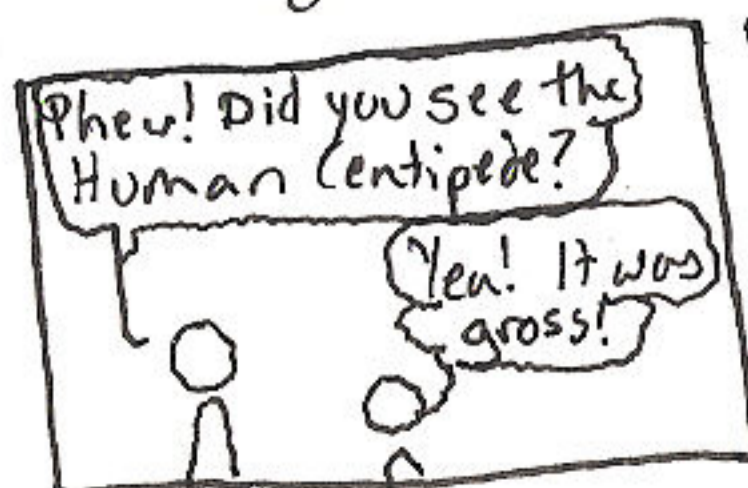
TIME-TRAVELING MEMOIRY



Your actions in the future determines the course of events occurring in the present. Have a test you don't want to fail? Study immediately after the test. Playing the stock market? Review ASAP after purchasing, the failures and successes of certain stock. Memorize the aftermath of situations, after they have made their impression.

This might account for individuals with inordinate amounts of luck; they are just better acquainted with future events than others.

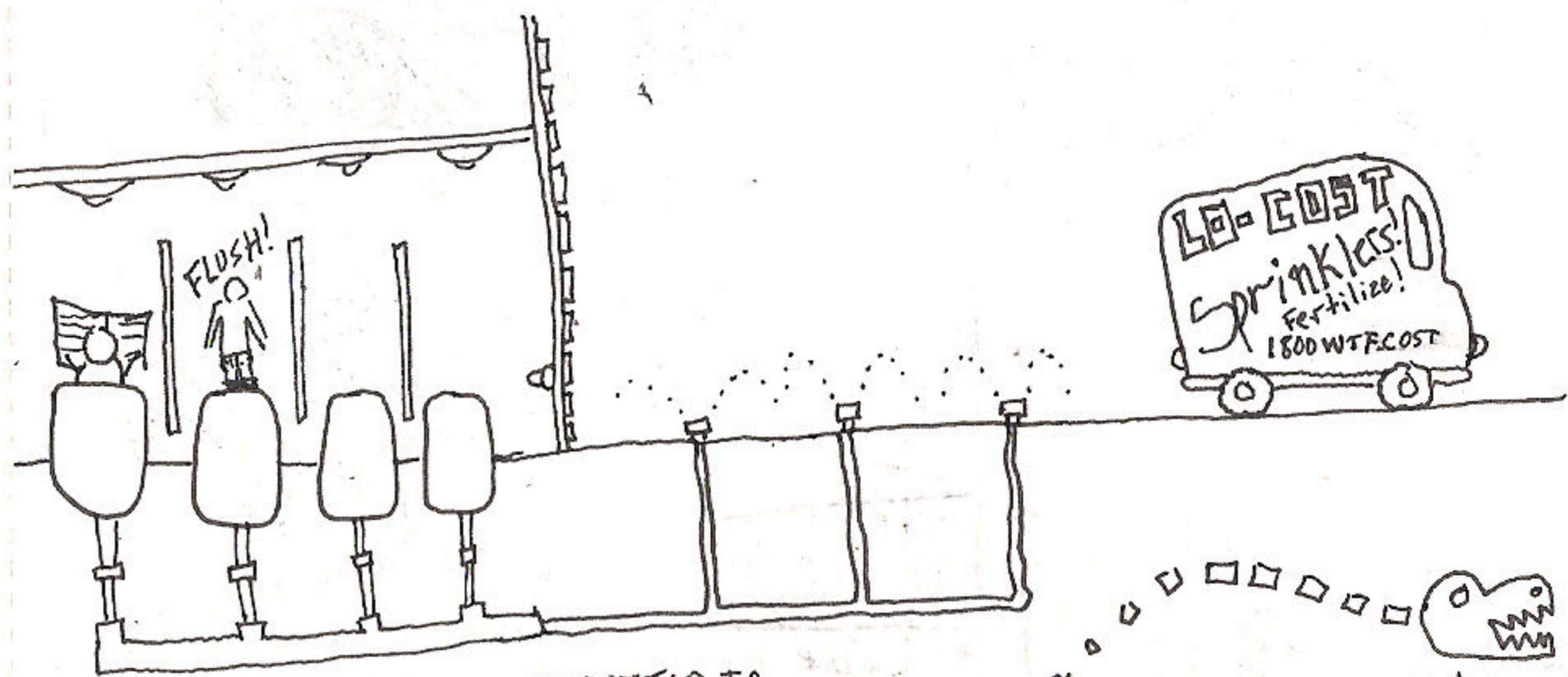
More disciplined individuals might find the map of their life spread out in a Janus view of Space-Time, not unlike Frank Herbert's *Kwisatz Haderach*. But it is not a power prey to abuse, as those blessed (cursed?) with its occurrence are so overwhelmed by the sheer sanctity and implausibility of the thing happened that they retreat into Zen mode and begin conversing in almost non sequiturs.





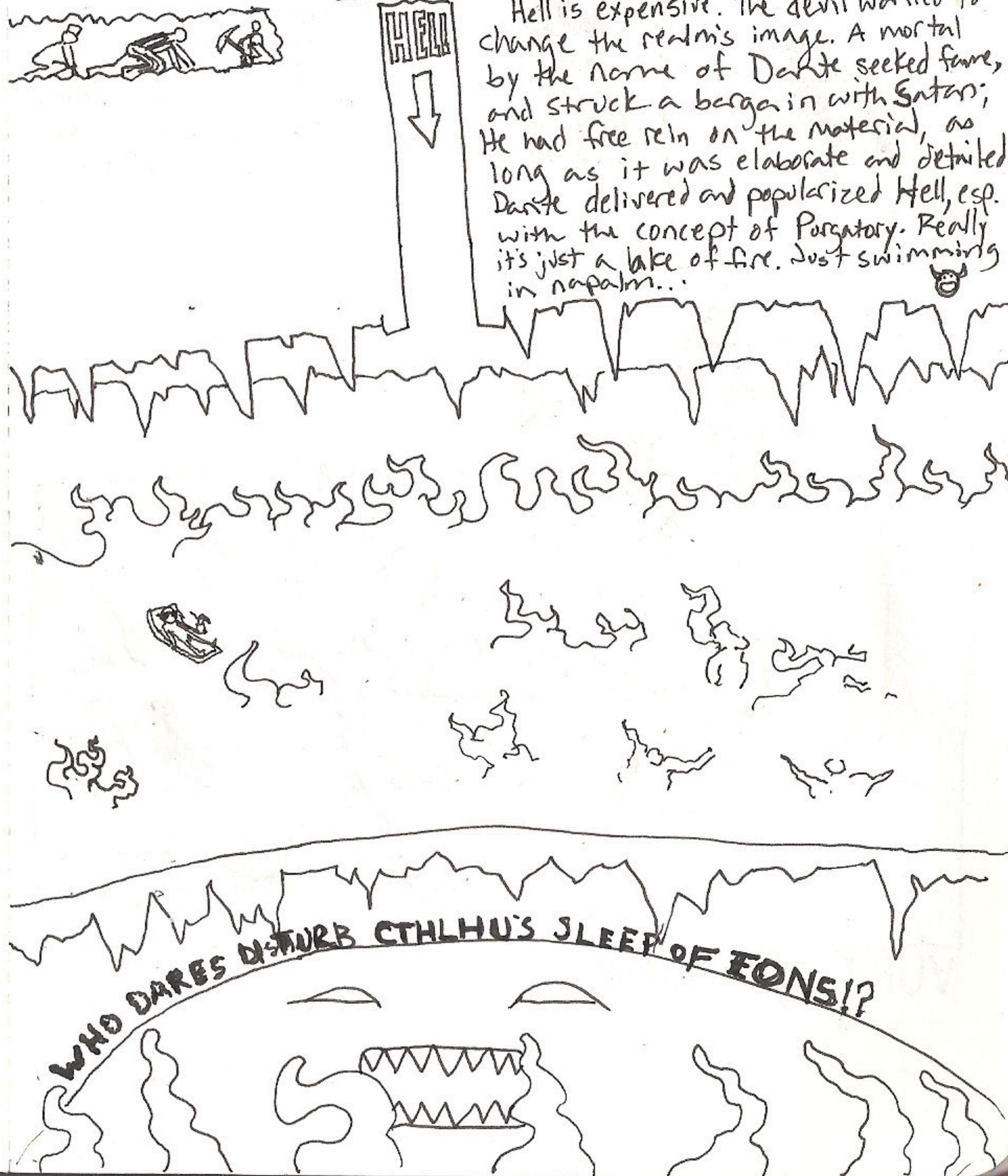
The clouds rushed down the slope in a dream of light, silenced moonbeams and the effusion of stars as the jester shak out in between moonbeam patches, a sphere of stolen light radiant in his thieving clothes: the witch of the hills, up on the highest slope shrills the night, prooking ever the customary creatures of the night, upon discovering how precious ~~the~~ Oracle's untimely disappearance... Juggling, the knavequin becomes loved and drops the ball into a river where it sinks, a gleaming pearl...

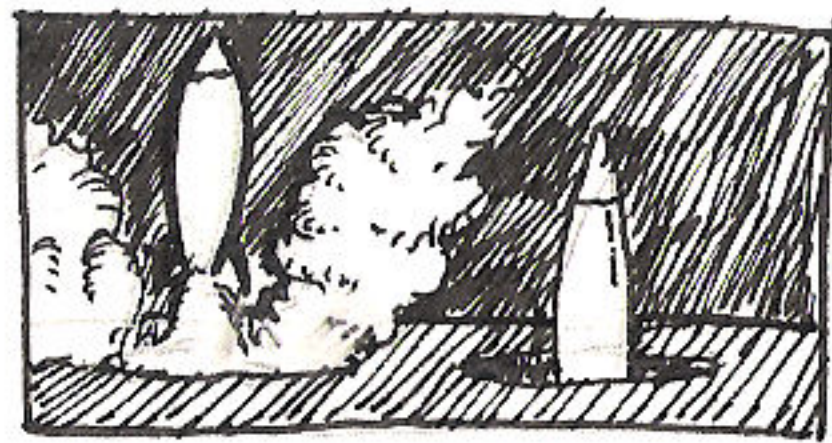
Best this, Indiana Jones and you, Tom Cruise, yes, you.



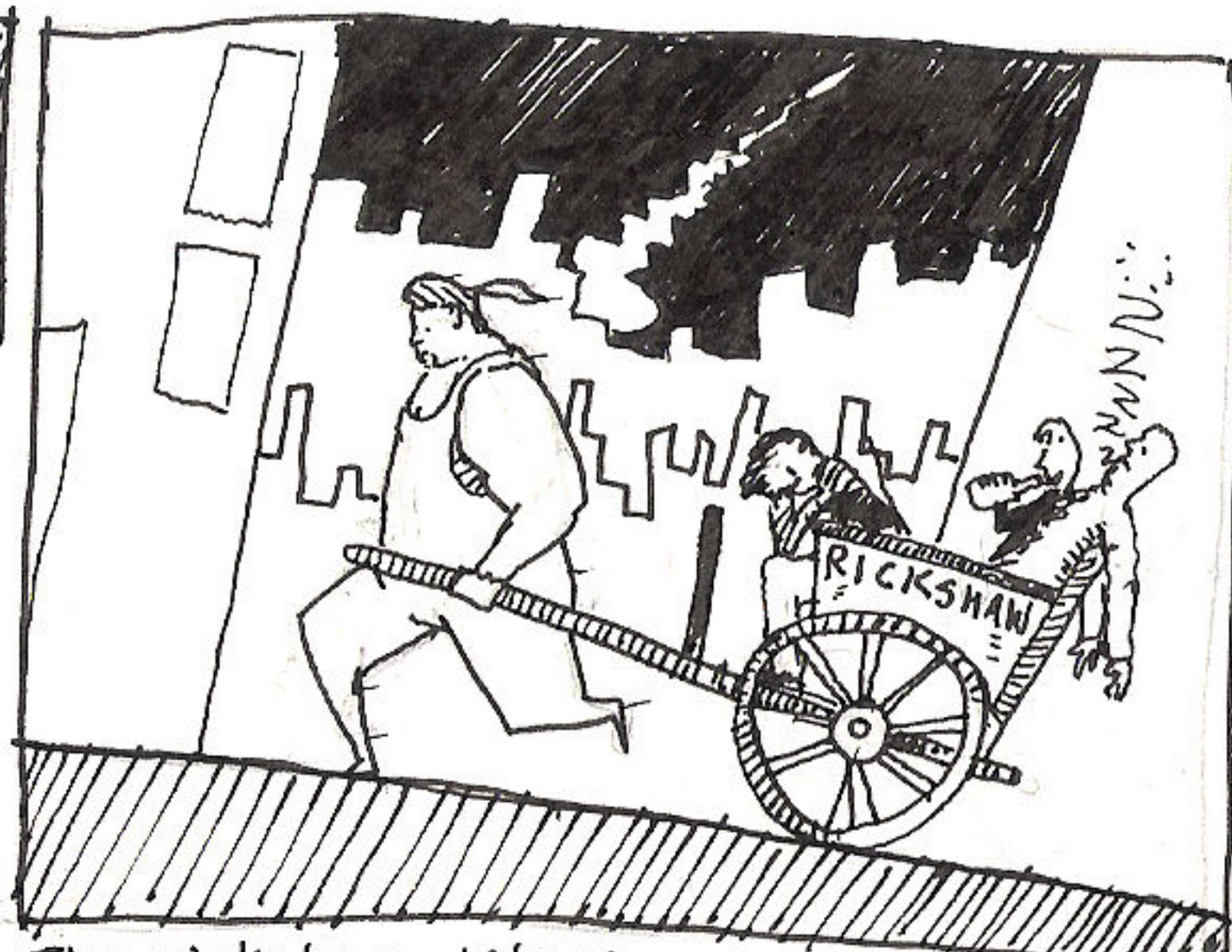
ELEVATOR TO

Hell is expensive. The devil wanted to change the realm's image. A mortal by the name of Dante seeked fame, and struck a bargain with Satan; He had free rein on the material, as long as it was elaborate and detailed. Dante delivered and popularized Hell, esp. with the concept of Purgatory. Really it's just a lake of fire. Just swimming in napalm...





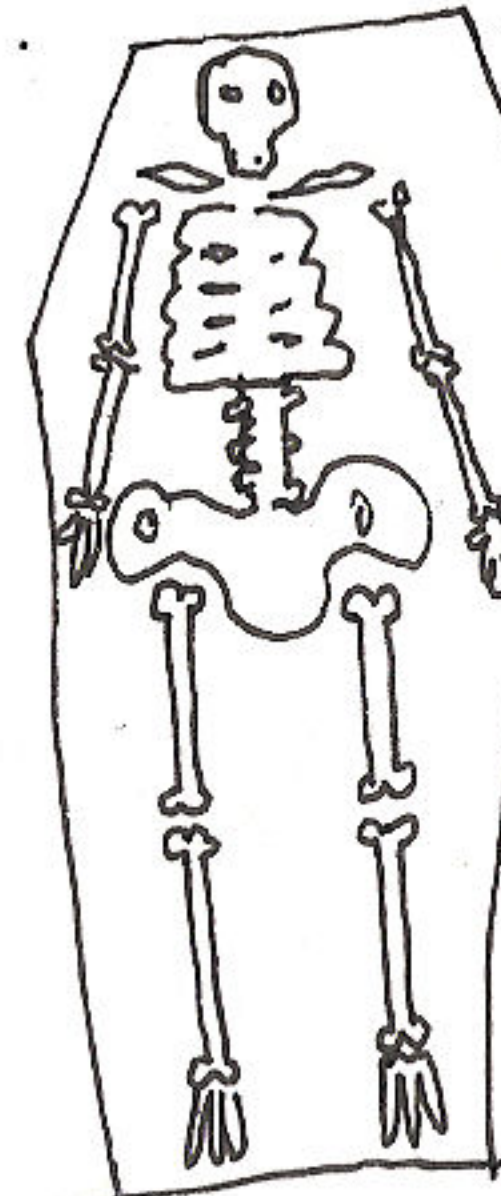
The monkey was on his back. He was grooving on concepts of infinite travel and empty space. LIGHT page 202 by M. JOHN HARRISON



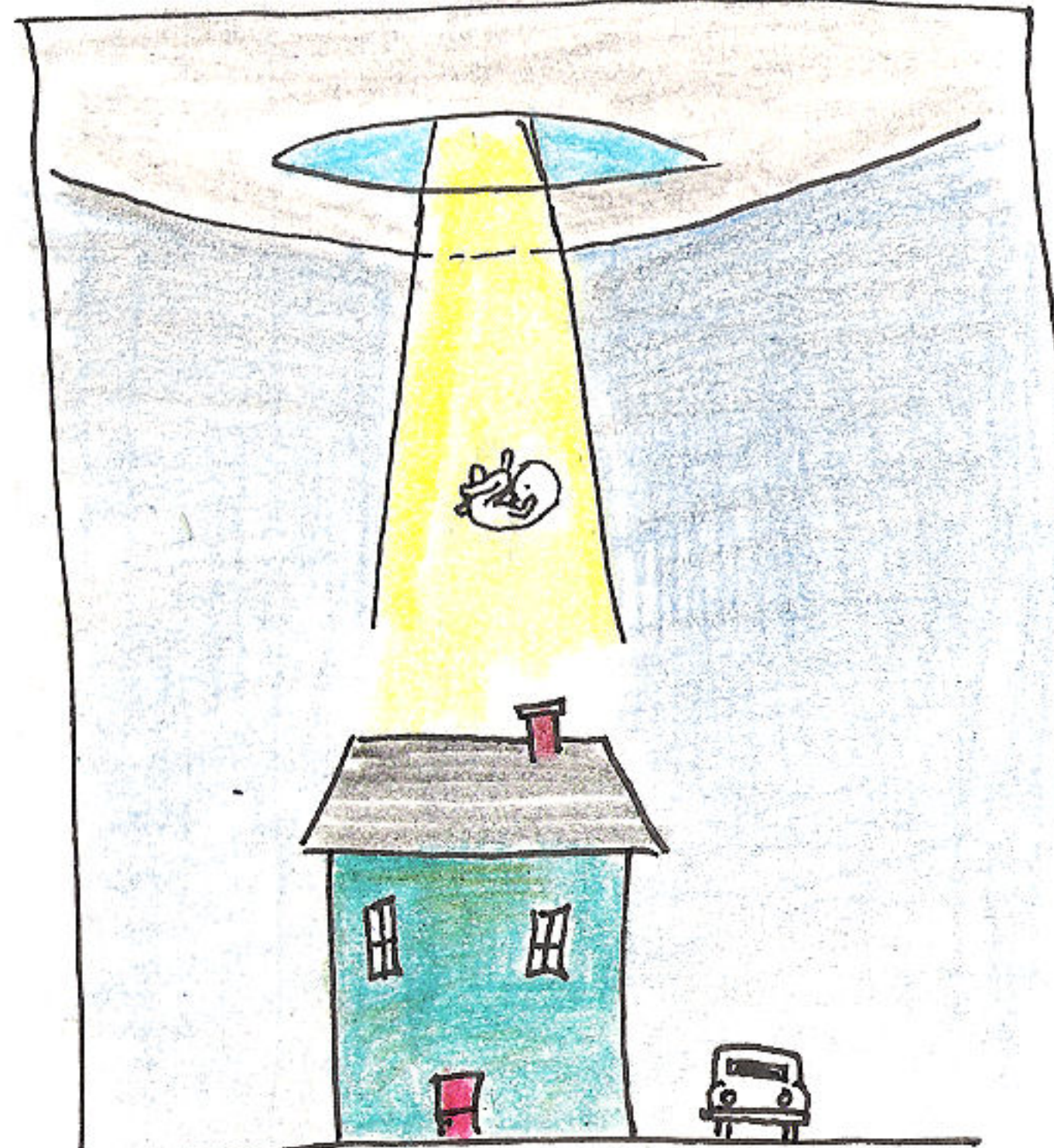
The rickshaw girls ran eighteen hours a day for speed money, and opium money to take the edge off the speed; then they blew up. Cafe électrique and guts; that was their boast. All they had in the end was a myth of themselves. They were in destructible: this destroyed them. LIGHT page 158 by M. JOHN HARRISON



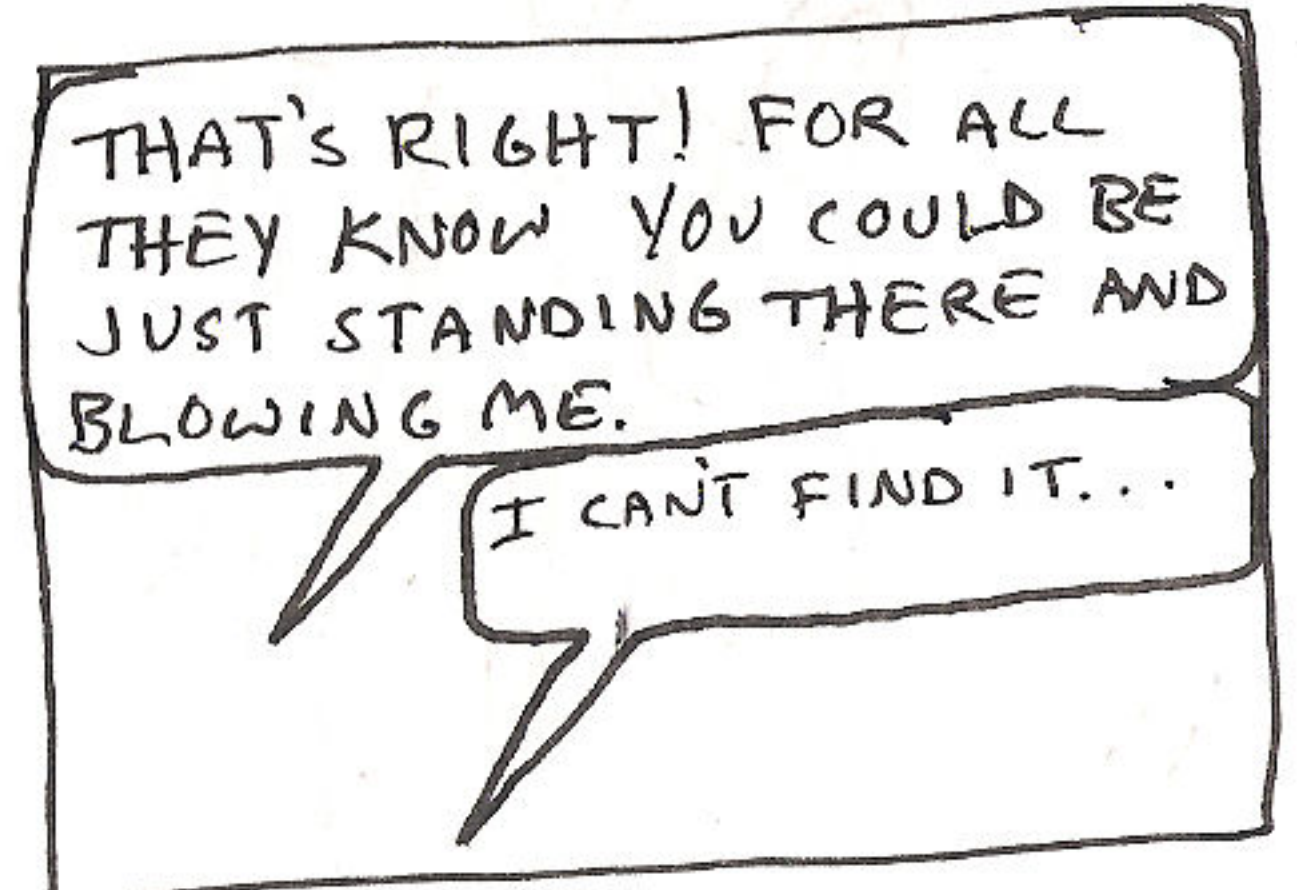
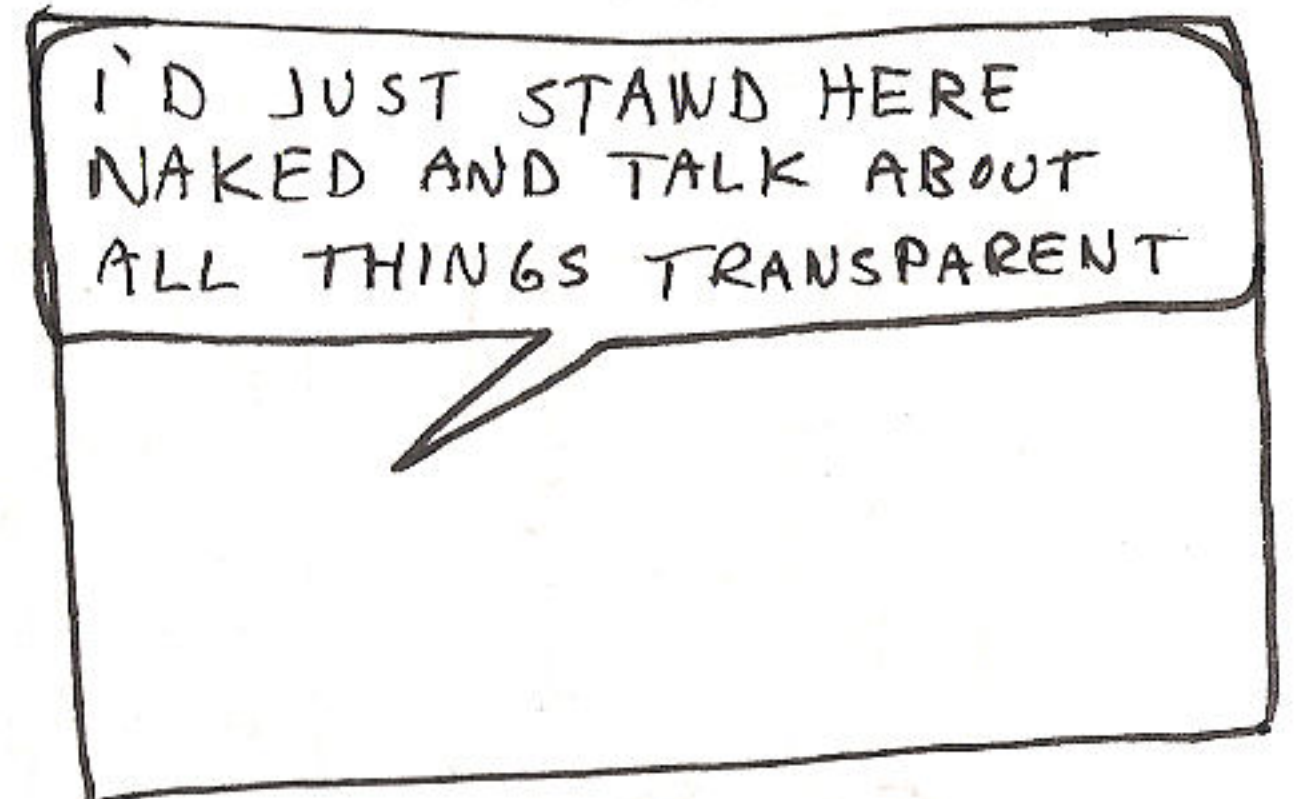
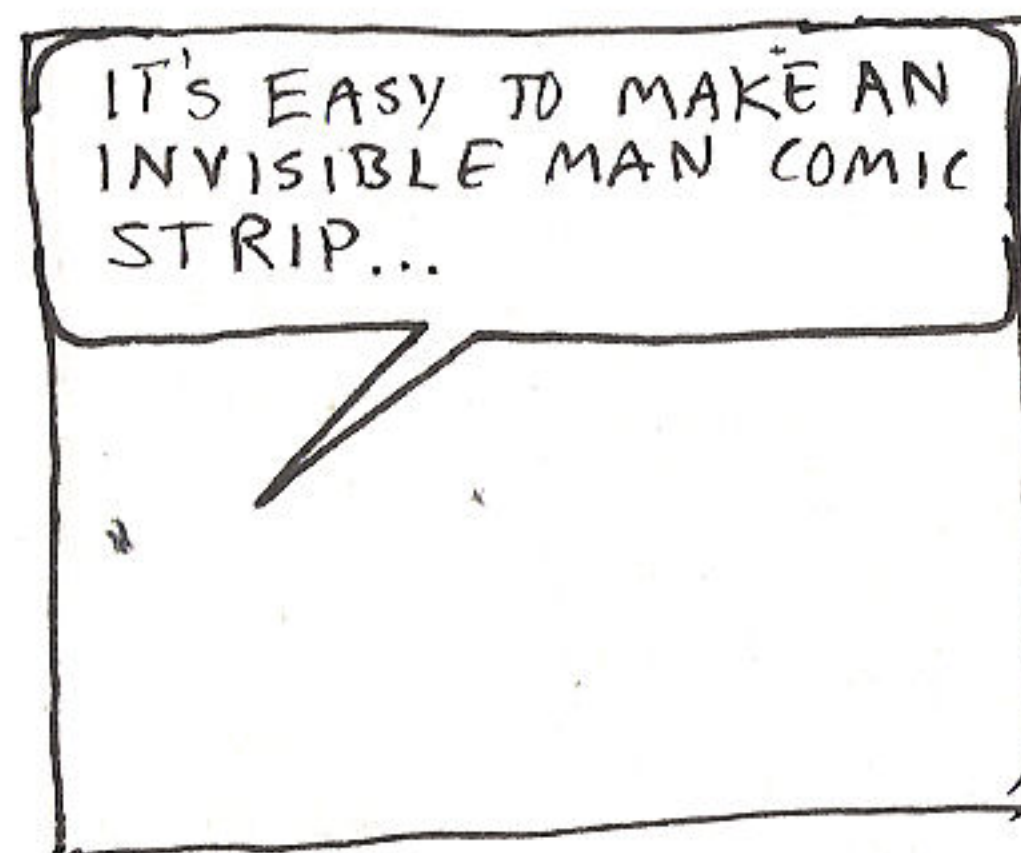
VURT by JEFF NOON



You pilfer my bones for ancient wisdom but all you got were my oversized pelvis.



A baby is an alien organism in a strange new world. Its behaviors are exploratory expeditions into the custom of interpersonal relations and culture. Gradually it settles and forgets it was ever a stranger.



REVIEWS FOR OOPAS

An intriguing phenomenon in which nourishment and reproduction are inextricably linked within a closed loop system of infinite regression
 - Stephen Faulconing, author of "The Chick Tract of Time"

The second time in a man's life in which a period is great news, the first being the one after a pregnancy scare.
 - Max Tucker, blogger and writer of "Assholes Come Early"

I don't get it! There's no religion. No politics! It isn't human and ought to be burned!
 - Reilly O'Billy of The Billy Goat Factor

Yummy! - Cthulhu, Architect of humankind's downfall

ANARCHY GAMES: FLYER CRASHER

Seek out an event like the policeman's ball or a Christian concert or a Bingo tournament and create a flyer for a non-existent event at the exact same location, date, and time. Print it up and distribute far and wide. Good ideas for a fake event: first know your audience, which means know your city: what is in vogue, and popular? Create contracts. Advertise Punk rock or Heavy Metal for Christian events. Announce children's game and shows for geriatric conventions. Send gun toting rednecks to Anti-NRA rallies.

An experience you'll never forget!

GO FORTH AND BE FRUITFUL DO WHAT THOU WILT BUT HARM NONE!

Hey, what did he say? I don't know. He said to be a fruit. He also said we could do anything. It was nothing. Let's kill and maim! What was the last part? No he didn't. Yes, he did. Yes! No! Yes! He had a baby out of wedlock! I could never look at sidewalks and yards the same again; I had to take the HYPOTENUSE!

Of course this is not a good idea when there are dogs

Pythagorean Theorem

Dr. Procto

My 'Give a shit' is out of order. So is your paycheck. You're fired!

The one mathematical formula that has had a profound influence is the

People who say "don't worry tomorrow the sun will rise" obviously haven't been to Krypton

Or Alderaan Or Caprica

Every civilization has a natural tendency towards suicide so something new may rise from its ashes

Fucking geeks! They all need to be shot!

What do you think of LANDSCAPE with menstrual blood?

Why are you filming this? the act of creation... even unmaking creation. Your response is ART!

In that case, it's ducks donkey balls!

You take that back.

O, shit! she had to be a virgin? What the fuck do you think? Um... I might have skimped on that... You, what? Well, she was the closest thing to a virgin I could find. We're screwed

Call the Geek Squad! oh My God! Virus meltdown!

The entire internet is threatened!

Ahhhh!

HMPH! We're on strike

Often the easiest way is the hardest way

Know your laws! then break them prudently

Short people like to bully shorter people

GREAT CTHULHU

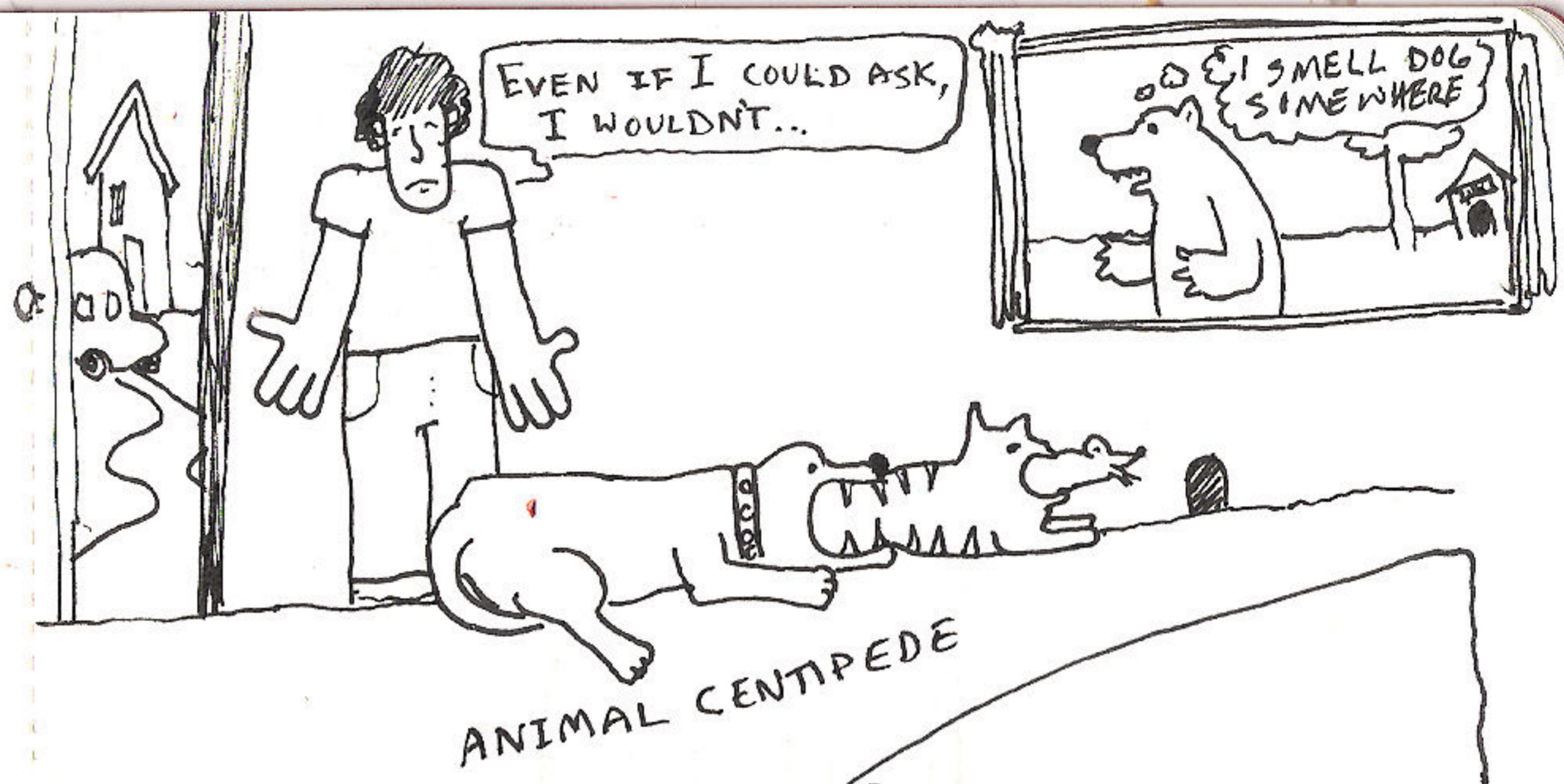
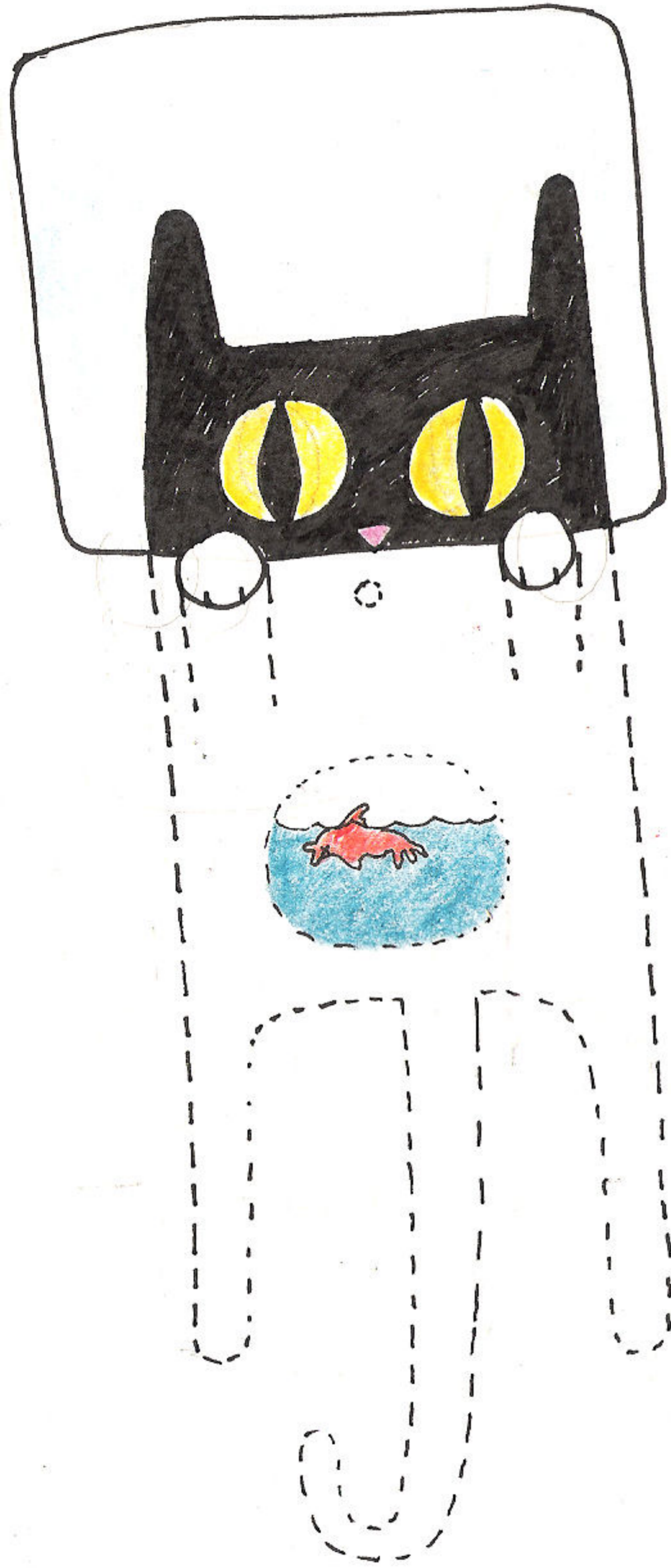
We call upon the crawling chaos....

...by virtue of virginal sacrifice reddening the altar...

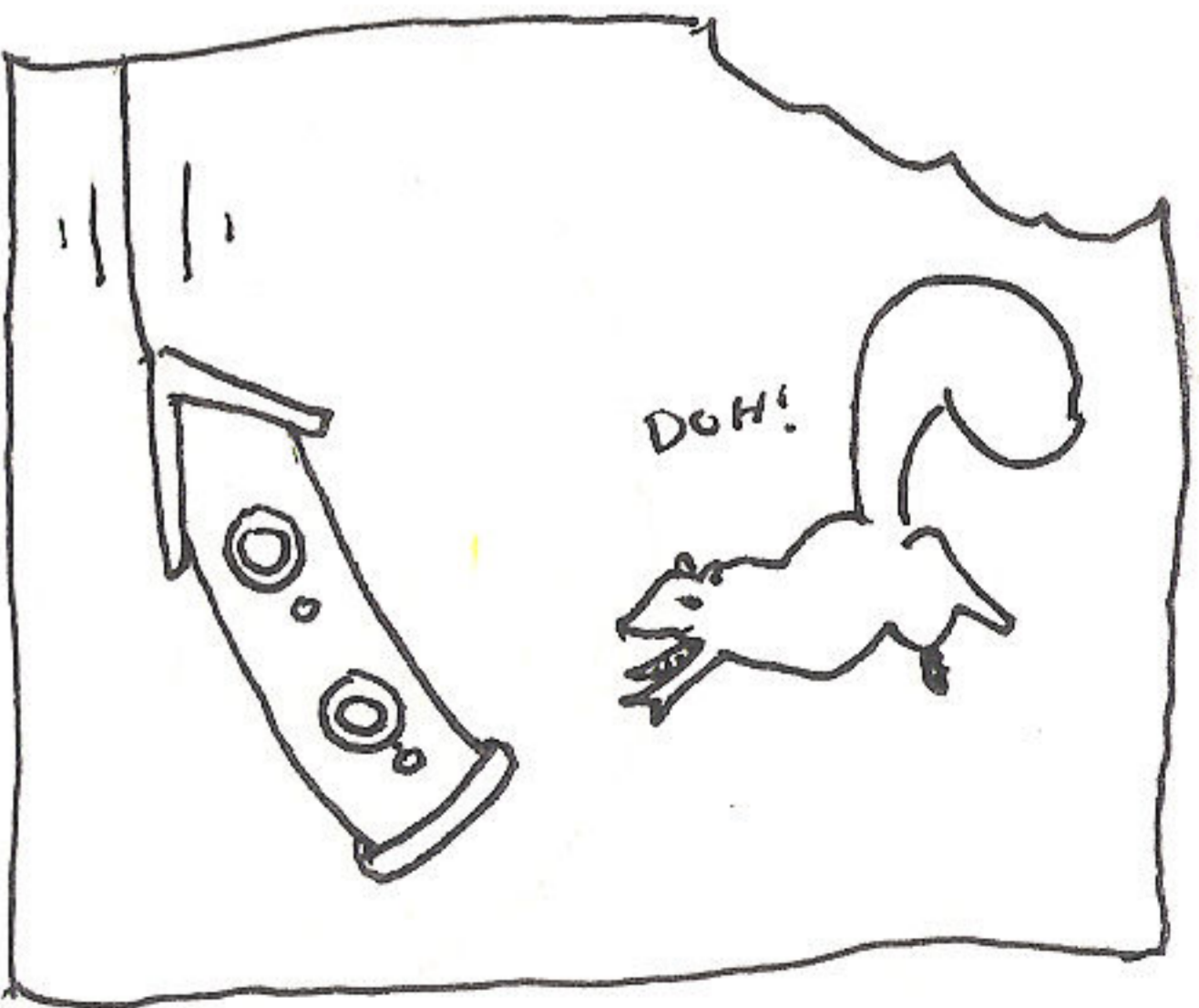
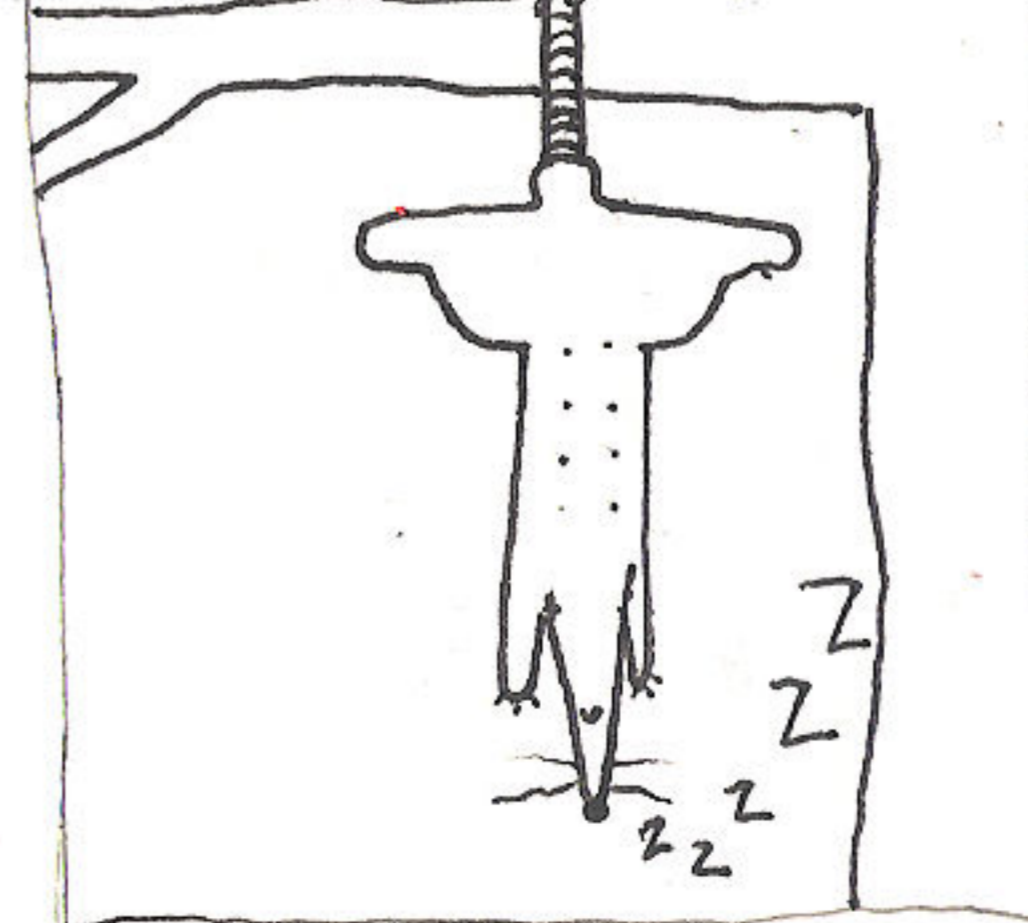
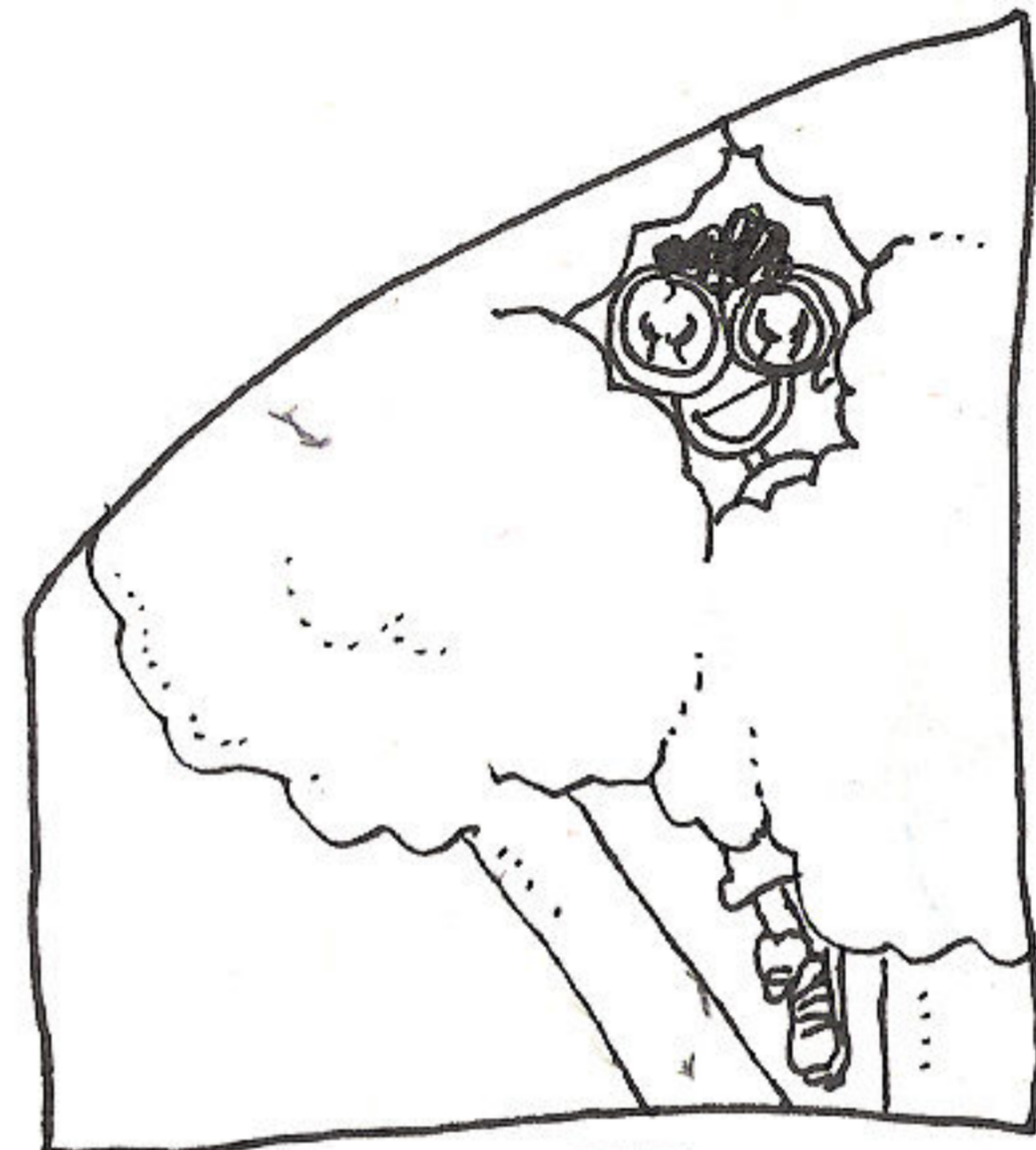
Id for your thoughts

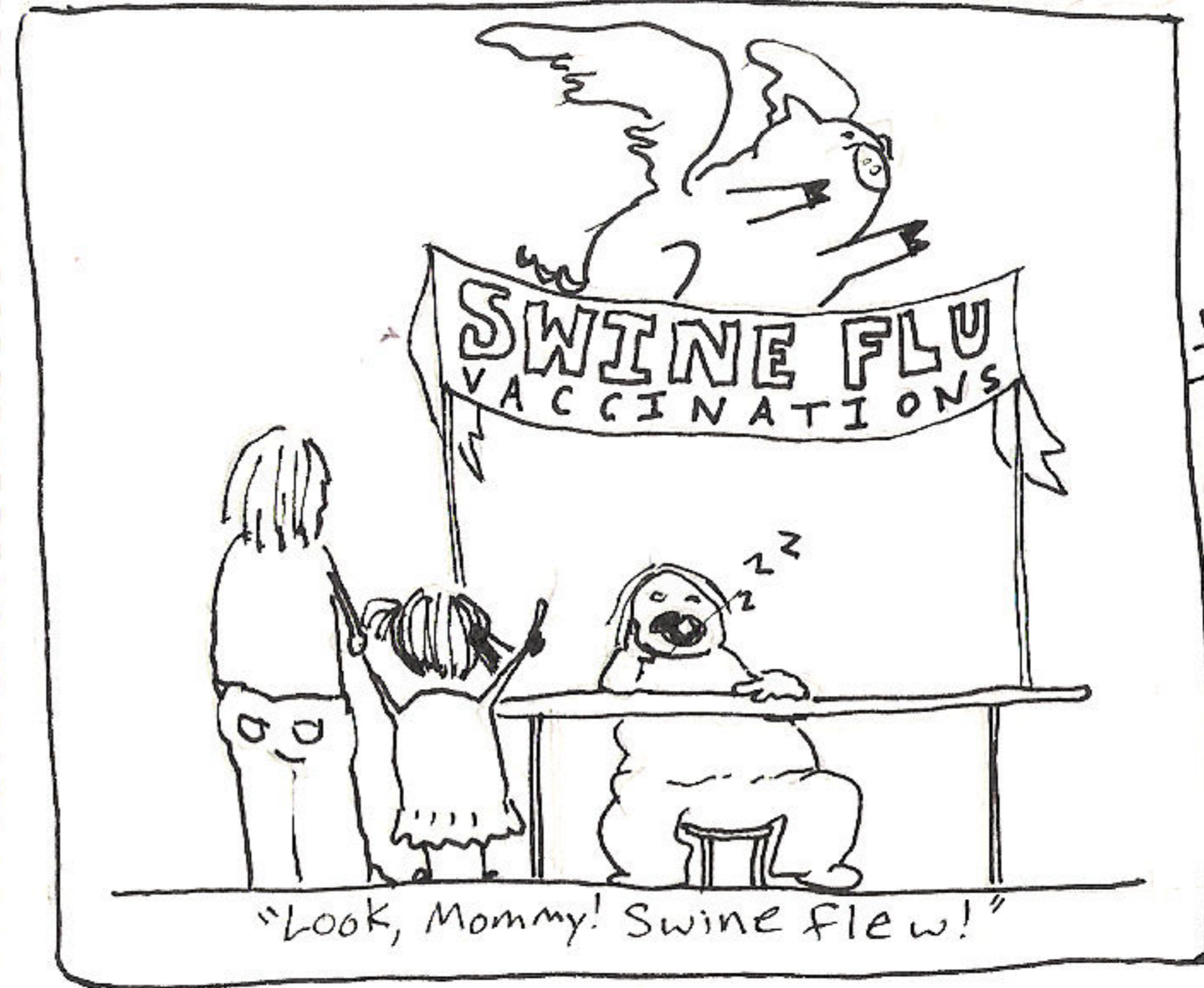
Well, she was the closest thing to a virgin I could find





ANIMAL CENTRE





A watched pot doesn't flower

The Shamrock Garage

ANARCHY GAMES

Where? A cloverleaf interchange
The rules? Two to four vehicles are parked on opposite ends at the furthestmost point of each cloverleaf. At a previously synchronized, agreed time or a signal over the radio, the race begins. The objective of each car is to, while remaining on the interchange, overtake the car on its opposite cloverleaf. The win goes to the first one who does this.

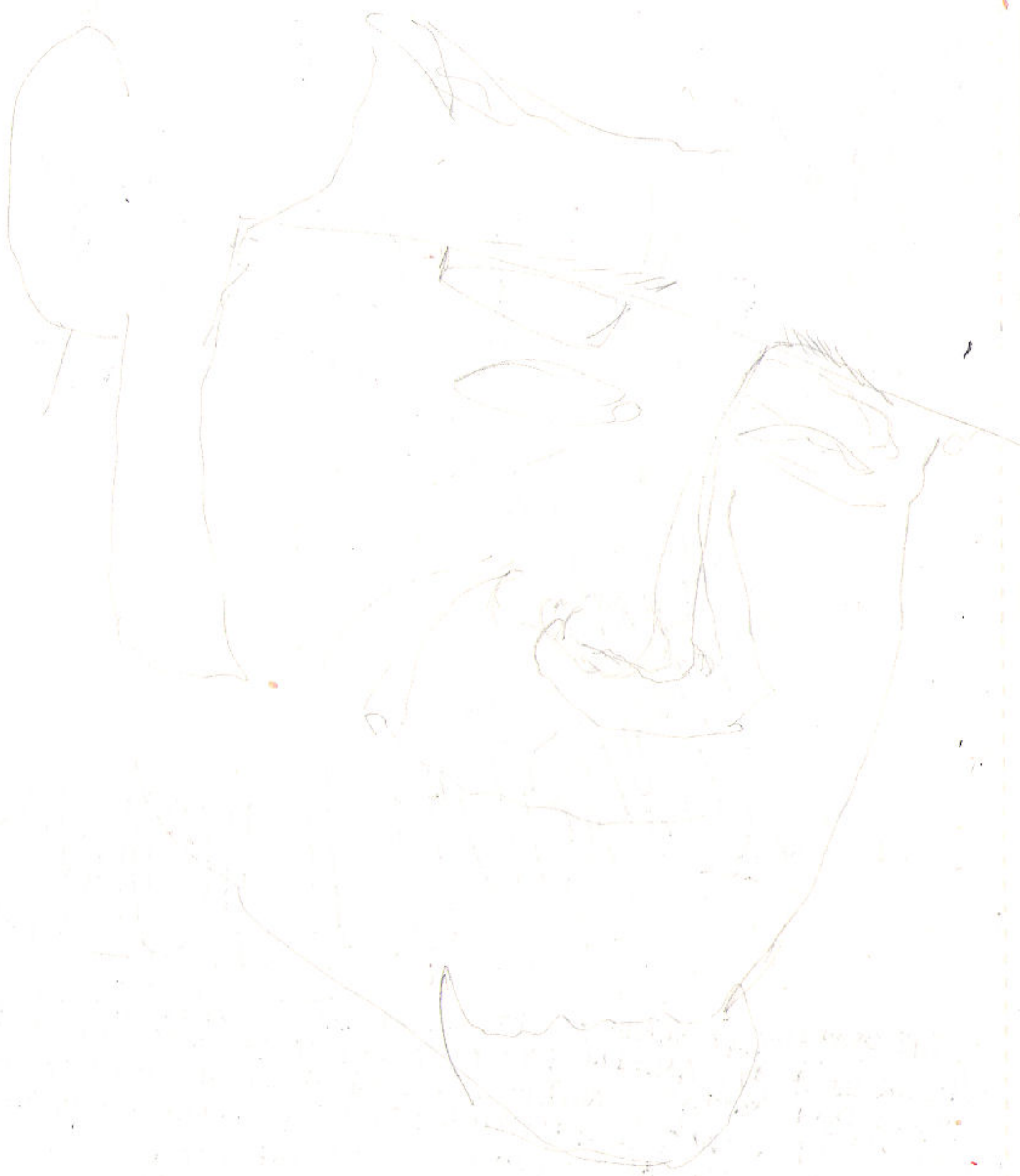
Disclaimer: not liable for injury ~~per~~ and/or death pertaining to flaming wreckages, multiple car pile ups, pedestrian strikeage, property damage, and all types of horrendous happenings within this category. Not liable for any legal fees or incrimination owing to an inability to avoid traffic policing. In short you got screwed, or got others screwed because you were dumb enough to actually go and do this, it's not my fault! Drive responsibly ☺





THE IGRUELIIONS

THE PSYCHOBILLY VENUE BY THE ACCLAIMED DIMINUTIVELY CHALLENGED
 REPS SKULLS APART AND PUSHES TEETH OUT OF THE GUMS. THEIR MAD
 CHORDS, DICK MOZART ON THE CLAVICLE GUITAR, SEXY SUZIE
 WALLER ON VOCALS, DR. PSYCHE PSYCHO RIPPING UP DRUMS TAUT
 WITH HUMAN SKIN, AND LAST, NOT LEAST, THE VENERABLE PAPA
 PANTAGRUELION GIGANTE ON THE FOUNDATION TREMBLING DOUBLE
 BASS!
 ON THE VENERABLE DOUBLE BASS.



THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A **BLANK PAGE**



[[[Dammit!
The one
time a
pipe leads into
an actual sewer!

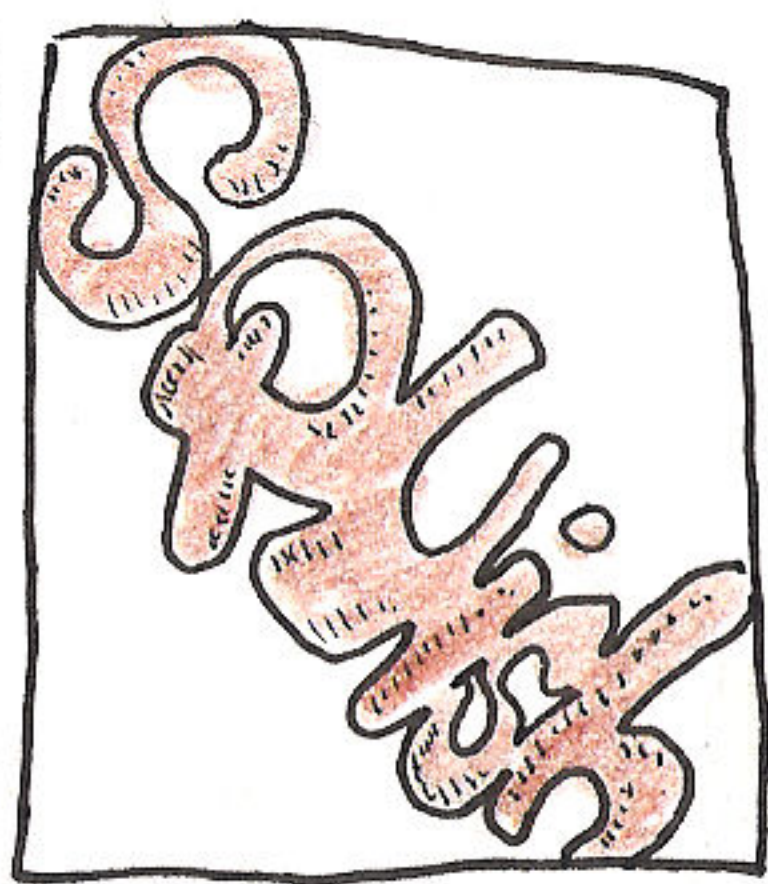
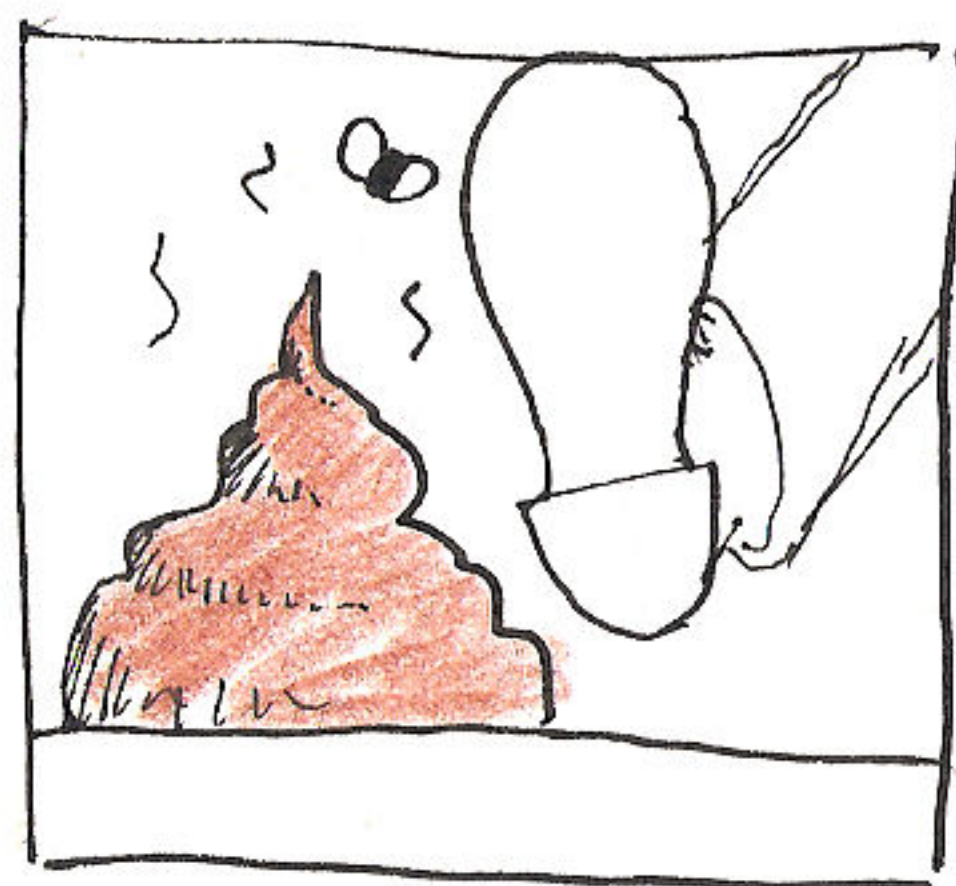
GO Where's Mario?



Kurli Kat caught a gnaf just as Shimmie Dogboy, dogbody extraordinary, connected with great accident a paw to one singular extreme putrefying rotting carcass of a formerly great oak and, as witnesses of the frog pond croaked, as God was their witness, sprawled down a fertile green hill which, by sheer virtue of gravitational interest, sent him head over paw for a good many revolutions resulting in a wretched retching sensation in the vicinity of the food digestion apparatus and an explosion of heavenly bodies radiating from his much battered skull, the stars themselves unfolding into tweeting bluebirds orbiting the crown, brushing along with interorbital bangs and asterisks and elf notes a ragged, bloodied flap of ear now that Shimmie Dogboy, dogbody extraordinary, victim of natural forces, inert, its furred mat resting on the paw of Kurli Kat delicately slurping a rough tongue through a jaw recently vacated of a troublesome insect.

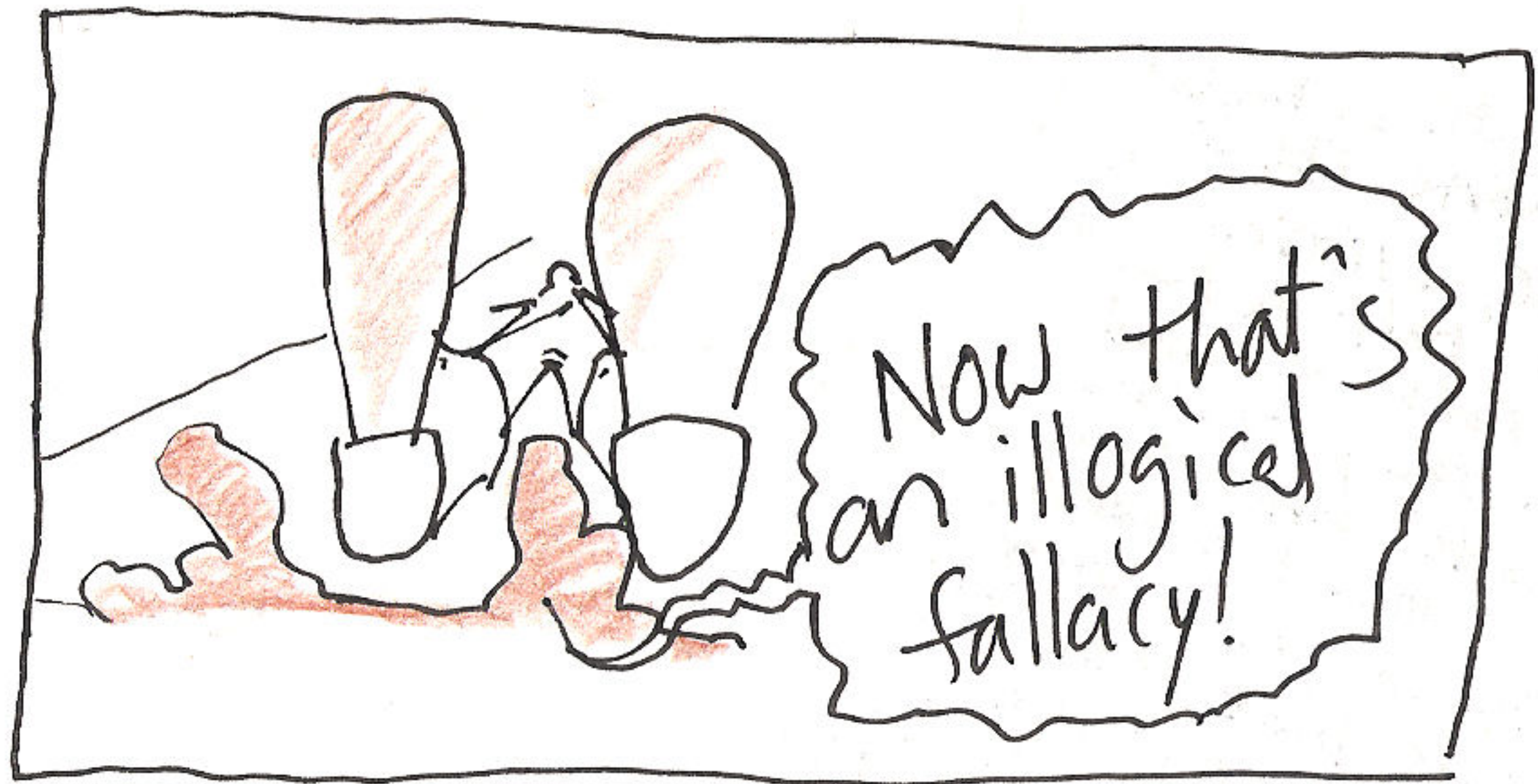


Sedate sentinels
lay prone like limp
prose, stirring
with half a heart
and half a mind
when the promise
of sated appetites
rises from the mass
earth in great vine
tendrils that creep and
claw against the
ramparts of
civilization



THUMP TH
UMP THUM
THUMP TH
VMP THU
MP THUM
PTHUMP

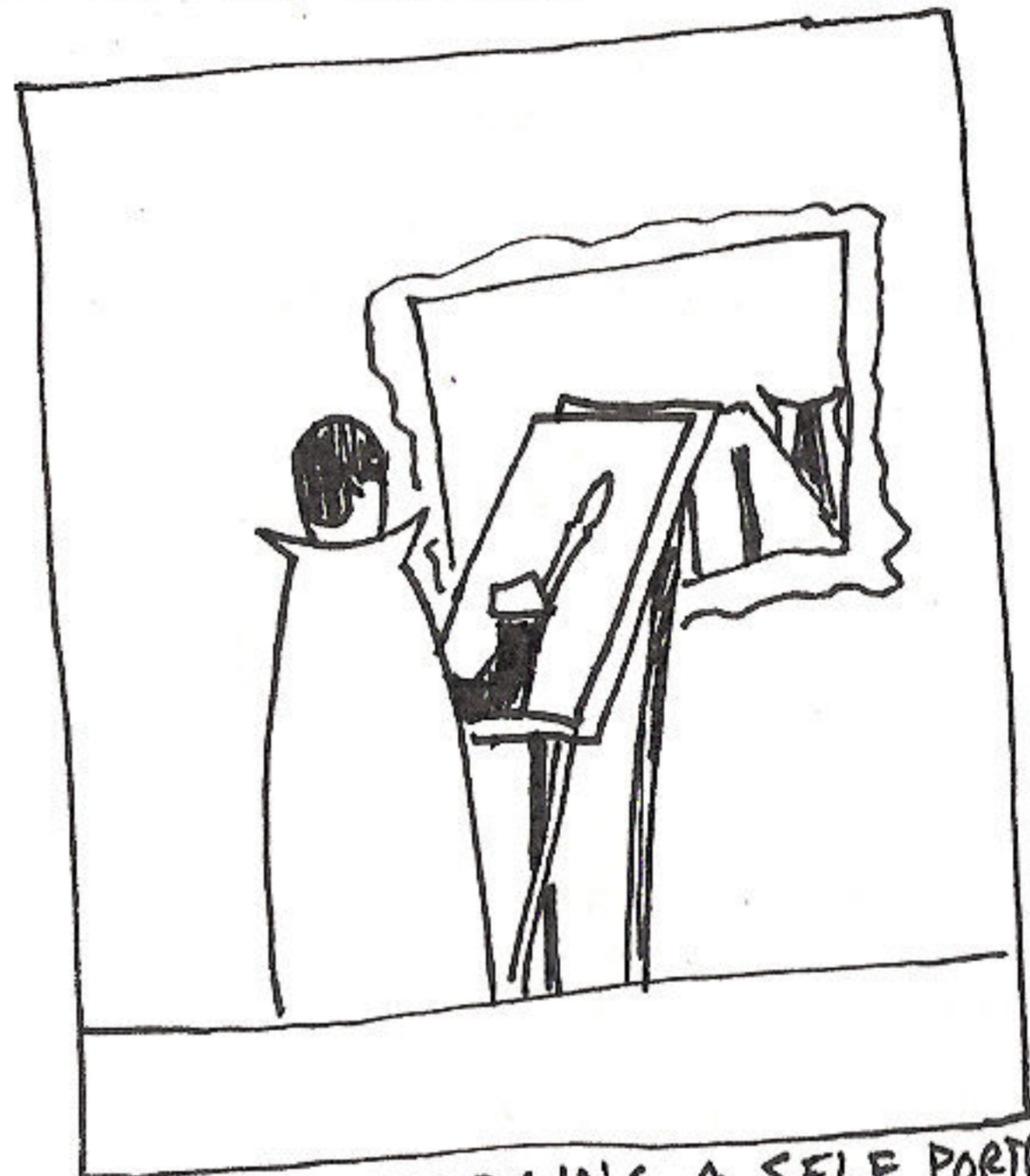
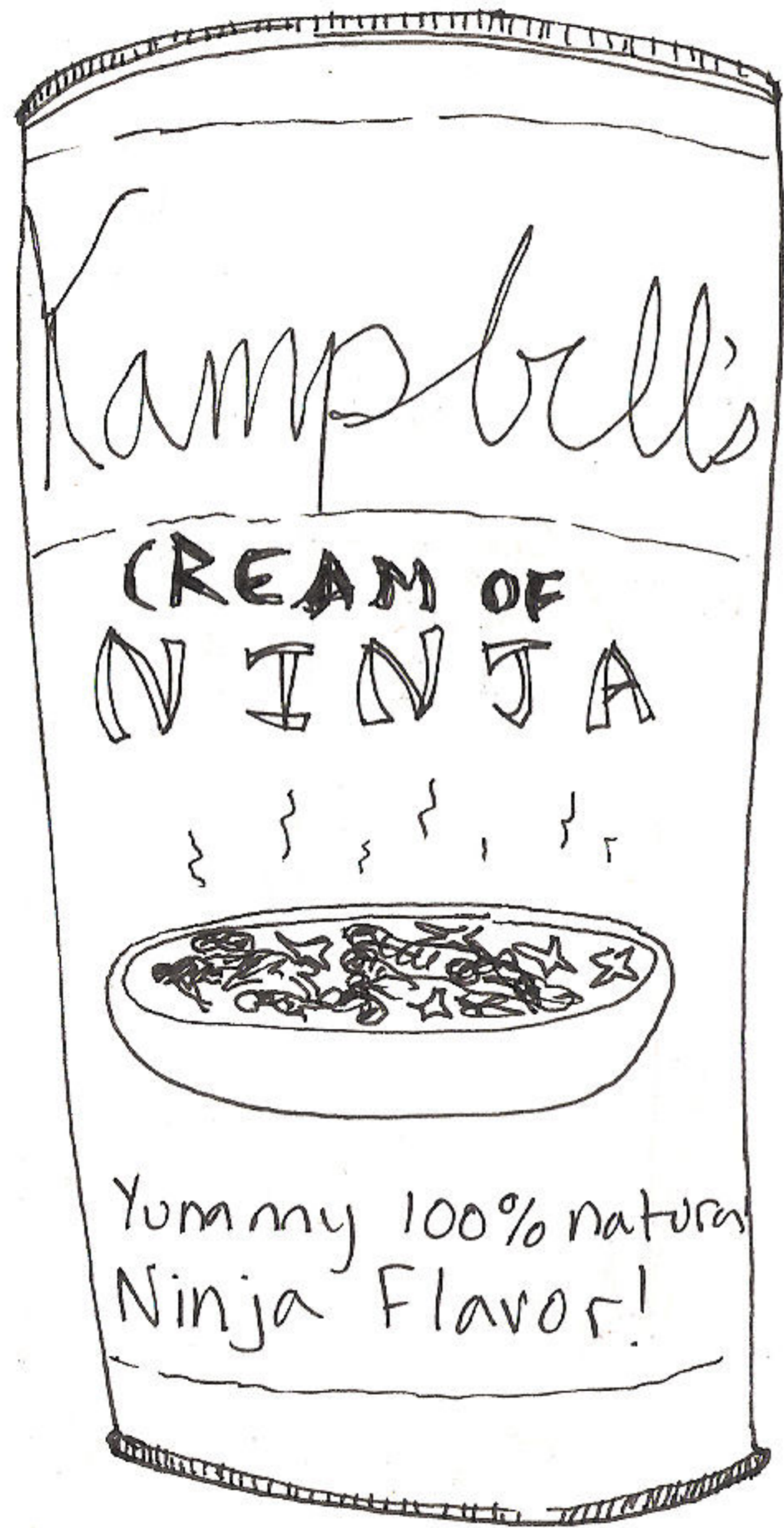
SHIT HAPPENS



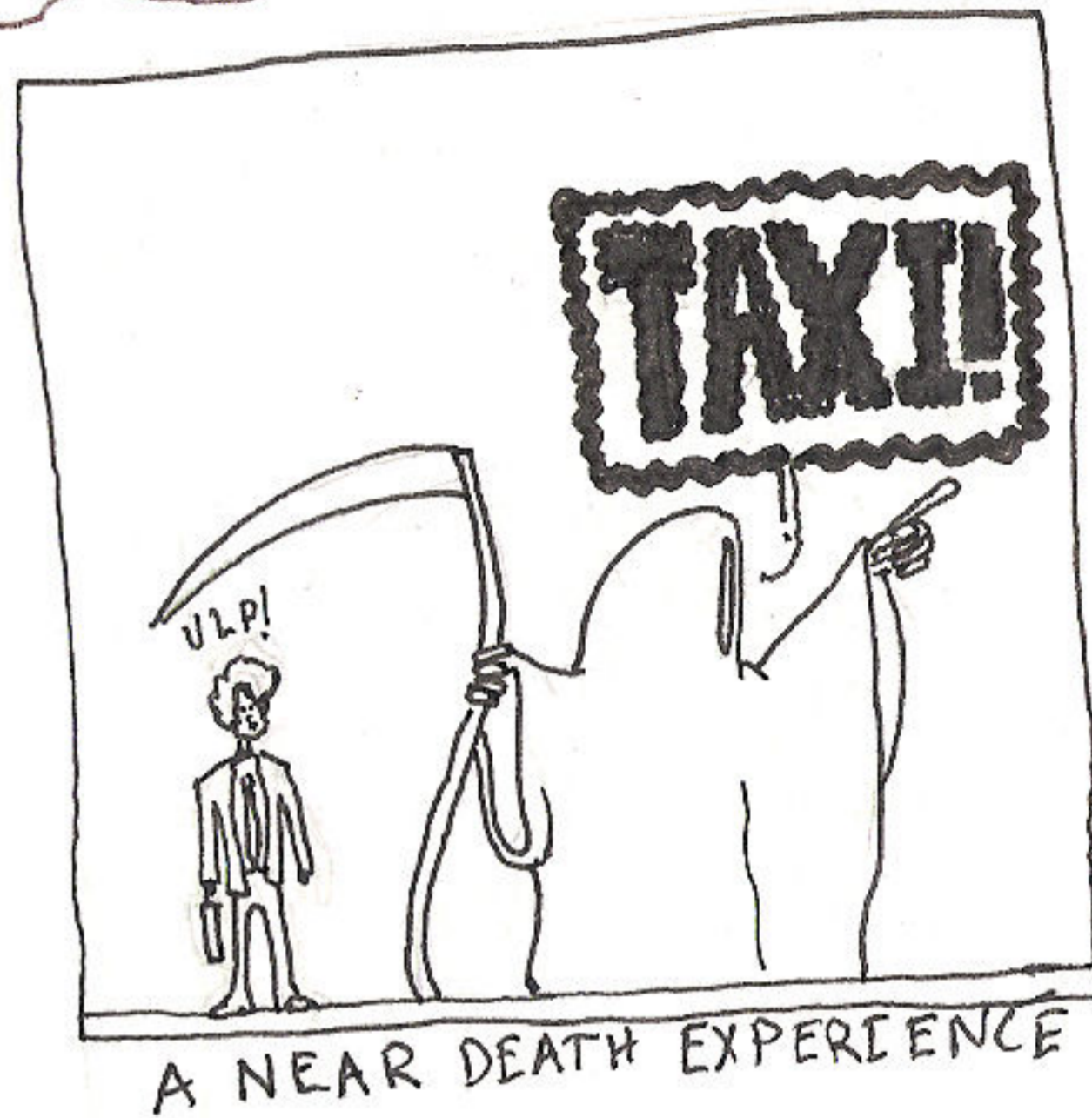
STONE COLD BLEND
FINE ARABICA COFFEE BLENDS



ZOMBIE GROUNDS INC.



A VAMPIRE DOING A SELF PORTRAIT



A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE



WE CANT MAKE LOVE, BABY.

AWW, WHY NOT?

Litter Banzana



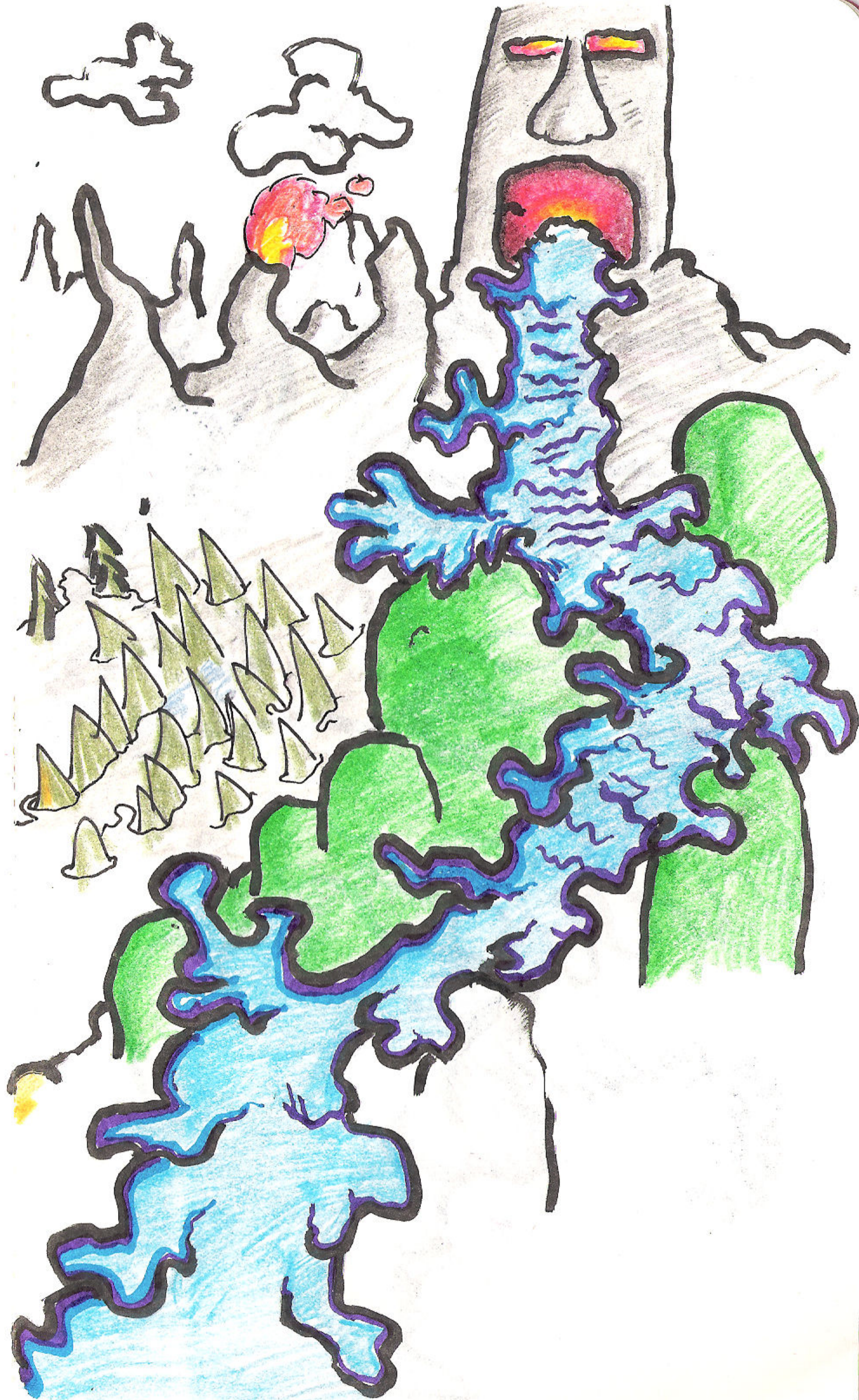
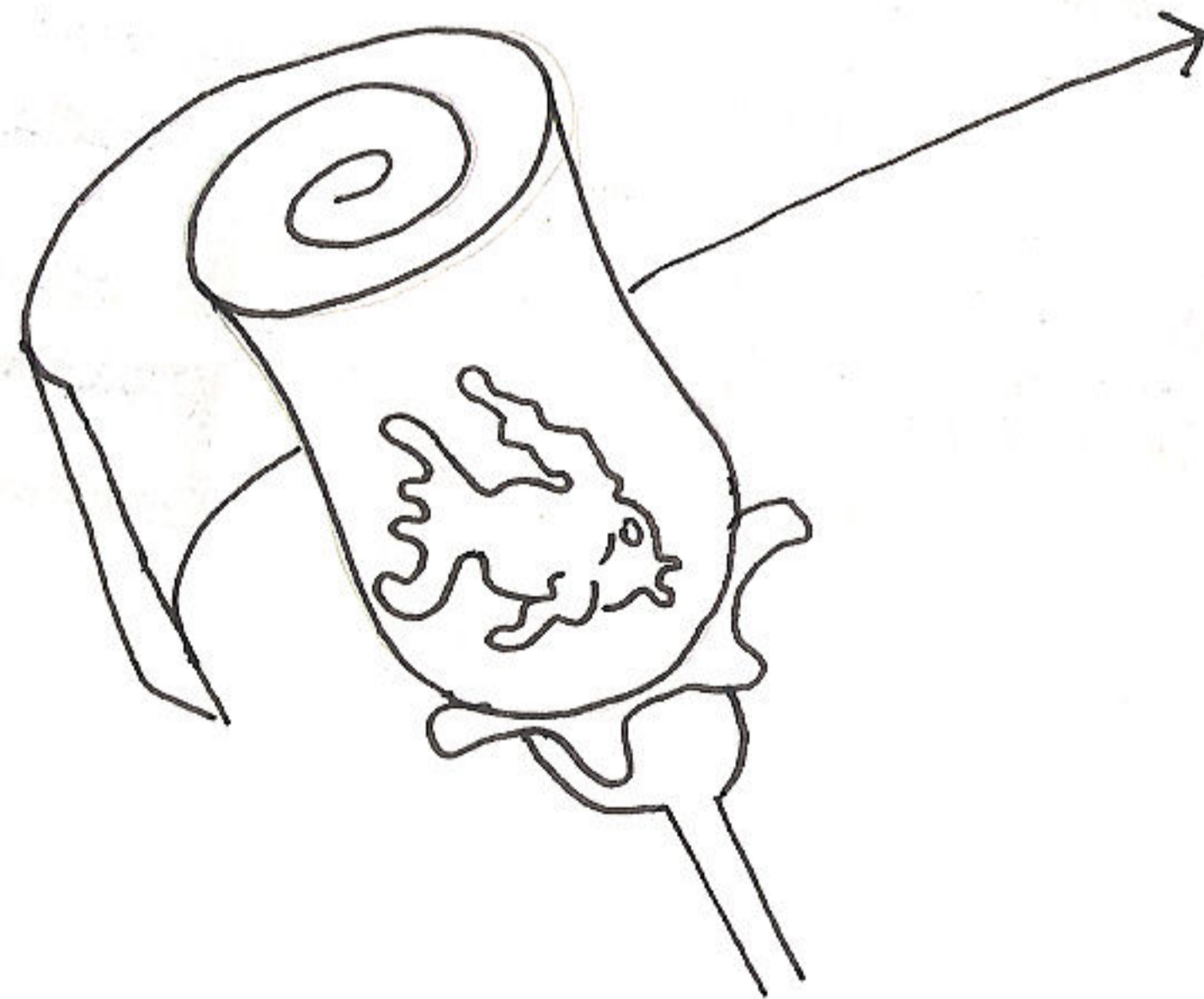
wwwrrrrrrreeeeooooowww

Fill the victim's trunk with lots of lightweight trash such as junk mail, empty ^{plastic} glass bottles, discarded tampon applicators, etcetera. For extra oomph, use playboys and penthouses.

Tie a sturdy string to the trunk pop up latch and line it up to yourself or a co-conspirator in the back seat. If you McGyver it you could rig it to lead to the front passenger seat with the part connected to the latch tied in a knot that will allow you to retract, blameless, the string.

During the drive, when the victim ~~sees~~ a protector of public safety (police, state trooper, parking meter lady), pop the latch, and try not to laugh hysterically as the victim is pulled over and fined \$10-\$500 (location dependent) for littering.

This is best done to wealthy friends or family; it's just not as funny if you're piss-poor broke.





A line sketches itself
in the thin air,
incandescent amid
the gloom of thunder
stricken mountain
ranges. It is a
door

filled with a roaring like worlds ending, and
a light you only see from deep inside
the deep dark gloom of oceanic voids.
Smoke seeps from the edges, but so does
laughter, simultaneously gleeful and deranged.
That door, it cannot be shot.







THE FLATULENT FAKIR



CONTRARY TO PUBLIC OPINION, ONE DOESN'T FISH TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL AND DRINK BEER WITHOUT THE MISSUS NAGGING; THE TRUTH LIES IN THAT SENSATION OCCURRING WHEN THERE IS A NIBBLE ON THAT LINE, THE PRELIMINARY NIBBLE LEADING TO THE FIRST EXPLORATORY BITE. THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS THE TRUTH. THE TUG IS THE DRUG.

CRACK COCAINE THAT BE CRAZY SHIT GETTING INTO BUT I CAN'T HELP INTO WAS SO CHEAP AND GAVE ME EASY DREAMS AND HIGHS, AND CHARGED GUN POWER GOTTA GO OUT AND KEEP ON FINDING THE MONEY

THE DRUG ITSELF, AND IVE COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S THE CONSTANT STATE OF NEED, THE ADDICTION ITSELF, BETWEEN ACQUIRING AND CONSUMPTION IS THE REAL STATE OF ADDICTION, THE NEED AND

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THAT WANTING IT HURTS SO GOOD I GOTTA GET MORE OF THAT HURTING, HEY BABY YOU GOT THAT HIT?

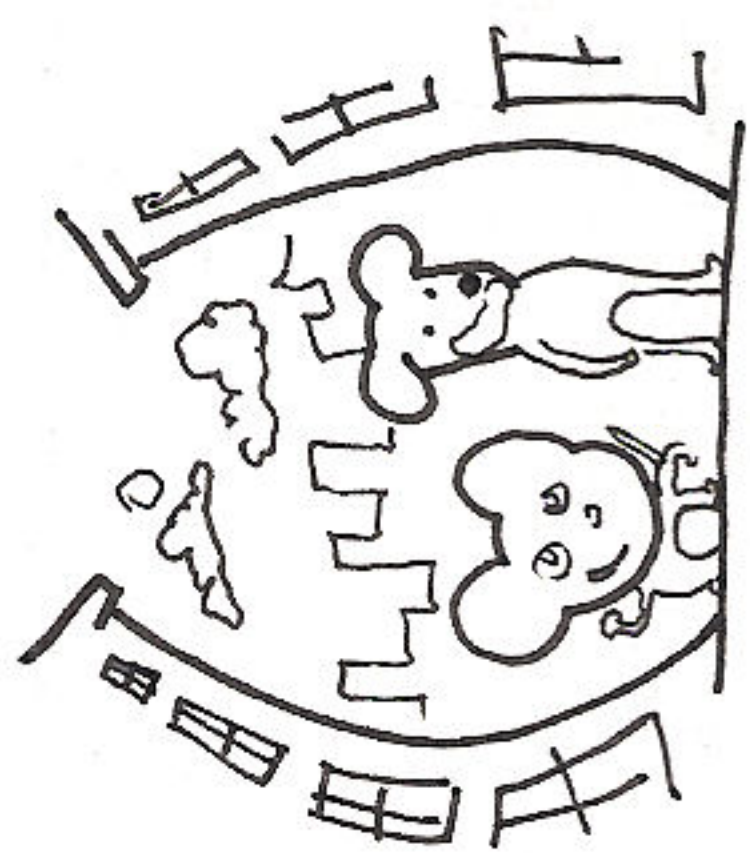
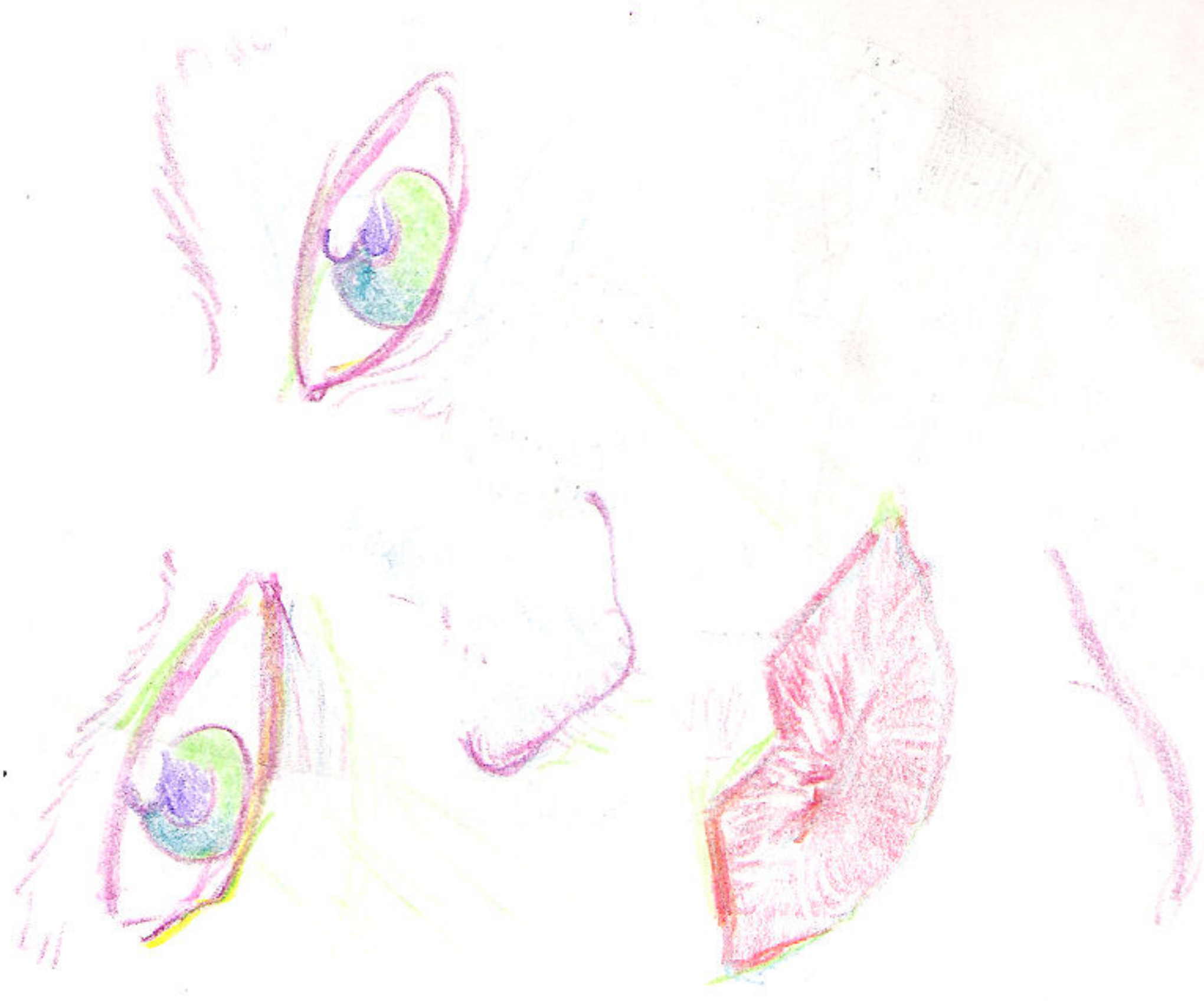
THE MAGIC LIES WITHIN THE RITUAL OF PREPARATION, AT THAT MOMENT POISED BETWEEN

WITH INFINITE PATIENCE AND ANTICIPATION, I SET TO THE TASK, UNTIL IT IS AN ACT OF PERFECTION

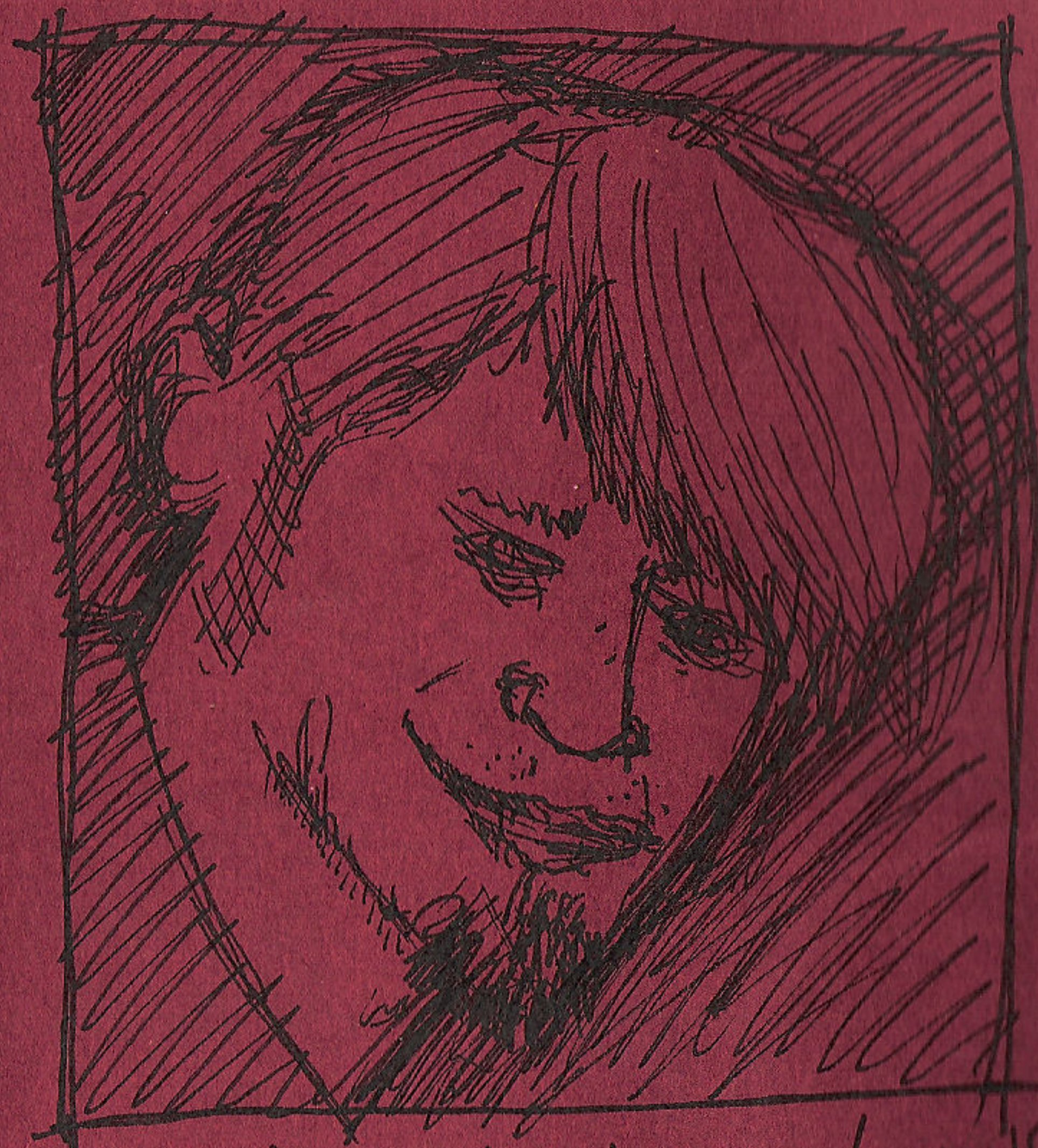
I FEEL LIKE I COULD PUT IT OFF FOR SOME TIME, BASK IN THE FEELING,

BUT OF COURSE I REACH FOR THE LIGHTER...





TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!



<http://www.twitter.com/zxvasdf>
<http://zxvasdf.wordpress.com>
<http://www.protagonize.com/author/zxvasdf>
ZXVASDF@GMAIL.COM