

How To Get Rita To Quit Drinkin' Alcohol

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HOW TO GET RITA TO QUIT DRINKIN' ALCOHOL .4

THE REQUEST, A SABOTAGE.....4

HOW TO GET RITA TO QUIT DRINKIN' ALCOHOL .5

BALLET AIN'T DANCIN' BITCH.....6

KORNELIA7

SLEEPING DRAGON, WITLESS TIGER7

NO COMPRENDO EXTRANJERO.....8

LILA'S SERMON8

UNIVERSAL STUDIO COPS9

**HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU INSIST SOMEONE IS A
STUPID DUCK.....10**

HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO SOMEONE'S BRAIN.....10

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL10

LET'S IMAGINE PLATO'S CAVE BEING YOUR THIRD EYE10

**LET'S IMAGINE PLATO DOESN'T WANT TO FIND YOU IN
YOUR CAVE 11**

WHORE WHISPERING “HOLAND”12

How To Get Rita To Quit Drinkin' Alcohol

Among other things "How To Get Rita To Quit Drinkin' Alcohol" would be an erenescha that covers the complex issue of Hollywood going from being parasitical to actually being a parasite. Hollywood: A gathering of reactionary, regurgitating emotional disaster areas that thrive on dolor dollars, and that share the puke they make of it...with their audience's grieve money.

How To Get Rita To Quit Drinkin' Alcohol

You see, the thing is one needs to remember what one asked for. It might be necessary, and I personally can't see how this could be any kind of harmful, to remind ourselves of this fact.

The Request, A Sabotage

The thing with FEAR is that it doesn't give directions so much as that it urges one to park their shit. Drugs pre-breed a whole bunch of fear of a kind that sort of urgently advises one to terminate their own ass...NOW. It is a kind of parking, and the message us clean folk could derive from cats OD'ing all over the place, is that we might not want to embark on that kind of journey. After I had secured the notion of not being Superman or something, and after I had come to terms with the nasty fact that my spectators were of the opinion that I thought I was Jaws (yes the fish:], I discovered I could stay aloof over water for a prolonged period of time.

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"Let's say, like, YOU're only on the right track if you SEE Jesus bleed?"

Of all the dilemma's men have faced since time immemorial, getting Ritar to quit drinkin' has been one of the foremost issues said species have had to handle. To illustrate this predicament, let's look at the wolf that's reading up on how to eat a brick house that contains fine, succulent hawg. The wolf is reading while the sharp scent of burnt wood and rubber still filling the air. "Why Veggies Have Better Brains."
"Maybe if you hold it upside down and read cover to cover," SporeNinja whispered audibly into the wolf's ear as the beast was oogling his manual quizzically.

Ballet Ain't Dancin' Bitch

So here's Junior come out of the international ballet, wide eyed and indignantly saying, screaming almost: "Who said white people can't dance !?"

Grandmamma axed J. where he'd been and upon hearing what all J. had seen, Grandmamma said one of the most remarkable things n e l on, in or anywhere NEAR the block had ever heard till that day: "That great grandchild, is not dancing. THAT is a heap of very, very sorry cunts dressed up and spinning in order to smell up the place with their pussies."

As the basja stepped in 'cause J. was showing clear signs of having been close to one of them...freaks, Grandmamma calmly continued saying: "Ballet ain't dancin' son of a bitch".

Since J. didn't know nobody but Grandmamma we shan't be surprised that he axed her a question, and said: "Then what they and e'rybody be sweatin' at den?"

After the whole block having heard the thing it'd just done heard (Junior axing his grand mamma's mamma) we should feel the a-typical sigh of relief at her answering: "Death ain't nourishing. It don't look good, it don't smell right and lest you need to go to hell to learn, you best stay clear of those prancing tootsies. Big up 'nuff respect."

As Junior appeared to be thinking up another question the basja said: "Don't Junior, we don't want to be took there and currently all we got to go, euhr, see is Caesar's at the crib. Know what I'm saying?" He had a kind but nonetheless compelling look on his face as Junior indicated he'd caught both him and the basja's mother's drift. Nodding, Junior withdrew into his chambers and pondered on the sweaty bitches; were the pompons must have gone; and on what all his grand mamma's mamma had told him and the entire block that particular backlit night.

The basja, grand mamma's second son, sat back down and took to tying his shoelaces. "You showin' signs of leaving for somewhere Reggie." grandmamma said. "Yassa, I sure is. I'm goin' outside and patrol the hood. See to it e'rything's allrighti den. Mayhap bring back pops and separate him from that weird paperback he says he be needing for breathin' purposes."

Kornelia

It was her birthday and as had become custom in basic school, she went around with a box to treat everybody. When Odette finally reached my table something in the look of her eyes struck me as she said "Dropje?" I sort of immediately decided to "No!?" my way out of that proposal, and as she moved to the person sitting behind, who DID have their back against the wall, she seemed to never take her glare off of me. She must have thought, 'cause I clearly heard her say that word again. There was a kind of grabby rustle as Dolores must have taken one out of Odette's box of treats. She was dead 30 seconds later, by then the entire classroom was already buried. This had something to do with last year's birthday wave. But Odette hadn't moved into town then.

Sleeping Dragon, Witless Tiger

And then the spy offered: "Here's a list of very rich men, that can't say 'N N N...' You kn n n n.

No Comprendo Extranjero

And then Lila told Majnun that she'd SEEN Maj do something that COULD be interpreted as a bunch of shit with corpses, BUT that Lila wasn't whom was with Maj while he was doing THAT shit.

As Maj came 'round to realizing what Lila was ACTUALLY telling him, Spore cut in, and said: "If and when a homosexual can't depress you far and wide enough to accept him(!) coming into YOUR ass as a form of consolation..." At which Majnun interrupted Spore and blurted that he shut up since his bitch was obviously trying to break up with his ass.

Lila bore the sight of Maj going off at his invisible assailant and patiently waited 'till they were done. As Maj seemed to be seeing her again she said Maj should now axe her the secret question as to ascertain, you know, whether, you know, she could trust her in telling him who'd actually been with Maj when they no "he" swam with the dead zombie corpses in the water.

"What's the secret question?" Majnun prompted his bitch. And she said that wasn't it.

"It IS," she said "What does surreptitious" mean?

Ah said Majnun, what DOES "surreptitious" mean? At this Lila rolled her eyes till all Maj could see were the withes of her eyeballs. Just the way he liked her.

Lila's Sermon

She spoke in a low, husky voice and said that much of the bitter resentment and grieve expressed by the more talented musicians and actors could be explained and made understandable by assuming they are on some kind of drug or other.

"You're not going to get any tonight homey," SporeNinja offered Maj as an underscore to the already painful play that was unfolding right before his unbelieving eyes. "Th, Th, This is not about sex baby," Maj told 'Her' with a breath he could barely push out of his hurting, aching heart.

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"Here's back to dating Speed again,"
SporeNinja added, as if completely deaf to the cold
that the lust, I mean, löve öf his life was sort of
causing Majnun there.

Universal Studio Cops

"There's things money can buy,
There are doors that swing open violently
 In the face of a camera.
There are ways 'round many, many a
 procedure,
And ways up, towards the giant's(!) mansion,
 In the sky."
 The witch that sold Jack the beans in
 "Jack And The Bean Stalker"

This one's not done yet...

Here Is What Happens If You Insist Someone Is A Stupid Duck

"Don't let him catch a breath."

Evren's auntie (AKA Miss Universe) is a man hating pig that has turned to the computer for sustenance and nourishment. Her parents LEAVING 'Fran with her auntie have created a slashing trashing rapist that will find and butcher if she can't get away with a nazifuck and cause WW3.

Now, since I am not a Christian, I am able to expect the arguing leaders of your revolution to send a bunch of universal soldiers somewhere to kill.

Here Is What Happens To Someone's Brain

Now, here's what happens to someone's brain if you keep on telling them a bunch of lies. Like for example how theirs works if they do that...

Rewarding one's parents with doing your duty as a son, might bring tears to their eyes, but there's basically no telling what you have been to them, because most parents if not all of them, will retract from failure and will most assuredly try to flee loserville. Obviously due to not wanting to risk to end right side up in hell. A place that is no more than a faint memory to many men. Not because hell doesn't exist but because, in a completely natural act of sweet tenderness and love, God has temporarily wiped this nasty smear from our face. So that we would not be unruly obstructed in our dealings pertaining to being "seres humanos." (that's not French Saunders;)

You Can Always Tell

You can always tell when they ain't axed their bitch.

Let's Imagine Plato's Cave Being YOUR Third Eye

Let's imagine Plato's Cave being YOUR third eye, and you the prisoner. You are not going anywhere without the head that contains that third eye for a cave...

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So we don't like a bunch of no curtain, bare wall domicile and we start decorating. You know, working with what we have: Bat wings; bat blood; guano; occasional leaves blown into our little cave; and dust clinging to The Visitor.

With all this we busy ourselves and fashion drapes, carpeting and a piano!

Playing with ourselves we have indeed made a kind of replica of M.B. Elish and her not so friendly burial of this weird, transient, fleeting thing called friendship. We are waiting for Billy there to come find herself in our cave and we ready and steady our cup to chin-chin with hers.

And Bam!

Woops, chips, it's copy written! Dang! HoobaStanck!

Let's Imagine Plato Doesn't Want To Find YOU in YOUR Cave

"The dude made all kinds of nigger-errors and your still handing that SOV a Pulitzer!?"

Santa Fruba accounting the thing that led up to things in "Zero Accountability"

This one's a little bit harder to imagine, so buckle up D. 'cause it'll be a rocky, surprisingly unimaginative ride. For the sake of y'all not puking and...giving it up too soon, let's imagine the devil (and I do mean THE devil) owning a precise recording of everything the Sint has ever said. A record spanning the beginning of its existence, euhr, now.

You said something, they said something. You felt you, and then they.

So here's your memory sort of not serving yourself right. You retrace this short line of text back to the point you lost the point, and you get the eerie feeling this erenescha is pissed off...at you. Even though it's just a couple of lines of text. It says you're not smart, you're not, you're not...Even though it's not even about anything yet. But is it?

Whore Whispering "HoLand"

This would be an erenescha on how going to hell doesn't actually manifest itself in terms of people being able to look and say that the "person" in question is *actually, really poor poor*. No, the things people do to go to hell is more rather in terms of being clad pigs walking on hind legs (probably their own hind legs;)

In case George Orwell comes to mind, we should be aware of the fact that he was of Indian origin and has actually spent part of his life in India. Therefore the term 'sakat' may have underlined his daring novel* treaty on Russians (of course). This term isn't about poverty (actual, inner or whatever). No, it is a denomination of someone acting human but being more of a pig.

** novel = derived from the French nouvelle cuisine. An allusion to the first time some really rich piece of pedantic shit in England first tasted scented dainty dishes of blowfish.*

Now, Robert Redford introduced horse whispering to a wide racist population that like to see segregation continued and not completely disappear underground.

Yes, yes. This does suggest that a racist is sakat. But no. Sakat are not necessarily racist. Ted Bundy was sakat, for example. And in my opinion some movies are sakat.

Movies and people that shroud good and evil, and confuse moral and values are sakat.