

The Book Of Letters Received



Trampling horse

Picture submitted by *StraatToerist*

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The Book Of Letters Received

“The Book Of Letters Received” is a collection of English language *ereneschas*. Being texts that are aimed at processing information coming from all kinds of sources, the *ereneschas* are a form that is intended to be humoristic. They are composed on the go, usually on a notepad or in my daily planner, much like sketching and they have even come to have a technical, psychological ring to them... Most *ereneschas* are drawing like drafts, some, like [the one about the bike](#) are finished, but most aren't.

The Man That Loved His Bike More Than Anything Else On The Planet

The man that loved his bike more than anything else on the planet, used to live around the corner, right there where the baker lost his sandwich. Flailing a picnic basket he turned to the butcher's wife for a dog. He had reportedly stated to need a bitch that didn't know how to swim. "I ain't gonna getcha nothing to get ya off as ya be drowning it Stephen." The mad baker put his lunchbox down and said the butcher's wife had got him wrong. He intended to teach the bitch how to swim. At the question what the dog's weight should be, his spirit lifted slightly and replied: "No more than one of those cute kid's bikes."

After an appropriate moments figuring, the butcher, who'd been privy to the entire exchange, replied: "That'd be the pup of the bitch I let loose on your ass the other day." Having already picked up the picnic basket the baker replied: "That'd be the pup of the bitch that didn't return then."

"How much for the bitch?"

At this the butcher's wife said: "Two fifty." Stephen reached into his lunchbox and slammed a bundle on the counter while saying coldly: "Done."

The butcher turned round and left through the door hind his counter while his wife swiftly went through the wad the mad baker had offered in payment for the pup of the bitch her husband had sent after him the other day. When he returned with a whining bitch that didn't weigh more than one of those cute kid's bikes, she said: "It's all there." The baker, let's call him Stephen, left the store and doubled back to where he knew the man that loved his bike more than anything else on the planet lived. Reaching his doorstep he paused and counted the number of whitches he still had left in his basket. He fed one to the whining bitch that didn't weigh more than one of those kid's bikes, and it did stop to sniff at whatever it was handed her. Stephen rang the bell and turned to count the number of sandwiches he had in his lunch box. At "two" the door opened and the man that loved his bike more than anything else on the planet enquired what Stephen the mad baker wanted, with a short "Yes?"

Stephen said: "I was wondering whether..." But there was a loud bang that interrupted his solliciting abruptly.

Stephen walked back to the butcher's and stepped into the store. He popped the butcher the question as to whether she was interested in purchasing a bunch of dog meat

weighing no more than one of them cute kid's bikes with a bullet hole in it. She kindly asked the mad Baker to wait as she was going to call her husband who'd just left to go see someone about a dog that could swim AND wear trunks. "Adolf's pup's been shot hubby, and the dude's right here axing whether you'd want to buy the corpse back, bullet hole and all." The butcher's wife paused as she listened to his reply and disconnected. She turned to Baker and said: "How about two hundred?" Stephen reached into his bucket and pulled out a wad. He put the dead bitch containing bucket down and left through the store's door whispering "Done."

Dead Ended

The day Jim Carey became president of Europe was a day in september. The day i met your mother was one in...heck i can't remember. His little kid looked at him in a way he knew he had acquired yet another one. Ah! now i remember, your mom was a gambler.

"Your wife is home, alone with your children and you're asking me what you did wrong." Astonished over hearing you say your first words it suddenly struck me: not september. I met your mother during the 13th month...in Holland. Long blond hair and blue eyes, no of course YOU wouldn't remember.

San Francisco Customs, Customs to his friends, took a slight breath. But there was a fire right after the plane had took off of Dulles. Customs, as we're friends now, decided to take it to the speak easy, spurned by a growing need to talk.

The Man That Didn't Need To Zapp

"All I did was text your ass!" I exclaimed.

"It can't read," SporeNinja said.

"...Did **you** read it?" I hazarded. "Your last shrink looked like Anouk" I furthered.

"It is not a game ass whipe", SporeNinja slithered "you should listen to 'Rambo' before he cuts your guards to thin shards."

"A guy look just like you got kicked out of Holland Casino the other day...they said he was a croupier. You know, one of them card shufflers? Spore? Dude. Shadowcat. Liquorlover. Pumpkin?"



SporeNinja audibly inhaled and said: "I know the cat."

"So what did you have?" I asked.

"I resent sharing that informasjun."

SporeNinja said. "Once the game is dun. It's dun. Those that have raked in there...earnings have gone there way." He lectured.

"So what happened to the cat?" I asked.

"You're leaking information as if you have forgotten to hold whatever it is you pour into your face. Incontinence is your name. Selling diapers appears to be your business. You belong on a boat that funny drunks call the Flying Dutchman."

"You are kidding right?" I asked.

"To be honest, zapper, I'm not. And unless you're embarking on your unavoidable schyzofrenic little ol' laps, **you** are going to piss in your pants." SporeNinja replied. This card player you're irritating me with, ended up in one of them trash cans for glass they use to keep things nice and tidy. What you call 'em in you neck of the woods?"

At this my heart lept. An actual question from SporeNinja. I felt strangely unable to answer...and waited to catch a breath and said: "Glasbak."



Komodo Vern And The Mentalist

This erenescha is a follow up of a previous post. "Komodo Vern And Dementalist" bundles erenescha's. In this particular case, short texts that are set in a penal, basement kind of setting that is positively therapeutic. They are aimed at displaying efficient use of the computer. I'm afraid *Dementalist* also illustrates a cold mind that has a way of cutting. Don't give it money.

The Black Nanny

"Don't panic, I am an IT professional" said The Apocalyptic Mystic.

To my astonishment I heard the nanny say: "My, you're early." With an up and down look that could make coffee go south. Way south. I entered nostalgia mode in an attempt to not be there while things went down, and imagined telling that dead pest about it never being wise to enter into a discussion, or even casual conversation, with opticians. Instead, I imagined lecturing SporeNinja, paying for and making use of their services, one should bide their time and catch them selling you a pair of glasses.



AM wasn't phased in the least by the tjoerying nanny, although everybody knew he was all hearing. A cursed gift to many, but not to Tammy as his mother liked to call when on the phone with her boyfriend, Tammy's dad.

I didn't hear what The Apocalyptic Mystic said however, it was too early and this particular hold up did seem a bit more serious than usual. There where people bleeding from the ear. And miraculous saves like on TV with survivors accounting for the miracles they had performed were probably raining down elsewhere, on TV, or in the papers or on the radio or something somewhere or other.

My heart stopped entirely when SporeNinja cut in whispering: "mJa, and we tried our very utmost best not to kill you off for coughing."

Spore nodded, winked and nudged at me while doing all that.

I kept my peace because it wasn't allowed for 'audience' to make a sound during the Guy Pearce case. This of course to spite the twitching lesbos jügend. And instead I hummed a little Dutsjh song I'd learned from The Black Nanny:

“Oh dat was een won der.
Het was een wonder boven wonder,
Dat die kelners schrijven konden.
Hi hi, ha ha,
‘K stond erbij en ik schreef d’r
naar.”

A loud toss interrupted my composition and I decided it best to focus on the works of the ominous one. I fell right a sleep, stuck in the Freudian zone, I encountered a fraternizing void.

“You see,” it resounded “when you attack your child and glue it to the tube, ja? it is bound to communicate along those lines.” There was a snore, but no bang and Plato or girl interrupted as they called Dreamswirls, continued by saying: “You’re child will most assuredly go Playstation on the Nintendo, it will go Mario on the Pong. And YOU will be frightened because the World War, jügend,” I woke up with a jolt and caught my neck knocking into a kind of twisted position that suggested a brace would have been useful and a useful support to the purpose of enjoying a nice little laps of reason. Frater AM continued and I nudge nudged wink winked back into über receptive mode “...because the World War, jügend, as I said just now, because the World War that y’all

started has grown religious people that wear
entire snake for headgear.”



Buckler

Buckler remarked that it wasn't viable to start a slaughter in one's own backyard. He stated that Hitler had done so in Solingen (New Jersey – GB, and in Europe) and had lost all kinds of support as a consequence. Boy, Eagle Eye's...psychic kitten, Buckler's biggest and most attentive fan, AND sidekick to Captain Good (internationally acclaimed good guy) pondered on this remark and casually drew the pitcher up in concluding that it was nice to have Reuter's CNN Turner's around in case Oprah couldn't be removed away from her dogs.

I turned to my now ex wife, and said that it simply was not going to happen, her screwing around that is. What with all the press around, what would be a safer place to state the above?

She looked at me in a way that did smack of SporeNinja and as she said: "Then I'll have to have you put down", I wet my pants. And I felt warm and surprisingly elated as I witnessed her expression across the reading section of her gold rimmed glass and add: " Lile Babbit."

Never before in my life had I experienced as much glee in wetting myself. There was this new Zeeman store that had just opened right near where all this was going down and made a mental note to go and acquire the

latest attire and freshen up in the TGV (Tren Gran Velocidad) to Paris...in case I got away from my now ex-wife. Her name shall not be mentioned.

"That is not my name" I uttered, slightly embarrassed because she was sure to get a whif of my piddle. With her not being a smoker and all.

"That is" SporeNinja explained, "why it is 'THE BOY that cried wolf'"

'Komodo Vern folds' it rang through the intercom. Startled I saw that I'd been calling everybody's bluff and wasn't getting anymore cards. This had to mean something.

"Ya, like goodbye inheritance, hello serious debt, homeless" I imagined this locust that had been fronting as my conscience or something that eats a lot, commenting.

The Ice Bear

Tib, the ice bear, had had the sniffles since last year.

He'd gotten used to only hadding one nostril to his disposal. Usually it was the left one, but today he had right. That meant he'd get to go to his buddie's majn cave for a solid game of poker.

The sign over cave majn's shack read:

"The mind's eye &
A million pares of lies
That won't see."

Now Ming, as Tib's left nostril used to call him, wasn't stupid. He always made sure he left home pennyless. His momma, who also called him Ming 'cause Mings dad wanted her to, had taught him how to avoid disappointment thus.

Ming's dad, Tib, was and is a very wise ice man. His wife, Ming's mother agreed, thus it so happened that while she was weeding the garden, a couple of Ming's friends came calling for him. As they never ever did that, Ming's mom took awhile to say she thought he was with them. The look on their faces and Tib shaking his head and whiping a tear off of one of his buddie's faces with his purple handkerchief, was cause for Ming's mom to be alarmed since her previous screw had turned to queerdom as well. Luckily Ming wasn't with them, obviously, or else "they" wouldn't have asked for them.

"Ernest, I really wouldn't know, but I do recall Ming mentioning Sweden being really nice this time of year, just yesterday at dinner."

Ernest sniffed and whiped the remainder of his yank off of his face and quizedly regarded Tib.

"Swe dun" Erny said.

The Day I Discovered I Am Colored

"Don't sell the shoes you be wearing
though."

Santa Fruba "Wijsheden,
hoofdstuk 2 "Op Vakantie In Santo
Boma", niet vertaald vanwege ruzie

Intro

Nurse Lucy once commented that every time she blamed anything on IT, a baby died. At this a colleague of her, a gynecologist, was audibly forced to ask why nurse Lucy kept blaming stuff on IT. The smile said question produced on nurse Lucy's face is what powered this particularly short collection of ereneschas. It's bound to surface here or somewhere's else like on of them whale fishies that ain't completely killed off yet.

The Day I Discovered I Am Colored

As the coffeebuzz kicked in I decided it succinct to pick up my Parker bolígrafo and ink it out. I had set my NotePad to WordWrap and wouldn't have to bother wis carriage returning line feeds.

My new fruit of the loom would be called:
"Sometimes They Die Alone"

...but I might decide to change that later.
It would tell about SporeNinja whispering to the cellmate in cell #4 at Schiphol, things like
"Death due to glasses shoved through the head."

Twisting things is something that costs lots of energy. And there is stuff that sissies, them that form allegions with women, do not know. Unfortunately for Marianne "Selma" Tiemen, one of them things is that it is impossible to trust cannibals.

Let's say that you alone, being your manly self, is in a photo shoot with two of them. Much like Gilgamesh at the end of his little adventure of death and all kinds of glorious fun with his clay buddy on that island with a man and a woman passing judgement on our king there. And all of a sudden you have to hold completely still.

So I am going to call that little story "Neo Kafferkamp", instead of "Sometimes They Die Alone".

Spotless Papodoupoulus

Spotless had joined the navy in a capacity AND quite the state. During his years at tech U, he'd built a thingamageek using which electronic surveillence and its trail could be masked from any known device known to mankind.

Boldly Spots went and got himself a job in a firm a coorporation that secured perimeters and upheld things. Said firm had a need, a SORE need for Spot's thingamageek. They had been assailed by so called black hatters and even by stoning Dr. Frankenstein

descendants that where in fact looking for work to earn good honest cash with, so they could invoke a liquor license whenever they needed to flash ID.

Since those people belonged in jail they could not be on no payroll of said firm. It simply would not look good. Therefore, after Spots had been successfully hunted down while playing with himself at tech U, he was made an offer Spots mother would not be able to refuse.

She decided to usher Spots on and stimulate her boy into taking that job and not finishing his bid at the aforementioned educational facility. Given the fact that Mr.

Papodoupoulos, as they where indeed going to be calling him at his newfound born again firm, was a Bennie Hill fan, Pappy, as Spots' wife and mother of his 2 or 3 children liked to call him when she was off the grid, had the knack to 'femalize' his anti spotting device.

When the project manager, in charge of implementing the thingamageek unknown to any known device known to mankind, remarked that Spots' piece of work appeared to have blind spots. He received a blank stare of a million pair that PM knew he did not want to ever see again. When Spots reacted to PM's remark, PM further knew that not only did he not want to behold said gaze

again, he would not want to have sound with that neither.

PM went deaf and blind the day after, but he lived.

You see, SporeNinja chitlins, Spots had indeed inventut vinyl. Illustrated by way of it's main application the record player.



The manual accompanying vinyl®, would receive the lofty nobel price for manuals. It's title "The Fun In Mass Murder by Charles Manson" would exhibit such humongous copywrite vilations that case studies aimed at ascertaining whether this was intended at starting something, you know, really violent, where organized by known people throughout the known world.

After a gazillion bundles of money (euro's) the copywrite lawyer's book keeper figured that he was not going to be payed because a bunch of people where busy figuring their

way out of one fix and into another. The bookie decided to cash in his savings and move to Flexicanland, Canada, and become a New Suewish native there.

Feed The Bitch First

- The sequel to [The Man That Loved His Bike More Than Anything Else On The Planet] -

As the butcher waited, his wife hung up. He turned to the pet man and he continued by saying: "I didn't tell you to always feed the bitch first for nothing Stephen." Now, if you turn your phone off I will bother explaining the why for this, the pet man said. I'm afraid I can't do that since there's nuts walking in and out of my shop and sometimes it's the last thing my wife does in case of some issue or other. Fine, said the pet man, we'll leave it at that then. He walked up to the next cage from where the butcher's wife had interrupted their dealings, dragging his cane behind him, and said that this is the dog the butcher was looking for. It's male said Stephen. That's right butch, and notice how it is wearing trunks and getting ready for a swim just like you wanted. Noticed, said Stephen. But my wife sent me out to get me a bitch that's inclined to do the same. That would be this here specimen Stephen, trust me. I'll have to send my wife over here so she can decide 'cause I'm getting confused pet man, said Stephen. That's allrighty then butch, I can assure you that this one will be here when and if she turns up. "The price 'll be the same then?" Okidoki butch you have a

deal there, then. As the butcher inched his way back to his store. He replayed the entire phone call and decided to have his store window fixed with the two hundred...as he walked in and had the familiar ring for customer go off. Where's the corpse a the bitch then he asked his wife. It's in the back she said...next to the two hundred. I'll get right to it, butch said, you can close up now. He turned the Open sign to Closed and walked round the counter to where he had all his hacking equipment.

The Computer As A Trojan

- About how the computer is a kind of Pandora's box -

The Trojan horse was a gift from one warring party to another as a confirmation of a peace treaty. The reason it can be called "a kind of Pandora's box," is because since then, peace making has become replete with a host of betrayal, deception and disillusionment. For one, nuclear splicing AND nuclear fusion where and ARE such a passion, such an obsessive lust for quite a few physicists. Einstein, Niels and, eeuhr, Hu Lang are among a group of physicists that, having a jolly good merry making time, contributed sizeably to genocide, massmurder and

gassing. The Mars lander and its career as forerunner to autonomous robotics.

You Laugh To Much

- Did you see dat episode where Ridge, you know, called Michael? -

Ridiculing someone else's sorrow as it is expressed, slandering them subsequently and turning them away from practising spirituality 'cause all YOU want of them is to be able to enjoy touching them up untill they're lunatics that need to be put down rabid dog. Which could be justified with reasoning (out loud) such as: They shoot mocking birds don't they.

The Suicide Kabinet

Woops!

Let's say you're an actor and you're required to explain that this ain't reel while you're very empire is built on people getting into your, euhr, things dat you do. You decide to install a video camera in your newly founded church and make a movie. Bam! Marilyn Monroe slides off the wall and lands in your bed dying to hear your philosophy on Bam! politics. You know and she knows that people tend to listen to famous philosophers because they are in the know. They play the game right, and because they possess the skill to word philosophy, you tend to pay close attention. What is is dey say is so wacking so full of pun and dead nuns, that

you decide upon what your brain told you you heard. You decide to rise up and tell dem, to tell dem, euhm, dat, something. Well, ok, you decide NOT to tell them dat you programmed part of the Columbia space shuttle even though you did. Maybe dey don't like programmers all dat much because of the error levels in most of dere work and de fact dat dey test on ordinary pipos and get dem to kill eachother off for no other reason den a bunch of Hollywood. So you turn to your rare, mint (flavored?) really big James Dean poster and you request dem to tell you what to tell dem...and to your astonishment a dead Prodigy dancer answers. You hear him tell you to run out and kill yourself. And you decide to go and cast a damned vote but dere is nobody else dere and de kabinet says you're on vacation and in sore need of killing yourself off right dis time. And you reach for you little dosage of crack cocaine amvetamines only to find an overdose within arms reach. Someone left it there for you, Logan, with a note telling you not to take it all at once. But you do, because you are a weak Hindu coward armed with Krishna, Lord Krishna, and you blink and sore the skies you have become so familiar with and you fly to death. As you, actor, embrace death for the last time after having dated dem for the

better part of your solliciting voting democratic life.

Obviously

Obviously kids don't need suicidal teachers. They don't need aggressive teachers. They (kids) don't need nazis to teach them, and of course, that's the only pipos y'all teach anything because them is the ones that get your orders right. They are the kids that are there every day according to law and regulation, and they (those kids;) are the ones that have a remote semblance of a future, what with the weather and all. They are the future, they are NSB taught and schooled.

You know what IS funny? A bunch of military turning to the news in search of safety. Of course not exactly looking for safety, but probably looking for a listening, euhr, like, person or a whadjacallem, reporter. Because they have been silent for so long, not even talking to their next of kin (that aint dead yet, nor are being tortured in Harlem;), that now that one of their FORMER comrades spilled their guts, they find it heard to hold up their own piddle. Ok, ok, ok, it's not "funny" it must be terrible unconcerting for dem to find dem running to dem for dat, innit? Dey must all be very, very scared den,

no? And mourning, desiring sleep and
closure?

Unfortunately, very often, dey already have a
clown working for them. So, even though
they are hiring dem, they obviously don't
need kids dat don't need suicidal teachers.

Buy Rings II

Tis a dangerous place,
Someone else's fear.
They might decide to share.
But someone else's pain...
Offering to help,
Insessantly insisting they're
(needy and) insane,
Better it would be to
meet, only when
one stands to gain.
"Buy Rings II" taken from "It's Not A Cow Don't
Milk It"

Thomas H. Clarke

Thomas H. Clarke, 'Teach' to intimi, was the man dat invented the Superman. Teach is reported to have said (much to the amusement of those privy to those instances) "someone is in trouble" after which he invariably got up and went to close the door which didn't have a latch or to close the cookie jar. One of them was always open, so...

Psychology wise, of course, part of his pun was that he wasn't going to do anything about that BUT close door or jar, and after the first couple of times he went through the routine his audience (among whom where famous people AIVD wise, known to both cops AND robbers;) learnt to appreciate his quirck. One or two of them even new who that someone was. Really.

This act was picked up by a rivaling gang across the tracks and soon Superman saw flight, and was spotted by many a comic book löver, patrolling and keeping things safe and secure.

Schyzo

- Diagnosing some cat with *having* something for the funny heck of it -

Most humans come across a kind of disrespecting when they learn language. They benefit from being told that, now and again. This will help them grow some manners in and with regard to the language they are trying to master. Now, if you instill a profound sense of you not giving anything about them while you teach them...something, you turn them into enemies the likes of which you can justify having put away and slaughtered and butchered for fear of them doing that to your sorry going to hell little self. Now run along, flip your dead grandmamma over a couple of times and get her to give you clear indication of how a bunch of dead tings are teaching you how you are going to learn anything. Anything at all. Then get back to me, knock on something that won't scream when YOU threaten to touch it, and, euhr. Hold up let me get back to you my phone is ringing. So, now, my point is that setting someone up for being tortured till his life ends by way of a very sick, sloppy cunt of a diagnoses because of his color of skin and him banging a white girl (unwed;), is basically asking for being eased into a state of hell way before you're even dead. This bears some thought.

Usurping The Lithium Regime

Usurping the lithium regime

Vreest eerst vrouwen en dan God
Primero dale comer mujer y luego al Diós



Vive Le France;]

"You will be thanking my ex wife soon."
SporeNinja

Not knowing the difference between a pest and calculated error is cause for many a politician to state the wrong things at the wrong time and, unfortunately, getting stabbed to death as a consequence. This has lead to many a, let's say, military man to not like to trust clowns. Not for bait, not for comradery, not for military things. For military reasons involving, of course death. This: not knowing the difference between a pest and calculated error is a reasonable excuse to sort of accidentally ponder on what "knowledge" means, and marrying a MACHINE or something. I don't feel like accidentally pondering on the meaning of the word knowledge, because it gives me the notion of bonding with a machine. So we'll look at pestering and calculating error, which is why I started dis little section that I expect will leave you to give thanks to my ex wife. A rapist, cannibal the likes of Hanibal Lecter...remember? Some teachers decide, on the basis of income and taxing, wether "it" is a deliberate pest or calculated error. Some don't. If you cannot see the difference between that particular one thing (the bubonic plague) and some teen F'ing into

suicide vill and out of skewl, you have no business raiding hard drives in public places, profiling and believing you'll get a job being a SwordFish. "No business" beCAUSE you're a voyeurist pig.

The point which I am going to make right now, that will have you praying to my ex wife, a freak of Bunnik, is that being human involves a particular ethics. You don't behave right you will end up praying to my ex wife, a randy, confused and cruel white woman from a village where clean, pure water is taken from the earth and used to brew alcoholic beverages.

"Ethics" is a word that learned people have clad with the notion that it (ethics) is an academic, even medical term, that requires university level education and proper plumbing (because of stinky, poo poo things and getting rid of dem;)

Women Driver Death On Wheels

Ping had been scouring the perimeter for a parking space. Before she'd slowed down to do just dat Ping had been driving for at least a couple of straight hours. The only ting dat kept Ping awake was the sheer speed at which she had been cruising. As she slowed down to find herself a parking space, things got hairy.

"After e'rybody becomes all veg to safe the world, getting women to take de bus will be a logical step up."

Rosa "Ping" Parks

If I Tell You You've Dialed The Wrong Number

And then dad said: "Well, he LOOKS really peaceful." And I knew love would further our relasjuns. Happily I remembered interviewing Mr. Wong, the father of my precious love chucks, in a parking lot. At exactly the spot my loveliness said he would be. At one point Mr. Wong asked: "Have you ever beat one dog and witnessed some other dogs crinch?" I replied that I had, and furthered that this situation was quite clear to me, since some dogs take a beating of some other dog personal in a psychological way, or sense if you like. Mr. Wong looked me in the eye and asked whether I had had relations with his daughter. At this I said that I came here entertaining the notion of being murdered and not to answer a bunch flesh eating coward as to ascertain whether I have HIV AIDS or not. Mr. Wong repeated the question and I said no. Well how come she's pregnant?

As I Was Saying

"If you're going to look like that wearing that, maybe you should've put on something else instead üf dat."

Writing a book is more than piecing together shards of thought. Pick up any old book on tings and prove my point for me, you. As you do dat, I'll just continue by emphasizing the fact that it is a healthy deterrent to know one's audience. Having this acquaintance could lead to soldiers laying down arms, policeman brushing up and satanicals to freeze, as they aford themselves reading into the murder she wrote. Dey will most likely tell eachother that Eve doesn't have anything on it.

The Lawyer And The Warden

After he'd been jailed the lawyer learnt dat his trade had gone with him. Right into prison. "South" his mother would've said. An important part üf writing is deweloping character. Tings happen to figures of speech and since we're writing, and aren't drawing, we'll need tings to actually happen. Audience demands. So, our lawyer there had managed to have himself payed a wisit by a fellow's sister. He was recorded for having said the following: " "

Now, the inmate who's sister paid the lawyer a visit, was in fact there to check whether her brother was still in jail. She was not expecting to hook up with some disbarred cat that had or had not been formally introduced to her sibling. She drew the conclusion that he had in fact been spotted on the corner. The lawyer spoke Extranjero. As she played the tape back to an Estranger from dere, she was told dat de lawyer who'd taken her bro's place had said: Racisme is er, bij beoefening, op gebrand dat degene die diens plaats wordt gewezen aantoonbaar gekrenkt is.

Speedy Gonzalez

And den Speedy Gonzalez said: "Dis corner is nôt getting any bigger." At which de kat replied he didn't mind. Speedy complained pipos ain't sharing, but the kat indicated Speedy wasn't going to get him off of his focus dere. Speeds remarked, thoroughly enjoying the cat's listening side, dat most men tend to relax and ease into it if and when women work. De kat notably raised a brow and Speedy continued in mentioning that he really enjoyed the modern fact dat women had evolved to come to know how to hold a job, or multiple jobs. The kat had been regarding Speedy's appreciation of women dat work and lowered his brow. Speedy continued and said dat high maintenance women could thus afford buying there own fags. Suddenly de fone rang, the door to the porch swung open and the bitch came stomping in, spooking de kat out in the process (it had dis ting wis dog AND howg;) The fone rang, and it rang, and it rang and after a while it (the fone) stopped ringing. The bitch had noticed the kat was doing something and researched its curious snout into whatever that could have been, to find Speedy rather willing to complete his account of appreciation for woman drivers. "Females behind the wheel," [REFRAIN] Speedy told

the bitch "females behind the wheel". "Yes, yes woman drivers," the dog indicated following Speedy's drift, "Females behind the wheel, are very often also the owner of the vehicle they be drivin'."

The dog didn't like the smell of rat and cut Speedy's storytelling or whatever it was doing, off by axing him a question. What was it?

- .A. Did the kat arrive here tripping?
 - .B. Who picked up da fone?
 - .C. What are you doing? +
-
- .D. What is dat speed doing in dat corner?

How To Kill Loki

"Fear nothing but fear itself and kill and subjugate anything that conflicts with your spiritual works"

Ta Fruba in "The Demon"

I'm Going To Die

-- a sure guide to translating poetry into other languages except Swahili, of course --

I'm going to die and when i do all i'm going to do is tink about joe. Now, this is not a poem. So we don't have to bother. This following one is, so you shouldn't have opened this particular box (which is what a computer is.)

I'm going to die
and when i do
all i'm going to do
is tink about joe.

Before we attempt at translating dis son of a bitch to, let's say cuntish, we need to know about what it says BEFORE we touch it. Who wrote dat and within what con- or pre-text this couple of lines appeared? We know this, because we sort of caught the "poet" read handed. AND we know his name AND sex: Red, male. Brilliant.

So, we have decided to translate a poem from sluttish to Dutsj, 'cause Swahili is not allowed here;)

Ik ga sterven
En dit is het enige
Wat j'ij van mij
Gaat erven.

De kunst zit hem in het woordje "dit". Dat is belangrijk en zo, dames en heren, kúnnen wij de conclusie trekken dat als we samen ruimte gaan bedekken, dat we hard ons best moeten doen om elkaar niet te verneuken. Ophouden elkaar te begrijpen is een belangrijk onderdeel van ontluikend poli-ticisme en religiositeit.

Het gedicht is vertaald, wij hebben nog inkt, dus laten wij heel even kijken naar iets anders dat ook leuk is om niet in het Swahili neer te zetten: Het verschil tussen slacht offeren en vrede stichten. En laten wij dat naar het Engels terugzetten zodat "wij" enigzins recurs uitkomen. D.w.z. m.o.m. op het punt waar wij vandaan zijn vertrokken, qua taal (Engels).

The Stewardess

"As if there's only one carrot going 'round."

It was more or less standard procedure for the stewardess to request anyone having, holding or processing side kick abilities to step forward and say so before take off.

...In Flight Turbulence

As Donna reportedly said, not everybody can even conseive of having enough monetary means to even board a Grey hound, let alone some national flight within the region.

...Patching Tings Up In The Plane

The Knifer On The Pericles

Hoping Remo would turn and come back to Heteroville, dat's over dere near La Vayette where Mink found Angel Eyes staring üp at the sky, Sissy Candy Newark (dat's S.C. Newark) approached the porch separating her from a particularly cruel faith in a basement.

"ereenschas are the reason
we don't negotiate."

Ba Seela in
"Van Boord" (Dutch)

"Why not kick a pig while
you're at it?"

Spore Ninja in
"The Spore Ninja Chronicles"

"...that's what she said
about you."

anominous