

The Sugar Craze And The Coffee Panic

Judge Wichel at his best

Maybe you should
buy a pen and
find out shit.



Something Judge Wichel could have said

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The Sugar Craze And The Coffee Panic

Being indiscriminate was never this difficult

As Judge Wichel ruled that Hollywood is and has been spreading schizophrenia, he implied tech as the key transmitter of the mental disorder and psycho sciences as its religion. This left a very big heap of folks looking for ways to shake it off.

However, the judge had ruled that crucifixion is punishable. At the grudge that ensued, many lawyers were disbarred, leaving their clients none the richer and shy of proper defence. He went on record, stating very clearly that his court wasn't the only court in which crime was acknowledged and subsequently punished.

"Philosophers are intellectuals that have been taught how to think like blood thirsty murderers."

Judge Wichel furthered his ruling and went so far as to implicate philosophy to be an expression of active denial and wilful ignorance.

Abstaining from alcohol is more prudent than abstinence from coffee. The difficulty involved in quitting the alcohol habit can be made understandable to non-alcoholicos if they are on the coffee bandwagon. You just have them picture not drinking any coffee and Bam! They draw a bunch of blanc and fail to see anything going anywhere, not even orange turning to a red light instead of a green one.

According to Judge Wichel's ruling, "Ignorance induced questioning" is a tool that many of the psycho-tech class have applied to round their own wheel. They are known to not only chase the subjects of their tech away from any form of inner succour, but thereby also becoming accessory to domestic atrocities and killing sprees of the likes of Bundy, Manson and the Buffalo Bill.

Cold AND Drowned

Shit!

You see, when i was a kid, my little brother scrambled out the kitchen and into a ditch behind our house. He was almost one year old.

My mom only noticed when the doorbell rang and some woman held her bundle of joy up, saying brother Lawrence his arm had been sticking out of the ditch and, and, but he was still alive.

Good, right! Yeah! Good thing kid brothel there didn't die in the middle of winter! Hyperunder kewld AND drowned, yah! Good thing my mother kept telling me that story over and over again so I'd know yah!?

So, you want to talk about WHAT now?

Hitler!?

Well I don't feel like listening to that. So how you gonna solve the problem van een hoop kaffer in de machine, right here in HoLand Anne Leonard?

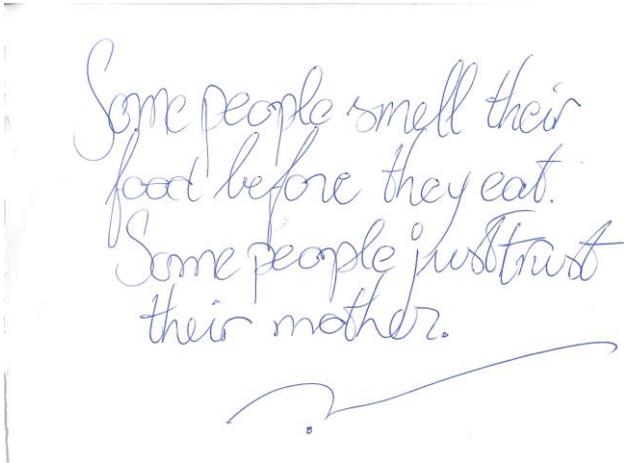
Aahh, you're going to ALL consume less now. Damn!

When are you going to talk about that. Brothelland?

When your mobile phone runs out of Rare Earth Metals!?

Don't you think antroposofogists, that's going to be too late? You know, with you incompetent murderous diabolical kaffir not really changing the weather and all?

Half You Ever



Half you ever heard a grown man sob, cry, weep?
Do you want to?

Sterile

"You married a grown woman that ain't having your baby just YET? Uwy. Well, congratulations." I overheard SporeNinja butt in a honeymoon that seemed to have been happening for at least two or three weeks now. He'd been stalking the groom that had slightly sulky appearance, and he was obviously curious as to why the dude wasn't more happier. You know, given the honeymoon being in Bora Bora.

"What do you mean?
La, la, la, la, la, la."

The Chicken Wing

Freedom

an erenescha® is something you have to LET happen;)

"You know, the word freedom means different things to different black people." Argued Judge Wichel. And as it remained quiet in his courtroom, he proceeded to motivate his ruling to lock everybody up and have them incapacitated, unable to celebrate anything, any time of day (or night)...ever.

The chief warden of the entire, world wide penitentiary system, decided to keep his peace. Instead, the warden closed his eyes to a near slith and prayed. He only noticed Judge Wichel had closed off the court room and had finished his explanation when he turned off the lights. At his our warden quietly got up and strolled out of the court room. The dark had very little secrets from mr. Lantern.

One

"I have had some weird thoughts during my life. But I have always found some Roman Catholic able AND willing to get my mind to testify against my ass."

Mr. Lantern, in "Green While"

Don Yuan showed Mr. Lantern two pictures. The first one was before she went to Shaolin training, the second one was after her first Shaolin training. Mr. Lantern said he did have to admit to seeing quite some difference in the gleam in Don Yuan's late wife's eyes. Reinforced, Don Yuan stated that the Bundys clearly illustrated (in an

episode of "Married With Children"), that one scantily dressed, physically fit neighbourhood broad could wind Al up. Wound him up so bad that it or 'she' made Peg a really happy woman, because it compelled Al to overcome his revolt and nausea with being like that with Peg...you know, in bed.

As Mr. Lantern saw Don Yuan's lips move, he remembered the case that had preceded Don Y's incarceration. He had been tried by Judge Wichel for attempting to let the board of directors of a mayor phone company hang. Don Y. severely overstepped his boundaries as he represented his client. Her dad, he argued should not have hanged himself. No! The board of directors and management of said communication corporation should have terminated themselves. It so happened, that such a stance was in fact attempted manslaughter within the jurisdiction of the court that the case took place.

Don Yuan was dumb struck when confronted with his crime, but did yell that he'd been trapped by Judge Wichel and he would personally see to it that Judge Wichel was brought to justice for leading a lawyer, and all that. Don Yuan had to be gaffled and taken into temporary custody. His client would remain defenseless and was only allowed to sit through the case in the guest VIP box for visitors of trials and tribulations in Judge Wichel's courtroom, there. That's where the poor girl finally got the chance to mourn her loss, because she hadn't felt safe after her dad's horrendous suicide. Not anywhere.

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and that his committing suicide was a very unfortunate and sadly violent act of blind rage and indignance. According to Judge Wichel it was sheer folly to seek justice to be done this way, and that lawyers don't need that kind of black money.

[URL 2 YouTube "Good Cry" video](#)

"Ingeburgert"

Like the samurai says: "To pick up where one's enemy left of, is to have lost the battle bettel not faught."

The Impossible Read

"It's not that bad to be hypnotized," SporeNinja offered the plaintiff, as he was oogeling Judge Wichel while quietly drooling from the corner of his mouth. The defendant had been accused of dragon slaying, and the multi biljon dollar lawsuit had been the center of attention world wide.

"...it happens, like, a whole lot. No-wa-aim-sayin!?" added Spore, while gently caressing the plaintiff in the back of his drooling neck. "There's things worst then being looked at."

The plaintiff slurped in loudly as if startled from a nap or a slight doze, and snapped and yelled: "Yeah!? Like WHAT!?"

The pindrop silence that followed as Judge Wichel interrupted his elucidations and turned to the defendant, only just hearing Spore whisper: "Being listened to."

"And so," Judge Wichel continued "the minute a woman starts to entertain the notion that you (the man she's with;) are an axe murderer, YOU have the obligation to eaze her mind. It is you who needs to take

that notion away from her and it is you who needs to make sure she doesn't entertain some other howewrecker. It is therefore you whom should have taken a course of action that led away from this court."

The Cliffhanger Verdict

The famous cliffhanger verdict is a ruling of Judge Wichel, that Hollywood is singelhandedly responsible for the entire United States Of Mericonadas being in a continuous state of hysteria and sort of having a fake sense of closure and a anticipation of a bunch of idiot.

Sentenced

Fried, baked and toasted nervous system tension, leading up to a radical freak of an audience, roaming around the world looking for the right drug to ease its mind(s). Hollywood was in fact tried for pushing and (to a lesser extent) of pimping. As a consequence Hollywood was sentenced to go to hell and to take it's rap-apology with it.

Disbarred

In Holly's defaitist attempt to sort of go like: "Who's gonna execute the likes of all of us?" Judge Wichel said: "The Devil."

At this the defendant's lawyer felt he had the liberty to say: "Why not God?" Upon which it turned that his speaky, speaky time had sort of elapsed and he was being contemptuous. Holly was left lawyerless and muffled like.

Enlightening Jeb

As Judge Wichel elucidated his verdict, for which he took extra painstaking effort, because he'd ruled over a whole bunch of star sprangled banner, he indicated that it is as nice to read something that aids in our plight to maintain some dignity as it is to write texts that have the

same effect. "Of course," Judge Wichel continued, "it's easier to READ uplifting things, than it is to write them."

The Impossible Read

another Judge Wichel erenescha®

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"Not until you gnaw your tongue out your own mouth!" screamed the plaintiff's barista. They'd been sharing beers and what have you not, and he and the plaintiff had become quite tuned into Spore and his interruptions and comments. Since he'd managed to hold onto some law degree or other, logic had dictated him to wage this legal battle against the defendant, the so called dragon slayer. As he yelled, he was obviously disbarred for disturbing general peace and order in the court room that Judge Wichel was ruling in or over. Luckily, the sod didn't have to leave the court right away. He was allowed to stay gaffed, to which he agreed surprisingly quickly. As if he had seen quite the number of S&M bondage parties.

A quiet ensued and it seemed Judge Wichel was waiting for SporeNinja to make up his mind as to which window to skedaddle out of. It is not known what our ninja's choice or preference was, but he didn't trip any other

barristas out of their jobs as legal aids of people in court for the remainder of the trial.

...

Judge Wichel started the explanation of his ruling by saying: "Some women are SO scared to be prostituted that they try and become independent from food, since dependency on food and water is often abused to bring about a kind of willingness to work for the money. To work hard for the money."

NLP Bridging

Char Derek Jomanda Smit swished her passport over to the civil servant. She had an appointment scheduled with an army official that had set up shop right smack in the middle of the healthcare department.

She looked up at the civilian and briskly asked: "Your appointment is with?" When hers was met with a rather blanc stare, she repeated her question and said "Miss Char Derek Jomanda Smit, what is your appointment about?"

Upon hearing her full name it seemed C.D. found both words and air to speak. "I'm not at liberty to say, civil servant. But my meeting is with Mr. Smit. John Smith."

The Midjit

"Some people are born funny,
Some folks BECOME funny.
Most of us, however, don't have no choice but

{...}

It is a question of to be funny or not to be funny."

"You see," lisped SporeNinja "when people start stating that the likes of ShakesPeare are a mystic, that means they have psychiatric issues."

{...} transmission violently disrupted by bugs, trolls
AND one idiot.

It Can't Have Been

"Get out my wife
Why don't you baby!?
Get out my wife
Why won't you baby!?
'Cause you don't really love me,
You just keep me hangin' on.

Woo hoo hoo hoo."

Excerpt from "An Exorcism", by Ta Fruba

It simply can't have been something i said, maybe it's because i cried in public, and caused this reaction. So vehement and violent, so spontaneously slutty, so terribly rapist like. No! Wait, maybe i shouldn't have watched all that isht.

But Jack the Ripper

"But Jack the Ripper was butchered and was dragged to hell, just like Adolf Hitler and probably you." Judge Wichel interrupted the mutterings of the soon to be disbarred advocate of some card board devil you sell your kids if they seem reluctant to eat your pork. As he slowly lowered his left eyebrow the lawyer(!) fell silent, still slightly twitching, but quiet. And Judge Wichel proceeded to elucidate his ruling:

"You see," he said, "

The Chicken Wing

about a guy that ended up naming shit

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obligation to ease her mind. It is you who needs to take that notion away from her and it is you who needs to make sure she doesn't entertain some other howewrecker. It is therefore you whom should have taken a course of action that led away from this court."

Sacrificing

"Many, many men axe their sacrificials (lambs or other slaughter) to put in a good word for them. Many pray the death and remains of their beloved objects or reference, to be of merit to them in a spiritual sense. Most, if not all that devour dead and death, don't dare turn to God. The reason for this can be termed an intuitive one. You see, you don't address God when and while you're posing a profound offense to creatures other than yourself."

For this specific reason Judge Wichel chose to rule in favour of the plaintiff. The case had dragged on for so long that Judge Wichel had deemed it necessary to disbar twelve lawyers. A few of which didn't have any knowledge...whatsoever.

Karen

Karen wondered what everyone was going on about privacy for. Folks was going bonkers over stuff practicaly written on glas panes on the Eifel tower (in Paris, France;) She sensed there was something else the matter. A tingle in the back of her swan like neck suggested there was a coverup going on, like the one with the roulette table not spinning right, over in Harlem. When she made her acquaintance with Bambi, at first she was flattered to hear him say that he was probably going to be her best pupil. After the flattery wore off, what was left was a kind of fear. I guess some call it a worry. He'd said: "I'll probably be the best pupil you ever had, but I might flunk out. You don't worry about that, I'm a didactic."

"But I'm not a teacher." Karen replied.

Run Lola

You Can Call Me Uncle

"And that's why, brother, i never beat you in front of your children."

In his book "Gentlemen Prefer Good Karma" Judge Wichel drew his selected (hand picked) audience a picture of things good. In fact it was such a sweet book that the suspicion arose that he had become partial to the Dentist Association (DA). Upon reading the first edition of his literary work, a cat in Zimbabwe very carefully raised the question that this seemed to be the kees. Of course, since we're not all Dutch;), this was misunderstood... in HoLand of all places. And then something happened.

It turned that this cat had set of every single conceivable alarm that the flying dutch man had concocted up. Even the ones it had forgotten that it had installed, due to the alcohol and drug abuse. Even currently it is being studied how "the cat" had managed to fly off like some dried up duck that had drops of water roll down its feathery gown flying away.

"Succes met liegen Henk;)"

The Jean Grey Of The Family

"So, every time she (implicitly) blames you." said Judge Wichel. "I guess you shouldn't have divorced her," he perused.

After the silence had become unbearable, our Judge continued his elucidation and said: "Since most negroes are initiated in Gurupad, it might not be, euhr, useful to wait for them to get in line according to your particular organization and orchestration. Not wasting time in this particularly useless exercise will bear the lips on, let's say, teeth."

In jail, long after, it turned that not focussing on where Africa is standing (line wise) makes for more insight with regard to ones' own...situation and position concerning bone and tusk, grave and yard and of course a thing that bites.

Cut Tory Blues

-- Girl interrupted for Canadians --

As I tuned into the conversation I distinctly heard the swan telling frogger: "No, hell is worse."

"WeHell!" exclaimed frogger there "Might as well axe for spanky wanky right away and beat 'round the bush then !?"

And as the swan remained silent I hazarded: "That doesn't sound like a good idea." And upon my mutter the both of them went: "Ahaa!!!" As if they trapped some culprit or other. It turned they were operating under the same hat. Somebody should have told me about the siding monsters that frogger there and the swan were. In hindsight I guess the eyeliner on the bird could have served as proper warning.

Le Lizard

"There is a lust involved in teasing. So far there is only one guy that I have seen quit that satanical habbit. This ruling is not about him, it is about the lust in teasing. obviously, this is not a happy topic, but I find that addressing the issue can be a sign to some people that, euhr, God hasn't LEFT their ass in the middle of blistering dessert..."

Judge Wichel continued to find the prosecution guilty of:

- Cyber Pestering China
- Causing computer agression in Japan

Thereby causing mass hysteria in Korea (East and West Korea) and in parts of Russia (i.e. the Middle East).

As a consequence, they'd be ritually vandalised in a "friet shack" over in Haarlem (HoLand). Of course there remains would never be recovered (something, something Lock, Stock and Smoking barrels of läger;)

Auto Combustable

"Being self-inflammatory and being handed a match (to boot)"

Famous saying attributed to Ta Fruba

Robot Child

"Maar, ik kan ja niteens geen Duitsch ja neen!?"
Ja."

uit "In Oorlog Grootbracht"

The Thing Is

The thing about the mind in general is that it represents the nasty state that the soul is in.

Now, it IS the soul that does the thinking, and given its apparent unconscious state the general quality of thought is, sort of, nasty. Or putrid if you like.

People don't know what to eat, don't know what to drink, they don't know where to sleep. Folks don't know about love, they don't know about marriage. People is all German, Christian and/or, let's say...

hello, joe hoe, well ah what the hey!? right? ...going to hell.

The thing might be the soul, but it probably is our nasty mind suggesting 'we' keep hugging it (the mind and its produce, the ego).

Dressed To Kill

What would a drunk in the bathtub playing with his toaster, like to see.

If he were chief in charge of passing Oscars?

Bitch?

Juiwce

Dawg?

Donkey

"And that's why dragon slayers get payed in advance;P"

Ta Fruba in "The Love Boat", chapter "Ahem"

You can instruct a snake to go and find its own ass but the danger is:

- that it might find yours first
- (as a consequence) it might tell on your ass
- and (furthermore) it might git you to go and tell on your own ass.

This, it turned, led up to Ro Top's discovery of having an intimate affection for women that sort of feel like sjtupid cunts. And that are; have been; or "feel" that they have been, raped. 'Tis a difficult sentence indeed of harbouring such sentiments, but it is quite unearthing.

Squeamish

"Before setting out on a fishing quest, one needs hook, needle and threat."

As black Agent Smis, the Vulcan TrueVlock and some cynic where sitting on the porch counting incliners and rockers (chairs), TrueVlock sort of coldly axed black Agent Smis whether he'd been seeing Dr. Klomp recently. For therapeutic reasons.

Ta Fruba Relates

Ta Fruba Relates

Einstein was wrong about something. That doesn't mean he lied. It means that at that particular point in time and space, during his lifetime, he (Einstein) was ignorant of that thing that he was wrong about.

Now, Friedrich (Einstein) was wrong about that if you can't explain, it is wrong. Or, putting in other words, if your presentation is shabby and your mother wants to have you put away, it is wrong.

You see, this in fact is atheist thinking.

The Ruling

"Here now 'Bra?' " axed Judge Wichel.

"Ya, 'Bra'" said our main negro.

"Here now Bra. You said motherfucker so many times, your mother enquires whenever you address her. Whether you want to have sexual relations with her."

"Ya, bring it." replied our main negro.

"You see, home buoy, when it is your OWN train of thought you shouldn't want to have nobody WANT to jump on it, and one would want to keep that shit to they OWN self. Ya hear!? You readin' me pall?" As Judge Wichel continued into his closing statement, the defence lawyer yelped that there hadn't been no rulin' yet! At which there was a slight 'click' like a door closing ever so silently but audible enough to belie the existence but not the whereabouts of a craftsman, a perfect adept in door making. And hinges.

"The thing is" Judge Wichel continued while oogling said 'lawyer' over his ebony rimmed glasses that where

exactly made for being oogled over. "The thing is that way back when the bubonic plague didn't convince folks to stop eating death buns. And to be honest I personally believe that y'all ain't wised up more rather'n wised DOWN since then. So this particular flim of SOA's rolled up into HIV AIDS transmitted back to y'all ya sorry asses by actual animals, isn't going to get ya to stop fuckin animals any more then it is going to get you to stop EATING death. Homeys."

"Hello!" interrupted the prosecution. "Hello! Ho!! Yo ya honour. Y'all ain't ruled yet. Yo! Y'all ain't dropped the dime know what i'm saying. So nobody don't know what y'all ya closing statement that y'all be closing into is. Know wha'i'm saying!?" At which there was a second click preceded by a whirl. Yes! A whirl click, kind of like Hemmingway all of a sudden calling (some) of his readers "nigger" without the parentheses. I guess said lawyer couldn't handle the other guy getting looked at 'over the rim' without him getting the look. So when he was dragged out of Judge Wichel's court room without J.W. even looking up at him, he was much...exacerbated. It seemed all this only happened within the rather long while it took Judge Wichel to inhale fresh air into his longs, as he proceeded to say "The reason I don't finish nobody's reasoning OR trains of thought is because I'd rather see cats that refuse to think for themselves rot in hell. I have a profoundly strong dislike for parasytes getting into me and toggeling my brain, like a bunch of maget worm." "Now!" bellowed Judge Wichel, "this is what the accused has stood trial for and that's my ruling." "Yes!? Whadissit?" Judge Wichel asked the defence

lawyer that had actually politely raised his left hand as to be allowed the room to put in a question.

"What was the accusation your honor?" hazarded the lawyer.

Enciting Computer Agression

"Corrupting a wide studio audience world wide" answered Judge Wichel.

"You see, the thing with challenging the faith of Christians is that it ticks them off. Since everyone that has, let's say, learnt how to read and write knows this, we SHOULD have some incling in terms of logic WITH regard to corrupting wide studio audiences."

"World wide." whispered Spore into the defence barrister's neck. Hissing like a gass leak no one hears. The barrister was routined and experienced. He knew about Spore frequenting Judge Wichel's court and had managed to acquire the necessary virtue of not reacting to a bunch of psyche whisperin'

Moonin'

"We need a machine.

A contraption that will make everything right.

A tool to occupy our minds with and..."

Ta Fruba in "Sentences Unfinished",
section "...serve us right."

Santa Fruba continued finishing his sentence, apparently not entirely sure who were listening, and said: "So, given the hard feelings many many people harbour against pimps pushers and politicians, do you think it might not be a smart idea, you know voodowise to act like a bunch

of them? God forbid, someone privy to your rapping and grappeling might pounce on a bot sitting right next to them in the privacy of their own home. You know like the Dutch regularly cause Afghans to do amongst eachother?"

He paused, liked the static. And pushed on, stacking yet one other can containing residu of some unholly beverage or other now that he'd spat in it.

""So, given the hard feelings many many people harbour against pimps pushers and politicians, do you think it might not be a smart idea, you know voodowise to act like a bunch of them?"

Roots: Re-elect

A cousin of Santa Fruba built a software program that would tell the proprietor wether he (or she) was a house negro in the right environment or one in slightly not entirely favorable...ones.

It turned stagefright had long since become a confectuous disease spread, by and large, in front of wide camera audiences all over the place. Live. Somebody must have known, yet somehow they were all German. Or Germo-Hispanic.

Closed Couvert

a difficult erenescha on COVID 19 operations